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INDIAN HILLS COMMUNITY COLLEGE
JOURNAL OF STUDENT POETRY

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Acknowledgements

We would like to thank the students who submitted their poems for this edition. During times of economic and personal struggle, it is not uncommon culturally to see interest in the arts increase. Many students seek a way to express themselves through the arts, and some of them have discovered poetry.

To meet the increased interest, poetry writing is currently offered more frequently as a face-to-face class. This past year the Creative Writing: Poetry course was taught online with excellent response, and for Spring term a literature course, Survey of Poetry, was revisited.

In addition to more course offerings, three poetry readings are now scheduled, one each term. These events are attended by students, faculty, staff, alumni, and community members. Thanks to Cheryl Talbert and the library staff for hosting the readings in the Loft.

New to the college, the Poetry Society is a club which meets twice monthly. Students share poems they are reading and writing for informal discussions and suggestions to improve their own writing. Among other activities in which the club participated, members and other poetry students performed their poems at the Valentine's Day luncheon for the residents at Pennsylvania Place.

Thanks to Dr. Jim Lindenmayer for the initiative that encourages and supports student involvement in IHCC clubs.

Thank you to Darlas Shockley and the Arts and Sciences Division for the support of this journal of student writing, the poetry readings, and the Poetry Society.

Special recognition goes to Nick Gaskill for his cover design. Nick's love of the arts has led him to find inspiration in poetry.

And finally, thanks to Jerry Schlechter and the Printing Department for all their efforts.

Co-editors: Joy Lyle and Dr. Victor Streeby

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Charissa Zugg

Without My Tree

I'm a solitary branch

lost at sea

drifting by my lonesome.

Through the hurricanes I'm unscathed.

Through the rainstorms I'm pounded on.

Through the sunny days I'm still unhappy.

A branch unnoticed by passing ships

sat upon by a bird or two

then abandoned once again.

No leaves left to carry. No purpose.

No tree to be a part of. Nothing to hold me up.

No duties to fulfill. Destiny is unknown.

Without my tree,

without my leaves,

without them I'd not be.

Charissa Zugg

Winter

Bitterness courses through my veins
My heat vanishes into the night
I feel it on my nose then it reaches my toes
At first it feels good then quickly pain sets in
Leave nothing exposed
Don't take Mother for granted
As fast as a cloud uncovers the sun
She can be just as equally cruel
We all have fun on a powder-covered hill
But enough is enough
Record breaking amounts
Heated--then refrozen--keep many in hiding
A blank canvas has taken over
Only Spring can repaint

Mary Enterline

August Night

On an August night
He came to me shyly,
With something warm in his eyes.
He asked me if I would be his.
He was only fifteen.
I knew it was meant to be.
He said it would last forever.
We've walked through life together.
Hand in hand,
By each other's side.
Up the mountains,
Down life's valleys.
I almost lost him once,
Kept him close after that.
God almost took him.
I wasn't ready to let him go.
It hasn't been
Our forever yet.

Mary Enterline

A Winter's Night

Such icy cold air
You can see your breath.
Dark, cloudless sky
With stars twinkling brightly.
White carpet of snow
Glowing in the moonlight.
So quiet, you can hear
Every breath you release.
All alone on
A cold winter's night.

Megan Buford

Forgotten Friend

The forgotten clock
It lies upon its lace,
Snuggled next to a long lamp.
It's wise beyond its time.
Beside it, a picture of angels.
Often ignored by everyone,
Though looked at every day.
It always serves its purpose
And never forgets its duty.
It remains by the lamp—
Doing what it does best.

Megan Buford

Eternal Fall

Winds whip violently in the air.

Tree branches in turmoil,

They are exploring.

Leaves hug the tree trunk,

Their only security.

Grounds are carpeted with red, orange, yellow, and brown.

A calm comes.

The tree is empty,

But its beauty remains below.

Brandy Roberts

My Final Hour

Heartbeat quickens
pounding my ears
rapid, shallow breaths
desperate to fill my lungs
failing.

Numbness dominating
traveling
toes to fingertips
eyes searching
to no avail.

The deepest darkness ever seen.

Chest pounding
mouth panting
head aching
stomach shaking
pulsating fear.

Anxious quivers
gasps escaping
tears falling
acceptance spreading
time ending.

The brightest light never seen.

Brandy Roberts

The Key

I am stuck in
A deep, dark rut

I don't like where I am
I don't like what I am
I don't like who I am

Something must change
Something has to give
Something needs to happen
I am the only one that holds

The key
To my happiness
To my self-fulfillment
My answer key

I have been staring
At the map
With blind eyes

WAKE UP
Open eyes!
I demand you open
And see
The world around you
Become aware of
Near and Far
Follow the path
On the map

My map
The map I created many years ago

I must read the key
I must trace the paths
I must get back on track

Do not stick your fork in me
I am not done yet

Amber Mundt

Ode to My Boys

Envious I am
Of the electric current
Jolting through their little bodies
The static
Destroying their tornado-induced
Path, unknowing
Of their capacity
And open to influences
From North to South

Amber Mundt

Questions to a Serial Killer

Where will you be before the morning rises?

When the first kiss of sun lights up the sky?

Will you follow the darkness?

Spilling blood by the gallons?

Will you give in to society's ways?

Or hide beneath yourself?

What do you believe in?

What strives your soul to be hideous?

Is there love or compassion in your heart?

Is there someone somewhere who loves you?

How do you hide when you're spotlighted?

Where are you when flesh is torn from bodies?

Where are you when you are no more?

Are you here?

Bethany Yocum

A Dose of Doubt

The sensation trickles
between the cracks of my resolve,
nagging like an impatient child.
I'm so sure of myself.

The shadow remains invisible, but I know it's there.
With sturdy fingers I brush it away and
move on.
I will pay it no heed.

A smudge graces my once-clean decision;
as I wipe it away, I find another.
I really thought I knew.

My eyes take in the typos, hangnails, and dents.
It must be natural.
It is natural.
I stand proudly in unwavering doubt.

Cameron Steinbach

Autumn is a harsh warning of things to come

Wet cement is a cool grey ocean that glides down
a yellow funnel

It embodies the frame I have built for it

Wet cement sticks to my skin, dries it out,
and leaves a red mark

Wet cement ruins my shoes, ruins my shovels,
and it can ruin siding
if I get it on the side of their house

Wet cement hurts your back when you lean in to
float it smooth

Wet cement covers the sand I had to shovel twice,
fills in the pit I had to dig,
and consumes the re-rod I spent hours bent over,
tying each bar

Wet cement hurts your arms when you have to
rake it all day

Wet cement doesn't pour in the snow, it won't set
up level in winter,
and I can't float it smooth in the cold

Wet cement doesn't buy Christmas presents
in December

Cameron Steinbach

Pass

It's been awhile
Since I've been
To the little spot
Where the wind made you cold
You wore my sweatshirt

I walked there today,
A year ago,
Two years ago,
Once even when I was drunk
In love

When I walked there
It wasn't today
It was a year ago
The wind was blowing so I brought
A sweatshirt

I stopped
In love
To look over the fence
At the endless world of grass
Alone

Once
I dreamed
I'd build you a house
To keep you safe and warm
Keep you mine

It was good
To take a moment
To remember
It was better to let that moment
Pass

Cameron Steinbach

Acceptance and Release

Think
One day I'll turn
From a man
To a million molecules
Living on
Adventuring into the unknown

I wait
For that day
When I finally arrive
So different
Too big for love
Too small for life

Paper Man

They tear away at the seams of a paper man.
He may be broken but he still stands.
Take a good look into his life.
There is no fear behind those eyes.
A fire burns forever bright
In his mind it's only live or die.
Reach the top or end up with wasted time.
He tries his hardest to succeed.
No matter how the break or bleed.
He'd throw it all away.
To never have to fade away.

Paper man, who has cut you into shreds?
Paper man, I'll put you together again.
Tattered man, you will have your time in the end.
Broken man, walk with your dream hand in hand.
Paper man, get it together my friend.
Just keep on fighting until the end
When your foes can no longer stand.
You'll be the one with the grin in the end.
Don't you ever give up, Paper man.
You'll finally win in the end.

Pam Troxel

Sanctuary

I have found sanctuary in this pumpkin patch
while I looked for you,
down by the river, next to the forest.
Their orange glow and gentle roundness exuded peacefulness
my mind was void of, while I searched for you.
I like this sanctuary. I think I will stay.
They do not mind and do not run away.
In this pumpkin patch,
abandoned by its creator,
I have found – we have found—a peace, with each other
that our partners did not afford us.

Simply, it is my Sanctuary
and I am its Savior.

Pam Troxel

The Sighting

I had never seen the sight of him over my house before, this eagle,
majestic, silently flying low.

His chest was broad and as his wings spread across my view
they enveloped me.

My eyes soaked up this miracle as it cleared the oak tree in my
front yard and flew on.

His eye was set and determined, unchanged by my presence.

He simply flew into my life and back out; flying on to wherever
God's miracles and mysteries go.

I was overwhelmed by this brief, chance encounter, and its memory
exists full in my mind,
still drowned in awe and wonder.

A Summer's Night

On this beautiful night
As I sit under the light of
 The moon
I free my mind clear to
Remember my memories
 Of you
 These stars I see
 Make me wonder
 If one of them is you
Looking down upon me
 I believe it is true
 I sit by your tree
On this calm summer night
Wishing you could be here
 Right by my side
The smell of this summer air
Reminds me of the freshly-wet cut grass
 Oh how I wish you were
 Still here
I miss spending those summer nights
 With someone special
And now they're without you
 I love you grandpa

Sarah Barker

Habanera

The feelings you cause
Ripple my tongue.

The thought of taking the first bite
Makes my blue eyes water.

As I grab you quickly,
Putting you to my lips
I remember the pain,
The unforgettable agony.

As I open my mouth,
I take a quick chop at you.
That is all it takes
For me to hold hatred.

My mouth goes up in flames;
Water cannot satisfy my thirst for desire.

I wish I would have thought
About the feelings you cause.

To you, I say
Never again.

David Robinson

Hopeless I Wonder

Hopeless I wonder
Head hung low
No hope for desire
Just thoughts of defeat
I just breathe
One by one the lights go out
Never get too close
Before the light goes out

The world was dark
And then you came along
With a radiant glow
The world could see
Your light shines through
The holes in me
Always by my side
Awoke to my midnight screams
You dried my eyes
Still close to my side
You held me
When my father died

Through the paths of life
We must go
Let's take these last
Steps ever so slow
Sometimes I'll stop
Just to see
Off in the distance
Your light still
Shines on me

David Robinson

No Name

One cold dark night
On a well-lit road
I was walking all alone
When I found a body
Dead and on his own
Pulled him to the side
As people walked right by
A well-kept man
Not too young or old
Reached for his pocket
In his wallet there
Was no name
Just pictures of his past
As I searched there was no blood
Rather strange
Hand clenched to his chest
Opened up his palm
And out fell
A wedding ring

Rochelle Carrier-Ellison

Voice

Don't assume I am weak because my voice is.
These eyes have seen too much.
These hands have worked a thousand times over.
I continue on every day as strong as you are,
Maybe stronger, I don't know.
We all have them.
Strengths, weaknesses.
Like violin wires through my throat
Words come but are not always spoken.
My will is strong. I will get done
Those things we deem important.
Just because life tells me to.

Rochelle Carrier-Ellison

The Light Yawns

To see the light shining through the window each morning
Is a gift. Another day.
Another day to do what needs done.
Another day to see, hear, feel, and touch.
If only the light was promised for eternity.
We will never know until that destination is found.
If it exists for everyone.
I am thankful for morning light.
I forget to see sometimes, it reminds me.
Reminds me to live and love.
To take opportunities as if they were on the brink of extinction.
The will to see the light doesn't come easy some days.
But it is always there
Waiting for me to wake from my slumber.
It sits and waits quietly, patiently
Yawning.

Rochelle Carrier-Ellison

Mom's Zucchini Bread

The smell of home is long past.
The sounds are forever gone.
What I wouldn't do to hear and smell what used to be
My favorite things in the world.
No more clanking pots and pans in the kitchen.
The shuffle of her feet,
The smell of her morning coffee is faint.
Home is gone never to return.
I hear it in my head, in my thoughts at night.
I see her face smiling at me
Asking me how I am.
I miss that.
Walking to the door, smelling the fresh zucchini bread
She made especially for me.
I was her favorite, and she was mine.
That's what heaven will be.
Walking in the door, smelling the fresh zucchini bread
She made especially for me.

Andrea Long

I'll Try

I'll try to feel love,
and remember happiness is free.
I'll learn from my past
and the lessons of reality.

I'll try to find truth
and what I truly feel.
I'll accept what I can't change
and remember pain makes us real.

I'll try to seek hope
and not judge my life by pain.
I'll cherish what I've had
and what I have to gain.

I'll try to have faith
And not give up when I'm wrong.
I'll conquer life's battles
and always stay strong.

I'll try to live life
and live the best I can.
I'll never take for granted
and know what I survived made me who I am.

Ode to Motherhood

Crying in surround sound
Without the option of a mute button
I have become unaware of the smell of baby puke
And very aware of how mouthy four-year-olds are.

Ode to Motherhood

A mother's work is never done, doesn't
Even begin to describe it.
Sometimes feeling the only words I know
Are "No," "Shhh," and
"Leave your sister alone!"

Ode to Motherhood

Dirty bottles, dirty diapers,
Dirty clothes, dirty faces.
Not enough soap in the world could get
My girls clean.

Ode to Motherhood

Never able to finish a sentence.
Never thought I'd be thankful for Sponge Bob
Never quiet while I do homework
Never time for myself.

Ode to Motherhood

With a smile and a squeal from this precious baby,
And one "You're the goodest mom in all the land"
From a spunky four-year-old
Makes being a mother the best job in the world.

Ashley Strovers

Actions speak louder than words

The countless times he said he loved me
Meant nothing
As he finished another bottle of vodka
Saying he cared
While stumbling around the kitchen
All his words were always erased by his actions
He told me I was the most important thing to him
Yet my father and alcohol had a bond tighter than blood
I spent nights crying
Days trying to hide my sadness with a fake smile
Telling myself nothing will come before my children
They will never go through what I did
I show them every day how much I love them
I give my all to keep them happy, healthy and safe
Because like I said, actions speak louder than words

Thomas Wales

Old Blue Jeep

Grand old days I remember
Gas-guzzling machine with blue paint
One of the first vehicles I drove since I got my license
My transportation for the senior prom
A way to get to school and back home
The SUV helping me with my paper route
Going to friends' houses, cruising around town,
Having an accident or two here and there
You, a 1995 Cherokee Sport 4x4,
Now becoming a fading memory
Holes developing under the front seat flooring
Exhaust system needing replaced after the old one fell off
So many miles, it's unbelievable!
Never been cared for enough
Basically living out your purpose
It hurts me to see you go like this
Yet, I will have to let you go eventually
In my memories, you will live forevermore.
Thanks for the ride, Jeep

Eric Voigt

O, Americium

O, Americium

Hexagonal crystal lattice

May you rise in the Am

That you fall apart upon 1267 Kelvin

Thy spirit fly, upon 2880 K

O, Americium

Lo, your energy levels are many

I shall list them, from first to last

2, 8, 18, 32, 25, 8, 2

O, Americium

May you shine like your namesake

That your decay be swift and painless, Am-246

Long and easy, Am-243

O, Americium

Shaped by man's hands

G.T. Seaborg, O' discoverer

I thank you

Eric Voigt

Faced with Choices, and Only One Option

You see that man there; he's got something of mine.
I don't know what it is, or if it's fine.
All I know is that it is thine.

He seems to be aloof, that man over there.
I poke and prod, only to find his answers bare.
I would like to pull his hair.

I should deck him one, teach him a thing or two.
Maybe rearrange his face, turn him black and blue.

I guess it'll be best if I just ask.
To in particular what be his task.

And with that I find out what I thought was something.
Turned out, it was nothing.

The Bridge

1.

When the sun rises
on my island
pink and orange
I am already running between long shadows,
kissing the green dew drops
and falling into the traps
I set the day before.

Here,
ground filled with blood
bones and apologies,
screaming its nakedness into the sky
to cover the sound of
shovels.

Here,
every night fires
burn the trees
as creatures rise off their footprints and
move toward the light,
the island's heartbeat.

Here,
their bodies enter and move within
my body,
stampeding through my veins,
playing like laughter in my bowels.

Here,
I somersault down mudslides,
into ravines,
and swing on heartstrings,
suspended internally,

the cords thin with worry,
slippery from my
sweating palms.

Here,

I watch in the distance
for smoke signals
from your island -
hope from the other side.

2.

On the horizon,
your form
small and grey,
hoisted on a scaffold,
swaying high
above the clouds,
above your island of smiles and knives,
love wretch and eyes.

You tie your tendons
into the cables that reach toward
my island.

Your bones dig into the salt
deep between us,
hold you out above the drop.

3.

I imagine your island is
cooler than mine,
with wide swamps
and exotic birds in colors
that don't have names.
Celestial bodies shine more brightly;
I imagine the glare is almost
unbearable.

There,

you hunt the beasts that sustain you,
killing them swiftly and
mercifully, weeping silently
over their bodies.

There,
cliffs hang confused,
like bunches of tropical bananas.

You race the wind
along the cliff edge,
and wonder which of you is
chasing the other.

There,
you are alone, only
memories of loved ones
etched in trees,
like scars from elementary school.
I imagine these are the scars
that blueprinted
the bridge.

4.

I want so badly to see
your feet on this soil,
let you tell me how it feels between
your toes – the newness of the old.

I want to collect you
like flower petals in my arms,
hunt the beasts between us,
taste their blood.

Singularly suspended,
like a lie, you come closer
everyday.

I watch.

These island vines
are reaching toward you,

beastly cadavers like rugs
marching forward,
willing themselves to meet you,
rising up above an ocean that's
darker than the night-brine.
It's the horizon that we both see,
and the dreams.
I wonder if I will ever know your face
as clearly as I do
in my dreams.

Embroidered Dreams

My mother was a washwoman.
From the day she found out about
My brother
Till the day she died
She washed, hung and pressed.
I never really thought about why,
Or what had been hers to do before,
Because as long as I can remember,
There were beautiful colors hanging
Just outside,
Behind the apartment.
Heavy cottons and silks
Embroidered with gold and beads
As big as my pinky nail
Hung down to the dirt
In our back yard.
She told us not to run
Back there, where our sticky hands
And feet could land
In places they shouldn't
And undo all her work.
But we ran anyway
Out from behind
My mother's pale paisley skirt,
Into the land
Of emerald, chocolate, and salmon
As if it called to our little hearts
And hands
Reaching out to us to
Touch them.

Bagambhrini Gerace

Winter in Oak Park

There is a girl
sitting at the Oak Park train station,
Platform 5.
I know because
she told me she'd be there.

She showed me the
eight dollars and thirty-five cents
she had saved,
hiding quarters in her socks
and her underpants
all month.
She showed me the
stains, too.

I try to close my eyes and imagine her there:
the smoke, the smog
the sickness she says is like a steamroller
in the morning.
I try to imagine the
feeling,
but my pillow is too soft.
She is there. 12:50.
It'll be another five minutes until the train
takes her.

She's headed North; I guess she means the city.
"Somewhere where there are options."
I'm not sure I understand, but I
nod my head anyway.

She's sitting in the train
right now,
waiting to hear that
sound.
She is waiting, like I am,
until our stomachs can fall back
out of our throats.
I can see her white hands, covered by
fingerless gloves;
The right one is petting the left
like a baby
wrapped in light green knit.
I can hear
her quiet voice under the
engine's whistle.
She's singing a lullaby.

Tabitha Edwards

As the Wind Blows

Go and be with He
Rising high like a balloon in the sky.
Floating over Las Vegas you see Ne shining brightly.
Soon feeling dizzy, you realize you forgot
To take Fe, which is vital to your blood.
Looking down Al shines brightly at you,
Containing some Ca for your upset tummy
And don't forget K, vital to chase away the
Charlie horse in your leg.
Feeling well, you continue on,
Flying out of the city, states, and world.
Right past Mercury.
Gasp! On no! Where did the O go?

Tabitha Edwards

Zoomorphic Couple under Formation

The beautiful tide is coming
And going...
Always showing.
Although, you and I
Are unknowing.

Apart we are a rose
That lost its petals,
Barren and deformed:

Yet, together
We metamorphosis
Into something chic
And without beak.

A cheetah!
Fast and sleek.
Oh God!

How I love
To be interviewed
With thee.
Come, let us go
Full speed.

Bending,
Ducking,
And weaving
Amongst the tall,
Thick weeds.

We stalk
The prey.

Human or animal...
What is
On the menu today?

Forevermore,
Changing as
The circle of life
Keeps on reigning.

Nick Gaskill

[Poem]

Even written in red, these words
Would be too cold;
Dry once exposed
Like blood from a sore place.

Just vernacular that “format” a
Near death experience
For colors,
Scents & sound.
Only random little witticism like a nervous tic
Or fickle translation of how the clock
Talks to take up space;
Exhausting
Ink & onionskin.

Above all these writings are quip-like
Arrows of ambiguity, that in each’s
Naïveté
Slowly
Allow the reader to paint
A target around it.

Nick Gaskill

Words as Tasty as Veggies (just in case I have to eat them)

I've been stalked by the eyes of a potato.

Yes, and, tried to ketchup to a protesting tomato and picket.

But what causes the spinach of my mind is how corny-ness and smut can't be beet.

Now I've divided Sweet potato pi and could only cucumber-some results; this peas me off.

To further my point, I know that although I love veggies, I'm sure we cantaloupe; however, my plantly pet, I will call you pumpkin.

But, in due thyme I'm sure I might asparagus as to how to fix leeks, ensure eggplants stay sunny-side-up, and exactly what to cauliflower that has wilted away like you have, from me.

But even if I knew would you carrot all for me? If not my heart will be squashed and when I find another lover she will be my kumquat and I'll say "lettuce head to be wedded." And then

Weed turnip with sprouts in this garden and my artichoke me no longer by being stuck in my throat where you left it, and my words.

Tyler Sharp

God's Going to Cut You Down

Fire comes down from the pulpit

The drinkers

The homosexuals

The free thinkers

Sinners as far as the eye can see

Hot spit flies from a mouth ajar with rage

Face contorted from speaking God's love

Getting louder and louder with every knife-like word

Just to tune out the sound of bones, shuffling in the closet

Tyler Sharp

Writer's Block

So hard to catch
Flies into my Mason jar
When the rotting body they find so sweet
Stands with me
No wounds to fester
Guts tucked inside
I do not mourn
His company I will keep
Without the Mason jar

Tyler Sharp

Friday 8th Period of High School

Out of the windows lives green grass and rushing winds
Inside the room dull paint rots like the dead
My teacher talks and points to letters on a board
The science of elements and chemicals
Doesn't he know that leather must fly tonight?
If I don't go, who will capture them?
In glory under god and bright lights
I don't want to think about science
Don't you know old man?
Take that one shot that lasts for time
Once the girls have left the bed
Daddy don't say good job no more
Town asks you what your name is
Someone has to take that picture
So you can look and say
Touchdown

Lee Snider

Hourglass (for my brother Daniel)

This body is an hourglass
Painted and scarred
As the sands of time fall
Withered with age
Filling this flesh cage

This mind is an hourglass
Thoughts descending unto tongue
My words, no matter how I scream
Forever a whisper, lost in the roar
No louder than dust falling to the floor

This heart is an hourglass
Love and blood, beating strong
Love, slowly trickling south
Filling the base
Pooling as brothers, and her sweet face

This life is an hourglass
The sands of time I cannot escape
The only thing I cannot disobey
So until my end, let me play
For I will not give this life away

Lee Snider

Ode to Slumber

Oh equalizer of king and serf
Of princess and whore
No moving thing shall resist
Your whispering fingers
An end to the day's carnage you bring
A candle extinguished by the wind
A rest for mildewed minds you shelter
It is with death you kiss each night

Reddened eyes tear for you
Bleeding feet beg for you
Oh how the slaves sing for you
And that of your everlasting brother
Warmth from the freezing
A short rest from an uncaring existence
Scenes of glee reside
Within your cloak of darkness

Beneath twitching lids
Our evils you foretell
Yearning nights of forbidden temptation
The mind's only means of filtration

With the old man's ghosts we dance
With the youngster's aspirations we frolic
The screams of warzones long left cold
The simple bliss of grandmother's apple pie

Bitter-sweet rejuvenation
By fragmented cognitive replication
Only when these debts are repaid
Are we allowed to awaken

Biographies

Sarah Barker was born and raised in Ottumwa. She is a full-time student at Indian Hills and works full time. She plans to pursue a degree in teaching or nursing. In her free time, she enjoys reading novels and spending time outdoors and around family.

Megan Buford is 21 years old and attending Indian Hills in Ottumwa. She was born in Kansas City, MO, on September 1st, 1988, on the way back to Iowa, and was raised in Fairfield, IA, with one brother and her mother and father.

Rochelle Carrier-Ellison was born on February 11, 1971, in Gardner, Massachusetts. She believes families are forever. She is married to a wonderful man named Brian and has one daughter and two stepchildren. Other family members include four comical cats and an infamous wiener dog named Rudy. A recent Indian Hills graduate, she is pursuing a degree in psychology from Buena Vista University. She eventually plans to obtain a Master's degree and become a counselor.

Joshua Dixon is a 20-year-old poet/musician residing in the town of Bloomfield, Iowa. He enjoys sitting down and compacting reality and feelings into words to give them life and structure. He tries to write in a way so readers can interpret the work as they see fit. If he writes something that is not memorable to him or others, then it doesn't see the light of day.

Tabitha Edwards is a proud mother of two, a wife, a sister, a soldier, a student, and a full-time employee of Oskaloosa Wal-Mart.

Mary Enterline recently moved to Hamilton, IA. She has four kids ranging from 14 to 25. She recently decided to go back to school to get her degree.

Nick Gaskill is my name. I was born here in O town. I know more than most about its native history. I am quixotic about this town's influence on me in relation to my aspirations. I am most inventive and utterly artistic. God willing, I will help this world in whatsoever way I may. I should thank you all that are reading this...

Bagambhrini Gerace was born in Fairfield, Iowa. After graduating from Indian Hills, she moved to Tucson, Arizona, to study medicine and anesthesiology at the University of Arizona. She would like to thank her teachers at Indian Hills, particularly: Dr. Payne, Mrs. Bethune, Dr. Meredith, Mr. Owczarzak, Mr. McWhorter and Dr. Streeby. "Thank you for your inspiration and insight. You have truly changed my life."

Andrea Long is a twenty-five-year-old from Albia, IA. She is a survivor, a mother, and a friend. She is a recovering addict who lost it all. Now she tries to put the pieces back together in hopes that her words heard today will save someone from tomorrow.

Amber Mundt was born on March 24, 1981, in Waterloo, IA. Her parents had just returned from Germany with her older brother where her dad was stationed in the army until returning to Iowa. She also has a younger sister, Seraysa. Her family moved around a lot, and to this day, she continues the tradition. She is 28 years old and has three children: a daughter, Tylyn; a son, Stone; and the youngest son, Marshall. She is a single parent who thinks that her children and her traveling lifestyle are great inspirations for poetry. She attends Indian Hills and will be graduating soon. She plans to continue her education in the field of psychotherapy. She hopes to continue writing poetry as well.

Brandy Roberts is a 36-year-old mother from Iowa. She has 4 kids, 5 dogs, 2 cats, a husband of 17 years, and a fish tank.

David Robinson got into poetry because he thinks it's a good way to try to get the world to understand his feelings. "In poetry class, everyone had stories to tell. Some were easy to understand, and some were mysteries."

Tyler Sharp was born May 13, 1990, and begun his writing career at Centerville High School. While in the Halls of Ivy, Sharp would find his love of writing by composing several award-winning articles for the student paper, all with a special style of his own. His major influences are the works of Hunter S. Thompson and Derek Chapman.

Lee Snider is from Chariton, IA. After graduating from Indian Hills and a four-year college, he aspires to become a high school English teacher.

Cameron Steinbach was born on October 15, 1989. His father was a mechanic who became a factory worker. His mother works as a hairdresser. From an early age, Cameron had a fascination with writing. He currently attends Indian Hills, where he is attaining his AA degree.

Ashley Strovers was born in Ottumwa, IA. "My mother taught me strength and love; my father taught me everything not to be. All of the things I overcame in my life made me the strong, loving mother I am today. Life would have been easier without some of the issues in my life, but you have to go through the rain to see the rainbow."

Pam Troxel is a recent graduate of Indian Hills and is currently a student at Truman State in Kirksville, MO.

Eric Voigt says "I never knew how fun writing poetry could be until I had participated in Dr. Streeby's Creative Writing: Poetry class. To my amazement I rather enjoyed writing poetry. If there

was one thing that I could advise anyone, that one thing would be to at least try your hand at writing poetry.”

Thomas Wales currently attends Buena Vista University with a major in Psychology after graduating from Indian Hills. He likes to draw, write, play video games, watch cartoons, and hang out with his buddies.

Bethany Yocum is attending Indian Hills with interests in English, music, and psychology (but hasn't quite decided for sure what she wants to do yet...). She lives in Knoxville, IA, and enjoys reading (and occasional writing) in her free time, as well as playing the piano, watching movies, and eating. After Indian Hills, she plans on going to a four-year college. No matter where life takes her, she hopes to continue to enjoy reading and writing anything and everything, including poetry.

Charissa Zugg is the mother of two beautiful children and has been married for a year and a half now. “I love my family and they are the inspiration for my poems. I am a very creative person and poetry is not a side of me that I felt confident in until taking Joy Lyle's poetry class. I am thankful that I did!”

