

MARIAN UNIVERSITY  
— Indianapolis —

# THE FIORETTI

A Picture of Spring



Spring 2011

**Editors:**

Anna Allen    Bayli Bumen    Daniel Lassell  
Charles Peñalosa    Andrew Popp

**Contributors:**

Michael Baumann	Timothy Hendricks
James Brockmeier	Mia Horninger
Bayli Bumen	Daniel Lassell
Hillary Carpenter	Dylan Ng
ENG 115J Class	Charles Peñalosa
Philip Frederick	Andrew Popp
Patricia Harvey	Abigail Roach
Katie Hedrick	Michael Schrader

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## **Editors' Note:**

The word *Fioretti*, translated from Italian, means “little flowers.” Specifically, the *Fioretti* is a collection of little tales on the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. The idea of little flowers was a catalyst for Marian University’s *Fioretti*, a student-run literary and art journal. Editors Anna Allen, Bayli Bumen, Charles Peñalosa, Daniel Lassell, and Andrew Popp wanted to create an atmosphere where the little flowers of Marian University could flourish and bloom. We sincerely hope you enjoy this edition of *The Fioretti*, which the Marian University student body has offered.

**Dr. Diane Prenatt**

*Faculty Advisor*

**Charles Peñalosa**

*Format and Layout Designer*

**“Premature”**

*Front Cover*

Katie Hedrick

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## **A Picture of Spring**

James Brockmeier

the sun plays off raindrops on damp leaves in late spring.  
lost, friends and possibly lovers leave their light jackets  
behind along with questions of future springs,  
not in the wilderness but she in his eyes  
and he in the loose blouse dangling from her shoulder  
innocently pale from winter.  
young birds haggle for their mother's song and attention



## **Horse Eyes**

Daniel Lassell

if you look closely into the eye of a horse  
you can see the history of mankind  
a tragic muddle of war and want  
pearly and black - a reflection  
eye staring back at i  
no need for words  
for mouths have said enough these years  
the horse knows this  
it eats apples in silence  
and i listen to the gentle munch  
the grind between its teeth  
as the skins tear  
much like hearts  
when the bed is alone

# Create the Title Yourself

Charles Peñalosa

4.

The snowball rolls  
down the small hill and gets  
bigger as it descends,  
but the whole scene gets  
swallowed up  
by a cat, who would later  
cough up a fur ball  
resembling the ocean.

6.

Yes, if you whisper to me  
your secret,  
I will eat  
a hamburger for you,  
so that you won't  
have to suffer  
digesting  
gallons of grease.

9.

Water keeps dripping  
from the faucet – it  
reminds me  
of all the lobsters I've eaten  
that no longer have  
shells. Does this mean  
jellyfishes  
have bones?

2.

So tell me, how do you cope  
with life – with  
all of its false  
advertisements and lack  
of opportunities  
to own an iguana?

3.

The kitchen  
is the best place to hunt  
for ants. Likewise,  
giraffes are lucky  
because they can always  
pretend  
as if they can't hear  
you from up there.

10.

It's a lie! Koalas  
don't like  
eucalyptus leaves –  
their favorite food  
is fried rice.

5.

They say  
bird's nest soup  
is delicious. I wonder  
what my house  
tastes like?

7.

Behave yourself. If  
you keep eating potato  
chips, you are  
gonna be like the penguins  
that are too fat  
to fly. What's the point  
of wearing a bow  
tie?

1.

Dogs bark  
at the air, people talk  
to Bluetooth  
headsets. What's  
the difference?

8.

People tell me that  
ducks can swim  
in quicksand.  
Do you agree with this? Do  
you believe  
that goldfishes eat  
a daily serving of three  
fried elephant  
ears?

## Brother

Andrew Popp

You bought me cigarettes  
When I was 17 and you 18,  
Like the brother I never had.

You got me drunk  
On gin stolen  
From your mother's liquor cabinet,  
Like the brother I never had.

You advised me "go for it"  
When I told you I liked her—  
Advice only a brother could give.

I cried  
The 45 minute drive to your house,  
When Diane called me  
The only words through the static  
Were "Chich...Dead."

I dried my eyes  
When I realized it was your father  
You needed someone to be  
Strong,  
Like the brother you never had.

## **Eion Bailey**

Michael Baumann

I've broken my nose twice, but you can't tell  
because I drank a lot of milk when I was a  
kid--and I don't like to smile, but you can't  
tell because I do it a lot anyway, just to  
off-center the widow's peaks and the crow's feet and the  
suicide.

Climb inside my eyes, though, like a scarab beetle,  
because there, you can turn a skeleton key  
into my padlocked memory-victory, bracing yourself  
on high cheekbones like handicapped rails to  
gather enough secrets to melt my thoughts;  
they leak out of the ears and onto the  
sideburns that your fingers  
traced last night before I smiled and when you failed  
to turn the key. My lips didn't move.



## **Lovely Silhouette**

Michael Schrader

A solemn silhouette moves swiftly  
across the bleakly covered campus  
fighting a grave and frigid night.

The west wind howls, shouting for more  
terror of the white to engulf  
this young figure's foot prints.

But the gales of December  
couldn't freeze over my burning heart;  
for I found love that night.

# **The Ballad of Evil Jack**

Abigail Roach

Evil Jack had heart surgery on Valentine's Day.

We all had a good laugh about it—

Said he was the Grinch. His heart was two sizes too small.

Everyday. Twice a day, even. Evil Jack comes in dressed like a little hobo sailor. He orders a tall bold coffee. He used to ask me if my hands were clean--said a person's hands couldn't possibly be clean handling money all day long. Now he barely says anything, just puts his change in the tip box and trudges away.

He's the type that looks angry, even when he smiles. After giving him his coffee one day he blurts, "Did you know that Michelle Obama has made cupcakes illegal?" He smiles with jack-o-lantern teeth, waiting for a response.

Then he is gone and we move onto the next crazy person, the next drink, the next hour, until we are completely immersed back into our own lives.

And just maybe, maybe, we would pause briefly if he were never to return. We'd say his heart finally gave out. We'd say it's sad even though he's a mean son of a bitch. And then we'd move on.

A couple days after Valentine's Day Evil Jack reappeared—

his heart still two sizes too small.

## Smokestacks

Daniel Lassell

Joe smokes cigarettes on wooden pallets  
holding the filters with dirty fingertips.  
he doesn't think of rain or trees swaying  
in gentle breeze  
or anything of universal proportions.  
beauty is subtle in Joe's mind. it doesn't matter anymore.  
he puffs tobacco in chilled winter air  
watching the smoke curl and dance to the sky  
like frothy cotton candy.  
printed posters letter walls that stain  
eyelids that flutter in cigarette smolder. he reads  
words that don't exist - with feelings that understand.  
Joe is alone. but company to butts  
littered about his feet  
waiting for him to speak - to whisper  
secrets.



## The Skate Park

Michael Baumann

We jump on the ground to pound our flat fate  
Into the stuff of pancakes. That's what we do.  
We are the brigade of Dream Street, because  
We see here. We see here. And  
We educate the blind with a  
Headphoned cacophony of creation.  
We walk at the same time on the grafittied concrete sheets  
of Dream Street,  
Chalklines in the greedy soul of cement.

## **Tribute to the Man Who Didn't Deserve My Love**

Bayli Bumen

Love is a fairytale?  
Yeah right.  
Love is pain  
It's the blood dripping from my veins  
The bruises along my neck  
The curse words left never to be said  
The hole in the wall  
Yet, that hole is smaller than the one you've left in my heart  
Punching through my chest with the words  
Words you were never afraid to say  
Pathetic  
Ugly  
Bitch  
Yes, yes – you have left your mark  
Damaged  
Afraid  
That's love



## **Dear Sandwich Man**

Daniel Lassell

Dear sandwich man, who holds the sandwich sign, I look at you in the hot sun – toasted like the loaves you sell – and I cannot help but think of some tragedy it would be, if Godzilla stormed the streets and saw you, dressed plump and breaded, and ready to eat, like the sandwiches you sell.

## The Moon's Bidding Lips

Michael Schrader

The moon, gleaming through the still  
window pane, brightens the room behind.  
Alit is a cushioned chair in the corner. Silent,  
Lonesome, begging for an intellectual to come  
and entrance himself with the universe;  
To ponder what causes the phases of her royalty.  
The walls of the room are lined with bookshelves  
which collect what reflected beams they can.  
Poets, playwrights, authors, dictators, commentators,  
and philosophers dust these shelves and wait  
solemnly for the attracted to massage their covers with  
their calloused hands. Flipping page by page  
acquiring the words that float off the  
papyrus, lambskin, cotton bound together.  
The door, opened wide to a dismal corridor, hangs  
cautiously. Like a butler it stays until asked to leave.  
This luminescence digresses and retreats, crescents  
bidding farewell to a depressing chamber, kissing  
each title, each stitch, each splinter goodnight,  
Hoping for a brighter today.

# **Icarus Rising**

Philip Frederick

The maze of life brings with it endless twists and turns  
Far too many for a man to bear, he slowly loses sanity  
My Father lives in the sky, and I long to see Him face to face  
I spread my waxen wings and leave this world behind  
Soaring above the clouds of my anxiety, looking down  
At the blackened and bruised world, pitying humanity  
Looking up to the heavens I see the Sun, brilliant as  
A diamond emblazoned with light, I soar higher  
Breaking the walls of caution, my soul begs to attain  
The unlimited light, the endless heat of transcendence  
But I begin to burn; the warm glow I sought is a horrific flame  
I was not prepared for it, wax drips like rain and my wings  
Become mere skeletons, and I begin to fall, plummeting downward  
Tossing and turning in turbulent winds, the sea approaches, roaring  
That blue lion with its wet tongue waving back and forth, waiting for me  
And brought back to earth, I crash into the depths of a sea of tears  
Icarus rising, Icarus fallen, I didn't know what would happen  
When union with God is sought, one must be careful not to look  
God in the face, because then one will surely die

# Hero

Dylan Ng

I'd like to think I saved the world that day.  
I didn't need gravity to fall.  
People brought me down.  
Their words like lead.  
I made a mistake.  
Everybody does.  
But why is my mistake the worst?  
Why am I crucified by all the glares?  
I am stoned to death in the verbal execution.  
Words are the rocks that strike me.  
Their eyes cut my soul in two.  
I am worthless.  
But I don't need a soul.  
I am alive.  
Crucifixion did not see me that day.  
Death gained a new enemy.  
Each stone passed through me.  
Lead is only an element on a table.  
I kicked gravity in the butt.  
I did save the world that day.  
I became a hero when I walked right  
through the fire of my mistake.  
You can all perish.  
I won't save you.  
I am my own hero.

## Untitled

Flour on a dusty countertop, crumbs of happiness left over  
from a day before.  
Cookies on the carpet, glass on the dresser,  
And a single red empty soda pop can kicked to the closet door:  
I used to like it  
When poetry was allowed to rhyme  
I kind of appreciated the feeling of smoothly quipping  
“The bunnies hop, the flowers pop  
In the garden”  
We can’t write in the garden anymore  
Because all we want is power  
The strength of words and a shock value so high that all the  
garrets in the world couldn’t encompass it  
We want Harry Houdini  
We want an atomic power so huge—  
That it will knock the world apart and make a great  
*Waste land*  
Of our minds and our hearts  
So we—  
Can’t tolerate vicarage poetry, anymore,  
We’ve moved on to better things

## **T-Orchard**

Andrew Popp

Ten years old  
i capiTalized all my T's,  
i was TaughT  
They don'T conform To sTandard english.

Twelve years old  
my apTiTude TesT wasn'T sTandard  
i Told Them  
To change Their own aTTiTudes.

excluded in high school,  
i wasn'T a sheep;  
my lengThy TwisTed hair,  
was quiTe unique.

noT unTil college  
did i find ouT  
originaliTy is a gifT  
some never obTain.

## Dinner Landscape

Charles Peñalosa

The last slice of lasagna was a small island  
At the edge of a flat world,  
Surrounded by a dry ocean of marinara.

The napkins were the white-sand beaches  
Tainted by the tidal waves of crimson sauce.

The pieces of French bread were boats  
With butter-drenched decks.

The big mounds of salad were rainforests  
Still unconquered by the Italian  
And ranch dressings.

The cups of root beer were the night sky  
Confined by plastic boundaries.  
Inside were the constellations of ice,  
The popping stars, and the fizzling clouds.

# The Beehive

Abigail Roach

The beehive

Buzzing little baristas  
do their dance

Take money, make change

Grind coffee, fake a smile

Tall, Grande, Venti

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz in the beehive of capitalism  
Brewing the blood that pumps through the nation

Syrup and then milk steaming, hold back the foam and pour

The espresso

machine groans

--What can I get for you today?

Tall

Nonfat

No Whip Cream

Light Foam

150 Degrees

3 pumps of peppermint

White Mocha

Upside Down

A man asked for long shots—

At our store we call them dead shots I say,

After 15 seconds the shot loses its caramel color and turns black,

Turns bitter —

I told him that we aren't supposed to serve deadshots.

He says he likes the bitter taste.

Most Starbucks customers do

Most of the world does,

Choking as it burns the back of their throat:

*ALL HAIL THE GREEN GODDESS!*

# Spilling My Lunch in the Coffee Shop

Daniel Lassell

they see me.  
wet and soiled.  
spilt milk muddled with pasta and what used to be—  
    a ham sandwich  
washed down crotch to carpet below  
a littered waterfall—a wasted lunch  
shoving my hand down my throat to stop the vomit  
feeling the warmth in between my fingers  
choking on pride and watching dignity walk out the door  
like the old woman who stumbles getting up the stairs  
and the child who says “sex” in class  
and doesn’t know its meaning until the rest start to laugh  
like the politician called out on television  
for the crimes he’s made against humanity  
and the girl who bleeds at daycare  
on her first period  
i can’t help making a fool  
of myself—a reflection in the mirror  
transparency has never been so painful  
they see me.  
i hide behind a mask of red  
and hope for the chuckles to die

## Freud's Demand

Charles Peñalosa

Plato sat on a couch  
as Freud scribbled on a legal pad.  
The scratching of his pen  
against the smooth, yellow paper  
sounded like the lighting of a match.

Plato had been going blind  
after too much staring at blank pages  
and writing on air.

"Write me five poems  
and release your chained beasts on paper,"  
Freud said with a grin. "Be still  
and don't be afraid to erase them."

With a big sigh, Plato took his quill,  
and stood up to leave. That's what he gets  
for not bringing Freud some granola bars.

## Catch My Dreams

Bayli Bumen

Dark. I'm scared

Light.

Swirls. Sweat pools on my skin

Turns.

Black. My hair is matted against my face

White.

Silent.

Loud. I can't handle these dreams

I close my eyes.

I rest.

I wake.

Roll over and look up.

Black and Blue

Dream Catcher –

Dangles from my wall.

I smile.

I sleep.



## Midnight

Dylan Ng

Red moon.

Black sky.

Silver stars.

Gray mist.

Midnight.

The bewitching hour.

The place where all my fears come to life.

The place where I am lost. . .

Forever.

# Toothpaste

Hillary Carpenter

At 6:57AM I stumble into the bathroom, my hands taking turns rubbing my sleep-encrusted eyes. The crusty remnants of my dream-state spiral to the tile floor, landing among cotton balls that took a detour on their way to the trash bin. The fluorescent bulbs illuminate the room and strain my eyes. Toothpaste slates over my toothbrush in a straight line. It is not until a flicker of light hits just right that its crystal-light speckles shine like a fine chandelier. I start to think maybe he is more than cracked up to be. His mint breath enters my nostrils, freezing the microscopic cilia to icicles. The coolness awakens my sleep-deprived senses and sends them into frenzy.

Toothpaste has the genetic makeup of God. His genes are abrasive enough to aid in the removal of plaque that gules itself to the back of central incisors. Sodium fluorides strengthen the enamel, breathing new life deep into their roots. Toothpaste blankets the teeth, creating a shield that yields off potential enemies capable of utter destruction. The bristles of the toothbrush turn foamy from the paste, scrubbing deep into the crevices of the molars to extract remnants of caramel corn that served as my 1 AM delight. The toothpaste foam dribbles down from my chin and barely misses making a landmark on my shirt. It is too early for this. I am done scrubbing.

## **A Touch of Wind**

Michael Schrader

The soft, comforting breeze,  
Whispering across the silent greens,  
As calm as a mother's hymns.

Blades of grass glide gracefully through the air,  
Telling the old not to care,  
Cooling their skin from the sun's scorching glare.

Wistfully the wind plays with the leaves,  
Causing uproar amongst the trees.  
Wishing gladly for another breeze.



## **I Really Hate to Do This**

Timothy Hendricks

i really hate to do this  
i know it isn't fair;  
but i cannot last another kiss  
i fear i'll lose my hair.  
you see, i think i may be mad  
my mind is acting crazy;  
my sight is surely going bad  
the world's becoming hazy.  
after minutes of research  
and a second's contemplation;  
plus a walk around some church  
spent hoping for salvation;

an epiphany did come  
and much to my surprise;  
the source is you, of which and from  
comes sanity's demise.  
so i truly must admit,  
and surely do regret,  
that this really must be it  
the beginning of Forget.  
but i'll grant your heart some grace,  
some time to say goodbye;  
that my fingers on your face  
may catch the tears you cry.  
at which time i will leave,  
for the sake of my own heart;  
and the teardrops on your sleeve  
will signify the start. . .  
the beginning of our end,  
the doomsday clock will tick,  
o, my wits i must defend,  
but the time is yours to pick.  
you see, i'm giving you the date  
on which to end our love,  
your hands do hold our blessed fate  
please wear some sticky gloves.

## **Petals of Love**

Dylan Ng

Whimsical.

Not that I would know.

He loves me not.

Petals on the ground.

Lifeless.

Marking each and every hope.

He loves me.

I wish.

One petal won't change the world.

I am lost.

A sea forgotten.

Listlessly lolling lifeless eyes.

Dance my pretty little feelings.

Emotions are slaves.

The world their captor.

Love is a theory.

Solve for x.

But there's only y.

Y.

Y.

Why.

Why doesn't he love me?

Whimsical.

Not that I would know

## Words

James Brockmeier

words she cannot process into thoughts  
bellow into ears  
as she stands from the stance  
she thought only she knew –  
face meets dirt and knees scarred  
soothed by the balm of tears and earth.

words she cannot let be put to thoughts,  
immediacy of sense turns to feeling,  
forcing her to truly face  
these proposed truths  
as they meander  
to her ears, but not quite to the heart  
she had given up.

she had heard words before,  
calming, soothing, loving  
crap carrying “concerned” consolation.

but not these words:  
“I hurt too.”

words.  
real words,  
real concerned words.

thoughts never realized,  
lost loneliness creates  
hope, springing from heart,  
thoughts she cannot put to words

## **Madame Square**

Michael Schrader

Your curved body  
my calloused hand sweeps over;  
Your thick perfume  
Tickles my newly awakened  
Nostrils: teasing me,  
Inviting myself for  
Another kiss.  
Filling my fresh lungs,  
Stealing every bit of  
Oxygen left over  
From a peaceful sleep.  
Enticing my mind,  
Calming a hectic thought,  
You tell me everything's  
Going to be all right.  
Like a prince coveting his young maiden,  
You gently hand yourself over.  
And without guilt, I take you.  
You're morning's breakfast,  
You're my first cigarette.



## **February 8, 2011**

Patricia Harvey

Warm tissue fleshed from the skeleton  
sewn into a new and better invention:  
Superabsurdly, Mary Shelley's opus.

## **Butcher Me Softly**

Daniel Lassell

If Chicago is really the Hog Butcher of the World  
then what does that say of its pizza?  
Sure, it's a windy city  
that beats children's faces with  
frostbitten snowflakes that stab  
But if Chicago is really the Hog Butcher  
then what does Indianapolis cleave?  
I have lived there and seen it  
I have choked on its smog  
and strolled the littered alley-ways  
Indianapolis adds personalism to slaughter:  
It takes you by the hand and says,  
"I know you. I have seen you in  
traffic before work and I have heard you  
complaining in the blistering winter wind -  
and I like it"  
Then it lops off your hand like  
any other butcher would.



## **Dear Valued Customer**

Andrew Popp

Dear Valued Customer,  
It's a sale of a whale, the tall tale,  
Of capitalist harmony.  
This is no going out of business sale,  
this is a sale of your soul.  
I'd like to invite you  
Peruse my aisles, walk for miles,  
Spend more money, to be more

bluntly.  
I have all you need,  
I'll be the air you breathe,  
And all you see  
Comes at a price.  
Save twenty cents on tangerines,  
Thirty on facial cream,  
And your wet dreams  
Are always on sale.  
I enjoy your business,  
So indulge yourselves on  
Anything you need.

Greetings Mom and Pop shops of  
America  
Your capitalism is dead  
My capitalism is new.  
There is no need  
For you to be  
Your competition  
Doesn't exist  
In capitalist harmony's

Attention: Wal-Mart Employees  
A clean-up in aisle three,  
But before you do  
I will need you to clock out  
so your hours are less than forty.  
You single mothers  
Need no benefits  
you senior citizens  
I could give  
Two shits.  
Work to the bone  
But not too long,  
After work pick up your kids,  
Pay your bills,

Then return and fill —  
Your pantries of our low low low  
Priced deals.  
To perpetuate the cycle of  
Capitalist harmony.  
After all,  
Wal-Mart pride is  
saving money.

Excuse me Children of Production,  
No one told you to stop working,  
Nor did I say stop slaving.  
This money will not make itself  
Continue production,  
On the toy  
It takes  
Twelve cents  
To make.  
A toy  
We will sell, present as a deal,  
And still make  
One hundred fifty percent profit.  
I need to exploit,  
To gain my wealth.  
The low cost of high profit  
Rests  
in your blood and sweat.  
Our capital gain  
Rests  
In your pain.  
And our capitalist harmony  
Is  
your agony.

Sincerely with love....  
Of Money....

Your Local Wal-Mart.

## **Snapshots of Snow Day**

Charles Peñalosa

Crystalized swords of dew  
Picnic table sledding  
“Ahhh!” they scream  
Scattered blue salt  
The digging of tires  
Not quite 12 inches  
But I’m afraid to go to the library  
Painful elbow  
Shuddering in the cold  
Empty can of ice melt  
Finger-like branches  
Skating rink over grass  
Wearing matching brown jacket and gloves  
Slick steps downward  
The sound of hour-long scraping  
I’m in denial  
Because everything  
Keeps sliding



## **The Composer**

Philip Frederick

He stood on the shore of the sea of sound  
Directing the tide, the rise and fall, the waves of music  
The Master in the world he conducts,  
Every sweep of his arm, every twirl of his hand  
The pained expression on his face  
Is the dynamic heart beating, giving life  
To the notes echoing in harmony to the heavens  
They are his love, his life, and the sea obeys him.

# Naked Time

Mia Horninger

Characters:

MARCIE—32 years old, slightly overweight and buxom, brunette, low self-esteem

KINDLE—25 years old, eccentric, very ‘starving artist,’ warm-hearted

JASMINE—Kindle’s girlfriend, very elegant, thin, beautiful, but haughty

Kindle’s apartment/art studio. There is a door to stage left, closed. A door to stage right is gaping slightly with a light behind it. There is a folding screen center stage and a table set up with strewn flowers and a long piece of fabric, obviously set up to be painted. There is soft, ballad rock playing in the background and the light of a sunset streaming in the windows. Candles have also been lit and are scattered about the room. The atmosphere is unintentionally romantic.

MARCIE is standing behind a folding changing screen. All the audience can see is her naked silhouette. KINDLE has his back to the audience, cheated so that he is looking at her at an angle and the audience cannot see his canvas.

**KINDLE** (Looking around the canvas at Marcie): Come out of there, Marcie!

**MARCIE** (Pleading): Kindle, please! I cannot believe you are making me do this!

**KINDLE** (Kindly but annoyed): It’s not as bad as you think. Just come on out here. I’m sure you look beautiful.

**MARCIE** (Almost whining): But why do I have to be naked? Of all the people to be naked, why me?

**KINDLE** (Exasperated): I swear to God, if you don’t quit complaining, I’m going to come over there and dump my paint water on your head. Now shut up, and come out here. I need to set you up to paint.

MARCIE stomps out from behind the screen wearing a very short silk robe that barely covers her buxom figure. KINDLE sighs and throws his brush down in exasperation. She stands, with her arms crossed across her chest.

**KINDLE:** Damnit, Marcie! I've been trying for three weeks to get the lighting right in here for this composition and this was our only chance! And now, you're going to ruin it! I'll never get it right!

**MARCIE** (On the verge of tears): Don't yell at me! Please! This isn't fair. I told you from the beginning I was uncomfortable with this.

**KINDLE** (Frustrated but sympathetic): I told you. No one is going to know it's you—

JASMINE suddenly walks through the door into the room from the bedroom. She is prettily ruffled as if she just got up from beauty sleep. She is wearing a skimpy teddy and is bleary eyed. KINDLE looks terrified and looks between MARCIE and JASMINE.

**JASMINE** (Sleepily): Hey, what's going on out here?

**KINDLE:** Jasmine! What—what are you doing home?!

**JASMINE** (Focusing on Kindle): I woke up with a migraine so I called into work after you left for classes. (Sees MARCIE) Who the hell are you?

**MARCIE** (Obviously embarrassed but slightly offended. She is also very confused): I could ask you the same thing

**MARCIE and JASMINE** (Turning toward Kindle): Kindle?

**KINDLE** (Thinking fast): Uh, Jasmine, this is Marcie, a friend from school. Marcie, this is my uh, girlfriend. Jasmine.

**MARCIE** (Crushed): But I thought you were. . . I didn't know you had. . . Girlfriend?

**JASMINE:** Yeah, girlfriend. Got a problem with that, sweet cheeks? (Realizing what MARCIE is wearing) Excuse me, but is that *my* bathrobe you're wearing?

**MARCIE** (Pulling the robe tighter around herself): Um, maybe? I don't know?

**JASMINE** (Becoming angrier): And are you *naked* under *my* bathrobe?

MARCIE looks as if she is about to start crying. JASMINE is very angry, and looks as if she is about to blow up. KINDLE, the entire time, has

been looking back and forth between the two women. Seeing that the situation is about to go from bad to worse, he jumps in.

**KINDLE:** Honey, Marcie is a friend from school! She's in my painting class and is helping me with a project.

**JASMINE:** By being *naked*?! Bullshit, Kindle! This is the third girl this month you've brought home for your painting class. I'm tired of seeing naked girls in our living room that aren't me!

**MARCIE** (Trying to mend the situation): But, it's true. Kindle asked me to be his partner. The assignment is to paint each other.

**JASMINE** (On her last straw. Yelling): *NAKED?!!*

JASMINE picks up a vase and throws it at KINDLE. Her throw is wild, though, and misses him completely. MARCIE buries her face in her hands and begins to cry. KINDLE and JASMINE begin to yell at each other, saying things like "It's a project!" and "You cheating jerk!" MARCIE finally can't take it anymore.

**MARCIE** (Yelling over JASMINE and KINDLE's argument): Stop it!

The other two fall silent.

**MARCIE:** Listen, Jasmine. I'm really sorry about this. This is really just an art project. I don't know anything about the other girls. Kindle wanted to paint me naked for his project. I told him I wasn't comfortable with it and we honestly haven't even started yet. Kindle, I'm sorry about this, but I just can't do it. You're going to have to paint someone else for your project. (She turns toward the bathroom, gathering up her clothes)

**KINDLE** (Pleadingly): No, Marcie... Don't go! I really need you for this project!

**MARCIE** (Sadly): You can paint someone else. You don't need me. I'm sure you have plenty of other girls or you could always paint your girlfriend. (She walks into the bathroom and shuts the door behind her)

**JASMINE** (Angrily): Good, let her go.

**KINDLE** (Sighing heavily): Come on, you don't understand.

**JASMINE** (All the anger going out of her. Sits on the couch): No, I don't understand Kindle. Why do you have to paint her naked and not me? And what about the other girls? Aren't I good enough for you?

**KINDLE**: Of course you are, baby! You're beautiful and sexy and gorgeous, but, in this case, it needs to be Marcie that I paint and not you.

**JASMINE** (Slowly getting angry again): Just like it had to be the other girls, too, right? (Sighs) I've always been good enough for you in the past!

**KINDLE**: I know –

**JASMINE** (Cutting him off): What do they have that I don't?

**KINDLE**: Nothing –

**JASMINE** (Cutting him off): I'm a model for goodness sake! My god, Kindle! She's fat! A fat cow!

Unbeknownst to JASMINE and KINDLE, MARCIE has come out of the bathroom, now fully dressed. She has listened to the last half of their conversation. Her face has become more and more crushed. At JASMINE's last comment, though, MARCIE has heard enough.

**MARCIE** (Quietly): Yes, I know I am.

JASMINE freezes and lowers her head, obviously embarrassed, but she refuses to turn around and face MARCIE. KINDLE sighs heavily and drops his face into his hands.

**KINDLE**: I'm sorry, Marcie. She didn't mean that.

**MARCIE**: No, I know she meant that, Kindle. Most people actually do mean it because, frankly, it's true. I'm not going to deny it.

**KINDLE**: Aw! Come on, Marcie!

**MARCIE** (Raises her hand to stop him): Don't try to defend her, Kindle. She's right. You *should* paint her. Cause, she's beautiful.

**JASMINE** (Turns slowly to MARCIE): I...I'm sorry. I don't even know you and I shouldn't have said that.

**MARCIE** (Coldly): Don't worry about it.

**KINDLE** (Fed up): Damn it! Jasmine, I can't paint you! I want to paint Marcie because she has the right skin tone! Not because she's fat or skinny or you're not beautiful enough, or anything! For crying out loud, you're both beautiful women and I would love to paint you both, but it's not fair for you to judge each other like this! Same with Rachel and Traci and Monique! They had the right skin tone! Skin tone!

**JASMINE and MARCIE**: What?

**KINDLE** (Slowing down): You're both beautiful women. I would love to paint both of you. Jasmine, I love you and you're gorgeous and my girlfriend. Marcie, you're a great friend and I never wanted to make you uncomfortable. The reason I wanted to paint you was because you have the right skin tone.

**MARCIE**: Skin tone?

**KINDLE**: Yeah. It balances the painting.

**JASMINE**: So, you would have painted me, if I had the right color of skin?

**KINDLE**: Yes.

**JASMINE**: Oh. Ok?

**KINDLE**: Ladies, I am really sorry about the confusion. (He sighs heavily) I'm going to the bathroom, be right back.

KINDLE leaves, closing the bathroom door behind him. JASMINE and MARCIE stare at each other in awkward silence. Both women finally look away from each other, unwilling to break the silence for another few moments.

**JASMINE** (Still not looking at MARCIE): I'm uh, I'm really sorry about what I said.

**MARCIE** (Quietly, still not looking at JASMINE): It's ok.

**JASMINE** (Finally turning toward MARCIE): No, it really isn't. I have no reason whatsoever to judge you like that. You really are a beautiful girl.

**MARCIE** (Smiling slightly): Thanks. You are too.

**JASMINE**: So, will you let him paint you now? Now that he's explained himself, I'm really ok with it. It was just a shock to wake up to find another strange woman wearing my bathrobe.

**MARCIE** (Shakes her head, laughing slightly): I bet. But, no. I don't think I'll be painted anymore. I'm too embarrassed. I'm not comfortable being naked when I'm alone in my apartment, let alone in front of Kindle.

**JASMINE** (Warming to MARCIE): But you have such a pretty face and your skin tone is gorgeous! A few extra curves never hurt anyone. You're beautiful!

**MARCIE**: Thanks, but no thanks.

**JASMINE**: Well, ok. But you're really going to disappoint him. You know how Kindle gets about his artwork.

KINDLE comes out of the bathroom.

**KINDLE**: So, Marcie, you want to do this or not? If it's ok with Jasmine, of course.

**MARCIE** (Stands, grabbing her purse to go): No, thanks, Kindle, but I'm going to go. I'm really not comfortable with this at all and I feel like I've intruded enough. I'll see you in class on Monday. (She makes a quick exit)

**KINDLE** (Watching her go): Damn. Damn, damn, damn. (Sighs) Well... I guess I'll have to rework my painting for class. Damn. (Sighs again) I'm really sorry about all this Jasmine. I didn't mean for everything to go down like this.

**JASMINE**: It's really, ok, Kindle. I'm sorry I freaked out.

**KINDLE**: (Kisses her softly): I understand why you did. I'm going to take a shower, babe. I'll paint more tomorrow. I love you.

**JASMINE** (As he goes into the bathroom): Love you, too.

As the door closes behind KINDLE, JASMINE watches him go. She blows out all the candles and goes as if to go into the bedroom. She stops and turns toward his canvas, which has remain facing away from the

audience the entire time. She checks first that KINDLE is in the shower and then goes over to the painting. She takes it down from the easel to look at it. Her face is shocked. She sets the painting down, now facing the audience. The canvas is completely blank, with pictures of other naked or scantily clad women pinned and taped to it.

She pulls out his portfolio and finds picture after picture of KINDLE and scantily clad girls, mostly photographs. JASMINE opens his paint kit and dumps out rolls of film and a camera. There is no paint or paint brushes.

**JASMINE** (Extremely angry): Oh, that's it. I'm done.

She goes into the bedroom. KINDLE comes out of the bathroom wearing only a towel and sees the mess.

**KINDLE** (Knows he's in trouble): Oh. Crap.

JASMINE comes out of the bedroom wearing a long coat and carrying a suitcase.

**KINDLE** (Trying to explain himself): Baby, it's just art! Art! You know, like Da Vinci, or Picasso!

She looks at KINDLE, shakes her head in disgust, and walks out the door, slamming it behind her. KINDLE slowly sits on the couch, picking up a dropped photograph.

BLACKOUT.

## Cracked

Dylan Ng

Cracked.  
Each and every line a scar.  
So much pain.  
So much hurt.  
So much love.  
The sun shines.  
Rays of light penetrate.  
When I look through my cracked crystal heart  
I see a rainbow.  
Each and every color  
A color of love.



## Heels

Michael Baumann

When we talk it doesn't matter  
Because real shit – real  
Conversation crafts  
Piles of words  
When we shatter clatter  
Courage walls with speed  
Listen to us. Because  
When we talk, it doesn't matter, but  
When we sing,  
We break sound barriers  
And change things.  
We start with snowshovels for our word piles  
And shovel until our heels can't feel anymore.

## **Trains**

Michael Schrader

Another weekend, another train,  
another ticket, platform, whistle.  
Paid the man in the booth  
For a seat to Virginia.  
"Your life is but a dream,"  
He said to me.  
There's wisdom in foolish words.

Many men with tickets also stand,  
idle on the platform;  
Shifting their weight to  
and fro.  
The first train comes,  
"Next stop Maryland!"  
and about ten board.  
The next, Santa Monica, follows its tail,  
and twenty scurry into its cars.

These aren't my train  
headed for Virginia.  
They are headed towards similar,  
desert locations.  
My train will come, or at least,  
I hope so.  
And when it does  
We will finally be alone.

## Finishing the Rind

Andrew Popp

She reminded me of a lime.  
the most beautiful  
Shade of green.

She tasted bitter,  
Vomit kisses.

I continued to chew.  
If I finished the rind  
I thought  
she might sweeten.

It wasn't until her friend  
Told me "she doesn't deserve you"  
That I realized  
Limes taste better with tequila.



## Shadow Man

James Brockmeier

dreary dark demeaningly damp days  
followed by similar dreams,  
have led me here in a bloody eyed gaze  
desiring only to dangle, how high this precipice seems.  
They say that Death haggles for souls,  
I imagine my barter, the simplest affair,  
'he walks already with me hand in hand' the shadow man told.  
Letting go my numbed mind still feels the whip of cold lifeless air.

## Cobble Stone Streets

Daniel Lassell

Cobble stone streets, laid in history so intricately, yet tread upon everyday forgotten. A business man in a suit, a child, a homeless man, a pregnant woman, all cross over the bricks – these bricks of old that cradle the past – and not one stops to ponder, “who placed these stones?” Who are these brick layers who laid these heavily trodden streets so long ago, laid so well that not one cracked under the weight of the world? You, cobble stone men – men who mastered the craft of flooring and became one with the earth – are not forgotten.



## The Carnival

She walked down the twisted hallways  
Ins and outs and didn't understand  
Knowing of the light outside  
But with ins and outs and twists and turns and crying  
    in a heap on the bathroom floor  
She couldn't really find a way for spinning  
Around in –  
Distorted circles  
Trying, trying to stop –  
Running up against a wall –  
Slamming against the end of a hall  
Living in a house of mirrors.

## **Suffocated**

Bayli Bumen

Suffocated

I feel the pressure on my lungs  
Trying to draw in a deep breath  
The air scratches at my raw throat  
Screaming is no longer an option  
Fear is just a word  
I am beyond that  
I will forever be a prisoner  
A prisoner of sorrow  
I am alone  
Stuck in this dungeon  
It's dark and I'm cold.



## **The Suicide Jump of Building 3527**

Daniel Lassell

Man stands at the pinnacle of his creation.  
He ponders as the wind whips at his face. These  
sky scrapers, who defy gravity and tickle God's  
toes, command the trees to bow (for they are no  
longer the keepers of the sky). Man built them – the  
Tower of Babel finally finished – and killed God.  
He thinks. He repents. He jumps. . . and Mother  
Nature swallows him.



# **Visions that Haunt Us:**

F E A T U R E D  
G H O S T S T O R I E S



# **Marian University Ghost Stories: Truth or Fiction?**

Daniel Lassell

For years, freshman students have strolled down the dog walk late at night and knocked for ghosts to come out and play. It has developed into a rite of passage, one might say, as the Marian community welcomes its newest students through a chilling cobble-stone adventure.

Even outside of the Halloween season, the topic remains prevalent and captivates people.

Students have told many stories of Marian's past and the spirits that pester the campus. To name a few: Clare Hall had an exorcism performed on the second floor, as well as a nun who committed suicide in a shower. Allison Mansion has a nun who collects keys, a swimming pool that splashes on its own without water, and a woman who prevents break-ins. Stokely Mansion has a woman in a beige dress, a boy who plays with tops at the end of the dog walk, a man who hung himself in the attic, a pair of legs that occupy the bathrooms, a man who shot himself in the bedroom, and a mistress poisoned to death in the tea garden.

"There has never been research conducted on campus—we're just not interested, it doesn't benefit us," the Vice President for Administration and General Counsel, Deb Lawrence, said, tired of the paranormal investigators that call every year to conduct research on campus. "We don't dwell on that because there are so many more meaningful things to be doing. . . There isn't anything documentable—it's mostly rumor. I don't think it's science, I think it's something else. . . People tell me that there are ghosts in Allison Mansion, but I don't see any."

"The stories about Allison developed about twenty years ago, so I think they may have been made up," Sr. Norma Rocklage said in an interview, single-handedly eliminating a third of the questions. Concerning Stokely, she stated, "When the college bought the mansion, the sisters invited the Stokely family

back to see it one time and one son would not come back, because he had such bad memories.” She described Frank Wheeler, the owner of the mansion in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and how he had committed suicide, “he got up one morning, showered, shaved, put on his good clothes and shot himself.”

An old article in the *Indianapolis Star* stated that Wheeler had shot himself, not in the bedroom, but in his bathroom, clothed only in a bathrobe. “Frank H. Wheeler, 57 years old, Indianapolis millionaire, one of the founders of the Indianapolis Speedway and president of the Wheeler-Schebler Carburetor Company, took his own life about 7 o’clock yesterday morning in a bathroom of the palatial Wheeler home, 147 West Riverside drive, by discharging the contents of both barrels of a shotgun into the left side of his head. . . Neither Mrs. Wheeler nor the servants knew that Mr. Wheeler had left his room until the shot was heard by Walter Freeman, one of the servants, who hurried to the bathroom and found the body lying on the floor clad only in a bathrobe.”

Touring Stokely Mansion, Mary Samreta, the Assistant Director of Admissions, told of her own personal experiences:

“I was in my office – and we had no windows open, so there was no wind – and I was talking with the other workers and my candle blew out. I later found out that it was the anniversary of [Wheeler’s] death, or his birthday, or his wife’s birthday or something. I’ve had handprints on my desk before that were not mine. I was coming down the stairs one time and there was a flash of white light that flew past me, and I screamed. One worker saw a pair of legs in the bathroom, and he said excuse me and stepped back, but then there was no one there. He had the legs down to every detail too – he had dark brown saddle shoes and cream pin stripe pants.”

She talked as though the unnatural occurrences were daily events and explained how they used to bother her but now they don’t, “I was working late one day and I was hearing

noises—doors closing, footsteps—and I couldn't leave so I was like, 'Alright, I respect your space, you respect mine, because I can't leave, I have a lot of work to get done' – and I've never had a problem since that day."

In the end, the only unnatural death that can be confirmed on campus was that of Frank Wheeler. The hauntings have no evidence to support that they really happened since they are only speculations. But the stories continue to thrill the Marian community, even though most are made up. Yet, all rumors stem from some truth. One story can easily transform into another through misunderstanding. Like a tanning bed in the attic of Stokely, which was nicknamed an "electric chair," could have sparked some rumor of death in the attic, and ended up as a hanging. One will never know what truly happened on campus over a hundred years ago, since no living person can attest to its validity.

# Hide, Burn, and Seek

ENG 115J

All the children coming up the front sidewalk to Timmy's tenth birthday party heard him screaming. The clown had gotten to Stokely Mansion early.

Fortunately, the other kids weren't afraid of clowns. It turned out badly for Timmy who kept trying to hide from the clown, even while eating birthday cake and opening presents. Timmy only relaxed and enjoyed himself during the outside games. He only was happy when walking his new dog along the colonnade.

With the gathering clouds, the children were called inside to play hide and seek. Timmy didn't want to go. Some think Timmy saw the clown again and decided to really hide.

No one knows if he even knew what the furnace was. Surely, no one could have known where Timmy had hidden when the butler turned the furnace on, that first cold afternoon of the year.

The children all thought, then, that the banging in the slowly heating furnace was just the old dark, scary thing getting hot after sitting, waiting for cobwebbed months, in the basement's dark depths.

Then, the other children all thought they could go back home and forget the horror, but no one wanted the clown or birthday parties again. They kept thinking about Timmy. After they all died, as old, old people, the young children they had been that haunting afternoon started showing up in the windows of Stokely Mansion. Some play happily, reliving the good moments, and others SCREAM FOREVER, reliving the moment Timmy's burning body fell out of the furnace when the butler finally opened the door.

Now, a hundred and five years later, on every very dark night, I walk up the catwalk to the mansion's back door and knock: "Can Timmy come out to play?"

## Contributors

**Michael Baumann:** I am a junior. I major in English and Communication. I like this stuff.

**James Brockmeier** is a senior theology and philosophy major. He was inspired to write poetry by his coworkers and friends at the writing center.

### **Bayli Bumen**

**Hillary Carpenter** is currently a sophomore at Marian University. She is pursuing an English degree with a writing concentration and is minoring in psychology. Besides writing, Hillary enjoys playing tennis, reading, and being with her family and friends.

The **ENG 115, section j**, wrote “Hide, Burn, and Seek” as an attempt at flash horror fiction together in Spring, 2011. We were looking at some of the conventions used in different forms of literature, at HOW creative writing makes meaning. (Really, we did it mostly because it was fun.) Class Roster: Kaitlin Antonneau, Veronica Belles, Joey Collopy, Drew Dearing, Allie Dragoo, Kelsey Fluke, Mary Ganser, Samantha Greasor, Dylan Green, Joe Grogan, Kelly Leyba, Michelle Marcum, Annabella Ondari, Sarah Osburn, Lauren Paras, Taylor Roach, Maria Schwab, Mary Kate Shanahan, Nick Shanks, Cory Slade, and Jessie Tawney.

**Philip Frederick** is a sophomore and a Psychology major. He hopes to study in the field of clinical psychology. He enjoys hiking, reading, and, when a rare streak of creativity hits, writing

**Patricia Harvey** is a tutor, teacher, and humble apprentice to the writer’s craft.

**Katie Hedrick** graduated from Marian University in 2010.

**Timothy Hendricks**

**Mia Horninger** is a fifth year senior and is graduating in May 2011. She hopes that her writing has matured to level, which allows it to no longer reek like moldy gym shoes. She is an English major and has minors in history, theatre, and a concentration in writing. She loves to crochet

**Daniel Lassell** is graduating this spring from Marian with an English major, Pastoral Leadership minor, and a Writing concentration. For the graduation ceremony, he wants to ride in on a llama, just like President Elsener rode in on a horse during a football game. We'll see if his dream comes true.

**Dylan Ng:**

Born August 2, 1991

From Fort Wayne, IN

Attended Bishop Dwenger High School

Double major in math and music education

with a minor in secondary education

and a concentration in rhetoric.

Freshman

**Charles Peñalosa** is a junior double majoring in Catholic Studies and History and is a seminarian at the Bishop Simon Bruté College Seminary. He loves to write poems as a way to meditate on the beauty of God's creation—seeing the extraordinary in the ordinary. His favorite topics to write about are food and human behavior. He likes to experiment with different poetic styles.

**Andrew Popp**

**Abigail Roach**

**Michael Schrader**