

"Every act of creation is at first an act of destruction." - Picasso

This page is meant to showcase your peers' creative abilities. If you have any desire to submit any poetry, fiction, nonfiction, photography, or artistry of your own, contact us at nrc5069@psu.edu. Thank you for reading and enjoy.



IN THE BEGINNING

CASSIDY BOWERS - Senior Communications Major

FOREVER

*Forever flutters
from the indefinite beginning of space
to the infinite reaches of the universe
It flutters
from the mouths of millions, linked along
with vows of solemnity and promise
Broken vows, promises never kept
Forever flutters
in the mind of all, the idea always an
ungraspable concept
Forever
an idea*

EVAN KOSER
Senior Layout Editor

BEHREND SHOWCASE

TWELVE

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EVAN KOSER
Senior Layout Editor

Whether it was sweat or a tear drop that rolled down his cheek, he did not know. As he pictured his wife on his wedding day, he recalled the day they met in college. He remembered the night under the fireworks he proposed to her. He recalled that in seven years, he'd never felt as anxious as he did now. Misery scratched his eyes, and they burned. Disposition swelled within him for his wife, for his best friend, and for himself. Never did he think that his college roommate would fill him with this sense of betrayal. He wasn't aware that such hate could compel him as it had in the last twenty-four hours. But time did not function in a sense of hours now. Events transpired in the sense of being under a microscope and his watch, master of time, twitched.

For the first time in his twelve years at the company, he had made an asshole of himself at work. He remembered the embarrassment that followed his actions. The shame he felt when he had screamed at his co-workers, in place of screaming at his best friend. His spine trickled sensations down to his lower back. He knew that he could never go back to work. Then again, he knew he couldn't go much of anywhere. His watch would not allow it. Only the second may pass.

He wasn't sure if it was the front door slamming shut or the car's beeping security system but, whatever it was, he lost his train of thought. The incessant noise from the outside world was penetrating his skull with a mind-numbing fervor once more. He hadn't noticed before that children were playing. Neither was he aware of the ringing cell phone in his pocket. His wife was calling to see where he was. To see why he wasn't waiting for her in the kitchen with lunch, as he did every Saturday for the last seven years. The second hand moved once more along his watch's face. It went unheard.

The noise had broken his mind's hold on his attention and his eyes took center stage. They scurried and twitched. To the left of his feet, he saw the condom wrappers, still in place to be used as evidence when or if they were found again. He glanced out the attic window and saw his neighbor who borrowed his ride-on kiss his own wife on his break from lawn-mowing. He looked at his watch only to see that it was still 12:24 p.m. He looked away before the second hand moved again.

Upon seeing his neighbor kiss his wife, he considered his own wife's lips. The taste of strawberry lip gloss clashed with the scents of meat from the grills below. His wife, he knew, had a thing for flair. He remembered the first time he had the pleasure of their company. It seemed so long ago that he kissed his wife for the first time ever. The night wasn't meant to be romantic, just fun. They went to an Olive Garden, but she insisted they treat it formally with proper formal attire. That night, long after the meal had settled in, they walked to the door of his apartment, whereupon she pushed her lips on his. It was the first time he tasted that strawberry lip gloss that he longed for now. She had made the move in securing him forever. The kiss lasted less than a second. In his mind, it lasted an eternity. In the real world, his watch's face moved.

to be continued...



FLORES!

AARON MORELLI - Sophomore International Business Major

Under Your Boot Soles

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NATHAN CARTER
Showcase Editor

After Chris and I drank a few on the veranda, we stepped through the sliding glass doors to feel the cold stillness of an empty room. **Laura must've gone** to bed, angered at my drinking. Sometimes she's just like me, effortless, and other times she makes herself annoyed of me because she believes couples have to fight about something to keep the marriage healthy. Some psychology teacher at her high school filled her head with steps and strategies that apparently didn't work for his own marriages because she mentioned he was divorced three times. When I asked why he took his theories so seriously and hurled most of what she learned in high school to the wayside, she locked up, wouldn't talk for the rest of the night. I never felt like bringing it up, even though she mentions him at least once a week.

"Dr. Bennet says... But Dr. Bennet thinks... I remember Dr. Bennet talking about that..." She would say. I'd never hated someone that I'd never met more. It was just one of those things she held in her mind, like I remembered the perfect ass of my high school biology teacher. You wouldn't catch me spouting her evolutionary theories to people, but I remember the wide smile on Derek Hess' face when I purposefully dropped my homework on the floor for her to pick up.

I laughed at Chris doing his impression of Uncle Gordon. He would say, "There's a pork chop in every beer. I've already had six pork chops today."

I finished the last bottle of the two six packs and remembered Uncle Gordon falling down the stairs of the front porch. He just about killed our dog after tripping over him. I flashed forward to remembering Hughie, our beagle, actually dead. He'd ate something with some sort of toxin in it and laid under the porch for almost two hours trying to howl it out of myself. I stopped laughing, coughed and stood up.

"Beer run?" Chris asked.

"I better not," I replied, and walked toward the bathroom. "Laura's already going to be putting a pillow over my head while I'm sleeping."

"Alright. Do you want me to cook breakfast in the morning?" He asked from the living room.

"Sure," I said, watching a spider inch itself down from the ceiling on a string of webbing to thin for the human eye to pick up. I stood there for a moment, the beer making me sway a little. Where was its web?

I turned off the light.

"...I took her to The Garden Wall, a local venue that she suggested. We were shoulder to shoulder to see a band I'd never even heard of. She asked me if I remembered them from high school. I said no. She asked if I wanted a beer. I didn't hear her so she screamed it again over the drums and the crowd. Sure, I said. While she was gone, I watched the lead singer scream with his eyes closed, dancing with the microphone stand, silhouetted by the stage lights that were far too bright. When she didn't come back, I walked to the bar. Have you seen a girl about 5'9" with red hair in a white skirt? I asked.

This is an Irish band, dude, I've seen about thirty girls with the same description you just gave me, he replied.

I didn't know what to say, but then I saw her toward the back, talking to what looked like a bouncer. There she is, I pointed and left him to wipe the bar.

Hey, you were gone awhile, I said. I was getting worried.

Hey! This is Eric. He knows the band.

I put my hand out, but he didn't shake it. Sarah just danced next to the two of us, not making conversation. This is a great song, she said.

Eric was about 6'7" with short red hair and a bicep that looked like my hip. He didn't dance but just rocked his head, slowly and with an awkward amount of anger in his eyes. Sarah smelled like vodka. He must've bought her a shot at the bar. By the way she danced I wondered if it was a double.

Do you want to go back toward the front?! I asked over the band.

Sure, she said, and followed me back to where we stood.

When there was a break between songs, I saw Eric had moved closer to us. I asked her if she knew him.

No, but he bought me a drink.

How many?

Don't worry about it, she said. A new song started.

She puked in the alley across the street when the show was over. I held her hair back and blocked her from the people walking out. She was crying.

I'm sorry, she said, face turning flush.

Don't worry about it. It's fine.

She was nearly sleeping when we reached the car. I opened the passenger door, and slipped her inside. I walked around the car to be hit in the jaw and knocked to the ground. I saw Eric standing above me, and I brought my hand to my jaw. He kicked me in the ribs and the pain flooded my torso, raced to my head, and I leapt to my feet. Eric swung again, I ducked, his fist crashed into the back window of my car. Sarah got out of the car, started to scream hysterically. I rushed to the passenger side of the car, making sure I was between her and Eric the whole time.

What's your problem? I asked, and quickly reached under the passenger seat for my crowbar. Before I could prepare for a good swing, he grabbed my arm and twisted, sending the crossbar into the parking lot. Another punch to the jaw and I was on the ground again. Everything was getting hazy. A guy ran over, attempted to tackle Eric to the ground but ended up pushing him into my car. That's when I grabbed the crowbar from behind my car, got up and started swinging. The first hit landed on Eric's shoulder, the second to the top my car, and the third to left side of his knee. He went down on one knee. I swung again, striking the left side of his face. Blood flew onto the passenger window. Sarah kept on screaming and I kept on swinging the crowbar. I flattened his nose, broke his jaw, knocked him out, and spilled the most blood I had ever seen before. An officer pulled me off of him. Sarah's crying turned to a whimper, her mascara running, sitting on the back of the patrol car.

What a first date, I thought..."

to be continued...