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2001 Fall Chapbook

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WHAT IS A CHAPBOOK?

Chapbook, a tract written for popular reading, usually in the form of a pamphlet of 16 or 32 pages. Chapbooks were widely circulated in Western Europe from the early 16th century and later in the American colonies. Chapbooks were sold in small bookshops and by chapmen, or traveling peddlers. Ballads, poems, fairy tales, abstracts of popular novels, the lives of heroes and martyrs, stories of ghosts and witches and of murders and executions, historical narratives, travel tales, and religious treatises formed the contents. The earliest English examples were translations of 15th century French pamphlets. Chapbooks were largely supplanted in the early 19th century by magazines and newspapers.¹



¹ "Chapbook," *Microsoft Encarta Encyclopedia 2000*. Copyright 1993-1999 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved.

Editor's Note

When Quiz and Quill began in 1919, and for a time afterward, two publications of the literary magazine were done per year. Recently, however, that tradition has been forgotten, and there has been only one per year. In creating this chapbook, we hope to renew the old tradition for years to come. Compiled here is a collection of writing submitted by this year's Quiz and Quill staff.



Thank you to Dr. Bailey for broaching the idea of this chapbook, and to the staff for their enthusiasm in carrying out that idea. Thank you to Caroline Beachy, Dan Boyd and Ed Fowbly for their contributions to the layout. A special thank you to Teresa Moore for hours of good-natured cutting and pasting with me in the computer lab, laboring over PageMaker.

Ellen Beversluis

September 29, 2001

I have an overwhelming feeling
of being inside myself for the first time
in a long while
I feel my laugh from deep within
Contracting like a giant fist
squeezed from the center
I pull back slowly forming a chrysalis
becoming something other
than what I was before
crossing over to a new reality
Not knowing what that reality will be

Always
write in
threes

My before and my after begin to fuse
I see them combine and soften
wax lumps in a hot pan
They become one
one breath
one blink
and I become a tablet of recorded times
a stack of mental snapshots
I stand and look straight ahead at nothing
the universe hole in front of me
I am afraid again

Always
write in
threes

there is a time to leave
a time to be on our way
but instead of walking away
I saw for the first time
but seeing is not believing
and believing is not faith
I can feel something leaving
for good
I think

Always
write in
threes

don't coddle or cuddle
be angry
when the occasion calls
pretension is an apprehension
a fear I cannot allow to abide

see the fallen angel
see the phoenix rise

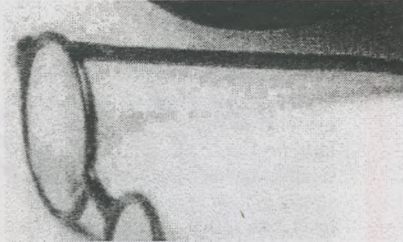
C. Beachy

July, 1998

First night in love and
we sit cross-legged
on beat gravel.
Vacant cars with
burnt-white irises
stand guard
as young hands
come together on
worn denim and
intuition.

Silvery stars
dance midnight cobwebs
across limbs warm
in discovery
of each other.
Our voices subdue
silence across the lot,
a quiet field in which
we are the only two
who exist.

Michelle Casto



Al aire libre

His song enters my bedroom
through non-descript speakers.
Waves of light blue music,
smoky caravans of sound.
My soul swells
with every strum
of his guitar.

I wish he was here
with me,
in this brightly lit space.
Maybe he could show me
the way out:
past winter,
past suburbia,
past every confining container,
and into the open air,
where there is space enough to sing me alive.

Allison Barrett

things seemed okay after that

alone in my car,
i rushed through the darkness,
not pausing
to consider
the shadowy mysteries i passed
the song i wanted to sing
wasn't playing on the radio.
so i turned it off
and sang my song.

i didn't know my voice would sound like that.
newborn,
so tiny and sweet,
wrapped in velvety dark swaddling.

my voice became a separate entity.
it kept me company.

the night became a cozy old friend,
and so alive.
the song was
"Get Me Away From Here I'm Dying."
though i wasn't dying,
i kinda wanted to.
but the night held me up,
my voice sang to me,
and my car sped me home.

Allison Barrett



Songs for Stella

She used to let me play her piano;
it was tinny, old, and horribly out-of-tune,
but I played anyway:
pounding strains from leather-bound hymnals
kept inside the rotting wooden bench,
tinkling cheery Disney numbers
I'd sort of figured out how to play,
coaxing my interpretations
of Chopsticks and Heart and Soul.

I was mostly background music
during these visits to my great-aunt
with my parents and sister.
The tunes I plunked out
blended away behind their chatter,
but she always heard me
and gave praise when she could remember.

Once, my dad told me to stop
after I'd only forced a few notes
out of the ancient keyboard -
she didn't refute his words.
Her melody was fading,
muted final chords approaching
to end our duet too quickly.

I only got to play that piano one more time.
I did every song I knew for her,



ignoring my parents' reprov-
ing looks.

Her only strength by then
was emotional,
her silence an accident but
inescapable.

While I missed her love,
expressed in "That's pretty,
sweetie, play it again,"
I knew she still recognized
my music.

In The Heat Of Battle

I've got my fingers deep down
and diving between the legs
of the moody whore called Fate;
we sweat and grind and throb.

She thinks she's got me pinned
with her heavy, meaty thigh -
that she can hold me down tight,
make me yield to her pleasure.

But I am a woman, like her,
I know just where to pinch
to take control of my desires
to force her hand where I want it.

Her sweet and perfect moans,
her practiced arches when I twist
vividly remind me just how long
my adversary has been at this game.

Kimberly M. Lowe



Dark Dismay

Crimson fire o'er far horizon,
Blazing herald of the night,
Banish day's unlovely woes,
Bring cleansing darkness to my sight

Lovely maiden of the e'en,
Begin your solitary rove
Across the darkening depths above;
Too soon, engulfed by legions mean

Dark velvet shroud, the veil descends,
A chilling blackness o'er my dream;
Hopes deferred, 'til morn upon me,
While unseen terrors 'round me teem

Monstrous pearl, begin to rise,
Your ghostly light to strike my eyes;
Illumined landscape, stark and weird,
Reveals all that I have feared

Glowing harbinger of day,
Relieve me from uneasy sleep;
Your scarlet glow rend darkness deep
And cast aside my night's dismay

Tom Steckert

Notes to self

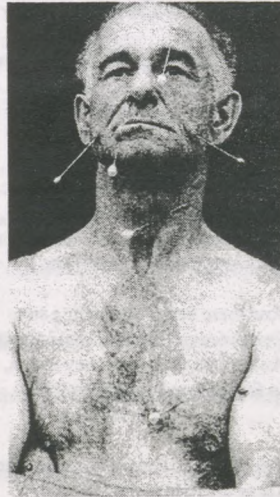
Curse past self
for cheating on every
spelling test since birth /worship
Spellchecker as personal deity

Remember to remember
Entire past /Edit bits in
which self has made fool
of self

Pump ego full
Of steroids till buff /Ignore
fact ego needs said
steroids & fact steroids as such
do not exist

Work word 'catarrh'
into conversation
to sound as if self is
intelligent /Feel mean spirited surge
of pride at other's failure
to know aforesaid
word /Look up word 'catarrh'

Amanda Knapp



When Clouds Attack

Dark skies are
Soft on the vision
& a nice breeze
cools the torrid flesh
until
droplets
drop

Amanda Knapp

The Fleeting Goal

In Commemoration of September 11, 2001

"Tread On!", wept I with teary eye,
And aching back, and heavy legs.
"Our hearts hold back our power by
Hiding hope with meager death!"

And so with pain I drew my blade,
And gripped it as my nation bade,
And charged the ranks without fear,
My wasted life's end so near.

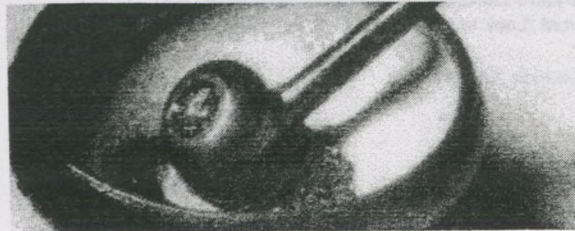
And there before the setting sun,
Our foe revered our crimson wrath.
And so we fled, were they to run,
In fear of flowing wrath released
that had begun.

The crimson blood that stained the field, *Jason Carney*
Turns the light to murder, veiled
The nature's weeping state that we
Inflicted on the darkened sea.

The ashes settle and banners raise
In hope the dream now set again
Will last the length for battle haze
To settle silent on the field.

And years ago when banners flew
With hope the final soldier slew
Would be the last to stain the dew
And march an armored, bladed crew.

And now before the very sight,
The dream so sought is marred again.
And set the sun, and bring the night,
Our dream again is naught a thought,
As we begin the fight.



You are like a slithering, slimy creature trying to slowly smother me in your filth

Black and greasy, you left your trail all over my body, inside and out

You oozed into my pores, filled every crevice, until it seemed almost that we were one

Yet you did worse than ravage my body and take my fragile virginity

You raped my mind of esteem, will, and joy; all the things I cherished above all

You smothered my free will, my self expression, the very things that made me who I was

Your slime filled my lungs and my chest burned with the need to breathe again.

But covered in slime, burning to be free again, I began to break through the muck

I began to see light, feel fresh air again, I felt her arms around me pulling me away from your pit

The warm embrace of the sun came and dried you out and kept you from hurting me anymore

You shriveled before my very eyes and I was amazed to find how small you really were

I was free again and you were nothing to me, you are nothing to me, you are nothing.

Anna Damico

My Hope, Untouchable

Just to whisper her name
Brings forth the velvet hand
Of floral wonder
With enough passion
To make nature's fools
Flutter with joy
And buzz with rapture

The serenity of her eyes,
What delight it brings forth
Only to be gazed upon,
To become holy
With the swelling divinity
Of her look

With only quick glances
May I allow my eye
To ravish the contours
Of her face,
Such beauty and delight
Would force the sun
To withdraw his rays,
Hiding them with blushing cheek
Knowing he could never
Radiate the brilliance
Of her smile

The simple song of her breathing
Casts oceans to pull upon
The shattered shores
And keeps clouds aloft
To glide in slumberful repose

She is the soft moment
Between the waking and waning hours
When the world rests silent,
She is my lady
Untouchable
From which all words spring
All thoughts dwell
And all love sings

What glory it would be
For these hands
To stroke your cool, dark strands
Or feel the warm
Brush of your
Smile against my skin
Yet your ears
Shall never be filled
With my loving words

Never can I tell you
How obscenely
You make the birds cry
As you pass beneath the pines
That line the walk

And when all the world
As I know it
Has long since passed
And finds itself struggling
And pulling
To drink air
Beneath grass

I hope that I
May fall beyond the leaves
To whisper your name
To the stars
And float above the sea
To hear the salty swoon
Of circling gulls

As they remember and share stories
Of your beauty
While I watch them soar below me
In an ash tainted sky

The wind beneath me
Above me
Through me,
I shall swell with the breeze
With the memory of you
For you are my Hope
Untouchable

Vincent Xexaviar

A Time and a Place

The night we came home
the setting sun lit the sky on fire:
blistering red and pink clouds
aching in the sky.

Back There
in the gray and murky hours
of the early morning,
we had risen,
bleary eyed,
and departed the comforting chill
of far away...

for this.

The new sky stood still in shock
as I sympathized from my car window,
whizzing along the highway
toward old "familiar" destinations.



We stopped for food.
People speak our language here,
and the woman behind
the counter talked to me
as if understanding
is as simple
as knowing words.

Back on the road,
music played softly on the stereo,
but somehow even soft
is noisy
sometimes.

Upon arrival,
we were greeted by old friends
who had missed us,
and who hugged us
as though we still knew them.

We made small talk for weeks after
that,
wondering how you explain
chunks of life,
to people who have missed them.

Ellen Beversluis

Fame

Iva swears that it wasn't always about
chicken. Back in Colorado,
she had honey-colored hair,
long strong legs,
and stars in the darkness
behind her eyes.

She'd climb down pink-and-gray boulders
and stand in the mountain water
until her bones ached with cold
and the sun blurred the bits of mica
glinting like coins beneath the surface,
and the dry dirt was full of glitter.

Now, as she walks from the
sink to the stove, her feet
remembering the scrape of sand and rock,
she knows she is trapped in the billboards
along the Michigan highway:
Iva's Famous Chicken Dinners.

She bleaches her hair on Sunday nights
and fans herself shamelessly
with the edge of her skirt,
keeping her eyes open and
wondering when her road
became so straight.

Becky O'Neil



I want to make you cry

She walked into the room like queen of all the sluts. She was, in my estimation, a fairly pretty girl with dyed red hair and pouty lips. She walked with a limp, which kind of made her unique. I don't remember her name because I don't remember names, but I do remember I didn't care for her much.

She walked into the study hall, where little studying got done, and proclaimed to all who would listen, "I want attention. I want attention and I will do anything to get it. That is why I don't button my blouse. That is why I sucked Bart Fisher off in under five seconds. That is why I now make a spectacle of myself." When she spoke you could see the weakness in her eyes. You could see that she must have been in some terribly traumatic life-changing situation. Maybe I see that now more than I saw it then.

And of course that isn't what she said so much as what she meant when her lips smacked back and forth rhythmically in time with her tongue, "I'm an honors student. I am going to be walking in with the honors kids." And then she stole a cap and gown from a student of excellent marks. "I can't wait to graduate. I can't wait to make my parents proud." She was exuberant. She was ecstatic. She had the grade point average moron.

Coolly, and with much tact and deftness, I told her to calm down and step away from the delusional world, "Shut the fuck up. And sit the fuck down. We all know you are a dolt and a slut. Stop making an ass of yourself."

"Huh? What?" Her head shot an angry glance toward me.

"What do you know? What do you know? You're underclassmen. You don't know me. I *am* an honors student."

"No, no. You probably won't graduate with your class," I let her in on the truth.

"Fuck you. What do you know? You are just an underclassmen." Bill chimed in. "I'm actually a junior. Actually we are all juniors."

"Still you're not even an adult yet. I'm older than you." She looked adamant. We looked baffled.

"Ummm, how much older than us are you?" A boy sitting behind me asked.

"I'm 19," she said proudly.

"So am I," Bill responded. The rest of the boys looked at him in question.

"Prove it!" she screamed.

Bill then looked at us, looked at his wallet that was sitting on his chair, looked back to us and then to her. Calmly he said, "I would but I don't have my wallet with me. I will bring it tomorrow. Until then how about you sit down, and stop pretending to be intelligent."

"Humph," her arms crossed and red sparks bolted from her eyes in our direction.

"Damnit, little gimpy what's your name. It's not like you could do the math to figure out his age anyway," I made myself clear.

She looked confused and sat down. For the rest of the week when she walked past us in the halls, I would follow her and limp. People would laugh, and she would limp faster.

Dan Boyd



Jessica Elvy

Lost

I scrub
and I scrub
and I scrub
rubbing my eyes monotonously,
soaking
like a raisin in the sun,
oil melting into
skin soft
with dull redness.
The sweaty heat of the water
steaming the mirrors—
mirrors I don't want to see.
Heat,
to burn myself away...
so painfully easy
to remember...

And I slip into the crisp
linen sheets,
red from scrubbing,
raw in my shedding of skin,
I lay between the fresh white sheets
dirtying the pillow
mucking up the mattress,
sinking like sand...

longing for light

For the Bicentennial: a pantoum

They are unpaving my street
And I can't help but think
It must be hard work
To undo what they did a few years ago.

I can't help but think
Peeling the pavement like an orange
To undo what they did a few years ago
The streets will become brick again.

Peeling the pavement like an orange
The city council voted nine to eight
The streets will become brick again
The town was much too modernized.

The city council voted nine to eight
Pavement is just not attractive and
The town is much too modernized
To match the olde tyme storefronts.

Pavement is just not attractive and
It must be hard work
To match the olde tyme storefronts
They are unpaving my street.

Jennifer LaConte

Renewable

a library book
a magazine subscription

wind
water
solar
geothermal power

trust
faith

Jennifer LaConte

