



New Tricks  
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## New Tricks



Dakota State University  
Madison, SD  
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*dsu*



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# New Tricks

## Introduction

**John Nelson**

The school year of 2005-2006 was the year of the blog and the wiki, the year of Facebook and MySpace, the year of being online. In every classroom, students huddled over their Tablet PC's at DSU, madly typing commentary on the the electronic kiosks of their 87 friends.

It was the year of the Way Cool English Majors and Comedy Bytes.

This was the year of the 125th anniversary of the founding of DSU, the year of the special Coke can and pins and logo, the year of the ghost of General Beadle, the year of Gene Hexom. It was the year of the history time line.

The year brought an edgy new website, new landscaping, a new eastern gate, new signs all around campus. It was a time of the student-vet and the student-researcher.

It was the year of the mumps, the year of the ethics stone and a Save Forrest campaign. It was the year of DAD and Digital Storytelling, the year of Sturm und Drang, the year of the student film fest and Dean Forbes-Boyle. It was the time of the podcast and Skype, the dawn of the cybrarian. That is the year that was, the year of being on the edge.

Computers continue to change the way we do things, the way we communicate and work, the way we connect to the world.

But poetry and fiction, photography and painting, the arts we always turn to, still provide the kind of energy and release and communicative power that they always have. You'll see that power here, in the poems of students just trying out poetry as a venue and the writing of others honing their skills, heading off to graduate school. You'll see it in the photographs, a heady bunch this year.



It's always a treat to see what comes over the transom when you make a call for artistic submissions to the magazine, and it was again this year. It will continue.

JSN, May, 2006

[http://www.departments.dsu.edu/new\\_tricks/](http://www.departments.dsu.edu/new_tricks/)

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*New Tricks* is an annual publication at Dakota State University. Founded in 1993 by DSU's Literary Stunt Dogs, the magazine showcases the literary and artistic pursuits of DSU students, faculty, and staff.

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Cover photo, "Ethics Stone," by Holli Gregg

This booklet was designed in Adobe *FrameMaker 7.0* by John Nelson and Deana Hueners-Nelson.

## August (Memories Flooding)

### Phillip Block

When I was twelve, in August

My brother and I rode the bus seventeen miles into Minnesota just to swim with our friends,

the twice weekly trip provided by the school, seventeen miles, no air conditioning, windows--

all twenty-four of them -- open

to let some fresh air in to blow the chlorine smell away.

Riding home this day, the bus was silent,

most of the kids sleeping or eating their

vending machine purchased snacks; Snickers and Twix,

Nibs and Nut Goodies,

no one looking around, no one paying attention,

an atmosphere of expectation

hanging over the green seats and grey walls that day,

expectation something was going to happen.

The sky sporadically lit with white-blue lighting flashes on the horizon,

but nothing for these travelers to worry over,

with each flash, the CB radio would vomit forth a barrage

of static, like a cat being continually beaten in a sack

sequelches of conversations never meant for our ears

echoed back and forth through the tin-can of the bus,

a weather report from a grizzled trucker,

"it's raining up a fuck storm out here West of Sioux Falls,

getcha rigs off the roads, the wind is something fierce."

Twelve miles from home, with a storm brewing

twelve miles from home, I was twelve that August,

my towel wrapped around my shoulders like a shawl,

dreaming of the girls or the water or the smell of chlorine in my

noise,

I was twelve and there was a storm coming.

The sky turning sick yellow with the clouds-- some would say

a tornado sky, waiting just to tear the world apart, a tornado sky,

yellow,

making the entire landscape look alien.

Five miles to go, not a drop of rain, not a lick of wind,



could we arrive before the storm comes, could my brother and I make it home

before the lightning crashes and signals the end of the world? Too many questions running like rats in my young mind.

I was twelve when we stepped off that bus, my bike, black and white,

a BMX bike-- I had worked all summer to buy it--

was right there against the building, in the rack where I had left it, I was twelve as I unlocked

the bike from the rack, put up the kickstand and yelled, "let's get moving

before we get caught out here, before the storm breaks on us, washing us away."

It was going to be big, nothing moved, the world seemed to have stopped,

sounds were different, flat, as if spoken in a box of wet cardboard,

the world was still, yet it was hard to peddle our bikes up that tiny hill to safety, to our home,

I was twelve that August day, my brother was eight and I had to get him home before the storm broke.

Some said it was tornado weather, the sky yellow like a jaundiced eye,

nothing moving, as if the world was on pause, some said it was a tornado sky, waiting to spin and break forth uprooting trees and houses, uprooting lives.

Up the hill, up the hill, I was twelve, up the hill pumping legs trying to beat the storm in the yellow sky, pumping legs when the siren wailed two blocks away

the warning to all in hearing distance that the world was going to end

find shelter, find comfort, find something real

the siren blast quickened pulses, quickened our pumping legs, half a block to go, not enough time, not enough time when I was

twelve,

I knew it was over, everything was lost, even as I was opening the locked door

and throwing my brother down the stairs, I knew it was over, I was twelve, but not for long, twelve in August, but soon September would come again,

and I would be twelve no more, I would never be twelve again. The storm broke with fury as the door was shut and locked against that yellow world,

bikes lying asunder on the front grass,

I was twelve when the storm broke, torrential and violent, from our basement hole we could see the lightning hit and the

hail fall

blanketing the ground with summer snow, putting tiny dents in the bikes lying heedlessly on the grass.

We could see the sheets of water cascade down from the yellow sky, washing the jaundice out and down the gutters, from yellow to grey,

they said it was tornado weather, a tornado sky, when the rain fell and the storm broke I was twelve and the sky

turned grey,

almost black in the afternoon. I was twelve and everything was changing,

my bike lying useless on the yard, covered with water and ice fallen from heaven,

in the backyard my brother crying, scared of the transformation, scared the world was ending.

I was twelve that August, my brother was eight and sure the world was ending, that everything was changing.

I never boarded that bus for the trip to Minnesota to swim again, I never experienced a sky so frightening and yellow after that day,

I was twelve that day in August.



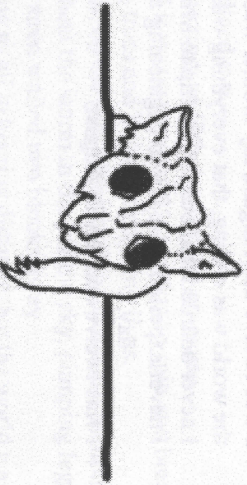
## Carnival Night

### Jennifer Sixta

At the county carnival  
As the time approached midnight  
And after our ride on the whirly rocket  
The sky turned wicked green  
A roll of thunder came through  
And we could see over the far hills  
A fierce tornado approaching  
After the twister blows through  
Leaves and prize ribbons  
Glitter the carnival grounds.

## Sugar Glider

### Dan Weinstein



## Hope

### Miles Rausch

```
{? It's: waking up and realizing
    {really! 1 2 3
    it was all a dream [_] [-] [ ]
      A T D
it's: losing your glasses (?)
    and wallet ($)
    and keys (.)
    in the exact place you left them
It's: coming to know that
    HELL
    is not a place
    but a state*ment* of *yours*and* mind
    and you can leave
    as IT soots you
it's: finding that
    one degree to the left <--
    we all FREEze
    --> one degree to the right
    we all boLLL
    <-- and knowing we/we're/all just right -->
    It's: leaving..and giving up...
    only to find the most beautiful moon (girl)
    has bro-----ken
    ((((((the))))))(((clouds))))
    that you may find your w.i.n.d.i.n.g. path back to her
    a - gain. !}
```



## Riddle for Emily D.

**Lisa Huff**

I like to see it sit so high-  
And eat the sunshine up-  
And stop to drink and sup off stars-  
And then - spread itself

From house to house-  
And gently probe  
In eye to eye and skull to skull-  
from the mamma globe

You add your shape-  
And weave your way  
Silently, stalking, inside my head  
You - chase the same away-

You belch out comedy-  
Then - with just a flicker  
See - you changed the score  
From your perch on high-

## Mind on a Leash

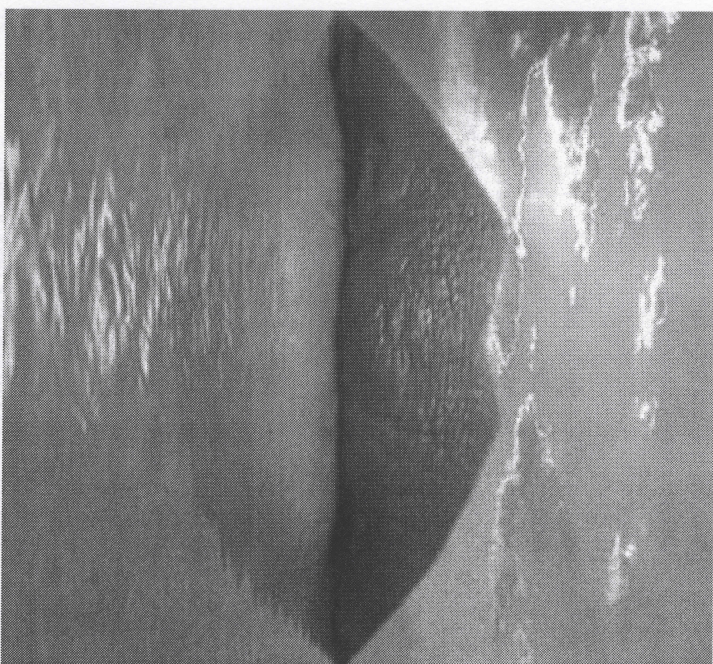
**Nancy Moose**

Can you hear the dog vigorously barking  
Beyond the closed window?  
Here in the stuffy room

The computer calmly, incessantly hums.  
I look at the trees, the grass, the cold sun  
Cut into even strips by the window blinds  
My mind drags me back to the computer screen  
But my eyes long to see out the window.  
My ears to hear life.

## Magritte Island

**Sarah Gregg**





# Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Dollar Bill

## Brittany Wiesen

- I  
Wealth, it starts with the savings  
Of one crisp Green Back.
- II  
Give a child a dollar bill,  
And in their eyes  
They have become the richest  
Person alive.
- III  
Found on the road,  
A dollar can be a sign,  
A sign of good luck and marvelous things to come.
- IV  
Nourishment is the first thing seen  
By someone who lives from meal-to-meal  
When a dollar is in hand.
- V  
We see the words "In God We Trust"  
On the front of a dollar bill, and are  
Reminded of our nation's democracy  
When we hear what controversy this phrase brings.
- VI  
A dollar bill,  
The piece of paper asked for  
When buying 100 tootsie rolls  
At the local small town drug store.
- VII  
Remember when the only decision  
Needed to be made when at a convenience store  
Holding a dollar bill

Was whether to buy a bottle of pop or a gallon of gas?

- VIII  
The symbol of a new business  
Is the face of George Washington  
On a dollar bill  
In a very proud frame  
Mounted on the wall.
- IX  
World wide recognition  
The dollar bill was given  
Through the McDonalds Dollar Menu.
- X  
The amount needed for a friend  
To buy himself and three others  
Each a Little Debbie  
Is but a dollar.
- XI  
The basis for all labor  
And purchase of goods  
Is from the US Mint -  
The dollar bill.
- XII  
The glory of a dollar bill  
Is its power to buy a lottery ticket  
And plant hope in the purchaser  
Of someday winning  
A million one dollar bills.
- XIII  
The glorious dollar bill  
Has but one flaw -  
Because it is worth so much,  
One more is never enough!



## The Red Wagon

**Derek Bultje**

So little depends  
Upon

A lonely red  
Wagon

Covered with flaking  
Rust

Beside the blue  
Bike

## Crazy Heather

**Holli Gregg**



## Why I'm So Plump

**Holly Smith**

I am plump, as you all know.

It hangs over my pants when I let it all go.

Of course, there are reasons that I am this way,  
It's not ALL my fault, I'd like to say.

If we didn't have neighbors who liked to bake,  
And like us enough to make that mistake.

If the workout center wasn't so far,  
I wouldn't stop and eat McDonald's in my car.

If my fiance didn't love me anymore,  
He wouldn't show up with Snickers at the door.

If my mother had never taught me to cook,  
I wouldn't have to read Dr. Phil's fat book.

But I do work out, honestly I do!

I do sit ups (while eating chocolate and Diet Coke too).

So now if you wonder why I am so fat,  
Just take a minute and take a step back.

It's because too many people love me so much,  
And that is the reason why I am so plump.



# Pine Scent in the Men's Room

## (Odd Dreams in the Afternoon)

Phillip Block

Walk out that door and into the bright spray of sunshine on chrome and freshly washed cars financed at the lowest rate in years with deep discounts from the manufacturers. Men dressed as clowns to bring in the suckers, step out that door and smell the scent of cut pine boards and dirt on the breeze the smell of formaldehyde and arsenic, industrial glue and bits of discarded wood mixed with small rodent remains all pressed together into sheets, cut in the sun to release the aroma of a mis-spent youth, the scent of progress.

It sure seems like spring in the Midwest today, the breeze blowing just enough to ruffle hair and ties warm enough to mitigate the need of winter coats and spring jackets.

the perfect day to walk or to just sit in the sun and bask in the warmth like a small reptilian creature bringing the blood to operating temperature.

It seems like the perfect day in Sioux Falls, the sound of traffic driving just a bit faster than it should, the creak and ping of heavy machinery moving wet earth, the last smells of winter released into the air from the giant scoop shovels of these yellow and orange beasts. Men with bright orange hard hats, beer-guts and no shirts direct the traffic to the next available lane, with just a bit more pep and oomph than normal, infected by the fever that spreads like wildfire in April in Sioux Falls, the girls down by the river on roller blades and running shoes wearing next to nothing, trying to get early starts on summer deep tans, the young men with shirts off and sunglasses on--one would think, just looking around this city,

that it was August and 98 degrees out--no one willing from the heat--yet.

And what about August? Come August only the heartiest will dare the day and exit the climate controlled comfort of well lit caves with windows peering out onto the world, every-one moves slower when the asphalt melts and sticks to slow moving tennis shoes and sneakers shuffling down the street leaving sweat drops as a trail of bread-crumbs a trail evaporating moments, mere seconds after hitting the black remains of ancient forests and mammals, the written history of a world in flux.



Sarah Gregg



## The Wind Wants Me Outside

April Denholm

The wind wants me outside;  
it begs, pleads, whines,  
howls when ignored, screams  
finally, pounding at the windows,  
kicking at the doors. It  
picks up a tree branch and,  
attacking the wall, moans in  
frustration, revenging on the  
windchimes.

I meet the wind outside;  
it rushes past in greeting,  
tells me a neighbor is moving and  
that there are trees nearby.  
It brings me a leaf to admire;  
happy, it plays with the  
windchimes.

## Red Midnight

Jessica Olson

Blue skies close above  
he was walking slowly alone  
feeling scared and cold  
the only moving thing was his feet  
Orange of midnight when children sleep  
Red mountain slowly toward Blue skies  
Children rest below.



Kindra Baan Hofman

Who is this girl always nearby  
Who gets on my nerves in the blink of an eye.  
Wherever I go there she is too  
She lingers like a shadow stuck to my shoe.

My birthday is here, a day all my own  
But it's her birthday too, I should have known.  
Sharing my presents, sharing my cake  
I'm lost in the background there is no escape.

First day of preschool, feeling so scared  
Comforted, I know the feeling is shared.  
She waves me over and sits down for lunch,  
My confidence restored by her friendly punch.

High school arrives with trials and joys,  
A whole different world of friends and boys.  
Small fights over guys and what we will wear  
Searching for an identity I cut my hair.

Finally a chance to be on my own  
College, the place my uniqueness will be shown.  
I've waited so long for this time to come,  
But now that it's here I feel lonely and numb.

Where is the girl who was always nearby,  
Who offered her shoulder whenever I'd cry?  
I'm out on my own a feeling brand new  
I miss the shadow once attached to my shoe.

Lisa Huff

All silver and shine, as the new moon rising.  
All round and complete, circle unbending, you are diamonds in  
gold with your promises kept.

All power and might, chariots for arms, you protect, and you  
give choice, you teach and give life.

All spindly legs floating, crisscrossing, a black specter weaving  
your way.

Like the snake, sneaking, sneaking through the tall, green, dew  
covered grass.

Turning, all seeing, facing the sun, the stars and the heavens.  
Spin, oh how you spin, slowly, silently, no breath, no whisper, no  
loud cry.

So high do you fly, like the eagle you soar, flashing, glinting, sur-  
veying your world, though you move not at all.

Connections unending you provide for us all, the glimmering  
world beyond our small door.

The globe of your size like the globe in the sky, all knowing, all  
caring, no tears do you shed.

Your shine and your glitter, like a light on the sea. You bring us  
home, to our hearth and our seat.

Life

Ashley Spindler

Life is full of the unexpected:

You never plan to fall short of your dreams

You never plan to feel pain

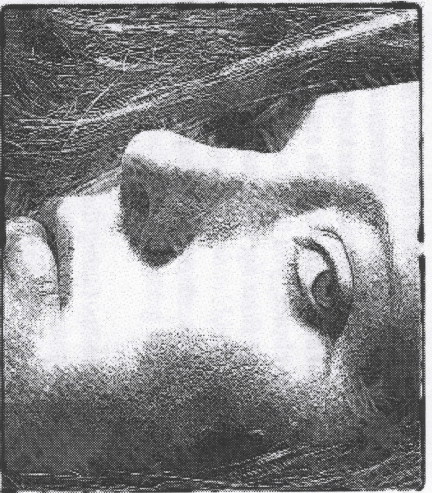
You never plan to fall in love

But sometimes you do.



## Armed with an Eye for Contradiction

America Block



### Prayer

Beth L. Sheaffer

Sometimes, even though I am following my heart,  
The road beneath my wheels just gets lost in the darkness.

When I can't see beyond my headlights,  
There are a lot of dead-ends in my mind.

I forgot how many stars there are.  
There's a universe.

But here on the ground, the darkness is a creature,  
Breathing all around me,  
Bringing the winter and sleep.

Spring seems so far away, but I know it is coming.  
It has to.

Carry me out of my memories and plant me in my dreams.  
Water my feet and shine on my face.  
Talk to me, make me grow, help me live.

## An Experiment with Fruit Flavor and Red Dye #6

Phillip Block

Half drunk on Boones' Farm--  
yeah some of us still drink it just for fun--  
the sickly-sweet taste stuck to my lips  
coating the back of my throat  
even after drowning myself in a half gallon  
of crystal pure water.

Grab another bottle of something, anything--  
vodka or gin--

just to take the edge off, like  
a stone misused--dulling instead of honing  
something to shut the voices out, the voices within  
that always speak always yell always saying something  
while saying nothing at all, shut them out  
for just a little while until the dreams can overtake  
and the eyes close on another day.

These voices war and scream  
and the aftermath of a day like today  
calls for a case of Boones' Farm--  
unnaturally red and too fruity to be real--  
a case of something to remind  
of all we have put away through the years,  
packed up and placed in dusty attics and  
musty basements under the stairs and under the eaves.  
Sometimes it is important to remember  
the things that have cut or bled us dry  
the things we have hidden away for so long  
hoping against hope that being hidden  
would steal away the power to hurt us anymore, but sometimes  
it takes a case of cheap, not even real wine  
to remind us how to forget.



## All Outta Smiles

America Block



## Casio's Dream

Miles Rausch

*Then another sign appeared in heaven: an enormous red dragon with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns on his heads. His tail swept a third of the stars out of the sky and flung them to the earth.* ~Revelation 12: 3 - 4

Casio pulled the covers back. He couldn't sleep any longer. He had had That Dream again; the one that always woke him up, and always ended with the horizon. Trying his best to not wake Gabrielle, he sat up, swung his legs out from beneath the covers, slipped on his sandals, and left the room.

He made his way to the kitchen. He found a long, slender bottle, and pulled the top off of it. As he drank, he looked up, and he saw the same horizon as in That Dream, sitting beyond the double, glass sliding doors. He left the kitchen, passed through the doors, and entered the crisp night air of the coast.

The moon cast a purple hue, as if the world was wrapped in violet gossamer. This night, like so many others, Casio stood at the cliffs watching the waves, the stars, and the horizon. Here he found a rhythm to life, to the unknown, to death.

His right arm throbbed in the sea air. The weather was changing; more than that was changing. The metal of his forearm butted against and bit into the still-human part of his arm, closer to his shoulder. The salt air and water wasn't good for his biomechanics, but he loved this spot too much to move. He had picked it, straight out of That Dream, when he'd been asked to quit his life years earlier.

Tonight? he thought, his eyes pouring over the night sky like an old, dog-eared book. He took another blue drink from the long, slender bottle. The liquid vibrated down his throat, like a shivering, living thing. It warmed his face, watered his eyes, and it dulled the throbbing, the waves, the stars, and the horizon. It put back the clock.

No. He sighed and turned his thoughts, his eyes, to more important things. He turned back to his cliff-side house. He, and an



architect friend, had designed every inch of the building. Casio had drawn it after a building that he saw in *That Dream*. He had always felt there was something missing. He could never remember much of *That Dream*; only that it had always ended with the horizon, and that it gave him quite a wonderful feeling when he had it.

He wondered how things had turned out this way: the house, the dreams, and the long, slender bottles. Casio had, until relatively recently, been a respected Keeper of Local Peace. His task had been to Keep People in Line, and he had been entitled to use Extreme Measures (and even Personal Judgment) in doing so. To make him physically capable of the task, they had fitted his right arm with a biomechanical replacement dubbed "The Hand of God" by those he worked with. He was respected, loved, and feared. All of this, of course, was until his dreams and his drinking had begun to cause problems. He wasn't gifted with the Second Sight, but he had made the constant mistake of thinking that he was, and it made him unpredictable and dangerous. He had been asked to leave, honorably, but never had he been more ashamed. Still, he never blamed it on *That Dream*. Not ever. Now, thirteen years later, he padded, quietly, toward the sliding door that faced the sunsets. He was living his days in a self-enforced exile in a hand-made prison.

Gabrielle was in the folio, in front of the VisoScreen, her eyes dark. I must have awakened her, Casio thought, with pangs of regret. She was sunk deep into her favorite arm chair, her red hair clashing dangerously with the maroon upholstery. The VisoScreen in front of her, five times thicker than a sheet of paper, hung anonymously on the far wall of the folio, flanked by a portrait of herself on the left side and a portrait of her with Casio on the sand, near the waves. On the screen appeared the strangest symphony of colors and shapes, twisting and mutating to the music, as if with dance.

"Sorry to wake you, sweetheart," he apologized. Gabrielle gave no sort of response. Casio slid the door shut and removed his sandals, feeling Gabrielle's icy anger. He crossed the floor to the fridge. The floor was warm, being heated by a snake's pit of semi-conducting coils beneath the thin, floral tiles. Casio liked the floor at this temperature. It was what he thought the desert

sands felt like halfway between the sun's passing and resurrecting.

Casio opened the fridge and pulled out another long, slender bottle. This one was green, and he pulled the top off and brought the bottle to his lips. The liquid inside slid thickly, and slowly, down his throat. Instead of warming his body, the drink pricked it and pushed it with frosty points. He got goosebumps. "Anything interesting on the screen, Gabbbs?" he called to her.

She stirred at the mention of her name. Casio entered the folio, found the remote control, and switched the screen to the weather. She half-turned to him, found the bottle with her eyes, and turned back. "No," she answered, tersely. She turned further away so he could not see her tears start. If there was such a thing as hating someone you loved, then her life had become that thing.

"I told you, things like this aren't foretold but in the most oblique of messages and messengers."

"So, we're just supposed to wait? We're supposed to assume that this dream is just going to show up without notice, and no one in the world will know it's going to happen except you? Is that right?" She rose angrily from the chair. Casio reached for her, but she moved to the picture of them on the sands. That had been one of the last happy days. A few nights later he had first told her about *That Dream*.

A clock somewhere in the house struck 2:00am. The clock was a working model of the Notre Dame Cathedral. Softly waiting through the rooms, the cathedral played a beautiful concerto by Mozart. As the music faded out, the clock announced the time.

"I know. I sound crazy. You'll just have to trust me. You've done it so far," Casio explained. He longed to put his arms around her, to comfort her, but he knew she would turn away from his touch. He would have to wait.

"I want to believe you. It's been fourteen years, Casio. Every night you wait for *That Dream* to come true. You're so sure, and I... I don't think it's going to happen." Gabrielle turned to Casio. She took the long, slender bottle from his hands and dropped it at their feet. Then she put his arms around her, and he held her, at last.



"I love you, Casio," she said longingly into his eyes. She kissed him, a stray thought told her it would be their last real kiss, and she led him back to the bedroom.

"I'm scared," she admitted. They both resumed their nocturnal positions. "I'm scared, too." He kissed her shoulder. There was a pause of comfort.

Then she whispered, "Hold me tighter."

The next morning, Casio awoke early, which was quite contrary to his custom. The sun hung lazily near the bottoms of the window panes, thin and white. Today, he was nervous. Something told him it was the day. There was no hangover this morning, surprisingly enough. With a clear head, he went to his bookshelf and picked up a brown, little-used book.

Casio was not a religious man. He was not a particularly scientific man, either, but he did know that whatever it was that happened in *That Dream*, it would not be discovered on any meteorological or astronomical chart or graph. Gabrielle had wasted hours reading such documents, scanning weather reports, when (in reality) she should have been reading the Bible.

He could not explain how he knew. There had been a rare occasion some years ago when he had decided to leaf through his untouched, brown Bible. His mother had just passed on, and he had been searching for answers in bars and bottles and had found nothing. Suddenly, he had come across a verse in Revelations. It had given him the same feeling *That Dream* had given him. So, he had come to believe that this verse was largely related to *That Dream*. A lump rose in his throat.

He flipped open the Bible now. It opened, almost on command, to that same verse. It was the only one he knew, and it was the only one he liked. He read that *The Dragon* would sweep exactly a third of the stars from the sky (though he had never dreamt this part of things). He had always taken the verse for religious symbolism, but he then thought of the horizon. It seemed inconsequential, but to think of it made him elated and excited. He tried to calm himself down. There was a long wait for night. He went to the kitchen, stood in front of the fridge with another long, slender bottle, and let his eyes and mind lose focus and relax.

Gabrielle rose from the bed and saw Casio in the kitchen. She walked over to him, her once strong and proud protector, and kissed him on the cheek. The bottle in his hand slipped from his grip and bounced off the floor spilling its expensive contents.

Casio snapped out of it. "Today," he said.

"No, honey," she consoled. "Not today. Not ever. I'm sorry."

He smiled. She would believe him tonight. "I'm going to the bar today."

Her expression flickered, for a second, to anger. She hid it quickly. He was so sensitive, and she didn't want to upset him.

"When I come back tonight, I want you to join me at the cliffs. We'll watch the end together." He gathered his keys and began to leave.

"I love you." Her voice was barely a whisper.

He stopped at the door. He looked back.

He said, "Tell me that when I'm right."

It was 1:30am, or so the Cathedral clock showed. The two young lovers stood on the firm ground above the cliffs. The ocean was quiet. Casio could no longer hear the waves below them. Staring out at the moonspilt waters, one could discern no islands, boats, plants, or animals. It was if the world knew what Casio knew. Everything was waiting.

Casio was scared.

"Casio," Gabrielle said, "I want you to know that whatever happens, I still and will always love you. I thank God everyday for you. You know that, right? Every day."

He pulled her into his arms. She could feel his tears on her neck.

"I love you more than—" He tried to say more, to finish, but his voice choked. Instead, he kissed her cheek. They pulled apart, and he took her hand.

It was 1:55 now. The stars twinkled maliciously. Casio thought he saw some moving? With a tiny streak, he knew it was beginning.



The brighter, closer stars began a slow deliberate journey to the horizon. Tails pulled behind them, like drops of paint pulled by gravity. Those stars got brighter and closer, but they also changed their colors. At first, they were yellow, then green and blue. When they reached the color blue, the stars became like a wand with a long azure shaft and a sapphire jewel in the tip. The light from this army of shooting stars grew and overpowered the moonlight. Casio's and Gabrielle's shadows were pushed away from the horizon, toward the house, and became longer as the stars dipped lower. The sapphire became indigo and finally violet as the star stretched longer and longer. Constellations that Casio had known since childhood became disarranged and broken. Finally, four dozen streaks of bright smashed headlong into the ocean.

There was a white flash. The explosion was brilliant. Immediately, the horizon became cloudy and vague and white with hissing steam. Then they saw an arm of purplish seawater stretch up into the sky. A ring of ocean, a tsunami, was heading towards them. Preceding the actual wave, a sound wave raced over the waters. Like a sudden, strong wind, the sound blast brought with it a spray of warm water, knocking Casio and Gabrielle over. The house shuddered heavily against the shock. Casio and Gabrielle were wet. Getting back up, they let go of each others' hands. Casio briefly glimpsed the horizon as more stars went crashing into it. He realized with horror what was soon to follow.

Casio yelled at Gabrielle to get into the house and seal it. The wave of ocean neared them. She ran through the sliding door and pushed a red button on the far wall, near the phone. Immediately all the doors locked, all the windows shut and latched, and the house began to sink into the cliff. Gabrielle thought back to when Casio had designed this seemingly unnecessary security measure and wondered if, even back then, he had suspected something. The house at last came to a stop, fully submerged and cased in steel, and the lights went out. The only light came from the display pad of the beautiful Cathedral clock. The time was 2:15am.

On the cliff, Casio saw the first wall of water fast approaching. He heard the metallic click as the steel plates sealed off the hole

to his house and his wife, protecting them. He stood his ground. Strangely, he did not think for a moment that he would die. In fact, he was sure that he would live on; that is what he was sure had happened in *That Dream*...

If Casio had been looking down at the water at the base of the cliff, he would have seen them abandon him for this rising ocean wall. The wave itself rose nearly 150 feet over his head, blocking the moon and the stars as it towered above him. Water dripped onto his face, as he peered into the dark, purple monster. It seemed poised, calculating.

"The Dragon feasts on me tonight!"

With a terrible sound (a roar), the wave came smashing down on the cliff. The wave hit, and everything went black.

He opened his eyes. He felt like he was floating, but, looking down, he saw his feet touching snowy earth. He was standing in a World of Winter. Everything was white, but it was a dark white, as if the world was wrapped in gray gossamer. His breath came as a fog, a mist, like the one that had danced at the horizon as the constellations dove into it. He peered up into the sky but all he saw was blackness: no clouds, no celestial bodies, nothing. He saw that was in a forest where the trees still had leaves (covered in frost), though those broad, green limbs of foliage should have fallen off a season ago. Piles of snow sat on the green grass (grass looking as healthy as in summer) and light airy flakes floated leisurely from the sky. Then he saw before him an arch and beneath it a door. Behind it, he heard the ocean.

He started walking towards the door, curiosity on his thoughts (Gabrielle quite a thing of the past). He felt something, a foreboding, in the pit of his stomach that told him to walk faster. He picked up his pace. Panic soon drove his legs. He was jogging and then running, kicking up snow, grass, and dirt with each stride. He got closer and closer, sprinting towards the door now. But it was not towards a door; it was towards something else entirely. Then he realized, with horror, that he couldn't hear the waves anymore.

He stopped just short of the door, his arm outstretched, inches from the knob. The door swung open with a terrible sound, and he saw the sun dipping into the horizon. That same feeling that



## Highway 34 Revisited

How a hipster graduate went from the big city to rural America and finally found a profession, disposable income, and learned that individuals had to milk cows to get it out of their systems.

### Todd Quinn

Mock interviews  
Graduation  
Interviews  
Road Trip  
Lincoln Memorial University  
488 miles  
Juanita College  
567 miles  
Waiting  
Offer  
Considering  
Delaware State University  
Flight  
75 mile drive  
Waiting  
Pressure  
Conference Road Trip  
Chicago  
462 miles  
10-minute interviews  
South Dakota  
The El, Flight, 50 Mile drive  
Tornado  
DSU  
No air conditioning  
The Exchange  
Barnes & Noble  
USD  
Home  
Exhausted

had gotten him running had stopped him in his tracks. His eyes lost focus and his brain stopped thinking. He dropped his hand to his side. He felt the vague sensation of falling to his knees, but he knew he was already on his knees. He felt slumped over, but knew he was already on the ground. He felt his eyes close, but he knew they were already closed.

He felt death, but knew he was already dead.

He felt far away and pushed out. It wasn't the soft chill of snowy landscape or the cold pressure of a wall of water that he felt but the stiff sheets of a lonely bed. The wave, the stars, they all fell away, leaving him in that moment just before he pulled the covers back. That Dream was leaving again, the one that always woke him up, but he wasn't waking up.

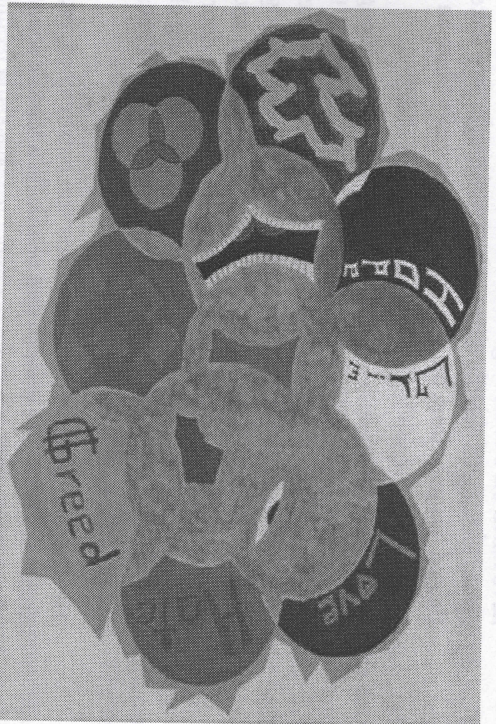
And he wasn't sleeping.

Somewhere, far away, he heard a woman screaming his name, screaming for help. Somewhere, he felt a long, slender bottle slipping out of his hands onto the bedroom floor.

Casio felt Death, but knew he was already dead.

## Dreams

### Tyler Ahlers

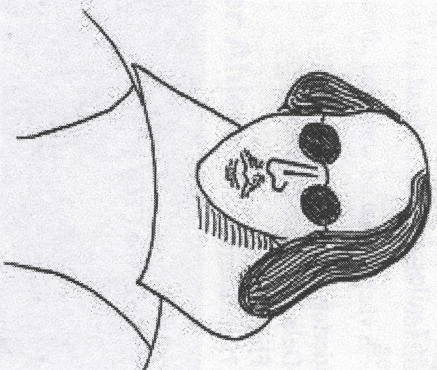




Waiting  
Offers  
Pressure  
Considering  
Selection  
Madison  
1100 miles  
“Yep, had to milk cows to get it out of my system”  
Home?

## Shakespeare in Shades

Dan Weinstein



## Fall

Lisa Huff

It is a comfort, fall.

a color burst of solace,

a kaleidoscope of changing patterns.

Greens flowing into yellow, gold, orange, crimson, rust, brown;  
every shade and hue.

Warm colored leaves meeting the passion of summer,  
rolling like lovers on the ground.

Fall is the smell of home: ginger, nutmeg, apple, gunpowder, cin-  
namon, pumpkin, cloves and vanilla.

Fall is rebuilding, the soul renews even as the leaves prepare the  
ground.

Acorns falling, squirrels scampering.

The rust of beans so much like the rust of a once loved bicycle.

The corn heavy with the food of life and commerce.

Fall is deer driven; out of fields, into woods and possibly the  
road,

sent on to their next lives.

The crisp bite in the air with wood smoke waiting.

Trick or treat and all things scary.

Thanks to god and all we have.

Food, family and best friends.

The longing of the soul to slow down and see.

Birds going home against looming clouds.

Pheasants running for their lives.

Fattened cattle in the truck, looking so forlorn.

Fall is beauty all through a film.

Golden life and spreading warmth.

Fall is love a long time been.



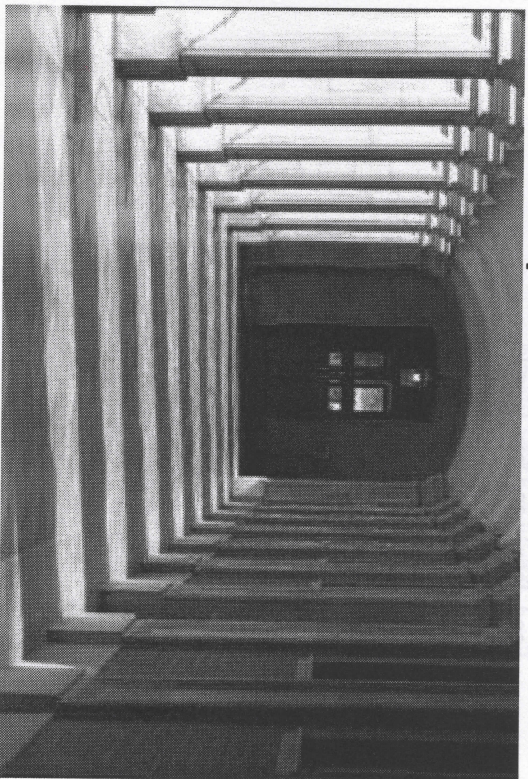
## Thoughts to Nature

Jenny Seitz

Leaf on the tree, why do you want to grow?  
To fill in the place where another just let go  
What goes through your mind as you blossom and green  
Eager to view what yet has been seen  
I admire your courage to live in this place  
When many of my kind wish to leave it with haste  
Maybe the reason many cut their lives short  
Is because they're missing a tree of support  
So grow, little leaf, soon you will be whole  
And you will be a part of the tree's heart and soul  
I wish you luck little leaf, be more appreciative than I  
Embrace both the rain clouds and sunshine in the sky  
So when it's cloudy and when it's cold  
You will be able to hold onto the memories of gold  
And when the winter's here, the wind starts to blow,  
You'll think of how you've lived you life, and simply let go

## Hampton Court Promenade

Phillip Block



## Lesson Two: Perfection Is Key

(An excerpt from *A Handbook for the Development of Your Child*)

By Adam Lee Bruns

Martha sat, stiff and straight as can be, on the long mahogany bench. Her hands perfectly shaped rested on the ivory keys. This was the time of day, the time of the week, when everything had to be perfect.

"One, two, three, four," her mother counted the beats without error. "Don't lose the tempo!"

At exactly four o'clock every Wednesday the lesson would begin. Martha always made sure that she was up to date on her skill.

"Martha! You haven't been practicing nearly enough. Your scales lack rhythm and you can't seem to keep the tempo. I told you that practice make perfect. I don't know how to clarify the importance of practicing your scales any more than that! You will never master the art if you do not commit!"

Again Martha curled her fingers around the ivory and ran through her scales. C, D, E, F... Whack!

"That was not correct. Begin again."

C, D, E, F, G... Whack!!

"Tempo! Again. One, two, three, four."

Martha's mother had been giving lessons for over ten years now. Both of Martha's sisters had endured these lessons before her. After each lesson was spent intensely correcting the previous lessons mistakes and before each lesson was spent nervously awaiting judgment.

C, D, E, F... Whack!!

"You need to pay attention to the rhythm! Everything relies on the rhythm and if you don't mind the rhythm you will not achieve perfection."

Her hands were beginning to sting and her knuckles were beet red.



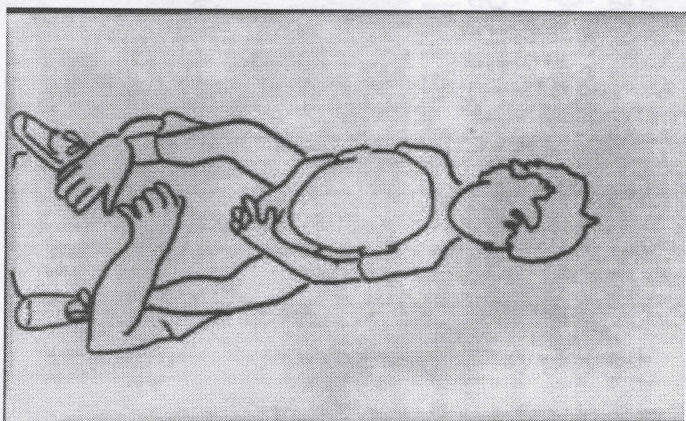
At ten years old, Martha had been playing piano for four years now. For four years she was without friends. For four years her friends were the ivory keys and the mahogany bench which she frequented every day with hours of intense focus.

"You need more practice with your scales! Let's see how your piece is coming. Hopefully you will be able to get this right."

Her cold, clammy beet red hands rested again upon the ivory keys and she began to fumble awkwardly through Salieri's "Requiem in C Minor."

## On Dad's Shoulders

Dan Weinstein



KCRW

## (Morning Becomes Eclectic Even in the Heartland)

Phillip Block

Listening to The Postal Service--that quirky pop group--playing live from some windowless room in a California radio studio, dreaming of running away when I should be working, the dream-pop beeps and burps of synths and keyboards, heavily effects-peddled guitars, and the voice of an every man, and any man, singing words that reflect the eternal struggle. I hide inside behind the claims of tiredness and headaches and illness, singing words that capture perfectly like the name written on a grain of rice in the glass amulet around her neck--the feeling of being trapped in a world I can't control being trapped in a mind that is not my own, and shooting pains rip across my brow bringing stars to my eyes.

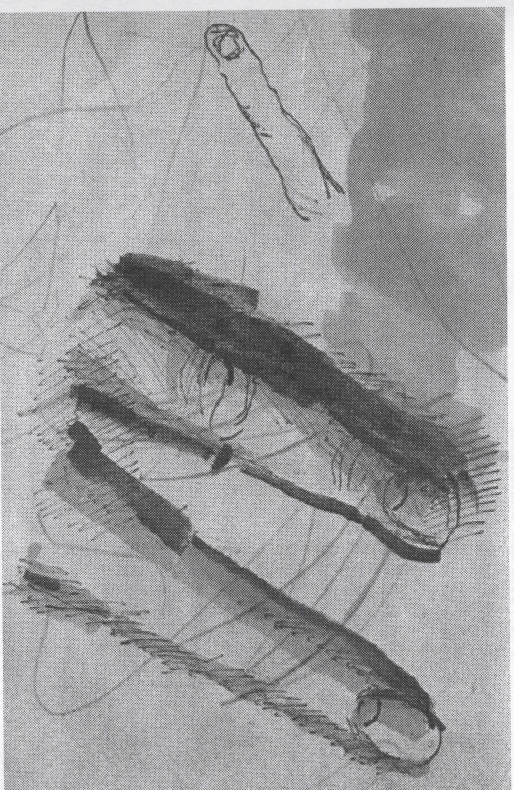
The kids are about out of school now, and I check my e-mail obsessively though I know that the only thing that can come through is more bad news, more words to imprint on my closed eyes like the remains of ink stains on the printing plate after the day's newspapers have been run and shipped out the door, the headlines scream that I am killing myself here, dreaming of the dark, reaching for transcendence in the lilting tone of a computer generated hum, I can't lock myself in the rest-room any more today, people are becoming suspicious of my activities--I think I will just leave and go for a walk, try to find the right bridge to throw effigies of myself from into the icy water below,



## Bee Guy

(detail)

Alan Montgomery



find the right place to scream until my lungs bled and I feel somewhat normal again.

Absolutely lost in my head today, fingers working overtime all of their own volition in the dark cave I have dreamt into being in this office space, this suffocating space stinking of pizza and the eternal quest for money, and the tick

at the lower corner of my right eyelid is back, working like a cricket trapped in a glass cage at the surface of my eye creating the illusion of movement in the periphery of my vision, turning my head side to side to catch the images that move behind my head

trying to catch the fire-flies that are never there.

Three PM, itching to get off this chair, to get this knot out of my back, to pretend again that nothing at all is wrong other than everything and this is everything I ever wanted, something to hurt like a pin prick to the heart.



### Adam Lee Bruns

Blossoming;  
Between the concrete,  
Rows of towering stems.

The old dog,  
Resting  
At the week's end.

Borrowed clothes  
Decorate  
The soiled man.

Turning;  
Two faces can be seen,  
Trading side view for front.

"Diana"  
Young mourning;  
A wild hart is sighted  
By a cypress tree.

"Vesta"  
White stones  
Surround the hearth;  
The child is home.

## Contributors

**Tyler Ahlers** was born in Denver, but moved to Brandon, SD. He is a graphics design major, who enjoys rollerblading and hanging out.

**America Block** is a DSU student studying CIS. She resides in Sioux Falls, SD, with her husband and three children.

**Phil Block** is a recent DSU graduate who works as a technical writer. He has been published in the VLP magazine as well as the 2005 edition of *New Tricks*. In autumn 2006 he will begin Master's work at USD in English. Phil resides in Sioux Falls with his wife and three children.

**Derek Bulfe** is a freshman majoring in Scientific Forensic Technology. He lives on a farm outside of Corsica, SD, with his parents, two sisters, and brother. He enjoys playing sports and loves the outdoors.

**Adam Bruns** is from Madison, SD. He is in his fourth year at DSU and plans to graduate next spring. His major is in English for Information Systems. He enjoys reading, writing, and music.

**April Denholm** is a twenty-six year old bookworm and English major. She has been married for almost eight years; she and her husband have four cats and a room full of books.

**Holli Gregg** is a sophomore Graphic Design major from Hawarden, IA. She enjoys participating in multiple organizations and taking leadership opportunities. Holli enjoys graphic design, theater, and making people smile.

**Sarah Gregg**, a Computer Graphic Design major, is from Alta, IA. She is active in band, Intervarsity Christian Fellowship, KSI, and the Art Club. She enjoys reading, painting, drawing, and playing volleyball. She expects to graduate May 2008.

**Kindra Baan Hofman**, a sophomore El. Ed. and Special Ed. double major, grew up on a small farm in Corsica, SD. She spent



most of her childhood playing with her twin sister, Krissa, who was the inspiration for her poem on page 17.

**Lisa Huff** is working on a major in English for Information Systems and a minor in Network Security. She enjoys listening to 70's music. Lisa is married and is the mother of two children and a stepdaughter.

**Nancy Moose**, a professor of English, is in her 26th year teaching at DSU. When she isn't teaching, Nancy enjoys traveling. Sometimes she does both at once, leading groups on tours of Great Britain and teaching workshops in China.

**Alan Montgomery** is an Associate Professor of Art. Born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, Alan moved to the U.S. and received his MFA in Painting from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

**Jessica Olson** is from Volin, SD. She is majoring in Elementary Education and Special Learning and Behavioral Problems.

**Todd Quinn** is a reference librarian at DSU. Originally from Pittsburgh, PA, Todd continues to adapt to small town, Midwest life. He is currently training to run his first half-marathon.

**Miles Rausch** is graduating this May with Computer Science and Mathematics for Information Systems degrees, but his passion has always been with the arts. At DSU he has been active in theater, as an actor, director, and playwright, and he spends his spare time reading, working with the internet, and writing.

**Beth L. Sheaffer** is an English Educator major.

**Jenny Seitz** is a third year English Education major. She is active on campus and participates in Student Senate, Art club, and is a Resident Assistant. In her spare time, she likes to write poetry, listen to music, and spend time with family and friends.

**Jennifer Sixta** is an Elementary Education major. She is originally from Lake Benton, MN.

**Holly Smith**, a Computer Graphic Design major, enjoys taking photographs and making movies. She is active in music and drama at DSU, participating in concert band, choir, and DSU's first improv troupe, Comedy Bytes.

**Ashley Spindler** is a sophomore who is following in her parents' footsteps. Ashley's parents are teachers in Webster, SD, and Ashley also is studying education, majoring in El. Ed.

**Dan Weinstein** always wanted to be an English Professor, and now he is one. He also always wanted to draw, and now he does. See more of his drawings, and read his musings on teaching, technology, and life, at [dantoday.blogspot.com](http://dantoday.blogspot.com).

**Brittany Wiesen** is finishing her freshman year of college. Before coming to DSU, she lived on her family's farm near Hendricks, MN. She is pursuing a degree in Elementary Education and is a member of the Trojan Volleyball team.



