



SR
2010

Foreword

Writing is unique from almost every other art form in its necessity for solitude. Cohesive literature cannot be formed by group input, like musicians combine to form a symphony, like actors can combine to form a production. I say almost because for visual artists the process must be nearly the same. As one person cannot move the hand of the writer and compose for him, neither can another move the brush of the painter—or whatever the medium—to create the same art.

Those creations are influenced by what others build around them. They cannot be the same when performed alone, while a work of literature or visual art is unchanged no matter where, or when, you experience it.

That is the significance of this journal. Printed, bound, and distributed, it is permanent, definite in the ideas it presents. Yet it is a collusion of arts. Every word, every piece is unique to its creator, but together they make up more than the whole. This journal represents a colorful collection of viewpoints, our way of bringing distinct voices into a choir to celebrate the beauty of our art.

Katie Christie, Editor

LIT

06	Katie Christie	<i>Interview with Kevin Wilson</i>
12	Anne Brettell	<i>First Night</i>
14	Jennifer Manning	<i>Death is a Salesman</i>
20	Martha Hunter	<i>Il Duce in the Mud</i>
22	Monika Groppe	<i>Symbiosis: Salsa & a Chip</i>
26	Billy Ritchie	<i>Goliath at the Academia</i>
28	Trenna Sharpe	<i>Remember I Do That</i>
30	Kathryn Stewart	<i>I Flew Away</i>
36	Laurel Jones	<i>Echo</i>
38	Case Duckworth	<i>The Storm Crosses the Threshold</i>
40	Cara Vandergriff	<i>Human Resources</i>
44	Vanessa Parks	<i>Decay</i>
48	Matt Haines	<i>Remnants of Ida</i>
50	Monika Groppe	<i>Then & Now</i>

ART

56	Austin Reed	<i>Untitled</i>
58	Kevin Hill	<i>Convulsive Obsession of Destruction</i>
60	Caroline Board	<i>Babble</i>
62	Jessica McGhee	<i>Univers Type Specimen</i>
64	Nolan McGuire	<i>Untitled</i>
66	Sherry Leary	<i>Segregation</i>
68	Olga De Klein	<i>Noses</i>
70	Lillie Somerfield	<i>Articulate</i>
72	Drew Meyer	<i>Bathtime</i>
74	Natalie Roig	<i>New: Faith, Truth, Complications</i>
76	Heidi Vasterling	<i>Just So</i>
78	Laura Winn	<i>Self-Portrait #57</i>
80	Gracey Harvey	<i>Trophy Wives</i>
82	Troy Bowman	<i>Not That</i>
84	Daniel Wroe	<i>{and per se and}</i>
86	Robert Parker	<i>I See String</i>

Author: KATIE CHRISTIE
Title: INTERVIEW WITH KEVIN WILSON
Type: INTERVIEW
Level: JUNIOR

What do you think draws you to the short form?

I was drawn to the form when I was first trying to figure out how to write because it had less potential for failure. I could write a ten page story and if it was awful, I hadn't wasted a year or two of my life. In terms of figuring out how fiction works, all the elements that get the initial idea to that place it needs to go, the short form is the best way to learn. And, as I got better at it, started to figure out what I was doing and what I wanted to do, I stuck with the form. As a reader, I love the short form because you can read a twenty-page story and it can have the same emotional resonance as a 500-page novel. That's really incredible to me, it feels like a miracle, and I love that moment when a story explodes in a way that you could never have expected.

Have you written a novel?

I just finished a novel, which will come out next year with Ecco, and I think I would have liked to stick with the short form because I'm beginning to figure out how it works, but the publisher, rightly so, wanted a novel next. And I was really interested in seeing, after failing at writing a novel on two occasions, if I could do it. I wanted to see if I could take the things that make my short fiction work and stretch it out over a larger canvas. It was really scary and, when I finished the first draft, very rewarding. But I'm itching to get back to short stories.

Your stories are mostly based around the impossible—or at least the improbable. Where do you think the inspiration for these stories come from?

As a kid, into my teens, right up until I went to college, I did not read serious "literary" fiction. I might accidentally read something like that, but I mostly read comic books and detective novels and Dragonlance books. And so a lot of my ideas about how narrative works was based on these forms, where weirdness is encouraged, even expected. On the first page of a comic book, a dude can shoot lasers out of his eyes and, in the next panel, a gorilla with a jetpack can punch a Nazi. I loved that, how quickly you could accept weirdness if it was presented with conviction. So, when I started to write, that's what I relied on, the idea that, if I did it right, I could get weird. And then, once you introduced the weirdness, you had to work to earn it, and that made me care about the characters and the outcome more than I would have otherwise.

What kind of reactions do you get when people ask you what your stories are about and you say something like "A grandmother for rent"?

So rarely does anyone ask what my stories are about. If they do, I usually tell them that they're about people in strange situations. They're about how people deal with the weirdness of the world. They get kind of bored when I say this, so then I tell them my stories about cheerleaders making out with twelve-year-old boys and then they're long gone.

Do you write every day? Do you have any other "writing routines"?

I do not write every day. I don't write every week, even. I have a full-time job. I have a two-year-old son. I have a wife. I like to watch lots of TV. I love to watch silly videos on the internet. I have to check Ebay every few hours to make sure that I'm going to win the Batman statue I'm bidding on. I write when I can and try not to feel like a failure if I don't get something written that day. I try to tell myself that I'm always writing in my head,

that it takes a hundred drafts of the first few lines in my head before I ever start writing. That helps, makes me feel like, even if I'm not in front of my computer, I'm still digging into the stories I want to write. But when I get started, I give in to it. I write hard, non-stop, and then I can spend the lean times revising that initial work.

For routines, I don't really have many. I eat lots of candy. I wear my pj's. I sit on the floor. Sitting at a desk feels like being at my regular job, so I get down on the ground and sprawl.

Do you think it's important for writers to stay in the academic and/or publishing setting?

It really depends on what you want. I think it works for some and doesn't work for others. For me, I write hoping that what I write will be published so that it will be read by an audience larger than myself and my immediate family. Even though you understand that it probably won't be a bestseller or show up in the *New Yorker*, you hope that someone will read it and like it. And that makes me feel connected to something larger than the work itself. I think I need that. I started writing because I was so lonely, felt very strange in my own skin, and writing helped me feel like I could be good at something, that I could make something with my own hands, and so, ultimately, I want that connection to other people. I live a very isolated life, out in the woods with my family, and writing and reading is the main way that I feel like I'm part of a larger, important thing.

Why do you stay involved with beginning writers, working with students at The University of the South?

The easy answer is that I get paid, and I need that money to buy those Batman statues that I need to own. But, really, it's thrilling to be around writers who are just starting to find out what they can do with the form. You read something that is rough and ungainly and then you find this absolute gem of a line and you feel like the world is a really wonderful place because lines like that exist. You read a lot of bad writing, but that's to be expected. The job is to show them how to get better and, when it happens, you feel a real sense of pride in being close to that progression. Maybe I had very little, ultimately, to do with the change, but it's exciting to be around it.

Whose criticism do you trust the most?

Very few people read my work. I have one friend who is a very good writer and I trust her opinion. And my editor, of course. My agent is really amazing at finding what's wrong with my work and figuring out how to fix it. But my wife is the person I trust the most. She's a great reader, partly because she's an amazing writer, and one of the reasons that I trust her opinion is that she knows me so well that she has a good idea of what I'm trying to do, and that

helps in communicating what's working and what's not in a certain piece. She knows what makes me tick, and she can see that in the work, and so she can get inside the writing so much faster than anyone else.

Where do you look for inspiration? Does other work inspire or stifle you?

Other writers. Comic books. Movies. I love reading other authors and I know it's a huge part of what makes me want to write. When I read a really amazing story or novel or poem, it makes me want to write, to try to match the feelings that the piece elicited. A lot of my stories are attempts to copy other, better, writers and figure out how they make it work. I have never read something amazing and felt stifled. I might recognize that I'm not at that point, and probably never will be, but it still inspires me to try. I know people, writers, who won't read anyone else's work when they're deep into a project and I guess I understand that, but it seems really limiting, that you cut yourself off from figuring out how to improve your own writing, or to further establish your own desires for what your writing can do.

What are you reading right now?

I'm reading Joshua Ferris's novel *The Unnamed*, which is really amazing. It's kind of emotionally draining to read, frankly, but he's such a great writer that you can't help but keep going. I'm also reading an anthology called *First Year: An MLP Anthology*, which collects the first year of this amazing flash fiction chapbook press, Mud Luscious Press. It includes some of the weirdest, most exciting fiction I've read in a while. And I'm listening to *The Haunting of Hill House* by Shirley Jackson on audiobook, because she's awesome and it never hurts to go back to her work. And I'm reading, always, books from the *Hard Case Crime* series, which includes reissues of out-of-print noir classics. The language in these books, the precision of the narratives, and the surprisingly strange humor, are just fantastic.

What are you most looking forward to?

Finishing this novel and being able to say that I've written a novel.

Kevin Wilson is the author of the collection, *Tunneling to the Center of the Earth* (Ecco/Harper Perennial, 2009). His fiction has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Tin House*, *One Story*, *Cincinnati Review*, and elsewhere, and has twice been included in the *New Stories from the South: The Year's Best* anthology. He has received fellowships from the MacDowell Colony, Yaddo, and the KHN Center for the Arts. He lives in Sewanee, Tennessee, with his wife, the poet Leigh Anne Couch, and his son, Griff, where he teaches fiction at the University of the South and helps run the Sewanee Writers' Conference.

Author: ANNE BRETTELL
Title: FIRST NIGHT
Type: POETRY
Level: SENIOR

Dark opens her mouth full of stars.
Our windows bear
their pin prick copies - silence burning
color into glass.

Beyond the house, a deer lies emptied
of its breath. The night
eyes wait for a chance to own her entirely.

Our breathing slows on this small patch
of grass, lifting us over
the bones of ancient hunters, the ghosts
of their arrows moving through the trees,
searching for the buried
beat of a heart hiding under the weight of dawn.

Author: JENNIFER MANNING
Title: DEATH IS A SALESMAN
Type: CREATIVE NONFICTION
Level: SENIOR

The smell made me sick—soured laundry, wildflowers, and glue, growing like fungus in my throat, like an aged pill of penicillin loitering on the stern of my tongue. I sensed it from the parking lot. Its potency whirled and blurred and crawled into the concrete's yellow-white lines, shoving them into the cracks of the paved black asphalt, suffocating the pale, unmoving cars. When my feet swung from the backseat of our rust-eaten wagon and touched the ground, the smell knew. It was an animal in heat, creeping into my sable cotton dress the second the wind sighed, lingering, smothering life.

"Just follow the signs," Dad said, waving and still smoking his Marlboro by the car. He loved those sticks, puffing on them one after the other to avoid reality, making an impression in the butt, and when the last drag was stolen, he'd flick it to Nature, never mind his lungs. One day this will be his day, because nothing, not even breath, is unbound to mortality.

Watching his tainted gulp of nicotine exhale into the chill, I nodded, walked across the lot, and crossed the glass threshold by myself, entering into a starkly vast dimension of mysteries and incurables, of concepts not measureable with scales, vials, or clocks, and I wondered with the only functioning constant: imagination. The endless, white walls lost depth when the door crept closed behind me, entrapping me with the raw odor that at once pierced the lining of my stomach with its thousand swords, sharp and toxic. Soured laundry—wildflowers—glue—poison—venom—a bulge was traveling up my esophagus, but I quickly swallowed it, throwing my hand to my mouth. Weak, pallid, and ailing, I drove my lips together and leaned against the welcoming chair, a vacant, green velvet couch facing a fireplace aged with ashes. In that moment, I wasn't celebrating the joys of life, nor honoring or grieving its loss. I wasn't reflecting on the significance of memories or predicting the impact they would have in my future. I couldn't recall his final expression or the last time I saw him before he bumped into God. Even the comforting green velvet sofa on which I was resting faded from my field of view, because all I could feel, all that was tangible, was the morning omelet churning my stomach into buttery curdles. In that moment, death was inconvenient.

No one saw me camping there, ghostly pale and immobile like the choking cars outside, because the lobby was empty except for the signs mapping out freeways to different rooms. I trailed them with my eyes, attempting to find the treasure or doom at each end, but the lines were longer than

my patience, and I returned to an absent gaze, still leaning. Then I heard my dad approach the door. Inhaling feebly, I peeled myself off the couch and quickly followed the lengthy road markers, hoping he wouldn't walk in and catch me skulking.

There were no shortcuts. As I hobbled in black, t-strap heels down a hallway on the right then another on the left, I passed several closed doors, several marks of Doomsday, several thresholds within the threshold from which whimpers and wails screamed. Finally I reached a billboard labeled "MANNING." It was big, just like those letters, and the "M" underlined the entire word, finishing with a fancy ringlet near the "G." Inscribed underneath it was a holy logo and a transcendent Bible verse, silent cues that he never went to church. The kitschy nexus was framed with a leafy-vine sublime border so that all "MANNING" needed was an LED blinkety-blink sequence flashing to a poetic opus. Death was merely a garnishment.

"You ain't gone in yet?" Dad asked, walking down the hall, straightening his borrowed, khaki blazer. It looked two sizes too big. When he reached me, he patted me on the shoulder, and the coldness from his hand slithered down my spine, reminding me that I felt sick.

Placing my hand on my abdomen, I said, "No, had to go to the bathroom." I lied, of course, but it made me want to go. It could have been my escape route, my stage left exit, my own cigarette by the car, but then I remembered where I was. Those bathrooms were probably haunted.

Dad and I made our way into the wake room, stopping to sign our names in the sympathy notebook as if an autograph would cure anyone's mourning hangover. I'd love to be the ink imprinted on those pages, slumbering in a top shelf box, collecting dust, waiting on someone to read me, to decipher me, to find meaning in life through a forgotten stranger's name then rot in the trampled earth like an animal corpse, after the house is bulldozed down. It's just a book that memorizes what lamenters will soon forget, another expense in the production of death.

In honor of this performance, I wrote a rhyming couplet in the condolence folio instead of just signing my name. I always do immature things like this when I see a platform for creative expression, a means of self-serving musings, like when my first short story got published, and they asked me for a brief biography. Seeing the opportunity for artistic demonstration, I discussed the injustice of the Iraq War, convinced that my maverick eccentricity would impact readers; turned out, there were no readers because it was never published. The couplet, though, is forever imprinted, for whoever took it home, and I can remember it exactly because I rehearsed it in the car:

"Thanks for the lesson of time, Moose:
Never ride life in the caboose."

My uncle's name was Moose. Why? Because he loved tigers. I once asked him for the origin of his nickname, but his answer was inconclusive, and he referenced me to my dad, whose given name is Robert and whose nickname is Chuck. "Chuck-Chuck-Bo-Buck-Banana-Fana-Fo—". That was my first curse word: age nine. And, truthfully, when I finished the 'e' on caboose, I wanted to say FUCK so badly that I could taste it in my throat, literally taste it, the flavors of FUCK, because my gullet was a canal of radiating eggs and coffee like methane gas burning at a wastewater treatment plant.

Well, "Fuck it" is what I really wanted to say, two words that meant casual departure. Planning on exercising the phrase, I put the pen back on the pity podium and turned towards the long, marked hallway; the same instant Aunt Joyce charged at me from the side, bringing with her a waft of soured laundry, wildflowers, and glue.

"Have you seen him?" she asked, her fist stuffed with a snotty tissue.

"Who?" I replied.

"Him," she said, as if I had disrespected the lifeless body. A Manning by marriage, wedded to the brother of Moose and my dad, she saw anything and everything as a sin against Christ, unless she did the sinning herself. For years the Poor Me, pill-popping imposter mooched off of Moose, claiming to be on hard times while praising her flatterers and condemning her appraisers. The lines on her faces resembled a Carney Landis experiment.

"No," I said, squinting my nose. "Just got here."

"Well, come on then. He'll want to know you came."

Joyce grabbed my wrist and hauled me to the metallic gray coffin where people gathered and gazed and socialized like newborn vampires, curious but timid to look at him. She started howling and sobbing: "Why did—I just—no one—can't believe—he left me so much money." Joyce reeked of tactlessness. At least the dense, lurking smell of transience unearthed itself immediately, unlike her, who masked it with the social perfumes of language.

I peered into the box, looking first at Moose's hair because, well, hair says a lot about a person. When I wear mine without curl, I'm lazy, but with curl, I'm wearing a pushup bra with offensive underwire. My mom is in her fifties and still puts her gray-blond locks in a Winnie the Pooh scrunchie, being ageless and juvenile simultaneously. Moose's, though, was combed in a way he never wore it, as if he were a commedia dell'arte character; his black hair resembled wet strands of plastic fiber, similar to Oliver Hardy, but lacking the toothbrush mustache. He looked ridiculous.

"Didn't they do a great job?" Joyce suddenly asked, draping her arm over me.

Why do people ask this at funerals as they gawk at stiff bodies? Can death really be beautiful with a little formaldehyde and two-shades-too-dark foundation? After forty-six years of suffering the Mannings' genetic disease, an illness of fermenting sweat which vegetates the skin so that it rises like yeast in the sun, did she honestly think Moose would want people staring at a bloated Charlie Chaplin facsimile? Even he looked dead in his coffin.

So, I shifted toward her and said, "Yes. He looks like he used to." She took it as a personal compliment, tending to be proud of her follies when she's high on Vicodin. To avoid further dialogue with her, I let my eyes avert and wander back into the satin-lined casket, this time observing his suit, being careful not to look above his neck because something about permanent expressions disturbs me. Imagine if you died at the age of seven while making that do-it-too-long-and-it-will-freeze-that-way face, or during the muscle-tightening procedure called orgasm. You would be plastered on the cover of *Weekly World News* next to a breathing stillborn puppy or Al Gore. Before Moose, I don't recall ever looking at a deceased person's face. It was something I tried to avoid like Aunt Joyce and the Plague. Remembering that person in their delights and movements of life was time better spent, and fewer nightmares, than seeing undying expressions.

Moose's body will eternally haunt me. As Joyce yapped and swung and wept to the visitors, Dad finally approached the obtrusive box to see his brother. You have to understand how strange this is; Dad never looked into coffins at funerals, including his mother's, because he wanted to remember them in life, not in death. I had never seen him so solemn and morose than the moment his feet stopped beside me, and he stood in silence for the number of minutes it took me to swallow seventeen times.

One sleeve of his borrowed khaki blazer shrunk to his knuckles as he reached his right hand into the casket, resting it gently on Moose's folded hands. Like an idiot, I followed with my eyes, fascinated and anxious by the bizarre undertaking, swallowing an eighteenth time when I saw my uncle's face again. Dad was staring at it. I saw two tears zigzagging down his wrinkles, so I put my hand on his shoulder the way he did mine after my first car wreck, my first school suspension, my first breakup.

Then I felt it. For a second, and for the first time, I felt death enter my heart as I shared, what seemed like days of quiet hours in a monastery, an endless second of trinity with Dad, Moose, and myself. I didn't feel sick; I didn't smell that awful smell or taste the flavors of FUCK; I didn't care about my pill-addicted aunt or my stupid rhyming couplet. In that moment, I was standing on the line between what was and what was not, between pleasure and pain, between the beginning and the end. I saw breath in fatality and felt life in the dead.

But it was short-lived. When my dad removed his hand from Moose, touched mine, and disappeared, I was still gazing at the costumed carcass,

in sort of an epiphanic trance. Then Joyce, who was carrying a cup of medicinal coffee, buttonholed me between the coffin and the flower bouquets, asking, "Didn't they do a great job?" The repetition and smell of wildflowers brought me back to concrete truth: I was at a funeral home, standing over a corpse, inhaling putridity, and watching my aunt make a circus out of mortality.

Blinking, I cleared the abstract blur and nodded to her opaque comment, my stomach rumbling more riotous than ever. When I saw Moose's shriveled, jaundiced hands clasped together over the black buttons of his suit, that smell of soured laundry, wildflowers, and glue swam up my nose and paddled down to my intestines. It was a wrench at full torque, tightening my dangling bolts and securing me to a sickness as I stood there sweating. That, the thunderous sound of mucus climbing in and out of noses, and the sight of what is to come made it happen. Vomit sprinted to my mouth.

Forcing my tongue to the palate, I gulped and covered my lips and nose and rushed out of the wake room, past the condolence book, up the right hallway then the left, by the green, welcoming couch, and into the parking lot where the cold air stunned my senses into an iceberg of lack. Surprisingly, my stomach instantly settled. The stench that had greeted me when I first arrived at the funeral home seemed to have drifted away, or it was colonizing behind the glass door, secretly waiting for the next respect-paying prey.

I watched my sullied breath fog the parking lot air that seemed to have wrestled out of the smell's grips, and I wondered what I had gained from seeing Moose dead in a coffin, a box, a one-bedroom apartment soon to reside six feet under the ground. But then I wondered what I had lost in the moment I shared with Dad. And the answer to both questions is nothing. Funerals are for the living, not the departed, and although I hate funerals because they make me sick—the smell—the taste—the feeling—maybe I am just sick with selfishness, an undertaker of healthy veneration and gravedigger burying the ways of living with lifelessness.

Jennifer Manning

Major: English, which turns out to be as useful as Latin.

Year: Van Wilder.

Hometown: Pick any trailer park, we're all connected.

In case the only words about me appear in my obituary, I dedicate this biographical section to those snuffed out, shuffled off, ex-life souls whose personal histories were put down in a death notice.

Author: MARTHA HUNTER
Title: IL DUCE IN THE MUD
Type: POETRY
Level: SOPHOMORE

War is a sheet hanging, dripping red with each gust of wind and staining our walkway. Mother says she'll wash it tomorrow and clean the pigs with it, but the rain will trample their filth before that. Mussolini trampled our fields, splashing in the puddles while Little Goodemote ran after with *Il Duce* yelling "*Vaffanculo!*" the whole way to Pienza. But we didn't really make it there. Or anywhere, for that matter. The rotten soil of creativity hung like dresses in the room that night with careful moonlight filling its curves. Everything smelled like rain and we thought it would never stop because everyone's pigs were already wet. The rain filled our hearts with reason, weighing them down again after so many compliments. "You're so radical" the *turistas* say with their dirty jeans which almost fit well if you squint enough. But before we shake their hands and welcome them to their new favorite vineyard, the pigs remind us to change their troughs because the food tastes like soap and, by God, if there's anything a pig hates, it's soap. And the girls weren't really that pretty, anyway. So I guess we're back in the barn chasing those pigs through the flowers they've brought in.

Author: MONIKA GROPE
Title: SYMBIOSIS: SALSA & A CHIP
Type: CREATIVE NONFICTION
Level: JUNIOR

The Order

*"In Africa, when people need food, they don't really care
where it's from."*

Saturday and I met at Taco Mac during March Madness. Although we cheered for the same team, our reactions differed. During times of peril, I cringed. In moments of joy, I smiled. Either way, Saturday yelled, "Man! How you do that thang?!" to the TV overhead. During a time-out I asked where he was from.

"Liberia, girl!" he said, briefly explaining. "My family came and got me, pretty much. My parents were missionaries and we moved from Liberia to Florida. We lived there for a little bit, then went to Montana. From that place I found a church here in Chattanooga that needed help. I came down to work that thang and be a 'lectrician." Intrigued by what he said and how he'd said it, I was shy to relay that I'd only relocated from west Tennessee to east, from the smoke of Memphis BBQ to the soft Smokey Mountains of Chattanooga.

I wanted to learn more about him but was at a loss for where to start. Above us a Liv-a-Littles Protein Treat for Pups commercial provided me with a conversation starter. I asked him if he'd ever had a pet.

"Yeah," he said, "even though pets over there aren't really the same. I had a dog named Blackie. He used to smell out possums and stuff. One time though, he didn't come back from the bush. My brothers and I went looking for him. We found him. A boa constrictor got him and squeezed that man to deaf."

"Wow, I'm sorry," I said, imagining how disturbed I'd be if I saw my dog trapped in the unrelenting squeeze of a giant snake.

"It's ok. At least he wasn't killed by no leopard."

I didn't know how to follow that; every memory he recalled made me feel all the shock and fascination of eating something unexpectedly spicy.

It wasn't until he mentioned that he'd like to write about his life but just hadn't been able that I felt I finally had something to offer. If anything, I am a preservationist, attempting to keep life, as it belongs to others and myself, safe with words. Though I normally encase my observations in private museums of journals, vignettes, or poems, the possibility of

dedicating my writerly obsessions to Saturday's biography excited me as do only things that just fit and will happen.

Dip

"You've got to get out of your mind. There's not anyone in the world that can stand that stuff."

The next time we met, I invited Saturday to cheer on the Frisbee team during its outdoor tournament. At the suggestion, his dark eyes filled in completely black as he replied, "Naw, girl. I can't stand around a lotta people outside. Inside, I'm fine. But outside, I'm nervous. In the bush, if you stood around outside, somebody would snipe you out." With that, he got up and began pacing around the dorm, side-stepping the kitchen table, hands clasped behind his back, eyes feeling around the room like antennas all to demonstrate the slinking, cautious gait of a Liberian soldier.

The rebels captured a lady. I stood right behind her. She peed herself she was so scared. A stupid boy tried to shoot her. The bullet got stuck in the gun. She got away. So we turned on another lady. She was a little old lady with leprosy. All her fingers and toes were gone. General Iber said to shoot her. The stupid boy did. She fell over the top of the well like a cloth. We still went and got water from that pump.

If you kill too much, you get promoted. The generals give you names like Killer or Donkey. Some of those boys killed just to get rank. That's the most respect you get.

General Iber could have been my brother; he was like a son to my dad. In war, he changed. He told a truck driver to put his hands on the ground and shot that man in the back.

He taught me how to do things like smoke and drink at the same time. That stuff makes you feel like you in a different land. If you see fire, you walk through it. If a bullet got me, I wouldn't feel it, I wouldn't really know. Generals sell it to you when you been killing someone and feel bad.

Just Get What You Like

"Passion makes you raise to next level, it makes you do things you don't really know how to do. Like when I play soccer, people ask me, how you jump so high, man—but that's not me. That's my passion."

The next time we met, Saturday and I played a pick-up game of soccer. While on the field, Saturday's normally easy-going, relaxed mannerisms condensed into a focused, engaged concentration. Although his skills,

speed, and passion for the game far surpassed most everyone else's, he maintained humility and played not for himself but for the team.

He offered suggestions and proudly congratulated anyone who made a good pass, scored, or moved to support a teammate. I was left midfielder, just in front of Saturday's defense. Together, we set up give-and-goes, making stupefied totems of our opponents. We rotated positions. At times, he flew down the sidelines at a rapid dribble while I rotated back for security. Other times, instead of his dark, muscular frame sprinting down the sideline, I strode down the field to put in a shot on goal.

When the game was over, we headed back to my dorm for water. I asked Saturday how his passion for soccer developed. "I just love the game. In Liberia, everyone plays. When we were kids, we kicked an orange around on the beach and when there was a real game, everyone stopped work to watch."

I told Saturday I also played soccer growing up. I loved hot-summer training, taking corner kicks, the sound the ball makes as it skims the net, but most of all--I loved breaking away.

An RPG rocket hit the roof. Everyone started shouting and shooting. General Fred got captured. They killed him, and cut him up. Nobody could believe General Fred was dead. He was from my hometown. He used to like my sister.

General Clinton told me to run. Go. I ran to a canoe packed with plantains, coconut, and rice and paddled downriver to the ocean, my heart pounding like drums.

I sewed rice bags together to make a sail. The wind was strong, so I made it to displacement camp in one week instead of three. Other refugees floated by, weak and dehydrated. No one had a map or compass. We let the water steer. Dead bodies lay bloated, face down in the ocean, rising and falling with each wave.

The rebels were looking for me. They poured gasoline and set fire to traitors. But I made it.

Monika Groppe

I used to be a Germantown Lady Red Devil.

Now, I am a Junior at UTC majoring in Humanities
- and Pre-Physical Therapy, minoring in Spanish.

Really though,

I am just a girl who likes to run,
watercolor, make and eat pumpkin muffins, write.

Author: BILLY RITCHIE
Title: GOLIATH AT THE ACADEMIA
Type: POETRY
Level: SOPHOMORE

I don't think about how
The river punched the rocks
Until they were as smooth as a bruise.

I don't think about how
The lions roar at your back,
Blowing your hair forward like a mane.

I don't think about how
People remember everything
As happening in a desert,
With dirt tanning our faces and cracking our toes.

They forgot there was a river there,
And I think about the trees,
Which remained motionless
Despite the wind of movement
That blew around them.

I knew when I saw the look in your eyes
That I would never be cast in marble.
That no artist would ever paint me
With your head under my foot.
That you were sure of something that I was not.

That morning I bathed in the river
And didn't think about how
It wouldn't always be there, and how
The trees wouldn't always shade it.

Author: TRENNA SHARPE
Title: REMEMBER I DO THAT
Type: POETRY
Level: JUNIOR

When I was twelve I ate Mexican food with Sean Penn.
 He was traveling with his friend, the son of a wrestler
 who had decided to rule the great state of Minnesota,
 land of four distinct seasons and all my Nordic relatives.

We were in Tennessee, in a small town no one cared about.
 Because that's how it always happens, isn't it?
 You go out like normal in the morning to the A&P
 for a chicken biscuit to eat on the way to school

and holy shit there's Elvis talking to your grandma!
 Only, Elvis is dead, right? So it has to be someone else.
 Someone else with their top lip curved like the back of a shell,
 so you shake your head and think of other things.

We ate together at the restaurant where the waitress called me *mija*
 because I was young and brave and laughed as the grease from quesadillas
 glistened on my lips. I don't think I said anything the whole time
 because it was cold out. I had my boots on, ready for snow.
 I just smiled in that silent way I always do—
 as if I'm watching a movie in my head and the milkman, the star,
 has just kissed the woman who has loved him silently
 every day for two years in the soft glow of milk on the porch,
 in the twitching light of lightening bugs above the cow field in summer.

That's what I should have said. I should have told him
 that in the summers at night I sat on the fence around my house
 watching the lightening bugs make love in their quiet way.
 Little hearts glowing from inside one to the other.

That I loved to stand with my back to the pool
 and fall in with my eyes closed
 pretending the water would split like a cloud to catch me
 and turn me back up into the air. How
 fish don't even know that water exists, till they're out of it.

I'm not lying. The sun is shining and we must shade our eyes to see.
 It was that man across the street, with the ponytail, that reminded me.
 And the fact that I still can't paint my nails without covering half my finger too.
 That I can never sit still long enough to let them dry.
 This is the important part—that you remember I do that.

Author: KATHRYN STEWART
Title: I FLEW ANYWAY
Type: CREATIVE NONFICTION
Level: FRESHMAN

I was fourteen years old that summer. Fourteen years old, five and a half feet tall, and 89.7 pounds. I know because I wrote it down in a black notebook nobody ever saw.

On the last week of July, I went to cross country camp in the mountains of Tennessee. Six girls went. We spent the week training in higher altitudes to become faster, better, stronger runners. Two of us had a different objective, a hidden agenda we kept only to ourselves. Rachel was a senior and a fourth-year veteran of cross country. I was an incoming freshman with little running experience. But both of us ran for ourselves. Against ourselves. Running solely to burn the miniscule amounts of food we put in our bodies. We never talked about it. We were both "fine." But I knew what she did. I saw the food she never ate. I heard her crunching ice all day to curb her hunger. I noticed, because I did it too.

On the first night of camp, the team dressed up and went into town for dinner. The waiter went around the table taking orders. My eyes met Rachel's across the table. It became a competition. It was a contest and the stakes were high. Whoever ate the least would win, while the loser suffered guiltily for the rest of the night. The waiter came to Rachel. "I'll have a bowl of lemons please," she said, looking confidently at the menu as

if her order was the Friday night special. Silence rippled around the table. Resentment seethed in my empty belly. The waiter looked at her for a long time, scribbled something down on his ticket, and went to the next girl. My turn came. I ordered fajitas. Rachel shot me a look of devilish satisfaction over the rim of her water glass. When the food arrived, I ate three red peppers that garnished my meal, and left the rest untouched. I had won.

The next morning was warm and sunny. After a breakfast of Diet Coke and Cool Whip, I laced up my shoes and the six of us went on a run. Our coach, pushing her two little boys in a jogging stroller, went too, entertaining us with random facts about STDs, clothing sizes, and what is actually in a Slim Jim. She filled our runs with random facts about life, love, and birth control. On this particular run, she taught us about bumblebees.

"You know, bumblebees really aren't supposed to be able to fly," she stated assertively. "It is aer-o-dy-nam-i-cal-ly impossible."

She pronounced each syllable of "aer-o-dy-nam-i-cal-ly" slowly as if typing it out on a typewriter.

"According to science, bumblebees should not fly. Their fat bodies are too heavy for their tiny wings. And yet, they fly anyway."

That was all she said. We continued to run in silence. I thought about bees.

The Ocoee River was an hour away from camp. The next afternoon, the team took a white water rafting trip. I half listened to the granola river guide as I fumbled with the bulky life jacket on the shore. It was, like everything else I wore, too big. "Nine people have died on this stretch of the Ocoee in the past twenty years," the guide said. He was about forty-years old and had been a river guide since college. He was sunburned, frayed, and wore Chacos. His name was Josh.

"It is a more dangerous section of the river, but if you listen to me, and work together, we won't send you home in a body bag," he joked lamely. "I have been doing this for seventeen years, and I know what I'm talking about."

I buckled my helmet under my chin.

"If, by some chance, you are thrown from the raft, do not stand up. Your feet will wedge between rocks and you may never see the surface. A lady some years ago fell out of a raft, got her shoe wedged between two rocks and was sucked under by the rapids."

I squinted in the bright sun and looked at the river. It seemed very incapable of hurting anyone, let alone "sucking someone under." Josh had said nine people died. I picked up my paddle.

"Ok, you all work out your seating arrangements and I'll pull the raft around." Josh yelled as he jogged down the shore.

I don't remember how, but I found myself in the starboard bow of the big yellow raft. I did not like this position. I felt vulnerable, exposed, the first one to take on the rapids, but being a freshman, I had no say in the matter. My stomach growled angrily as we began paddling towards the current.

Food hadn't always been my enemy. The past year had turned a blessing into a curse. I was a slave to numbers; the neon green numbers fluctuating by ounces on the scale at a friend's house because my mom had long since forbidden me from using our scale at home. The numbers on the nutrition panels of every box of food I picked up. The number of miles I ran, my body mass index, my pulse rate, the number of inches of the circumference of my waist. I gave up freedom for fear. I wore baggy clothes to hide my fear from family and friends. People asked me if I was okay.

"Of course," I'd laugh.

I believed it. I believed it even when I could feel my body shutting down. I was perpetually cold. My heart would race then suddenly slow to one beat every two seconds. But I was in control, and that was what I wanted, what I needed. My obsession poisoned my mind with a toxin that wouldn't let go. I didn't want it to. I thought of little else besides the numbers that dictated my life. I wrote down everything, every damn number in a black notebook.

The raft floated onto the river. "Okay, long strokes ladies!" Josh instructed. I calculated how many calories this burned and made my strokes extra long. After each stroke I added numbers, numbers to record when I returned. I looked at Rachel. I could almost hear her thinking the exact same thing. Her boney elbows bulged awkwardly as she dug into the water. I paddled harder. Soon, the river became a torrent and the raft a bucking bronco in the water. Josh was yelling now to be heard above the roar.

"Right side! Paddle!"

I dug my feet further into the seam of the raft. The river calmed for about ten feet as Josh turned to us.

"Hell's Hole, a Class Four rapid is around the next turn. Stay low and don't stop paddling until the raft is completely through the rapid! Does everybody hear me?"

We nodded solemnly. Josh gave the command to paddle as the current picked up speed. The raft careened around the corner and nosedived into a rapid. I was flung over the front of the raft and swallowed instantly by white water. The force of the rapid pushed against my chest and rammed my flimsy body into sharp rocks. The powerful gush of water tore off my shoes as I tried violently to surface. I put my hands up, expecting sunlight

and oxygen, but felt the cold smooth rubber of the raft instead. I panicked. Again the water pulled me up under its cascade, flinging me around like a rag doll. Thoughts raced through my mind. Was I dying? Was this the end of the road? I thought about what I ate that morning. I remembered what Josh said about the lady who was "sucked under" and for some reason pictured my mom. I thought about the bumblebee who wasn't supposed to fly but flew anyway. Wasn't I supposed to fly? Or was I the bee nature refused? All of this rushed around my head in a split second. My lungs filled with water.

I was submerged for about fifty seconds. I hazily remember Josh yelling loudly and hoisting my boney frame over the side of the raft by my oversized life jacket. He threw me to the bottom. I gasped for breath as he tried to paddle away from the rapid. Once out of danger, he dropped his paddle and shouted, "Are you okay?" He was shaking violently and his eyes were frantic. I managed to nod, but could not speak. Josh sat on the side of the raft, still shaking. "I thought you were gone," he said. "I thought I'd lost one." He put his head in his hands and rocked back and forth.

He explained that the river was unusually low for that time of year and the raft had gotten stuck on a rock that would normally be under water. I had been thrown out and the raft had come down on top of me, refusing to budge. "I thought you were gone."

I sat there, rigid as a board and white as the water around us. I almost was "gone." Swept away by a current I couldn't control. My thin frame would be battered and beaten against rocks until they'd pull out my body, limp and lifeless. I'd be number ten. A number I would never record in my black notebook.

At that moment, a bumblebee flew right past my face. I thought I'd imagined it, but here it came again, humming loudly. It hovered about a foot from my face before it flew away and vanished from sight. I took it as a sign; a second chance. I looked at Rachel. She was shivering.

Less than a year later, Rachel was sent to a treatment center in Oklahoma. As far as I know she is still a slave to numbers. The number in control now is seventy-five. Seventy-five percent of people never recover from self-induced starvation, and eighty percent of those who do recover, relapse later in life. Statistically, I should still be enslaved. Enslaved by something I inflicted upon myself, a disorder that claimed my mind as well as my body. I should have been "sucked under," my self-worth wedged between fear and foolish pride. My mind, already water-logged with false perceptions, nearly drowned in its own denial. Numbers in black notebooks should have had their way with me. According to numbers, statistics, science, I should not get better. And yet, I flew anyway.

Kathryn Stewart

I was born and raised in Nashville, TN and am a freshman at UTC. I run track and cross-country for the Mocs and am on the Pre-Art path towards a degree in Graphic Design.

Author: LAUREL JONES
Title: ECHO
Type: POETRY
Level: SOPHOMORE

When I was ten, they took my pulse and told me
I was dead because they couldn't find my heart beating.
I thought it must have run away like
the dog that bites his owner who beats him, and hidden
itself away under a bush or in the empty hollow of a book
created only for disguising that sort of violence, and I thought
perhaps I would stumble upon it when I was doing my
homework or trying to play Frisbee, and there it would sit,
still pumping, wheezing like an exhausted carburetor, tired
from all the exertion caused by nothing, so hot and sweet,
coursing through it for so long. I thought, maybe if I found it
that mangled mess of muscle, dripping brown and tough like meat,
I could throw it against a window and watch it slide
down the pane from the other side, and maybe then I would
care more for what I was missing. But it never seemed to bother
me, this lack of pulse. Not when I was making love beneath
a sloping willow, feeling my way into the night like a
bird into its nest, a snake into the water,
finding only the singular thumping of that other heart
like wrinkles on the face of a pond, a sign
of what is growing older. Not when the night sang at
me like the baptistery at Pisa, a single note magnified into a
song of reminders, rippling loss, like Echo and her Narcissus
that shining white flower. Not when you cradled me into your arms
and said nothing, because nothing is what had bloomed inside
of me, so beautiful and empty, and you found it growing inside you too, and
Not when we clutched at each other, noticing the silence in us both.

Author: CASE DUCKWORTH
Title: THE STORM CROSSES THE THRESHOLD
Type: POETRY
Level: SOPHOMORE

The love we have together
is like a crippled whirligig
spinning in the dark.
On the threshold, small men
stare at it like it's a
tornado, and they hope
it won't cripple their
trembling houses perched
on the staircase: their fields,
dry and spindly spiders' legs,
will die soon from lack of rain.

Above them, we become Anteros
and watch their worry become
our worry as the tornado grows.
As it begins to climb the stairs
to our bedroom, we hold each other
on the spindly bed, we look for lost
time or lost loves as the storm
crosses the threshold. We close our eyes.
And time falls apart in the dark.

Author: CARA VANDERGRIFF
Title: HUMAN RESOURCES
Type: FICTION
Level: JUNIOR

Sometimes I see people glance at me when they think I'm distracted with a file or a phone call, but I know just how long to let them stare and the way to look back to make them feel embarrassed and turn away. There were a couple people that noticed the limp I had for six days after the office New Year's Eve party. That was a nasty one, with a bruise that swept scarlet at the top of my left hip and striped down nearly to my kneecap. I tried wearing my usual slacks the next day but their bands had no give and cut close at my wounded waist whenever I slid into the chair behind the reception desk. So I wore stretch pants while the bruise faded into colors that I hadn't known a bruise could be, like dark green and dove gray. I lucked out because about the time that the lady who works in our human resources department called me over to her desk to discuss my violation of office dress code, I had healed up just enough. She had leaned forward so far I could see the shimmering bits of her smeared eye shadow.

"Farrah." She puffed the "Fah" hot on her stale coffee breath.

Maybe I smiled too much when dismissing the concerned pat of her meaty hand, or maybe it was her job to be sensitive to lies. Either way she got it wrong. I laugh even now when I think of her launching into how far maternity clothes had come for women in the workplace since

she had her boys. She motioned to the polo-clad figures grinning from the pictures tacked on her cubical wall. Me, pregnant? Sorry HR lady, but thank God, no dice.

She never said anything when my pinstripes and polyester turtlenecks came back the following week. I knew she never would, just like I knew people weren't looking for the darkness when they looked at me. It was like driving through a storm when you swore you could see some twisting form in a flash of lightning, but when you got close enough for your headlights to shine where it should have been on the side of the highway, there was nice, normal nothing.

They were looking for things to be explained away, so I couldn't blame them, because I gave them what they needed. But I never blamed me either. I wore polyester turtlenecks because the collar choked up high and the cuffs of the sleeves dropped down all the way down to the middle of my palms. But really I hate turtlenecks and I hate long sleeves and I hate polyester. I peel it off as soon as I get home, pulling a loose cotton tank top over my head as I walk to the tweed couch and turn on the TV. In fact, whenever I can be I'm bare-shouldered in front of that old Magnavox.

Today I watch a documentary program on the Kenyan savannas. Two lions lope after an antelope and I feel wretched and pitiful when, despite the floating flicks of its nimbler legs, one of the lion's paws slaps solid into its struggling flank. Does an antelope even know it should be pitied before its neck sags in a lion's rounded, clumsy mouth? Martin walks in but I don't look up because it always makes him angry, how much I watch TV.

"Lazy cunt." He kicks my crossed ankles where they were propped on our coffee table as he walks across to the kitchen.

I keep watching the pride of lions though, losing all their dignity crouching low in the dust to slobber into the gaping chest and bursting underbelly of the carcass. Lions have to eat, I know, and not just because the hum of a British documentary voice tells me so. I know about instinct and evolution and all the other primal forces that pulse in the damp centers of all living things. But in the end, when all the sinews are picked so clean that even the fat desert flies lose interest and the bones lie still and scattered in the shade. If you can't blame the lions then who's left to blame?

Cara Vandergriff

Cara is a junior majoring in English Literature. She enjoys writing flash fiction and creative nonfiction. "I have made this letter longer than usual because I lack the time to make it short." -Blaise Pascal, *Lettres Provinciales*, #16, 1657

Author: VANESSA PARKS
Title: DECAY
Type: FICTION
Level: JUNIOR

"I dug up Ranger," Mitch told us as he approached our hammock hanging from the magnolia in front of Bailee's house. Bailee and I had been watching him lug around his dad's shovel, making some kind of show about whatever was going on behind his house.

I pretended not to hear, but Bailee pretended not to care.

"So do you wanna know what he looked like?" he asked, keeping his eyes focused on Bailee.

"Probably pretty gross so why don't you just go on home?" Bailee snapped at him, while her fingers clenched the rope of the hammock.

Earlier that summer, Daddy told me that when you bury someone God turns their bodies into dust so that their souls can go be with Jesus. But Mitch and I found Ranger when he died, curled up under the back porch. It was his favorite place. There was moss all over the wood ceiling, giving everything a deep emerald shade. The ground was always soft.

Last August, it got so hot that even sitting in front of the window fans couldn't cool us off so we decided to follow Ranger to his secret lair. Ranger had bit through some wood, leaving a hole big enough for us to crawl through. We giggled, pretended we were con-artists, and it was our headquarters. But Ranger didn't need a reason to be there. It was cool and dark, and that was enough for him. I guess he just curled up and died, right there where he was happiest.

Ranger had probably been dead a couple days, Mitch's daddy told us. I asked him why God hadn't turned Ranger into dust, and he said he didn't know. Mitch said something about worms.

I was glad Bailee hadn't been there. Her mother had died, leaving Mitch and me wondering what Mrs. Wilson looked like inside her coffin.

Curled up beside me in the hammock, I could hear Bailee grinding her teeth as she watched Mitch cross the street back over to his house.

"Why didn't you come get me when you guys found Ranger?" she demanded, still watching Mitch.

"I didn't think too much of it," I replied, not wanting to bring up her mother.

"He thinks he's so great, Mitch does. He thinks he knows so much that I don't."

"What? About dead animals? Who cares?"

"I care."

She stood up abruptly, swinging the hammock to one side, and walked

through the front doors. I heard her footsteps on the wood floor of the foyer. I heard the elongated creak of her bedroom door, and then I didn't hear anything anymore.

I followed the sounds of where I thought she'd gone. The door ajar, I walked into the foyer. The house was shaped like a mercury thermometer, a long hallway leading to a kitchen and den. Bedrooms stemmed from the hallway; portraits lined it. My bare feet stuck to the hard wood. A posthumously commissioned portrait of Bailee's mother hung above a credenza the two had painted before she died. I tried not to stare as Bailee poked her head out of her room.

"I have an idea," she said.

I walked in and saw her with her fingertips on the edge of her small fishbowl. Spot, a prize from the county fair, swam in slow counter-clockwise circles.

"I'll not only dig up something dead. I'll kill it too," she insisted, as if I wouldn't believe her.

I didn't respond, just continued to watch Spot swim through the mangrove roots and window-hole of the sunken pirate ship.

"But I gotta keep the body together," she continued.

I watched Spot's gills, then her eyes.

"Is Spot a girl?" I asked her.

Bailee didn't answer. I looked back to where she'd been standing.

"Bailee?" I called.

"I got it," she whispered, coming through the doorway. She was holding a box of tea bags, more than enough to totally saturate the small bowl. She dropped in a handful of bags, and the algae-tinted water turned into a murky mauve. Swirls of fennel and pomegranate clouded my vision and clogged Spot's air supply.

"It's not working," she grumbled.

I couldn't stop watching Spot. I didn't want her to die, but I recognized that Bailee had made up her mind.

"Could we just take her out of the water?"

I thought that seemed basic enough. I was surprised she hadn't already tried. She stared for a while at the nearly opaque water. The only signs of life were the ripples from Spot's circles.

She shook her head. Maybe taking Spot out of the water was too direct. Maybe using the tea-bags kept her a safe distance from death, from relating it to her mother:

"That'd be a boring story," she tried to convince me, and herself.

I heard her leave the room and fumble around the kitchen: cabinet doors slamming, the groan of the freezer door. She brought in a Tupperware, scooped up Spot and put on the lid.

As she walked back into the kitchen, I stared at the empty fish-bowl, a thick soup of algae and tea. It reminded me of what Bailee's house felt like after her mother died, a pair of shoes left under the recliner and a hairbrush in the bathroom. But her mother was gone. And all that was left in the aquarium were mismatched accouterments accumulated over many generations of prize fish.

I'd rescued Spot from the freezer, but I'd waited too long. She'd either gone into shock from the cold, or she'd died being jostled in transit. I left Bailee's house with the Tupperware. She didn't follow me to the poplar tree behind my house where we'd buried time capsules and unsent love letters. I dug a small hole in the soft ground with my fingers. I poured the remains from the Tupperware into the grave, and I hated myself for indulging Bailee's morbid healing process. As I poured earth back over Spot, I prayed for her. And that Mitch didn't find her. And I prayed for Bailee's mother, and I tried to forget what had happened as I picked the dirt from my fingernails.

Vanessa Parks

Vanessa is a sophomore English Writing major from Collierville, Tennessee. She stays active within the writing department as vice-president of the UTC Author's Society. She also writes for the University Honors newsletter, The Reading Room Review. She enjoys exercise, travel, and the finer things in life.

Author: MATT HAINES
Title: REMNANTS OF IDA
Type: POETRY
Level: SENIOR

I slid the car down the hill
missed a turn because
leaves were papered
and soaked onto everything

the ice cracks
like the bleat of an alarm
you are covered up

when the sun wakes
drenched in blue rain
I want to go to the hill
if only to return

evening hurries
the shouting sun down
its secrets spill finally
against the face of everything

and my heart for you
is that dying star
which throws out its breath
like bright ribbons in the wind

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Author: MONIKA GROPPE
Title: THEN & NOW
Type: POETRY
Level: JUNIOR

Hearing a foreign language for the first time
 is the same as staring at a mass of visceral
 organs; everything is a continuum of another.
 until you learn the separations; a word
 from a word; fissure from *sulci*. Both technique
 and inflection ask: does anyone still live
 for what they would for die for?

A slow steam of degradation creeps
 over me and I am back in Thailand, the country
 next to dad's angry heart so many years ago,
 where eight-year-old girls hold out their hands,
 little five pointed stars, asking sex travelers
 if they want *boom-boom* or *yum-yum*.

That's why I'm scared.
 In researching sex, Masters and Johnson
 forgot about variation of interest
 and yin and yang believe that without the poor,
 rich become meaningless as the mountain
 who can only rise so high before zenith turns
 down for resolution. Animals resolve their conflicts
 by dying: 99 percent of all species that have ever lived
 are now extinct. The Khmer Rouge regime thought starting
 over meant tilling innocent bodies into the earth. Can I help it
 if I'd rather run than walk? There used to be millions
 of stars in the sky, but now there are only five that count,
 standing behind one behind another, in line, like soldiers.
 And now, with those little square days years behind, silence
 settles around me; a border between now
 and then and I shutter like a night with no stars.

Poetry Contributors

Anne Brettell

Anne Brettell hails from Louisiana, Washington D.C., rural Kansas, and the suburbs of Memphis, TN but she has been calling Chattanooga her home for the past five years. Anne is a graduating senior whose highest aspiration is to be a cheese columnist for a food magazine.

Matt Haines

About me: English Major, UTC Senior, Ken Smith award recipient. (That's about all that matters)

Martha Hunter

Martha is a sophomore English major at UTC. She has lived in Chattanooga for too long but still loves it and enjoys biking, hiking, and people watching. Among Martha's finest accomplishments is being the co-founder of Chattanooga's second-best kite club which has met only once in a year. She blames the weather.

Billy Ritchie

Billy Ritchie is a sophomore in the University Honors program at UTC. He was published on the Sequoia Review website in 2009.

Trenna Sharpe

Trenna Sharpe is a Junior, English: Creative Writing major at UTC. She has poems published in the 2008 and 2009 editions of Poetry Miscellany, as well as the 2009 issue of the Sequoia Review. One of her poems was published in a book of writing exercises, but she can't remember the book's name right now. She would like to, very much. Trenna was the Ken Smith Poetry Award Winner at the Fall 2009 Meacham Writers' Conference. She's a big fan of Tomaz Salamun's poetry, Calvin and Hobbes, and the New York Yankees.

Laurel Jones

Laurel Jones is a nineteen year old sophomore from Nashville, Tennessee. She likes to watch kids movies, knit, and read. Her most recent knitting project was a socktopus, and she hopes to move on to greater heights in the knitting and writing world.

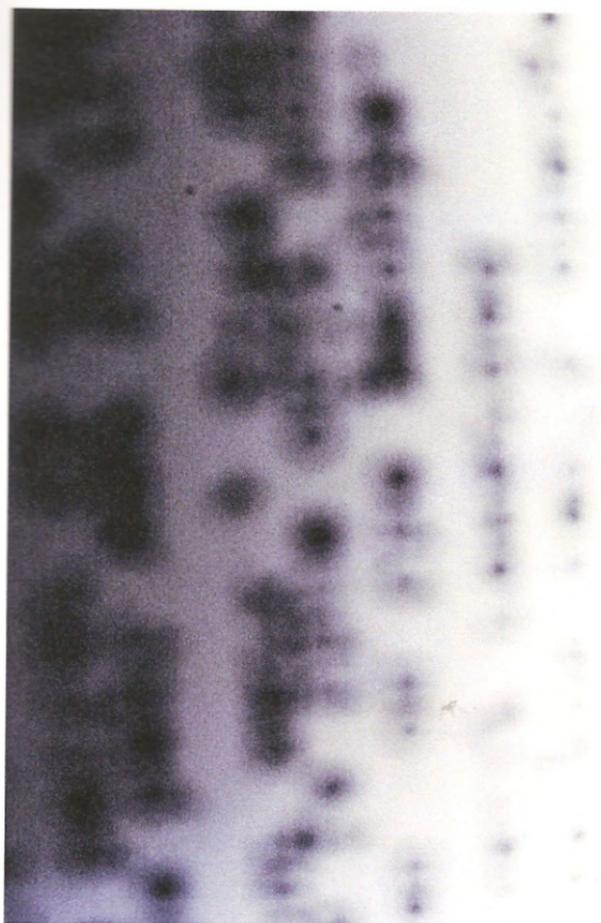
Case Duckworth

Case Duckworth was born in the small town of Sevierville, Tennessee, a town previously only known as the home place of Country singer Dolly Parton (no relation). His poetry has been published in numerous volumes, most of them published by himself and distributed to a small and select audience, which does not include Dolly Parton. He currently lives at UTC and studies English, and in his spare time breeds toy marmosets.

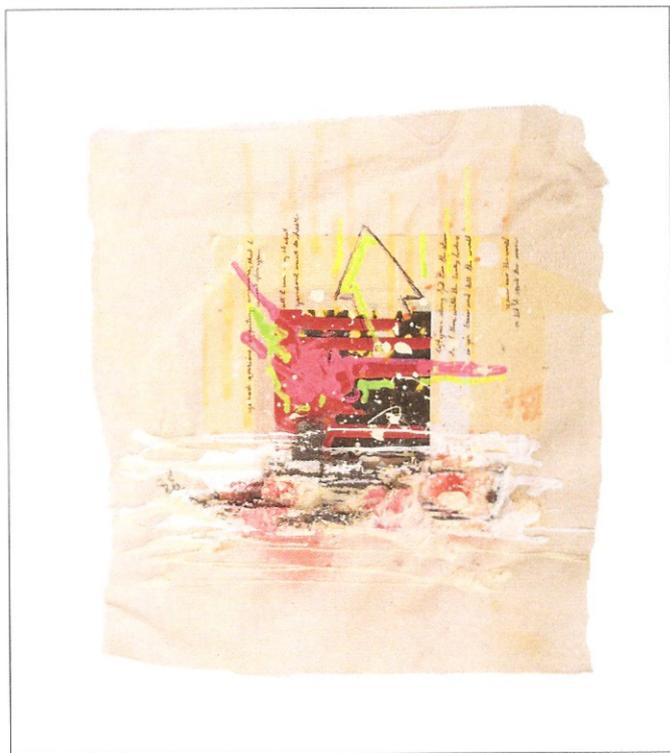




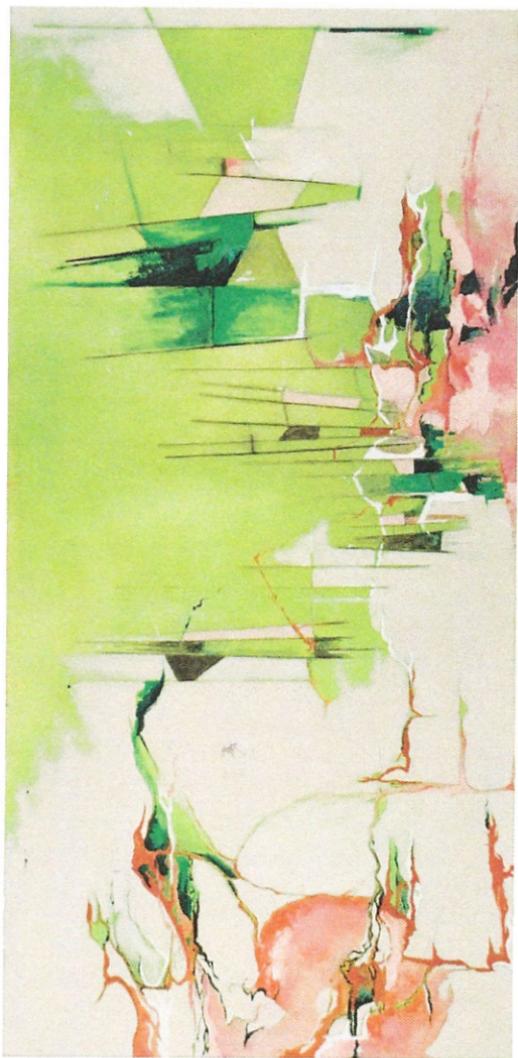
Artist: AUSTIN REED
Title: UNTITLED
Medium: DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN



Artist: KEVIN HILL
Title: CONVULSIVE OBSESSION OF DESTRUCTION
Medium: PAINT / MIXED MEDIA
Major: PAINTING & DRAWING



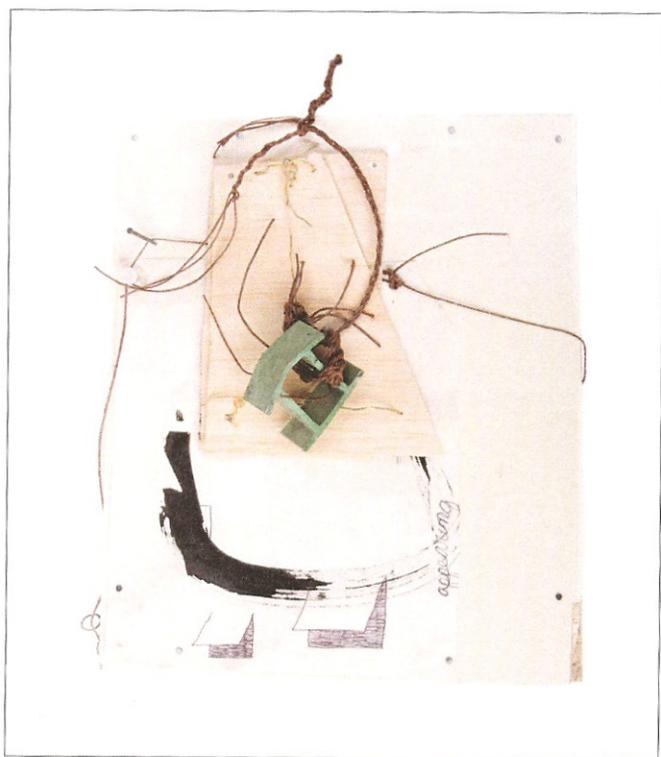
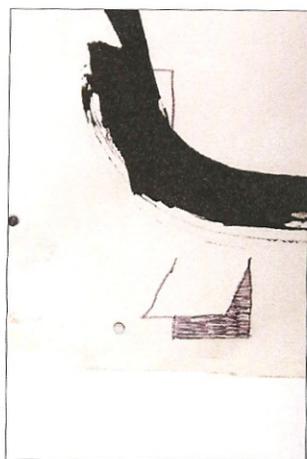
Artist: CAROLINE BOARD
Title: BABBLE
Medium: PAINTING
Major: PAINTING & DRAWING



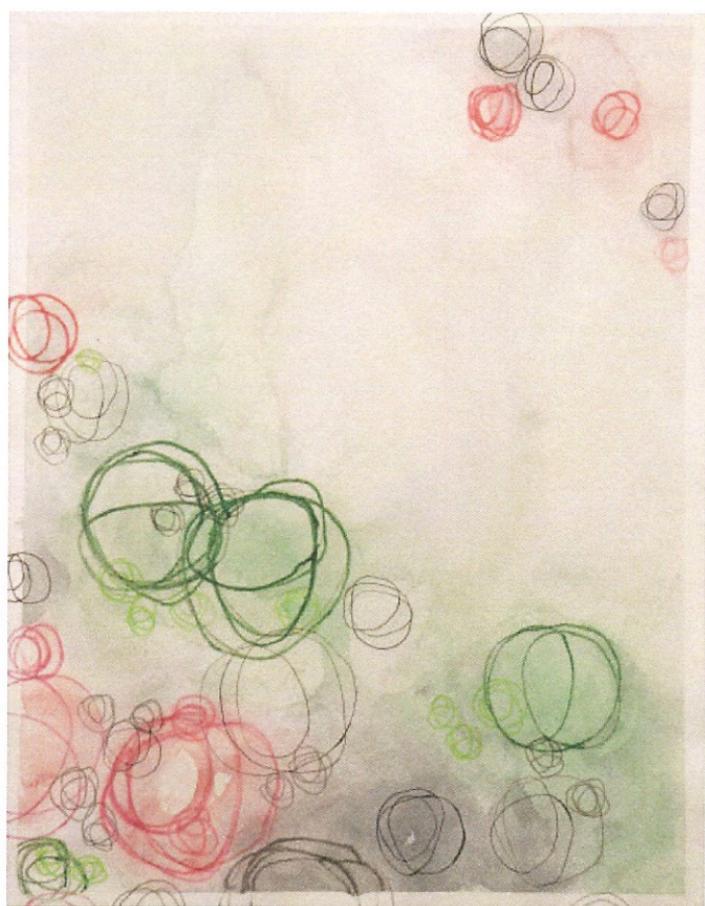
Artist: JESSICA MCGHEE
Title: UNIVERS TYPE SPECIMEN
Medium: DIGITAL OUTPUT
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN



Artist: NOLAN MCGUIRE
Title: UNTITLED
Medium: PAINTING / SCULPTURE
Major: PAINTING & DRAWING



Artist: SHERRY LEARY
Title: SEGREGATION
Medium: INK & WATERCOLOR
Major: PAINTING & DRAWING

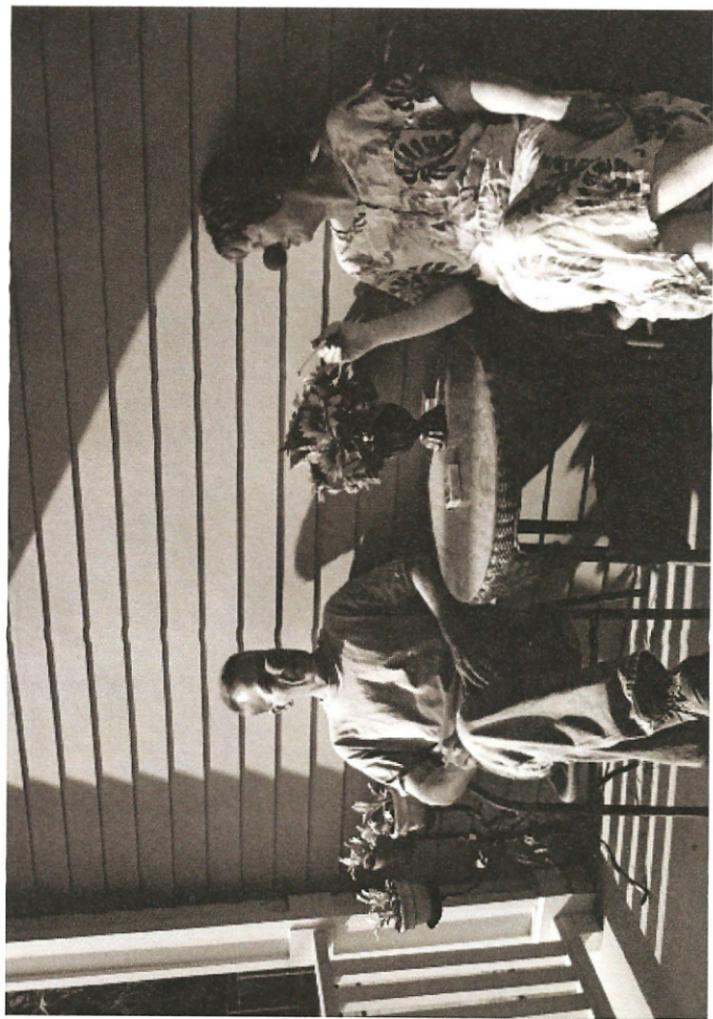


Artist: OLGA DE KLEIN

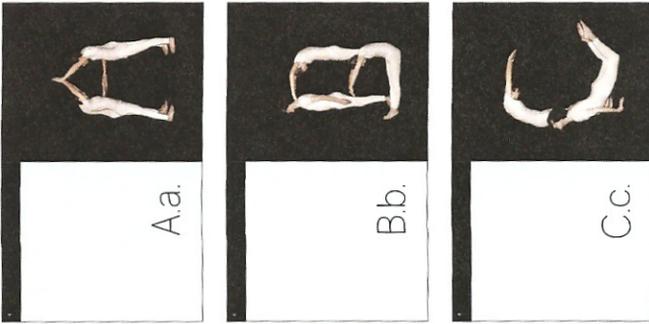
Title: NOSES

Medium: BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

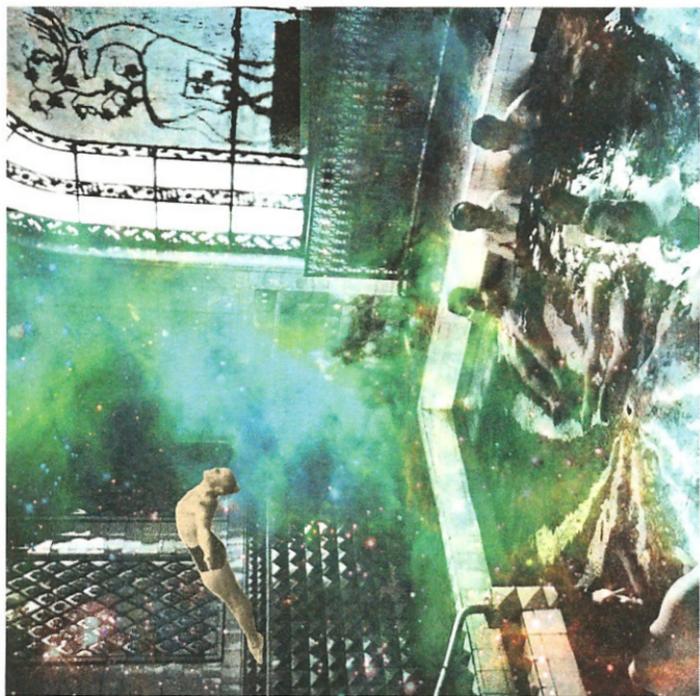
Major: PAINTING & DRAWING



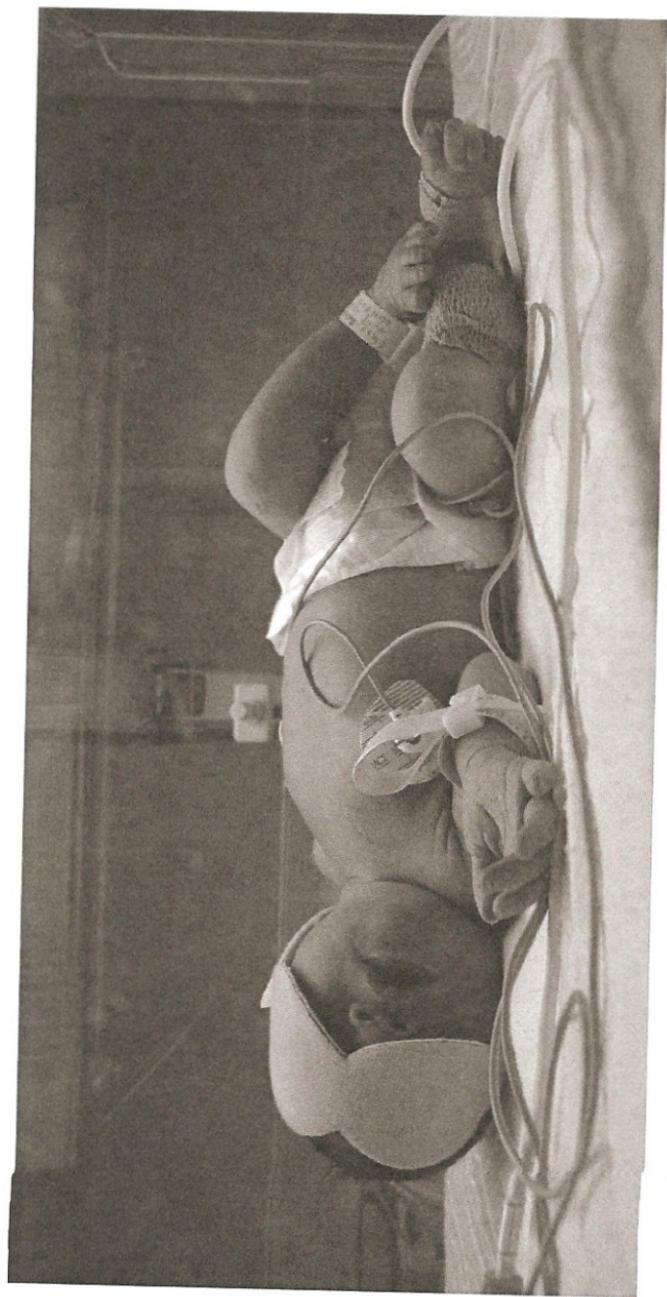
Artist: LILLIE SOMERFIELD
Title: ARTICULATE
Medium: DIGITAL OUTPUT
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN



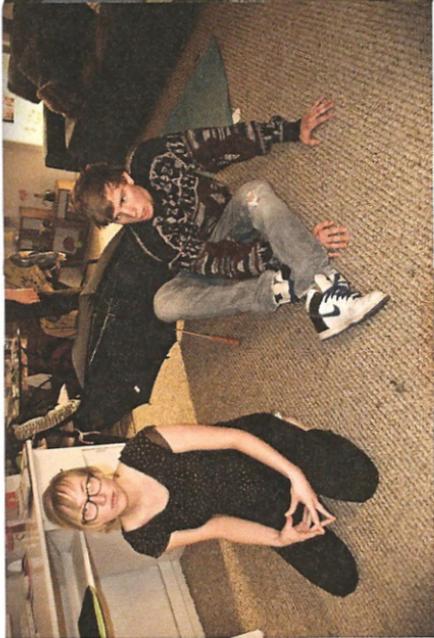
Artist: DREW MEYER
Title: BATHTIME
Medium: DIGITAL OUTPUT
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN



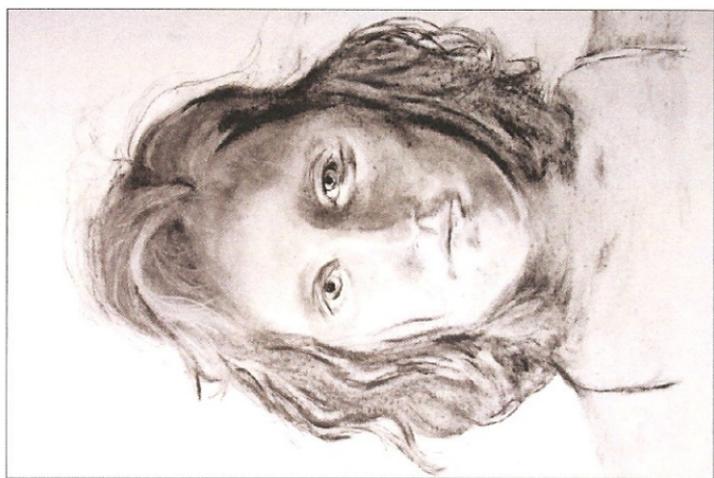
Artist: NATALIE ROIG
Title: NEW : FAITH, TRUTH, COMPLICATIONS
Medium: BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPH
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN



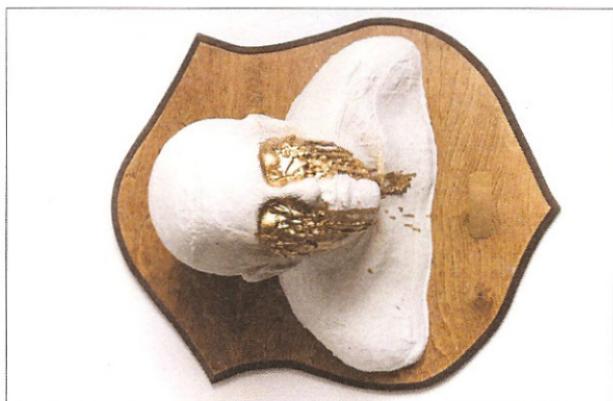
Artist HEIDI VASZLING
Title JUST SO
Medium DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
Major PAINTING & DRAWING



Artist: LAURA WINN
Title: SELF-PORTRAIT #57
Medium: CHARCOAL
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN



Artist: GRACEY HARVEY
Title: TROPHY WIVES
Medium: PLASTER
Major: PAINTING & DRAWING



Artist: TROY BOWMAN
Title: NOT THAT
Medium: DIGITAL OUTPUT
Major: GRAPHIC DESIGN

Artist: DANIEL WROBE

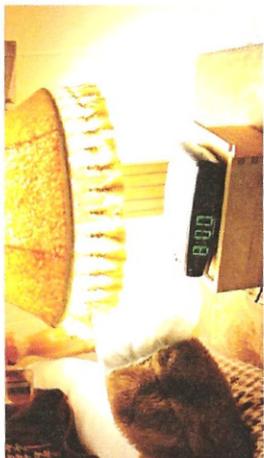
Title: {AND PER SE AND}

Medium: MIXED MEDIA

Major: PAINTING & DRAWING



Artist: ROBERT PARKER
Title: I SEE STRING
Medium: VIDEO STILLS
Major: PHOTO MEDIA



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Special Thanks

The Sequoia Review would like to thank Jim Hicks and everyone in Student Development for their support, as well as the UTC Publications Board for their continual support of and confidence in this magazine, the students who produce it, and the students who contribute to it. Also thanks to IKON for managing all of the printing of The Sequoia Review.

Great thanks to this year's staff, both in the English and the Art departments. Producing this magazine would not have been possible without your generous contributions of time, effort, and creativity. I have enjoyed working with all of you.

Thanks also to our faculty advisors Sybil Baker and Tom Balazs for being great resources for myself and the staff, despite their many other obligations. In addition, thanks to all the UTC professors who encouraged their students to submit to the magazine and will continue to encourage more students to read The Sequoia Review.

Of course, a huge thanks to the brave authors and artists who submitted to The Sequoia Review. It was a pleasure to read your work, and we wish you the best for the future.

And finally, thanks to you, the reader, for choosing this magazine and spending time with the excellent work that has been produced by students at UTC. I hope you enjoy!

For more, visit www.sequoiareview.com

The Sequoya Review is the arts magazine of the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga. Any student may submit as many literary or artistic pieces as he/she chooses. The manuscripts are reviewed anonymously by an editorial board of staff members. The art is selected in a like manner on the basis of quality and suitability for the magazine. The staff reserves the right to edit the manuscripts for clarity, grammar, spelling, and punctuation.

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