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### Killing Silence Literary Monthly: Volume 1

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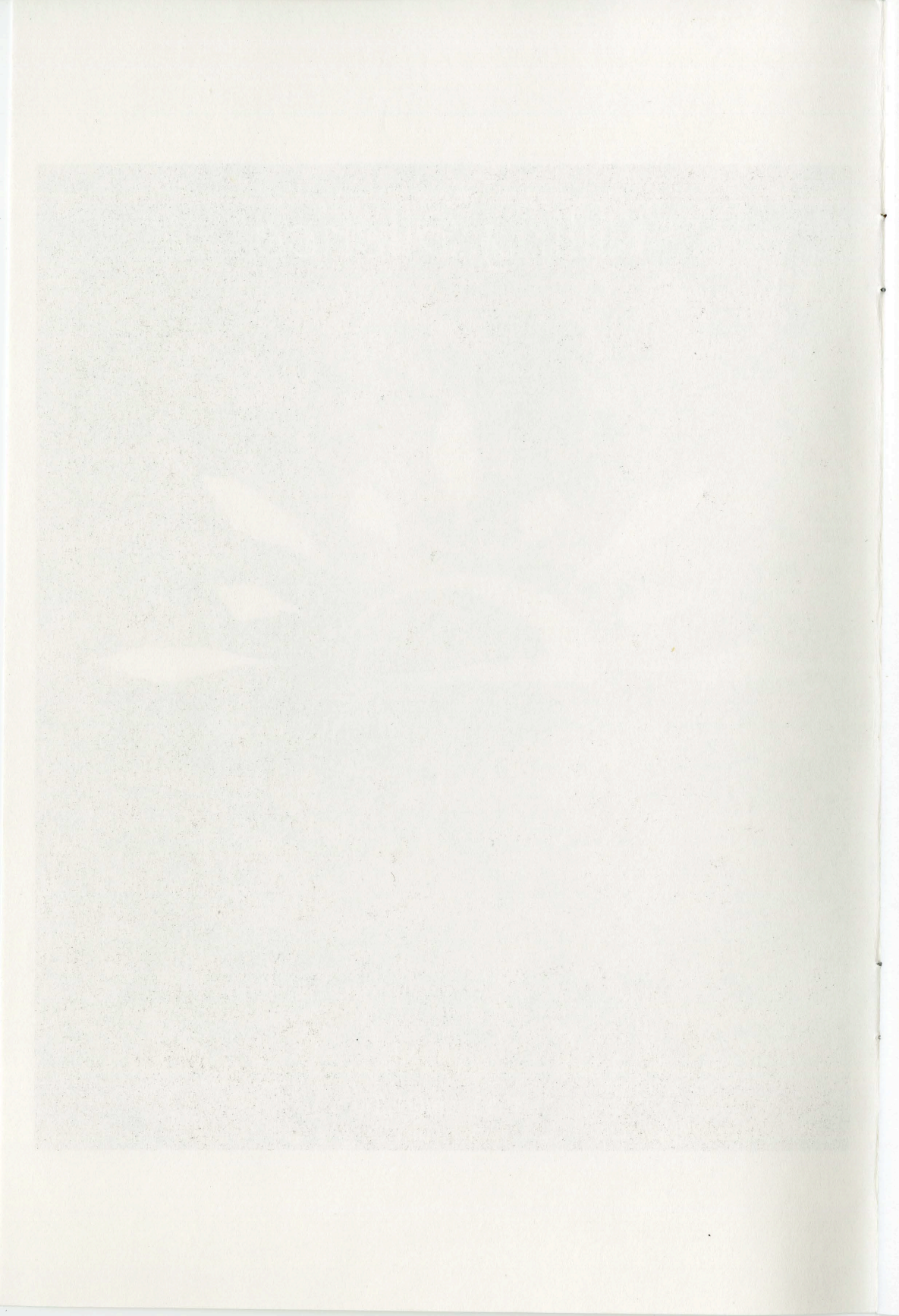
# Killing Silence



Literary Monthly

Volume 1





**"Killing silence is only worth it's result"**

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*Edited by Darren Demaree*



*"Messy Love"*

*Your grease gets in my eyes. My friend, my friend  
suggests a homeopathic remedy, she's on a new kick, but  
Your grease gets in my eyes. Listen with your roots.  
..We are not like two trees growing old together.*

*We are not like blossoming onions, served on a platter  
in a restaurant off the turnpike. You don't make me  
blossom. Your speech, has turned into a belly in my  
eyes, your belly pushes me into the mud – I frown. The  
yuck is in my mouth, my stomach. Your eyes drool in  
your sleeping, you miss the old game, I don't. I'm  
speaking –*

*Your mind try to fraternize with mine, there is no  
stimulation, no heart connection. Don't show your  
soul in the mountains anymore just because I did. You  
bottle your essence but I throw it back at you, the  
smell is mean and bares no name.*

*Crimes have been committed, vendettas satisfied, yet I  
still feel anger. But...the game we played...  
lingers successfully on your part, bravo. There is  
still vulnerability. The sun, unfortunately smiles  
wide outside my peripheral vision, and in my line of  
sight, I see two gapped teeth – the fake fillers are  
lost in the mail. But I'm speaking.*

*I'm an artist now I was told...I am powerful. So, I  
the artist conjured up images of angry, grebe blobs on  
a rough canvas, and the critics fell over my work.*

*"This is art sweetie!" Was that congratulations?  
cause my back hurts from lying on the floor...?*

*Translation immediately follows... THIS ART WILL MOST  
DEFINITELY SELL AND MOVE, and soon after that vision,  
their bodies fainted to the floor. But I say stop,  
please...this is not art, this is messy love, and  
you are only eye candy.*



"Christina Does Not Like"

Amid the darkened streets of broken glass  
I crawl to you knees bloody  
Hair and beard soaked by the reign of tears  
And to you  
And for you  
I scream  
I cry  
I wail  
I love you

"Such as Dulls"

baby blue nothings  
dancing in the autumn sky  
staring into the twilight midnight  
wishing on a disappeared star  
drinking rum while standing naked  
in a river of dry water  
bobbing robbing of mine own  
wagons carrying truths  
in little plastic bags  
with miniscule holes  
leaking streaking across the lawn  
gathered by a barrel of monkeys  
who chuckle in amusement



## "Jazz"

Dizzy always gets me going by throwing out a crazy tapestry of noise, fast, wild, shouting above the beat but never leaving it. It's "Hot House" and your notes are cast like falling leaves in crazy twisting gusts of wind.

It's Jazz and Miles Davis is there rising above his own humanity, sad, clear; cries of Africa in that lonesome voice. Solemn and alone he cries through brass, lungs compress and fingers work, it's "My Funny Valentine" and somewhere there is a tear.

Thelonius Monk jams on the keys, his piano is a typewriter of sounds! "Let go," he says in his equivalent, sounds of tin and wood, showing himself to be a great orator articulating the finer points of life; it's "Blue Monk" now and Monk is in full conversation.

What do you have to be Blue about Billie? One step behind the rhythm, your sad slow voice is searching for someone to love you. Beautiful Billie you wear a gardenia in your hair and track marks on your arm, didn't you know you were wilting away? Billie it's "I cried for you" with a lament, and you sing it so well. I wonder if you ever knew you were singing your own eulogy.

Louis, infinite sweetness, optimistic gruff old voice, you say no more worries for now, dry those tears cause you gotta know it's a wonderful world. Blow that trumpet Louis so it sounds like laughter, and everything in the world is perfect again.

I sit in my bedroom alone except for old saints of musical history and the rain, their soul in the music and that music a portrait of my own soul. Slow and sad, free and uninhibited, hidden sweetness. I listen to jazz with the pouring rain, and somehow, somewhere in my mind I find peace.

## "Tijuana"

Playing video games all night, so long  
why? It's hard to say what did myself in  
the desperation of another task  
the pin drops of another youth fair gone  
long across the dreams of warming childhood  
contraband frogs from Tijuana's shores  
looking at my father's many records  
tis just a prick, a wrinkle in my great  
gray matter, ravines and dryland and dust  
Sarah is sniffing Noxema to which  
necessitate her getting yet higher  
I'm special says Giuseppe because God  
made me, except he adds, I don't believe  
in God, another crinkle to my head



"If I had a short bouncing skirt"

If I had a short bouncing skirt

Would you hold that door a second longer

If I had hair that framed my face

Would you smile a little broader

If I had legs like silk and breasts like pillows

Would you walk over

I have worn out jeans

I can hold my own doors

I have hair that falls down my back

I can pull it back

I have legs that carry me

Up mountains and into classrooms

Would it be too much to ask for you

To hold that door

Would it be too weird to be attracted

To be attracted to a girl who might be able to lift you

Would it be too much for you

To walk over and treat me like a woman

"In Motion"

Thin waist  
Pigtails flying  
Spewing sweat into the air  
Sparkling beads of it  
Moving  
Always moving  
Sneakers hit the ground to the  
Rhythm  
Beating she feels in her soul  
STOP  
Time to energize  
She gulps from her bottle  
Water  
It does the job  
Now she's back on the floor...

Moving

More to her own beat  
Than anything else.  
But,  
The most beautiful thing  
About watching her dance?  
I can watch her  
Without ever talking to her  
Or knowing her-  
So the moment  
The memory  
Remains so simple...  
Pure energy- in motion.



"Untitled"

i emerge clutching  
at little folds in my dress  
through the door  
i step  
feeling for a smile  
my feet fumble  
awkwardly towards my place in  
a less than perfect circle  
i am helpless against  
their faces  
shallow words pass from my lips  
and I shift one leg  
over the other  
longing for connection  
lost

*"Obits, Sunday Morning"*

*Social conscience passed away.*

*(twelve-twenty-three last Friday night)*

*We neglected to barter, to share out nickels  
with his tired  
old soul.*

*He sat the street corner,  
fingers ran with thin red henna.*

*(weeping kamikaze dancers across guitar wire)*

*His hat got lonely,  
(unweighted by crusted pennies)  
so it rolled away  
and left him too.*

*And we shoved him further,  
sinking into  
the sweet street grime  
Slime of McDonald grease  
and blue copper rust melded  
under his fingernails.*

*(scientists believe it was cold fusion)*

*Trampled under high heels,  
Italian leather and rubber  
Nike soles,  
with hair involuntarily woven  
into welcome mats*

*(He was the pure One).*

*They never did find his body.*



## "A Communion"

Lois always loved pouring the perfect white crystals. Ever since the rationing for the war had ended, she had valued the luxurious pleasure of afternoon tea with sugar. She carefully measured out two spoonfuls, watching each dose slowly trickle off her polished spoon into the whirling brown water. Next she reached for the cream.

Even during the war she had plenty of cream because Brice, her beau, worked on his father's dairy farm. He would call on her in the early evening on Sundays just after dinner, and when he did arrive at her front porch, he always brought with him a chilled pitcher of rich foamy cream. Her only regret when she accepted the steel pitcher from his hands was that sugar was too carefully rationed for her to make ice cream with it. Now that would have been a treat!

Brice was one of few men younger than fifty or older than twelve who were left in her community during the war. But, because their services on the home-front were far too necessary, farmers did not have to go to Europe or Asia, so Brice had his pick of many eager young girls. This was an unusual turnabout, as normally most of the girls in the area wouldn't even want to be seen with a farmer's son. So now, having a any beau at all put Lois in the middle of gossip all over the region, especially since she was one of the quietest girls anyone knew. But Brice appeared to want to get to know her even more. When he came on those Sunday evenings Lois would serve him tea— coffee was rarely available— while suppressing her giggles when she saw his thick scarred fingers try to handle her mother's blue flowered-china tea service.

Lois looked at the silver tea service she used now and then up into the face of the young woman who sat before her, her granddaughter, already eighteen. She looked at her grand-daughters' slim long fingers that wrapped carefully around the silver handled teacup— though Jenny herself seemed to be shifting in the creaky wooden chair a bit too much, her shoulder length brown hair was pulled neatly back into a clip that Lois had given her for Christmas the year before, revealing her plump cheeks and dainty round chin, as well as her eyes which so far had shown neither pleasure or discontentment about her stay with Lois.

When Jenny called to say that she would be coming to stay for a few days, Lois was tickled and a little surprised about the opportunity to spend time with her granddaughter, but was more than a bit apprehensive about the appearance of the house. Lois had just recently crocheted a runner for the top of the buffet that had belonged to Brice's family for generations. It had been in the same spot right next to the dinning room



table since the house was built 128 years before. But even though Lois put the runner on only two days before, wanting something new to freshen up the old place, it was already grey from Mt. Vesuvius— what Brice had called their old wood furnace.

Looking up, Lois saw Jenny touch her napkin to her nose and tip her brunet head to one side. Lois's heart sank. Was it because of the odor from the cast-iron registers that heated the sun-faded yellow carpet, making her home seem to always smell like burnt wool? She thought about buying an air freshener or some of that potpourri before Jenny got there, but that always seemed so overwhelming and artificial to her, so instead each day she put fresh clippings from her climbing roses on the table. She adjusted the vase so that the prettiest blooms would face Jenny. Then smothering a yawn with her hand, Lois began to regret rising at six to dust up the house before Jenny woke.

Then Jenny answered Lois's yawn with one of her own, politely placing a hand over her round face. Lois was always in a muddle about what to say to her grandchildren. She hoped she hadn't bored Jenny with the suggestion to have tea and couldn't tell whether or not Jenny was humoring her when she agreed.

"Do you know that this is a very old tea service?"

Lois broke her silence and while also noting how different their dresses were. Jenny's light rayon sundress was sleeveless and had large purple flowers on a navy blue background, while Lois's own dress was made of a pale green polyester printed with tiny pink flowers that looked like the climbing roses on her porch. The dresses may as well have been cut from the same pattern in comparison to how similar the two people in them were. Lois thought with amusement that by the time she was Jenny's age she was already married and carrying her first child, Jenny's mother. After growing up in the era of Hoovervilles, she married into Brice's dairy farm, bore five children and spent her life looking after her husband and their boys, with a little help from her daughter of course. Oh, it had been a never ending battle to keep Diane from playing like a boy when she was little. She always tried to go with the boys when it was time to bale hay, but Lois did her best to keep Diane a little lady and out of the men's work. Lois looked down at her hands and saw years of milking in the cold barn huddled against the side of a warm Holstein, piles of coveralls next to an warped scrub board, stacks of breakfast plates sticky with syrup and pots and pans full of bacon grease, a cellar full of jars containing applesauce, green beans, pickled meats, peas, corn.



"When I was in high school, the gasoline rations allowed us to take the truck into town only once a week to buy food staples, so when there were social events at my school, I wasn't able to attend. Well, there was a very old lady that my mother knew. Anne Neading was her name, and she took me under her wing, just like a mother hen when I was young. If there was an event at school, she gave me the spare bedroom in her home to stay in because she was close to town and I could walk to the games and dances from there. Well, we got to be very close, Anne and I, and in a short while I started going to her home just to shoot the breeze with her and George her husband. That became my Saturday night social event. They had been married for over sixty years when I first knew them, and they were the quirkiest old kooks I've ever known.

"He constantly whittled, indoors even, while Anne and I visited. She would sit with me at her kitchen table and have tea, using this very service. Isn't it lovely? She was so fond of it. You see, not many people had pretty things around here, especially during the war. But she polished it and polished it and it was her absolute pride and joy. However, she was constantly bemoaning the fact that it was missing a proper handle to put through the center. Here. It was just a downright shame that she should have such an incomplete elegance, she thought.

"Every time we had tea she would complain about missing that handle, and every day George would sit and whittle away. One day she was fretting over her handle so that George looked up and said, 'Now, Anne, just what should this here handle look like?' In response, Anne explained it had to be small enough to fit through the opening in the bottom of the tray, but the base of the handle must still be big enough and sturdy enough to hold the tray up even with the entire service on it. 'And a proper handle would have a ring in the top, just big enough to fit my two fingers through,' Anne added.

"Then George stood up and walked out the back door without a word. Now that was a bit strange, because he was always so polite to womenfolk especially Anne. He just nearly worshiped her. Well, we kept on chatting though, until he came back through the door about an hour later. He had in his hand a piece of wood with a ring in the top and the whole shebang was painted red. George held it out to Anne. You could tell he decided that red was just about the right color for such a fancy tea service. And he was proud as a rooster of his present- his face was as nearly as red as the handle. Anne was slightly appalled at the



color, mind you, let alone that it was wooden, but she was also tickled pink that he wanted to give her a handle for her tea service. He put it in for her right that minute. And it's been there ever since. Now, who says antiques are just old junk?"

Then Lois looked at her granddaughter, waiting for some kind of response. But then she noticed that while Jenny's eyes were fixed intently on her lips, absorbing her every word, she was still fidgeting in her seat and wrapping a little section of her skirt around her first finger. Had Jenny even been listening?

"How old was Anne, Grandma?" Jenny asked, fingering the chipped red handle of her cup.

"Well. I don't know, exactly, but she was just nearly ancient when I was twenty. She and George took good care of each other though. You see, he sat behind her in grade school when they were just little things and they became fast friends. They stayed that way all their lives, even when they were married. Then, when she died, George was just beside himself, and he couldn't hardly take care of himself. He told me that there wasn't a time as far back as he could remember when Anne wasn't with him.

One day I was over at his home, sometime after the funeral, trying to help him just get along. And he said to me, 'Anne and me, we had a lot of good times- a lot of good times. But that woman could be an awful nuisance!!' Then, the two of us had a good long chuckle and that seemed to snap him out of his sadness to where he could fend for himself. Then, that was the day he gave me this tea service, red handle and all. Of course there were a lot of things Anne wanted me to have, like that lamp over there and some linens and things, but this is the belonging of hers that I've always been fondest of."

Then, Lois looked at Jenny who was carefully examining the tea service reaching out slowly toward the wooden handle, then wrapping her fingers and palm around it. While Lois ventured cautiously, wincing just in case Jenny would shrug as so many girls of her age were want to do, "Jenny, if you'd like to have this service some day," Lois paused and took a breath, "I'd just love for it to be yours." Then Lois reached her rough hand toward her granddaughter's smooth round elbow resting on the table and squeezed it firmly.

"Well, thank you so much for telling me about Anne. I think the red handle is just perfect for it. But I'd rather that you keep the service for when I come visit so we can have tea again."



Jenny had said this with such a wide smile that Lois pushed away the thought the girl might just be indulging her senile grandmother. For whatever reason Jenny was with her, Lois decided she was grateful.

"Alright then, but that's only if you will come to see me." Then Lois saw Jenny look toward her great grandmother's buffet.

"Grandma, did you make that lace cover?" Jenny leaned over to touch the delicate loops, and rolled them over and over studying them. Flattered, Lois still spoke as if it wasn't anything important at all, that she had just finished it and put in on before Jenny arrived.

"Do you think you could teach me to crochet?" Jenny said. "It might take a while. I don't do much sowing or knitting or anything."

Lois looked at Jenny's raised eyebrows and laughing cheeks. She wasn't exactly a beautiful girl, unless she was smiling— it made Lois warm right down to her toes. "Well, you know there is a pattern that Anne used that I could teach you. It's the pineapple pattern, and it's pretty simple."

Jenny and Lois worked for the next two days on the crochet, Lois all the while spinning yarn after yarn about Anne and George, and by the time Jenny left she had a set of doilies to put in her hope chest while Lois had finally discovered something she could share with her granddaughter. When it was time for Jenny to leave, she had already headed out the wooden screen door, but then turned and said to Lois; "Grandma, I think George knew what you and Anne would think when he painted that handle red. I think he just wanted to make sure Anne didn't forget he was in the room when you two had your tea. He did love her, didn't he?"

As she nodded in response Lois saw Jenny hesitate in the threshold, and looked at her slouched shoulders framed in the green doorway. She wasn't sure if it would make Jenny uncomfortable or not, but she did seem to want a hug Lois thought.

"Call me when you get home, Jenny." Lois took a few steps toward her granddaughter and put one of her arms around her granddaughters rounded shoulders in a strong squeeze. Jenny softened under Lois's arm and smiled wide. Then she pulled away, straightened up, and walked down the porch steps past the climbing roses and their beautiful tangled branches.



“untitled”

Beneath my window flows the mass of humanity like the irrepressible ocean.

proud seraphim dregs pulling themselves through barbed concrete modern streets

Unhappy men and women,

who ashamed of their naked vulnerabilities, averted their eyes even from the sun

who stepped on watches to keep strangers from asking the time

who gave lectures to the mountains & litanies for the sky

who copulated ecstatically under wine & night and hope of primitive understanding

who left fleeting & decrepit footprints on the terrain of the soul

who drowned in the oceanic light of television, late night commercials and prostituted

laughs & eyes

who broke down weeping twice at the sight of mad automobiles only to

get up & to be ran over on the spot & their tears forever stilled

who woke up from sleep & realized that you still hadn't escaped dreams of death

who wept at the sound of the static blues over telephone, only because

the sounds of bells drove you mad with memoirs of your childhood

who laughed over tea, vomited, made excuses & in the end stopped yourself from saying

all that was important, leaving nothing but the mechanics of chit chat and platonic

yakkety-yakking & solemn eyes & lust

who murdered, was killed, committed suicide at the solitary not of monotony played on

the bell of the day to day business

who voiced discontent but left voiceless and no more contended

who broke into pawn shops, walked into pawn shops, pawned a wedding ring for a fix,

sold off sentimentality in exchange for an angry revolver, passed on genitals or literature

or insights to passerbys

who rode for days for escape, pounded the seats in rhythm to the

clankity-clankity-clank of steel & entered a tunnel never to exit

who spent 13 hours in deep soul to soul conversation & debate with the radio only to find that the radio won't answer back



Oh Humanity! Myriad Ants! Dusty Cities! Smoke! Eyes! Cranks,  
pistols, hidden rivers of blood suffering, dying! Dead already! Starvation  
& leprosy of the mind!

When did you give yourself to grime to greed to soiled skin & defiled  
flesh?

When did you throw out your innocence like the Sunday times on  
Monday and defaulted  
yourselves to dread of death?

When did you devise that you were perverted & dirty & broken?

When did the billboards cut you up with that coke-head razor blade of  
commercialism?

Why did you get convinced that we are nothing but dirt & ash?

Stand up brothers and sisters for we are not this body of smoke and  
lacerations,

you were broken under the whip pf TV's insistence of what we ought to  
be a long time

ago, stand up and realize we are not concrete or steel or mad plutonium  
radiance or powerful machinery & cash.

"My eyes would blink"

My eyes would blink and squint,  
But only my hands and ears ever helped  
At times I felt my toes tip and my feet lose weight..

I would pause.

I didn't want to tumble like my friends,

Head over heels

Those people lost themselves

They were too dizzy to slow down and they fell.

I awoke one morning feeling my heels almost off the ground.

I stiffened, my useless eyes wide, ears turned, hands tingling.

Then something found my groping hand.

It held and traced every inch.

I felt my heels lift and my toes pushed against the tips of my shoes  
Then my hand felt the warm soft skin and moist lips give it one brief  
pressure.

My legs grew hot and my foot floated under me.

I can sometimes hear them pound out an irregular rhythm.

There are other sounds around me now

Other breathes

Other feet

Other legs

One morning I awoke.

Back planted hard against the slope.

Breath against my face.

I tasted something against my tongue.

The sudden warmth starts a flow of hot chocolate down my body.

Then I was rolling

Head

Chest

Hips

Hands

All intertwined together

Pressure of hands.

Rolling hips

Nibbling lips

I didn't simply fall, I flew.

I tumbled, pain and chocolate always there.



I awake one morning.

Lying flat.

My foot searched, my hand groped, my tongue felt cold.

My legs shook and gave way under me.

My eyes were suddenly shocked.

Lighting torn through my valley

My mountains were high above me and my valley was empty.

I felt a rush of ice rip threw my body.

Every muscle shrieked and my stomach retched.

The ground felt cold against my chest.

I knew I needed to move.

The salt on my body still sticks to the edges, but it is now turning to ice.

My forehead still presses against the ground, knees up under me.

I stayed like that till the chills forced me to place my hands flat.

I gingerly placed my feet on my ground.

I let my heel slide to the back of my shoe.

It blistered there, my head swam and my fingers blistered and bled.

We had fallen together, but we have to climb alone.



“no title”

I craved a mantra,  
a rhythm as  
yellow-soled shoes hitting the pavement,

I controlled my breath, everything else controlled me.

The mantra was a delicious savior, and  
Peripheral vision was my only depth, the emptiness  
inside was pervasive,  
growing like weeds in a kinky garden, feeling dirty  
just looking at it – feeling bad. Needing a home, and  
a  
hand – I couldn't trip, the concentration inside me was  
ferocious,  
not missing a step.

The intensity was uncontrollable  
it hurt my empty stomach, shocking anxiety, shocking  
unexplainable-

I couldn't command the attention or the control, I  
prepared myself for servitude...

to emptiness and distance from a grip on  
gravity..gravity  
replaces the real fears,

My pinky finger is moderation and I kiss it for good  
luck.

I kiss it for good vibes and  
good times and  
sleep. My eyes are tightly open,  
my mind on an opposite track...  
don't know where it's gonna go – but it really wants to  
start moving.

Stopping:  
means hard to start again,  
moving means: -

I want  
moving means stopping is inevitable  
but how scary is moving?  
you move fast and you don't even have time to bite  
your nails



*"Herself"*

*Fountain of Youth  
Water Splashing  
Droplets Bounce  
Ricochet off the cold hard ground*

*A refreshing change  
Like hot chili pepper added to a meal*

*She giggles  
She laughs  
She screams  
Life's simple pleasures  
That's what she embraces*

*While everyone else is  
Too busy  
Too consumed  
Too stressed*

*Concerned with becoming something  
-anything-  
grabbing onto a false identity*

*BUT*

*She has resigned to her fate  
And mastered the art of being  
HERSELF*



## "The Place"

Soft breezes rustle the forest's leaves  
And summer's breath frolics throughout the shaded haven.  
Bird chirp merrily and spider's webs are gently kissed  
By the evening dew.

Would a foreign passerby treading the soft and worn path  
Stumble upon the ironic sadness of this lovely place?  
Would he catch echoes of the buried hurt  
Experienced by another?

Would this unsuspecting traveler feel a tinge of the guilt  
Muttered woefully into a passing wind?  
Would he glimpse the now invisible tears shed in this place,  
Their only testimony a small cluster of violets  
Delicately reaching toward the sun's beams of life?

Would he pause and yearn for the knowledge  
Of these shadowed truths, or hastily move on?  
Would he brush off the pleas with icy fingers  
Because they mirror his own memories  
Of a grieving soul who once journeyed  
To the awe-inspiring forest in search of peace and renewal?



## "Wishing Well"

A little boy throws a penny into a well  
And wishes above all things to be loved  
And for somebody to notice  
The holes inside of him  
And what he lacks around him  
Only five and aware of every emotion  
And acutely observing the lack of it  
How bland it is without the love  
And how imperfect can life be

The boy throws a nickel into the fountain  
And prays for his little sister  
Acknowledging she is his to watch  
Allowing nothing to approach her unquestioned  
And wishing only the best for everything she does  
Guarding her every move and guiding her every step  
The element dare not attempt  
And society will not be given a chance  
For nothing will stop her soul

He sheds his only dime into the collection plate  
And explains what's wrong to God  
That mom and dad sometime scream  
While pleasantly eating dinner  
His prayer seems to be answered  
For dinner is now rained with kisses  
Instead of with acid insults  
And mom and dad now smile  
And the sun seems a tad brighter

The boy finds a quarter and gives it to a blind man  
Realizing that the man has seen too much already  
And that this quarter will show some light  
And perhaps chase away his hunger  
Now the blind man sees only the boy  
And the glow inside his heart  
For it's the little boy  
And the love he shows all around him  
Is what keeps the world from falling



*"untitled"*

*We have walked this road since birth.  
Side by side, we have tramped perpetually but never noticed  
or looked around to see that our journey doesn't need to be  
made alone.  
What was it then that caused us to turn our eyes away from  
the highway before us and on to each other?  
Maybe the sun was too bright on the horizon to look ahead  
Or maybe the opposing wind stung our eyes to tears  
Whatever it was, our eyes turned and met;  
that was the moment i knew that my journey would not be the same.  
So rest your head on my shoulder for a while  
I'll carry your weight for a while, if you do the same for me.  
Your shoes tell an old tale.  
And your face is tired.  
So put your arms around me and I'll do the same.  
We'll walk this road together.  
And who knows where it will lead.*



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The Demarees

The Russells

### **Grandly Applauded**

(\$50-\$99)

The Rathkamps

### **Thanked Profusely**

(\$49 or less)

Reed Browning







