

The

WHAT'S
BLACK,
WHITE,

&

READ
ALL OVER?



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2012

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank the students at IHCC for submitting their poems. Also, thanks to Nick Gaskill for designing the cover. Special thanks to Arts and Sciences' Dean Darlas Shockley for her support, and to Jerry Schlechter and the Printing Department for their time and effort.

Submissions for the 2013 edition will be accepted from August through March by E-mail to jlyle@indianhills.edu

Professor Joy Lyle

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Deborah Appleget

Midnight Swim

The grass is burned up and my flowers
are in the final throes of death.

Tossing and turning, I can't sleep.

Stumbling out the back door I feel a cool breeze
caress my hot skin.

Looking north, I can see the calm dark water of the pond
and the silver reflection of the full moon dancing upon its surface.
Fireflies dance silently over the tall wheat grasses.

The pull of the cool water lulls me into a sweet serene trance.

I am walking now, bare feet moving silently down the earthen path.

One foot and then the other sinks slowly into the slick black mud.

Water surrounds me, envelopes me, soothes me,
and takes me back home.

Deborah Appleget

Night Shadow

There you are again, creeping back into my head,
Worming deeper, like a parasite feeding on rotten flesh.
Shadows grow longer on the bedroom walls.
Heart pounding, rocking, rocking back and forth,
What was that song? That stupid song!
Can't think...
Metal on metal, window screen tearing,
Pulling the cloak over, I am invisible.
Different now.
Not here, no,
Not "there" anymore.

Deborah Appleget

The Wind

I hear you calling softly to me.
Moving silently, I slip through the open door into the darkness.
A distant howl echoes eerily through the pines.
I can feel you;
Invisible hands push my hair gently back.
Feeling your cool caress upon my face, I step into you.
Goosebumps begin rippling over my chilled body.
Down by the pond, cattails begin to sway to and fro
As if giving a private dance.
I am now running, dancing now, with unfettered glee.
My voice takes flight upon your wings.
I am free!
I am free!
I am free!

Rebecca Bryan

Fire Fingers

Red, orange, green, blue,
Dance to their own beat.
Fingers of fire, like prisoners
Trying to escape, only to be recaptured.

Watching, mesmerized,
The minutes slip away into hours.
The medium between good and evil
Inviting yet frightening.

How can one bring such joy and comfort
On a cold night
While in another place bring terror to those it decides to strike?

Fingers emerge from their hiding places
Tickling the logs.
The power is indescribable.
The need is the essence of life.

Shunyl Busch

Your Body

Your sight melts me.
The running water down your chest,
the spritzing of drops
as you run your hands through your hair
makes my eyes freeze in place.
As your muscles contract
my heart begins to race,
and I feel as though it might burst through my naked chest.
Your bronze skin,
so toned and pure,
is too much for one to resist.
We're so close,
yet the mysteriousness leaves me deserted.
Glistening under the hot waterfall you look relaxed,
and I don't want this moment to end.
Your brown eyes sink into mine,
and we both feel our love beating strong--
all starting with one look of your body.

Haley Canney

The Hope of Us

I know I should move on, but there's something holding me back.
Something I'm waiting and hoping for.
I already know how this is going to end.
My heart will be broken, not yours.
I will be the one hurt and alone, not you.
I try to convince myself to just give up.
Then I see you smile and can't help but fall again.
Why do I do this to myself?
Why can't I let you go?
I want you to know how I feel.
But there's no way to put it into words.
You don't understand what you've done.
I don't think you ever will.
Someday I will have to move on and try to forget you ever existed.
For now though, I'll keep the hope of us in my heart
Until the day we go our separate ways,
And all you will ever be is just another boy to me.

Mary Clapham

The Feeders

May has come and I search throughout the house
for my bird feeders.
The Baltimore Orioles are in town and following in their tracks,
the Hummingbirds.

My spirit is flying high with the anticipation of these colorful birds
landing in my yard.
I make a batch of sugar water for the Hummingbirds
and while it labors to boil
I grab the grape jelly and fill up the Oriole feeder;
at last I am ready to hang the feeders.

I tune in my ears to hear the call of the birds
singing to their friends that dinner is served.
I open up my blinds to glimpse these striking birds.

Shades of orange upon their bellies, some more vibrant than others,
they dance and scoot along the feeder as if so excited for the feast.
The jelly is soon gone, but the song of these Orioles lingers on.

At last the Hummingbirds have come to feast.
They buzz from the swift flapping of their wings
and fight each other off to get their fill.

May and the birds, fragrance in the air.
Colors so vivid, there must be a God.

The Knowledge of Dust

To learn is forever
Like the dust of Arizona.
As the cloud builds, the ideas grow.
No one knows when the storm will hit;
We can only anticipate.
Like sitting in a lecture hall, hoping it will click;
Not until you least expect it, the analogy will finally hit.
Then the winds force through the city
Leaving the houses covered with a thin coat of dust that's gritty.
No matter the effort, the dust is now there for good.
Like the knowledge that has seeped in,
It will hibernate forever under your hood.

Bob Pike

Sitting at the table he wasn't famous or rich,
Just an average man.
We sat in silence each with a glass
At a table in a kitchen
In a normal house.
Sitting across from me was a man.
A soda for me, a whiskey for him.
After a few moments he began to speak.
His voice was low and deep.
He told me of his childhood.
How he used to play in the fields when his chores were done.
He spoke of his excitement when he got his first car.
His eyes sparkled as he told me about a girl he knew,
How he loved her--his wife.
I could see the pride he felt when he spoke of his son,
So strong and honorable.
He picked up his glass and took a drink.
Then he continued his story;
His eyes swam with tears.
I could feel his heartbreak.
War had taken his son, so young, so young!
The dam of tears broke and they fell to the table.
His wife was gone now too;
He had lost her just the year before.
I sat quietly.
My heart cried for him.
He picked up his glass again and downed the rest of his drink.

He thanked me for visiting.
As I left I couldn't help but think
How many others like him are out there.
Sad and alone,
Just wanting someone to talk to.
I went back every week to see him.
We sat at that same table and talked each time.
I became his family.
I was with him until the end.

Derrick Corbett

Mom's Rolls

She flips the light switch on;
The bulbs buzz like bees as the electricity surges through them.
I watch my mom pull a large bowl from the cabinet;
One by one she takes ingredients and mixes them in the bowl.
Soon a large ball forms;
It's soft and pliable like play dough.
She rolls it into sheets.
She paints them with butter and dusts them with spices.
I watch her roll them up like logs rolling down a hill.
Cutting them into pieces, she puts them to bed in pans.
They rise up looking like fluffy pillows.
Sliding them into the oven, she sets the timer.
Soon the spicy and delicious smell
drifts through the house.
The timer sounds like the noon whistle
Signaling they're done.

Derrick Corbett

Ode to American Muscle

Made of leather, rubber, and steel,
They're painted every color;
Sleek and powerful they are.

Chevy, Ford or Dodge,
Their maker doesn't matter;
They are all gods unto themselves.

The roar of their engines
Echoes through the air,
The vibration felt in the souls of their owners.

Camaro, Mustang, and Charger are their names;
Even as the years come and go
These gods remain--
Moving history on wheels.

Kathleen Crile

The Vine of Grapes

Hanging there
gathering from nowhere
the round and purple, yet
green and non-ripe,
the waiting for the turn
of the season,
the grapes that gather
together as if all in a crowd
in the stands;
just waiting to turn to ripen
no more,
to turn the flavors that
wineries may explore.
Each rounded piece clumped
together entwined the vines
that keep each one tight
and only setting in its own
triangular shape,
awaits the sweetness,
the tartness each group
matures and tarries,
the aging of the color, the leaf
that shades a different trend,
the tenderness and boldness
that produces within.
Life as a grape, so sweet
and tart, yet greatly divine,
for one day the grape
will be expressed as a
unique and delicious wine.

Emily Crouse

Lullaby

The sun creeps across our faces
We bind tighter with each other
The smell of sweat more sweet than perfume
Tangled in the fleece
Eyes closed tight
Hearts open wide
We hold each other tight
Even in different worlds
We are together
The sweet lullaby of sleep
Is the music of our breath

Emily Crouse

Beautiful

What does beautiful mean?
Some like dirty; some like clean.
Is it human or is it nature
Or is it just human nature?
Flower or power
Sweet or sour?
How can I be this so-called beautiful
When there is no meaning?
Is it in or is it out
Is it silent or does it shout?
Is beautiful the same for all?
Big or small,
Short or tall?
I will not give into your confusion;
I do not find your game amusing.
I do not want to be beautiful;
I want to be unique,
So I will do my own thing.
You can figure this out for yourself

Planting Trees

On a misty morning
in early June,
I slept as soundly and late as I could.
Papa came to my door
announcing it was time to get up
because when you live on a farm
you don't sleep in.
The day is half over if you sleep until ten.
We ate our breakfast
and put on our boots.
We loaded the truck
with shovels and water,
stakes and shelters,
and walnut trees.
I was sent to feed Rusty
while Papa checked the weather.
Papa and I had to feed the rabbits
before we went to plant trees.
When we got to the Carter Creek bottom,
it was nothing but mud.
Nevertheless, the trees
must be put in the ground.
Tree after tree
was charted and done.
Time for lunch,
we headed back home
on a very hot afternoon
in early June.

Ship Lost to Sea

I fear I am losing my grandma
To something I cannot fight.

I am her anchor to reality,
But the rope is fraying
That ties her to me.
It has been cut with the knife of grief,
Painfully capsizing
Her daily life.

I fear the tether will break,
And she will drift away
Unguided
Into the night.

She no longer has her lighthouse
That was destroyed two months before,
And I fear she will soon be able
To hold on no more.

Michelle Elizabeth Dixon

City of Our Own

Running smoothly day to day,
Without as much as a thought,
Nerves connected on electrical highways
Send information.
Blood flowing on an interstate of arteries
Right down to residential capillaries
Gets cleaned up in the waste treatment liver.
The stomach and brain are at the control panel monitoring them all.
Everything flowing all together as one,
Isn't thought about much
Until something goes wrong.
But while things are running well,
Life goes on in this
City of our own.
Intestines fuel all systems,
And then back to the heart of town square
Through rush hour packed veins.
Efficient kidneys recycle the fluids.

Annette Fields

What I Am

I am the grass that softly molds beneath my feet
Standing, walking, running until I am free
I am the sun that shines down upon me
A kiss of warmth on nature's beauty

I am a sensation of the breeze on my skin
Cool tickle of a million-year-old wind
I am the body of a woman with sin
Practically nothing without this soul within

I am laughter that sings in your ears
Hiding the evidence of pain-filled tears
I am emotion built up over years
Old wise eyes look back from aged mirrors

I am from peace as well as from war
Feeling hate because love hurts more
I am damned to death, in an otherwise perfect world
Awaiting my fate, simply grateful to be born

I am the entire story as it is told
Curious beginning to an end unknown
I am the earth on which we exist
I am human and I have lived

Kyia Fleig

Beautiful World

The sun was shining
The birds were singing loudly
I could have stayed home

Kyia Fleig

The Butterfly

A butterfly lands near me
So dainty and delicate
I watch as she slowly opens and closes her wings
As they open, she shows her most radiant colors
Blue, purple, black
They are all as bright as the sun
When they close, all I see is gray
Like a cool foggy night
She sits for a minute as though she is gathering her thoughts
Mysteriously planning her next move
Where will she fly?
What will she do?
Almost as if she is a lost child who needs a little guidance
She is resting on the ground
The gravel beneath her like a cloud in the sky
The rough rocks don't seem to faze her a bit
Then suddenly she starts to fly
And all I see is the sun

Nick's lovesick acrostic

Love
Only
Visits
Everyone

Oneirodynia

Five o'clock shadow been long since cast,
Still I worked my splintered fingers fast.
Unknowing if my waking effort would suffice
Or if my luck was cut from the deck, or toss of dice;
Possibly pointless as pinned blue on black,
Still I grit my teeth against hourglass, and thence broke my back.
Is it hot as hell or is it me...
Hallucinating?
I pray the lord my soul to
Take me to a lake.
Just wash away my misery,
I plea, oh please!
I could really use
A drop,
To drink,
But at the blazing brink I stop to think.
--Yes, as morning's first rays aspire
Oneirodynia is malevolently orchestrating this choir--
If I had only sooner broke to smoke, and lit a match...
I would have noticed I was clawing my way out of a cactus patch!

Amber Goostree

Tattooed Scars

Scars cover my legs
From all the sports I've played.
Tattoos cover my body to speak what I cannot say.
The thrill of ink entering my bloodstream excites me so
I don't ever want to let this feeling go.
Scars cover my heart
From all the pain I've locked away.
Tattoos cover my pain
To mask and hide my sinful ways.

Amber Goostree

The Pain She Feels

To be honest, I don't know who I am anymore.
When I look in the mirror, I don't even know who's looking back.
Someone in me is screaming to get out.
She's scratching my arms, biting my fingers, and kicking me down.
Why is she here? What does she want? I've tried to make her go
away, but she's only getting stronger.
She laughs in my face as she puts her cigarette out on my arms.
The scars she leaves, remind me that the past is real.
It finally makes sense to me;
she's full of pain that she wants me to feel.

Amber Goostree

Once Broken, Now Found

The day I left everything ached.
I had never felt my heart break.
With blue watering eyes
I confessed to all my lies.
With my hand in his
he leaned in for a kiss,
but I turned away.
The day then turned gray;
his face faded,
and his eyes went dark;
we realized we needed time apart.
We gave one last hug goodbye
before I started to cry.
With my hands trembling
I went numb.
How could I have been so dumb?
Eight months went by,
and he gave me no sign.
Finally, with hope in sight,
we went out one night.
He grabbed my hands,
and I had flashbacks of us walking in the sand.
He touched my face,
and I lost that empty space.

Lasondra Graham

Incurable Pain

It's the shape you see in February
It's swollen, cracked and holding
A broken blade
The scarlet color is gone
It's not sweet like candy
But bitter instead
It burns your eyes
It swells your throat
Stops all motion
The hair on your neck stands
And you develop asthma
Feels like death is at your door
But instead you suffer
You feel the pain
Your mind goes blank
You feel the hurt in your chest
Eventually you can hide it
Time is the way to heal it
There is no cure for this ailment
Some of us hide
Some of us let the tears stain our faces
We all will experience it
It is my biggest fear
This is heartache

The Way You Loved Me

Sleep had come for me
It was well deserved
It was overdue
It felt euphoric
I could hear myself snore
Out of nowhere
Came a sharp pain
It was phantom
I felt it still
My body tensed
I was taken from my slumber
The room started to spin
I lost my breath
An imaginary asthma attack came
Heart beating fast
Felt like I was being sucked into the room
Head pounding
I sat up in the darkened room
You came to mind
The way you talked to me
Treated me ... and I realized
You didn't love me

Tink Tink Tink

The street light stands alone
Sturdy, tall, guarding the block
Suddenly falling flecks sparkle
Engulfing the light at a steady pace.

Excited, the children run
First to the windows, then out the door.
You, yourself, in the crook of the door
House slippers, shivering, to see the beauty.

They fall so silently
The peaceful calm envelops you
Almost as if you could stand still
And hear them as they land—tink, tink, tink.

You look to the mighty evergreen
Deep green sneaking a peek
Through the glistening peaks and boughs
Now suffocated with fluffy white pillows.

Falling asleep, envisioning
The untouched, perfect blanket
It glitters and it gleams
As far as the eye can see.

Upon waking, yawn, stretch, dress
Descending the outside steps
You attempt to recall the splendor
Of this year's first snowfall.

Mucky tracks of cars trail down the road
Snow plows flinging mud flavored slushies
Blocking the driveway you just intended to leave
Yep—it's winter in Iowa once again!

Kay Heriford

My Loss

The darkness consumes me
I am dead inside
My heart stops
As did yours
The sadness took over
As lonely sits inside me
Tears of lost and lonely
Now he has gone to heaven
But not forgotten

River Mouth Speaks

Lies don't crawl
Nor walk or run
They wind bind and slither
Like a twisting watersnake's tongue
Truth isn't gone
Nor vanished or missing
Only shrouded cloaked and hidden
Like lines cast deep curved wormed hooks fishing
Hate's not shaded
Nor dark or grey
More bright burning and flamed
Like a long boiling hot hour of sitting on the bay
Love doesn't fear
Nor cower or flee
Tis mighty strong and ferocious
Like a swift sudden current jerking a jarred log free

Inner Animal

Quivering muscles, quivering life
On the edge of shift, live or die
The pain is great, the release is free
The first paw fall shows the inner beast

It's coming, it's coming, it's almost here

The small quivering body must move fast in fear
Golden eyes watch in the darkness, afraid and alone

It's coming, it's coming, so near so close

Breath, white and steamy, mingles with the frigid air
A chest rising quickly, a sound of beating drums so clear
The cold winter ground, dead and gone
Small paw prints can be seen so clearly so wrong

It's coming, it's coming, inch by inch it nears

A small body flees, ears twitching, heart astir
Mind mingled with doubt, so unsure

It's coming, it's coming, it's so close behind

Numb paws fall upon the land
A body tired yet unable to stand
Muscles tensing, every step is pain

Most keep moving, before it's too late

It's coming, it's coming, it's hot breath so clear

Fangs sink in, with a yelp the silence breaks

One large predator dangling the smaller by its nape

Jessica Kirsch

My Red Silk Stockings Comeback

As far as you know

My red silk stockings will be no bother

As far as you know

I can resist a white boy or male caller

I can stand on my own

I can keep myself from harm

I will party like a rock star

This ain't like the old days with drinking in the barn

I can wear my red silk stockings

I don't need your lip

Now watch me strut my stuff

With a turn and a cute hair flip

I don't want your slang

Or your annoying superstitions

I know how to avoid dumb-ass boys

Jessica Kirsch

Ode to My New Old House

Ode to... your old fashion smell
Your rickety floors
Your gapping windows
Your lopsided doors

Ode to you....
You are full of bugs
You are full of holes
You are full of bad carpet
You are full of goals

My new old house is grand
It has character and dust
Ode to the creepy cellar
Full of spiders and musk

Ode to my new old house
You will be a great challenge to take
Ode to my new old house
Because an old new family house I will make

Charity Lint

What Lies Beneath

Like the layers of an onion
There is more to me than what meets the eye
Looking under the surface
You will find many different rings inside
Peeling them back one by one
You see the many feelings I hold inside
On the top layer
I am strong and bold
As you get to the inner layers
I start to confine and fold
The only people who will ever see what lies beneath
They are the only ones that know
What can bring me to my knees

Force of Nature

I'm barely a breeze
But some days
I feel like a hurricane
Powerful and strong
Changing my environment
But wanting to belong
When the winds of change blow
I can't help but move
Life is meant to be molded
Shaped into the unknown
Always changing the landscape of life
With the ebb and flowing of the tide

Night Ride

A warm, bright
Full moon-lit night
Beautiful weather
For a perfect night ride
No headlight needed
A slow cruise
On a back country road
It appears to be dawn
But it's the middle of the night
The low hum of the V-twin engine
The wind upon my face
I'm in no hurry
No reason to race
Ride slow and take in the sights
Hear the sounds of life
From when I was younger
The rumble of the engine
That brought on my motorcycle hunger

Charles McBirnie

The Garden

The seed was planted but only the gardener knows.
It started out small and completely dependent on others,
not knowing what was going on.
When it began to grow, it started branching out as I did daily.
As the garden matured there were other plants
that needed attention.
Left alone for a time, weeds began to overtake the vine.
Modifying the growing process,
friends have helped form how I grow.
The gardener noticed this and helped take care of the weeds.
With the gardener nurturing the plant, it became a melon.
Like a melon, I'm strong on the outside to protect my sweet center.

Meagan McCartie

The Lie

Sometimes our fights
Got out of control
He said it was always my fault
And that I screwed up
The words stung but nothing like the hit

After it's over I sit and cry
He comes back and tells me he loves me
I know it's the truth

Then one day I finally opened my eyes
I don't deserve this
Nothing is my fault
As I move on my life gets better
Looking back now it was never love
It was nothing but a lie

The Lighthouse

Alone by the harbor she does stand
Awaiting ships to return to land
Like a mother awaiting her children's arrival
After they have been gone for awhile
One single light she uses to lead them home
It can be seen for miles beyond the great cove
Her beauty attracts both young and old
Brings magical romance to her glorious hold
She has sat there for years or so it seems
An old, abandoned tower awaiting her king
Slowly her purpose has vanished in dreams
Like tiny raindrops on a window seam
But fishermen remember when alone at sea
How she guides them home thankfully

Lies My Parents Told Me

I have many older brothers
They broke my toys
Pulled my hair
Wrestled me to the ground
And left Indian burns on my arms
Our mother rolled her eyes
No sympathy for my tears
“They tease you because they love you”
And I told myself it was true
Daddy hit sometimes
His face red with anger
His eyes blown wide and white
My cheek would sting afterwards
As he held me in his lap
Apologies falling from his lips
Over and over again
“I love you, but you make me so angry”
And then I would apologize
And swear to do better
And when teachers asked
About my swollen black eye
I'd lie and lie
Because my daddy loved me
I watched my mother cry
In the mornings, sometimes
But usually at night
Her arms had bruises
Shaped like hands
And neither of us ate
Money for food instead spent
On his cigarettes

I begged Mama to leave him
For us to run away
She shook her head
“No, no. He loves me”

His eyes are blue
And they are never cold
And they are never angry
His hands are large
But they are never hard
And they never hit
Soft, reverent
Knuckles brushing my cheek
Fingers tucking stray locks of hair
Behind my ear
And his lips brush mine
And it makes me shiver
And in the dark
He whispers for the first time
“I love you”
And it makes my heart pound
And my eyes grow hot
Tears on my cheeks
Because I know it is true
I feel it deep inside
Nothing I’ve ever known before
For the first time in my life
I know I am loved
And it is not a lie

Jared Oppenheimer

A Good Day of Fishing

Today I went fishing
And I was gone all day
In a place near the forest
At a beautiful little pond
A mere puddle
Isolated from the world

Surrounded by trees
Willows, waving with the breeze
Thin leaves blocking the sun
Light in strips whipping
Across the surface of the pond

The water, a stained glass window
A scrambled painting
Fresh green trees and the deep blue sky
Shattered by the ripples of the fish
So calm yet so full of life

The fish jump and roll
Dancing in the spotlight of the sun
I was reluctant to leave
Even though I hadn’t caught a thing

Jared Oppenheimer

The City In the Sky

Inspired by "City Block" by Taylour Titus

The city is my place
Shining lights are the stars in the night
Their colors are a rainbow to the moon
Every time I see them a smile lights my face
There is so much life, the city never sleeps
Skyscrapers sitting on the clouds
Have giant windows at their base
Massive groups of people swim from place to place
In the clouds that are the streets
Some people say it's just smoke
And heaps of lost dreams
But they haven't seen the city
And the beautiful stream of lights
Of man-made stars in the night
The city is the rainbow to the moon

Jordan Thomas

Speechless Night

A brisk clear night
Moon shining bright
Star Gazing
Not a cloud in sight
No worries to speak of
Relaxing
A slow stroll
Down the moon-lit street
Coyotes screaming in the distance
No house lights
No cars passing
Just the bright stars
And peaceful moon

Breathless

Inspired by "City Block" by Taylour Titus

Waves crashing against the shore
Sing of the eternities
The endless lull
Wrapping icy fingers around my heart
Pulling it and me into the darkness
The deep, the unexplored tides
Time here no longer matters
Life no longer seems
Falling or floating
I am unsure
Caught in some ancient god's grip
Breathless
Held in the spectacular horror of a cephalopod's gaze
Sweeping along the rough, the broken sand
Against the liquid alive floor
Crustacean bodies and empty shells
Once precious treasures lost in an aquamarine world
A swirl of silver, a glimpse of shine
An aching truth
I am drowning beautifully

My name is Deborah Appleget, and I moved backed to Iowa last year from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I am currently residing in Ottumwa. I decided at this time to go back to school to get my associate of arts degree and enroll in the Physical Therapy Assistant program. I have not been in school since 1974, so this has been quite an experience. This is my second year at Indian Hills. I work part time at Good Samaritan Home here in Ottumwa. I have two children and seven grandchildren. My son lives in New York State, and my daughter resides in Sioux Falls. I have a new best friend named "Saddie." She is two years old and part Dachshund and Beagle. I have been writing since I was twelve; however, at age four I wanted to write a play but couldn't figure out how to write the words, so I gave up. When I was in my early teens, I wanted to be a famous news journalist, or at the least write a great novel. Life happens. Neither was to be. So here I am. I still haven't given up on writing.

Rebecca Bryan: This is my third and final attempt at completing my degree. I am thirty-five and have been married over ten years to my best friend. Together we have three wonderful, busy boys. I enjoy spending time outdoors during each of the seasons. The winter months are filled with hockey games and school work. My goal is to complete my HIT degree in 2013 and transfer to a four year college to complete my bachelor's degree.

My name is Shunyl Busch, and I can't say I've had the easiest life for a kid, but I wouldn't change a thing because it's made me the person I am today, and I've matured very quickly. I was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1995 but raised in the small town of Fremont. I lived there for a big chunk of my life until my mother went through her second divorce and we moved to Eddyville, Iowa, where my sister and I attend high school. I am a junior at Eddyville-Blakesburg High School and stay extremely busy. I'm active all year round, participating in volleyball, basketball, track, and softball, all while being a full-time college student at Indian Hills Community College. My plan is to graduate with my AA degree at the same time that I graduate high school and then transfer to a D1

school to finish my education somewhere in the medical field.

Hi! My name is Haley Canney. I was born in Des Moines, Iowa, and grew up living in Adel where I still currently live. I have two sisters who are my best friends. I don't know what I'd do without them. I am a sophomore in high school, and I love playing sports. I really enjoy writing, too, and that is why I took this class. I have a few years until I graduate, but eventually I plan on going to the University of Iowa or Wartburg College.

Mary Clapham: I have been married to my husband Woody for twenty-one years. We have a beautiful daughter who will be starting her senior year. For those with small children, it's true the time does go quickly with our kids. I work as Administrator for a local senior center as well as an aging resource center. I enjoy my job and find it to be challenging. My job and family keep me extremely busy, and I would not have it any other way. I am not one to have too much idle time. I also balance in church activities and quality time with friends. At the age of fifty, I am finally finishing college, and I am a great advocate for the young to finish college; all the other things can wait.

My name is Joshua Comstock, and I was born and raised in New Sharon, IA. I am the middle child of three boys. In 2003, I moved to Arizona where I resided for a few years shy of a decade. Currently I am a fulltime Custom Glazier, and soon-to-be father. I live with my wife of two years, our dog, cat, and soon arrival. After graduating with my associate's degree, my goal is to be accepted into Arizona State University's Engineering program to pursue my bachelor's degree.

My name is Derrick Corbett. I was born September 3, 1991, in Corydon, Iowa. I have one older brother named Jacob. We live with our mom is Seymour. We have three dogs, two Boston Terriers and one that's supposed to be a Great Dane, but we'll have to wait and see. I enjoy working on cars. I may pursue that interest after I finish with my AA degree. My hobbies are fishing, working on models, and hanging out with my friends and family.

Kathleen Crile is a small town girl who was brought up in the peaceful atmosphere of Leighton, Iowa. She was from a family of four, and she

learned to relax with the enjoyment of seeing the surroundings of nature and found peace through her photography and her writing of poetry. Kathy was able to be involved with her school events while in high school, and had out grown her epilepsy as a child and young adult. She married out of high school, raised her two daughters, went through some tragic times in her life, and waited to go to college to pursue her dream twenty five years later, at Indian Hills Community College. Her dream is to have her own business as a photographer and writer. Credits go to her family, her boyfriend Ray, and close friends. Instructor Mr. Emmert in High School for Photography, Instructor Barry Johnson for Photography and Photo journalism courses, Professor Roger Scott for Literature class, and Professor Joy Lyle for Public Speaking Class and Creative Writing Poetry Class -- thank you.

My name is Emily Crouse, and I am in poetry club and theater. I am twenty and getting my AA degree. My poems are mainly focused on nature, pain, being unique, and my loved ones. In my free time I love to read and spend time with my cat Ninja and watch movies. Please enjoy reading my poems.

My name is Michelle Elizabeth Dixon. I am in the PTA program at IHCC. I now live with my grandma after my Papa passed away in May. These poems are directly inspired from memories, recent experiences, and things that I am learning.

I am Annette Fields, a twenty-eight year old student at Indian Hills anticipating my AA degree in the spring. I plan to continue my education following a strong interest in art and poetry. I love having the ability to show the beauty of life, using poetry and painting as ways of expressing my thoughts.

My name is Kyia Fleig. I am currently working on getting my AA degree, and one day I hope to open my own daycare or be a preschool teacher. I am originally from Minnesota. I moved to Iowa almost five years ago, and I am so glad I did. I moved with my family because my mom got a new job down here. It was quite the culture shock moving from Minneapolis, MN, down to Ollie, IA. I attended high school at Pekin where I met the love of my life. Life down here has been wonderful ever since. I don't think I could move back to a big city. I

work at a church as a secretary. I have a beautiful baby girl, and I have a son on the way. I also have three dogs.

Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, Nicholas Gaskill is an artist, naturalist, philosopher, planet protector, poet, & lover of hats. At night, he listens to NPR, plays the blues harp, & defends his reputation against anyone who calls him a hipster, all while others forget that the light exists. Also a trained technocrat plagued by his aspirations, Nick is a student of renewable energy, & plans to further feed the dream at a university in Oregon.

My name is Amber Goostree and I was born in Lakeland, Florida, on January 4, 1992. I am attending Indian Hills Community College in Ottumwa, Iowa, and I am playing on the Woman's Soccer team while getting my AA in psychology.

My name is Lasondra Graham. I am thirty years old, single with no children, and living in West Des Moines, Iowa. I am a student at IHCC, and a licensed cosmetologist. I am working on a degree in business so that my family and I can open a business that caters to every party and event need, such as décor, dj, caterer, party planning, and much more.

Tari Haile: This is my last week of classes before I finish my AA. I intend to continue on, doing what? I'm really not quite sure where I'll be going after this, but I'm heading that way. I have been to college twice, the first time twenty years ago. I have three teenagers living in my house, all mine of course. One is age eighteen, and I have twins that are age fifteen. I am a divorced mom. My life is pretty full with hauling the kids around. They are outgoing and enjoy life. I enjoy them. I'm one of those moms that really just likes to sit back and watch them and see what great human beings they are turning out to be. My favorite past-time and job is eBay. I've been doing it for seventeen years now. I love the thrill of the hunt, cheap cost and profit of course. I also enjoy hearing the stories of someone who had this doll when they were little and lost it or it burned in a fire. There are so many stories to hear. I love the stories behind the treasures themselves, what they were used for, how old they are and much more. I am a crafty girl. I make floral arrangements with just about anything I see, so technically not just floral.

Kay Heriford came into this world in September 1974. Growing up she had little pigtails in her hair and was a carefree person. "I am known for helping people and taking care of loved ones before I take care of myself. I have worked in Dietary for years and then I became a CNA for seven years. I have had losses in my life just as everyone does; it is part of life. It was hard for me to deal with three deaths in the family only months apart. I have found writing has helped me come to terms with the death of my loved ones.

My name is Lacy or Ms. Ketring, and I'm your average unique person as no two people are alike. I love to read fiction and good poetry. I can honestly say that after reading some of his work, Li-Young Lee is definitely one of my favorite poets of all time. I say "one" because I am sure there are poets out there I will like, just haven't discovered them yet. I suppose I could add that I love to write fiction and am a huge fan of written role-play as well as game-board style and game system. I love anime and reading manga when I can. Finally someday I hope to own every zombie, vampire, werewolf, and merfolk movie out there.

My name is Jessica Ann Kirsch, and I have graduated from Albia Community High School. I have been writing poetry since 4th grade, and I currently attend Indian Hills Community College, but I still have yet to decide what else I want my future to hold. Poetry, for me, is probably the best stress reliever in the entire world. When I can put my feelings down in words and have the reader feel the way I feel, it just creates peace for me. My poems are not about the same topics or subjects but being random is something I do best. I tend to write poems after certain things happen in my life (for example: Grandma passing away, getting pregnant, loss of a friend). In my Introduction to Literature class we read a great poem called "Red Silk Stockings" written by Langston Hughes. With reading this poem we were given the assignment of writing a comeback to it. We could write from the perspective of the men talking in this poem or speak as if we were the young lady wearing the red silk stockings. I chose the second and I really enjoyed giving her a sassy edge.

Charity Lint: I am currently enrolled at Indian Hills Community College pursuing my associates degree in Health Information Technology. I am a

stay at home wife and mother to two wonderful little boys, ages four and seven. I am an active member of my church, and in my spare time I can either be found spending time with my family or reading a book. I enjoy singing, dancing, and doing crafts.

Tana Livingston grew up writing poetry throughout her teenage years. She had a few of her poems selected for printing in Poetry.com's table-top editions about a decade ago. She hasn't written much poetry since then, until taking Poetry class. "I have been married for almost seven years and we have a son who is almost six years old. Besides being a fulltime student and wife and mother, my husband and I are youth pastors at our local church, Sectional Youth Directors over the four churches in the Iowa section for the Pentecostal Church of God. We also teach the teenagers' Sunday School class and teach them drama. I am also the secretary/treasurer and do all the accounting work for our local church. I run a freelance graphics business (Servant In Christ Custom Graphics) in the little bit of free time I have. I do a lot of posters for the Indian Hills' music programs. I have done CD packages and T-shirts, as well as business logos. I also dabble in leather carving, which works out well for my passion of motorcycles. I am a very busy person but love just about anything that is creative."

My name is Charles McBirnie, but people call me Chaz. I like being active, and I like a challenge. This class was a challenge for me because I'm not very good at writing poems. I did learn a few things about writing poems. The main thing I learned was poems don't always have to rhyme; this was a relief because making a poem rhyme is harder to do when you are trying to add feelings in to your poem. I really enjoy this class and if I had a chance to take this class again I would; it was that good.

My name is Meagan McCartie, and I am nineteen years old. This is my second year at Indian Hills Community College, and I am on track to graduate in May. After getting my AA degree, I am going to transfer to William Penn University in my hometown of Oskaloosa. I was born and raised there. I am going to major in Elementary Education and want to teach 2nd or 3rd grade. I work at the Mahaska County YMCA daycare and I love kids!! In my spare time I like to hang out with my friends and

family. My hobbies are scrapbooking (when I have time) and anything that has to do with racing! My dad and brother compete in dirt track racing, so it is a huge part of my life. I have gone through a lot of rough relationships and many good ones, too. These are reflected in some of my poems. This is me!

Juanita Miller was born in Iowa City, Iowa, to Sylvia Lowe and Wayde Wilson on March 18, 1982. She spent most of her childhood in the small community of Davis County. Her maternal grandfather was a worker on the Burlington northern railroad, and her fraternal grandfather worked and retired from the REC located in Bloomfield. She has spent a lot of her life moving around. Currently, she is enrolled in Indian Hills finishing up her associate of arts degree before starting Buena Vista in the summer. She married Chet Miller in the fall of 2000 shortly after her daughter was born. They have been married now for twelve years and have added two more children to their family. Her youngest son was diagnosed with Neurofibromatosis when he was three. Juanita at that time was working at the Davis County Hospital and decided it was time to pursue her dreams. She began Indian Hills in the fall of 2010 with the intention of getting a bachelor's degree. She has since stayed on task and continues on her road of success. She hopes that when reading her poems you will feel the emotion that she has tried to place in them. Juanita dreams of someday publishing her poems and being able to share them with the world. She also hopes that her poems will inspire the readers and writers out there to follow their dreams.

Jessy Nelson: For strange and bizarre reasons, my mother gave me the name Jessica, but I prefer to be called Jessy. The only person that still calls me Jessica is my eighty-two-year-old great aunt, and I've pretty much ruled that a lost cause. I spent most of my young life deeply unhappy, and when I finally found the courage and the reason to start a new life and create my own happiness, I decided that being "Jessy" would give me a chance to leave "Jessica" behind. I'm twenty-one. English, literature, and writing are my passions. I've known since I was seven that I was going to grow up to write and share my love for the written word with the world. I still haven't quite figured out how to make money off of these loves, but I'm working towards it. Right now, I'm focused on learning. Perhaps if I can manage it, I can simply dedicate

myself to being a life-long learner. I started writing poetry in high school. At the time, I was going through depression and was struggling very hard to find a reason to keep living. I found that poetry had a way of calming me and easing my heart. It's very therapeutic. Because this is the way I started, most of my poetry tends to be deeply personal. Sometimes, I'm unsure if it even makes sense out of the context of my experiences. I will continue writing, whether it be fiction, poetry, or prose. It has become such a fundamental part of my life, I know of no other way to live. I don't know what I would do if I couldn't write.

Jared Oppenheimer works at Applebee's and takes classes at Indian Hills, including Creative Writing: Poetry.

My name is Jordan Thomas. I live in a small town. I have always enjoyed poetry and other types of literature. I really like to be outdoors because seeing nature really puts things into perspective. I am an outgoing person and live life to the fullest!

Jeni Voss is from North English, Iowa, and loves to write. She is currently taking the Creative Writing Poetry class.

