

genesis Spring 2008

Student writers and visual artists showcase their work at the release party of IUPUI's undergraduate art and literary magazine, genesis.

Date: November 03, 2008

Duration: 4:46

Transcript

[C. Smith] "Breakfast in Mexico." There was a period of roughly seven seconds where the sound of the tide outside our balcony was perfectly in sync with the rise and fall of her eyelids, barely hiding irises aching for dilation. Black hair - raven pitch tendrils on the pillow next to me. A lizard sunbathing on a clay rail made movements both furtive and infinitely still. How far have we come? As the crow flies: 1, 283 miles. We will make it at least knee deep in to The Gulf - both hands clutching sand. I have a picture taken with the intent to prove it.

[C. Card] "Idle Hands." He stood behind the pulpit in his black gabardine suit and stiff, starched shirt. His voice boomed out over the parishioners, strong and sonorous, urging them to consider their sins. The pleated paper fans waved in the pews, like dozens of butterfly wings brushing the perspiring faces of the parishioners. Late summer sunlight blazed through the stained glass Jesus, his shining sheep looking beneficently down upon the sanctuary of the Nazarene Church. Violet sat in the front pew where she always did, plain and prim in a navy dress, her swollen legs encased in opaque support hose and her feet in black orthopedic shoes. Polio had taken its toll on her legs long ago. Her only extravagance was the color of her eyes, soft and blue as a summer-gazing sky, the kind you lie back in the green grass and stare into until your soul soars on up into it.

[T. Mitchell] In the middle of nowhere is a white four-square farmhouse that used to be mine. If you turn down that gravel driveway (and I don't know why you would), strong, straight trees stair-step their way up to heaven's cornflower blue. Beneath the massive Doric columns of the front porch lies a sea of violent colors; domineering blue bachelor's buttons, fairy pink sedum, yellowed black-eyed Susans and blood gash poppies. I am caught somewhere between infinity and the aromatic seas in the middle of this five hundred acres of dirt. My job is to feed the Black Aberdeen Angus cattle. I have had this job ever since I can remember and will have it for as long as I love here. If they don't get fed, it's my fault. As I walk out to the sun-beaten red barn, I wonder what it would be like to live a different life.

[R. Brown] "In the Mix." Prepare surface; Oil, grease or lard. Spread evenly. Milk, contents of cracked egg. Discard shell. Stir into creamy mixture until stiff peaks form. Pour onto surface. Even out mixture. Fingers or utensils. Heat for thirty minutes or until surface dries. Remove promptly. Style as desired.

[K. Mitchell] When my Shadow knows I'm not looking, it churns in pools of plasma, crushes igneous rock with taloned feet, climbs a barren crater, plastic wings askew, coughs and Venutian arachnoids spin with fear, cavanders the lost. When my Shadow knows I'm looking, it cages the singing rain, clamors for the hum of moths, captures rubies in a glass vile, caches every fractures violin string, collars necks with a velvet tongue. When my Shadow doesn't know I'm not looking, it coils around moonlit willows, carries cindered doll's hair in in a leather flask, clangs the rusty church bell, calms the disembodied. When my Shadow doesn't know I'm looking, it clings to my night like a falling slip then chooses me, closes me, calls me home.