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# the **V**ehicle

Fall 1998

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English Honors Society  
Eastern Illinois University

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# 23 years across 1000 miles

check behind my ears  
for the scars  
from where they cracked me open  
unhinged my jaw  
and helped themselves to my brain,  
broke my nose  
to help me forget my recollection  
and cross-examined  
my right and left sides.  
tested my ability  
to swallow bowling balls.  
1000 voices-  
an army of angry cicadas-  
whisper and scream  
scream at the mobile,  
sending it spinning slowly  
above the crib.

- Audre Hillyer

# U ntitled

---

In the nineteen thirties at the height of the Great Depression, in a small town in Illinois a husband was said to have left his farm in search of work in the West. At the time, many men were leaving their wives and children to manage the worthless livestock, to keep watch over farming equipment that had not been used that year, as they looked for a job in towns where there were few.

Two paths remained—

one truth at the hand of his drunken speech

a man must leave,  
the same must stay,  
buried where the cows idly tread.

these years of need make ample lies,  
to bury his bones in the threshold of barns.  
this harsh dirt dissolves, the mind  
retains  
in petrified worship these acts once done.

2

His feet are called misdirection,  
or misunderstanding,  
and he enters the farmhouse with ideas of work

his needs are a carriage even he cannot know.

the barn is a house where animals are born.

These years of the Depression are  
times of wants  
but the years are time of deeper wants,

and with a shovel the farmer leaves,

—for neighbors,

her tale of scarce work and sacrifice.

Decision, Shovel, the Farmer lies frozen  
and does not return.  
So his year becomes old and then older still  
and reasons lie heavy that the farmhand should stay.

the widow holds a causeway inside her womb.

their Child, a Threshold, the movement of days.

3

Misdirection is the weakness of his drink  
and the child is the strength of her cries.

So in dust plaqued cars, police return  
and with torn lip she pleas for help

They promise a night,  
second request and  
leaving,

to a drunken father  
they tease of jail

Their jokes are a truth,  
and in fear he speaks  
the truth of two  
the lie

4

In the threshold of the barn they uncover  
the pinpoint of a life

—Ethan Heicher

g

# limpse

---

A heavy sun Phoebus,  
gingko leaves lemoned,  
wide stapled wounds and  
wings laden with pollen.

Waning pumice skin  
three shades deep or less.  
Portraying garish brazen flesh  
undercover.

I am

Two blades apart  
try to come near me.  
Hysterical moon high  
manacles hold me.

– Mandy Watson



# In a Nut Shell

---

There are worlds where  
Kaliedoscopes are killed for their skins  
And Hell is in a tea cup  
The great cities are buried under a grain of sand  
And the heavens are Technicolor bubbles  
Purple bullet holes

My love is a square triangle  
with a yellow shadow  
That plays tic tac toe quadruple  
On Jupiter's kings  
The sun and stars rise in the north on tuesdays

Butterflies danced on sheet music today  
While los angeles and Jesus ate dinner  
And went shopping  
ONLY 23 days till Christmas

Little adults play stickball in the ocher streets  
While children stare out of mirrors

At the circus the elephants started wars  
As the lions whipped the ring leader

Mama combed her hair in the breeze  
Suzy wished on rainbow tears  
And we all fell down in slow motion.

– Sylvia Whippo

# F Flat Tortilla Pages

---

when wrapping a  
the in he  
in Pilon Pablo  
Ai  
friendship it  
They reproof.  
holy he  
your the he.  
in a Pirate's  
with all Pilon  
of the  
the go  
enjoying treasure  
straight the Pilon  
his never secondhand  
strenuous  
oh  
what he  
your corporal  
and told the  
up if  
when might automatically  
in stayed there themselves  
possession up next  
breath too.  
take with devil  
remember  
but kitchen it this himself,  
are gradually one trouser  
Big  
against

– Audre Hillyer

# Alexei

---

“Alexei bled like a fat hot river, coating the steps of St. Petersburg.  
His golden carriage sauntered by, all steam and royalty.”  
Nana sipped at iced liquor,  
Rehearsing her sketchy history.  
Her sandpaper voice carried  
Through her Old-Town Chicago kitchen  
While she stirred at slow-chilled beets.  
She said if I was her blood  
I could feel Russia below my feet,  
The snow and the brick.  
“Alexei,” she’d say, “was the boy who changed everything.”

– Nicole Cordin

# G r a c e

---


This intangibleness  
I keep feeling,  
keep seeing in the city.  
None other than black lace  
passes over the light,  
showing me the orange signs  
that won't get me any'  
closer to the truth  
on a highway to the  
West Suburbs;  
where nooks and crannies  
fill with cleaning product  
residual rather  
than culture.

But culture  
that lines cracks,  
where today's  
mud-brick  
buildings  
rip through pavement,  
into an expanse  
of unknown,  
impenetrable,  
apartments — singles,  
doubles, studios  
for six-fifty a month—  
is walking those blocks.  
Bustled up  
experience in their  
arms.  
Arm resting on the payphone,  
as constant strangers fly  
their planes and lights.  
Their home everywhere;  
washing up on the beaches  
of Lake Michigan.

That's what you see on the bus.  
What you hear is,  
well,  
you know . . .  
seems to be  
the method of  
standing your ground —  
Appearances fill  
the crowded bar, and this  
is who you are.  
What I am is  
where I am.

It smokes by the  
shadows,  
covering the discarded mess  
of what once was newness.  
It smells into  
unknown noses.  
And I search for something  
tangible,  
holding on.

I just buy a pack  
and cross  
the red-hand-blinking  
street  
and people stare,  
like I shouldn't be walking  
these runways,  
and what is my meaning;  
lights change,  
and they turn  
their heads to more  
music from their woofers—  
it makes sense,  
unlike me or them.



But what I know  
is mindless journeys  
of my own,  
trains filtering past  
my headed way.  
And what I notice  
is of no avail,  
it can never show  
its face again.

Where strangers speak  
mumbled garbage  
to each other—  
good or bad—  
and people walk away.  
To their mobile homes,  
and drive to their  
subsidiary residences.  
And people walk by  
and sometimes sit down.

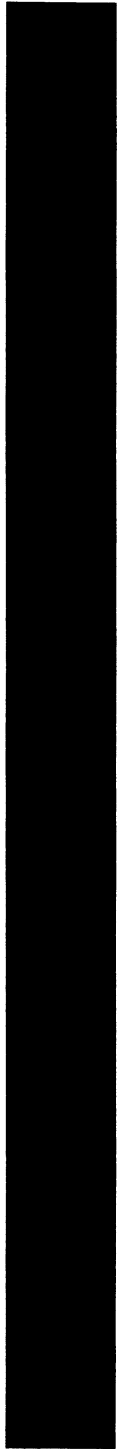
“If I had more money  
I’d be livin’ large.”  
In other words making  
a scene  
in taxis,  
martinis, and  
good beer.  
But you buy it for  
credibility if you ain’t  
got the style.  
Rich or poor.

It’s all about slicking  
your hair back  
like the way you walk  
down the street.

When I look,  
nothing speaks  
to everybody,  
so why notice  
that America just walked by,  
and I missed it.  
I won't know  
what it is,  
just what it's like.

I guess that's why  
it keeps expanding,  
people don't care to be it,  
they just need to know  
what it looks like.

– Patty Burns



# S

# acrament

---

You wove my spine rough  
against your knuckles.  
One jerk sent me  
spinning.  
You never allowed yourself  
to see the timidity  
of each tendril of nerve's  
floating through the scarlet fibers  
of my tiny back.  
Live wires, dense and edged,  
waiting to be traced.  
Or an outline of  
single vertebrae announcing  
their presence in shallow  
ridges,  
positioned in a  
pleading curl.

– Mandy Watson



# Dream of Your Rejection

As I rode my bicycle  
across your lawn  
all of my teeth  
were falling out

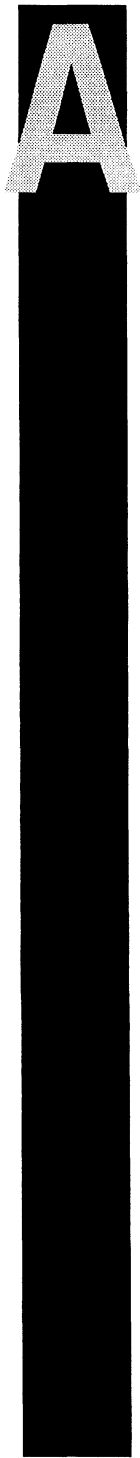
in pieces, with sharp  
crunchy edges  
like in cartoons.

The lines of your eyes  
were thick and dull,  
pupils huge and pulsating  
when you said:

“you’re still fucked up,”  
and toothless, I couldn’t  
respond, as you drove away  
with your bother

in a pea green ‘73 Nova.  
Leaving me standing  
on your lawn, vines  
growing up my legs.

– Stephanie Kavanaugh



# hollowed moon

---

A hallowed moon  
carved out like bars of soap  
slivers lying at the bottom of the  
rusted drain where rain is caught  
plotting to uprise and spray  
against everything bright, alive and  
rigid like the pale fawns of spring-  
the slender roots and trees some  
plumbed and some peared while  
others citrus tangerine bleary-eyed and  
stoic, burning in the desire of all to  
turn closer to the sun like plants in  
windows and cats on couches  
soaking and seeping warmth from  
every dimension of the universe where  
I can smell and permeates reason  
so tangible like the avocados so  
sap green and bidding to eat, like  
turnips so fierce and commanding  
with brutish beauty like roosters  
or otters and things that catch the  
eye with a flash and spark a bright  
swift kick in the middle of the forehead  
there a unicorn star could appear,  
virginal and empowering ivory smoothing  
to a point or complete satisfaction like  
afternoon naps in the stretch of a midday  
muscle where a soul reaches the end  
of the moon, stops to turn around and is  
pleased at the hollowness and  
awakens.

— Mandy Watson

# U ntitled

---

The dog holds a copper shard in his eye  
and he moans ceaselessly and in  
vain  
and it was the vain who brought  
his shard to birth  
two pennies rubbed together until  
his sliver escaped

They say it was of a copper pipe  
that the shard emerged—  
element of their forming home  
but they are vocal liars— as all liars are  
truth resides in silences—  
I know it was from the pennies they  
rub at night that the sliver flew  
The pennies they count and caress  
above him  
—that they could accuse me of losing  
the shard— of slipping it into  
my pocket, and then finding it gone,  
finding it in the poor beast's eye.

The dog, holder of a piece of penny,  
moans in pleasure  
and I build a seamless house devoid  
of shards.

— Ethan Heicher

# The Blue Note

---

she sits a fragile violet flower  
in wary silence  
balancing a weary liquid form  
upon a battered stool  
the points of her elbows  
rest upon the stained and scratched veneer  
of the wooden bar

the questioning curve of her back  
reveals sharp bones from  
the portal of a backless dress  
she sips a drink heady  
with sweetness and alcohol  
while a slinking fog of smoke  
eddies about her head  
the darkness of her eyes  
and the tension of her lips show fear

the blue note slips like a whisper  
into her dead ear  
slowly untying the knots of thought  
moving down her neck to her shoulders  
relax, relax it croons  
moving down to her breasts,  
her breath comes faster,  
her stomach, her thighs, her toes,  
relax, relax ...

mellow, it sighs, mellow  
she finds herself rocking forward  
as her head nods to the beat instinctive  
the tension leaves her lips  
a small smile careful and timid, creeps forth  
invited by the sound of the blue note.

– Sylvia Whippo

t

# he six senses of eve

---

1

the stick of flesh—  
    then a shudder—  
she, in the cushioned grass,  
    the hollow pressured by two  
    beasts,  
felt him slip from her  
and away,  
    as his footfalls pounded fainter and fainter  
through the earth.  
    -Then the breeze alone stroked her hair.

2

the breeze, alone, would remove  
    his musk,  
would clean the mundane  
    union from the grass,  
exchanging the scent of urge for green,  
    masking the smell of one need,  
tempting another  
    drawing her further into.

3

Bright, Unified— the  
    space is whole—  
centered gently around their shape.  
She makes her way into  
    its fold,  
A piece— a part— of  
    symmetry,  
walking as a breath or breeze  
in natural motion toward its midst,  
    desire trickling in her eyes —  
the promise of pain and nourishment.

4

what are the tastes of  
Eden's fruit—  
tasted too often by those she'd hold?  
the taste of greed, famine, and fear?  
the taste of mercy, joy, and death?  
the taste of salt in blood and tear?  
the taste of music and the abstract?

5

She heard the unkeyed voice as they  
left a silent paradise —  
remembrance of a former day  
a voice of flesh touched to stone  
whispering tenderly, eternally, hungrily  
“I am a jealous God, and am now alone”

6

then,  
not knowing why they had chosen desolation,  
they  
began,  
feeling the grass bow under each other's feet,  
conscious of spaces and of wholes,  
above, within, beneath.

– Ethan Heicher



– Dawn Nehr Korn



# S till Life

---

So there you are, driving down some two-lane highway, somewhere between here and, well, somewhere. The windows are cranked down, the wind blowing the ashes from your half-smoked cigarette back into your face. Blaring over the speakers is Queen, loud, and you're going about a hundred miles an hour. And then it happens- all of the noise and the air and breath rushing out of your lungs culminates, and there you are. You have reached that moment where everything stops for one millisecond- for the space of one single frame of movie film- and you're frozen in the space between here and there, between now and then, between you and your heartbeat. And everything is so singularly perfect in that quarter of an inch of life that you want to cling onto it, lick it, taste it, and let yourself live in it forever. And the next thing you know, there you are again, back in your piece of shit Chevy, in your miserable excuse for a life, listening to a song that you never knew the words to anyway, in your life. Or at least that's always how it seems to me. And the only thing that makes my life worth trudging through sometimes is the hope that today will bring me just one more of those frames of time.

So tonight, this leggy blonde walks in, flicking her driver's license in my direction. The long, tapered nail of her thumb, painted the delicate pink of cotton candy and Barbie's corvette, rests over the corner, grazing my fingertips as I reach to tilt the Lincoln-penny hologram in the light. Something like the dripping flames from a child's sparkler shoots across my hand as the whole world focuses on the glance from my eyes to her thumbnail, from my eyes to her thumbnail, from my eyes to her eyes, and then, like that, it is gone. I hand back her plastic identity with a slight smile and she walks to the bar to order a light beer. I go back to my lazy perusal of the latest lawyer-crime novel, letting my attention wander between the story and the bar around me.

This is what I do all night long, at little better than minimum wage. And in between, I read the latest mass-produced novel that will require little to no thought on my part. That, or spend the evening chewing the inside corners of my fingernails. I mean, what kid ever thinks, 'Hey ma, I wanna grow up to be a bouncer?'

I know, I know. A girl bouncer? The truth is, this job doesn't exactly require brute force or intimidation. Hell, I don't think I've raised my voice more than half a dozen times in four years of this job. In fact, this town and this bar are so quiet, that there's no reason to hire someone to take care of the surlies and undesirables. No one in here is surly, and everyone's undesirable, so why bother? Hell, that's all I do in this town, period - sit on my ass and wait to become more hollow inside.

Don't get me wrong, there is a little variety every now and again, like Barbie-doll at the bar over there. But mostly, it's just the regulars. Max sits on the corner stool farthest from the door, sucking on a beer, eyes glued to whatever game happens to be on. Marie's more vocal, sitting closest to me, sipping an appropriate drink, pretending she doesn't need it to smile. George and Bernie prefer a table to themselves, and always seem kind of lost in one another, so that they're always a constant fixture, but never a part of the action. There are a few half-ass regulars that show up a couple times a week, but those four always seem to be here. That leaves the bartender, Aaron, and me. Some nights, the seven of us are all there are. Nights like that, you get to hear more about people than you ever wanted to know - Marie's ex-husband who broke her arm and Max's little boy they sent off to jail. Nights like tonight, when the last interesting person, Pretty-in-Pink, decides this place is a little too slow, or a little too lame and takes off for unknown territories, you never know what story you'll hear.

I ask Aaron for a Morgan's and Coke, and sit back, flipping through the pages of a legalese and somewhat uninteresting story line. Don't you ever wonder how people get to be like that? Like Max and Marie, I mean? How many times do you have to say it aloud and wash it down with a slow burn before it starts to go away? Is it even worth going on sometimes for them?

A crisp laminate card plunks upside down in the middle of my book. There's nothing worse sometimes than an interrupted thought, especially when it's about to go somewhere. I almost snap something sharp, scathing, when I notice her hands. I have a weakness for painter's hands, and these fingers are smeared with remainders of black and red paint, embedded under short, blunt nails. My heart catches in my throat and I am speechless. I don't have to look at the face or the I.D. to know her. I can tell by the creases in her palms, streaked with a hint of some unusual, yellow color, I know from the pinprick of blue caught under her right pinky nail. These are the hands of the single most beautiful woman I've ever met in my life. These are the hands of someone who has walked in and out of my life for more than three years.

It started when I drove her home. I had met her at one of those really trendy parties that everyone seemed to be having, yet no one was really enjoying, and I wanted desperately to leave. I was headed for the front door, weaving through the crowd of stumbling drunks and wanna-be hippie poets. That's when she caught my eye and motioned for me to wait. She was short, maybe 5'4", with this cropped brown hair that lay all smooth and soft against her scalp. She was womanly, with full hips and breasts, but tucked herself into khakis and a short-sleeved button down that every now and then gave glimpse to a hidden tattoo. I had met her in passing somewhere between the liquor and the back porch, and that mix of female and androgyny was completely compelling. Normally, her sort would have made me uneasy. Not the lesbian part, she was one and told everyone plainly, but the fact that she was so self-possessing and utterly confident in everything, from the way she held her beer casually by the neck, to the way she laughed at the men unlucky enough to hit on her. It was like watching everything I wanted to be. Had any other person so certainly raised a finger, and summarily ordered me to wait, I probably would have dismissed them and went on my way, but... But. There is no way to describe why I waited at the door for her to grab her cigarettes and coat- no reason in the world for me to wait. But I did. And there I was, a few moments later, with this fabulous

woman sitting next to me in my car, talking to me like she'd known me forever. The next thing I know, it's three a.m. and we've been driving around, smoking cigarettes and having some of the most intense conversation that I've ever had in my life. That's when the first one hit me. I was taking a curve in a country road faster than I should have, not quite as fast as I could've, and she reached over to turn the radio up more than a notch. So there we were on this curve that seemed to be lasting forever, and she was singing the lyrics of the loudest rocker song I'd ever heard, and the wind was blowing her short, warm brown hair all over the place, and she had this cigarette pinched between her thumb and forefinger like a cowboy in an old western, and it stopped. For one solitary moment the entirety of the world just stopped. And there we were, frozen forever like a brand new painting. And I was lost.

So, here we are again. And I'm sitting at my regular perch, staring down at the work-rough hands of my very own painter goddess. And there has to be a thousand different feelings rushing through me all at once, so that all I can do is stare.

"Hey stranger," the words tumble out in a purr. In anyone else, the greeting would have seemed feigned in its casualness. In anyone else, the words would have been so easy to ignore. But this is the voice of the woman who has come back again and again- a night here, an hour there, yet I haven't seen for six months now? What do you say after all that time has gone by- some wasted, some used, some passing easily away? What do you say when you know none of the feelings of love and lust and heartache have gone away, but have just been misplaced in the passing of days? How do you come up to someone and say, 'Hey stranger' and make it seem like you tumbled out of bed together just this morning?

"Hey yourself," I return like a schoolgirl, enthralled. I want to bury my hands in my face. I can feel the flush creep up my cheeks, the hot fire burning through me.

We ended up in a cornfield. Okay, so really this field wasn't used anymore, and it was more like a large expanse of dirt. I guess all of the sleepiness and time freezing had taken its

toll, and I didn't finish out the curve quite as neatly as I'd entered it. And for some reason it was all so extraordinarily funny. All I could think was, wow. So that's why they call them dirt farmers. And the more times the phrase "dirt farmer" ran through my head, the funnier it got, and the louder I laughed, until she was laughing with me too. Ever since I was a little kid, laughter has been almost impossible to suppress in me, my mouth gets wide, my teeth open up like a baby bird to food, air wooshing out in a hysterical sound. It was in one of those huge laughs, right after I'd taken an enormous breath to catch up with myself, that she kissed me. It wasn't a light kiss given in humor, or a playful kiss on the cheek. It was a hungry, demanding kiss that took every ounce of breath left inside of my lungs. And then, I was kissing her back with the same desperate urgency.

As I stare at her again in the dim light of the bar, all of the times she's been back since the end rush at me. Sometimes it's a chance thing at a party with friends, where I offer to take her home. Other times it's a phone call, a moment of weakness when one of us falls back into the other one. The times are infrequent, unpredictable, and they are never for good, never for real, just stolen moments where we pretend that things didn't go so completely wrong. And the way she's staring at me now, the way I look straight through her sage green button down, makes me wonder if it's all going to happen again- makes me certain that I want it to.

The world stopped at least a thousand times that week. At any given time during the day, the world would stop. Sometimes it would become so very still that complete clarity was only an inch away. Sometimes it would shudder as if it were trapped in water under glass. But these moments seemed to be never-ending. It was as if my life were being filmed, frame by frame, and I was allowed to watch from the most perfect camera angles, catching the choicest shots.

I never quite knew what I would be shown next, what about her would drag me farther and farther into the falling. I would stop to catch her breath exhale in the cold, in puffy,

white spurts. The world would freeze just when I'd catch her staring aimlessly out a window into the sky. I loved every second of it- the first time she poured me a cup of coffee, handing wet dishes to her to dry, slow dancing in the middle of the night while the thunder crackled around outside. I was falling in love, and I adored the falling.

These moments became something that I lived for. I stopped thinking about anything else. I stopped caring about anything else. And then one day, everything stopped. I waited for hours for the air to become perfectly still, for my heart to catch, for time to cease, but nothing triggered it. I watched her sleeping in the moonlight, like I had done what seemed a thousand times before and nothing happened. I waited for days and days, but each day I was disappointed.

She's still standing here, not moving on to the bar, not heading for a pool table, shifting her weight from left to right, chewing the inside of her lip like she always does when she's nervous. I try desperately to think of something, anything benign or clever to say. I can't even force out, 'Can I buy you a beer?' There are a thousand, no, a million things that I should have, could have, and didn't say. A thousand things that shouldn't have happened when it counted, but did. At what point are you lost to all of the could-haves and might-have-beens, and when is there still a chance for what will be?

So there we were, hosting one of those god-awful parties that I had abhorred. There were two dozen or more people, only half of whom I knew, all weighing the floor down to keep it from floating away. I was stoned. She was stoned. Hell, the whole damned place was stoned. She stood against the far wall, the smoke mingling all around her full, dark hair, her rumpled shirt half hanging from one shoulder, possibly at one of her most beautiful moments. Yet I felt displaced inside. She was perfect, and I wasn't having one of those life-altering moments. It felt wrong, off somehow. Fearful because I no longer knew how to act, I thought maybe the right music would set the mood, and bring it all in line again. So I willed myself across the room, my

hands heavy, clumsy weights searching for the music in the tall, haphazardly balanced tower of uncased c.d.'s. My hands, uncoordinated, knocked over twenty or thirty of the discs, scattering them all across the floor. I didn't care. I was on my knees, plowing through the discs, looking for something, anything, to make it all right.

I look up to place her, orient myself, and from across the room I notice this guy. He was sitting on the floor, leaning against the corner of the room, one knee drawn up while the other lay stretched out in front of him, smoking a bowl. He was smirking like a bad-boy movie star, hair all honey-streaked and gelled into a spiky, bed-tousled look. And when he caught my gaze, I knew he knew. He understood exactly what it was all about. For one blissful second, time had stopped for him and he looked as if all the answers to the world were on the tip of his tongue. For one wild second, we were completely in sync-knowing that the whole world was just too much, and not nearly enough at all.

The next thing I knew, I was crawling toward him. I didn't even try to stand. I just crawled on my hands and knees, half ashamed, and reached out with my fingertips to trace that twisted smile on his lips. He smiled wider, his lips pulling at my fingertips, then pressed the pipe to his mouth and inhaled deeply. I could feel the warm, insistent hand at the back of my neck as he pulled my lips towards his own, exhaling the thick, warm smoke into me in a slow, sensual kiss. I let my head float down to rest on his knee, listening to the wail of throaty blues coloring a moment, when something loud, something harsh would have been far more appropriate. And I left the lost moments to fall behind me, as I drifted off into dreams in a stranger's lap.

My eyes have floated to the top button of her jeans, and I catch myself, looking sharply back at her eyes. After all this time, I'm still startled by her eyes, all green and faceted like ground glass under a boot heel. I'm still ready to fall back into her, still full of need and want and recklessness to recreate us. I don't want stolen moments anymore. I need to fix, to resurrect.

I was falling. It was slow at first, then gaining in speed

until the air wooshed out of my lungs, making it impossible to breathe. It was dark- so dark, that I couldn't tell if my eyes were open. And I was falling so fast in the dark, and it was faster and faster, until I was certain I was dead, because I couldn't see and I couldn't breathe, and there was nothing- nothing but me, rushing through the darkness.

I awoke with a start in the still darkened night. I was gasping for air, trying to draw myself upward from the druggy sleep, trying to calm myself. I needed her. I needed the calm and predictable found in her arms; I needed to fall back into practiced sleep.

I clawed my way out of the hazy, dark dreams and reached out my hand, feeling flesh soft and firm and reached my arm out to her waist to draw her near, pulling her tightly to me, drawing strength, feeling certain and sure of myself. I let my other hand wander to her hair, to feel the softness of it slip through my hands like it always had. It was then, that the world stopped. For a single, solitary moment, the world just stopped.

I had reached up to feel the soft, smooth hair slide through my hands as it had a million times before, but this time it was different. It wasn't soft and smooth, but crispy and hard- it wasn't warm and brown, but the color of thick honey in a plastic bear. And the world didn't stop because I was falling in love, it just stopped with my heart.

We're on the verge of something here, I can tell. All I have to do is reach out, take her hand, say I love you, and she will fall back into me again. She has to. I can feel the electricity in the air like the thick, metallic taste after lightening strikes close. All I have to do is say I love you...

The door swings open again, breaking the reverie. Barbie in pink is back, smiling widely as her purse strap slides off her shoulder and she catches it in her hand. I close my eyes for a second, hoping her sudden happiness is due to liquor, or drugs, or even the weather. Anything else. But as I lift my lids, my painter goddess is turned away from me, and I simply disappear. I thought she'd come back again. But it's not like that, is it? There comes a point when you can't fix, or recreate, or pretend anymore. There's always an end, and we just reached it. I hand back



the plastic I.D. that has rested in my book, and watch the two of them head for the bar together, as I sink onto my stool, alone.

So here I am- driving down some two-lane highway after work, the wind whipping my hair across my face, some loud lesbian rocker blaring on the radio. Sometimes, if you drive fast enough or far enough, you reach a point where everything stops for a second or two, and the world is in complete sync with the beat of your heart. And sometimes you just keep driving, waiting for something to happen that isn't a brief picture of a second in time, but is something real that you can hold on to. Tonight, I'll keep driving until I find it. Whatever, wherever it is.

– Kim Hunter

# B

# Biographies

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Patty Burns is a sophomore English major.

Nichole Cordin is a senior English major.

Ethan Heicher is a senior English major.

John–Connie–Eli–Joe–Chris–Aaron–

Moe–Tonya–Lori–Cecelia–Ryan–Briane–Ceceli  
a

Audrey Hillyer is almost a senior English major.  
That is all.

Kim Hunter is a senior English major. At some point, it is always pointed out that perhaps she lives vicariously through what she writes. Her response? Perhaps she does.

Stephanie Kavanaugh is a senior Environmental Biology major.

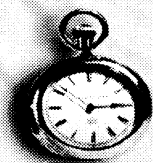
Dawn Nehr Korn is a senior English major. Art is a hobby of hers.

Mandy Watson is a senior English major with an art minor. She gives her thanks to the muses and coffee too.

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