



Broken Ink
Spring '05

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Shadow of Light

Shining on all that surrounds
Like the watchmen's tower light on the sea
Standing tall ready to conquer
Hard and strong
Allowing no light to outshine the inner glow
Protecting me from the cold
My shelter from the dark
Never letting me down
Giving me comfort in my time of need
Revealing secrets
That I thought
Were hidden in the dark

Alicia Holloway

A Prelude to Ardent Sins

You have the right to remain silent...

A right, yes. But a desire, no. Silence has been my only option for so long that I no longer consider it as such. Silence. A mere void of spoken words. Repentance for emotions (beyond one's control) declared in fits of anger, excitement, happiness, sadness and love. Countless apologies and heartfelt regrets. I've spent my life in tiny rooms, commonly known as closets, so why should a jail cell feel like anything but HOME? Having the "right" changes nothing, and who so gives can easily take away.

Anything you say or do can and will be used against you...

Wisdom. The ability to understand that for once what you think doesn't mean a damn thing to anyone but you. Knowing what you have said and done weighs far more than anything you could ever say or do in the present. Pleading the fifth is not allowed and wisdom has no merit here. Besides, it's not necessary when one is born knowing the punishment will never fit the crime.

In a court of law...

Where you will be judged by a jury of your peers. Peers. Your future rests in the hands of people who know you as "Monster," "Murderer," and "Animal." They don't know or care to know that your mother christened you "John Paul Reiss." They don't know that you've attended morning and evening church service every Sunday for 27 years, that you don't smoke or drink, that you've never lied, or that you are a God-fearing man.

You have the right to an attorney...

An attorney. A job of pure filth. A lifetime spent defending the actions of others, uncaring of their guilt or innocence—secretly praying that it is the former and not the latter. His name was Dick. A merely transparent clue that in the end of it all I would be screwed. Assurances. Oh yes. He gave me my fair share of assurances, yet belief in my innocence he could offer, but could not give.

If you cannot afford one, one will be appointed to you...

While I could afford one, one would still be appointed to me. I had refused to "seek counsel" or so I was told. What I refused was the burden of defending my very nature to a group of people who'd already condemned me before they'd even set eyes upon my face. They were already acquainted with the "Monster," "Animal," and "Murderer," but they'd yet to meet the man. And history has shown me that they never will.

Do you understand the rights which have been read to you?

Yes. I understand my rights. I have the right to love whomever I choose. I have the right to satisfy my desires as I see fit. The rights which you have read are Miranda's – not my own.

Car lights fill my eyes as my head is pushed onto cold, wet cement. It smells of oil and urine. My eyes follow the blood red liquid that is thin now and one with the rain. My clothes are drenched and cling to my body like a second skin. I am pulled to stand upright by the collar of my shirt, once stiff with starch, now limp and stained red. A sharp pain shoots through my stomach and I double over. A large object is brought down hard against the nape of my neck. I fall backward and lay still on my back. Rain pounds my face, and as I hear tires screech, the car lights no longer blind my eyes. Once again it is dark and I am alone.

I cannot say what tomorrow will hold for me.

Jacqueline Ballard

Lost Living

Light streams through cracked curtains
Lighting up the woven jungle scene
With a brightness I'm not ready to face.
My next article rolls around in my head
"Insomnia Research Perks Up"
Scattering dust bunnies
Across a plain of dead thoughts
And gleaming skeletal failures.
I have no choice now but to rise
And face today's lions.
I push back my sheets, loathing the creak
Of my swollen joints,
One too many beers I suppose-
I still have a spare
On a string outside my window.
Something shifts in my room-
And then I hear it.
Warning! Warning! You've lost control!
My head rattles-
"See through a haze
To understand a voice," I mutter
To a biting wind
Shifting on the bench
I don't remember sitting on last night.
My hand brushes an old phone box
On the wall, a color only someone
From the sixties could love
While puffing with belov'd strangers
In someone's basement.
I press the round red button,
And pull words out of my puckered mouth
Pushing them into the receiver-
"Teri, I'm lost again."

Amanda Morris

Vice

The long, white
Marlboro ultra light is
Perfectly propped between your
Tan, jutting knuckles.
Pressed between two hard lips
Smoothly releasing the fluid white smoke.

After your full 20 seconds of silent, manufactured escape
You kiss me. Hard.
The remnants of nicotine taste sweet on your tongue.
Calloused hands cradle my cheeks,
The burning cigarette is still situated between your fingers
Spewing a smoky frame around our connected faces.

Driving home in the rain,
I feel like my best friend just died.
Our smoky goodbye kiss still lingers on my taste buds
Teasing me with uncertainty about my immediate future without you.
Breaking up, breaking down, breaking heart
Begins to get the best of me, and I cry.

Salty tears extinguish the smoke you left in my mouth.
The cracks in my heart widen
And it hurts.

Katie Green

Dance of Lovers

Overcome by the heat, a sense of burning flesh
Desire insatiable, constricting loss of breath

Crimson apples flushed, feather stroke of breasts
Blurring of the mind, intensifying caress

Withering within, parching of mouth
Decadent attention, quenching thirst in south

Stark, bare, and exposed without fear
Impassioned, provocative, moisture that sears

Throbbing, inexplicable, pounding in chest
Clenching with gratification, grappling with unrest

Arise again towards light, beaming in eyes
Fervor and fury, passage of thighs

Rise to the surface for a bit to drink
Liquid on lips, a reversal and wink

Surrender to a kiss, moist and sweet
Dance of two lovers, down and retreat

Stroking, pulling, massaging of skin
Love, pulsation, engorging again

Inexplicable fluster, both pleasure and pain
Quite the explosion, no need to refrain

Cooling, heavy breath, sighs of two lovers
Love rekindles again, when each recovers

Michelle Prendergast

Reminiscence

gold-spun and rainbow-filled are the urns of
reminiscence. she loves to sit and dip
her elegant fingers in their clear sweet
memories. gentle breezes lift her gold
honey hair as perfect as a spider's
thread and she peacefully remembers the
former days and times that were distasteful,
but for all the moments ever lived she
knows the ones that are the truest are the
ones she never knew, waiting ahead in
time, the ones yet to come, and the unknown.

Christine Kansanback

Seasons

With Spring the seed that breached the dirt,
Now gives way to flower.
With Summer's heat, the delicate leaf,
Turns green and lush, like the holly bush,
Whose leaves are ever-green.
When Autumn has reached the earth,
"Every leaf becomes a second flower,"¹
But when Winter is hither,
All light is severed, when the ground is covered
By an undulating sea of white.

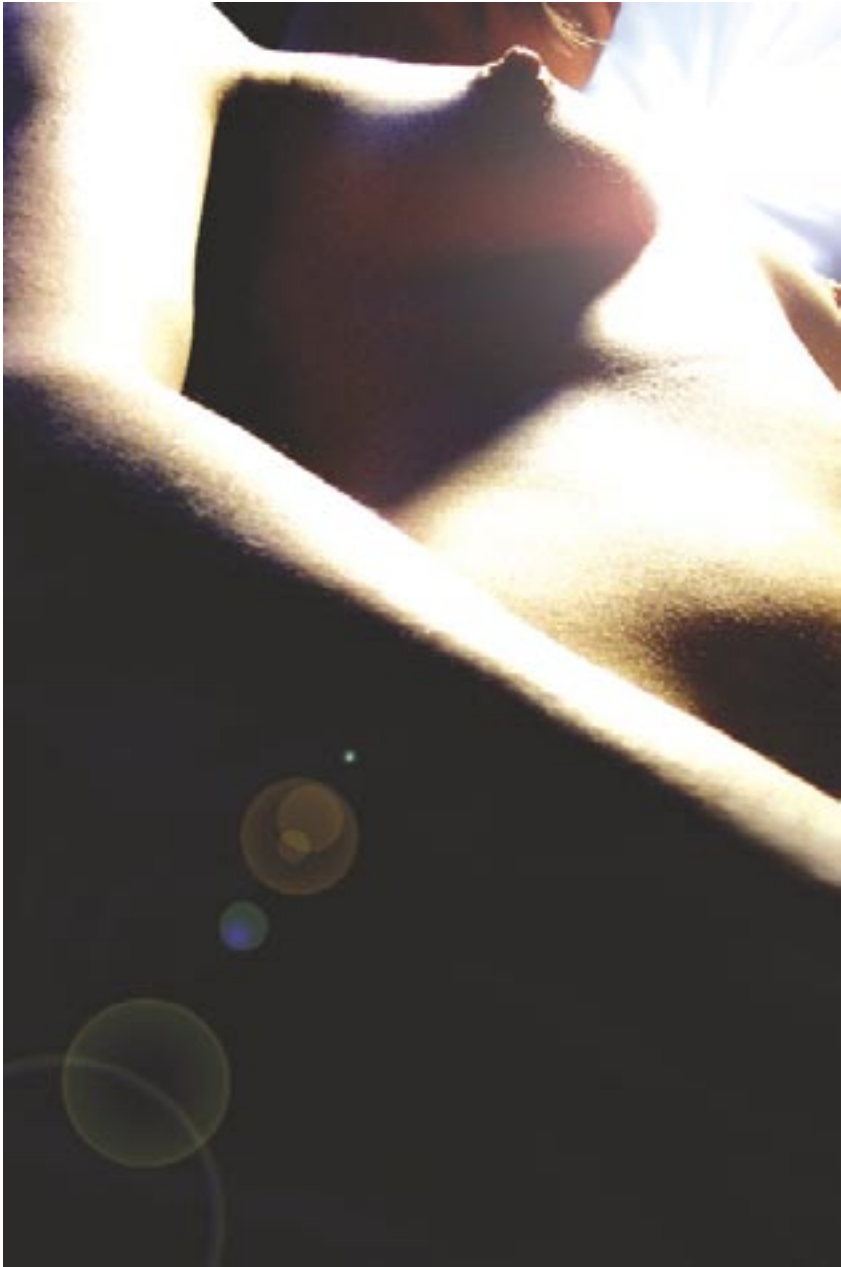
With Spring the seed that breached the womb
Now gives way to the child.
With Summer's sun, the child is gone,
He turns to man, with strength in hand,
While passions within him churn.
When Autumn has reached the earth,
The man feels the grey-hair in his aging bones,
But when Winter is hither,
All light is severed, when the ground is covered
By a mountainous pile of earth.

Every season the earth keeps turning,
While the world is revolving.
Dawn to Dusk, Star to Life
Humanity must decide whether Strife
Or Love is what we are strong in,
And which is our ultimate longing.

¹Albert Camus

Paul LeDuc

Celestial Light



Matthias Jung

VIII

Shine



Matt Smith

Broken Ink

Daydreaming

So captivating, the flickering shadows that
Dance before a half-conscious mind.
The images of earthly divine things
That ordinarily seem out of reach
But can almost be felt for an instant,
Before they dissipate.

T. J. Overstreet

A Theory of String

Percepi Ecce Est...
(George Berkeley)

Was taught
At a young age
To manipulate the strings.

One focus of will,
The illusion's sweet sting.

Puppet suspended,
Bent by force,
Staggering along
Its finite course.

Sliced the strings
Of attachment
Anchored in paradox.

Broke the puppet down,
Took up skipping rocks.

James A. Barr Jr.

Lonely



Angela Mulchandani

Hell's Orchid



Bryce Craps

Broken Ink

Become

It's hard to be somebody
when you're imitating somebody
else.

Blasting someone else's mass produced anthem,
wearing pseudo souvenir shirts with names of places you've never been and never
will be.

Your speaker system is louder than your belief system
and more valuable.

Find your own rhythm to nod to.

Write your own self releasing lyrics
and get them stuck in your head.

Actually go somewhere, but don't buy a t-shirt with neon letters spelling out how
drunk you got.

Give up giving in.

Grow a backbone and stand up
and out.

Katie Green

Forbidden Fruit

You know how it feels when you take your first bite
You taste the nectar fill your mouth
Telling yourself it shouldn't be this good
You go weak in the knees like you knew you would

Forbidden Fruit

You've been warned before
But yet and still you must find out for sure
You know nothing good can come of the affair
But frankly you don't care when looked at with snares

People think they know and it drives you insane
But the thought of them knowing brings you no shame
For what you have discovered is better than gold
You've found love and it's just part of the fold

Nothing can prepare you for what you will see
Looking through the eyes of the soul you'll one day be
Two minds that become one body
Knowing that they'll forever stay near
Thinking about it brings you close to tears

Forbidden Fruit

Look, but don't touch
Society isn't ready to deal with this kind of lust
Love that flows long and deeper than the Nile

But suddenly as the intermission nears
From out of nowhere this beauty appears
Caramel-coated, angular curves, looks that could kill

Your mouth waters and
Your soul begs you to taste
Nothing so wrong could be part of fate
But instead of fighting the urge
Defeated... you take a bite and
Your soul awakes

In this society love is blind,
But this kind of love can be classified as a crime
Old enough to look but not old enough to touch
Old enough to see, but not old enough to clutch
This beauty's smile is one of a kind
You look to the brotha beside you and inquire
"What do they call her?"
His answer is "Forbidden Fruit, better known as Desire."

Jacqueline Ballard

The Same

Whatcha looking atta me for?
Tell me
what do you see
Besides,
my black skin that is wrapped around me
my black, coarse hair that resembles the black wool of a sheep
my piercing seemingly black eyes, that you still see even in your sleep
my big nose that flares at the sight of injustice and hate
my untraditionally small, defined lips tightly held not to open the locked gate
my big black hands, working diligently, only to have survived
my big black feet, unchained to move too free and dance in the moonlight until
sunlight is revived
TELL ME! please
Why are you looking at me?
because, all you see is the blackness as still as a painted picture in a frame
the shadow of a human image in the dark, a person without a name
So, excuse me, I am Ste/pha/nie
nice to meet you
I'll extend my hand, although it grasps nothing but inhumane remains
believe me, we are less different
and more of the same

Stephanie Adams

Secret Idol

Saints need not be so secretive,
So why do the inner-chambers' doors
Remain locked? Is there a divine spirit
Floating somewhere within, or just
A gaggle of old men,
Worshipping an idol fashioned
From the sweat of the faithful?

T. J. Overstreet

Outlanders

They are this continent's displaced.
Born in a world far away, but close;
The music that lures them forward
Is a tune sung by a soulless siren; the
Mirage in the mind turns to a reality,
Bitter, yet infinitely better than the
Squalor they left.

We too were once outlanders,
Called forward by the green light
That beckoned from across the ocean.
We stole the land from those
Who refused to claim it,
And we guard it, jealously.

T. J. Overstreet

The Day the Children Didn't Come Out to Play

The sun was shining overhead.
It had been a glorious and beautiful day.
But one can notice how quiet it is,
As the children aren't out to play.

There's much work to be done,
But we wouldn't dare do it today.
We can't work without the laughter
Of children out at play.

Is it their choice to be inside,
Or were they forced to stay?
The world is at a stand still,
As the children aren't out to play.

Why did it have to happen like this
In such a horrible and tragic way?
The life of man, so easy to take,
And the children aren't out to play.

Who would've thought life was so short,
And what does it mean to pray?
The entire world is lost in despair
And the children aren't out to play.

Today was one we will never forget;
When the clear, blue sky was immediately turned gray.
Hopefully things will be different tomorrow,
And the children can come out to play.

Brian A. Nevius

Hate

Spreads like dandelions gone to seed
Scattered on a fierce wind
These seeds grow more quickly than expected-
White-sheeted men, massacres of women,
And the children...how they crumble
Under his feet as he calmly reloads his gun.

Amanda Morris

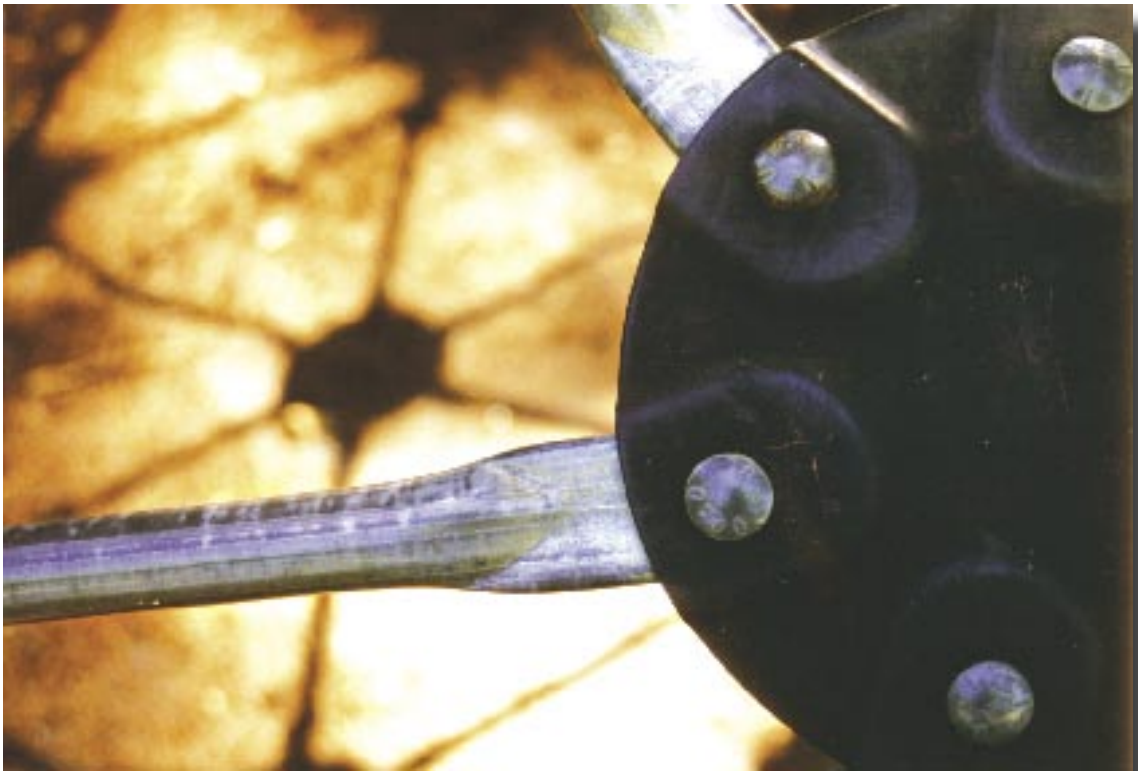
Lights Out



Jose Trevino

Broken Ink

Hexidome Detail



Jose Trevino

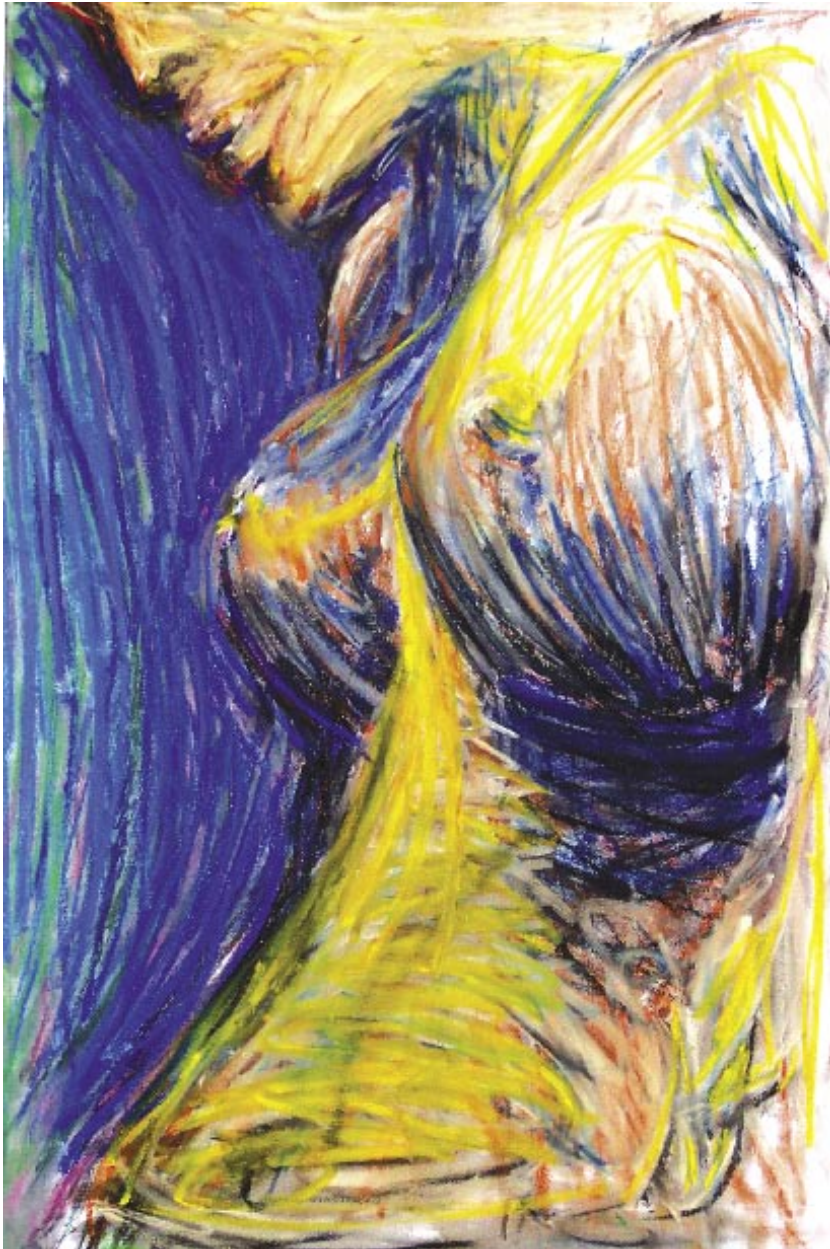
What If...



Angela Mulchandani

Broken Ink

Temptress



Matthias Jung

Hope is on the Way



Angela Mulchandani

Broken Ink

Snow-night Angel

Snow-night Angel,
Here tonight, but gone
In the dawn,

Resting thy hand upon my head,
Showering white blessings upon my face,
Dancing in cascading
Crystals, fading in
And out of the
Dappled
Shadows
Of The
Snowy
Woods.

Snow-night Angel,
Star-white Angel,
Lighting the veins of sky
With Celestial Flames,
Laying a single star-gem—
A heart of pulsing light
Floating in a pool of shadow,

Your goodbye kiss
Leaves my cheek
Dusted with
Stars.

Paul LeDuc

Speed

There is a distance between
cupped fold of hand
and hazel-mossed face
that begs crossing.

I gather streaming sight in hand,
daring to lick eyes up
at this mountain of muscle,
hair, hoof; she seems the force
of all desire unriden.

Midnight-eyes thin to slit
while breath claps in bolts.

She paws at sun with nail-head foot
before growing long with speed
among hay-bales warped in
summer's heat into whorls
like ten hundred sleeping stars.

James Howell

Restoration

She remembered his anniversary
Early in the morning, just as the fire
Eye of the sun on the horizon winked,
And it glanced sluggishly around at the
World before it. The sun's gaze adorned the
Landscape in rose and gold before the true
Colors burst out of the prison of night.
The leafy sentinels stretched as they were
Aroused from their enchanted state; then they
Strained their arms toward the misty rays.
Fallen rainbows were still alive in the
Dainty flowers that now scattered the hill,
Shyly tilting their blushing faces as
The growing warmth gently caressed them, and
Slivers of emerald quivered and sparkled
When dew droplets lusciously rolled down
their Backs. It was a day for life and living.
He languidly lounged at the base of a
Guardian oak and listened as the tree
Whispered knowingly to him through the
breeze.

He noticed her when she came, and he was
Enthralled. Nearby, the faithful boulder that
Bore the scars of his life reminded him
Of the meaning today would bring, for he
Had waited for years for what was about
To transpire. The plethora of doubts
Melted into oblivion at the
Sight of her. His spirit sang, and his soul
Quickened. He had not seen her since a year
Before his first anniversary. A
Smile played around his lips, for she did not
Have the purposeful stride that she once did,
Nor the red fire in her hair. He had loved
To watch it dance and lick her face when she
Wore it loose, and free, and a naughty breeze
Captured it. Now the wind toyed with only
His shadow since she now wore her hair pinned
Severely on her head. Memories of

Her china skin still plagued his mind, and from
This torment, he learned the trade. She shuffled
Across the lush lawn with exhaustion close
Behind. No matter, for it was such a
Lovely place. She desired to build a home
There where she could revive her weary
Bones. Perhaps someday soon, she thought.
The time
Passed and she finally reached the cold stone
Where she could sit in comfort. She was not
Surprised by the intensity of her
Fatigue as she struggled to catch her breath,
Her chest heaving with effort. She inhaled
Deeply as she stared at the rough knot in
The bark above the oak. After some time
She stood and studied the old, weathered stone,
Sighing as grief overwhelmed her heart. She
Held her own piece of the rainbow in her
Hand. Creaking like a rusty hinge, she stooped
To offer it like a sacrifice to
The hardened earth. Rain fell from her eyes
and
Drowned the rock in love as she briefly pressed
Her lips to its craggy, wizened surface.
She braced against it and pulled herself to
Her feet and began the long shamble from
Whence she came. She said not a word to him.
He stood in silence as he watched her leave.
He approached the boulder, and he threaded
His fingers through her fragile blessing. She
Had not said a word to him; she spoke with
Her tears. It was sufficient for him now.
She would come again soon to be with him.
He had mastered patience. It is only
A matter of time, he thought as he smiled,
Shimmered, and faded as the flow of the
Showers that came from heaven consumed him.

Christine Kansanback

XXVIII

The Sodom Apple

The Sodom Apple,
A red so kissable, inviting a crunch.
A green so lush, promising flavor.

But the apple crumbles to dust
And I find its fruit already being savored
In the yawning belly of an Ancient Wurm.

“An apple a day keeps the doctor away”
So they say, but what they really mean is death.
Haven’t we been told this before?

I think it was an Ancient Breath
That told us all we wanted to hear, and more,
In a Garden, where an apple seemed too small a thing to harm,

When Knowledge seemed contained in a single bite,
When Innocence was lost in the Dawn of Life.

Paul LeDuc

Wave Extinction

Morning-
Pillow Clutched
In loving embrace.

Five years we danced,
Rhythms that echo.

James A. Barr Jr.

Droplet Remaining

Wax and Wane
Of the moon.
Lying upon
Holy Earth.

Spine driving
Into soil.
Tube
Set on mosquito
Frame.

Beak
Of humming bird
Fresh from
Sip.

James A. Barr Jr.

Consciousness

Enveloping like the womb of a wicked and distant mother-
Shielding out all hope of real sensation until the hour of travail has come,
Then, in vanishing, leaves us defenseless against ourselves.

The sparest of light seeks entrance through these uterine walls-
Distorting perception as through a broken, dirty fun house mirror
Fallacy, reality, meshed and intertwined.

The mask, the gossamer façade...consciousness-
Tricking into feelings of invulnerability
Playing us for the fool, our tin foil crown, humanity.

The guttural sounds echo through the primal throat-
Neanderthal urges, seeking release, abscond, closure
Consciousness, locking them in, sealing them out.

Consciousness-
Crafted by the artist whose pallet contained nothing more than
Ambition and one thousand shades of gray.

Lisa Heckrotte

Unearthed



I do not like to think of my friend
Boxed up
Closed underground
No room to stretch
Or roll over.
What if we are wrong
About the spirit
Having left
And should wonder
Before pushing someone under?
Do they writhe trapped
Like the cocooned pupas of sphinx moths
And bag worms hanging in the stinking cedar?
Raise my body
Over feathered poles
And send me up in ashes flying
Arms wide as sky.

Linda Hindman

Playground



Jose Trevino

Faith



Matthias Jung

Broken Ink

Dream of Foxes



I: The Firetower

When the moon is full I watch
and watch for silver fire
low between wrapped branches.
Only I may hunt them.
Foxes in my vineyard are my foxes.

I hear them unscroll voices
in the summer, gristled thunder raking violence.
The vineyard's midnight blossoms
are baby suns immature for light,
the cartilage of stars.

Catch for us the foxes,
the little foxes
that ruin the vineyards,
our vineyards that are in bloom.

Who can help but dream of Heaven
in a vineyard's firetower,
grazing foxes under midnight?
I cannot, so while I watch the foxes,
my vineyard fully bloomed is Heaven paused,
the stars in hibernation as the Dead go wild.

II: Down from the Tower of Fire

In deathlike dream, I, skypiercer,
claw atop the flaming tower,
sword into the lattice bones of space.
God is the Tower, death the climb,
and Heaven the fall into earth
as what I have loved.

My eyes are the moon re-stoned in jade
and light through clouds is a plume of ice.
I hide below the brambles,
listen to the flowers sing.

Catch for us the foxes,
the little foxes
that ruin the vineyards,
our vineyards that are in bloom.

Petals constellate the scribbled rows.
There is love beneath the soil,
moles, rabbits, fieldmice gone
deliciously to seed.
I tremble, sharply grin,
and my tongue dreams the sweetness
burrowed between roots.

I am the hunted thing hunting,
the shaft of fire is pillared salt,
and love is swallowed blood.

III: The Shot

Heaven recedes and I am shucked
from steaming fur, blasted back to flesh.
A snap and something slams, then screaming.

Darkness grows a metal jaw:
teeth surround the fox.
I flip a switch and halogen
blows through the fields.
The fox is ripped from silver,
now a bristled candlehead.

I kiss the bullet, load my rifle,
aim and carve the trigger back.
The flame claps still and twitches,
hardens into ember, cool among
the nodding flowers.

Catch for us the foxes,
the little foxes
that ruin the vineyards,
our vineyards that are in bloom.

The rifle slants across my shoulder.
Eyelids lower, azure burns to green,
and I grin. My teeth dream to knives
as I await the smashing pin
to make my brain a blossomed cone,
unfurled flag to God, my beloved.

James Howell

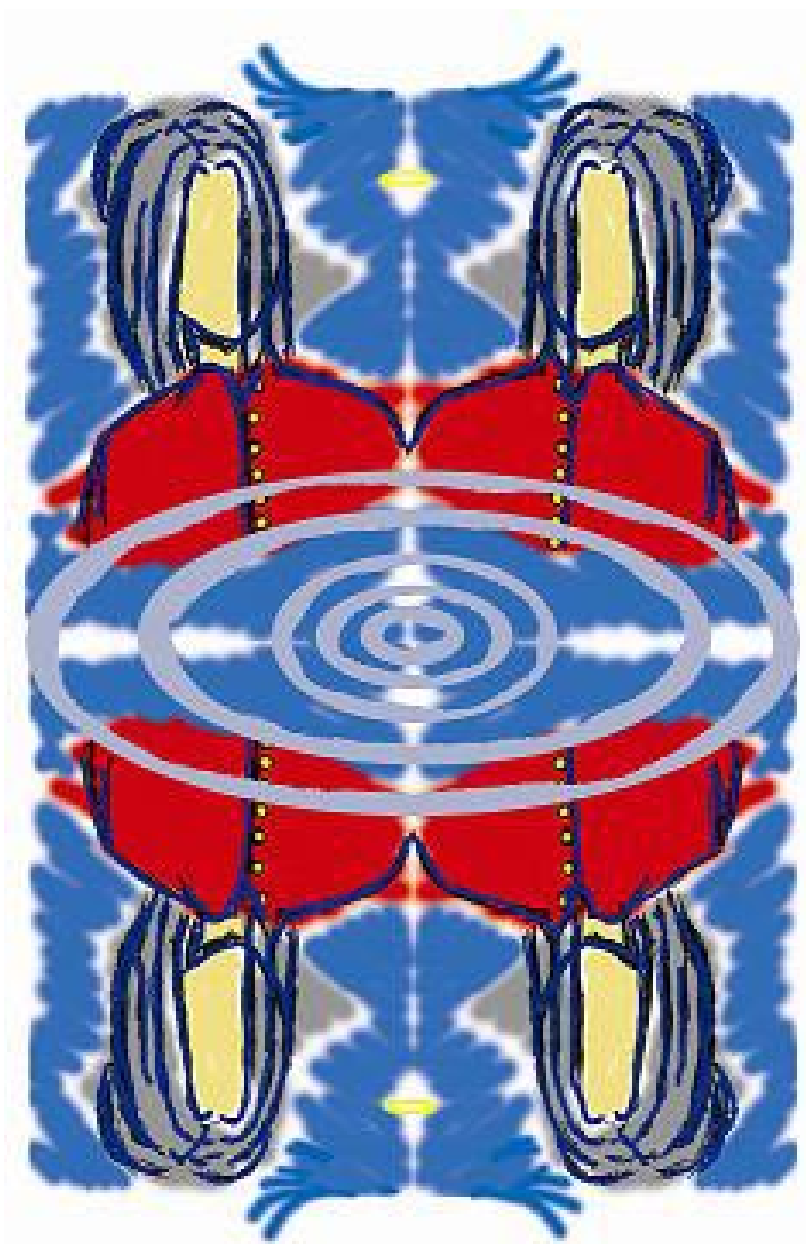
XXXVI

Chain Link Wall

Players
Sweat, shout,
Push unwilling bodies in
Measured yards
On the football field
Groan, knowing
They are too old to cry for mama.
Light as lace
The chiming fence between
The kicker could leap over, easy.
But it holds both sides
Yards from the yardline
Not long from being hearsed away
The wrinkled hand pulls,
Is all that moves,
An inch is all effort
Shouts at rails
Cursing the cursed,
“this is hell, hell, hell!”
Ambulances swap bodies
From the long hall
That winces
“Mama, Help!”
And everyone knows
That this is hell.

Linda Hindman

Peoples



Bryce Craps

XXXVIII

The Wake of the Ocean



Anthony Liutkus

Broken Ink

He said that he wore his native skins
In New York city, laced ankle to hip
With fur
I imagined him astride that city
They may not have stared at the split coat
Nor noticed native grace
Sewn into leather with bone needles
Not quite carefree.
Looking tender as summer squash
Blooming out of snow
In our Carolina heat
He said
Canadians like the heavy girls the best
And we asked why
He said
Because of the cold,
--The thin ones die
We laughed
He seemed mock serious
But unsure, still I asked
Do you know one caught by that
Cold we cannot comprehend
Here where water is so warm that
Canadians come to swim in winter.
He answered from a face
Too young to be so widowed
And still searching the snow for her.
His child inside.

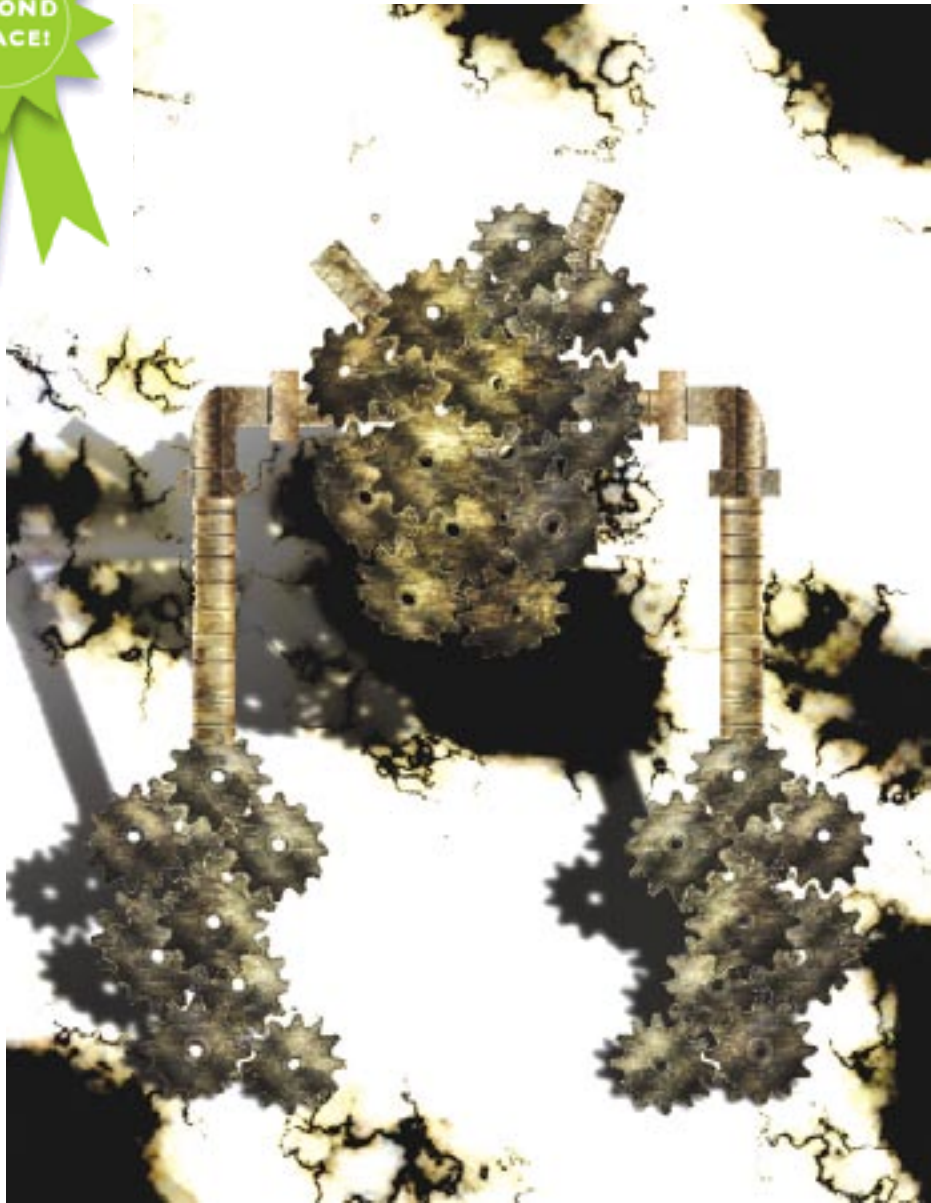
Linda Hindman

Walker

He gave his name to the wind-
Walked to greet a new tide
As it rumbled and rolled
To lay docile at his feet,
Then shrink back as mother sea
Tugs it home-
Someday she will spit out
A new name
And leave it on the baptized sand
For his lingering to find and embrace.

Amanda Morris

Clockwork



Bryce Craps

The Fight

Bobby Vee was a man who walked in a room like a thundercloud fighting a lightning bolt. He always walked in like that. A mission was constantly on his mind, some objective suddenly became within reach and he was going to achieve said objective come hell or high water. People *moved* when Bobby Vee walked their way.

What occurred on this particular day was that Bobby Vee was changing from his bathing suit to his party attire, which consisted of a white Hawaiian shirt with blue flowers and khaki hiking shorts with white boat shoes. He then discovered at the bottom of his underwear drawer, a thong that he had no recollection of seeing on his wife, Velma. The reason he couldn't remember seeing Velma in this skimpy piece of negligee was that Velma did not like to wear skimpy negligee. The one night he had suggested it, cajoled is really more of an accurate word, she went into a frenzy that resulted in Bobby sleeping on the couch with bags of frozen peas spread out across his body.

Anyway, the objective for Bobby Vee at the moment was to confront his wife, Velma, about that red, crumpled thong he found in his underwear drawer. Hell-bent on this knowledge, he brushed past his friend of fifteen years swiftly, knocking the glass of lemonade out of Mike Temple's hand. "What in the hell, twenty-three?", Mike bellowed. Bobby, however, did not seem to hear him as he was making his way through the gaggle of people in his backyard.

He looked constipated. He had red places that began at his elbows and pressed down his forearms. He seemed to have very sharp knees. It wouldn't be hard to imagine that wild-haired boy figuring out the solution to all of life's problems while taking a dump, and becoming so fired up about it that he gets crammed full of energy and can't bear to sit still any longer. Looking back, it was like watching him on the football field all over again. State Championship Game, fourth quarter. Third and three. Bobby already had over a hundred yards rushing that game, and Poinsettia Central had been keeping eight men in the box the whole time. Again, it seemed like Bobby was on a mission. The ball was snapped, then thrust into his chest by Mike Temple. Bobby grabbed hold of the ball with his right hand and then proceeded to project himself through the entire opposing team, like he was some sort of end zone-seeking missile. Twenty yards and fifteen years later, we still celebrate that victory after the homecoming game. And watching him make his own way through small circles of people spread out over this fenced-in backyard, one could see that he could still plow over anything in his way if he desired.

The guests didn't notice it at first: a grown man with a red face that matched the color of the thong in his right hand. It was like the Holy Ghost was Bobby's lead blocker, turning people's heads right before he got close, then immediately pushing them out of the way. At first, it didn't seem so out of place to see Bobby walking so determinedly; after all, it was one of his most defining characteristics. But make no mistake, everyone began to realize that this was the time of day when shit, it seemed, was going to hit something in their immediate area. And the lesson that is ingrained into anyone who attends barbecues is to crowd around and watch, which is exactly what happened.

Velma was standing around the big table with the big punch bowl full of ambrosia, along with the rest of the neighborhood housewives. Bobby stormed himself over, flinging that red thong right down into the punch bowl. Fruit juice leapt up like a first-time offender during his first night

Jason Mouzon

The Fight Con't

at prison. Flies scattered away, but quickly found themselves back in the same general area, vying for position along with the rest of the neighborhood. "Bobby Vee, what in the world has gotten into you", Velma exclaimed, "you know Sally brought that ambrosia here just for you.."

"Fuck that there fruit," Bobby stated, "what we got here is bigger than cherries and marshmallows...what in the goddamn hell is that?" He pointed to the fly covered thong in the punch bowl, never taking his eyes off his old high school sweetheart. Those eyes roamed quickly up and about her face, searching for some clue or tic that would erase all doubt, either way. Velma straightened up her sunglasses, crying "Well, I never!" to no one in particular and started for the house.

He watched her walking up those steps, calf muscles working overtime, what with those heels and stairs and all. They poked out of a knee-length white dress covered in red flowers with orange streaks in them. The sinews in her back looked soft, delicate under just the right amount of skin and fat. Blondish-brown hair bounced up and down the back of her neck like a teaser curtain. She walked with an air of dismissal, just like always, but at least this time she had something to dismiss: the now red-faced husband striding up behind her on those wooden steps.

By then, everyone's attention had been piqued just enough that they had trouble going back to what they had been doing before. All feet seemed to shuffle and hands searched for something to fiddle with. The constant, slightly muffled shouts that came from the inside of the house ruined any attempt for conversation by any of the partygoers. Once silence had returned, it was known that another interruption was inevitable. Mainly it was Velma's cries and insults that could be readily distinguished: "Oh Bobby, I have never heard anything so ridiculous...It's my house too, I'll talk how I...You fuck like a sick dog!"

Only one person was not struck with disbelief over the words being thrown around inside the house, and that person was Sally Temple. She was wearing a blue housedress with white lace around the shoulders. She always wore that dress to these sorts of affairs. Her face looked like it had sucked on a dry persimmon. She had walked over to the punch bowl as Bobby and Velma stormed into the house. Now nobody would touch the ambrosia she had brought over. The thong began to turn dark red, seeing as how it was soaking in fruit juice. Sally just stood there for a while, staring at the new addition to her dish. The fingers on her left hand kept themselves busy straightening out the wrinkles on the white tablecloth. Meanwhile her right hand kept itself steady, barely over her breastbone. It seemed like she was trying to figure out a way to salvage her addition to the barbeque, the way she was just staring at the inside of that punch-bowl. People's heads were starting to turn back and forth between the punch bowl and the back door of the house. Mike went over to Sally and brought her back towards the grill.

The only saving grace was the barbecue itself. Once the cook was done, which was signaled by the line of children suddenly forming at his back, everyone else seemed to develop a sense of purpose. Even the flies started buzzing around again, making their way from dish to dish. Everyone started lining up; grabbing plates, forks, napkins, more beer or lemonade. It only hid the stark reality that at the end of this outdoor buffet lay a punch bowl full of fruit, lumpy sugar, and one red thong.

Jason Mouzon

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Many Thanks

It's been seven semesters since I first joined the staff of *Broken Ink* as a lonely freshman looking for a place on campus. This magazine and the staff have been a good place for me to meet friends, have a good time, and learn new skills I can apply towards the workplace. Thank you to Dr. Hallman for his continuing support for the *Broken Ink* journal. Thanks to Dr. Kladvko for assisting us in producing this journal. Thanks to Dr. Deidre Martin, Mrs. Joan Stevens, Mrs. Gretchen Erb, and everyone else out in campus I might be forgetting for helping me keep my sanity during the production process. Thanks to the Director of the Student Media, Professor Linda Owens, for all her assistance and support. Without her help and the rest of the Student Media Board, the student body would not be able to have this publication. Finally, I would like to thank the students who submitted their literary and artistic submissions. We could not produce this literary and visual arts journal without your talent.

Dr. Davidson



The current staff of *Broken Ink* would like to dedicate the Spring 2005 issue of *Broken Ink* to Dr. Phebe Davidson. Dr. Davidson was a former adviser for *Broken Ink* during her tenure at USCA and will be retiring at the end of the Spring 2005 semester. We would like to thank her for all of her continued support and inspiration to our staff and fellow students. She will be missed by all.

Broken Ink Spring 2005 Staff

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Adviser

Prof. Linda Lee Harper

Fall 2005 Submission Form

Submission Guidelines:

- Literary submissions should be typed in a 12-point font and should not exceed 6 double spaced typed pages. Artwork must be scanner or digital camera ready. All artwork must be mounted or matted. Please do not turn in “flimsy” artwork.
- You **MUST provide us with a floppy disk** that contains a copy of your literary submissions. The floppy disc should be labeled with your name, e-mail address, and phone number. **Submissions without a disc WILL NOT be accepted.** Artwork cannot be accepted on disk only, although backup discs are welcome.
- Separate submission forms must accompany each individual submission.
- Literary work may be turned in to Broken Ink’s mailbox in the Humanities & Social Science Office (please talk to Joan Stevens), outside the Broken Ink Office (H&SS 110) or to Professor Linda Lee Harper, H&SS B4.
- Artwork should be brought directly to the Broken Ink Office (H&SS 110).
- Artwork featuring nudity **must be accompanied by a release form signed by the model.**
- Due to limited space, each student may have no more than 3 submissions accepted into the magazine.
- All work must be titled for publication. In the event that an untitled work is selected for publication, the artist/author will be asked to title it. The editors reserve the right to title work if an author/artist chooses not to or to deny publication to an untitled piece.
- The editorial staff selects art and manuscripts on the following basis: artist/literary quality, subject variety and/or thematic unity of the magazine, the recommendation of the selection boards and the amount of space available.
- **Final submission deadline: September 28, 2005**
- **Late submissions WILL NOT be accepted.**

· Questions or concerns?

Please Contact: Amanda Morris at 641-3517 or e-mail brokenink@usca.edu and/or Professor Linda Lee Harper at 641-3795 or e-mail lindah@usca.edu

Name: _____

Phone Number: _____

E-mail Address: _____

Submission Type: Art Drama Photography Poetry Fiction Non-fiction

Submission Title: _____

I verify that this work is my own original work. I understand the submission guidelines for Broken Ink’s Fall 2005 issue.

Signature & Date: _____

Editor in Chief: _____

The Washington Group

For the Spring 2005 issue of *Broken Ink*, the Washington Group Literary Awards were presented to four student contributors. These four contributors each were given the following amounts:

Washington Group Prize in Poetry:

First Place: \$75

Winner: **James Howell**

Piece: **“Dream of Foxes”**

Second Place: \$50

Winner: **Linda Hindman**

Piece: **“Unearth”**

Washington Group Prize in Visual Art:

First Place: \$75

Winner: **Matthias Jung**

Piece: **“Faith”**

Second Place: \$50

Winner: **Bryce Craps**

Piece: **“Clockwork”**

Due to the paucity of fiction and creative nonfiction pieces, the decision was made not to award a prize in these categories for the Spring 2005 issue.

Broken Ink would like to thank the following faculty members for judging:

Phebe Davidson (Poetry Judge)

Steven Gardner (Poetry Judge)

Thomas Mack (Poetry Judge)

Al Beyer (Visual Arts Judge)

Michael Fowler (Visual Arts Judge)

Broken Ink wishes to congratulate these winners of the Washington Group Literary Awards.

Broken Ink

Literary/Arts Journal

The University of South Carolina Aiken

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