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KILLING
SILENCE



Literary Monthly

Volume 3



Killing Silence is Only Worth it's Result

- "adumbrated Nation" by Nick Edman*
"I Will Not Die" by Darren Demaree
"tailored international" by Mark Matienzo
"[Here the waves]" by Dresden McIntosh
"Does Time Spit or Swallow?" by James Reddick
"the acid poem" by Haley Pritchard
"Movement Weil" by Zane Jones
"Letters to Mary" by Darren Demaree
"that which will..." by Mark Matienzo
"Stung" by Emily Task
"[when I watch your face]" by Haley Pritchard
"When You Get Some Time..." by James Reddick
"Hughe's Hallet" by Zane Jones
"empty divided swarms" by Mark Matienzo
"The Only Question" by Darren Demaree

Edited by Darren Demaree

***We at Killing Silence would especially like to
thank Bob Rodda for his aid in the making of this
third issue. Thanks Bob, without you we wouldn't
have really cared.***

SGH

"adumbrated Nation"

*A coil with increasing compression
Non-ceasing aggression towards those invisible hands leaving
visible blows
Need to expose invisible foes
Goes to show, its not always needed to go with the flow
A Thoreau-fare thought motto
Education through liberation
What is your station?
Calibration of aggravation leading to
placation and hesitation, because you might get a weeks paid
vacation?
Time is wasting*

*I observe those who set precedents for reticence and
diminished effervescence
To me, that makes no sense
Our society marked by transparent transients and a lack of
variance
Oh, so tranquil homogeneity!
With a further downward spiral of the laity
So I don't believe when you say to me,
"Everything is just fine...."
Thank you Mr. Politician, when your only goal is re-election
Protraction of the ruling faction
Fractions the connection to citizen protection
That is how I justify my cries for insurrection*

"I Will Not Die"

a myriad of ghosts
and people wearing masks
like to pull at all four of my limbs
and cover my eyes with their vapor hands
they stole my pen
and crumpled my paper
breaking my pacifistic wrist
the girl cries in the corner
swearing at the motion of my legs
walking forward
past the cemetery of my piers
my tombstone some day will read
"He was only kidding himself"
but that is a step I will not take
a gate I will not enter
blanketed by the spirits of white Russians
constantly drinking white Russians
preaching the beauty of a nymphet
tickling my ear with thoughts
that my broken wrist will heal
and the trees will produce more paper
they will return my pen
later my well of ink
and I will finish my purpose
through the work and jumble
and the search for the words
leads to an everlasting eternity
with the masked fumbling with their meaning
the fumbling creating questions
that have no answers
the ghosts still repeating
through your pen
you will not die
through my pen
I will not die

"tailored international"

arms around you & sweet
walter is all i asked
he's always red in the face
whatever i whisper through
to behind the wheel
belt adjust right along a waist
that with which keeps head
and shoulders
i look him up again for a great
re-union & the night sends
next morning no one's changed
'cept me sick in the hair
eyes never be looked in so
they're lost in staring contests
across a table of snub-noses were
never meant a source of amusement
i an end never a means you'll replacing
him & i never apart until another
morning inside & out purged
on the other sides of the bars
of debtor's prison
spending too much on nothing
on you makes me reflection
days later gone back in the truck
with the rest of his kind
never knowing to return
contact in purchase inevitable
until another put in the way
tongues & hands meet over game
boards across cities
sovereign fraternity through
hands around his neck i bet
never lost a game if the ante's up
never will if we're kept face

"[Here the waves]"

*Here the waves
Crashing
Beating on my tedious heart
The quick jump
Smooth black smoke
Pierce my eyes like a wondering dart
Found sadness
Lurching
Needing a home
Your head near me
As if I was the ten of healing scars
The breast you wanted to suck
In a child's fantasy on mars
And Innocence I let you feel
Without caution
Gave in
To my sweaty palms and butterfly heart
Wide eyed
I fell without seeing the end
A web of frustration
Corner to square
Every end was a turn and every truth I bared
Realizing only then
Too late
You never really cared
Like the wave that takes me
Leaving my tongue burnt with salt
For that moment I cringe
My life
My heart at a halt
Realizations are just as real as the eyes that look back in the mirror
As the cherry on my black
The shooting star tip toeing
And weed and crack
I am not in your head so lets not pretend
Mind games amuse the lonely
Battered watch that you tried to lend
No gifts from stranger
No never again.*

"Does Time Spit or Swallow?"

We are the formulation of fading.
Stopping to catch your breath stops the
flow
of touching a little
and we

realize
time is of the essence.
When you stop to realize that
timing is everything (for the moment).

Anger and passion all become
remembering (the hazy face of the past)
in an hour day week
(anger and passion means nothing
matters

after the moment) except breathing. And
if you're thinking nothing
then are you nothing (but
drinkeatbreathe repeat)?
I lose myself in thought and cease to
stick

and realize where I am
but not who I am
(except breathing).
Do you die between breaths?

"Movement Weil"

*Be with me for the final moment
Movement like moon
I'm with you at every moment
Concepts find me cool
I'm sorry for what I said in there
Attest to all three
I was hurt before now
With me my strong memory
We have two rings together my love
Methods with sound and division
I wonder when you're going to quick leave
Please dream on a twenty-fifth
I'm sorry for being short with you
Play it over on a 45
Do you want to be in me?
Again give it track for art
I do
Uses a plenty, many a mind
Aren't you going to lie with me?
Lost him, found my bird
You're on schedule, leave
Nuts rice refill it soon or be stale again
Be with you at meal tomorrow
Very Unlikely Thief
Pictures of what we need-I know what you're up to
Low lovers always painted sweetest today god?
Close them correctly
Sodium kills faster than fat, mom
I have no friends anymore, except you
Recorded to light and house
It's always worse when you know the author
Engineered with the britian candy
I'm gone without you
And mixed from overlying messages of sweet virgin
I'm listening to cool in 405 right now
Make me a better man
Me in night's hold
Lover in your curl
Better than not
Man adores god*

“Letters to Mary”

It's the letters to Mary that provide my day with sun
And keep the ominous clouds away
Written by all inside my everything
A pen dipped in my heart
And paper torn from my soul
Allowing the only beauty of God to shine through
And love to be known by her every breath
Righteous muses prance inside my fingers
And admire Mary from afar
Emulating the muse of the world
And what she's given our everyday
Refusing nothing granted by cupid
And extracting light from the dark night
Adding color to the gray I reside in
Focusing on the killed silence
That happens when she walks in
Giving the lack of what I possess
Nothing left behind
Mary smiles upon me gently
And nods as I ramble forth
Residing in heaven
And visiting upon request
In dire need of beauty
Mary fills my room with glory
Makes my life full
All the while the letters to Mary pile up beside my bed

“the acid poem”

in the pointed shadows where the light leaks in
I find you,
my friend,
drowning beside the dirtied shore, screaming,
you just can't find the door
the end of the line
the jagged claws of time unwinding
before your crying eyes.
will you ever get back?
or will you lie down on the tracks and wait
for that soft engine sound
the one that's been hunting you down
frantically,
you pound your fists on my confusing skin
rippling, shuddering within,
terrified of my pasty grin
I am transformed
inside your private hell
and the twisted drug that is your shell
explodes your mind.
leaves Reality behind. Suddenly,
you really are dying
among our broken words spoken
not heard
and my stomach churns as the red creeps into your
eyes
shattered, hypnotized
by patterns and lines and whys
flocking, swarming like hungry flies
closing in on the prize
burrowing through your disguise
they find,
at the fragile center,
your mind.

"that which will fill what you long for in yr apartment"

for s.

*both casualties We rise gingerly to occasions when you
put yourself into every bit of what'd we do; i catch hot
oil on my tongue For we are empirod but not yet sensual
when error is in our path – i'm short on our cache so
make sure i give credit where credit's due. two sides is
enough but we don't need to verify another vegetable
but those new onions. & we'll set a place at the table for
our guests for those who didn't RSVP; our doubts and
overexpenditures, my friendly fascism, and all your
patience. i very much'd like t'ask you'f we can stop our
identity with such a tasteless dish – O, let me take all the
blame, for i always seem to add too much. nonetheless,
like a mountain goat once said i'm feeling the blood be
tween us churning thick as motor oil; & now i wait with
legs relaxed. once again let me take the backseat for none
can pry apart the freeze of days and drinks of which i self
deny. Oy, gevalte our mouths on fire (again my mistake)
yet my apologize arises when i can share my recipes and
nothing else when you are finally fearless about your skill*

"Stung"

the sting of the bee of the stigma of being alive.

she fucking swallows hard cause her mouth dried up

from the sting of the insemination of the fake sympathy into her body into her cold mind after she

told her story. once, she looked at the mug shots and

she started her engine and she willed her fourteen

year old body to breathe again, and she was not to be

stung again. her strong will was synonymous with our

catharsis; our catharsis was not hers, this strong

will says again and again i do not need this, i do not

care. the sting and the stigma live again and again. .

.and stands in the cold and her body is in the cold,

and her mind is in the cold, and she equates the cold

with the betrayal and the sting of that fourteen year

old day. the sting fucks with the supposed solidarity of this day, we are not one with her. . .

we sleep with the honey, she sleeps with the sting.

she_s got a ratio of 10:1. . . that_s a powerful

shot- rings out everytime she is reminded, the sting is in the cold in the air around her when she breathes. that fourteen year old day breathed masculine mentality into that fourteen year old body.

. .the violence morphed like shit so fast into her, he couldn_t walk off with all that egotistical, maniacal pursuasion, he shared the fucking wealth. And she walked away from that day with a different walk and a different anger. . . she_s padded now and that protects her from the cold, but she gets angry and she magnetically lines up her words like bullets to shove that third wall against our noses. . . and she is never finished, never will be until that sting ceases to exist.

“[when I watch your face]”

when I watch your face
exploding, unfolding
before my eyes, my view
before the sun rises
if you only knew how unmistakable
your hair looks on my pillow, in this calm
i breathe your breath, delicious
in my lungs, you singe my skin
with your sunshine
and your arms intertwine with mine
from behind I feel your body move
soft and cool
we have no rules to save our faces
or hide our disgraces,
and your hand chases my fingertips,
it closes and grips,
you bring my hand to your lips.
it's this exactly this
very moment that sets me free
lets me believe blindly
when my heart hurts this reminds me
of forever,
and how it could be
between you and me and our gasping ecstatic energy
on these soiled flannel sheets,
i feel your feet between my feet,
cold and comforting,
together in the wish for this stolen moment of bliss and,
i admit,
i woke you on purpose, if
only this moment were endless

"When You Get Some Time to Sit and
Think"

I heard singing but nothing was there.
And when you spoke it was nothing
but the hum and twitter of a day.
You tried to suck me in
but I shut you out.
You left nothing but hair
in the drain, soap on the sink
and dried spittle on the mirror,
unpaid credit card bills from places
I've never been,
with signatures I never wrote.
There's no reverberation of
fifty "fuck you"s
and broken glass.
Sound dies into memory and keeps dying
until it fades to nothing
and glass is half as impressive
swept up as breaking.
I cleaned the kitchen
and wiped the mirror clean
and wait for the sound to die.
I can still hear your sounds.

"Hughue's Hallett"

*Get it on
Found it with- don't wake me till 9
Butch walking aside the door
Lye on casio and kiss the hesitation
Found myself to be with those of god
Her holds it false
Her holds it true
Let it go and may it not stop
For my shame
Set right
You are correct
Gleeson-lock-lock-flath-et al.
Against all others
Her against me- it goes
I can stop drawing for two
Might I be case to stone and
Hardened with black soil
Might her finally cast upon me haste
For what has been on.
What I will do
Has been here
Here all the time
On.*

Off.

"empty divided by swarms"

for e.

*i wish you wanted the
midwest in the palm of
your hand and everything as
thirty miles per hour
when you're accenting the
wrong beats you syncopate
behavior as a rhinestone
cowboy was meant to.
you're an anodyne to this
duct tape life of blackouts
and lapses in my mind flow,
salvaging the dregs
from dumpsters and
scrapheaps. i will escape
through the
northeast corridor only to
set foot on your
stomping ground. let me
walk with you barefoot when
the
earth's still frozen. give me
assurance like the locusts'
seventeen year
reappearances. together
we'll collect remains of the
moltings, carrying
them as trophies. lifetimes
with you'd not be enough
for me to feel half as
complete as i would now.*

“The Only Question”

How long

Do

You

Expect

Me

To stand

Here

Naked

While

You

Sit there

Fully

Clothed

?

Sponsors:
(We love you all)

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