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Spring 2009

Miscellany

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Recommended Citation

Pace, Adam; Debbann, Elizabeth; McSwain, Lauren; Winsor, Mikey; Ivey, Victoria; Maskery, Danielle; Roberson, Steven; Dexter, Amy; Mason, Quacherra; Campbell, Clark; Menefee, Matt; Fennell, Jordon; Rozier, Rachel; Lasalle, Erica; Campbell, Clark; Hayslett, Reuben; and Bishop, Matthew, "Miscellany" (2009). *Miscellany*. 2.

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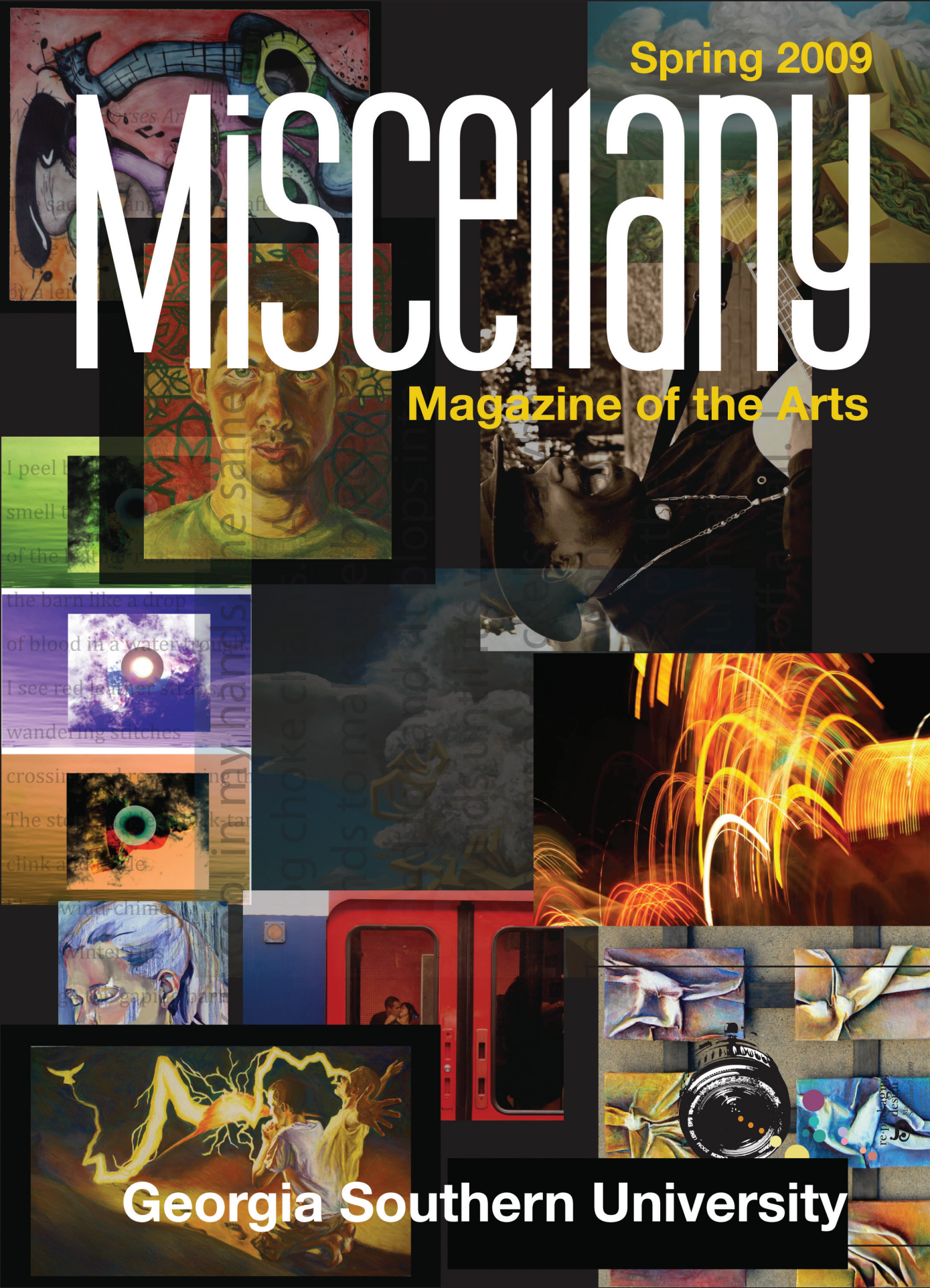
Contributing Creators

Adam Pace, Elizabeth Debbann, Lauren McSwain, Mikey Winsor, Victoria Ivey, Danielle Maskery, Steven Roberson, Amy Dexter, Quacherra Mason, Clark Campbell, Matt Menefee, Jordon Fennell, Rachel Rozier, Erica Lasalle, Clark Campbell, Reuben Hayslett, and Matthew Bishop

Spring 2009

Miscellany

Magazine of the Arts



Georgia Southern University

Submissions

The American Heritage Dictionary defines art as “the conscious production or arrangement of sounds, colors, forms, movements, or other elements in a manner that affects the sense of beauty” and “human effort to imitate, supplement, alter, or counteract the work of nature.” If your work fits either description, please submit to the Miscellany Magazine of the Arts in the future. And if your work doesn’t fit either description, please submit anyway. Expand your definition of art and society’s definition of art. For more information on submission guidelines for art and literary works, please come by the Miscellany office, room 2015 on the second floor of the Williams Center.

Technical Acknowledgements

Miscellany Spring 2009 was funded by the Student Activities Budget Committee of Georgia Southern University. The magazine type was set by the editors on an iMac computer using Microsoft Word 2008 software. The layout and format were created and designed by Shawnda Atwood and were assembled into publication using Adobe InDesign CS3 software at Georgia Southern University. Image setting was provided by the printer. This edition was printed by Network Press in Kennesaw, GA.

Spring 2009

MISCELLANY

Magazine of the Arts

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Spring 2009

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Art

ARTIST thoughts

.....
In Drawing II, our assignment was to find an artist we liked and create a piece that was inspired by them. I chose a local guy from Savannah named Ligel. His work is very vibrant and typically incorporates an abstraction of music and people. The main aspect that appealed to me was his way of using simplicity of shapes and lack of intricate details.

Adam Pace

Music Tribute

Medium: Sharpie & watercolor pencils

Dimensions: 25.5in X 19.5in
.....

MUSIC TRIBUTE



DANCE

In the painting "Dance," I wanted to let the material narrate the subject matter. The folds of the canvas permanently freeze the dancing figures.

Elizabeth Debbann

Dance

Medium: Mixed Media
(canvas, acrylic paint, stain, wood)

Dimensions: 34in X 19in



Guitar Brown



ARTIST thoughts

.....

Lauren Mcswain
Guitar Brown
Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 11in X 7.5in

.....

Tectonic Configuration



Mikey Winsor
Tectonic Configuration
Medium: oil on wood
Dimensions: 32in X 24in

ARTIST thoughts

.....
It was taken in Paris while I was studying photography this past year. All over the city, I was surrounded by love and the difference in their ideas of PDA versus the American view. Hence, I made that my research topic for the semester. I actually stood there for over an hour, watching this couple make-out while I waited for the metro to come, making the perfect frame for the couple in love.

Victoria Ivey

Amour de Metro

Medium: Digital Photography

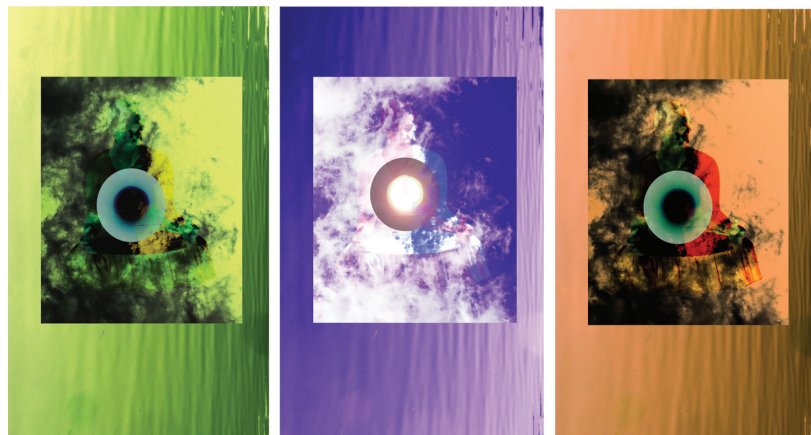
Dimensions: 7in X 5in
.....

This work was inspired by a haiku poem.

METRO AMORE



OPEN SOUL TRIPTIC



Danielle Maskery

Open Soul Triptic

Medium: Digital Photography

Dimensions: 9.5in X 17in

Enlightened Path



ARTIST thoughts

My series began as a study of how humans apply our imaginations to daily life, but quickly changed directions, etched by another's hands. "Enlightened Path" represents the fusion of my spirit and my imagination going on to enlighten my path, showing my focus on faith.

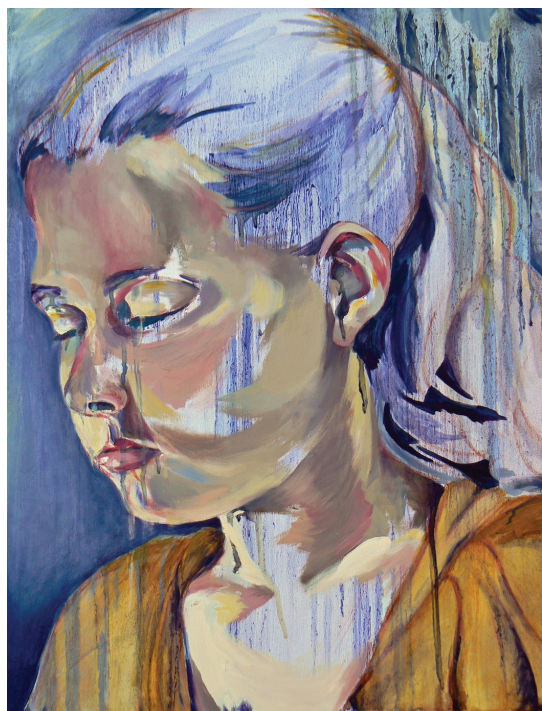
Steven Roberson

Enlightened Path

Medium: Chalk Pastels

Dimensions: 48in X 36in

DRIP



In "Drip," I wanted to show the emotion associated with receiving a piece of disappointing news. I really wanted to leave the brush strokes and drips of paint exposed to further portray this emotional scene.

Elizabeth Debban

Drip

Medium: Oil on canvas

Dimensions: 18in X 24in

ARTIST thoughts

Mirror Self reflected on my spiritual-self. It also expressed my immediate reaction to this sudden transformation of perception.

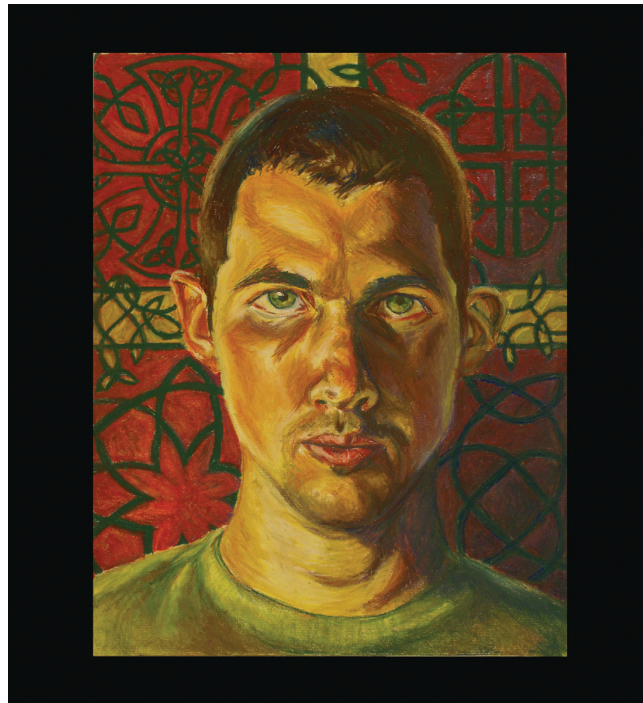
Steven Roberson

Mirror Self

Medium: Chalk Pastels

Dimensions: 18in X 23in

MIRROR SELF



FAIR LIGHT



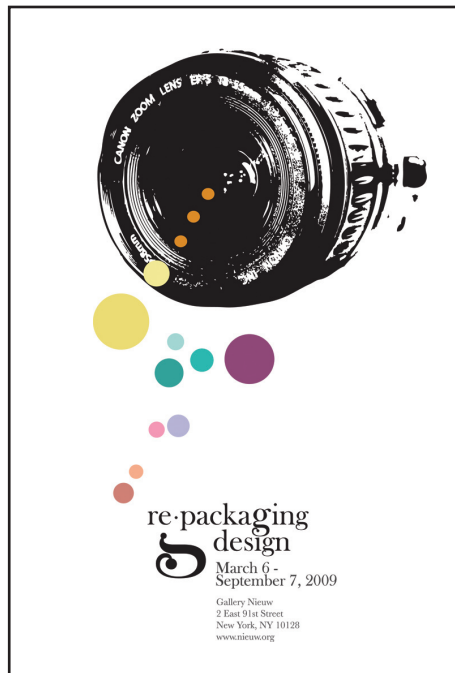
Lauren Mcswain

Fair Light

Medium: Digital Photography

Dimensions: 11in X 7in

REPACKAGING DESIGN



ARTIST thoughts

Repackaging Design started as part of a series, and the idea behind it was that design does not only come from a computer, but everything around you. I chose the camera lens because I cling to that thing like a first unborn child, and that is what helps give me inspiration for my designs.

Victoria Ivey

Repackaging Design

Medium: Illustrator,
photography

Dimensions: 11in X 17in

COFFEE MAKER



Mikey Winsor

Coffee Maker

Medium: Oil on panel

Dimensions: 33in X 24in

Literature



Blind, But Still Searching

Amy Dexter

My eyes told me today
They're leaving me
They say there are better things to do
Like watch the constant news
But, I'll let them be
For twenty-years they guided me

I'll nurse the empty sockets
And I know you won't mind
Finally, now, you'll say you love me
And I won't see the insincerity
That floods the room each time

DO YOU REMEMBER ME

Quacherra Mason

Taken aback by distant memories
I can see your face in my mind
And I wonder...
Do you remember me?
I was a child when I was stripped away from your
grasp
And my heart was shattered in a million pieces
Like broken glass
And I wonder...
Do you remember me?

Even when I was young I took a vow of love
And my heart pumped out more than just blood
Each beat was a promise to never let go
And every pump was a declaration of the depth
it goes
And I wonder...
Do you remember me?

Do you remember my face
My smile, and my laugh,

ARTIST
thoughts

Miscellany Writers

Amy
Dexter

I wrote it when I was extremely sick. One evening, I joked that my eyes might pop out if the headache grew any worse, so I wrote a scenario where my eyes escape my body. In the end, all my organs are trying to work their way out somehow to live their own lives.

Do you remember my touch,
my hold, my grasp

I remember your eyes and how they pierced
my soul
And they spoke volumes of words that I
didn't even know
I knew at that moment id never let go
But still I wonder...
Do you remember me?

ARTIST
thoughts

Miscellany Writers

Quacherra
Mason

It's about wondering if people from your past remember you.

"The Frog Pauper"

Clark Campbell

I look down to the back of my hand.
Like an anvil under the sheet,
I am struck by what I find.
Breaking skin blooming upwards by,
For now, tiny measures.

It's just the one, at the moment.
But I've seen it before and know its message.
They are coming back.
And I am going back
To where I should belong.

Webbed hands and lily pads,
You relieved me of them with a kiss.
But I see how the spell works now.
Temporary magic from a temporary love,
The effects are starting to wear off.
So I retreat to the edge of the pond and wait,
Staring at the backs of my hands,
Knowing it's only a matter of time
Before I hop back under the surface
And hope for another adventurous maiden to swing by.

ARTIST
thoughts

Miscellany Writers

Clark
Campbell

This poem is about what happens when the magic is gone.

Insignificance

Matt Menefee

Lying on my back in dreams,
I watch the silver-winged fish,
Streaking across the cotton-laden skies,
Contrails dissect the heavenly floors,
Monuments of man's progressions,
Written in invisible ink.
Fallacies of permanence,
Cleansed pure by the restless hands of time.

ARTIST
thoughts

Miscellany Writers

Matt
Menefee

The search for truth is the primary drive behind my writing. In this race against the clocks, I'm trying to find something pure, vast, and devoid of the taints of society...or persisting despite it.

BECOMING

Jordan Fennell

The donkey, speckled with mud and slashes of seeping wounds, lies on her side in the hard-falling sun. Eyes wide, yellow, glassed over and thick with film; tongue curving into the mud. Mud webs her long eyelashes together. Dirty water fills one nostril. Her teeth are splayed, dark yellow at the roots, growing whiter as they climb out of her spotted gums like bones climbing out of their graves.

The boy squats in the soup of earth bulging between his toes. He tilts his wide-brimmed straw hat forward just above his sweat-dewed brows as the sun cooks off the last of the morning fog. Steam twists up from puddles all around him, fading into nothing.

Behind him the screen door slams shut. He hears boots clomp on the front porch, then the wet sucking sound crossing the yard, the soft thud of soles landing like teeth sinking into soft flesh. The boy looks over his shoulder at the man standing behind him, a black shape rimmed with a rind of sun.

Yellow flies dart on the swollen, scarred belly of the donkey. They scatter as the boy traces his thumb along a vein standing out from the flesh, full of still-warm, clabbered blood. It branches out, becomes two.

“They look like the rivers in the front of your Bible, daddy,” says the boy. “The ones that come out of the Garden of Eden.”

The man walks around the donkey, looking at the jagged flaps of flesh, crusted with cooling blood, the throat a gnarled bramble of meat. Sets of tracks form loose constellations around her in the mud.

“Dogs,” says the man. He stands beside the boy. “Buzzards’ll be coming ‘fore long.”

The boy nods, the too-big hat rocking forward slightly on his head. He leans forward on the balls of his feet, touches the stomach. It shudders like a child waking under a pile of quilts in the dead of winter.

He draws back his hand.

The man turns and runs for the barn, slinging mud from his boot-heels. The boy falls back, sitting in his overalls in the mud. He pushes backward, crushes his hat, struggles to his feet, and follows the fast filling footprints across the donkey pen and through the gnawed wooden gate.

Through the slack slats of the barn, he sees the shape

MISCELLANY WRITERS

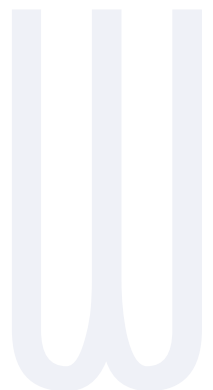
Jordan
Fennell

of the man, hears slamming of feed bags, the scraping of steel on steel, smells the holed-up smell of things used hard and thrown out of sight with the work still on them, heavy as sweat. The man comes out, running, with a skinning knife in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other.

They squat beside the donkey with the sun warming them as they work. He watches blood run down the man’s elbows, drip off into water and earth as he slices the hide with the pliers. Crouched beside him, the boy hides his nose and mouth in the crook of one arm. He hands the man the pliers and gets them back thick with blood and chunks of flesh and matted hair. He follows the knife with his eyes, watches the glint of sunlight disappear deep under the hide and ignite again as it comes out.

The man peels back the stomach-skin like a funeral shroud from the folded-legged body, its face and neck thick with mucus. They pull it from the womb, scraping off what is not needed, taking off their shirts to wipe the things that have kept it alive away from its face so that it may live.

The boy cradles its head in his arms while the first sputtering breaths wrack its body. Its nostrils flare. It grins, rolling back the now articulate lips, barring the new teeth, the gums pink and spotless.



Hamsters on the wheel

Rachel Rozier

Perhaps a window in a different room
Will let in the light that you long for.
In here the light is sad and poor,
In the next room it's high noon.
The window is open, the breeze is cool,
The dust is blown off the floor,
But hurry time is running short.
Soon all that will shine is the moon.

But there is never enough time
To make it all the way down the hall.
It is impossible, try as you might,
To get to the sun before the night.
You start out large and then get small
As you try to make it down the hall.

Chain

Erica Lasalle

The chain link is cool in my hands,
the same stuff they use for dog choke
chains. A key ring attaches two ends
to make the bracelet. I toss it from
hand to hand. It plops into my palms
in tiny mounds until it's warmed.
The metal smells like money, nickels
maybe. It's the only bracelet I have
that won't fall off my tiny wrists. It
is aging, chunks of the metal falling
off to expose the dull material
underneath like paint chipping off a
wall. I squeeze it on, dragging it over
my thumb slowly before I get it.

He made these bracelets for all his
punk rock friends in San Francisco. I
only was visiting for the summer, and
he was a friend of my cousin's.

"Here, I made one for you, too," he told
me, dropping it into my hand.

I went back to California four years later.
I saw him again. He wasn't wearing his
bracelet. We were in college now. I
slipped mine off behind my back and
balled it into my back pocket before
hugging him again.

ARTIST
thoughts

Miscellany writers

Rachel
Rozier

It's about people coming to a crossroads
in their lives and about making the best
decision for themselves.

ARTIST
thoughts

Miscellany writers

Erica
Lasalle

"Chain" was written for an exercise in my poetry class;
we were to write about an object in detail. I chose the
bracelet because of what it represented to me—a token of
friendship and acceptance that I did not anticipate.

MINE

Clark Campbell

I do not have an ethnicity.
 I do not have African, Hawai'ian, or Irish blood in my veins.
 I have them all,
 And then some.
 A little piece of my parents
 And their parents
 And their parents
 All live in me.
 do not have my father's eyes.
 They are still firmly attached to his head.
 My eyes are mine alone,
 Different parts from different people mixed together
 in me,
 For me.
 I do not take from them—
 They give me freely their use.
 These elements have been assembled so that whose
 pinky mine
 resembles is
 Inconsequential.
 It is my ancestors'.
 It is my parents'.
 It is mine.

ARTIST
thoughts

miscellany writers

Clark
Campbell

I didn't want to put myself in a category - that's what inspired this poem.

HO MAKE

DROWNING

Quacherra Mason

Lay me under water	with all my might
Slowly losing breath	I try to hold them in
The water cries the tears	Every emotion at bay
U cant see upon my face	Sinks to the bottom
I refuse to resurface	Just as I am
Id rather lay still	Every feeling is
Take one last breath	forgotten
And pray I make it in	Skin shrivels like my
Bubbles rising to the top	life
Just as they did when I	Saturating my sorrows
was a kid	If I lay under the
But instead of blowing	water to day

Can I forget about
 tomorrow
 The water of my life
 And I lay in the tub of
 sorrow

ARTIST
thoughts

miscellany writers

QuaCherra
Mason

I don't have a lot of pre-planning. I just sit down and write.

VOICE

Erica Lasalle

"How'd you get that?" he asks me over the loud buzz of the tattoo gun below my right hip.

I look down at the long, horizontal scar just above his work. It's pink and shines slightly under the light.

"I know. It's so horrible and big. It looks like I had a damn C-section, but it's just from when I had my appendix out when I was nine."

The gun vibrates in his tattooed hand. The letters on his fingers are faded and tinged just slightly green. The needle is a blur, dragging and drilling short, quick strokes into my skin, which is pulled taut between his thumb and forefinger.

"No, I could tell it wasn't big enough for that," he says, leaning into his work. He bears down rapidly, back and forth against my skin. The humming gun sinks deeper. I feel my legs tense and I inhale, quickly looking up at the white ceiling. I scan the room from this position, lying on the padded bench. I find an enormous orange nylon butterfly, watching me from the corner of the ceiling.

"I hate it," I say.

He stops, looks up at me and says, "I wouldn't throw you out of bed for it."

"Mommy! I need to go the doctor!" I scream, writhing on the floral comforter of my bed. I curl, uncurl, roll on my side, onto my back, never pausing in any position.

She and my father stand side-by-side in the doorway. My delicate Italian mother barely reaches my father's bicep, which he has wrapped around her shoulder, pulling her close.

"What's wrong with her?" he asks quietly, watching me moan and cry.

"I don't know! I thought she had the stomach flu. She's been throwing up all day but it's just getting worse," she says.

"We'd better take her in."

My mother nods. "Ok, let's go," she says and wipes her eyes.

"Mom, plenty of respectable people have tattoos and you don't even know it," I say to her at lunch. My father turns up the volume on the T.V. The remote clatters against the wooden table as he drops it.

"I don't care about other people. You're my daughter. Tastes change. You're only sixteen. You don't know what you want," she says.

"Yes I do, and I'm getting a tattoo," I say after sipping from my milk.

ARTIST thoughts

Miscellany Writers

Erica
Lasalle

"Voice" started with this bit of dialogue from the tattoo artist. Though I began merely wanting to capture the humor of a memorable sentence, it stirred memories and feelings surrounding my surgery, scar, and tattoo.

"No you're not."

"I'm going to get a tattoo, and it's going to be discreet so it won't even be a problem."

"We did not raise you to be some scumbag with tattoos!" my father shouts, throwing his half-eaten sandwich on the plate.

"People with tattoos aren't..." I begin.

"You will never get one and I don't ever want to hear another word about it!" he stands up from the table, sending his chair sliding backwards on the hardwood floor behind him.

I open my mouth and he shouts, "There is nothing to discuss!" then goes upstairs.

"Teddy's going to be my operating assistant today, okay?" the doctor tells me from behind his blue surgical mask.

"Okay." I sit up on the table to see. The nurse gently pushes me back down. "Is he going to be close to me?" I ask.

"Yeah, he'll be right here on the counter," he says. "See? We'll give him this stuff to wear." He places an identical mask on Teddy, followed by two blue scratchy hospital socks, the same I was wearing.

I look at Teddy. He looks ready.

"He can hold my beeper too," the doctor says, placing it in Teddy's lap. He turns to the nurse and nods.

"What's your favorite subject in school, sweetie?" she asks.

"Recess! But I don't think that counts. I guess it's English because I like reading a lot but I also like Social Studies even though..."

"Ok, Erica, I'm going to need you to count backwards, starting from ten, ok?"

Easy! "Ten..."

I slowly rise into a foggy consciousness. I'm aware of my thoughts, but they are immediately interrupted by unfamiliar voices that sound as if they are underwater.

Someone says, "Everything went great. She'll wake up in a few hours."

I start to drift back to sleep when I'm pulled in closer by the sound of my dad's voice, then my mom's. Something's wrong. Something is very wrong. I'm in excruciating pain that's not

even specific to my stomach.

Why doesn't anyone care? My eyes flit open for just a second. I think I see my doctor on the left and parents on the right, or maybe I just hear them. It's a pain that pervades my entire body and I can't even move. I'm lying on a thing, with wheels maybe.

I cannot speak. I want to tell them, "I can feel this! This hurts! Something is wrong!" I struggle to open my eyes and focus in on my dad, who looks down at me and smiles. A tear escapes my eye and falls down my temple.

He says, "It's ok Erica, it's all over now."

He squirts me with water from a white plastic bottle and wipes the ink off my skin with his latex gloved hand. "Go take a look," he says, sitting back.

I get up, adjusting my unbuttoned jeans very carefully and waddle to the wall-sized mirror. I study the vibrant blue, almost teal, and purple sun. It isn't totally symmetrical- he warned me it wouldn't be. But the curves of each differing ray complement the lines of my hip. Each ray is the same basic design, but they are different lengths and the shading and ratio of purple to blue is unique to each. The ink stands out brightly, bordered by a red ring of irritated skin. Next to it, my scar fades into my skin, just a blip on the canvas.

"Is that how you wanted it?" he asks, pulling off his glove with his teeth.

"It's perfect," I say.

"Look, it's a fact. I can guarantee you with absolute certainty I am going to get a tattoo," I say, struggling not to smile.

"Erica, we're eating," my mom says quickly, glancing at my father.

"I just want you to be prepared for it," I say.

"We don't have to be prepared for anything," she says, scooping her mashed potatoes, "because you are not getting a tattoo!"

I already have one!

"I saw a girl with a tattoo today," my dad says, still eating. "She was leaning over at Home Depot and had a tattoo on her lower back."

"Mine's going to be in discreet place that won't affect jobs..."

"Every time I see a girl with a tattoo, I know she's a slut."

I instinctively grab at the waistband of my pajamas pants on the right side. It is pulled up sufficiently, but I tug it up more.

"We are not going to keep talking about this," he tells me.

"Let's talk about something that could actually happen."

When the Horses Are Gone

Jordan Fennell

The saddle hangs from a rafter	wandering stitches	trail down the side.	All of this frozen in dust.
in the warped barn	crossing and re-crossing the tanned	Holes where lost ropes tie.	The saddle spins in the wind.
by a length of twine.	hide.	Hoops of stirrups,	I place my palm against it,
The twine is tight-woven,	The steel buckles, thick-tarnished,	dangling like earrings.	steady it,
blonde as horsehair.	clink and rattle	A thorn clings to one of them.	and take the horn in my hand.
I peel back the tarp,	like a wind-chime		
smell the bound-up age	when winter rips		
of the leather rush out and fill	through the gaping barn		
the barn like a drop	slats.		
of blood in a water trough.	Scratches deep		
I see red leather straps,	as bite-marks		

miscellany writers

Jordan
Fennell

wing

Roy F. Powell Awards for Creative Writing

Named for the first creative writing teacher at Georgia Southern and founder of the Miscellany Magazine of the Arts, the Roy F. Powell Awards for Creative Writing are offered to encourage and recognize excellence in creative writing. There are three categories of the award: Poetry, Fiction, and Creative Non- Fiction. The winner in each category receives a cash award of \$50.00, a framed award certificate, and recognition at the University's Honors Day ceremonies. In addition, the winning entries are published in the Miscellany. Creative Writing faculty in the Writing and Linguistics Department select the three winners from submissions to the Powell Award contest, which is open to all Georgia Southern University students, both graduate and undergraduate. Guidelines for submissions are available at the Writing and Linguistics Department.

ROY F. POWELL

ROY F. POWELL Winners

ROY F. POWELL— Fiction

Reuben
Hayslett

The Say Good-Bye Terminal

Reuben Hayslett

Case File 372: Pricks and Perks

I could tell Danny was a little prick during Orientation. I would be in the middle explaining all the complicated legal issues for baggage checking and he'd roll his eyes, flip his stringy greasy black hair and drum his fingers on the desk. Then he'd pull out his pack of cigarettes and tap them real loud to signal he needed a smoke. I was running Orientation, not this little shit. I knew he'd be trouble.

You see, most people never set out to work at the airport these days. We all kind of just land here. I wanted to go into business, get an MBA. But Linda got pregnant in college and we had to downgrade. It's just life. I see it on everyone's face during Orientation. We get college students, high school drop outs, old timers. We've had actors and musicians come through. You know, waiting for the big break. The artistic types usually don't last long. I didn't think Danny would; he said he was a painter.

Three months after Orientation Danny gets brought into my office. His hands are shaking like rattlesnakes and instead of sitting in the chair like a normal person Danny has to put his feet on the seat and sit on his ankles. His eyes were

puffy too. He'd been crying.

"I'm gonna sue all you TSA motherfuckers! This shit's not funny, man!" He says.

"Calm down, Mr. Arturo." I tell him.

"Fucking bullshit."

"I said calm your ass down!" Sometimes you've gotta be firm with the artsy types, "Now, Danny, tell me what happened."

I pull out his file and a legal pad to take notes but I have a feeling I already know what he's going to say.

"You tell me what happened," Danny says, "I don't know what the hell's going on."

"Start at the beginning."

Earlier this morning Danny took his break at the Cinnabon shop on Concourse One. There's a girl behind the counter, Tori, who first called in the harassment complaint. The two talked for a few minutes, I can assume some light flirting was exchanged, and then Danny was approached by an older woman. Fifties or so, according to Danny. She placed her hand on Danny's shoulder and when he turned around she hugged him.

"It's me," the woman told her, "it's Bubè, Danny."

Danny says he brushed her off with something like, 'I don't know any Bubè, old lady.' But I can assume it was something much more vulgar. But the woman insisted

saying Danny was Vanessa's son.

"It's me. It's Grandma." She said.

Danny told the woman again she was mistaken, to which the woman replied, "I'll prove it to you." She pulled out her coin purse, opened it and produced a picture of a kindergarten boy. Tori said Danny's face went completely white. Whiter than normal, I assume. And then the woman began singing a song. I'm guessing it's something only the two of them could know. Danny won't repeat the song for me but tells me it had to do with him flying through the sky to a Sleepy Dream Land. It's what his mother and grandmother sang to him as a child—apparently before he stopped getting hugged enough and became a tortured artist.

"That picture was me. That song, I knew that song."

"And at what point did you proceed to punch this woman in the face?"

Danny gets his feet off the chair and leans in toward my desk. His index finger slams on top of it.

"My Grandma's dead! She died when I was eleven. That old bitch was not Bubè!"

I knew it. I got up to pull the release papers from the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet.

"How'd she get that picture, man? How'd she know that song? That shit's fucked up, man! Go ahead and try to fire me

over it." Danny says.

"We're not going to fire you, Danny." I say, regretfully. I give him pamphlet the people upstairs draw up for us and started through the schpeel.

"You'll notice in the pamphlet that there's a map of all the concourses, and then an extra one, correct? That's Concourse Zero. The map explains how to access Concourse Zero and what the protocols are for engaging passengers from Concourse Zero.

"The Transportation Security Administration and the Federal Aviation Administration will not ever publicly comment on any of the Concourse Zeros in existence. They do not know how they work or why they operate at all. Could you please sign this release form?"

This is when I give them the pen and paper and wait silently for whoever it is in front of me to fill out the form. Then, when they finish, I'm allowed to continue.

"What we have ascertained is that all passengers and flight personnel of Concourse Zero are previously living people."

"What?" Danny says.

"Previously living. They fly in, wait for their connecting flight, and then fly out."

"To where?"

"The federal government does not know where. By signing the release form you have agreed to keep all knowledge of this and any knowledge gained from previously living persons within the confines of this airport. On the grounds that you break this agreement you will be prosecuted under the treason laws of the Patriot Act, have no access to a lawyer, or civil liberties and will be sentenced a length of prison time appropriate for such a person who violates the national security of this country. Do you understand?"

Danny blinks.

"You're legally required to nod your head yes."

"So," Danny says, searching for the right words, "That was Bubè?"

"Correct."

"And I punched her?"

"Correct."

"And I'm not fired?"

I sigh, "Correct."

"Hmm." Danny says, "So I can go to this Concourse Zero whenever I want and talk to previously living people?"

"Not while you're on the clock." I tell him.

"Talk about a perk of the job," Danny says.

"Just nod your head yes and get back to work."

Danny does, slowly, and gets up to leave my office. To this day Danny still works here but I've never had to speak to him again. I heard that he's given up on art.

Case File 1023: In the Club

Some lines you just can't cross, or can't cross easily. It's supposed to be that way. That's what borders are for. But Russell. Russell didn't like borders. He liked to go all the way. Teresa told about it first. After her lunch break she ran into my office and locked the door behind her.

"I don't know if this is true or not. I heard this from Gwen." She said. Gwen's a gossip. Maybe worse than a gossip; her facts are almost always wrong.

"What'd she say?"

"Russell over in air traffic is having an affair with Svetlana."

I shrugged my shoulders but then Teresa leaned toward me, turned her head until her left eye pierced into mine and, looking sideways, said, "Svetlana."

I goosebumped.

Until last year Svetlana Kurda was a sought after, jet-setting supermodel. Now she only stops here.

"Goddamn it." I said, "Get Gwen in here."

A few seconds of mean-eye and Gwen

sells sources like moon-pies.

"Barney said that Owen said that there's a whole group of 'em."

"Group of who?"

"They call 'em 'Mile High Zeros.' From what I hear it's the whole air traffic control center."

I jot down Barney and Owen, "Who else is in this 'club?'"

"Oh, they didn't name names just that Russell bagged Svetlana."

"How is this happening?"

Gwen twisted in her seat and then spoke soft, "I heard that you can board their planes. But they don't like it cuz they can't go anywhere. They have to circle and circle and the drop the person back off. Everyone's gotta get off the plane and then reboard. It backs up traffic."

There are rules to this, to keep the peace. The rules are clear, the lines are drawn. You can't get on their planes. I brought in Barney and Owen and even Russell but I couldn't crack them; boy's club and all that. So I fax the people upstairs for some help. They fax me back a name: Tiffany Jules.

Took a while to find her because her name's not on any of the passenger manifests the Concourse Zero pilots gave me. Finally I asked one of the flight attendants.

"Tiffany Jules, yeah, she works Monday mornings. Comes in from San Diego."

"So she's a flight attendant?"

"Yeah, real doll, too. She was one of the firsts. Called 'em stewardesses back then."

Tiffany's Monday flight landed at 6:45 am. I had two cups of coffee already when she found me. She had bouncy red hair and freckles like Pipi Longstocking, didn't look at day over twenty. She sat down in the chair across from me and folding her hands in her lap, a real pageant girl.

"They said you needed to ask me some questions?" Tiffany said.

"Yes," I said, "I'm investigating some of our employees who may or may not be smuggling themselves onto the planes."

Her eyes frowned but she still kept a

smile.

“Oh yes,” she nodded, “I know them. I’m sorry. I played a part in it too.”

“What kind of part?”

Tiffany took a breath, “They tracked down my sister’s family from some sort of computer genealogy thing. I have grand-nieces! And they have my eyes and, of course, the freckles.”

She bent down to pull pictures out of her purse and I saw a purple-pink backpack behind her, with a key chain. Tiffany sat back up with photos in hand and blocked my view again.

“They live in Michigan! Russell’s trying to get in contact with them and I’m trying to get transferred—“

I interrupted her for a moment and leaned left to get a view from around her hair. The purple-pink backpack turned around. It was Danielle. She was wearing a black tee with sparkling letters saying, “I’m a brat.” She gets them from the mall and Linda hates them.

Danielle stood around all the other passengers bobbing and weaving to get to their flights. She kept her eyes up toward to Concourse signs trying to get her bearings. My little girl. She was on her way to school this morning.

Then Tiffany said, “Oh, is that a new arrival?”

Before she could turn around I said no and grabbed her hand.

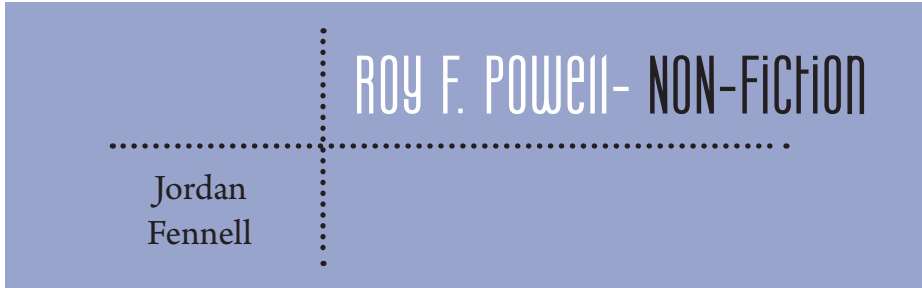
“It’s nothing,” I said, “nothing, now. Um, what were you saying?”

I kept my eyes down on my notepad as Tiffany spoke, confessing everything. I wrote the names I heard, the dates. Nothing kept in my mind but Danielle searching the signs, trying to find her way to go. When I had more than what I needed I looked up in time to see a pilot stop Danielle. He bent down on his knee in front of her and said something. She nodded politely and I could see her mouth out her address and telephone number. The pilot pulled a pair of flight wings from his shirt pocket and clipped them to her brat shirt. He stood up and ushered her toward a flight leaving for Dallas.

Tiffany shook my hand and said something about getting back to work and I’m sorry. I didn’t catch much of it. I was frozen in my seat watching my daughter board the 7:30, Flight 362.

Some lines you just can’t cross, or can’t cross easily. I couldn’t call out for my daughter, take her hand, or say good-bye. But I did stay there in the terminal and watch her plane take off and then disappear over the horizon.

FO



Charon

Jordan Fennell

Do this and you will know:

Strap the black bucket down in the bed of the truck. Do not look inside. Pull hard on the driver’s side door handle until the door opens. Slide onto the long, shredded nylon bench seat. Cough and wrap your thin fingers around the warped steering wheel. Feel your big toe cramp inside your too-big water boots as you reach to pat the gas pedal down to the floor three times like your father showed you. Start the truck. Let it die. Start it again, keep it running. Watch

blue smoke twist into ringlets in the crooked rear-view mirror.

Back out from under the shelter into drizzling rain. Mounds of tools lay piled around the bucket like flowers on a grave: hack saws, axes, buckets of nails, hammers, a sooty orange chainsaw covered with plastic.

Feel ruts drag you into deep slush in the sand and clay road. Almost bottom out several times. The layer of dirt on the windshield runs like your mother’s mascara at the first funeral you remember.

The wipers make everything smeared and deformed.

Hit pavement. Hear wet mud shed off the tires of the stuttering truck. See a long line of headlights coming down the hill ahead of you. Pull off onto the shoulder of the road and wait it out. Watch all the cars follow a long, slick, black Cadillac.

Wobble back onto the road. Strain to see through the mudslide windshield. Hang your head out the window to see. Watch rainwater fill up ditches and spread thin fingers across the highway. Hear tools chatter metallic in the back. The engine skips and grumbles.

Stop on the side of the road in front of tall skeletal pines. Take the bucket out. Hear it creak as you tote it across the black, fast-running ditch water. Feel the cold water leak through the silver duct-tape-patched heels of your boots.

Push through delicate underbrush. Smell wet, swollen pine bark. Hear the ground gasp as you head down the narrow trail. Sit the bucket down in a clearing littered with small, bleached bones. Empty the bucket. Kneel in the quiet woods.

Hear tools crash forward behind you as you snatch to a stop under the shelter, pumping the brake pedal. Get out. Slam the door and look into the barn. See a mother goat cleaning her newborn babies. Watch them wobble like stilt-clowns. There are three of them. Notice she has only two teats.

Fill up the bucket with water from the stiff green hose curled on the hanger in front of the red barn. Take the bucket in your hands. Pour out the water. Turn the bucket upside down in the grass beside the others.

ROY F. POWELL- POETRY

Matthew
Bishop

A Meditation, Holmes

Matthew Bishop

Diffusing through my peaceful window
The low-toned bellow of a car's
Bass pulsing loud as sin from its stereo system

I look up from my book in earnest

Revulsion carved through me like a glacier
Gulching the mainland

Such rudeness was surely considered vice
In the past ages of gold and silver
And even in these days of lead we should

Conduct ourselves with etiquette

I think of quiet reclusion of scholarly monks
In Shanxi studying with a calm cultivation

But even they were oftentimes roused by the methodic hypnotism
Of a distant temple's drum and so I lay my head back and relax

The Prom Queen At Mt. Sinai

Matthew Bishop

Regarding Nichole Stone

For five years your petrified
Bones have lain asleep in the grave;
What a fitting name for someone
Who, indeed, is stone now.
I remember how school was cancelled
And we all huddled outside

In the parking lot like lost birds. Even after
Hearing the stories: mangled cars,
Your trembling prayers
In the ER, I didn't cry.
I never mourned you,
And for that I apologize.

Tonight, caught in the tresses
Of sleep, I saw you, transparent and sullen,
Arise in a plume of smoke and alight
With soot-stained feet. You thanked
Me for my sympathy and I
Held your hand and wept. If only soft hearts
And hard-ons could bring back the dead.
Whether your eternal-pastel face or
The gray runnels of your skull will haunt
Me, I don't know. But drifting back
On to sleep, I beg to again be roused
From consciousness by you,
Whom I barely knew.

Waters below the Firmament

Matthew Bishop

The yellow light reflected immeasurable from
the mirror and down the hall from my parent's
bathroom. Mom collapsed in dad's arms. I
couldn't feel my mind. He held her like a heavy
log. It could've been a painting. Call it Distant
Music. Sunlight flowed through my bedroom
blinds as through a sieve. My bed like a barge
floating among a messy sea. Home was never
a place to grow up in. Days fringed and yellow
as photographs from the Dust Bowl. They say
the neon lights are bright ... but nostalgia is
always in sepia. Saber, my old cat, supped on
the table by the mustard. But some things aren't
so rigid. I'd always craved to be buried at sea,
for instance. At eight, when taking a bath, I
pretended my vertical penis was a lighthouse
and my belly, protruding from the water, an
island. Art and artifice are very closely alive.
Thick as swollen grapes, the air, when I bought
a ticket, and rode the bus backwards to Ohio.
I'd been living too much in the 1st person. And
the future was dust in my mouth. Friends and
families wouldn't be my oars. I want a cropped
lawn and a fence as picketed as sailor's tongues.

EDITOR'S NOTE

First, I want to thank everyone who contributed to the magazine; without you this wouldn't be possible. Being Editor for the Miscellany has been quite a unique experience. I've enjoyed reading and viewing the extraordinary work of students here at Georgia Southern University; and with that said, please continue to submit!

This year has gone by in a flash. I can remember my first week in the office not knowing what to do, but I was fortunate to have had wonderful people to guide me along. This is my first and last issue with the Miscellany and I can truly say, "It has been a pleasure!" Good Luck and enjoy!

Shawnda Atwood
Editor-in-Chief

Dear Friends,

I just wanted to thank the artists, writers, faculty, staff, and student volunteers for an educational, interesting, challenging, but most of all, wonderful two years. This has been the best job I've ever had. You guys are the best! I'll miss you all!

Anna Giles
Managing Editor

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Colophone: The magazine is printed by Network Press in Kennesaw, Ga.

Body copy in the Miscellany is 10 point Arno Pro. Credit lines were set in Arno Pro 10 point and headlines at Labtop Unica 28 point bold. The magazine was printed on 80 pound glossy text paper. This edition was saddle-stitched and trimmed on three sides in an 8.5 X 11 inch format. All halftone reproductions were screened at 150 lines per inch. All process photo reproductions were screened at 150 lines per inch.

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