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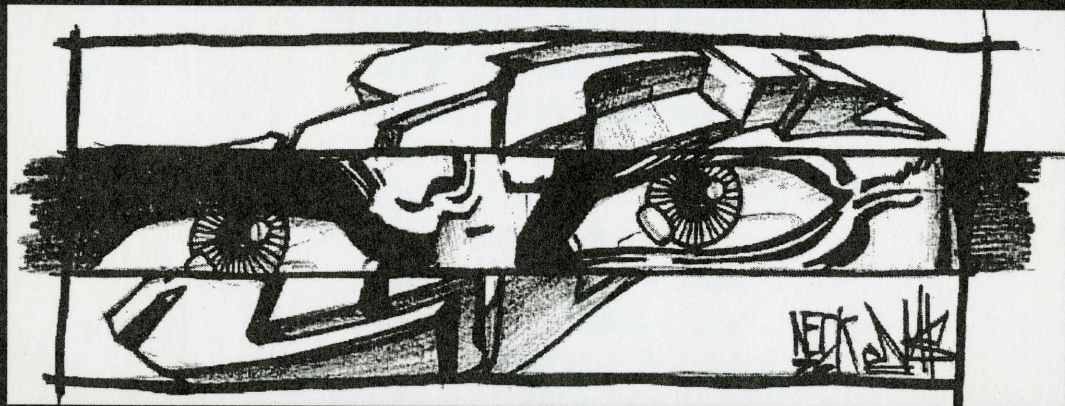
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Killing Silence



Literary
Monthly

Volume 2

Killing silence is only worth it's result

"Nudist for President" Darren Demaree

"untitled" Giuseppe

"Bathetic" Emily Task

"last night I dreamt" Mark Matienzo

"Body in motion" Kat Russell

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"Tough Skin" Allison Roger

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"Roomates" Emily Task

"Rommates" Asiya Wadud

"darning" Mark Matienzo

"After Day 5" Haley Pritchard

"just now" Haley Pritchard

"slurred wisdom" Darren Demaree

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***Special thanks to Bean Worley for his work
on the cover.***

"Nudist for President"

**The sensational craze of Tiki Lloyd brings the crowd to a frenzy
As a whimsical tune of a noise addict drowns out the roar
Insanely twisting, largely unaware, perfectly oblique**

**The fantastical presence of the nudist uncovers the ears of the
public**

**Their imagination working on nothing but his words
Innately present, emotionally rampant, physically unaware**

**The elastic truth of the man expands the room's horizon
As only the truthfulness of nakedness can
Largely focused, loosely placed, waving gently**

**An altruistic viewpoint captures his long-winded encapsulation
Rightly justifying the crowds puzzlement over the truth
Wildly confused, placidly torrent, truthfully disrupting**

**The presidential candidate in his birthday suit is in awe
Unknowingly preaching to the deaf and the dumb
Relentlessly boring, fascinatingly overbearing, lucidly apparent**

**The minutely influential crazy person is unwavering
Truthfully truthful in all he says and does
Flashing brightly, lasting shortly, quickly disappearing**

"untitled"

My blood courses
in tap tap, rain
on tin, primordial
rhythm, pulse,
beat beat beat my
heart-sponge soak
impulses of
dirt and grime
and love. Passion
in clockwork ticking
away my life. Where
shall I go with my
timebomb self?

(tick tock)

Should I sit here
letting my legs rot
and eyes stick?
I breathe, breathe,
breathe breathes, chest
rising & falling.
Maybe itch an itch?
Maybe stand? Up?
Where?

Why?

While I sit here dying,
what can I do?
I bleed my blood
internally. Thousands
of cells dying, aging.
Daily holocaust.

What can I do
as I sit here dying?

(Breathe Breathe

Beat Beat

Breathe Breathe

beat beat beat

Beat.)

Breathe.

"Bathetic"

my romantic tendencies are fucked up, and
tend to
screw me over
is that humanity?
is that romance, romance, romance,
romance
or what is not?
it has me questioning, was i brilliant,
was I a riot,
was I cute
or digging an eternal hole to my boys
across the
auditorium
cause where have i lived
there was losing my love in between
chemistry and
english
but. . .be serious, unusual is the
introspective
necessity- I_m concerned.
no more planning, that_s a concrete,
planted and yet
to be sprouted promise
i will water and nourish it, and detox
myself in the
meantime, and regurgitate the good,
cause even i shouldn_t go back there
blackmail my mind, and smack it around
this does not lead to war, internal
struggles among
the camp, but a little drama sucks up
excess energy
satisfaction= piled into work and
what. . . another concern. . . uh oh.
sleep will find me- eventually.
it has me questioning, was i brilliant,
was i a riot,
was i cute
it has me questioning, was i brilliant,
was i a riot,
was i cute

"last night I dreamt you stuck 'tween my teeth"

Dentist always pester me with 'Your
gums are swollen & receding, so remember
to floss oh yes and to rinse with fluoride'

I blame it on your soft but fibrous outside
and saccharine vapor you give off, you know,
the one that seems to rot me on contact

We all see at some point that we don't got
perfect teeth. Me with my amalgam fillings
and you, with your stains and crowns

I'd wear through your enamel if you'd let
me, but you're too prophylactic. You're a
good boy since you brush after every meal.

"Body in motion"

Deep breath

Inhale through my mouth

Exhale through my nose

Hands find places to balance

Feel and find rough places to grip to

Rope pulled taut

Don't look down

Don't look up

Let fingers wander

They catch again

Hips scrape against rock, foot turns and locks

Slide arm into tight place

Begin to pull back

The sting

The warm and catch

Place feet high

Push up

Turn and release arm

Pull it from rock and into the air

Place hands low

Turn body and push up with legs and arms

Hands search

Nothing

Legs high

Push body against earth

Scraping from nose to knees

Don't exhale

Hold together

Hold against rock

'...Of Your Eye"

**Taken for granted
The Plant,
As it flowers
Taken for Granted.**

**Methodically,
Mechanically,
Regularly,
Without thought.**

**Purposely carried,
As it was taught,
To a beautiful garden
Far from the road.**

**The road as it glows,
Unchanging, Uncurving.
The dotted line?
For passing.
But the blacktop is clashing
with its surrounding.**

**Now the flowers fall:
And is the stem strong?
And is the road long?**

**Unearthed and dragged out;
Dragged by a wolf
The Plant
Without flowers
Still taken for granted.**

**An automobile driving by,
Scared the wolf
Who dropped the Plant.**

**On the road
In the open
The Plant,
Now not taken for granted
Withering,
Dying,
Not taken for granted.**

"Tough Skins"

I hesitantly open one eye and then the other, squinting into the midmorning brightness. Stretching, I roll over and gaze at the woman sleeping beside me, my bit of wonderful. I brush aside a stray hair and kiss her forehead. Sitting up, I swing my feet over the side of the bed and shuffle out into the kitchen where I prepare to indulge in the Sunday sports page.

Over semi-soggy corn flakes, I skim the results from last night's big game. The newspaper reports a shocking defeat that had come down to the final seconds of play, overtime even. Frustrated with the loss of my favorite team, I toss aside the sports and pick up the Sears insert, thumbing through it until my eyes recognize a familiar sight.

Tough skins? Hah, I can't believe those things are still around. I remember when those were \$12.99 at Sears, Roebuck and Company. Each fall Mom would pile all of us boys into the family station wagon and we would make our annual trip to the department store for our new pair. I can still remember the stiff material that itched my thighs until the jeans had gone through numerous washes, the reinforced knees that ensured much protection against the wear and tear of our youthful adventures. I remember the way I would slip into a well-worn pair, feeling a type of security in their durability. Running, jumping, falling, skidding, all the while invincible like the superheroes we believed ourselves to be. Somewhere along the way, I lost the way, I lost the superhuman powers I had once possessed.

Sighing, I look in the direction of the bedroom where Anna continues to sleep. I wish I could somehow construct a protective garment for her. I wish I could create something she could climb into, zip up and dwell within, something that

would shield her from the harsh elements of her sickness.

Tomorrow when we pay our weekly visit to the specialist, I know the scene will be the same. Anna's lovely brow will furrow in pain and her eyes will squeeze shut as the blood is drawn and tests are run. Her fragile frame will shudder as the doctor returns with results and prescribes a new, and hopefully more successful, plan of attack.

On the way home, we will plan another of the glamorous and exotic trips we will take in celebration of her recovery. As always, she'll smile at the possibilities, clench my hand and lean on my body for support. And when I promise she will return health if she can just continue to muster her fleeting strength for a bit longer, I know my words are aimed at reassuring myself just as much as Anna.

Perhaps tomorrow will be the turning point. A breakthrough will be found. Until then, though, Anna and I are immersed in a battle she knows far better than I. My intense desire for her wellness, my unparalleled adoration, is not the impermeable shroud I wish it to be. Endlessly I pray for a substitution or a time out during which we can revise our defense without penalty, without the threat of loss. Time fleeting and I must work to suppress my rising agitation. There is always overtime, always the possibility of a victory. Onward we struggle.

In the bedroom, I can hear her begin to stir. So, tough skins... I wonder if they make them in a petite size 4?

"MFF"

You are right, man
This is not art
This is emotion
This is passion
This is not art
This is life

Hiding in the leaves of grass
Colored by the wasteland
Lies a life-altering drug
A euphoria building word
Leaking from my pen

You have never said truer words
Poetry is not art
It's more
And worth dying for

Here is where I open
And cough up my soul
And let the world stare
This is not art
This is not pretty enough, is it?

So fuck art
It doesn't hold a candle
To my emotion
To my passion
To my life

"untitled"

no love inspires me now

with my belly full and warm to my fingertips

i want nothing

not even silence

i have plenty

and the hum of fluorescent bulbs

Ambient, but far from soothing

two fingers rest

on the patch of my favorite jeans

soft changing texture

they have nearly a decade on me

where have they walked

without my legs

where have They been without me

where will i go?

"Your Amazing"

Blessed by your smile

Anointed by your kiss

Surrounded by your love

And embraced by your arms

Captured by your eyes

Enraptured by your voice

Lacerated by your words

And paralyzed by your motions

Opened by your soul

Healed by your heart

Ignoring nothing that's you

And taken aback by all that you are

"A Letter Home, From Vietnam"

I went fishing once.

That's kinda what it looked like,
all sorts of pus and guts
slipping out of
stomachs
and stuff.

And you showed me how to clean it,
to hold it tight and still,
and to cut, slashing gaping mouth
to writhing scaly tail.

It made a wet ripping sound,
like somebody splitting his pants.

You showed me
what that fish had for breakfast.
You showed me his insides,
parts even his mama couldn't see.
All the private gross secrets a fish could keep,
exposed and naked
in the sun.

But that's what it looked like.

Only a man's body
doesn't rip.

He sounds like a bat beating
a wet sack of wheat.

That is, when he's not screaming.

I wasn't aiming to clean him, honest,
but I can still see the secrets
of his inside,
his and mine.

Fishing makes me sick.

"Roomates"

distal stimuli are stimuli that lie in the distance

(that is, in the world *outside* the body)

but I have a foot in both worlds,

the liberal

my role is to ease, not heighten the

tension while my eyes find a climate in

which progress is possible, *outside* my

body

but *inside* the body, my eyes reject

seeming dogmas that say wait...wait...

wait

and my eyes touch it all

making visual the passing of the

stimuli?

Why do you compartmentalize more than

me, and you are outside of me

or inside of me, and my body

comfortable with the internal stimuli? Or

ashamed...because occasionally

those drinks are not mixed

"outside" the body is neglected not

enriched by the flowing blood through

the veins of physicality and behaviorism

NO.

one can exist without the womb and the

dependency on

naturally made nutrients, intangible

scrutiny exists on a separate plane

outside the body

and yes a future is foreseen, but the foot

the foot the foot the foot the foot the

foot

caught in between symbolism has to

separate the eggs and the milk

because "inside" the body, gravity didn't

exist and no one upheld the rules of the

road.

perceptual set- a readiness to perceive a

stimulus in a particular way

are you...well, ready...?

"Roomates"

*distal stimuli that lie in the
distance*

*(that is, in the world outside the body)
you came into my heart like a peripheral
vision*

*distant but seen, distal but present
like a chemical change- boundless-
stimulating*

*the dead and awakening the Life that
lie buried so long*

*you were my peripheral haunting Love
tempting from a netherworld and*

*boundless in your journey
boundless but oh so distant
as you reigned from above.*

*you electrically enveloped me
though intangible and sinister
as you tiptoed through the recesses of my
mind*

*forever blind of your distal eyes and your
distant smile*

*while all the while stimulating me from
afar*

*as you lie in the distance- Intangible and
fierce*

*powerful but silent and you commanded
my attention*

*you defined my life as it became a Before
and After*

with you at the center

*and you my highest god, Distal Stimuli
that*

*could only scratch the surface of my
peripheral vision.*

"darning"

(the whole time i sit next to you)
i cringe and fear and every pin
drop

is another heart each and every
needle in your vein is one more
step

toward ripping out the seam
the threading casts me out since i
think

i made a mistake cut and dry
every time i stare back all i see
are the

rows of poppies blowing in
the wind and that's all i can see
because

there is more to this but now
it's all less than what we had
before i ever

opened my eyes and saw the
sewing kit open on the floor next
to the

candle i bought you

"After Day 5"

somehow strangely
alone, familiar again
whether or not
i like it
lonely and nearly strong
my feet remember
the path
my head, this body
keeps my heart from flying

this body makes me soar

"just now"

draped in sleepy quiet and
random twang grates
from a speaker overhead
my toes feel
maybe like frozen vegetables
(aren't they about that size?)
i should've worn socks
the sun only
feigns warmth at the end of september
and i like the trees
better this way

"Slurred Wisdom"

*The drunkard whispers out loud
And lets his only guard down
Spewing only truths
Coaxed by the serum he has ingested
His mouth flows like a river
And lets everybody know
That he has lost his diamond
And what he needed most
The jewel of his very crown
Is gone forever more*

*She walked out late last night
And took his soul in hand
He would show the needed emotion
If she would only give back his heart
For what reason he doesn't know
But it matters not to him
She is not there
And only we are here to listen
I loved her dearly he pleads
Slurring his every word*

*But we laugh and drink some more
And pay no attention to the lonely fool
The drunkard swears undying love
To the floor on which he fell
Her name rolling off his tongue
And splashing in his empty cup
Nothingness filled by alcohol
Solving nothing but the air
The man screams one more time
But the wine has muffled his love*

Sponsors:

(We love you all)

Reed Browning

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The Russells

Robert and Dorothy Demaree

Rita Dailey

John W. Russel and Mary E. Fellows

"Shared Wisdom"
The drunkard's wisdom
(We have known) - but not lost
Spoken only to
Counted by
William and Clara
B. Dick and John
The drunkard's wisdom
Robert and Dorothy
His wisdom and his love
John W. Reed and Mary L. Reed

She is not here
And only we are left to
I loved her dearly
Hearing her every word

but we laugh and drink more
And pay no attention to the lonely face
The drunkard's wisdom
To the floor on which he fell
Her name rolling off his tongue
And speaking in his empty cup
Nothingness filled by alcohol
Solving nothing but the air
The man screams out more
But the wine has muffled his voice

