

JOURNAL OF



Poetry

THE HILLS REVIEW

SPRING 2008

Acknowledgements

Thank you to the students who submitted their poems. I continue to be amazed with the emotional honesty of the poems students write. All the poems appearing in this edition were written by current students and were chosen because they worked well together as a collection. Congratulations to those students whose poems were selected.

Special thanks to Danielle McKeag for the cover design. This fall, Danielle will be transferring to the University of Tennessee with a major in graphic design.

Also thanks to Darlas Shockley and the Arts and Sciences Division whose support is greatly appreciated.

And finally, thanks to Jerry Schlechter and the Printing Department for their time and effort.

Student Editor: Tisha Covert

Editor: Joy Lyle

Table of Contents

<i>Tisha Covert</i>	page
Science	1
Walking with Duke	2
<i>Elisabeth Cross</i>	
A Time Once Lost	4
Disorganized	5
<i>Magdalena Dimitrova</i>	
High Country	6
<i>Rachel Gevock</i>	
A New Obsession	7
The Mind World	8
<i>Reggie Edwards</i>	
Window	9
<i>Dane Francis</i>	
Angel	10
<i>Tara Franco</i>	
California	11
<i>Tina Jenkins</i>	
The Second Hand Dresser	12
<i>Kara Lovell</i>	
Time	14
My Car	15
<i>Zach Lowe</i>	
Lie to Me	16
Just to Look	17
Restless	18
<i>Jason Madrid</i>	
My Space	19

<i>Darren Martin</i>	
Surf's Up Son	20
<i>Danielle McKeag</i>	
A Longing	21
Epiphany	22
Mountain Storm	23
<i>Kaelynne Nevins</i>	
The Window	24
<i>Courtney Pettit</i>	
Raindrops	25
The Canadian Goose	26
<i>Holly Preston</i>	
Who Had to Pay	27
My Shining Star	28
<i>Ben Royalty</i>	
Sitting Alone	29
<i>Rayna Royer</i>	
Strawberry Row	30
Snowy Road	31
<i>Charles Shívvers</i>	
Mind on a Roll	32
Ill Bent Vision	33
<i>Zachary Sours</i>	
The Vulture	34
Time	35
After Life	36
<i>Drew Wilson</i>	
Floating in the Street	37
Melt	38

Science

I want to dissect you:
open up your skin
and let everything
in between your organs
spill out all over me.
I want to smell the aroma
of your blood
as it oozes out;
and your secrets
spread out
onto the floor
before my very eyes
for me to read and learn
so that the next time around
I will know
the right way to go in
without puncturing your heart,
but instead seeping into your blood
until I am a part of you,
and then when I reach
your heart,
I will stop
and turn around
and slither away.
Just when you are getting used to me,
and then in my absence
you will falter
with nothing in your heart
not even your secrets...
because I have dissected you.

Tisha Covert

Walking with Duke

The leaves are falling.
Gravitational effect.
A beautiful swirly scene.
They float away.
Wish we could float away
on the breeze.
It catches my breath,
and I stop in my tracks.
I close my eyes,
and it takes me back.
It makes me remember
everything
that I've made into nothing
only to retain my sanity.
The sun finds a tiny path
through the trees
where it can shine.
I look at him and smile;
he is mine.
He is looking up at me
staring into my eyes
as we stroll.
These are his first impressions
of his world.
I'm just trying to make them better
than mine were.
Drop his blanket,
shake it off and move on.
Stop to look at the castle,
wonder about its secret passageways.

Keep walking.
Nature holds the city's secrets
because she was here when it began.
He laughs.
The best things in life
really aren't planned.
I can see the top of the courthouse
above the trees.
See the red caboose,
here for as long as
I can remember.
Santa Fe written on the side
in a yellow cross
encompassed in a yellow circle.
Reminds me of the way
that he encompassed my whole world.
Wide open space
like my love for him,
so great.
It's hard to remember
what it was like before.
Empty I guess,
but I didn't know it then.
This is all I know now,
walking with Duke.

Elisabeth Cross

A Time Once Lost

I remember life as a child.
No bills, no secrets, no stress.
Back when my thoughts ran wild.
I remember that candy cane printed dress,
and I remember how much I hated it.
I wore it just to see you smile.
I remember throwing that hissy-fit.
Oh, it's been awhile...

I remember brother-sister fights
and how I always won.
I remember when ripping my tights
was the worse thing under the sun.

I remember all the pain
when he took you away.
I remember the stupid rain
that day you couldn't stay.
And now
I remember choosing
to forget everything.

Disorganized

A tower of
blue dishes piled on purple teacups.
A child's tea party gone wrong.
Long forgotten memories of
brightly colored tablecloths
decorated with fragile china.

Swirls of many different colors.
Where one ends, another begins.
Dishes are piled in enormous numbers.

Watch for sharp,
broken edges.

Magdalena Dimitrova

High Country

It was late August.
I remember sitting on the grass
and talking to mom.
You grabbed my hand
because you wanted to show me something.
We were climbing between big green trees,
and I couldn't see the sky above us.
We walked probably for hours;
I couldn't tell the time.
In front of me I saw
a big open place.
I stopped and looked at you...
We are in the high country you said.
I stood there and watched the clouds moving:
No, we are in the sky...

Rachel Gevock

A New Obsession

Shivers...

Running through me like Paul Revere's ride.

Shouting in the lantern light.

Shivers...

Pulling me inward,

And all I want to do is

Run.

Run to where I can be alone with them.

Fresh feelings,

A new thrill.

Like a rollercoaster

Pulling my stomach up into

My rapidly panting heart.

I am new life,

Shivering.

In a rain of future.

Rachel Gevock

The Mind World

I am silently slipping away,
far, far away
to the Mind World.

For there is a race, a hidden race,
of those whose minds endlessly pace
over and through the halls and the hills of the forbidden place,
the Mind World.

And there they are free,
frantically free;

not held to bonds that endlessly bind,
those with boring earth-bound minds.

In the Mind World there is such a thing
as a beautiful song silently screamed
by the dreamer who in the real world seems,
seems to sit quiet, calm, and still,
while far within her, when she wills,
she weeps for friends that have died,
who only lived inside her mind,
and mourns for those who seem to bear,
not going to a place that isn't there,
unable to slip far away and find,
that lovely, dark, infinite World of the Mind.

Reggie Edwards

Window

I sit here and watch
As the world goes by
More and more everyday
The world around me changes
Cars drive by
People come and go
I am broken and damaged
Individuals stand before me
But I cannot speak
I am unable to react
Days go by and nothing changes
Years go by and everything is the same

Dane Francis

Angel

her eyes are like crystal
her hair a soft gold
her touch is gentle
and her heart
a wonder to behold

a beauty beyond
one man's belief
to look in her eyes
brings pure relief

as for the man she marries
there will be none luckier
for this is my angel
there will be no other

(Dedicated to a special girl)

Tara Franco

California

This is my favorite place to be,
right here near the sea.
As the sun begins to rise,
the bright light opens my eyes.
The sand I walk on starts to heat
and burn into my little feet.
All around is full of light
and birds begin their daily flight.
The ocean gives off a breeze
that puts me at ease.
I feel so welcome it's hard to leave,
you would have to be here to believe.
This is my favorite place to be
right here, near the sea.

Tina Jenkins

The Second Hand Dresser

Oh what a regret!
What a wasted time!
What could have been?
What should have been?
A life cut short is
the other half of me.
She was feeling up to it,
shopping in her favorite
second hand store.
With a sense of urgency,
I see that now;
she showed me her little treasure she
had saved up for.
A little three drawer second hand dresser.
It was old and showed the signs
of wear and tear.
We took it home for her.
She had dreams for it.
Sit it here,
no, sit it there.
We said our goodbyes
with promises of next week.
Now, this next week, this day,
this 14th day of the second month.
She left us on this day of love.
This little treasure
sitting at the foot of her empty bed.
I opened the drawers one by one;
I find them empty.
She'd not had time to fill them.

I sit in my sorrow
painfully aware of the presence of her absence.
We had shared the womb,
shared our lives.
We share this dresser,
our special link.
Gone, gone.
Her body ravaged by disease,
her life by poverty.
I sit
I stare
at my cherished
empty
second hand dresser.

Kara Lovell

Time

I don't know what to think
This is almost too much to take
I didn't ask for much
I just wanted your touch
What am I to do?
I haven't got a clue
I don't want an excuse
It's just another kick to my caboose
Here it's been a week
Making me feel like a geek
Still I sit and wait
I'd like to choose what's behind the second gate
Confusion in my mind
...yeah I guess it's that time

My Car

I was driving down the road
When a car came at me with a load
Smashed in the driver side tire
The guy's lucky he wasn't a liar
My car took out a huge sign
Crawling out the window I thought I'd lost my mind
The airbags had gone off
All the smoke made me cough
I think I'm lucky that I'm not dead
At least that's what the policeman said
Every time I think about it, it makes me want to cry
Even a week later I want to believe it's a lie
Facing reality because my car's not there
Now I see that I really did care

Zach Lowe

Lie to Me

Lie to me,
please put off honesty
until tomorrow.

Spin me any story, dear spider,
as I still wish to be in your web.
I'll stick to the silk for tonight.

Tell me Santa Claus is real,
tell me life is a Disney movie,
tell me to wish upon a star,
or pray hard enough for what I need.

Dear spider, you asked me for my hand
and drug me to your web.
It was you and not I who wanted this.

So tell me later of your infidelities.
For tonight,
just tonight,
continue your yarn
and lie to me.

Zach Lowe

Just to Look

Breathe in
Breath out
I'm ready for this
the sun is shining
Just keep your eyes open and hold your breathe
sink,
 sink,
 sink,
all the while keeping my eyes on the sky
 sink,
 sink,
 stop,
Some of the rocks pierce my back
I did it and still have some breath

I sank through the water just to look at the sun

Zach Lowe

Restless

I've just noticed once again
the mouse walled in with mother
and the man with the cheese

I face my first ancestor,
the affront I caused her is great
she's taken my
spirit,

heart,

and head

now she wants my hands

My Space

That's my TV you're hunched over
That's my floor you're polluting with clothes
That's my Nintendo you just unplugged
To make room for your stupid 360
That's my eraser you just threw out
That's my pencil you just snapped in two
Those are my papers you shoved aside
To make room for your sleeping bag
You see this? This is my space
I don't need you invading it
See this here? This is My Space
No, I don't need your help to blog!
That's my head I feel throbbing
Enjoying your much-needed company
And there's my bedroom door wide open
Leave any time you feel ready
All this air was once my air
I used to have it all to myself
You see that bed? That's my bed
Now please allow me the peace of sleep
That's my bag you shoved under the bed
What, a place on the floor to sit?
That's my shoulder you're staring over
Even as I type this rage-fueled rant!
Is that your dad? Hey, there's your ride!
Here are your clothes and here's your stuff
Off we go to your new house
I'll even help you get moved in!
There we go, all settled in
Your house is nice, love the place
Any who, I'm off so happy trails
And keep your face out of my space

Darren Martin

Surf's Up Son

My dad loves me.

There are times when amazing things happen,
and you only get one chance to find out what that amazing thing is.

I was wearing my beach bum clothes and my flip flops.

The sun was bright because I had to wear my shades that day.

My dad took his camera and we were walking
along the beach,

and jutting out of the ocean was this volcanic brown rock
that had been aged with water.

I thought the scene was pretty cool.

“Stand over there son”

pointing to the rock with his eyes.

I knew then what my dad was going to do.

The tide was rolling in, the wave was surging,
white foam everywhere,

just when the wave was exhausting itself of its energy...

Snap!

The wave crashed into the rock that I was standing on.

Ocean spray splashed up and out all around me, and my dad's
camera snapped too.

I got my chance to find out how amazing my dad's love for me is.

This is my love for you.

It is the rock you stand on,
and it's always around you.

Danielle McKeag

A Longing

“Looking in the window” – Ina B. Hartman

If I wished on each iridescent star
Maybe I could have gotten whatever my heart desired
Those Persian blue rosettes
Their circumference outlined by ivory
Half their inner world conquered by gold
Emerald accenting the brown plumes
Neutral backdrop for perfect jewels

I was helpless
And I could hardly resist
Both males lingered at the cold window
Hypnotized, reflected by the glass
Ensnared by their vanity
Could they too see how beautiful they were?
Perhaps they just kept trying.

I took advantage of the heavy trance
My approach silent as I could step.
One screamed.
I hardly looked back.
The treasure was in my grasp.
A peacock feather.

Danielle McKeag

Epiphany

“Taps at La Jolla” – Ina B. Hartman

And how couldn't I be lost?
In the commencing darkness,
waves hugged the shore.
Breathing in,
out;
likewise, I tried to do the same.
I could only see the battle.
The red, the gold,
the twilight's cerulean,
the evening's deep violet.
In the turmoil of nature,
I finally found myself,
and my own wars seemed so
insignificant.

Danielle McKeag

Mountain Storm

Inspired by “Mountain Storm” – Warren Gehrett

It was like we were alone in the world.

Outside everything was wild.

The sky was feral.

The mountains were hardly a shelter.

Inside we were under the covers.

Warm, beautiful.

We showed them all what it was to be untamed.

Kaelynne Nevins

The Window

What a beautiful garden to run to,
and the window filled with many little trinkets.
The dust on the brick walls makes my nose crinkle up.
Many colors cause me to look twice.
A beautiful sunny day casts the shadow of my feathered friend on
the wall,
the male peacock so colorful.
He is curious as he peeks inside the glass window.
And his companion, his feathered friend, waits for him to step
down.

Courtney Pettit

Raindrops

Sticking to a tree root
finally more gathered, and we all dropped into a bed of sand.
Once the sun was shining down
shimmering up above.
Beautiful rocks shine as we pass them by.
Over rock and sand, small twigs
stuck in the sand
One's got a leaf still attached by the stem.
Little fish swimming along in their schools,
and it's just another day from the water to the shore

Courtney Pettit

The Canadian Goose

Enjoying the day in water so blue
Ripples of purple, white and gray
Floating about while fish nibble my feet
My feathers shine so glossy and clean
What a wonderful day to be with some geese

Who had to Pay?

Life is a journey that we all must face
But unconsciously we all begin to trace
The footsteps of another you begin to see
As you make a pattern through all eternity
People don't comprehend who they're hurting or how to mend
Who had to pay?

A pregnant woman was knocked on the floor
She said "I can't take it, the pain anymore"
A gun to him, realizing then what she had done
She had no faith, and now she'd have no son
The innocent boy who had no say
Is the one in the end who'd have to pay

A Sunday morning, kids go out and play
The mother talking "my, what a wonderful day"
Birds are singing, wind is blowing, and the sun is out
Tires screeching, bullets flying, screams and shouts
Small lifeless bodies lying on the ground
Doing nothing wrong but death is all around

Sitting in the front of the mirror, curling up your hair
Checking on the time, deciding what to wear
Hanging with your friends, you thought would be a blast
But he was drinking, you were driving, and now you're in a cast
He was intoxicated but he's okay
Strangely enough it's you that has to pay
It's not right and life's not fair
Even at that, your friends are there
To comfort and help when you're in need
To care and protect when you bleed

Holly Preston

My Shining Star

I believe in a truth and promises we make.
I know of the light and what's at stake.
Beyond our purpose is a greater scheme;
It lives, and breathes, and dies in me.
But before I go, and time be told,
I give you my gift, this knowledge I hold.
Embrace it and take it, wherever you are.
You are my child, my shining star.

Ben Royalty

Sitting Alone

Sitting alone in the room
waiting for the time to come,
he could hear conversations coming from the corridors;
pipes warmed up, footsteps of people passing by.

Sitting alone thinking of what the future might hold,
pondering his very existence.
The young man anxious to know,
what the next trial and test would bring him.

Sitting alone in the quiet desolate place
becoming sleepier and sleepier as time goes on.
The warmth and quietness of the empty room,
made the drowsiness more and more.

Sitting alone inscribing the very thoughts of his tired mind
onto this very page with little distractions.
The corridors becoming more and more hurried,
with the time that is to come and closing in.

Sitting alone had never been so enjoyable
until the young man experienced it in the dark, warm room.
With his fellow scholars starting to trickle in,
he is no longer sitting alone.

Rayna Royer

Strawberry Row

With the post hole digger
I dug you a row.
Row after row after row.
Strawberries were ordered
in late summer
when dreams of fruit began.
Our dirty knees and pulled up hair.
The pup sat still for hours.
Your shoulders burned red;
mine only peeled.
I could feel the heat off your skin.
At sunset we left
our aching muscle behind.
Near the shed, the weeds,
under tractor parts.
To return again in the morning.
The strawberry row
my summer delight,
sleeping in dark green baskets.
A tiny harvest in my palm.
How could anyone not love you?

Rayna Royer

Snowy Road

You're as cold as ice on this snowy road.
You're white and blue in the morning.
The windy patterns of the earth snow
down on this hilly place.
You're as monstrous as any,
but beautiful in sight.
I hate to love you here
in this frozen cap.
This infinite abyss of white and blue
that I sit...
waiting for your return.

Charles Shivers

Mind on a Roll

A dark walk to a shady unknown
Is it time to go or is it time to let go?
To be so far makes me feel so close
To a train wreck which I can't disturb

We'll never understand
Such departures of the mind
And we'll never really get
What really gives us soul

Someday I may find you
Mind which is gone
But for now I'll just walk
Wandering
Through this dark corridor

Charles Shivers

Ill-Bent Vision

Awake suddenly at three a.m.
to the voices in my head.
I wish I knew why,
but every time I rise like this
it's from an ill-bent vision.
A vision something like a nightmare,
but not quite.
More like a warning that the end is near.
Not the end, as in, the end,
like the end of the world,
but more like the end of my world.
It seems like every time I pass in these makeshift dreams
I feel the need to sleep.
Sleep, for maybe just a bit longer.
Just to see what happens.
I want to know what happens next,
so I desperately try to get back to sleep,
only to be awakened again,
realizing that I've been defeated.
Defeated once again
I
lie
here
awake.

Zachary Sours

The Vulture

Oh, how I love it when they settle scores,
clash swords and wage wars.

The music of mace against shield and sword cutting bone
as they fling at each other fire, poison, and stone.

They build, for themselves, great machines to raze the ground.

Enemy keeps, citadels and towns.

I know that whenever they take up arms,

sound the horns and raise the alarms,

my kind will thrive

as long as there are a few left alive.

Time

I grind the mountains into dust.
I make empires crumble.
I make sword and helm rust.
I raze strongholds into rubble.
I return men back into the earth.
I rot entire fleets.
None can escape me no matter their worth.
I am the one who no thief cheats.
I make men grow old and forget their courage.
I dry up seas and silt up bays.
I am the one who turns every page
And am the one who counts the days.

After Life

When I have died
And my spirit has left its mortal shell
And I have breathed my last breath
Will I only smell the scent of sterile death?
Will my eyes see nothing but the infinite abyss
And will I taste an eternity of tastelessness?
Will I hear the sound of unbreakable silence
And will I float through the water of the void?

Or will I smell the light of the everlasting sun?
Will I see the infinity of every plane
And will my mouth touch the taste of creation?
Will I hear the chimes of the spirit
And will my fingers touch the fabric of heaven?

Whichever may be, it will flow unceasingly.

Drew Wilson

Floating in the Street

Oh, what face
would be floating in the street?
Watching and waiting
for something to happen.
Nothing going on,
only boredom and misery,
just floating above the street.

Oh, poor face,
please leave this place.
Leave the streets
and let other people
occupy the space
you take up.
Go into the world
and find your place.
Because there is nothing here
in this world for you.

Drew Wilson

Melt

Wind blows and the water mists my face.
The leaves wrestle with each other.
Grass is peeking out from the mud.
The sun is staying behind the dirty clouds.

My shoes step on wet pavement.
The streets are dead with no cars driving on them.
There are new potholes all over the road,
and the old potholes are incredibly larger.

Between two houses sits the last bit of snow.
The snow is mixed in with dirt and rock.
This snow will only last a couple more hours
for the angel of death looms over the snow.

The snow has no wisdom to give.
It has lived for only months
and knows nothing about life.
But does time matter,
or is it not what we do in life that matters?

Does snow expect to melt away from the earth?
Is it suicide to come down to earth?
Or is it expecting to live forever?

Should I melt away?
Leave no trace except a puddle of my former self.
Or will I transcend into something new and more useful?
Who cares, I'm here.