

In the City That Never Dreams

TIM HUBERT - Junior

In a cold, windy city
that is always asleep
and has been for an age,
there is a statue in the park
of the man who was the first
postman to travel to Cuba. Nevermind
his name, it's quite unimportant.
There is no reason
to rise for its citizens,
no promotions to be earned
through their toilsome
labors. No recognition for
being great, as the greatest
citizen of the town was the postman
who travelled to Cuba
when the city first began
to blossom. Before it withered
away to nothing, the old factory
across the road from the park
was a booming place, filled
with dreams of a growing town.
When the city fell, the dreams
of the working men of the factory
slowly fell into nightmares,
which slowly fell into
a fear of sleep,
which slowly
fell into a

cold insomnia which made them
quite weary for the days
which laid before them, yet well
awake for the nights which began
to never end
once the bar opened
and put them into a state
of constant weariness. As if
they were always sleeping,
they trudged from the bar
to a cold bed, to the factory,
passing by the statue of
the first postman to go
to Cuba. As the workers
became the drunks
became the unemployed
became the homeless
became the dwellers
of the empty factory

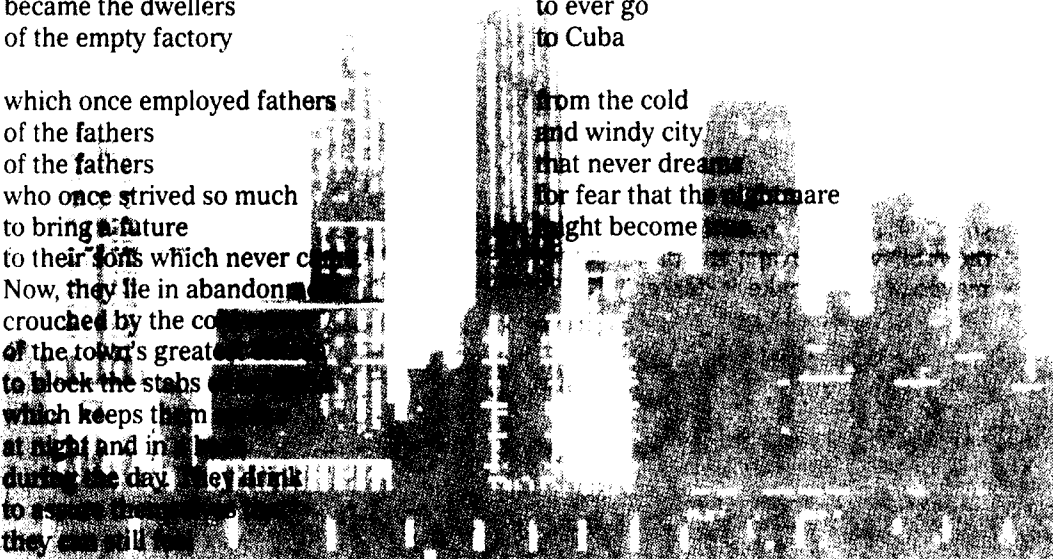
which once employed fathers
of the fathers
who once strived so much
to bring a future
to their sons which never came.
Now, they lie in abandonment
crouched by the corner
of the town's greatest
to block the statue
which keeps them
at night and in
during the day. Let them
to sleep
they are all

the warmth of a home,
the embrace of a family,
the refreshment
of a dream of good things
to come, most of all
that they can still dream
in the city that never does.

Prayers became desperation
as the hallowed church
across from the bar,
once filled
with songs and warmth,
became a hollow shell
which gave all it could
to clothe the homeless
and give them a place
to rest and have dreams. But
the sleep only brought nightmares,
and the nightmares only brought fear,
and the fear only brought anger, and the
anger only brought hate. And when the hate
had grown to animosity, the empty factory
was burned by a drunk who had just
left the bar after awaking from a
nightmare in the hollowness
of the church's nave, only
to cause the bar, his
only salve from the
suffering world, to
burn like the abandoned
factory, which took away
his grandfather's job
and dignity. And all that
was left after the great
fire was a church
soaked with hatred
and a park
with the statue

of the only man in the city
to ever have a dream
which didn't fade
into an inferno:
the first great
mail-carrier
to ever go
to Cuba

from the cold
and windy city
that never dreams
for fear that their
night become



HIGHBALLS FOR HENRY

NATHAN CARTER
Showcase Editor

"What makes an apartment an apartment?" I ask the bartender. He's drying wine glasses for a banquet which he's about to host in the back room. Cocktail dresses and suits are filing in as I speak. I'm the only one at the bar.

He puts a glass down and picks up another, too quick for something as delicate. It drops and shatters. "Son of a bitch!" he yells. That wasn't an answer, but I go on.

"Is it the size?" I wonder, taking another long gulp from my screwdriver. "No. I have seen apartment after apartment, and they're all different sizes. Some are really small, housing Spanish maids and their several children. Others are much too large for their middle-aged occupant to lie around and drink martinis all day. Others are just right; a standing Christmas tree in their living quarters to be discovered by two young girls. But, when their mother's had one too many highballs later that night, she falls into the tree, garnering a broken bulb in her shoulder. She laughs it off, but the kids hear from upstairs, and -"

"What the hell are you talkin' about, buddy?" The bartender asks, the broken glass clinking into a garbage bag from his hand. "You must think I give a shit." With that, the bartender yanks an old round shop-vac from under the bar, plugs it in, and turns it on. It's loud and cuts the laughter from the banquet room. I take another long, citrus-filled gulp, and realize I only have one remaining in my glass. The vacuum continues to roar, pulling tiny pieces of glass from the floor, and I return to my question.

"Is it who lives there?" A cocktail dress-clad woman sits at the bar next to

me, and the vacuum stops. Henry, the bartender, eases up from his knees and exhales loudly. He smokes too much. I know this, because his wife has told me while sitting at this very bar. The cocktail-dress brunette orders me another screwdriver. I tip the one I have in her direction and finish it. Henry makes the drink for me, in obvious regret that I'll be consuming more alcohol before his annual banquet starts. I ask her, "Have you ever thought about apartments and what the hell those fuckers really are?"

She's taken aback, cringes slightly at my peculiarity, grabs her martini, and walks out of the bar into the banquet room. Henry looks straight at me with his arms crossed. "What?" I say. "She must've had an apartment herself." I stare back at him for a moment, and then he shakes his head and walks over to the ice pail. Apparently it needs filling. God knows the damn thing never gets cleaned. "Anyways, apartments can't be determined by who lives in them. I've seen the poorest of people maintain houses and the richest of people living in what could be confused as closets. I've seen crying song-cling to oversized televisions, as fro-faced Repo-Men carry them out the door and down the hall. The mothers either smile and shrug off their spoiled brat, or yank him from the television violently while balancing a gin-n- tonic in their other hand. Junior wasn't going to spoil their chance at an afternoon roundabout with the handsome one of the two Repo-Men." I pause for a moment, in serious wonder.

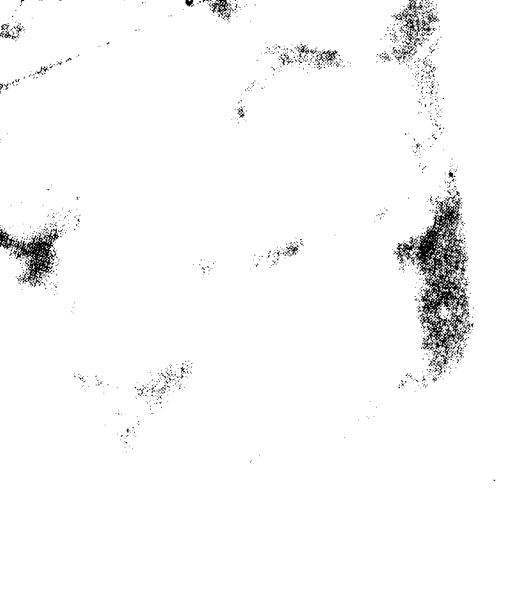
"What is it then? Location? No. If it's location, then what makes this bar not my apartment?"

Henry walks up suddenly and leans in close to me, "We're not a bed and breakfast."

I knew this, but I ask, "So is it the bed that makes the apartment or the breakfast?"

He stands upright again, I take another drink, and suddenly, he slams his bar-cloth down to the floor and carries the now full ice bucket into the banquet room with a "Jesus Christ!"

I finish my drink and wonder about my apartment. There's no heat anymore, and maintenance won't come up to fix it. I've been at this bar too long to give my lawyer a call tonight. Maybe I will tomorrow. Maybe he can tell me what makes an apartment, an apartment. Just maybe.



SHADOWS

NATASHA DE JESUS
Freshman Communications Major

In the shadows lies a dark secret that I can't find it. Finding it is the key to my freedom. Freedom that only lies in the hands of one great power that devours my heart on every single moment. In the silence of fixation. Mis manos atadas para ese destinado a solitarias.

And into the shadows I go but no secret. In vain and in sadness I wait, burning for the love that torn me apart.

Staring at the emptiness of the image in front of me.

Ashes...only ashes left. What am I bound to find if there's nothing there to hold me from burning. He comes to whatever is left of me

Picks my heart up

and stabs it.

There's nothing left of me now...only

{ Whispering }

NATASHA DE JESUS
Freshman Communications Major

(Whispering) - Can you hear it?

-The sound of the water, the wind blowing, the grass shifting.

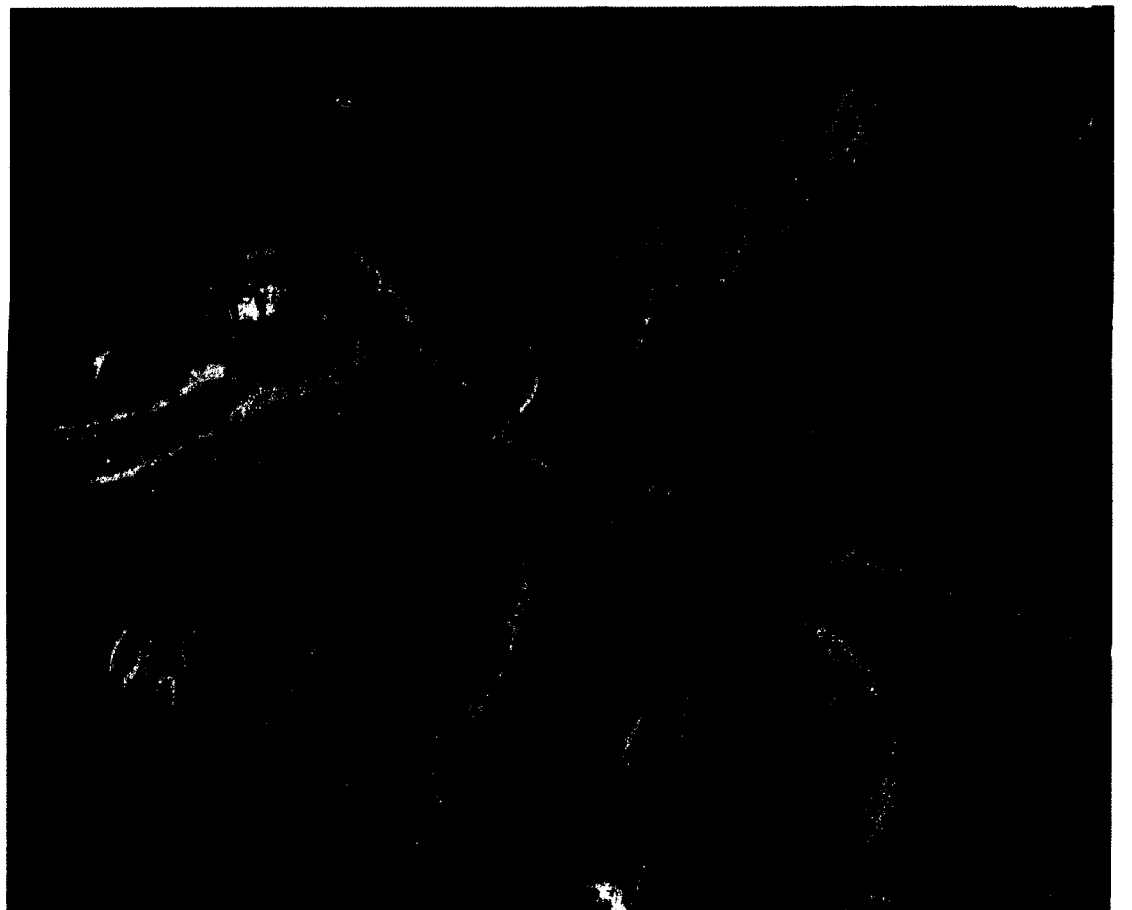
-It's nothing but a moment of pure silence.

-Just close your eyes and breathe, in just a few seconds you can hear everything but yet nothing.

-The roaring sound of the waterfall, the splashing of the fish on the river, the wind blowing the grass of the prairie lands, the power and energy of the roots under you, the sun striking through your every pore.

(Whispering) - Can you hear it?

(Whispering) - It's called the simplicity of beauty and nature.



TEX REX (Highlighter Wall Mural)
TIM DUFFY - Senior Mechanical Engineer

Numb

BRIANNA VANGELOV - Junior

Spitting up blood unable to breathe
Chest heavy, eyes tired, body cold
fighting to listen to those who call
telling me to hold on as I pass back and forth
The line between consciousness blurred time and time again

Darkness surrounds me
a sweet relief
No more struggling
The tiredness is gone from my body
Numb is what I am as I linger
I want to rest this way forever

Voices murmur in the darkness
Trickling in and disturbing the peace
Light smashes through as the tranquility is killed
Electricity flows through my body
My heart shudders in response
My eyes roll back
Why can't they let me sleep?

Again they send another wave of electricity through me
Unable to breathe, unable to talk
Limp and weak I watch silently
simply wanting the peace that I've searched for
the rest I deserve

Just let me be Numb