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### The Vehicle, Fall 2003

Michael Doizan

Kaitlyn Kingston

Maria Santoyo

John Walker

Greg Holden

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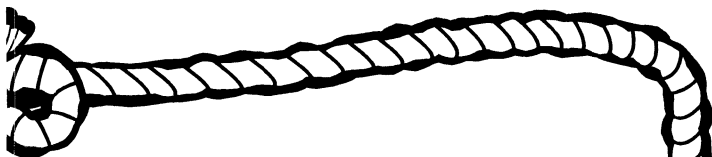
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# The Vehicle

— Fall 2003 —

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## **Blame it on My Birthsign**

*Michael Doizan*

---

I couldn't begin to tell you the things I think, the shapes and images I see, the sounds and vibrations I hear.

Couldn't tell you of the many ways in which I'd hold you, or the positions in which I'd fold you.

Can't tell you of the countless times I pictured your face in expressions of lust and ecstasy...

The way in which you grasped and moaned, clawed and crawled, while you were under or in front of me.

Can't tell you of the countless times I've dreamed of putting it on you, in ways in which I never have before... I can't tell you how many times you spoke to me, in those visions of mine, saying, "More! More!"

Can't blame me for thinking about you, every single moment, of every single second, of every single day... Can't blame me for wanting to have you inside of me, surrounding me, becoming a piece of me... becoming the every letter, to my every word, in everything that I might say.

Can't blame me for thinking that there's nothing more better, than the meeting of my passion against your passion, in a battle of wits and sensual struggle... Can't blame me when I seemingly ignore your white flag, in conceding the war, and for me, in continuing to strive for another.

You can't blame me for thinking, in terms of purely Heart and Feeling... Knowing that's what drew you to me, along with the other qualities, in which you knew you'd be dealing.

And you can't blame me for wanting to make love to you,  
Every time on sight... You can't blame me for thinking, that  
expressing my body unto yours, is my "God-seeking" right.

So blame it on the birth-sign, which gives me the utmost of  
loyalty and passion to the woman I should call my wife... or  
capable of giving me the most lustful of desires known to  
man, causing me to jump from bed to bed, seeking the  
reunion of God's spiritual love, somewhere here in this  
life.

Blame it on the birth sign which causes these feelings to  
change, up and down like the tidal wave of the great  
seas... Bringing forth my rage, my change, my love; in  
sweet, beautiful doves, my desire, my fire, my serene, my  
peace.

Don't blame me for the silence, the pain, the loss, the  
gain,... Just blame me for "Loving," like I shall never love  
again.

Ad lib:

Don't blame me for thinking and feeling, living and Seeing,  
being and breathing, in purely of the terms of the act...  
Don't blame me as I lay beside you, basking in your  
afterglow, that the answers, forever eluding me, still may  
lie, in another climax.

Please don't blame it on me, for putting you and my love  
for you, in a tireless grip and stranglehold... Please, don't  
blame me for wanting to make this the greatest love story  
here on earth, The greatest example of love, between GOD's  
creation, ever told.



Blame it on the birth sign, for telling me that I'm the most passionate of all signs. But blame me for believing it, and in believing all my dreams are well within my reach, and whatever it is I desire, will soon be mine.

Blame it on the Birthsign.

**Like a Banjo**  
*Kaitlyn Kingston*

---

Occasionally, I pull out my old pictures of you.  
The edges are badly damaged and torn,  
But you look as perfect as always.  
Not even a yellowed and timeworn photograph  
Could shatter your perfection.  
My stomach turns as the memories flood my mind.  
Memories, I think, have been forgotten.  
Lost.  
But no, they are there.  
Always there  
Buried deep in the recesses and corners of my brain  
I bite my lips as the tears begin to fall  
Like rain.  
I try to navigate  
Past the pain  
That I know so well  
To a safer place.  
You were my savior,  
My supposed knight in shining armor.  
I should have seen that you were just a  
Heartache waiting to happen,  
And that  
Your smiles were not real ones,  
Merely  
Cheap facades.

And I,  
I was just a random  
Pawn in your ruthless games.  
You played me  
Like a banjo.  
My eyes are thick with tears and I  
Chastise myself for letting myself get carried away again.  
I place the bag with your picture  
Back on the shelf of my closet,  
And then proceed to prescribe myself a glass of wine  
To help me forget that you ever happened.

**A Bubble**  
*Maria Santoyo*

---

A bubble floats aimlessly throughout the air  
Tracherous is the destiny that deprives her of a visible way  
For the delicate teardrop is bare  
Yet, simple and mutable she insists she must stay

The world seems to zoom by, giving her only a breeze  
Being careless and inconsiderate of her sensitivity  
Untended, yet bold she seems to be, carrying on with such ease  
Loneliness, the ghost that deprives her from much intimacy

A ray of light touches her thin, precious wall  
Illuminating, and exposing the most brilliant medley of color  
Who knew such wonders she hid and possessed in what seemed  
so dull  
And exquisite pearl, glowing unlike any other

Lucky is the fellow that catches a glimpse of her light  
For she is humble and modest, the things that can't be known  
through sight

**Untitled**  
*Liz Toynton*



## **The Wall**

*John Walker*

---

As usual, I come home from school and pass my mom in the kitchen. I barely mutter a hello, and make my way up the forbidding stairs. My stepfather resides within the room at the top of the stairs. I carefully place my feet to the outside of the stairs, skipping as many as possible, and grip the banister, praying the stair by their door does not squeak. If I make it to my room safely, I situate myself and prepare to sit.

I sit in my room for hour on end with an expressionless face as I stare at the glowing reflection of my face on the rim of my black desk lamp. The wall above my desk, originally white, now lies beneath a layer of tape residue and crayon wax. At the foot of my bed, a barren bulletin board hangs behind the staring shadows of decapitated troll heads and cowboy figurines. For the remainder of the night I spend my time acquainting myself with the black mark on the wall above my desk. I leave only for dinner. Every night I regret that my body requires a source of nourishment other than discolored Skittles hidden in cracks along the wall. I do not even leave to piss, because it means one more trip outside of the safety of my walls. A used Gatorade bottle replaced any need for a toilet. My room is no longer just another room of the house where I go to sleep every night, but my refuge. The rest of the house is just a maze of obstacles, discomfort, and pain keeping me from where I want to be. Within my desolate quarters, I realized that I can attribute to my stepfather the creation of my personality and the way I live my life.

Every morning I open my eyes in darkness. A black wall enveloped in choking vines of depression surrounds me as I wonder if this is what life is supposed to be like. I have not had breakfast for over three months, because my only chance to eat a bowl of cereal is at the same time he reads his paper in the kitchen. Even the taste of a warm slice of my mom's banana bread is not worth the risk of being caught in his sight. When I am caught and we confront face to face, our eyes lock and time

stops. My heart speeds, ripping through my chest like bloody knives. The only thought in my head is whether to say hello or pretend that I did not even see him. I hesitate to say hello because I know he will not, but rather, criticize me and tell me what I am doing wrong.

My body trembles with hatred every time I hear that voice, that antagonizing, soulless voice echoing through my head that I should be a better person, read the newspaper, or how I am so unprepared for college and the real world. Everyday he manages to make sure that I remember I will fail out of college and amount to nothing better than...I would like to say him, but apparently he is the ideal example of a human being. I have changed since he first moved in, and actually to the point where I think he even notices. I try to change, because I can only take so much before I crack, and giving in to him is the only way to keep some sort of sanity. I read the paper now, two times a day and two different papers. I even gave up any form of social life I originally had, so i could spend more time studying and following in his footsteps. I have not seen my best friend outside of school in over a week and he lives one block away. My stepfather does not acknowledge it at all, but it is far better than listening to why I am destined for failure. Everyday is the same and nothing ever changes. I do not look forward to life anymore and live in constant depression from his existence, unable to live my life the way I would like.

As I walk through the halls to class, I can only imagine what it is that people think as I pass by with the mysterious and secret nature that hides behind the wrinkles on my face. When I leave my house, I leave behind everything. The general public does not see the fear-ridden obsessive-compulsive teenager, but a content, wide-smiled simulation of what I really am. I can no longer share my emotions with peers, letting them know what I am feeling, or share what it is that I am really thinking in the middle of a conversation. My flaws and weaknesses would be exposed, leaving me vulnerable and without control.

No one realizes what it is like to live with that man. For

years I covered up what I did the night before, knowing I would come home to a cold, open chair and a bright interrogating light. On a good night I would only be hassled about why I came home and my bedroom light would be off. That means my brother, who I share a room with, turned off the light to hide in the darkness. If he cannot see you then there is no reason to be afraid. The continuous exams day after day have left me unable to carry on a normal conversation, forcing me to think about what I am saying beforehand. Situations spin around in my head until every detail is perfect and every question has an answer, knowing no longer what is truth and as reality blends into my imagination and everything seems the same. I convince myself that stories I am making up are real and no one knows what I am really thinking. Nobody knows the real me. If my stepfather does not know the truth then he knows nothing. He has forced me to be the way I am, hiding everything from everyone and keeping everything a secret.

The sun only seems to shine on what he wants to see, and life is one trivial pursuit through his staring eyes. There is no point in being happy, knowing I will only be slapped in the face. I know now what it is that I am supposed to be; not myself, not a friend, not a person, but a molded, lifeless drone dragging within the shadows of a greater man's existence. I am what he created. Perfect.

## **She Said It Was Stuck in the Fence**

*Greg Holden*

---

she said

it gibbered and stamped  
that poor palomino  
chaffing its hide against the rusty barbed wire  
of the old fence  
digging at the ground with cracked hooves

she said

it started to bleed and whine and whinny  
spittle frothing around its thick lips  
teeth bared  
eyes round and yellow

she said

they cut it free with wire snaps  
and it cried and cried  
its belly lashed with blood  
ribs quivering madly  
snorting phlegm and whipping its head about

she held

her arms tight across her stomach  
occasionally biting her bottom lip  
the deep hollows of her cheeks  
sometimes filling in with shadows  
when she told me all of this

## **Thanksgiving Table Characters**

### *Krystal Hering*

---

The murdered turkey, now a half-picked carcass, sits center.

Grandma, shriveled in her chair,  
with her mouth caved in, dentures in hand,  
scratching at the bread that rubs the roof of her mouth.

Grandpa pushes his chair back and  
sits with his mouth gaping like a fish out of water.

Aunt Vonna, yammering about nothing but nonsense.  
Mom quietly eats her sweet potatoes,  
trying not to tell Aunt-talks-too-much to shut her trap.

Dad at the head, grins red faced  
with another successful secret  
passing holiday gas.

Sisters chat so much  
they blow their food cold.

And I, well I sit on the short stool  
in between Grandpa and Grandma  
laughing to myself,  
watching from the outside,  
but I don't mind this time.

### **This Is My Land** *Korah Winn*

---

This is my land my own feet have crossed  
And sight has viewed every new day.  
I may not share traits with its people  
Or have blood to match every way.  
But still I consider it mine--shared--  
By common living upon its face.  
No one can look me fixed in the eye  
And strip it from me, Differing Race.  
Asked if thoughts wander to moments when  
My clashing Heritage came and claimed.  
I fling back and ask all to recall  
Their relatives who took earth and tamed.  
That which is mine is mine is mine is  
Mine to choke, throttle or to repair.  
When the bones are dried and washed away  
None can disclaim that I lived Here.



## **Bleeding Hearts**

*Kaitlyn Kingston*

---

“Don’t you realize,” you say,  
“that you are stepping on my heart again?”  
I quickly move away.  
I hadn’t even noticed.  
You tell me that it is all right,  
But the tears you are trying to hold back  
Betray you and  
Cascade down your face.  
I look down in shame at the mess I have made.  
There are red footprints all over the white tile floor,  
And I cannot deny what I have done.  
I kneel down to make sure that it is still working,  
And yes,  
It is still beating and  
Pounding away.  
But I know that if I push too hard  
It will surely  
                    Break.  
Shatter. Scatter.  
Into a thousand pieces or more,  
And not even the king’s horses and men  
Could put you back together again.  
I see that  
Your wounded heart needs time to mend,  
But I cannot walk away.

## **Lessons Learned**

*Kaitlyn Kingston*

---

You lying in your bed,  
bright pink smothering  
pasty white skin

Your hand, plagued with tubes and needles,  
reaches out for mine,  
grasping it with surprising strength

Unseeing eyes search my face  
but all you see is a form  
You sense the searing tears  
streaming down my cheeks  
plunging onto the gray tile floor below

I already feel the gaping hole --  
the void  
that is coming  
My heart aches and  
I have to look away

You squeeze my trembling hand,  
soothing me, when it should be me  
comforting you  
I look down in shame

There are so many profound things  
that need to be spoken  
But you simply smile that radiant smile  
and feebly whisper, "I love you"

I choke back my sobs  
and I know exactly  
what you are saying

I need to tell you --

That it was you  
Only you  
who made me who I am  
who showed me how to love

I can't live  
without you

I lean closer to your withering, frail form  
that is more beautiful than ever  
and all I can get out is, "I love you too"

A calm passes over us both  
I know you understand me  
completely

You are fading now

You are so weak  
but still I know  
you are the strongest person  
I have ever known  
or will ever know

I sit with you as the hours pass  
and you seem to be content

Your breathing is labored  
I fear each grasp will be your last but  
you give my fingers a reassuring squeeze  
to let me know you are still

hanging on

A touch of a smile crosses my lips  
That's just like you, I think  
"Never give up" you always told me

We both know it is inevitable  
but still I lay my head on your shoulder  
I begin to sing the familiar song

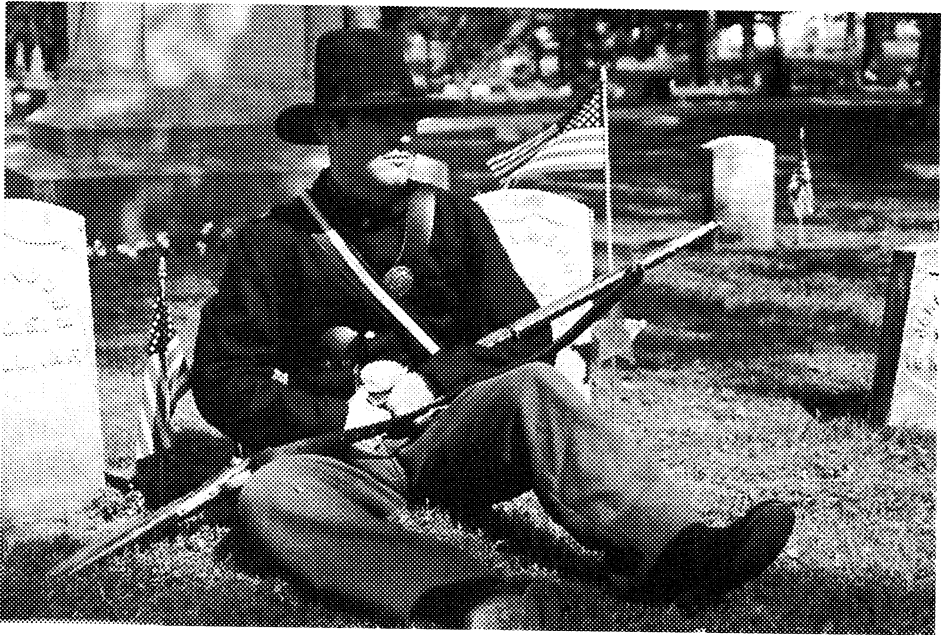
You wearily mouth the well-known words  
as you close your eyes to rest a while

“...You are my sunshine...my only sunshine...”

You are so exhausted  
You just want to go home  
But I can't let you  
Not yet

Just a while longer I plead  
You are so patient  
waiting for the moment  
when I can let go

**Soldier**  
*Emily Rapp*





return  
to get us  
Summer's almost end  
it's all a spin  
Never  
letting go  
you don't Want  
to leave what you  
know  
Playing  
in a maze of boxes, you have  
Your own room  
It's ok,  
we finally found  
a place,  
In the  
Ghetto

## **Infiniti**

*Lindsey Nawojski*

---

My face presses cold glass. I stare  
down through fog from breath, and heat from face.  
I stare down at snow-covered ground.

The dashboard warms your face. Piercing green  
eyes are locked tightly on a cold  
steering wheel. You're staring intently.

I thought you could see through seeing something  
I could not. Something small slipped your lip,  
But those are sealed from spilling secrets.

In this capsule close together,  
My voice shaking over the melted hums  
of this car and your cold trespassing tongue.

A tongue that trespasses like a horn  
blaring in the traffic of your mind,  
Afterwards we sit in silence,  
the leather sticking to the back

of my bare legs, enjoying  
this momentary peace. Your eyes never  
met mine, but glance in the rear view

mirror. It is only fitting  
you would see that which is left behind.

## **Gone Until Forever**

*Andy Whyte*

---

I woke up this morning with a splitting headache. It was the kind that hurts the front of my head. Sometimes the pain is on the back of my head. Every now and then I will get one that hurts both the front and back. On those days I am allowed to stay home and watch television while my mom cleans and cooks the food for dinner. I am glad that I only have half of a headache instead of one of those killer ones.

Mom usually gives me these little yellow pills to take care of the pain, but all they do is make me sleepy. And when I get the chance to stay home and not have to go to school I want to run around and play all day long, but Mom usually says no. I do get to watch the television and play my video games.

It is okay. Except for the television never has anything fun to watch. I get tired of the same old shows. If I'm lucky I can catch some funny cartoons. Then there's Mr. Rogers. I never really liked that show. Dad says that it will help me

understand things better, but I don't get what he means by that. It's just an old man who changes from his school clothes to more school clothes and talks about boring things to a train. I like action. I love baseball.

Mom has been quiet today. I think she is doing paperwork in the office. She does that sometimes when she is tired. She doesn't like people to bother her while she's in there. Before she goes into the kitchen she makes some grown-up drinks and goes into the office and shuts the door. It doesn't bother me. She says she needs some quiet time. I can understand that, because sometimes I don't like it when people listen to really loud music. It bugs my ears, and I have to cover them with my hands.

People say that my hands are different, but I don't know how. They both have five fingers. I think it's because they are bent a little bit. Sometimes I try to bend them back to see if they will stick, but they usually don't. One time I did it for so long that my hands turned purple. Mom wasn't happy about that. She yelled at me for doing that. She gets upset a lot when I don't do things right. It's okay because Dad says it's for my own good. I don't get that either.

The clouds are still looming above our house. They are really gray right now. I can't even find where the sun is. The trees have been moving pretty fast all day long. The wind has been wailing against the house. It startles me, but I'm not scared of it. I'm not scared of anything. I can even sleep in the dark sometimes. The only light that's around me is in the hallway, and even Mom and Dad need that to get to the bathroom late at night.

Mom always goes in there when she is supposed to be sleeping. I hear her getting sick a lot when she is in there. She cries a lot too. I go in there sometimes to see if she is okay, but she tells me to go back to bed. Her colors are always really dark then. I can hear it really good because my bedroom is right next to the bathroom. I think the walls are much thinner in our house than in other houses. Dad says that it was the men with



the helmets that messed it up.

Dad is always trying to fix things around our house. Whenever he does I like to stay out of the way. He always yells, and says bad words that I'm not supposed to know. I don't tell them but I know the words. I don't like it when he uses the S-word and the F-word. It makes my stomach feel weird. The doctor says that it is anxiety but I don't know what that means.

I like it when he lets me fix things with him. Mom makes me put on play clothes before I do. He will let me hold the hammer and screwdrivers but he doesn't really like it when I use them. The last time I did he held one of the nails for me, and I hit his hand with the hammer. I swung it as hard as I could, too! He got upset and hit me on the cheek. His colors were really dark too that day. I cried because I didn't mean to do it. When we were done he made me a cup of hot chocolate to make me feel better. I didn't think that what he did was nice. I hope that he doesn't do that again because something bad could happen.

Dad makes the best hot chocolate because he puts little marshmallows on the top of it. Mom never does that because she doesn't like me eating junk food, but I can always count on him to give them to me.

Dad is working outside today since it's a Sunday. He never does it on Mondays or Fridays, always on Sundays. He pulls bushes out and fixes them with the scissors. Sometimes I go out there with him and pound nails into old pieces of wood for practice. That's when it's sunny out though. Right now is not a good time for that. I don't want to go out there because he isn't in a happy mood. He got a bad letter in the mail yesterday. On Saturdays I always bring in the mail. I didn't feel good because I gave it to him and I was afraid that he might hit my cheek again. Whenever I bring in the mail, I always pray to God that there isn't a bad one in there. God must have been really busy today.

Sundays aren't my favorite day of the week. It's no fun because I have to go to bed early and nothing but football is on all day long. I don't really like football much. It is really boring.

All these guys dress up in funny costumes and run around hitting each other. It makes me anxiety when they do that. Mom tells me it's because football is very violent, and I don't like violence. It makes me sad and I cry sometimes.

The best is Wednesday, because it reminds me of the book *Wacky Wednesday*. It's all about a kid who has all of these weird things happen to him one day. I like it a lot. Mrs. Kimball read it to me two weeks ago on Wednesday. She's my English teacher. She has been teaching me a lot about reading and writing. She told me that keeping a journal would make me write better. I told her that I would write her the best story she has ever seen.

I like her a lot too. She makes me feel good inside. I think it's because her colors are much more brighter than anyone else that I know. Mom's and Dad's are really brown and not very colorful. I asked them why they don't have nice coloring and they didn't like that. I asked why some people have a really bright glow and some don't. Dad yelled at me and said that people don't glow and if I kept talking about it I would have to find a new home to live in. I think they do glow. He is wrong. Mrs. Kimball said that some people see things others don't. That made me feel a lot better.

Mom told me one night that I was adopted. She said that she wasn't my real mom and that dad wasn't either. She said that I didn't come out of her stomach. She said that she was a backup Mom, for kids who don't have a real one anymore. My real mom died. I don't like to think about it because a picture comes into my head that I can't get out. It's really sad and there's blood all over the floor. When that happens I like to close my eyes and think about happy things. Like my birthday party coming up soon. I will be 15 years old. I might even go to a movie after the party.

In my dreams I see a girl a lot. She's really pretty and I bet that my mom was even prettier than her. She usually stands at the end of my bed, but sometimes she will come next to me on the right side where my night table is.

She tells me things when she comes in, but I always forget what it was. The doctor told me that the part of my brain that helps me remember things wasn't made right. I think that's why.

I like the white lights that are around her. They are much more butiful than my backup mom's. It makes me smile. I get sad when she leaves bekose it is only for a short while. I like to talk about my baseball cards and how I am getting better at hammering nails into the board. I have 400 and 50 cards in a box under my bed. My favorite player is Sammy Sosa. He hits a lot of home runs. I wish sometimes that he could be my dad. I bet he wouldn't be mean. Maybe some day I can go to Shicago and pitch to him on the field.

Sometimes when I do things I am not supposed to Dad takes one of my cards away from me. He never seems to find them after he takes them. I always tell him to put them in a good spot so I won't find it, and a spot where he can find it. One time he really got me. I found two of them that he took a long time ago in the trash bin in the garage. He must have problems with his brain too bekose they were squished in with the other trash. I got very mad and told him that if he is going to hide them he has to be careful with them because they are not to be bent up. He got upset and hit my cheek again. I think that I am supposed to defend myself against things like that. I think that if he does it again I am going to defend myself.

My backup mom told me that he wasn't my real daddy. I know because my real daddy's colors wouldn't be as dark as his are. They are never bright. Sometimes they turn brown like the crayon when he and mom are done getting their xercise. I don't get it bekose there isn't any wait lifting machines in there bed-room. He always comes out really sweaty and happy. I bet they do jumping jaks and stuff.

I don't want to go to school tumarow. The 6th grade is a lot harder for me than last year. I have a lot more home work to do, and it takes much more thinking this time. I have been working very hard. Mrs. Kimball always says TJ you are doing so well. It makes me smile. I get angry sometimes bekose I don't

get things a lot. Dad tells me that my classes are not like the ones other kids take. They are for the wrong kids. I don't get it when he says wrong, bekose I have not gotten into any trouble for a long time.

Blake is a really good friend of mine. He is in all of my classes and it's great bekose he and I can go to lunch and eat, and talk about baseball and games. Sometimes the boys at the busy table call me Forrest. I don't get why they do that. I wonder if maybe my colors are green and that's why they do. Blake says that Forrest was a football player who ran away from home and ran very far away. I don't like football. They must be convused with baseball bekose I love it so much.

We played basketball in his backyard sometimes and it is a great time. I like to let him win a lot bekose his legs are crooked, and he can't play the way I play. He says that he came out of his mom's stomach the wrong way. I tell him that's okay bekose my hands came out the wrong way too.

*Dear Mrs. Kimball,*

*I hope that you will read this soon. My eyes are really tired and I can't move my hands very well right now. I enjoyed the story that you read to me. It made me smile. School was okay today bekose I didn't have much homework to do. I didn't have a head ake today. It made me happy. I didn't have to take those yellow pills that Mom always gives me.*

*Dad is gone now. I know that I won't see him ever again. I came home today from school and saw him sleeping on the couch. He looked tired. I bet he had really weedr dreams. I knew he wasn't happy bekose the grown up drinks were on the counter.*

*When it is really hot out I like to drink lemonade. It helps when I am sweating a lot. Today the sun was much hotter than Sunday. When I was in the kitchen I went to get a glass from the cupboard and nocked over the grown up bottle.*

*Brown stuff went all over the floor. My stomach was anxiety. I was sorry that I woke up Dad. When he came in his colors were black. He was never that dark before. I said that I was sorry and didn't mean to do it. I cried and wiped some off the floor to clean it. Dad doesn't like a dirty house. He grabbed me and I fell down the stairs. I devended myself for a short while. It hurt really bad. I am glad that mom wasn't bekose she would have to go to her work with blue stuff on her cheeks too. Dad gets mad at her too sometimes.*

*Dad left in his truck. It's really old. I am glad that he is gone now. My stomach hurts really bad, and now my head does too. I still won't take the yellow pills. I don't think that what he did was good. I am sad now. I don't want to be here anymore.*

*I got my suitcase packed with all of the suplys I need. I have my baseball glove that Mom bot me. My play clothes. I don't like school clothes. They are really tight on my body. This way I can get dirty without being in trouble. I decided that I am going to give my baseball cards to Blake. He likes them and told me one day that he wanted to get some, but he didn't have any money. I hope that he likes them.*

*I will miss my room very much. I will miss the girl that comes at night too. I wonder if she will follow me where I go, but I bet she just comes to this house. I asked God to help me today. I don't think that he will be too busy.*

*I said goodbye to the house. I don't think that I will miss it too much. Mom has a note for her when she gets home. I hope that she sees it. I hope that she will run away too.*

*If you can, read this Mrs. Kimball. I liked all of your stories and how you helped me write better. I think that you are nice. I have a map in my pocket in case I can't find my way. I have to give Blake his cards first before I go on my way. His house is easy to find. I have ridden my bike over there a lot. I remember the story of Jack and the Beenstalk, and how he brought apples with him on his journey to the sky. I didn't find apples in the kitchen, but I do have some bananas and candy. I*

*hope that it will be a fun trip. Shicago is a long ways away.*

*I am leaving now. I hope that you get this soon. I will probably be gone until forever.*

## **On My Way**

*Kristin Born*



**Glory<sup>1</sup>**  
*Jay Pope*

---

Love has little logic.

Like a child, I lie above  
waiting, watching  
till dark crescents  
appear to sides  
of lips,  
contrasting light  
and dark.

I tell her  
I love her dimples.  
I watch, waiting  
for crevices to deepen  
as she laughs.

I have no dimples,  
she says.  
She has no dimples.

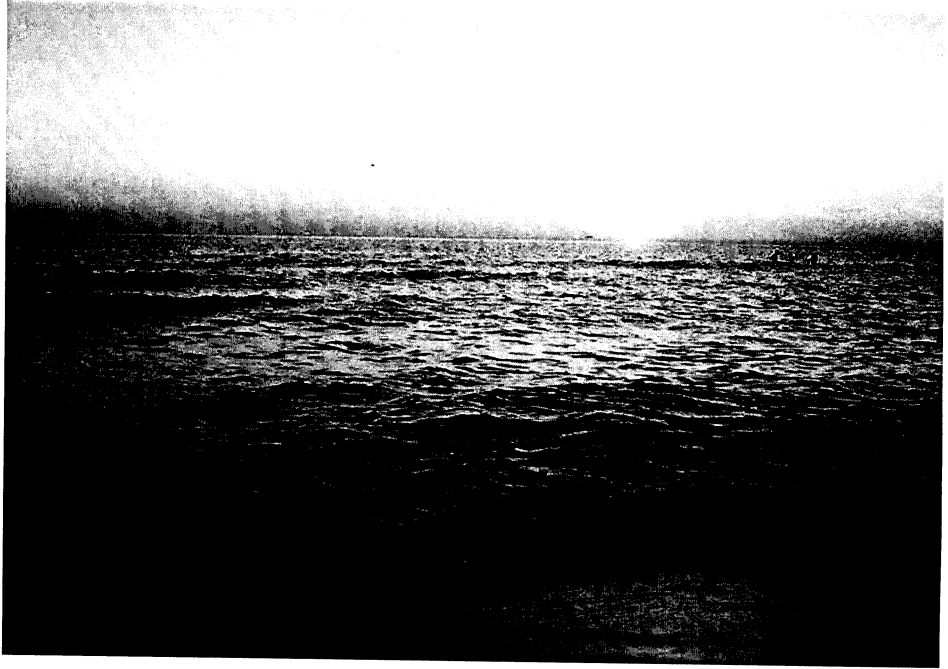
She sighs, satisfied,  
pulls me close,  
whispers,  
I love your words.

---

- 1 "I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said....  
"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone,  
"it means just what I choose to mean—neither more nor less."  
"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so  
many different things."

Carroll, Lewis. *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There.*  
(1865)

**Untitled**  
*Trevor Moore*



**Nature's Moratorium**  
*Matt McCarthy*

---

We are in an age of dumb people acting smart,  
limits on televisions being left in the dark.  
Americans got it really good, they thrive,  
Yet they don't even realize it; they cover it like a hooded lie.  
Simplicity isn't embraced; it's thrown back into our face.  
Subtleties remain sadist works of close-minded nymphos,  
concluded in the urban jungle of the enclosed.  
The shunned, the gunned-down, the poor, the sheltered,  
the meek, hated, unloved and the melted.  
Witches, psychotics, prophets and atheists,  
These are what prevail from the worlds preconceived incubus.



We've got this, not those, these and the royal "It."  
So sit, lay down your weapons and open the guideline book,  
Philosophies, hypocrisies, trailing trees and jellied knees.  
Pragmaticism, Utilitarianism, common cataclysms and rented  
pleasures,  
Quick sex, slow love, fast pounding and slow rubs.  
Hugs, Love, Hate and reasons, closing open minds from emptied  
closets of knowledgeable seasons.  
Keep rhyme in time as the lime light of an uptight high flying  
kite of life's mindskeeps giving us these signs.

**Untitled**  
*Trevor Moore*



## **Eternal Child**

*Amy Towery*

---

Within a darkened corner deep,  
I wait for you. I dare not sleep.  
For closing eyes and nodding heads,  
Would surely lead to dreams of dread.

My china face, my raven hair,  
All waiting for your loving care.  
But when, my child, will you arrive,  
And fill my heart with love alive?

Minutes to hours, hours to years,  
I dare not guess my sentence here.  
I out the grimy window look,  
And listen for the whispering brook.

This is all my poor heart knows,  
As my anticipation grows.  
Awaiting O so fateful blows,  
Of shoes upon the stair.

So for her I will alone wait here,  
My eternal child I hold so dear.  
I don't despair; you'll hear no cries.  
From forgotten dolls with anxious eyes.

## **Fingers**

*Josh Sopiarz*

---

One night I watched green light  
cascade down upon the milky sky.

It was Ontario, and summer,  
and I sat alone on a small pier,

a bit unsteady as it rocked me  
without a railing to hold to,

the rubber soles of my shoes dipped just gently  
in the black water. I was thinking of that green.

The way it rolled reminded me of a gambler  
I'd seen in a high stakes hold 'em game.

He was bluffing ten-high,  
flipping his last fifty dollar piece

in descending order from knuckle  
to knuckle of his steady left hand

and then magically making it  
climb back up again.

And so the borealis went, like water,  
or a nervous God's last chance.

## **She Likes Jazz**

*Mario Podeschi*

---

You know—that girl  
whose cheeks are confetti  
whose hips are a violin  
whose shoulders are pillows of fallen leaves  
whose lashes are an Appalachian horizon at dusk.  
That girl  
with the eyebrows like quarter rests  
whose mind is a moon reflected on water  
whose arms are raw celery  
whose feet are French syllables

whose back is a shoelace which comes untied when she dances—  
That girl  
whose elbows are raisins  
whose throat is silent rain.  
That girl  
whose neck is white spider web  
whose hands are wind chimes  
with fingers like Q-tips  
whose lips are gulls in flight  
whose lips are ice cubes melting in hot cocoa  
whose eyes are lucky pennies, bottle caps, seashells  
whose hair is dark leather, well-worn, not too faded.  
That girl  
whose ears are cursive san skrit  
whose tongue is a child wiggling his toes in the sand  
whose stomach is the back of a kitten's neck.

## **Back Alley Farms**

*Scott E. Lutz*

---

Past the crude talking Mexican dishwashers  
And the rusty, broken bicycles left for dead  
Against chipping red brick walls --  
A row of carefully plowed plots emerge among  
Shattered glass and bins of trash.

Inched between the towering dance studio windows  
And the back of the Ace hardware in a tiny alley,  
Sharecroppers make their way down  
The wrought iron fire escape, tools in hand,  
Ready to toil and sweat.

They mend the chicken fence to keep out  
Urban rabbits or raccoons raised on  
Tossed Caesar salad and pasta primavera,

Planting the seeds of escape.

Cucumbers short like jarred pickles;  
Eggplant not much bigger than a painted bulb;  
Narrow stalks of corn stretching and leaning;  
Tomatoes small and green like martini olives;  
Watermelon on the vine, tethered and smiling through the  
fence.

All fighting for sun, starving for rain,  
Under the close eye of the storefront farmers.

Checking the crops before nine and after five,  
Patiently riding out the dry season armed with  
Floral watering cans, and Ikea gardening tools.  
Anxious for the harvest, dinner parties,  
Expensive merlot, the look on friends' faces  
When told "I grew the side dish,"  
Wishing they still had dirt on their hands to show.

## Biographies

**Kristen Born**, *undeclared major*. "I'm 18 and undecided on my major. Photography was of great interest to me as a child and in later years became a valued hobby of mine."

**Michael Doizan**. No information given.

**LaTasha Harris**, *senior Accounting major and Family and Consumer Sciences minor*. LaTasha, originally from Chicago, has been a resident assistant in Ford Hall for two and a half years and was the First Runner Up in the 2000 Miss Black EIU Pageant. "I've been writing poetry and songs since age eight."

**Krystal Hering**. No information given.

**Greg Holden**, *graduate student of English*. Greg earned a Ph. D. in Philosophy from SIUC in 1995. He was a full-time education reporter for three years and has taught many community college classes in Logic, Philosophy, and Ethics.

**Kaitlyn Kingston** is from a tiny Southern Illinois town.

**Scott E. Lutz**, *senior English major*. He plans to move to New York and leave the Midwest for a long time.

**Matt McCarthy**, *Journalism major*. "I used to play hockey.... [Music] is my main love in life alongside my girlfriend....When I am 55 years old my focus better be my band that I hope to have as a hobby by then."

**Trevor Moore**. No information given.

**Lindsey Nawojski**, *senior English major and Creative Writing/Professional Writing minor*.

**Mario Podeschi**, *sophomore English major*. "I am...pretty much a nerd. It's 'soda,' not 'pop.'"

**Jay Pope** has brown eyes and a dog.

**Emily Rapp**. No information given.

**Maria Santoyo**, *sophomore Elementary Education major*. "Nothing specific inspires me, and I don't have a specific environment in which I write....[A] person's soul can communicate to the outside world by pen and paper...or at least that's my case."

**Josh Sopiartz**, *graduate student of English*. As of October 14th, 2003 (his 24th birthday, and coincidentally the day he submitted to *The Vehicle*) he is excited about the Cubs and unhappy about the Bears. <http://www.eiu.edu/~writing/>

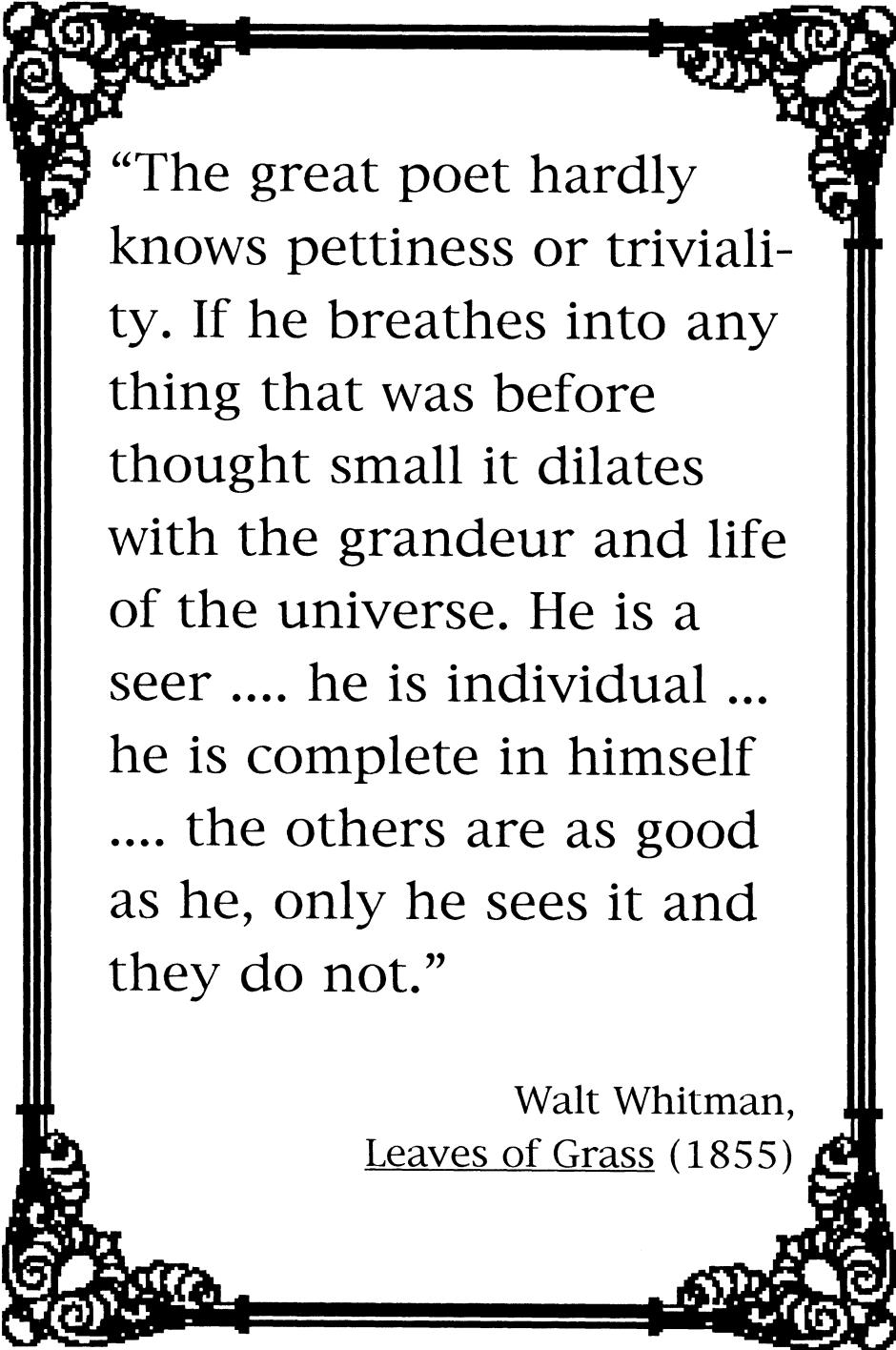
**Amy Towery**. "...I've been writing poetry and prose since before I can remember....I enjoy experimenting with different writing and poetry styles and I take full advantage of my 'poet's leverage.' The majority of my poems are composed during periods of heightened emotion, and I believe they reflect that.

**Liz Toynton**, *English major*. "Photography is among my hobbies. I also love writing, reading, and music."

**John Walker**. No information given.

**Andy Whyte**. No information given.`

**Korah Winn**. "I just transferred here this fall. I want to live a holy life."

A decorative border with ornate floral and scrollwork designs in each corner, framing the text.

“The great poet hardly knows pettiness or triviality. If he breathes into any thing that was before thought small it dilates with the grandeur and life of the universe. He is a seer .... he is individual ... he is complete in himself .... the others are as good as he, only he sees it and they do not.”

Walt Whitman,  
Leaves of Grass (1855)