

INDIAN HILLS COMMUNITY COLLEGE

# HILLS REVIEW

*JOURNAL OF STUDENT POETRY*



AKR  
2009

SPRING - 2009

## **Acknowledgements**

Special thanks to Tyler Smith for the cover design. This fall, Tyler will be pursuing a major in graphic design.

We would like to recognize Darlas Shockley and the Arts and Sciences Division. Thank you for supporting this creative endeavor, as well as the poetry readings.

Also, thanks to Cheryl Talbert and the library staff for hosting the readings in such an ideal location – the Library Loft. More poetry readings are scheduled there for the upcoming year.

Finally, thanks to Jerry Schlechter and the Printing Department for the amazing and efficient work they do.

Co-editors: Joy Lyle and Dr. Victor Streeby

## Foreword

The poetry within this journal reflects the remarkable body of work that the Creative Writing: Poetry students created during this spring semester. Some of the following poems were written in response to particular “theme-based” assignments, in which students sought inspiration from such things as fruit, the periodic table of elements, a body part, artwork, etc. Other poems were crafted with no prescriptive subject in mind; the poets merely followed their natural instincts to find poetry in exterior and interior landscapes (those of the physical world and their own minds).

Throughout this journal, however, the selected poems are characterized by an attempt to address raw emotion with language that imaginatively expresses the honest thoughts and feelings of the poets and their experiences. Distinctive voices are emerging here; ones that will continue to seek depth, clarity, and perspective in the literary arts; ones that will continually find occasions in which to speak. And in those life-affirming moments, as Marvin Bell instructs, they will “remember what they forgot they knew” about themselves, others, and the world around them.

--Professor Streeby

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*Felicia Maule*

## **Through the Garden**

*Soft* and abundant  
These voices still ring.  
The most *beautiful* song –  
A song of spring.  
Blissful and happy,  
Joyous –  
Not scared,  
Chanting out *secrets*  
That *no one* will hear.

*Felicia Maule*

## **A Lesson Learned**

Don't tempt fate; next time,  
The elements will win.

Your skin is corroded,  
The flesh has burnt away,  
Pus slowly seeps to the surface;  
The aftermath left by the storm –  
A trophy of sorts.

You were wrong in believing  
You could control this concoction  
While blindfolded, like starting a fire in a lightless dungeon.  
See, Chemistry isn't a class for the dim.  
Hydrochloric acid  
Is the last thing you should play in.

# *Samantha Bowman*

## **Fall**

It glistens on her cheek  
As she falls to sleep  
Welcoming the horrors to come.

It flows through her veins  
Waiting for the sweet release  
Of pain, as it consumes her.

It tumbles down her face in a raging  
Waterfall that seems like it  
Will never cease.

It is her comfort and shame,  
This small combination of atoms  
Turning her eyes into a dry red

That she will just blame on the rain.

*Samantha Bowman*

## **Torment**

His eyes fill with tears  
As he watches the shadows  
Encroach.

Staring blankly at the wall  
He cringes as the demons  
Of his mind come out to play.

Swirling and dancing between  
The light, his monsters  
Slowly devour him.

*Stacy Palmer*

## **Downtown**

I am staring over the balcony  
Of my one-room apartment,  
Looking into the streets  
Of a lowlife Suburbia  
Only to see the traffic below  
Come to a standstill.  
Tomorrow's class.  
Today's lesson.  
The TV blaring.  
Strangers everywhere.  
The smell of gasoline and lilacs—  
This is where I am today.

*Stacy Palmer*

## **Static Disclosure**

It's raining today,  
Like it's been raining  
In my head.  
A disconnect, a broken fret,  
(Static disclosure)  
In time, gets colder.  
Where are my eyes  
When I need them?  
To take in only what I hear,  
And believe in.  
I dry my tears,  
For the puzzle isn't here  
Any more.  
I break; let go.

*Tyler Smith*

## **Ode to the Rose**

Sister of Tulip & Dandelion,  
you smell pleasant across  
the lawn in shades of red &

yes, you with bright petals & sharp thorn.  
Your beauty is easy to see, but  
you are tricky to touch.

Perfumed & inviting  
you lure in with great ease,  
then with one thorn you turn away with terrible tease.

Even in water & vase  
No one can tame you.  
Little Mistress of Earthly-Gardens,

*Do Not Poke Me While I Admire You!*

## *Tyler Smith*

“X”

Swimming in aroma of a blooming flower  
We take flight in forbidden dance  
Reserved for truthful love  
In this Shimmer  
Your rich blue eyes tear open my chest  
Lost in the embrace of a perfectly crafted creature  
Smothering the face of the moon  
We kiss the stars good-night  
& you ablaze  
My flesh on fire  
Here  
In the gleam of our passion  
With the sounds of your voice  
I drown  
& you  
Sing me to sleep  
I whisper  
Eagerly

*Alyssia Long*

**Kindred Spirit**

Your first touch  
is cold, glassine,  
but you warm  
as you embrace me.

You slowly  
caress my skin,  
and lap  
at my fingertips.

You  
make me feel safe  
and afraid.

You bring me peace, but turmoil, in just a moment.

You, without me,  
would continue.

Me, without you,  
would cease.

## *Alyssia Long*

### **Spring Cleaning**

I'd finally reached  
the last shelf  
to receive its spring clean.  
I slowly unloaded the shelf  
of all its burdens.  
I swept my hand along the back  
of the very top board,  
and I found something.  
I brought my prize  
out into the light  
and recognized the treasure that I had found.  
It was an old dusty jar of canned tomatoes.  
Most people would look at that jar  
and throw it away,  
but not me.  
For me, this jar brought back  
something special...  
When I looked at this jar,  
I saw withered, sun-tanned hands  
gently plucking swollen, red tomatoes  
off of sagging plants.  
I could hear water bubbling  
and hissing on the stove,  
keeping rhythm with the hymn  
my grandmother was humming.  
I could almost feel the steam  
from the water surround my face,  
staining my cheeks red with its heat.  
As I stared at the jar,  
I felt a deep yearning from within my soul,  
a yearning for a time that had long since vanished.

As my mind crept back towards the present,  
I felt a connection to the jar.  
I cradled it in my hands,  
as if it were a precious jewel.  
I knew there was only one place for it,  
way in the back,  
just like the memories I hold.

*Angelica Shettlesworth*

## **Child Woman**

Her body floats  
with grace,  
a ballerina, center  
stage.

Battered  
from constant use,  
toes scarred from blisters  
by her point shoes.

Her muscular legs  
worked to the bone;  
shin splints,  
torn ligaments –  
pain was never shown.

Late at night  
she cried in her room,  
forever staring  
at her beautiful  
costumes. She strived for

the best  
starting at a young age.  
A change sparked within her:  
she can take on  
any stage.

*Angelica Shettlesworth*

**Darkness**

One day  
in one month  
in one year

the sun comes up  
but does not appear.

Your body moves  
without your mind knowing -  
motionless movements  
while your frail legs keep going.

Sadness seeps out through  
the wrinkles that run from your eyes.  
All the physical signs scream  
the damage this has caused.  
Can't you see?

Episodes come more often and  
no one is happy to hear.

The moon comes up  
and does appear.

One day  
in one month  
every year.

*Maria Rivera Held*

## **Fade Away**

Now you see him.  
Now you don't!

He's there one moment  
Then he just fades away.

He is the invisible,  
The intangible being.

Do you know  
If he's real?

Does he exist  
In this world?

He howls his loneliness,  
His hunger, his pain.

His song lingers  
Long after he's vanished.

But can you see  
The ravages of his howl?

*María Rivera Held*

## **WARNING! Signs**

Emerald and gold snakes  
Slither out of their holes.  
Equines dance nervously  
In their stalls.  
Painted cows sneak  
Quietly out of their pasture.

One and all  
The animals trek  
Up the hills,  
Up the mountains,  
Out of the valleys  
To get to higher lands.

Our creature  
Friends and enemies  
Know more than we;  
All our fancy technology  
Is no match yet  
For their natural instincts.

The special bond  
With our Great Mother,  
That we surrendered  
So carelessly,  
Warns Her children  
Of the grave danger.

We watch curiously  
As the ant,

The turtle,  
And the hare  
All clamor  
Away from the sea.

A few of us,  
Those wise few  
Who believe in superstition,  
Scramble after,  
Sure the animals  
Have seen our doom.

Dirty, foamy waves  
Crash upon the beach.  
The brown sky  
Unleashes a gale  
As the creatures and the wise  
Witness the destruction from above.

*Adam Hollingsworth*

## **Perceptions of Color**

I dream of beholding  
Your round, withered beauty.  
With magnetic attraction  
Of Aristotle's profound deity,  
I ponder this question, on the eve  
Of knowledge, to beyond good and evil.  
The way you hang upon the tree,  
Absorbing colors, like a dream.

You tempt me like a plant of intoxication  
That I have grown to love.  
The smoke of harmony,  
To perceptions far and beyond,  
Hangs by a small thread  
That turns all fabrics of time.

Your heated color burns like fire,  
And your lies are sweeter than truth.  
I'm drawn inside your absorbing glow,  
With illusions sublime, a sonata for two.  
The media of poison, held so perfectly,  
To obtain possession for the fairest of us all.  
On a still summer day, we climb up and consume,  
For all you bring while in bloom.

*Adam Hollingsworth*

## **By the Light of a Rose**

I leave the sorrows of life  
In dust behind my heels,  
Lost to a frenzy of strife,  
Long, long ago.

Now awake within a hopeless world,  
And seek angels' wings  
Cracked by the tears of a womb.  
Can you feel it touch your soul?

I meditate in the grasp of nirvana,  
But come up so far and so short.  
The rose of pale light by the moon  
Has withered the flower so soon.

Hanging by the tip of an umbilical string,  
Desperately trying to climb back to spring.  
I shake hands with the devil and blow a kiss,  
Gently running in a stream of bliss.

I sleep in a house with no door,  
Chilled by thoughts I want to go.  
Dear child, steeped in falling clouds,  
Can we hear the sorrows of moonlight sounds?

I climb up, only to fall down,  
Summer, winter, fall, and spring have all drowned.  
Wouldn't it be sad if I touched the earth,  
Just to see the tears of a gentle frown?

I climb again to touch the moon,  
But a tear has fallen unnoticed and engrossed.  
I sleep quietly in the river we choose,  
My soul trapped, in the light of a rose.

*Allison Dickenson*

## **Restlessness**

The sun is setting,  
Sitting beautifully on the  
Horizon.  
I'm waiting  
With almost nothing to  
Do, which of course  
Makes time even more slow  
Than it was going before.  
No movie sounds intriguing.  
No book catches my eye, and  
No game is screaming at me to be played!  
My only companion is music,  
And even that is not  
Working for me.  
The sun is setting, and only a  
Little while until I see you.

*Allison Dickenson*

## **Broken Promises**

It was seventy degrees.  
The sun was shining.  
She promised the bad weather  
Will soon go away.  
No more blizzards, cold gusts, or  
Gray days that go on  
With no end.  
She promised  
Warm breezes, long days,  
The hot sun, and music playing  
From open windows.  
But no, she brought  
False hope.  
None of it will come  
For a while.  
It's still March, and the snow  
Continuously falls in one  
Blustery day.

*Bryce Edmonds*

## **Dreaming of Kansas**

As those wrinkled, old fingers  
work nimbly over the needles,  
that fleece fabric  
is starting to take shape.

I always wonder,  
is it going to have race cars on it,  
or will it have those funny little Muppets?  
My favorite is the warm, snuggly Hawkeyes duvet.

Then I stop dreaming  
and come back to reality.  
I shed a small, single tear  
and curl back up in that throw of warmth.

*Bryce Edmonds*

## **Temptation**

You are my apple of desire.

Every time we are together, I want to take a bite  
just to see how beautiful your insides are.

Are you black and rotten to the core,  
filled with dark secrets, desires, and lies,  
or are you sweet, whole, and ripe for the pickin'?

All I know is

I hope you're a little bit of both...

*Joshua Jeffrey*

## **Nostalgic Goodbyes**

Wrapped in quiet beauty  
Her picture stares at me  
A ghost from the past  
A nostalgic memory

A heated romance  
The one who didn't care about my dark past  
Talking all night just to kill some time  
You said you would never let go

Everything I do leads my mind back to you  
Now I can't shake this funny feeling I'll end up all alone

Your picture stares on  
You're a distant memory  
Why is that all you will ever be?

*Joshua Jeffrey*

## **The Harvester**

You come in the night  
So soft and quick  
You come while we're waking  
With the sound of a click

You do not care of our lives' walk  
The young and the old are the ones that you stalk

Some fear your image  
Some embrace their fate  
You terrify me  
Take my name off your slate

The following poem was created by the whole class, with each poet writing one line and then passing the poem on to the next person. This exercise is inspired by a Surrealist technique called “exquisite corpse,” which is based on an old parlor game whereby several participants would write a phrase down on a piece of paper, fold the paper to conceal part of it, and pass it on to the next contributor. This poem, in particular, is based on “The Snow Man” by Wallace Stevens. The subject of “The Scarecrow” has replaced the original title, and thus the lines pay homage to those Stevens wrote. However, the class members were required to spontaneously address a subject and season that necessarily differ from those in his famous poem.

## **The Scarecrow**

One must have hands of straw  
To regard the crows and the pests  
Of the garden laden with leaves,

And have been a soldier many a year  
To behold the drought, and famine,  
And keep the thieving creatures in the

Distant glitter  
Of the October moon; thinking  
Of any misery lost in the leaves,

In the sound of corn husks rustling  
In the breeze, which is the sound  
Of Fall’s beginning, full of different winds

That whistle through littering trees  
That, gatekeepers to the stars, keep  
The garden alive.

# Biographies

Samantha Bowman was born in Coring, Iowa, and then quickly moved to Keokuk County where she spent half her life living in Delta, Iowa, and then Harper. This eighteen-year-old went to Sigourney High school where she started writing poetry in seventh grade. She loves her three kitties: Merlin, Ginny and Mitzi. She plans on going to Iowa State for Psychology next year and continue writing in her spare time.

Allison Renae Dickenson was born in Tacoma, Washington, on October 17, 1988. She graduated from North Mahaska High School in 2007 and is now studying for her Associate's degree in English/Literature. She loves the supernatural, especially vampires, and the color black. One day she plans to travel and see the world.

I'm Bryce Edmonds, 21. I am from Gladstone, MI, and I graduated from Gladstone High School in 2006. I am currently receiving my AA in Sports Management from Indian Hills, and I plan on transferring to Northern Michigan University in Marquette, MI, to pursue a degree in Marketing and Sports Promotion. I enjoy golfing, hanging out with friends, and listening to music. I believe that poetry is a great way to let out feelings that I would otherwise keep inside.

Maria Rivera Held has always been into writing. At the age of 12 she received her first computer and the first website she visited, Fanfiction.net, where she could read story after story till her heart's content! Later she attempted a few fanfictions of her own. (She begs you not to look for them). Earlier this year, she became a member of ff.net's sister site, fictionpress.com, where she has posted several original short stories and various poems from her Creative Writing Poetry class. (She's given the okay to check those out...her username is JadeCade.)

Adam Hollingsworth – I'm nineteen and am not sure what I wish to pursue as a career yet. I love to read, write poetry and short stories. Some of my favorite authors consist of Stephen King, John Steinbeck, Dylan Thomas, Friedrich Nietzsche, Jean-Paul Sartre, Jim Morrison, and many more. I play guitar and sing; also I enjoy writing music and listening to music. At the moment I work at Happy Joe's as a delivery driver.

Joshua Jeffrey is currently a student at Indian Hills Community College. Joshua has lived in numerous places within the United States, is an avid reader, and besides writing poetry, he also loves music of different genres.

My name's Alyssia Long. I'm the daughter of Ron and Carol Long. I'm originally from a small town called Rubio. I originally started writing poetry because I like writing. This hobby later became a serious passion. I didn't realize how important my poetry was until my high school Drama teacher told me that I had serious skills, and that I was meant to share my talent. My inspiration for my poetry could be from a beautiful sunset to a painting of a scandalous insect. No matter where my inspiration comes from, my main goal for my poetry is to help people. Not everyone has someone to go to when they need comfort or soothing words. I want my poetry to be that helping hand, and give people in troubled times a hand to hold, so to speak.

Felicia Maule – I was raised in Sigourney, Iowa, where I currently still dwell. Most of my time is spent working or attending class; but when I do get down time, I enjoy singing and writing. People have always told me that I write too much. I tend to overanalyze situations, which helps inspire most of my poetry, but in return upsets a lot of people. In all, I'm just a small town girl with an overactive imagination.

My name is Stacy Palmer. I attend Indian Hills Community College for Paramedic Specialist, and took a class in creative writing to gain different perspectives on ways to write. I am a writer of poetry and song lyrics. I spend most of my time going to school, working, hanging out at home, or outdoors with family and friends.

Angelica Shettlesworth was born in Stockton, California, and now resides in Ottumwa, Iowa. She is currently a student of Indian Hills, a wife, and a mother of two. She loves to be outdoors enjoying activities with her family. Angelica has interests in dance, art, poetry, and music.

Tyler Smith: This is my biography. Short, simple, and probably not very memorable, but hey, that is who I am, just a self-discovered poet enrolled in Dr. Victor Streeby's class. I once wrote a poem about a frog. Then I went to the mall. After that I had to tie my shoe. That is when I noticed it for the first time. There it was right there dangling in front of my face. Then I woke up in a puddle of drool to the sound of laughter. Tomorrow comes after today, and yesterday was the day before today. And that is my biography and now you know, and knowing is half the battle! G.I. JOE!!!