Spring 2011

New Tricks (2011)

John Nelson
Dakota State University

Amy Virginia Woolston
Dakota State University

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Faculty Advisor: Dr. John Nelson
Student Editor: Amy Virginia Woolston

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Watching for Sign</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Crude Unfolding</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emotional War</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angel Ambush</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stillness</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glacier</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How to Wake Up</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle Cry</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tree</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Natural Born Love</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old House</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Moon Dreams</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 Ways to Look at a Stained Glass Window</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garden</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steps</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cataract</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rabbit Whole Killer</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Birds</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat Limerick</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unnatural Selection</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love’s Home</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blooming Tree</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Affection</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boots</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Color by Words</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 Ways of Looking at an Elevator</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dandelions</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poet’s Wife</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Song I Couldn’t Play</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Nights</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributor Information</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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*Watching for Sign - Maureen Murphy*

They are in the pickup, father and daughter, coffee cups cradled in palms, breath crystallizing the air between them. They ride the persistent lurch of the truck as if it is a horse with a rough gait, listen to the slow grind of bearings, the heater on its last legs. He slows the truck as a scuffed trail crosses the road, indicates with a slight rise of chin, a narrow path into the frosted grass of the ditch. She acknowledges the path, also with a slight lift of chin. They are both recalling the deer trail winding through a field of corn from the shallow crick a quarter mile away. When he pats his shirt pocket, she opens the glove box, pulls a cigarette from the pack, lights it, hands it over. After a deep rut, the truck continues to buck.

They do not say it, but each is thinking about another world, a world with new shocks and heater fan, smoother, quieter even than this.
Sweet Crude Unfolding  Alan Montgomery
Emotional War - Kevin Carda

Deep within this dark cave,
Where light barely shines,
I see remnants of times long past.
The remains of both beautiful and most foul.
However, in an antechamber there it was,
Before me a scene so immense and grand.
As if a tornado had blown
The wreckage clear.
Here was the aftermath of the crusades,
The turmoil of the Holocaust,
The kind and tender friendship of Katrina,
The experience of tender lips brushing,
The silky feel of bare skin,
Swirling together in a vortex.
The chamber bore a constant war,
One of hope and fear.
The feelings so strong,
All for the girl that's gone.
Angel Ambush

Every time an angel gets its wings, a penguin and a chicken plot their revenge.

Daniel Weinstein
Stillness - Nick Kelly

We stand over it
hiding it from a world
that needs it desperately.
In a world that attempts
to stay ahead of the curve,
we stomp our feet
while the Red Queen laughs.
But in the stillness of things
it reveals itself.
A truth that was hidden
in our rush for progress.
In the stillness of life
where we cease to exist
and the brightness takes over,
the truth shouts out
in a glorious whisper:

   We are all free
Glacier

Jessica Sharp
How to Wake Up - Angie Timms

Sleepy eyes crack open and muse over
The dust motes careening indifferently
In the morning shafts of light.

Battling the grey void of sleep,
Vaguely registering
That curious condition called
Consciousness.
The sighing pillow shrivels
And clings to the mattress
As the warmth flees
The empty room.

Letting the dog out,
The white glare shocks and awes
Like plunging headfirst into the black depths
Instead of the shallows swallowing you inch by inch

The pulsing water raining down
Is purely visceral;
The cells aligned and singing
Enraptured with absolution.

Veiled and unsullied,
The scent of a thousand nostalgic moments
Awakens your basic primal instinct
Urging you down the hall,

For that final and crucial step
Cappuccino and toast.
Battle Cry - Amy Woolston
This day
My hand collaborated with a sword.
Laying waste to nutty paste,
Below gobs of grape goop.
Triumphant!
Glory is mine alone!
I live by this sword.

Tree

Nikki Mann
A Natural Born Love - Nick Kelley

Three simple words.

“I love you.”

But you don’t say them.

“We should kill.”

Can you feel that?

blood trickling

That silence between us?

muffled screams

That annoying disconnect?

ambient droning

When I close my eyes.

blood splatter

I can almost hear you.

quiet moans

I can almost feel you.

naked flesh

Say it one more time.

“We should kill.”

We should kill everything.

“Burn it all.”

And start over.

“I love you.”
Balance - Maureen Murphy

Mornings, on my way to work, I see a woman in white coveralls, beside a red mailbox, waiting.

A blue pickup stops for her. The driver wears a paint spattered cap that shields his eyes. In the back of the truck are A-frames and heavy planks of scaffolding. Later, at my desk, I fill pages with those two. He studies the job to be done. With three fingers he holds the glowing butt of a cigarette. Through a thin line of smoke, he eyes the house, a clean surface yet to be covered. She walks the planks carrying buckets of paint, negotiates difficult balances. He stands, stretches for eaves, soffets, trim board. Sometimes she kneels, her knee a fulcrum, her arm extending her brush into out of the way places. Searching always for the perfect articulation of brush.
Old House

Jessica Sharp
To Moon Dreams - Anthonee Ektniphong

I used to dream of a home under the sea
My dreams placed in bubbles, would float endlessly
On the surface dream bubbles pop in a matter of seconds
To think logically, is absolutely recommended
However, I am eccentric, learned to not pay attention
And thus, I began my underground decension
Deeper and deeper I built, with no intentions to stop
But when they heard about my home, they turned it into a swamp

The world works like theater, minus the dramatics
Life is a play, and you are an actor or actress
You compete for a part, while making others feel worthless
You are given a role, that is labeled important
You play your part and then they quickly close the curtains
But do you feel purpose, in fulfilling their sermons
A puppet to a puppeteer, every movement predetermined
Me I am certain, that giving your earnest

(Continued)
Should result in freedom to fulfill your own purpose

So Instead of living beneath, I upgraded to above
Ka-bang off to space, to the moon, to my dreams thereof
No better spot to choose than the moon’s surface
Meticulously I crafted a home so perfect
My dreams can live free, not a single diversion
The critics are blurred, leaving no false assertions

On the moon’s balcony I sit, in the audience of the world’s play
Watching critics and directors brainwash people into slaves

At day these City Slickers, confine themselves to a cocoon
By night turned dreamers, coyotes….. crying for the moon
13 Ways to Look At a Stained Glass Window
by Catheryn Vogel

I
Among millions of soggy raindrop pellets
The only rainbows
Were stained glass windows of Beadle Hall.

II
I was of twelve emotions
Like a church
In which there are twelve stained glass windows.

III
A stained glass window was opened for air
It welcomed a spring breeze.

IV
Man and Nature
Are enemies
Man and Nature and stained glass windows
Are enemies

V
I do not know which to enjoy
Words from academics
Or words from people
Stained glass shattered
Or whole

VI
Sleepy glances from students swept
Away from the light.
Flamboyant colors of stained glass
Rose and fell with the sun
The day
Dictated by the light
An unnoticed idea

(Continued)
VII
O coat of Joseph
Why do you reflect rainbows?
Do you not see how stained glass
Depicts the face
Of God?

VIII
I know all angles
And hypotenuses of triangles
But I know, too,
That stained glass is part
Of these equations too

IX
When stained glass was filthy with dust
It ended a spectrum
Of all colors

X
At sight of stained glass
Glimmering in sunlight
Even apathetic children
Would stand mesmerized

XI
She danced in a Great Hall
On a stage made of wood.
Once, energy had flooded her soul,
As she was inspired by
The intensity of the sun
Streaming through a stained glass window

XII
The grass is green
The stained glass must be broken

(Continued)
XIII
It was dusk all day
It was misting
And it was going mist
Windows of stained glass sat
Cradled in steel beams.

Garden

Jessica Sharp
Steps

Nikki Man
Cataract - Nick Kelley

nine little bunnies all floating in a row,
with black eyes and fur of metallic glow.

cataract cataract cataract cataract

can’t counteract the cataract
won’t anticipate the cataract

who are they from?
where do they go?

keys to doors that should not have been built.
answers to problems that run red with guilt.

nine little bunnies all buried in their holes,
with black tails and fur of nuclear snow.
Rabbit Whole Killer - Nick Kelley

sliding
  sliding
    (too fast)
  rushing
dark
(too good)
crashing
  blind
    (can’t stop)
Coming to the promised end
Too soon and too late
But the quick-fix bliss wears thin
And when you can finally see straight
The floaty feeling in your chest says:

   Can we go again?

(Continued)
Laying in the darkness between moments
Wrapped in hopelessness on the floor
You tell yourself “That’s it. No more.”
But in the flood before the storm
When the thought of not being struck
By lightning becomes too much
You hear that voice again:

*Just one more time.*
*Just one more slide.*
*Please come ride with me*
*Down the rabbit hole just*
*This one last time.*

And like a TV marathon
There’s time for one more show
And like a home without a heart
You have nowhere to go
But just keep telling yourself
There’s always tomorrow.
Cat Limerick - Dan Crisler

There once was a beast whose name was Pat
He was known as a calico cat
He was chasing a ball
And made master fall
Now he is worn as a three-cornered hat
Unnatural Selection - Angie Timms

Through the earth’s yielding clay,
Brutal homes thrust rancorous foundations deep underground,
Dumb to the mouthing of blind fleshy worms.

Extensions, expansions, dramatic upgrades,
Thermoplastic polymers, atrazine, TDCP,
Meticulously galvanized against natural evolution.

A coyote sniffs at the blurred stain of a decayed mate.
Competing scents of crude city slicked asphalt and organic decomposition
Swamp the senses and disorient.

The eccentricities of men provide camouflage for warring.
A shotgun safely sticks its black metal barrel out the window,
Ka-Bang, the bullet kills quickly, effortlessly.
Love's Home - Kevin Carda

The two high complex
Filled with tiny homes,
Down the hidden road
Towards the edge of DL.
I look out the patio glass
And gaze upon the twin goals.
The nets sway in the breeze,
Matching the tall wheat grass.
I smell your sweet melon perfume
Even now, as I sit hundreds of miles away.

Blooming Tree

Jessica Sharp
You stand there looking up at me with your eyes wide open. Your purple shirt hugging your body, like I had dreamt of doing myself. Your shoulders sag as I stand near the door. Your eyes stay open like a black hole trying to capture every move I make and word I say. As I scan your face, I look for a sign or a hint telling me to get it over with and finally kiss you, but I can’t quite find it. I should just do it. Maybe if I had a little more confidence I would, but this back brace I wear only makes me feel like a failure. I wish that we had gotten it right back in high school. There was no way I could do anything about it now with your friends sitting and staring at us like vultures as I try to give you the goodbye I had always wanted to. As I get into the car to drive away, I drive away wanting, waiting and wishing for my phone to buzz with a message from you. I wonder when I will see you next, since you live 700 miles away from me, it’s not like I can just drive over every time I think of you. My hands still stink from the rank red dye that you spilt on my hands a few minutes ago when we were painting those Easter eggs. The stain left on my hand is almost like a signature you left there on purpose so I wouldn’t forget you. Who cares if her friends were there, why didn’t I just kiss her. I really need to find a cure for this disease called long distance affection.
The page stands empty, hungry for color
The pencil presses down; an explosion
Of color spills from that little motion;
A stroke is made; the artist, the author,
Begins his story without a falter;
Characters shaped with vig’r and emotion
Jump from canvas to imagination
Colliding with plot lines and with each other
Creating contrast, patt’rns and Harmony;
A poignant display that captivates us
Framed forever in our minds as Beauty,
As if it was from the tongues of Muses;
Colors of Clio and Calliope
That inspire and leave the senses breathless
13 Ways of Looking at an Elevator - Dan Crisler

I
Among four possible floors
The only floor I need
Is floor number three.

II
It consisted of five stops
Like a train
For which there are five groups.

III
Doors closed at the push of a button.
It is a large annoyance to those
Left behind.

IV
The stairs and an escalator
Are one.
The stairs and an escalator and an elevator
Are one.

V
I know which to prefer
Efficiency of a motor
Or inefficiency of steps
Elevator churning
Or motoring.

VI
Steel filled the doorway
With hardly a smidgen
The position graphic above
Increased, stopped, and decreased.
That button
It ever glows
Waiting to go off.

(Continued)
VII
O dear elevator of Beadle Hall
Why are you ever so slow?
Do you not know it is 10 o’ clock,
Which will detract
Two points from Slytherin?

VIII
I know of healthy exercise
And repetitive, burning steps
But I know, too,
The value of conserving energy
For my well-being.

IX
When the graphic read number three,
It prompted a sigh
From many bottom-dwellers.

X
At the sight of fluorescent
Bouncing off beige walls,
Even those most pessimistic
Would cry out in joy.

XI
He rode past the lower floors
In a steel box
Once, a force applied to him
In which he mistook
Being pulled down
When he was actually going up.

XII
That motor is running,
The elevator must be working.

(Continued)
XIII
It is a gloomy feeling
Going up
For it is admitting
That class
Is approaching.

Dandelions

Jessica Sharp
We have all secrets. This one
Is mine: that I sat across the table
from a great poet, the one you go on
and on about, the one now dead.

I sat across a table littered with wine and bread
crumbs, watched chewed spinach escape
his mouth, watched his young wife leave
the room, hand in hand with a flamenco
guitar player. While he sat dribbling spinach
and anecdotes about Greece, ancient and modern,
last refuge of the muse, source of all
inspiration, his wife made sweet rhythm

(Continued)
in the room overhead. His eyelids drooped, his chin drifted precariously

over a half-eaten meal. He complained of past transgressions, poems unpublished, conspiracies waged. A remembered grievance brought him to his feet, but he sagged back down, missed his chair, and turned into our father,

drunk on his ass on the kitchen floor while we all looked the other way. I’m tired of these old men being the measure, as if anything was more important than moving to exotic rhythms, appreciating lean-hipped and willing flamenco guitar players.
The song I couldn’t play - Anthonee Ektnitphong

They played in my Headfirst
Those chords, those lyrics
The song that serenaded your ears
And Your heart swept with it
As the band played, along came the credits
I had no chance
It never began, just ended

You drool for the bottle
That danced with his lips
The wristband that moved
With the stroke of his pick
The lyrics that you wish
Had your name in it

I know I am foolish
I get it, I understand
It is because he plays in a band
And I just play with a pen

But I love you
And him? he couldn’t
I guess you didn’t want love
Just good lyrics
London Lights

Kayla Maude
Editorial Board

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Deana Hueners
John Nelson
Angie Timms
Giles Timms
Ashley Vetch
Amy Woolston

Many thanks to the writers and artists who contributed their creative work for the enjoyment of our community.
**Angela Behrends** is an Adjunct Professor for the College of Arts and Sciences, DSU

**Kevin Carda** is majoring in English education.

**Dan Crisler** is majoring in English for New Media

**Anthonee Ektnitphong** is an Elementary education major, who enjoys writing, drawing, sports, and video games. His family and girlfriend are often the inspirations for his art.

**Doyle Holden** is majoring in Digital Storytelling.

**Nick Kelley** is a biology major from Madison, SD. He enjoys writing, environmental science, and crafts.

**Nikki Mann** is from Chicago, moved to South Dakota and loves it. Nikki starts graduate school for English in the fall at SDSU and plans to teach college English after obtaining her Ph.D.

**Kayla Maude** is a second year student at DSU majoring in Graphic Design. “I have always loved photography, and am very grateful for the opportunities that DSU offers for me to learn and grown with my passion.”

**Alan Montgomery** is an Associate Professor for the College of Arts and Sciences, DSU.

**Maureen Murphy** is an Associate Professor for the College of Arts and Sciences, DSU.

**Jessica Sharp** is majoring in computer graphics with a minor in Digital Photography. She hopes to open her own photography Studio.

**Angie Timms** is majoring in English for New Media. She lives in Madison with her husband, Giles, and their dogs Bilbo and Pickles.

**Catheryn Vogel** is majoring in English for New Media.

**Amy Woolston** is majoring in English education with a minor in Art education.

**Dan Weinstein** is an Associate Professor of English at DSU.
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College of Arts and Sciences
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