

MARIAN UNIVERSITY
Indianapolis

THE FIORETTI

A Picture of Spring



Spring 2011

Editors:

Anna Allen Bayli Bumen Daniel Lassell
Charles Peñalosa Andrew Popp

Contributors:

Michael Baumann	Timothy Hendricks
James Brockmeier	Mia Horninger
Bayli Bumen	Daniel Lassell
Hillary Carpenter	Dylan Ng
ENG 115J Class	Charles Peñalosa
Philip Frederick	Andrew Popp
Patricia Harvey	Abigail Roach
Katie Hedrick	Michael Schrader

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Editors' Note:

The word *Fioretti*, translated from Italian, means “little flowers.” Specifically, the *Fioretti* is a collection of little tales on the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. The idea of little flowers was a catalyst for Marian University’s *Fioretti*, a student-run literary and art journal. Editors Anna Allen, Bayli Bumen, Charles Peñalosa, Daniel Lassell, and Andrew Popp wanted to create an atmosphere where the little flowers of Marian University could flourish and bloom. We sincerely hope you enjoy this edition of *The Fioretti*, which the Marian University student body has offered.

Dr. Diane Prenatt

Faculty Advisor

Charles Peñalosa

Format and Layout Designer

“Premature”

Front Cover

Katie Hedrick

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A Picture of Spring

James Brockmeier

the sun plays off raindrops on damp leaves in late spring.
lost, friends and possibly lovers leave their light jackets
behind along with questions of future springs,
not in the wilderness but she in his eyes
and he in the loose blouse dangling from her shoulder
innocently pale from winter.
young birds haggle for their mother's song and attention



Horse Eyes

Daniel Lassell

if you look closely into the eye of a horse
you can see the history of mankind
a tragic muddle of war and want
pearly and black – a reflection
eye staring back at i
no need for words
for mouths have said enough these years
the horse knows this
it eats apples in silence
and i listen to the gentle munch
the grind between its teeth
as the skins tear
much like hearts
when the bed is alone

Create the Title Yourself

Charles Peñalosa

4.

The snowball rolls
down the small hill and gets
bigger as it descends,
but the whole scene gets
swallowed up
by a cat, who would later
cough up a fur ball
resembling the ocean.

6.

Yes, if you whisper to me
your secret,
I will eat
a hamburger for you,
so that you won't
have to suffer
digesting
gallons of grease.

9.

Water keeps dripping
from the faucet—it
reminds me
of all the lobsters I've eaten
that no longer have
shells. Does this mean
jellyfishes
have bones?

2.

So tell me, how do you cope
with life—with
all of its false
advertisements and lack
of opportunities
to own an iguana?

3.

The kitchen
is the best place to hunt
for ants. Likewise,
giraffes are lucky
because they can always
pretend
as if they can't hear
you from up there.

10.

It's a lie! Koalas
don't like
eucalyptus leaves—
their favorite food
is fried rice.

5.

They say
bird's nest soup
is delicious. I wonder
what my house
tastes like?

7.

Behave yourself. If
you keep eating potato
chips, you are
gonna be like the penguins
that are too fat
to fly. What's the point
of wearing a bow
tie?

1.

Dogs bark
at the air, people talk
to Bluetooth
headsets. What's
the difference?

8.

People tell me that
ducks can swim
in quicksand.
Do you agree with this? Do
you believe
that goldfishes eat
a daily serving of three
fried elephant
ears?

Brother

Andrew Popp

You bought me cigarettes
When I was 17 and you 18,
Like the brother I never had.

You got me drunk
On gin stolen
From your mother's liquor cabinet,
Like the brother I never had.

You advised me "go for it"
When I told you I liked her—
Advice only a brother could give.

I cried
The 45 minute drive to your house,
When Diane called me
The only words through the static
Were "Chich...Dead."

I dried my eyes
When I realized it was your father
You needed someone to be
Strong,
Like the brother you never had.

Eion Bailey

Michael Baumann

I've broken my nose twice, but you can't tell
because I drank a lot of milk when I was a
kid--and I don't like to smile, but you can't
tell because I do it a lot anyway, just to
off-center the widow's peaks and the crow's feet and the
suicide.

Climb inside my eyes, though, like a scarab beetle,
because there, you can turn a skeleton key
into my padlocked memory-victory, bracing yourself
on high cheekbones like handicapped rails to
gather enough secrets to melt my thoughts;
they leak out of the ears and onto the
sideburns that your fingers
traced last night before I smiled and when you failed
to turn the key. My lips didn't move.



Lovely Silhouette

Michael Schrader

A solemn silhouette moves swiftly
across the bleakly covered campus
fighting a grave and frigid night.

The west wind howls, shouting for more
terror of the white to engulf
this young figure's foot prints.

But the gales of December
couldn't freeze over my burning heart;
for I found love that night.

The Ballad of Evil Jack

Abigail Roach

Evil Jack had heart surgery on Valentine's Day.

We all had a good laugh about it—

Said he was the Grinch. His heart was two sizes too small.

Everyday. Twice a day, even. Evil Jack comes in dressed like a little hobo sailor. He orders a tall bold coffee. He used to ask me if my hands were clean--said a person's hands couldn't possibly be clean handling money all day long. Now he barely says anything, just puts his change in the tip box and trudges away.

He's the type that looks angry, even when he smiles. After giving him his coffee one day he blurts, "Did you know that Michelle Obama has made cupcakes illegal?" He smiles with jack-o-lantern teeth, waiting for a response.

Then he is gone and we move onto the next crazy person, the next drink, the next hour, until we are completely immersed back into our own lives.

And just maybe, maybe, we would pause briefly if he were never to return. We'd say his heart finally gave out. We'd say it's sad even though he's a mean son of a bitch. And then we'd move on.

A couple days after Valentine's Day Evil Jack reappeared—

his heart still two sizes too small.

Smokestacks

Daniel Lassell

Joe smokes cigarettes on wooden pallets
holding the filters with dirty fingertips.
he doesn't think of rain or trees swaying
in gentle breeze
or anything of universal proportions.
beauty is subtle in Joe's mind. it doesn't matter anymore.
he puffs tobacco in chilled winter air
watching the smoke curl and dance to the sky
like frothy cotton candy.
printed posters letter walls that stain
eyelids that flutter in cigarette smolder. he reads
words that don't exist – with feelings that understand.
Joe is alone. but company to butts
littered about his feet
waiting for him to speak – to whisper
secrets.



The Skate Park

Michael Baumann

We jump on the ground to pound our flat fate
Into the stuff of pancakes. That's what we do.
We are the brigade of Dream Street, because
We see here. We see here. And
We educate the blind with a
Headphoned cacophony of creation.
We walk at the same time on the grafittied concrete sheets
of Dream Street,
Chalklines in the greedy soul of cement.

Tribute to the Man Who Didn't Deserve My Love

Bayli Bumen

Love is a fairytale?
Yeah right.
Love is pain
It's the blood dripping from my veins
The bruises along my neck
The curse words left never to be said
The hole in the wall
Yet, that hole is smaller than the one you've left in my heart
Punching through my chest with the words
Words you were never afraid to say
Pathetic
Ugly
Bitch
Yes, yes — you have left your mark
Damaged
Afraid
That's love



Dear Sandwich Man

Daniel Lassell

Dear sandwich man, who holds the sandwich sign, I
look at you in the hot sun — toasted like the loaves you sell—
and I cannot help but think of some tragedy it would be, if
Godzilla stormed the streets and saw you, dressed plump
and breaded, and ready to eat, like the sandwiches you sell.

The Moon's Bidding Lips

Michael Schrader

The moon, gleaming through the still
window pane, brightens the room behind.
Alit is a cushioned chair in the corner. Silent,
Lonesome, begging for an intellectual to come
and entrance himself with the universe;
To ponder what causes the phases of her royalty.
The walls of the room are lined with bookshelves
which collect what reflected beams they can.
Poets, playwrights, authors, dictators, commentators,
and philosophers dust these shelves and wait
solemnly for the attracted to massage their covers with
their calloused hands. Flipping page by page
acquiring the words that float off the
papyrus, lambskin, cotton bound together.
The door, opened wide to a dismal corridor, hangs
cautiously. Like a butler it stays until asked to leave.
This luminescence digresses and retreats, crescents
bidding farewell to a depressing chamber, kissing
each title, each stitch, each splinter goodnight,
Hoping for a brighter today.

Icarus Rising

Philip Frederick

The maze of life brings with it endless twists and turns
Far too many for a man to bear, he slowly loses sanity
My Father lives in the sky, and I long to see Him face to face
I spread my waxen wings and leave this world behind
Soaring above the clouds of my anxiety, looking down
At the blackened and bruised world, pitying humanity
Looking up to the heavens I see the Sun, brilliant as
A diamond emblazoned with light, I soar higher
Breaking the walls of caution, my soul begs to attain
The unlimited light, the endless heat of transcendence
But I begin to burn; the warm glow I sought is a horrific flame
I was not prepared for it, wax drips like rain and my wings
Become mere skeletons, and I begin to fall, plummeting downward
Tossing and turning in turbulent winds, the sea approaches, roaring
That blue lion with its wet tongue waving back and forth, waiting for me
And brought back to earth, I crash into the depths of a sea of tears
Icarus rising, Icarus fallen, I didn't know what would happen
When union with God is sought, one must be careful not to look
God in the face, because then one will surely die

Hero

Dylan Ng

I'd like to think I saved the world that day.
I didn't need gravity to fall.
People brought me down.
Their words like lead.
I made a mistake.
Everybody does.
But why is my mistake the worst?
Why am I crucified by all the glares?
I am stoned to death in the verbal execution.
Words are the rocks that strike me.
Their eyes cut my soul in two.
I am worthless.
But I don't need a soul.
I am alive.
Crucifixion did not see me that day.
Death gained a new enemy.
Each stone passed through me.
Lead is only an element on a table.
I kicked gravity in the butt.
I did save the world that day.
I became a hero when I walked right
through the fire of my mistake.
You can all perish.
I won't save you.
I am my own hero.

Untitled

Flour on a dusty countertop, crumbs of happiness left over
from a day before.
Cookies on the carpet, glass on the dresser,
And a single red empty soda pop can kicked to the closet door:
I used to like it
When poetry was allowed to rhyme
I kind of appreciated the feeling of smoothly quipping
“The bunnies hop, the flowers pop
In the garden”
We can’t write in the garden anymore
Because all we want is power
The strength of words and a shock value so high that all the
garrets in the world couldn’t encompass it
We want Harry Houdini
We want an atomic power so huge—
That it will knock the world apart and make a great
Waste land
Of our minds and our hearts
So we—
Can’t tolerate vicarage poetry, anymore,
We’ve moved on to better things

T-Orchard

Andrew Popp

Ten years old
i capiTalized all my T's,
i was TaughT
They don'T conform To sTandard english.

Twelve years old
my apTiTude TesT wasn'T sTandard
i Told Them
To change Their own aTTiTudes.

excluded in high school,
i wasn'T a sheep;
my lengThy TwisTed hair,
was quiTe unique.

noT unTil college
did i find ouT
originaliTy is a gifT
some never obTain.

Dinner Landscape

Charles Peñalosa

The last slice of lasagna was a small island
At the edge of a flat world,
Surrounded by a dry ocean of marinara.

The napkins were the white-sand beaches
Tainted by the tidal waves of crimson sauce.

The pieces of French bread were boats
With butter-drenched decks.

The big mounds of salad were rainforests
Still unconquered by the Italian
And ranch dressings.

The cups of root beer were the night sky
Confined by plastic boundaries.
Inside were the constellations of ice,
The popping stars, and the fizzling clouds.

The Beehive

Abigail Roach

The beehive

Buzzing little baristas
do their dance

Take money, make change

Grind coffee, fake a smile

Tall, Grande, Venti

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz in the beehive of capitalism
Brewing the blood that pumps through the nation

Syrup and then milk steaming, hold back the foam and pour

The espresso

machine groans

--What can I get for you today?

Tall

Nonfat

No Whip Cream

Light Foam

150 Degrees

3 pumps of peppermint

White Mocha

Upside Down

A man asked for long shots—

At our store we call them dead shots I say,

After 15 seconds the shot loses its caramel color and turns black,

Turns bitter —

I told him that we aren't supposed to serve deadshots.

He says he likes the bitter taste.

Most Starbucks customers do

Most of the world does,

Choking as it burns the back of their throat:

ALL HAIL THE GREEN GODDESS!

Spilling My Lunch in the Coffee Shop

Daniel Lassell

they see me.
wet and soiled.
spilt milk muddled with pasta and what used to be —
 a ham sandwich
washed down crotch to carpet below
a littered waterfall — a wasted lunch
shoving my hand down my throat to stop the vomit
feeling the warmth in between my fingers
choking on pride and watching dignity walk out the door
like the old woman who stumbles getting up the stairs
and the child who says “sex” in class
and doesn’t know its meaning until the rest start to laugh
like the politician called out on television
for the crimes he’s made against humanity
and the girl who bleeds at daycare
on her first period
i can’t help making a fool
of myself — a reflection in the mirror
transparency has never been so painful
they see me.
i hide behind a mask of red
and hope for the chuckles to die

Freud's Demand

Charles Peñalosa

Plato sat on a couch
as Freud scribbled on a legal pad.
The scratching of his pen
against the smooth, yellow paper
sounded like the lighting of a match.

Plato had been going blind
after too much staring at blank pages
and writing on air.

"Write me five poems
and release your chained beasts on paper,"
Freud said with a grin. "Be still
and don't be afraid to erase them."

With a big sigh, Plato took his quill,
and stood up to leave. That's what he gets
for not bringing Freud some granola bars.

Catch My Dreams

Bayli Bumen

Dark. I'm scared
Light.
Swirls. Sweat pools on my skin
Turns.
Black. My hair is matted against my face
White.
Silent.
Loud. I can't handle these dreams

I close my eyes.
I rest.
I wake.
Roll over and look up.
Black and Blue
Dream Catcher —
Dangles from my wall.

I smile.
I sleep.



Midnight

Dylan Ng

Red moon.
Black sky.
Silver stars.
Gray mist.
Midnight.
The bewitching hour.
The place where all my fears come to life.
The place where I am lost. . .
Forever.

Toothpaste

Hillary Carpenter

At 6:57AM I stumble into the bathroom, my hands taking turns rubbing my sleep-encrusted eyes. The crusty remnants of my dream-state spiral to the tile floor, landing among cotton balls that took a detour on their way to the trash bin. The fluorescent bulbs illuminate the room and strain my eyes. Toothpaste slates over my toothbrush in a straight line. It is not until a flicker of light hits just right that its crystal-light speckles shine like a fine chandelier. I start to think maybe he is more than cracked up to be. His mint breath enters my nostrils, freezing the microscopic cilia to icicles. The coolness awakens my sleep-deprived senses and sends them into frenzy.

Toothpaste has the genetic makeup of God. His genes are abrasive enough to aid in the removal of plaque that gules itself to the back of central incisors. Sodium fluorides strengthen the enamel, breathing new life deep into their roots. Toothpaste blankets the teeth, creating a shield that yields off potential enemies capable of utter destruction. The bristles of the toothbrush turn foamy from the paste, scrubbing deep into the crevices of the molars to extract remnants of caramel corn that served as my 1 AM delight. The toothpaste foam dribbles down from my chin and barely misses making a landmark on my shirt. It is too early for this. I am done scrubbing.

A Touch of Wind

Michael Schrader

The soft, comforting breeze,
Whispering across the silent greens,
As calm as a mother's hymns.

Blades of grass glide gracefully through the air,
Telling the old not to care,
Cooling their skin from the sun's scorching glare.

Wistfully the wind plays with the leaves,
Causing uproar amongst the trees.
Wishing gladly for another breeze.



I Really Hate to Do This

Timothy Hendricks

i really hate to do this
i know it isn't fair;
but i cannot last another kiss
i fear i'll lose my hair.
you see, i think i may be mad
my mind is acting crazy;
my sight is surely going bad
the world's becoming hazy.
after minutes of research
and a second's contemplation;
plus a walk around some church
spent hoping for salvation;

an epiphany did come
and much to my surprise;
the source is you, of which and from
comes sanity's demise.
so i truly must admit,
and surely do regret,
that this really must be it
the beginning of Forget.
but i'll grant your heart some grace,
some time to say goodbye;
that my fingers on your face
may catch the tears you cry.
at which time i will leave,
for the sake of my own heart;
and the teardrops on your sleeve
will signify the start. . .
the beginning of our end,
the doomsday clock will tick,
o, my wits i must defend,
but the time is yours to pick.
you see, i'm giving you the date
on which to end our love,
your hands do hold our blessed fate
please wear some sticky gloves.

Petals of Love

Dylan Ng

Whimsical.

Not that I would know.

He loves me not.

Petals on the ground.

Lifeless.

Marking each and every hope.

He loves me.

I wish.

One petal won't change the world.

I am lost.

A sea forgotten.

Listlessly lolling lifeless eyes.

Dance my pretty little feelings.

Emotions are slaves.

The world their captor.

Love is a theory.

Solve for x.

But there's only y.

Y.

Y.

Why.

Why doesn't he love me?

Whimsical.

Not that I would know

Words

James Brockmeier

words she cannot process into thoughts
bellow into ears
as she stands from the stance
she thought only she knew –
face meets dirt and knees scarred
soothed by the balm of tears and earth.

words she cannot let be put to thoughts,
immediacy of sense turns to feeling,
forcing her to truly face
these proposed truths
as they meander
to her ears, but not quite to the heart
she had given up.

she had heard words before,
calming, soothing, loving
crap carrying “concerned” consolation.

but not these words:
“I hurt too.”

words.
real words,
real concerned words.

thoughts never realized,
lost loneliness creates
hope, springing from heart,
thoughts she cannot put to words

Madame Square

Michael Schrader

Your curved body
my calloused hand sweeps over;
Your thick perfume
Tickles my newly awakened
Nostrils: teasing me,
Inviting myself for
Another kiss.
Filling my fresh lungs,
Stealing every bit of
Oxygen left over
From a peaceful sleep.
Enticing my mind,
Calming a hectic thought,
You tell me everything's
Going to be all right.
Like a prince coveting his young maiden,
You gently hand yourself over.
And without guilt, I take you.
You're morning's breakfast,
You're my first cigarette.



February 8, 2011

Patricia Harvey

Warm tissue fleshed from the skeleton
sewn into a new and better invention:
Superabsurdly, Mary Shelley's opus.

Butcher Me Softly

Daniel Lassell

If Chicago is really the Hog Butcher of the World
then what does that say of its pizza?
Sure, it's a windy city
that beats children's faces with
frostbitten snowflakes that stab
But if Chicago is really the Hog Butcher
then what does Indianapolis cleave?
I have lived there and seen it
I have choked on its smog
and strolled the littered alley-ways
Indianapolis adds personalism to slaughter:
It takes you by the hand and says,
"I know you. I have seen you in
traffic before work and I have heard you
complaining in the blistering winter wind -
and I like it"
Then it lops off your hand like
any other butcher would.



Dear Valued Customer

Andrew Popp

Dear Valued Customer,
It's a sale of a whale, the tall tale,
Of capitalist harmony.
This is no going out of business sale,
this is a sale of your soul.
I'd like to invite you
Peruse my aisles, walk for miles,
Spend more money, to be more

bluntly.
I have all you need,
I'll be the air you breathe,
And all you see
Comes at a price.
Save twenty cents on tangerines,
Thirty on facial cream,
And your wet dreams
Are always on sale.
I enjoy your business,
So indulge yourselves on
Anything you need.

Greetings Mom and Pop shops of
America
Your capitalism is dead
My capitalism is new.
There is no need
For you to be
Your competition
Doesn't exist
In capitalist harmony's

Attention: Wal-Mart Employees
A clean-up in aisle three,
But before you do
I will need you to clock out
so your hours are less than forty.
You single mothers
Need no benefits
you senior citizens
I could give
Two shifts.
Work to the bone
But not too long,
After work pick up your kids,
Pay your bills,

Then return and fill —
Your pantries of our low low low
Priced deals.
To perpetuate the cycle of
Capitalist harmony.
After all,
Wal-Mart pride is
saving money.

Excuse me Children of Production,
No one told you to stop working,
Nor did I say stop slaving.
This money will not make itself
Continue production,
On the toy
It takes
Twelve cents
To make.
A toy
We will sell, present as a deal,
And still make
One hundred fifty percent profit.
I need to exploit,
To gain my wealth.
The low cost of high profit
Rests
in your blood and sweat.
Our capital gain
Rests
In your pain.
And our capitalist harmony
Is
your agony.

Sincerely with love....
Of Money....

Your Local Wal-Mart.

Snapshots of Snow Day

Charles Peñalosa

Crystalized swords of dew
Picnic table sledding
“Ahhh!” they scream
Scattered blue salt
The digging of tires
Not quite 12 inches
But I’m afraid to go to the library
Painful elbow
Shuddering in the cold
Empty can of ice melt
Finger-like branches
Skating rink over grass
Wearing matching brown jacket and gloves
Slick steps downward
The sound of hour-long scraping
I’m in denial
Because everything
Keeps sliding



The Composer

Philip Frederick

He stood on the shore of the sea of sound
Directing the tide, the rise and fall, the waves of music
The Master in the world he conducts,
Every sweep of his arm, every twirl of his hand
The pained expression on his face
Is the dynamic heart beating, giving life
To the notes echoing in harmony to the heavens
They are his love, his life, and the sea obeys him.

Naked Time

Mia Horninger

Characters:

MARCIE—32 years old, slightly overweight and buxom, brunette, low self-esteem

KINDLE—25 years old, eccentric, very ‘starving artist,’ warm-hearted

JASMINE—Kindle’s girlfriend, very elegant, thin, beautiful, but haughty

Kindle’s apartment/art studio. There is a door to stage left, closed. A door to stage right is gaping slightly with a light behind it. There is a folding screen center stage and a table set up with strewn flowers and a long piece of fabric, obviously set up to be painted. There is soft, ballad rock playing in the background and the light of a sunset streaming in the windows. Candles have also been lit and are scattered about the room. The atmosphere is unintentionally romantic.

MARCIE is standing behind a folding changing screen. All the audience can see is her naked silhouette. KINDLE has his back to the audience, cheated so that he is looking at her at an angle and the audience cannot see his canvas.

KINDLE (Looking around the canvas at Marcie): Come out of there, Marcie!

MARCIE (Pleading): Kindle, please! I cannot believe you are making me do this!

KINDLE (Kindly but annoyed): It’s not as bad as you think. Just come on out here. I’m sure you look beautiful.

MARCIE (Almost whining): But why do I have to be naked? Of all the people to be naked, why me?

KINDLE (Exasperated): I swear to God, if you don’t quit complaining, I’m going to come over there and dump my paint water on your head. Now shut up, and come out here. I need to set you up to paint.

MARCIE stomps out from behind the screen wearing a very short silk robe that barely covers her buxom figure. KINDLE sighs and throws his brush down in exasperation. She stands, with her arms crossed across her chest.

KINDLE: Damnit, Marcie! I've been trying for three weeks to get the lighting right in here for this composition and this was our only chance! And now, you're going to ruin it! I'll never get it right!

MARCIE (On the verge of tears): Don't yell at me! Please! This isn't fair. I told you from the beginning I was uncomfortable with this.

KINDLE (Frustrated but sympathetic): I told you. No one is going to know it's you—

JASMINE suddenly walks through the door into the room from the bedroom. She is prettily rumpled as if she just got up from beauty sleep. She is wearing a skimpy teddy and is bleary eyed. KINDLE looks terrified and looks between MARCIE and JASMINE.

JASMINE (Sleepily): Hey, what's going on out here?

KINDLE: Jasmine! What—what are you doing home?!

JASMINE (Focusing on Kindle): I woke up with a migraine so I called into work after you left for classes. (Sees MARCIE) Who the hell are you?

MARCIE (Obviously embarrassed but slightly offended. She is also very confused): I could ask you the same thing

MARCIE and JASMINE (Turning toward Kindle): Kindle?

KINDLE (Thinking fast): Uh, Jasmine, this is Marcie, a friend from school. Marcie, this is my uh, girlfriend. Jasmine.

MARCIE (Crushed): But I thought you were. . . I didn't know you had. . . Girlfriend?

JASMINE: Yeah, girlfriend. Got a problem with that, sweet cheeks? (Realizing what MARCIE is wearing) Excuse me, but is that *my* bathrobe you're wearing?

MARCIE (Pulling the robe tighter around herself): Um, maybe? I don't know?

JASMINE (Becoming angrier): And are you *naked* under *my* bathrobe?

MARCIE looks as if she is about to start crying. JASMINE is very angry, and looks as if she is about to blow up. KINDLE, the entire time, has

been looking back and forth between the two women. Seeing that the situation is about to go from bad to worse, he jumps in.

KINDLE: Honey, Marcie is a friend from school! She's in my painting class and is helping me with a project.

JASMINE: By being *naked*?! Bullshit, Kindle! This is the third girl this month you've brought home for your painting class. I'm tired of seeing naked girls in our living room that aren't me!

MARCIE (Trying to mend the situation): But, it's true. Kindle asked me to be his partner. The assignment is to paint each other.

JASMINE (On her last straw. Yelling): *NAKED?!!*

JASMINE picks up a vase and throws it at KINDLE. Her throw is wild, though, and misses him completely. MARCIE buries her face in her hands and begins to cry. KINDLE and JASMINE begin to yell at each other, saying things like "It's a project!" and "You cheating jerk!" MARCIE finally can't take it anymore.

MARCIE (Yelling over JASMINE and KINDLE's argument): Stop it!

The other two fall silent.

MARCIE: Listen, Jasmine. I'm really sorry about this. This is really just an art project. I don't know anything about the other girls. Kindle wanted to paint me naked for his project. I told him I wasn't comfortable with it and we honestly haven't even started yet. Kindle, I'm sorry about this, but I just can't do it. You're going to have to paint someone else for your project. (She turns toward the bathroom, gathering up her clothes)

KINDLE (Pleadingly): No, Marcie... Don't go! I really need you for this project!

MARCIE (Sadly): You can paint someone else. You don't need me. I'm sure you have plenty of other girls or you could always paint your girlfriend. (She walks into the bathroom and shuts the door behind her)

JASMINE (Angrily): Good, let her go.

KINDLE (Sighing heavily): Come on, you don't understand.

JASMINE (All the anger going out of her. Sits on the couch): No, I don't understand Kindle. Why do you have to paint her naked and not me? And what about the other girls? Aren't I good enough for you?

KINDLE: Of course you are, baby! You're beautiful and sexy and gorgeous, but, in this case, it needs to be Marcie that I paint and not you.

JASMINE (Slowly getting angry again): Just like it had to be the other girls, too, right? (Sighs) I've always been good enough for you in the past!

KINDLE: I know –

JASMINE (Cutting him off): What do they have that I don't?

KINDLE: Nothing –

JASMINE (Cutting him off): I'm a model for goodness sake! My god, Kindle! She's fat! A fat cow!

Unbeknownst to JASMINE and KINDLE, MARCIE has come out of the bathroom, now fully dressed. She has listened to the last half of their conversation. Her face has become more and more crushed. At JASMINE's last comment, though, MARCIE has heard enough.

MARCIE (Quietly): Yes, I know I am.

JASMINE freezes and lowers her head, obviously embarrassed, but she refuses to turn around and face MARCIE. KINDLE sighs heavily and drops his face into his hands.

KINDLE: I'm sorry, Marcie. She didn't mean that.

MARCIE: No, I know she meant that, Kindle. Most people actually do mean it because, frankly, it's true. I'm not going to deny it.

KINDLE: Aw! Come on, Marcie!

MARCIE (Raises her hand to stop him): Don't try to defend her, Kindle. She's right. You *should* paint her. Cause, she's beautiful.

JASMINE (Turns slowly to MARCIE): I...I'm sorry. I don't even know you and I shouldn't have said that.

MARCIE (Coldly): Don't worry about it.

KINDLE (Fed up): Damnit! Jasmine, I can't paint you! I want to paint Marcie because she has the right skin tone! Not because she's fat or skinny or you're not beautiful enough, or anything! For crying out loud, you're both beautiful women and I would love to paint you both, but it's not fair for you to judge each other like this! Same with Rachel and Traci and Monique! They had the right skin tone! Skin tone!

JASMINE and MARCIE: What?

KINDLE (Slowing down): You're both beautiful women. I would love to paint both of you. Jasmine, I love you and you're gorgeous and my girlfriend. Marcie, you're a great friend and I never wanted to make you uncomfortable. The reason I wanted to paint you was because you have the right skin tone.

MARCIE: Skin tone?

KINDLE: Yeah. It balances the painting.

JASMINE: So, you would have painted me, if I had the right color of skin?

KINDLE: Yes.

JASMINE: Oh. Ok?

KINDLE: Ladies, I am really sorry about the confusion. (He sighs heavily) I'm going to the bathroom, be right back.

KINDLE leaves, closing the bathroom door behind him. JASMINE and MARCIE stare at each other in awkward silence. Both women finally look away from each other, unwilling to break the silence for another few moments.

JASMINE (Still not looking at MARCIE): I'm uh, I'm really sorry about what I said.

MARCIE (Quietly, still not looking at JASMINE): It's ok.

JASMINE (Finally turning toward MARCIE): No, it really isn't. I have no reason whatsoever to judge you like that. You really are a beautiful girl.

MARCIE (Smiling slightly): Thanks. You are too.

JASMINE: So, will you let him paint you now? Now that he's explained himself, I'm really ok with it. It was just a shock to wake up to find another strange woman wearing my bathrobe.

MARCIE (Shakes her head, laughing slightly): I bet. But, no. I don't think I'll be painted anymore. I'm too embarrassed. I'm not comfortable being naked when I'm alone in my apartment, let alone in front of Kindle.

JASMINE (Warming to MARCIE): But you have such a pretty face and your skin tone is gorgeous! A few extra curves never hurt anyone. You're beautiful!

MARCIE: Thanks, but no thanks.

JASMINE: Well, ok. But you're really going to disappoint him. You know how Kindle gets about his artwork.

KINDLE comes out of the bathroom.

KINDLE: So, Marcie, you want to do this or not? If it's ok with Jasmine, of course.

MARCIE (Stands, grabbing her purse to go): No, thanks, Kindle, but I'm going to go. I'm really not comfortable with this at all and I feel like I've intruded enough. I'll see you in class on Monday. (She makes a quick exit)

KINDLE (Watching her go): Damn. Damn, damn, damn. (Sighs) Well... I guess I'll have to rework my painting for class. Damn. (Sighs again) I'm really sorry about all this Jasmine. I didn't mean for everything to go down like this.

JASMINE: It's really, ok, Kindle. I'm sorry I freaked out.

KINDLE: (Kisses her softly): I understand why you did. I'm going to take a shower, babe. I'll paint more tomorrow. I love you.

JASMINE (As he goes into the bathroom): Love you, too.

As the door closes behind KINDLE, JASMINE watches him go. She blows out all the candles and goes as if to go into the bedroom. She stops and turns toward his canvas, which has remain facing away from the

audience the entire time. She checks first that KINDLE is in the shower and then goes over to the painting. She takes it down from the easel to look at it. Her face is shocked. She sets the painting down, now facing the audience. The canvas is completely blank, with pictures of other naked or scantily clad women pinned and taped to it.

She pulls out his portfolio and finds picture after picture of KINDLE and scantily clad girls, mostly photographs. JASMINE opens his paint kit and dumps out rolls of film and a camera. There is no paint or paint brushes.

JASMINE (Extremely angry): Oh, that's it. I'm done.

She goes into the bedroom. KINDLE comes out of the bathroom wearing only a towel and sees the mess.

KINDLE (Knows he's in trouble): Oh. Crap.

JASMINE comes out of the bedroom wearing a long coat and carrying a suitcase.

KINDLE (Trying to explain himself): Baby, it's just art! Art! You know, like Da Vinci, or Picasso!

She looks at KINDLE, shakes her head in disgust, and walks out the door, slamming it behind her. KINDLE slowly sits on the couch, picking up a dropped photograph.

BLACKOUT.

Cracked

Dylan Ng

Cracked.
Each and every line a scar.
So much pain.
So much hurt.
So much love.
The sun shines.
Rays of light penetrate.
When I look through my cracked crystal heart
I see a rainbow.
Each and every color
A color of love.



Heels

Michael Baumann

When we talk it doesn't matter
Because real shit — real
Conversation crafts
Piles of words
When we shatter clatter
Courage walls with speed
Listen to us. Because
When we talk, it doesn't matter, but
When we sing,
We break sound barriers
And change things.
We start with snowshovels for our word piles
And shovel until our heels can't feel anymore.

Trains

Michael Schrader

Another weekend, another train,
another ticket, platform, whistle.
Paid the man in the booth
For a seat to Virginia.
"Your life is but a dream,"
He said to me.
There's wisdom in foolish words.

Many men with tickets also stand,
idle on the platform;
Shifting their weight to
and fro.
The first train comes,
"Next stop Maryland!"
and about ten board.
The next, Santa Monica, follows its tail,
and twenty scurry into its cars.

These aren't my train
headed for Virginia.
They are headed towards similar,
desert locations.
My train will come, or at least,
I hope so.
And when it does
We will finally be alone.

Finishing the Rind

Andrew Popp

She reminded me of a lime.
the most beautiful
Shade of green.

She tasted bitter,
Vomit kisses.

I continued to chew.
If I finished the rind
I thought
she might sweeten.

It wasn't until her friend
Told me "she doesn't deserve you"
That I realized
Limes taste better with tequila.



Shadow Man

James Brockmeier

dreary dark demeaningly damp days
followed by similar dreams,
have led me here in a bloody eyed gaze
desiring only to dangle, how high this precipice seems.
They say that Death haggles for souls,
I imagine my barter, the simplest affair,
'he walks already with me hand in hand' the shadow man told.
Letting go my numbed mind still feels the whip of cold lifeless air.

Cobble Stone Streets

Daniel Lassell

Cobble stone streets, laid in history so intricately, yet tread upon everyday forgotten. A business man in a suit, a child, a homeless man, a pregnant woman, all cross over the bricks—these bricks of old that cradle the past—and not one stops to ponder, “who placed these stones?” Who are these brick layers who laid these heavily trodden streets so long ago, laid so well that not one cracked under the weight of the world? You, cobble stone men—men who mastered the craft of flooring and became one with the earth—are not forgotten.



The Carnival

She walked down the twisted hallways
Ins and outs and didn't understand
Knowing of the light outside
But with ins and outs and twists and turns and crying
 in a heap on the bathroom floor
She couldn't really find a way for spinning
Around in—
Distorted circles
Trying, trying to stop—
Running up against a wall—
Slamming against the end of a hall
Living in a house of mirrors.

Suffocated

Bayli Bumen

Suffocated

I feel the pressure on my lungs
Trying to draw in a deep breath
The air scratches at my raw throat
Screaming is no longer an option
Fear is just a word
I am beyond that
I will forever be a prisoner
A prisoner of sorrow
I am alone
Stuck in this dungeon
It's dark and I'm cold.



The Suicide Jump of Building 3527

Daniel Lassell

Man stands at the pinnacle of his creation.
He ponders as the wind whips at his face. These
sky scrapers, who defy gravity and tickle God's
toes, command the trees to bow (for they are no
longer the keepers of the sky). Man built them – the
Tower of Babel finally finished – and killed God.
He thinks. He repents. He jumps. . . and Mother
Nature swallows him.

Visions that Haunt Us:

F E A T U R E D
G H O S T S T O R I E S

Marian University Ghost Stories: Truth or Fiction?

Daniel Lassell

For years, freshman students have strolled down the dog walk late at night and knocked for ghosts to come out and play. It has developed into a rite of passage, one might say, as the Marian community welcomes its newest students through a chilling cobble-stone adventure.

Even outside of the Halloween season, the topic remains prevalent and captivates people.

Students have told many stories of Marian's past and the spirits that pester the campus. To name a few: Clare Hall had an exorcism performed on the second floor, as well as a nun who committed suicide in a shower. Allison Mansion has a nun who collects keys, a swimming pool that splashes on its own without water, and a woman who prevents break-ins. Stokely Mansion has a woman in a beige dress, a boy who plays with tops at the end of the dog walk, a man who hung himself in the attic, a pair of legs that occupy the bathrooms, a man who shot himself in the bedroom, and a mistress poisoned to death in the tea garden.

"There has never been research conducted on campus—we're just not interested, it doesn't benefit us," the Vice President for Administration and General Counsel, Deb Lawrence, said, tired of the paranormal investigators that call every year to conduct research on campus. "We don't dwell on that because there are so many more meaningful things to be doing. . . There isn't anything documentable—it's mostly rumor. I don't think it's science, I think it's something else. . . People tell me that there are ghosts in Allison Mansion, but I don't see any."

"The stories about Allison developed about twenty years ago, so I think they may have been made up," Sr. Norma Rocklage said in an interview, single-handedly eliminating a third of the questions. Concerning Stokely, she stated, "When the college bought the mansion, the sisters invited the Stokely family

back to see it one time and one son would not come back, because he had such bad memories." She described Frank Wheeler, the owner of the mansion in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and how he had committed suicide, "he got up one morning, showered, shaved, put on his good clothes and shot himself."

An old article in the *Indianapolis Star* stated that Wheeler had shot himself, not in the bedroom, but in his bathroom, clothed only in a bathrobe. "Frank H. Wheeler, 57 years old, Indianapolis millionaire, one of the founders of the Indianapolis Speedway and president of the Wheeler-Schebler Carburetor Company, took his own life about 7 o'clock yesterday morning in a bathroom of the palatial Wheeler home, 147 West Riverside drive, by discharging the contents of both barrels of a shotgun into the left side of his head. . . Neither Mrs. Wheeler nor the servants knew that Mr. Wheeler had left his room until the shot was heard by Walter Freeman, one of the servants, who hurried to the bathroom and found the body lying on the floor clad only in a bathrobe."

Touring Stokely Mansion, Mary Samreta, the Assistant Director of Admissions, told of her own personal experiences:

"I was in my office—and we had no windows open, so there was no wind—and I was talking with the other workers and my candle blew out. I later found out that it was the anniversary of [Wheeler's] death, or his birthday, or his wife's birthday or something. I've had handprints on my desk before that were not mine. I was coming down the stairs one time and there was a flash of white light that flew past me, and I screamed. One worker saw a pair of legs in the bathroom, and he said excuse me and stepped back, but then there was no one there. He had the legs down to every detail too—he had dark brown saddle shoes and cream pin stripe pants."

She talked as though the unnatural occurrences were daily events and explained how they used to bother her but now they don't, "I was working late one day and I was hearing

noises—doors closing, footsteps—and I couldn't leave so I was like, 'Alright, I respect your space, you respect mine, because I can't leave, I have a lot of work to get done' – and I've never had a problem since that day."

In the end, the only unnatural death that can be confirmed on campus was that of Frank Wheeler. The hauntings have no evidence to support that they really happened since they are only speculations. But the stories continue to thrill the Marian community, even though most are made up. Yet, all rumors stem from some truth. One story can easily transform into another through misunderstanding. Like a tanning bed in the attic of Stokely, which was nicknamed an "electric chair," could have sparked some rumor of death in the attic, and ended up as a hanging. One will never know what truly happened on campus over a hundred years ago, since no living person can attest to its validity.

Hide, Burn, and Seek

ENG 115J

All the children coming up the front sidewalk to Timmy's tenth birthday party heard him screaming. The clown had gotten to Stokely Mansion early.

Fortunately, the other kids weren't afraid of clowns. It turned out badly for Timmy who kept trying to hide from the clown, even while eating birthday cake and opening presents. Timmy only relaxed and enjoyed himself during the outside games. He only was happy when walking his new dog along the colonnade.

With the gathering clouds, the children were called inside to play hide and seek. Timmy didn't want to go. Some think Timmy saw the clown again and decided to really hide.

No one knows if he even knew what the furnace was. Surely, no one could have known where Timmy had hidden when the butler turned the furnace on, that first cold afternoon of the year.

The children all thought, then, that the banging in the slowly heating furnace was just the old dark, scary thing getting hot after sitting, waiting for cobwebbed months, in the basement's dark depths.

Then, the other children all thought they could go back home and forget the horror, but no one wanted the clown or birthday parties again. They kept thinking about Timmy. After they all died, as old, old people, the young children they had been that haunting afternoon started showing up in the windows of Stokely Mansion. Some play happily, reliving the good moments, and others SCREAM FOREVER, reliving the moment Timmy's burning body fell out of the furnace when the butler finally opened the door.

Now, a hundred and five years later, on every very dark night, I walk up the catwalk to the mansion's back door and knock: "Can Timmy come out to play?"

Contributors

Michael Baumann: I am a junior. I major in English and Communication. I like this stuff.

James Brockmeier is a senior theology and philosophy major. He was inspired to write poetry by his coworkers and friends at the writing center.

Bayli Bumen

Hillary Carpenter is currently a sophomore at Marian University. She is pursuing an English degree with a writing concentration and is minoring in psychology. Besides writing, Hillary enjoys playing tennis, reading, and being with her family and friends.

The **ENG 115, section j**, wrote “Hide, Burn, and Seek” as an attempt at flash horror fiction together in Spring, 2011. We were looking at some of the conventions used in different forms of literature, at HOW creative writing makes meaning. (Really, we did it mostly because it was fun.) Class Roster: Kaitlin Antonneau, Veronica Belles, Joey Collopy, Drew Dearing, Allie Dragoo, Kelsey Fluke, Mary Ganser, Samantha Greaser, Dylan Green, Joe Grogan, Kelly Leyba, Michelle Marcum, Annabella Ondari, Sarah Osburn, Lauren Paras, Taylor Roach, Maria Schwab, Mary Kate Shanahan, Nick Shanks, Cory Slade, and Jessie Tawney.

Philip Frederick is a sophomore and a Psychology major. He hopes to study in the field of clinical psychology. He enjoys hiking, reading, and, when a rare streak of creativity hits, writing

Patricia Harvey is a tutor, teacher, and humble apprentice to the writer’s craft.

Katie Hedrick graduated from Marian University in 2010.

Timothy Hendricks

Mia Horninger is a fifth year senior and is graduating in May 2011. She hopes that her writing has matured to level, which allows it to no longer reek like moldy gym shoes. She is an English major and has minors in history, theatre, and a concentration in writing. She loves to crochet

Daniel Lassell is graduating this spring from Marian with an English major, Pastoral Leadership minor, and a Writing concentration. For the graduation ceremony, he wants to ride in on a llama, just like President Elsener rode in on a horse during a football game. We'll see if his dream comes true.

Dylan Ng:

Born August 2, 1991

From Fort Wayne, IN

Attended Bishop Dwenger High School

Double major in math and music education

with a minor in secondary education

and a concentration in rhetoric.

Freshman

Charles Peñalosa is a junior double majoring in Catholic Studies and History and is a seminarian at the Bishop Simon Bruté College Seminary. He loves to write poems as a way to meditate on the beauty of God's creation—seeing the extraordinary in the ordinary. His favorite topics to write about are food and human behavior. He likes to experiment with different poetic styles.

Andrew Popp

Abigail Roach

Michael Schrader