Conjurings

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"Fire on Ice--The St. Louis Blues"
by Christine Spaeth

The St. Louis Blues, what a sight to behold!
They're fire on ice that shall never grow cold.
The amazing goals, the spectacular saves,
the thunderous hits and the crowd's many waves.
All in the Kiel Center, their home down on Clark,
the place glows with excitement when the sky is dark!
From the man they call "Hullie" doing it all,
to Grant Fuhr and Casey keeping opponents' score small.
To Petrovicky and Conroy right down the middle,
to MacInnis and Pronger making others look little.
From the Frenchman Pierre Turgeon racking up points,
to the man they call "Twister" breaking other's joints.
From rookies York and Campbell amazing the fans,
to veterans like Murphy carrying out Quenneville's plans.
The road to the Cup is still not completed,
the Blues must face teams with rivalries heated.
But the Blues shall end up on top in the end,
and the Cup to St. Louis the NHL will send!

I'm Searching
by Jackie Murdock

I'm searching...
not only for a relationship
but for the start of a great friendship

I'm searching...
for a guy to call my own
not as a possession, but so I won't be alone

I'm searching...
for someone who'll not look down upon me
for the things I've done wrong

I'm searching...
for a guy to be there
someone who'll hold me when hard times are near

I'm searching...
for someone who would be true
who could look me in the eyes when they say
"I love you"

But most of all--
I'm searching...
for someone who cares
they love me for me--not who they want me to be
Standin' In The Rain
by Ron Hall

I met her in my sophomore year
Because of her, I shed a million tears
She never even knew my pain
Cause I never asked, must've been insane

But I was too afraid to face the pain
I'd rather stand out in the rain
She was all of my dreams
But I didn't want my heart to bleed

Still think 'bout her after all these years
Sometimes I need a beer
To help drive away this pain
Of thinkin' back to what I could've gained

Cause I was too afraid to face the pain
I'd rather stand out in the rain
She has been all of my dreams
But I didn't want my heart to bleed

And today I'm still alone
I couldn't let her memory be gone
I should've made her my girl
Cause she's my whole world

Still I'm standing in the rain
I've only got myself to blame
She could've been all of my dreams
But now she's just a memory

Fishin'
by Shawn Eldridge

The salt air fills my lungs,
I hope the day will bring some fun.
I prepare my line, tie on the bait
and now relax, for I must wait...
wait for minutes, maybe an hour,
but I do not mind, patience is my power.
I feel a tug on the line, what could it be?
There are many fish alive in this sea.
I awoke in the cool, damp wheat field to a bright morning sun. I was lying on my stomach, and my clothes were soiled with mud and wet with the dew of the new day. I had no idea where I was...where I had been...or how I had gotten to that place. As I rolled over to survey the unknown territory, I realized I was terribly sore all over, especially in the head. I had experienced this feeling before, but only after over-indulging in my favorite alcoholic beverage the night before. Only this time, I really had no clue about this predicament. Other times, things slowly came back to me, but again, this was not the case. No, alcohol was not involved in this. Looking around, I noticed only a small farm, probably a mile or two away. As I stood up to look in the other directions, I noticed my jeans were ripped down the pant leg. On the ground next to me I noticed a gunny sack.

I slowly untied the knot to the sack and peered inside. I couldn’t speak. I was standing there, like an idiot, staring at the contents of the bag. I reached in and pulled out the thick stacks one by one. Never in my life had I seen so much money in one spot. What had happened the night before? Whose money was this? Why did I hurt so badly? The questions raced through my mind as I shoved the money back into the sack.

I noticed a path through the wheat that might have been the way I came. I headed off in that direction, hoping to find a clue as to where I was. After walking several hundred feet, I saw my truck. I never thought I’d be so happy to see that hunk a’ junk again. I opened the door and tossed the gunny sack in the passenger seat, and I climbed in the driver’s seat. I turned the key and smiled as the engine started up. It was the first smile I produced all day. I was ready to roll when I noticed something. In the rear-view mirror I could see bullet holes through my back window. I quickly turned around and was shocked to actually see that they were real. What had happened last night? I decided that I had better figure it out, and fast. I turned my truck around and headed back the way I hoped I came. It wasn’t long until I arrived at a little town named AppleCreek. It was an old fashioned sort of place, and I could see only a few people down main street. I decided to look for a phone to call my wife when I realized that I had seen no phone lines. Great. What now? I pulled some cash out of the gunny sack and headed to a little diner. I stepped in, hoping they could excuse my appearance, and sat at the bar. An old woman came up to me and blurted out, “What da' ya' want?”

“Well, this is a diner, right? I'd like a bite to eat and a little information.”

“Food we got. What da' ya’ want?”

“Let’s see. Do you have a menu?”

The old woman squinted at me and said, “men you? Humph...No, don't have any left.”

“Oh, well, the town is AppleCreek. How about apple pie? And a big, big diet coke.”

“Yeh, got pie. Ran out of that 'die yet oak' with the 'men you.'”

Either she was a nut or I was. I then asked for ice water, and she brought me a glass of cold water, but no ice was to be seen.

“Look, I need to call my wife. Where is the nearest phone?”

She stared at me again.

“Well, which direction and what is the name of the nearest city?”

She sighed. “You a stranger?”

“Well, yes.” I felt like asking her if she’d ever seen me before, but the way things were going, she’d probably say yes.

“How’d ya’ get here?”

“I drove my truck. And I’d like to drive away. Where am I? I’m lost and trying to get back to my home. All I want is a bit of information.”

“Well, it’s a long way to anywhere. No cities close. No one ever comes here from anywhere. But I expect you to pay
good money for my pie. It’s ten cents, and I want it now! And then I want you to move that heap of trash away from my front door."

"Where was I? Where the hell was I? Ten cents for a piece of pie? That’s not much at all. I paid the lady. Then I surveyed the decor of the diner. God, it felt as though I was in the twilight zone. Finally, I went outside to move my ’piece of trash,’ my truck. I looked around the town. Not many buildings around or people either. There was one person who stood out especially, a well-built man with a blue suit and dark hair. He had this look as though he owned this town. He started toward my truck. I jumped out.

I asked him what towns were close, and he said there were none for miles around. He said that no one new ever came there, and he never tried to leave the city limits. I knew this guy would not help me, so I decided to just drive out of the town and see what else was out there. I drove about five miles and saw the city limits sign. As I drove to the city limits sign, my truck died. I was really pissed off. This truck always would stop working when I needed it the most. I thought that I would just try walking into the next town, but when I reached the city limits sign, it was like walking into a brick wall. I almost got a nose bleed from walking into the invisible wall. Why couldn’t I get out of this town?

I evidently got here just fine, but now I couldn’t get out? What was going on? If I had any recollection at all of last night’s events, maybe I could figure out this mystery. In hopes of finding a clue, I headed back toward town. Maybe I could get out of town the other way.

As I passed through town, I noticed that there were more people out and about, but no one seemed friendly, and they barely noticed my truck passing by. Soon I was approaching the city limits on the other side of town. I was getting close and so far my truck hadn’t died. I was almost there. Bang! It was like my truck just hit a wall. What was this? Were there invisible brick walls all around the city limits? I got out of the truck to survey the damage.

Banged up pretty good, but it still drove okay. I had to get back to town to find some answers.

When I got back to town, I parked my truck by the diner and went in search of the man I had spoken to earlier. I had thought of trying the waitress again, Lavern I think is what her name tag said, but she was too weird for me. After walking for about ten minutes, I spotted the man sitting in front of a saloon. I approached with a friendly smile. This man was the only hope I had at getting out of there. I pulled up to him. I politely introduced myself and asked if it’d be okay for me to ask him a few questions. He introduced himself as Joe (strangely, my wife’s name is Joann, and I call her Jo). The first question I asked was about the city limits. He replied shortly only telling me he’d “never been near the city limits, ’cuz his folks told him not to.” How strange. I guess no one ever did come or go from around there. Then I brought up the money I had found. He said there hadn’t been a robbery, and no one he knew of was missing any money. So, I guess I was back to finding out where I was. I said to the man, “I know this is AppleCreek, but what state are we in?”

"Madness,” he replied.

“What?” I questioned with astonishment.

"Madness. Years ago we were called New York, but some people said it just wasn’t new anymore, and that it was madness to call it ‘New,’ so we changed it to ‘Madness.’"

“Well, that’s strange enough,” I said. Just then a strange buzzing noise came from inside the saloon. Only it wasn’t really coming from inside the saloon; it was coming from the side of my bed. What made me dream such weird things? I didn’t do anything out of the ordinary yesterday. I ate lunch with my wife at a restaurant where they didn’t speak very good English, went by the bank to get money for the weekend, and sat in the park and watched a mime—you know how they always act like they’re trapped in a box. Nothing unusual. I do things like that here in New York all the time.
Dramaturgy
by Joe Lassiter

The actress glides across the stage
Never tripping, never faltering
except to the skilled eye
Always changing, to fit the role and plot
Always playing, the dramatic role
Her feelings, false conjured up for the act
Crying, maybe laughing, maybe throwing a fit
as she faces the audience and recites from the script

She acts so strong outwardly, but is so weak inside
She needs someone, a supporting actor
and how I pity the fool cast to play the part

She is good though
for the audience laughs with her, cries with her, feels her pain
They love you and always attend your plays
Except for some, the critics
who can see through the makeup and bright lights

Your friends are mere background cast, there solely for the show
Because the spotlight must be always on you
You must have center stage and be star of the show

But while you fool some, you won't win any real awards
Because the critics can see the real actress
offstage
As she looks into her mirror she knows
Her life is merely
a performance
On Your Violin
by Savina Singh

Blue skies with clouds adrift, soft and snowy;
the wind gently passed them by like Mozart’s notes,
as they softly die on your violin.
Notes on a violin poured music into the afternoon air,
the rustling of the leaves, the cries of friends,
the voices of the present and the past, they all gave way
to your music.
This is the charm that keeps dreams alive,
in my eyes… and yours, how will I ever forget-
a solitary man, on his chair with music in the air, playing his violin?
Under the shade of the mighty tree, as the grass beneath him
and the leaves- on the branches above him- dance with the wind,
so did my heart.
Where the wind gently passes by, white clouds
adrift in the blue skies, on a placid afternoon;
The notes- they softly die on your violin?.

Unspoken Love
by Joe Potter

These sincere words were trapped in my humble heart until they were freed by the immense
influence of one remarkable woman and expressed on the delicate paper before you.

Whenever I need someone to hold me,
Whenever I need someone to listen to me,
Whenever I need someone to sing to me,
Whenever I need someone to be there for me,
She is that someone.

She is the break in the sky when I search through the
darkness;
She is the angel whose glorious face I see when I look at
the brilliance of the rising sun.

She completes me with the look in her captivating eyes;
She opens my mind to the undeniable truth of her
immeasurable beauty.

I want to break down the walls of silence between us so that
she might notice me like I notice her;
I desire to fully give all that I am to her so that she
might be mine;
I yearn to be her Romeo so that she might be my Juliet.

I wish for her to accept the passion in my heart
If only she knew.
So, this is love.
Gambling
by
Triston Brownfield

Rhythmic is the sound of the coins hitting the pan, again.
catches

A gambler

Worse than some drugs, this HABIT can grip the victim hard.
Soon they will be making withdrawals with their ATM card.

A tunnel with no end is no exaggeration.
And

Room payment, grocery money, even the life savings are not secure, from the crazed habit of the gambler.
Once out of control there is no where to run, the dealer has dealt a bad hand, and in the losers last hand, there is nothing but A GUN!
A Dead Man's Mind
by Eric P. Anspach

Down the prison corridor.
I feel lonely and empty.
It's a dying man's last steps.
The other inmates just look.
Then don't say a word.
They know what's going on.
We've all known for weeks.
I turn the corner and enter
a hall I hoped I'd never see.
But now I see it.
The warden opens the door.
The priest steps in.
Doesn't matter much.
I've never been a religious man.
I'm led down an incline.
I see the chair.
I start to sweat.
I think of my mom.
I see flashes of the crime.
The one that got me here.
I'm told to sit.
The priest keeps talking.
Somehow, I couldn't move.
Asking a man to sit for death?
I didn't have it in me.
The warden helps me out.
He was a pretty nice guy.
Only now, did he have to be so nice?
He looks at me sadly.
I was never a problem here.
I'm strapped in.
The belts are tightened.
The metal helmet is put on my head.
My eyes are taped.
I sit in silence.
Nothing but my thoughts.
I hear a curtain open.
Is my mother among the witnesses
watching her little boy die?
I hear the triumphant sobs of the girl's
parents.
This is their day.
The priest says a few words and then
a thought:
"I'm sorry"
I mouth the words.
No sound comes out.
Silence.

Stoplights
by Janet Huff

Green means go—
Go where you want and where you can,
Your future is wide open.

But if the light should turn yellow,
Warning you to yield,
Evaluate your options and make the decision.
Proceed forward full speed
Or slow down to look back where you've been.

And when the light finally turns red,
Have enough momentum to fly through what troubles you,
Or be stopped, deciding where to go next.

Will you turn right?
Will you turn left?
Will you turn back,
Or go straight on the path you've been following?
by Jennifer A Swearingian

I understand some things
more than you think I can.
Maybe someday you'll know.
Until then I must remind you
to trust me.
Trust me with your thoughts.
Trust me with your concerns.
Your pain, your anger,
Your tears, your joy.
Let me share what you do.
as I share my life with you.
We are best friends
and we've been through a lot.
We've survived.
Together we can get through
anything and everything.
I am here for you,
and it's nice to have you around.
Please know that I understand,
and what I can't,
I'd like to try to.
Just talk with me.

Time

by Cherry Grimmell

Time is Love
Love is True
True is Happiness
Happiness is you
An understanding is beautiful.
because I love and under-
stand you.

As days go on and I still
feel blue
I know tomorrow will
bring me closer to you.

Time is Love
Love is True
True is Happiness
Happiness is you

I know all my love
is in the past, but
how long will you wait--
and how long will our
love last.
Soft Thunder
by Christine A. Spaeth

I remember that evening,
it was in mid-summer...
I was standing on the porch
when you came to me and said,
"Take my hand."
And I obliged with a smile.
You told me to close my eyes
and leave them that way for a while.
You led me away to a pre-destined place
and finally told me to open my eyes.
I looked around to see a beautiful lake
in a clearing in the woods.
We sat at water's edge, dangling our feet
and watched the clouds roll in.
As the rain began to fall you kissed me,
and my heart dancing with delight.
We stayed there for hours that night,
sharing kisses, warm embraces, and love.
All the time the rain gently fell,
and our hearts pounded like soft thunder.

by Savina Singh

Oh, please, you rays of sunshine take me with you;
Absorb me like you do to raindrops and carry me through.

Into a place unknown, and yet known;
Purify and clarify me into a rainfall to take me back home.

My Nightmare
by Keith Fanderclai

Lightning flashes fiercely across the black night. The rain pounds against my windshield with anger. Despite rapid, back-and-forth movement of my wipers across the glass, my vision is still distorted. I can't see the white lines along the interest to be use the lights from my re reflected off the wet vement. I'm driving in a pouring down rain, let alone at night on a busy interstate like this one. My heart races with anxiety as I grip my steering wheel tightly. The radio plays a harsh, fast-paced heavy metal song that adds to the rapid beating of my heart. Words cannot describe the feeling I am experiencing right now; nervousness, fear, anxiety, excitement, all mixed into one vague feeling. I want to slow down, or even stop my car on the roadway's shoulder, but I can't. Some force is
making me stay on this road, driving on...now at an even faster pace than before. I see headlights in my rear view mirror that I know belong to a car or some vehicle that is after me for some reason that I am not quite sure. They have been in my mirror for some time now, getting closer and closer, even as I speed up. My windshield becomes sprayed heavily now as I pass by a large semi on the left. Puddles from potholes along the road are thrown onto my windshield by the large, heavy tires. My windows become fogged from my heavy breathing, adding to my state of confusion. The hard-rocking tunes boom from my speakers, causing my eardrums to swell with each, impounding beat. I feel the water splashing vigorously underneath my car. The lights in my mirror continue to creep up on me like a lioness creeping up on her prey. I drive on, faster. My nervousness is nearly bursting out of every orifice in my body. I start to sweat profusely. Lightning flashes once again, leading to a loud, clapping, roar of thunder. The thunder seems to get louder...the radio seems to get louder...the rain pounds harder...the screeching of my wipers gets louder...the blowing of my fan gets louder...my head is ready to explode with all this noise, this pressure. A horn blares violently in my ear. I swerve to avoid the passing car that was before just an object in my mirror. The wheels on my car cannot grasp the road as I lock up my brakes. All the noises that I heard once before now combine into one loud, concentrated noise coming from the beating of my heart. The car skids sideways and slides unruly down the large, drenched roadway. My little car starts to spin in circles as it travels toward a large split in the lanes where an overpass support column is standing. All my attempts to pull what now feels like a mountain off its course are in vain. My efforts are useless. The time seems like

forever, yet there is not enough time for me to think about what will happen upon impact. Images of my mother warning me about drinking and driving fly through my head. Visions of circumstances throughout my life that I had always regretted flash before my eyes, taunting me and reminding me of the foolish things I had done in my life, laughing at me because they know that I will never be able to change them. My blood boiling, I begin to scream in unavailing terror as I spin closer and closer to the large barrier in the road. I speed closer to the column...I extend my arms in an attempt to push the whole experience away...I close my eyes and try to block the whole thing out as all the noises, emotions and feelings I have been experiencing shoot straight to the top of my head...

I wake up. Sweat pouring off my face as if I had just finished sitting in a sauna, I instantly sit up in bed. I am fully clothed. My keys are in my hand, which has been severely cut, along with my entire arm. My entire body aches. I am unfamiliar with my present environment. My mind is blank. I am lost.
Faustian Bargain
By Joe Lassiter

I have my degree now
I am well educated
I am well respected
I make a nice living
I give people the help they need
They trust me

But

My health isn't so good
I take a lot of those little pills
I drink a lot
Jack and Jim are my only friends
And I'm sad a lot
Sometimes I think I'd be better off if I gave in
I don't know

And

I look at my college certification
And wonder if it was worth it
I wonder

My Own Person
by Jackie Murdock

In so many ways I'm different
Yet I'm also the same
I do not deserve to be treated unkind
For I need to live a life that's mine

I do not try to be like others
I do not feel the need to be the same
I like who I am and that's all that matters
I want to make something of my name

I don't want to be looked down upon
Just because I do not look like you
Please do not frown at me
I have my own opinions too

Do not try to change me
I'm getting along just fine
I will always want to be my own person
Now till the end of time
SOCIAL DRINKER!!
BY
Triston Brownfield

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

LIKE DRIPS FROM A BROKEN SINK,
HIS FUTURE DISAPPEARED WITH EACH DRINK.

I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM
IS WHAT HE PROCLAIMED.

I ONLY DRINK SOCIALLY.
THERE IS NO REASON TO BE ASHAMED.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

WITH NO FUTURE AND NO SELF-ESTEEM
IT IS HARD FOR A MAN TO LIVE OUT HIS DREAM.
Environment
by Shawn Eldridge

Environmental concerns...
raping the planet.
No more food or clean water.
Destined to die,
but is it not suicide?
What we threw away,
our children must now eat.
Killing a neighbor
for a piece of trash.
Our future is so bright.

Jayhawk Joint
by Triston Brownfield

Victor Powell--88, retired Textile Mill factory worker
Dr. Terry Walker--48, professor of psychology, widow and
mother
Kyle Marmuth--19, college student, so enraptured with the
Star Wars trilogy that he thinks of himself as a Jedi Master
Mitch Wilson--30, tall, blond, athletic, accountant
Milo--50's, town drunk, Vietnam veteran with one arm and bullet
lodged in knee
Roger Muldoun--31, chiropractor and long distance runner
Nicki Johnson--24, gorgeous 2nd year law student and part time
cocktail waitress

A little town in Kansas 5 miles from Kansas University, the home of
the Kansas Jayhawk basketball team. The famous Jayhawk Joint is the
place where everyone in spite of who they are, comes to watch the away
basketball games. Young and old alike feel comfortable in the calm
but festive little bar with the exceptional 75 inch big screen.

Nicki J: What can I get you, Mr. Powell?

Victor P: BEER!!

Nicki J: You are here before the crowd. Are you trying to get a
good spot to watch the game?

Victor P: UH HUH

Nicki J: Here is a nice cold one for you, Mr. Powell.

Victor P: Thanks, by the way have you seen that damn Milo? He owes
me $50.

Nicki J: Yea, he is nearly passed out at the end of the bar. Wait
a second; who is that?

****Nicki was pointing towards a tall blonde fellow in the corner throwing darts. It was Mitch Wilson.

Victor P: That’s the new stud over in Casper Co. He’s some accountant from St. Louis, a real womanizer, I hear. You outta’ show him what a real Kansas girl is.

****Embarrassed, Nicki got all flustered.

Nicki J: Nah, he’s not my type; he’s probably got a girlfriend anyway.

****Two so called friends, Roger Muldoun and Dr. Terry Walker, enter the bar laughing and frolicking. Everyone knew they were having an affair.

Nicki J: How are you guys doing?

****They reply in unison as they sit at the bar near Milo who is half passed out on the last stool towards the back where he has hidden from Victor thus far.

Roger M. & Terry W: Good! And you?

Nicki J: Great. There is going to be a big crowd here to watch the Jayhawks whoop it up on Mizzou!!

****An Alumni of Missouri, Mitch Wilson takes a back seat to no one, and quickly comes to the aid of his Alma Mater. With a warm smile Mitch approached the group that had congregated around the bus boy Kyle Marmuth who had the late afternoon paper which showed the starting point guard would not play for Kansas this evening which drastically minimized their chances of winning.

Kyle M: Without Jimmy James we are doomed!

Victor P: You are right, Jedi Master; we are doomed with a capital D!!

Nicki J: Where is your Jayhawk pride, you wimps!

Mitch W: (Jokingly) Like you had a chance with Jimmy.

****The small crowd was quiet as they laid their eyes on the interloper. Milo had aroused from his drunken stupor, and he was trying to figure out what was going on. The first thing that he noticed was Mitch’s sweatshirt that had a big M on it for Missouri. Everyone knew Milo was crazy. Before he had lost his arm in a motorcycle wreck at age 19, he had been a player on the Kansas Basketball team. Milo hated Missouri and anyone from there. What happened next will remain a part of basketball history everyone that witnessed would simply love to forget.
Milo: Who is this damn nut wearing this damn shirt into this sacred place? Who let this damn yahoo in here? We don’t take a liking to your kind.

Terry W: Calm down, Milo. This guy isn’t trying to start anything!

Mitch W: Sorry mister, I didn’t mean to cause any trouble.

****Everyone knew Milo was crazy, but they never knew he would ever push the limit so far.

Victor P: Milo is right, get your Missouri ass out of here if you want to live to tell about it.

****The bar became real quiet. All eyes were fixed on the innocent stranger. From the old tattered Kansas Jayhawk Letterman’s jacket Milo pulled out a rusty 22 caliber pistol. There was a gasp that filled the bar.

Kyle M: I think you are taking this a little too far.

Milo: Shut up, fool. You may be my nephew, but stay outta’ my business.

Nicki J: The Jedi Master is right, Milo. This guy had no intentions of causing any trouble.

Victor P: It doesn’t matter; we have a history here. We don’t like strangers.

Mitch W: Look guys, I can leave right now,

Milo: No, mister, you aren’t going anywhere. An old friend of mine once said, “let’s see if you can dance?”

Mitch W: You are taking this a little far, mister. I don’t even know you.

****Milo pulled a round off before Mitch could stop talking.

Milo: Shut up. The next one is going in your head if you don’t watch it.

****Mitch was getting tired of listening to this one-armed freak. Mitch slowly crept towards Milo.

Mitch W: I’m not sure, but I think we need to sit down and have a talk, mister.

Milo: I don’t think so. I think we should arm wrestle. If I win, you die, and if I lose, you go free.

****Little did Mitch know Milo was the undefeated arm wrestling champion of the world for 15 of the last 16 years.
Mitch W: Well, if you say so!

Nicki J: Maybe that’s not such a good idea.

Milo: Stay outta’ this missy!

Mitch W: What could it hurt? (with a grin on his face)

****The two proceeded to arm wrestle.

Mitch W: What is that trophy for on the wall?

****As Milo looked up, Mitch reached into Milo’s pocket and took the gun from him. In the process the trigger was pulled and the bullet went right through Milo’s heart.

Mitch W: OH MY GOD! I was just trying to get the gun outta’ that freak’s hand; I was only...

****Before Mitch ended this last sentence, he would take his last breath. Who held the gun was never known, but they always said Milo had one beautiful daughter.

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Amnesty
by Joe Lassiter

I tend a garden
where leads the paths of all men
bright star in a black sky for us to see

I am. And always will be
Come to my garden and you will see

shelter, rest, sanity

A friend, your friend
true love to all who come

So come, insane. So come weary. So come sick
Come hated, shamed, losers, winners—all are my children
All are my children

We all are parts, but we can be one
All colors become one
All becomes one

piece of mind, love in your heart
I can be your Amnesty

Amnesty, sweet euphoria
It comes from inside, not in a vein
from love, not from pleasure insane
Footprints in the sand that we all don’t see
but if we do, only then can we truly be
The Most Beautiful Woman in the World

by Joe Potter

When I thought that I had lost the ability to express that which is in my heart in words, The Most Beautiful Woman in the World gave it back to me with her inspiring grace. Now the words flow with ease from my heart that ever before. The following is a collection of my feelings for this woman, The Most Beautiful Woman in the World.

I am greeted with her soothing eyes, the best healer of any wound,
And then my heart melts with her smile, brighter than the sum in the summer sky,
Which emits the sweetest voice, making even the angels jealous,
And about her shoulders flows her endless hair, smoother than the finest silks.
I am overwhelmed by this radiating face.
She is truly the image of God.
Extraordinary.
If only she could be mine.

These thoughts of The Most Beautiful Woman in the World bring a smile to my face.
The blooming flower - delicate, pure, and alive - holds me in awe.
She is my life everlasting
And the fuel for my burning soul.
What I wouldn't give to be with her,
To kiss her.
I will always be waiting with open arms for her.
If only she could be mine.

And as a cool breeze blows across my face, I have my love for The Most Beautiful Woman in the World to warm my heart as I face the uncertain future.
If only she could be mine.
If only.
By Jennifer A. Swearingian

Don't ask me questions
I have no answers to.
Don't ask me why
I feel the way I do.
I cannot explain it,
as hard as I try.
I do the best I can
to love myself,
to learn my education,
to be my profession.
I work as hard as I can
to get through
this rugged world,
but sometimes
my best
isn't good enough.
Don't have any
grandiose expectations
for me
and you won't
be disappointed.
I hate disappointment.
It has a horrible,
bitter, dirty taste.
It has a cold,
dark, unwelcoming feel.
Don't be disappointed in me.
Don't judge me.
I am disappointed in myself,
and that punishment
is sometimes too much
to bear.
Have no expectations.
Don't be disappointed.
That's all I ask of you.

By Jennifer A. Swearingian

Today is the perfect autumn day--
it's cool and rainy.
The sun's gone away.
The leaves are changing
and falling down.
The grass is dying
and turning brown.
The cool breeze passes
across my face
as I walk to class
at a sauntering pace.
Thoughts of you
flood my soul.
Thoughts of you
swallow me whole.
I am going to meet
you tonight.
Fate, I know,
has done this right.
Starting the Day
by Keith Fanderclai

Clock screams, end of dreams, ripped apart at the seams,
I'm ready to start my day.
In bed, lifting head, moving like I am dead,
I'm ready to start my day.
Feeling lazy, eyesight hazy, Good Lord, I must be crazy,
I'm ready to start my day.
Stinking sour, off to shower, know I have one half hour,
I'm ready to start my day.
Hey you, what to do, it's class that I am off to,
I'm ready to start my day.

Who is Terry Walker?
by Savina Singh

There sat a young nice-looking lady at the side bar located in the airport. Her name is Terry Walker. Terry was used to sitting around the airport in different locations. But always looking as she did right now, normal. She is always pleasant looking and dressed in up-to-date clothes.

Today, of course, was one of her normal days. She was sitting at one of the side bar tables sipping a club soda with lime. She had a couple of magazines with her and a pretty large Chanel purse next to her side. After some time, she finished her non-alcoholic beverage and started flipping through the magazines, but she was always paying attention to whoever walked into or passed the bar.

Terry noticed a cute looking fellow from across the bar. He was well groomed. This was a first for Terry, for she never would stare at a guy for more than two minutes. (It was one of her rules.) The guy was Victor Caracas, a well-known drug lord. At first, Terry didn't recognize him, because he looked nothing like his pictures. He came and sat next to her in the bar. Terry thought to herself that maybe it wasn't a good idea to get involved with this situation. Victor started to talk to Terry and offered to buy her a drink. She accepted. He had asked her what flight she was taking or if she was picking up somebody. Terry had to make up some story. They sat there for four hours talking away. She was extremely intrigued by Victor's life style (even though he described himself as an international business man). She knew that she spent too much time with this gentleman. She told him that she had to go. Before Terry could get up, he grabbed her hand and told her that she should go to Spain with him.

There was that spark and the flashes of what Terry had accomplished in her life. She was bored with her daily routines and life. She wanted to go. She didn't tell anybody that she was leaving; she just went. And the funny thing, nobody realized they should stop her.

She just boarded the plane with Victor and never came back.
My Immortal Beloved
by Joe Potter

These lines are fertile with meaning. Only My Immortal Beloved can decipher these heartfelt words into the intense passion that they represent. They are unspoiled, free, and alive. They represent what is in my heart, not my head, because what the head makes cloudy, the heart makes very clear.

Ahh...The Woman, My Immortal Beloved, The same Woman I came to know on that calm summer's night when we first kissed, The same Woman whom I have regarded as just female. But she is not just female, She is Woman, Simple and free, Like a gentle dove. She is beautiful, Like the life and love that she possesses.

I go to her when she beckons me, And we hold each other close. I feel the comforting heat given off by her. I hear her whisper sweetness into my ear. I smell her perfumed shampoo as I run my hand through her long, flowing hair. I see her intense love for me as I look into her mesmerizing eyes. I taste her sensuous lips as we passionately kiss. She frees my senses and gives me life.

Then she falls asleep in my arms, Her smooth thighs lying across my legs, Her loving arms lying across my beating chest. She cools my desires when I'm on fire with the brighter days that she creates when she is near. I can not live without her, My Life, My Love, My God, I love her, My Immortal Beloved.