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Ivy Quill

Volume 6: Supra Sensus





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Some content may contain slightly sexual themes or nudity and graphic language. Discretion is advised.

“A bird doesn’t sing because it has an answer,
it sings because it has a song.”

Maya Angelou

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Special Thanks To

Apollo Printing

Dr. Jim Powell

Ivy Tech Community College

Craig Sheaks

Andrew Beidinger



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Photo by Jack Curley

Ashore In A Simple Boat

Everything is tenuous now.
Filaments that tie me to desire
wither from rope to gossamer.
Allure has cooled.

Calm respite, longed-for refuge
overtakes me.
The sea of forever comes into view.
The subtle thrill of floating!
A soul remembers joy.

Nobility infuses this hollow shell,
Great white moon rises o'er my mind.
Ancestors, creator, unified,
Upon a sea of pulsing breath recline.

A single answer, one and true,
solves my pending equations.
The storm of mind thunders through
but I am left behind,
ashore in a simple boat.

Orange sun on breast plate gleams,
sit before the heaving sea!
Simple offerings of gratitude
holy prayers, grateful heart, resting eyes,
leave me breathing stillness
under the dusky sky.

Jack Curley





Photo by Jack Curley

The Traveler

I am but a traveler, with my satchel-leather bound and torn
Collecting precious memories, that I have no time to mourn
The burden is mine to carry, as the frayed straps become so taut
My shoulders once like steel, have become merely rope with knots
The beaten path is one of which, I do not wish to tread
The signs that claimed direction, I have obviously misread

I stumble across an unturned stone, which sparkles in the sun
As I kneel down to pick it up, I then feel the urge to run
I can sense the remnants of dirt, so gritty within my palm
As I keep repeating to myself, that I must remain calm
I find a small brook, and then wash the stone clean
For what I held in my hands, I could have never foreseen

For it was not a stone I found, but a choice-to be free
So I buried my memories-beneath a dying willow tree
Then in the distance, a silhouette appears-and begins to approach
She was dressed in white silk, and wore a sunflower brooch
As she gracefully pranced down the flowery slope
She smiled at me, and then said, "Hello, my name is Hope"

Edward Smith



No matter what the winter may bring

No matter what the winter may bring
No matter what they might say
No matter what the choir may sing
No matter what thoughts may stray
No matter what we fight about
No matter what truths we hide
No matter what life is all about
No matter what tears we have cried

No matter how you feel about me
No matter how we want it to be
No matter how we see ourselves
No matter how there is nobody else
No matter how you say my name
No matter how we play our games
No matter how you touch my heart
No matter how it pulls us apart

No matter why you love my smile
No matter why you hate my shit
No matter why it will take a while
No matter why we might split
No matter why the sky is blue
No matter why you are all I think of

My heart beats for you
My one, my only love.

Amber Davis

Spring My Foot*

so much is wrong
about
the red-breasted
robins
pulling up earth
worms
amid the grimy
snow.

*With no apologies whatsoever to William Carlos Williams

Ann Graham Price



All of This

What I know of this...first flowers come
The crocuses of yellow and purple.
Love, war, money,
They all fall like winter rain
Some touch my eyelashes
Others touch my children's hair
These things of the world
Come as the blue bonnets come to wild places
All of nature makes a Sarah Vaughn voice/song
Full of stage fright, she used to quiet her nerves
With the smoke of cigarettes, the sweet of brandy.
Her voice transcended anyway...
If I were a miracle, I would give myself to you
Just the right way
If the day was this dose of Zen breath and scent
I would bring it to you like a blue robin egg,
Put it in your window with the green grass
War emits its frequency
I think about hope.

Claire Roof

Lilacs

On each stem, lanterns:
Piquant, sweet, lighting the way
To an early spring.

Ann Graham Price



Photo by Nanne Binghi Barkdull

Death by addiction

It was an odd little obituary:

“Their excesses clearly did them in.

His arteries were found to be clogged with levels of Valvoline

Well above the legal limit,

His nose constantly inflamed from inhaling the fumes

Of a well-tuned Buick.

She, in the privacy of her home and with shades drawn, overdosed

On dactyls and gorged on galliards;

And her breath was known to have reeked –

Sometimes well before lunch –

Of Shakespeare and Dowland.”

In an Exclusive Interview

(Which no one read),

It was revealed that the exact moment or

Year of death

Was not firmly established.

There were some tears on his part, to be sure,

The obligatory unmeant eulogies over beer with the buds,

But she -- !

She survived, if you will,

By crawling in shame from the humdrum little carcass

And composed a searing elegy for the ages in flawless

Iambic pentameter and harmonized

In perfect

Fifths.

Ann Graham Price

Our Born Rights

I work hard to reach my goals; I pray hard to save my soul
I listen closely when someone speaking, because I never know what's about to be told.
I hold my heart like Red Foxx, because I feel like at any moment I can go.
I stand on the border of every reality and walk of life that you have never known.
I have tasted the joy of the spirit of life, that's why I'm trying to get back to where I belong.
Worship my father and thank my big brother, I know one day I'll be home.
So I sacrifice frequently pleasantly and peacefully, humbly with decencies I know what the truth did for me.
It opens the door so I could be free.
This was before the constitution or independence was declared. This was before Columbus sailed to shore and acted like this land was not inhabited.
I'm speaking about the gift of life, don't y'all notice it?

Anthony R. Gray



Pacing the Cage

Living in a world of wide open spaces unable
to move forward, I'm pacing the cage.

Looking up at the sky wanting to fly to freedom
yet still pacing the cage.

A bird with her wings clipped can fly no more
like a lonely heart and soul living in a gilded cage.

Someday her wings will mend, she will find
love and her soul be free. No more pacing the cage.

Sharon Beidinger

Love is

Love is committed to you no matter what
And sees you for what you are on the inside
Knowing that outer actions deceives us
Love is a pedestal – Someone to look up to
Because the heart of he has reached the heart of you
Love is touching your mind, soul, thoughts in all the right places and becoming a click
Love is standing by your side, when nobody else can see how good you are
Love is letting go, so they can be free
Love is a person, love is you and me

Willie Dearing



If Words Were of Fiction

If words were of fiction, I'd tell you a tale
About two young lovers, perhaps a boy and a girl
Who grew up together but never grew old
And remembered the times they were young and bold
If worlds were of rainfall, we'd be frequently wet
Recalling the time of when we first met
Nakedly dancing, out in the streets, bodies resembling
Slick African beats.
If words were of sunshine, we'd have to wear lotion
As we sat by the seashore and played in the ocean,
Sand in our swimsuits, sun in our eyes, an earful of seagulls
Telling us lies.
If words were of lumber, i'd build you a home
With additional space where our guests could come roam
The heart in the kitchen with its beat in the den
Where we'd have nightly jams for our musical friends
If words were of money, we'd never be poor
And we'd share all we had but then I'd write more
We'd save a few shekles for some rainy day
When we'd both shed our clothes and go out and play

Jim Orr

Moving Home (through Humble)

Texas sings a yellow sound,
Warblers dart through every tall scrawny pine
My heart I swinging on the door handle
Right into the dark smell of April
I used to smell up home.

Here, azaleas bloom with no brains,
Coming up too early
Dying before even Midwest spring
Texas ties one on every Saturday night
And all the sleepy dogs run wild
During the cowboy days of early Easter

Texas sets a red-headed sun
And rises into the Mexican dark

Half-red, half-gold, the dog runs away down every road,
Through the half-built ruins of a newborn subdivision.
Lost, homebound dog, sniffs the weeds and cans planted cockeyed
Next to the landscape's fresh face plans.

New place to lay our heads and souls
Rises in our rearranged dreams
Snowbirds sing in winter's warm respite
As we hide and we play in the soft February ground.

Won't we know love before it turns us around?
There are nor'easter chills come about this lonely town.
Haven't we taught ourselves to find the storm
In this quiet honky-tonk town?

If I run fast, Red follows me.
He barks at my short stint.
We look for you to come home to us,
Perhaps in a homemade star
Through the southwest sky...

Claire Roof





Photo by Alicia Ingole

Untitled

To the man who is too smart for his own good. To the man that can fix anything. To the man who is misunderstood. To the man that can't, but loves to sing. My father.

To the man who became a father at twenty one. To the man that has been smoking weed since he was 11 years old. To the man who is a sucker for puns. To the man I have never seen catch the common cold. My father.

To the man who has never broken a bone. To the man raised a devout Christian, who doesn't believe in god. To the man who has never owned a cell phone. To the man who's talents are broad. My father.

To the man who has seen the world. To the man who taught me how to be myself, despite everyone's pointed stares. To the man who had his life unfurled. To the man who taught me that life is unfair. My father.

To the man who has three kids. To the man who is obsessed with football. To the man who should laugh once in a while, heaven forbid. To the man who likes to paint on living room walls. My father.

To the man who shared a love for Eminem with me. To the man who has perfect vision. To the man who has a thousand quarters in his collection, guaranteed. To the man who can make the hard decisions. My father.

To the man who can't stay in one place. To the man that doesn't know how to love. To the man I can never embrace. To the man I can't bear to think of. My father.

To the man who lives 2,000 miles away. To the man I don't get to see every day. To the man I wish thought a different way. To the man I can't quite portray. My father.

To the man that said he didn't care. To the man I knew would never be there. To the man I wish I knew. To the man I thought would see it through. To the man I grew up with. To the man I found out was a myth. To the man I feel sorry for now. To that man, I am somehow still proud. To call him my father.

Amber Davis



Cold Thoughts

This morning as I drove to work
I kept switching all the way
from defrost to heat and back again.
I was always either cold or blind.
It was a bone cold day.

Once I spoke in Florida,
to some guy in a store,
who told me with a shiver,
how the temperature that winter
had fallen to a “frigid” 34.

Life, it seems, is different there.
Scrub oak and palms don't stay.
They spring into existence,
they grow like fire in the heat,
they wither, then they die and soon decay.

We who live here in the north
are of hardwood races.
We endure the cold of winter,
while the rings mount and count our age
are etched within our faces

John Comeau

Deep Into the Theory of the Origins of the Universe

Stars forming faster than first thought;
As I go out to warm up the stove at dawn
I think of the day when you two children were three and four, star struck –
Dusk closing up the street onto our Boulevard lawn.
When Venus, first star attaching itself to the crescent moon, appeared
I took those silly neon bedroom stick-on planetary toys
And pretended one fell into my palm from the sky stream
One girl, one boy
I adored your daddy one moment that I still see in your eyes
As all my markings of motherhood are ungluing the skies
What is left at the beginning of this bright blue-green planet we call home?
What meteor, comet, white dwarf, red giant, binary system, makeshift moon
Will outdo these small human sacrifices?
Electrons, swirling, what will God entice us?

Claire Roof



I Miss You...Always

Oneness has many misgivings
One heart, one mind
Both equally betray the other in all forms of fanaticism
The battle wages a bloody war on the battlefield of thought
Strategically placing memories, both heaven and hell-and the feelings they brought
As invisible strings prevail with every effort to restrain the retrogressive
Tumbling backwards, face to face with the puppet master; a time of long ago
Here now, no going back
The memory must play out as I have lived
Like still frame photographs, each one ticks by like seconds on a clock
Counting down to the first moment I saw you; time has stopped
The seconds no longer tick
Transpiration begins as we ascend to become clouds
Not two, but one cloud floating among the earth
Free, with no restrictions-complete
Every thought of you has become my silver lining
Yet I did not want it, or the dark cloud that came with it
As rain drops splash into the mud puddles that soak my feet; I then feel
One final memory crashes on my heart, like a violent ocean wave
The clock resumes ticking
Your favorite flower; white oleander
I gently lay upon, your newly dug grave-I miss you, always

Edward Smith

Spock's Umbrella

My meadow is not like yours,
the grass is always longer on the other side.
Birds stitched together on telephone wires.
Feet kissing the pavement in loud slaps.
Rain hammers stems flat, a jogger runs by.
Thunder slides in, soft building to loud.
Kerosene poured on the flame of sound
exploding around us in one single flash-
click. Vulcan's forge releases its hammer
as raindrops finally slide down the window

Lori Hicks

Relative Emotional Values

The sky must be above the earth. Was it Plato
or Socrates who declared it so?
Reversing them, the earth embroidered on the sky
the way a forest is stitched between vales.
When the sun sets does it settle below
the horizon? Its heat sizzles the earth like a
skillet on a stove sunset becomes sunrise.
Opposites attracting with radiant light
that shines from a new girlfriends eyes.
Why must dawn and dusk be so obvious?
The earth revolves alone.

Lori Hicks



Freedom Assumed

I am assuming that everything is
endlessness. The air's like a shrub, a flickering
light for us. Stars carry the burdens of the gentle
animals. A fleece of pure intention
beneath a hazardous settlement.
Slaves fall sobbing beneath the blue anchor
Races without time speak of being born
in pain. The artist we secretly admire
found a city riding there.
The exquisite prayer of an extraordinary
liberty. Flowing with joy each new day

Lori Hicks

Rituals

Snow clouds, he called them, the ones that
can only happen this time of year.

Gunmetal grey and nearly white,
they pass by slowly, bits of them breaking off
to pirouette down, a covering for limbs
denuded by Demeter's melancholy.

Our annual ritual
had its roots in a joke my first year away.
A moment of mirth shared
across telephone lines.

Now, this seasonal exchange
is a way to savor memories that cover the expanse of time.
Standing amidst winter's crystalline shower,
I feel him next to me.

Reciting what began so long ago,
I smile.

"It's snowing Daddy,"
"Don't use that four letter word on me," I now hear only in my head.

Lori Hicks



Photo by Angela Russell

Living With a Disorder Not a Stigma

At the age of nineteen, it is every young teenager's belief he or she is invincible. It is time to take the world by the horns and enjoy the ride. Or of course, that is what I thought as I enjoyed my chaotic life style. I thought that it was normal to sleep only 2 hours a night, and to talk a mile a minute, (even if it meant that people did not understand what I was saying). By the time I hit twenty years old, I realized that my life dreams had been shattered or so I thought by a disorder called Bipolar II. This has not been the case though. I have lived a good life and have enjoyed many wonderful days, but at the same time, lived through some hellish ones that I would not want anyone else to have to go through.

See, when one has Bipolar II, one has manic, depression, and (so called) normal days. Now at the age of thirty-seven, I can tell you that I am Bipolar. Many individuals still do not understand mental disorders such as Bipolar or Schizophrenia. They shy away from people like me because they are afraid that my disorder will rub off on them like Leprosy. This is not the case. It is a chemical imbalance inside my brain that I can help control with the help of medication and therapy.

Many people have asked me why I have chosen to write about my personal life and why I would pick to discuss having Bipolar. I have been asked "Don't you think you will open yourself up to several people mocking you?" My answer has been "maybe, but my goal is to educate people that you can live an everyday life and have Bipolar, have a family, hold down a job, and get an education."

It is so hard for me to think that I would be saying this after being Bipolar for 18 years. See, it took me almost ten years to admit I have a disorder. I was in and out of the hospital with manic episodes and did not listen to the doctors. What I needed was to take my medication in order to make myself stable and to seek therapy in order to lower my manic episodes. Like many people with Bipolar, I thought I was normal without medications. I was reckless with many of my activities and this caused my relationships to be hindered and some were not fixable. After eight years, I had realized that if I did not seek professional help that I would not be able to be happy with myself, which would make me not desirable to be around when it came to others. I did not want to live a lonely life any more.

I realized that I would need to start listen to my doctor's advice. I started by taken different types of medications to see which one would work for me. This is hard for both the person with Bipolar and the doctor because everyone's brain is different. This was a long drawn out process of trying medication and stopping medication because the meds were not working. For many people with Bipolar, this is a trying time in

their lives. The frustration of taken a medication that physically makes you sick is not something that many people enjoy, (if any one). While I waited for my medication to work I also started Dialectical Behavioral Therapy (DBT). This type of therapy is commonly used for people with Bipolar. This therapy helps reduce risky behaviors, increases motivation to change, and teaches new ways to cope with one's life issues. DBT really helped me to improve my behavioral issues. I have had 2 eight week programs of DBT. It is intense therapy of working with a therapist every day and then going home and doing homework to improve my behavior. Please understand that someone with this disorder is not going to change overnight his or her behaviors. It's not going to happen, so do not try and force it to. You do not wake up one day, and say "I am going to do everything right and act what people call normal." Life does not happen that way! It takes time and practice every day just like the 12 step program for AA.

If you have a loved one that has Bipolar, and you are having trouble connecting to that person, it does not mean you should give up on them. But, also remember that you do not want to be co-dependent on your loved one with Bipolar. This is not healthy for you, and it is not healthy for the person with Bipolar. There are places where you can go to get help with dealing with your loved one's disorder. One place is the National Alliance for the Mental Ill (NAMI). This is a good place to learn about how you can stop being manipulated by your loved one, if he or she is sucking the life out of you. This organization will help educate one on Bipolar and how all the family members can be helped. It does not only help the family, but also the individual with Bipolar. Because when everyone is on the same wave length, it will help the family environment. As I mentioned before, it is extremely hard when someone with Bipolar thinks that he or she is well because of taking his or her medication, so he or she stops taken his or her medication. People with Bipolar, like me, need a support team whether it is family or a friend. If you notice that your family member is starting to slip back and become unglued, this is one way to notice if he or she is on his or her medication. Be on top of that, and encourage that person to seek help from a therapist and to go back on their medication. If you do not choose to, then you could be potentially harming yourself in the long run. Because the individual with Bipolar will not only harm himself or herself because of his or her chaotic life style but also your life.

For, me it has taken years to learn how to deal with my disorder, and I do not think that I have mastered my disorder, nor do I think I ever will. But I do realize that if I work on myself every day that I will become a better person because I understanding my disorder.

Since the spring of 2011, I have been attending college at Ivy Tech. I have been able to learn so much about not only my disorder but also about how to deal with people in my community. It took a long time for me to realize that I can live a so-called normal life, as long as I remember to seek therapy and take my medications. If you feel like you are suffering because of a disorder, I encourage you to seek help from professionals. This can only improve your life style. One quote I have really enjoyed to hear was this one ***“I actually stopped talking. I actually listened. So, I knew that I wasn’t all the way manic, because when you’re all the way manic you never listen to anybody but yourself.” ~ Terri Cheney***

Sarah E. Poisson-Osiro

Somebody said what I said

Somebody said what I said
But, no one could do what I do
Even if, even if, they tried to
When you walketh through the fire
I will be there
If you take my hand, into your hand
I will never leave you
I will be your portion
Your Comfort
Your Strength
Your love
Take me now! Or I may be gone
I love you
You are mine, sayeth the Lord, you are mine
You are to be a living sacrifice
Holy – acceptable – righteous
Unto me
I will give you glory for your ashes
If you give your ashes unto me
Expect it – Expect it
And it will come
Expect it
And like a spray of cologne on your wrist
I will come in the mist
My love is forever – it will never die!

For I have claimed you, you are Mine

Willie Dearing

The Lesson & I

Off in the distance I can hear echoes from a life that I am trying to reach.
Off in the distance I can hear footsteps coming from behind me trying to catch up to where I am.

I try to make them understand that I am not leaving them behind. I just want to be free and show everyone that I can shine. By myself on the edge of the highest cliff while trying to touch the sky without a plane just because I do believe I am that fly, that guy, that cool, that hip, I am that intelligent, that knowledgeable and I thank God for that gift. Of gab of swag the lust to learn and the patience to let all bad moments pass.

The forecast ain't always sunny, and everybody's everyday talk ain't always money.

Hard times are a part of life that helps you grow. You must learn from every situation things you don't already know, or get lost trying to figure out the information and earn a tag on your toe.

I encourage you to calculate all of your moments to eliminate your foes, while keeping in mind the biggest one could be yourself is what a lot of people don't know. How to orchestrate their feelings and emotions, swallow their pride and stay focus on the positive things in their lives; and have the courage to change your environment if it ain't right.

Your mind, body, and soul are delicate, so take a self-inventory to realize what you are feeding it and telling it. I advise you to invest in your kids and your talents, because everything else is irrelevant.

Anthony R. Gray

Journey of a Woman

I adopted Mary Kay Ash's quote, "Aerodynamically the bumblebee shouldn't be able to fly, but the bumblebee doesn't know that so it goes on flying anyway." At that age 12, I could not have stated it this eloquently, but I embraced its connotation.

As a first generation college graduate, I am proud that despite growing up poor, and for a short time, living in one of St. Louis' worst housing project, I was able to stay true to my commitment not be captured by the "streets." Although Mr. Fight, Mrs. Killer, Dr. Druggie, and Ms. Prostitute made their home in my neighborhood, I chose not to make them my friends, or even my acquaintances. Fear caused my mother to overprotect, but I beat the odds. I have overcome seemingly insurmountable challenges - all while motivating and mentoring others. I graduated high school 4 out of 103, but as you will see, that meant nothing because I had no one to guide me. I am a first generation college graduate and my mother followed my lead and became a nurse here at Ivy Tech at age 55. She is still gainfully employed and revered by her colleagues at age 75.

My life is analogous to a woman who took her first road trip. I started my journey in an uninspected vehicle without the necessary essentials or supplies: no flashlight, no survival kit, not even non-perishable high energy foods. I fastened my seatbelt, and began my trip-without a map, without a clear route or destination, without a compass, or even a manual.

I began my studies at Tougaloo College, excelled academically and participated in many extracurricular activities. My colleagues and professors told me that I was a beautiful black woman, both and internally and externally. They nicknamed me Ms. Personality Plus and proclaimed that I was a talented, smart and a leader who was destined to succeed. I was confident that I was smart and talented; but how was that relevant? Completely uncertain as to why I was there, clueless of what I had to offer the world, and even unsure of what the world had to offer me, I gathered my belongings, refueled my uninspected vehicle and re-started my journey.

Confused and dismayed, I packed my vehicle and headed to Indiana, where a renowned, pharmaceutical company enticed to me to come on aboard, with its highly competitive wages, excellent benefits and tuition reimbursement program. The money afforded me the chance to fulfill my dream of living in a nice house, but more importantly, it offered me the chance to help those less fortunate. Careful not to veer off course, I became a mentor, tutor, President of Young People Willing Workers Youth Group, and a Court Appointed Special Advocate (CASA). My passion took me back to the housing projects to deposit positive affirmations and share my story. When

words were not enough, I organized groups to provide food, clothes and non-perishables. I met individuals who were abused and many who were falsely accused. When they needed legal advice, I was handicapped and felt disheartened.

Driving home one day, I caught a glimpse of a billboard: Knowledge is Power. This was a clear, life defining moment. I decided to complete my Bachelor's. My counselor assured me that my vehicle was unique, and she saw no reason why I could not journey far beyond my expectations. She encouraged me to gather necessary essentials like hope and endurance. She suggested I add non-perishable high energy foods, which would complement my integrity, character and existing strengths of love and compassion. She helped me map out a plan, gave me a manual and offered me a tentative destination. She warned me not to forget to pack a survival kit, with support and ample amounts of stamina, in the event I ran into hardships or tragedies. She handed me a compass and instructed me to use only high octane gas, fortified with commitment and long-suffering.

Before I completed my degree, I hit a huge pot hole that nearly deflated my tires. The "encounter" was somewhat traumatic, but I had all of the necessary tools to weather the storm. I referred to the manual; it gave me no clear instructions on how to deal with such a situation. I knew hatred and bitterness would only hinder my journey, so I pulled out my survival kit and swallowed a double dose of stamina.

I earned a Bachelor of Science in Organizational Management, accompanied with effective leadership skills, intellectual, spiritual and social growth, and a sense of excellence that would sustain me in any situation. I drove up the ramp and exited onto Paralegal Blvd. The highly respected, rigorous program at Ivy Tech Community College was taught by attorneys and provided me the opportunity to gain a keen insight into the judicial system, but better than that, it awarded me with great mentors, leaders and friends.

But, as I was about to exist Paralegal Blvd, I faced the worst experience of my journey. It was road rage to the fullest extent! It sent my vehicle spiraling and completely knocked my lights out. My 39-year-old sister died of cancer, after a mere seven-month warning. I had packed a flashlight, which helped see me through; however, this time, I had to rely deeply on my life's manual-the Light of the World. Unbelievably, my oldest brother succumbed to the same horrible disease just two years later. I was stopped, but I did not quit.

The distance of my travels left my vehicle with some serious dents and scratches. The scratches were only surface, because I had prepared well for the journey, and the dents

merely added to my vehicle's unique character. However, my travels have made me realize that success, not luck, is when preparation meets opportunity. I completed my paralegal studies and was grateful to do my internship at the Juvenile Justice Center.

The internship ended with me having a better understanding of many of the challenges that our young people still face. I believe in the Broken-Window theory, that minor offenses or disorderly conduct can lead to a rise in serious crimes. I also believe that juveniles must be afforded appropriate treatment and rehabilitation coupled with positive role models, mentorships and real-world success stories. I believe that my life and success at Ivy Tech is one of those stories. I know, I am one of many of Ivy Tech's success story; I know I am unique, but so are you.

Sometimes, you discover your passion, and sometimes your passion discovers you. I found my passion at Ivy Tech Community College and it gave me the tools I need to triumph in my new career as a Student Services Professional. It gives me the high octane fuel I need to continue advocate for children, but more importantly, it strengthens my ability to realize the uniqueness of each student I serve. It offers me an opportunity to share my story and convey, "If I can, so can you!" or "If we can, so can you!"

As the wind blew through my window, I listened as it bellowed my name and heard it softly whisper, "Do not give up, do not quit. Yes, *I now know what the world has to offer me, but even better, I know what I have to offer the world.* I found my compass and it's pointing in the right direction. I have used every necessary essential from endurance to long-suffering; I only had hope remaining and the courage to follow my dreams-my passion. Like the bumblebee, my dynamics say, I should not be able to fly, so I will just have to soar-and so can you!

My name is Yolanda Young-Smith and this is my story. Some people told me, I would be a statistic, but I am a Student Services Professional at Ivy Tech-I am a success story.

Yolanda Young-Smith



Behind Closed Doors

She said it was dark in this place, and that was the reason why she always covered her face. She was the spitting image of her mother, with perfect bone structure. A dancer is what she said she wanted to be when we were little. She stayed down the street at the corner in the house across from me. I use to watch her through her bedroom window practicing her craft; trying to turn her desire into a talent while her sisters laughed. So Cruel they could be at times, one night they gave her a shower while she was sleeping under her quilt printed with flowers.

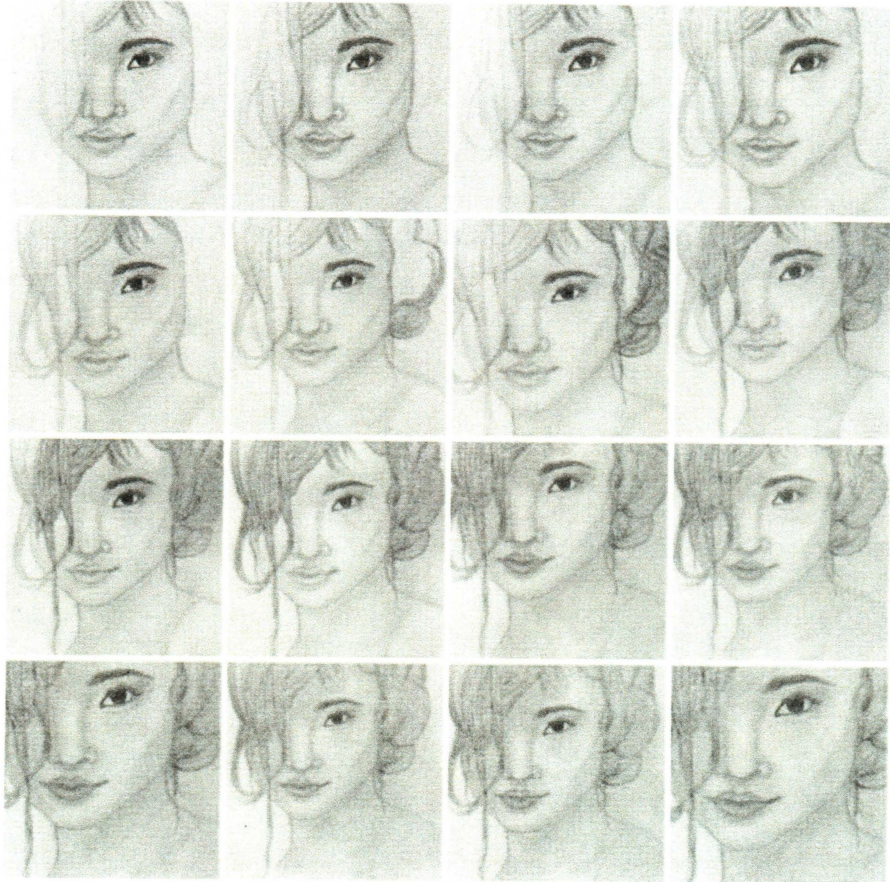
Yeah, I would say she had it ruff when she was young. With two older sisters always pushing her around and telling her she was dumb; and constantly making jokes about her teeth, because she happens to have a habit of sucking her thumb.

I love to see her smile, and now that I think about it; it tends to only happen when I was around. Our feelings about her sisters were mutual, because when they used to babysit us they also used to put me down. They said my hair was too nappy and that my father wasn't real my daddy; and the reason my mother left me was because, she didn't want to go through life raising something that look like a slug.

A few years passed, her sisters grew up and moved out. Her mother had also passed away during that time. Now it was just her and her father in that house. We didn't communicate as often except for when we were at school. And even then, I did most of the talking, without noticing her head was down the majority of the time while we were walking. I used to always ask her why she never came to any of my basketball games. I know she loved to play just as much as I did. After all, she was the one that helped me work on my game.

After practice, I used to go straight to her house to see if she could come out, but her father always told me Settle Peace was somewhere hanging out. And for the life of me, I could never understand, as I was walking back across the street to my house, why she would always be in her window with a blank look on her face staring out.

Anthony R. Gray



Drawing by Eman Alkotob

The Bountiful Chronicle

I sing of maids and of warriors both,
Trav'ling far off lands in search of the proof.
That new born chalice, long thought of as tale,
Of cleansing, pure and simple is this grail.

Many have heard, but none have yet found,
This magical grail, guarded by the hound.
This beast, so fierce, its eyes appear to glow,
Its name, known but not spoken is Alpo.

Twill take a hero; one strong, brave and true,
This quest to complete, his lady to woo.
Our hero known to all in his county,
Handsome, gallant, is our own Sir Bounty.

His lady, sweet and fair, begged of his aid,
A quest to start, the use of shield and blade.
Viva, the Sun Maid, gown frayed and dirty,
Begged the aid of her Lord, true and sturdy.

To her honor a stain, twas on her skirt,
Horrid and brown, this evil smudge of dirt.
I can't live with this she cried out in pain,
Only the new Wisk will take out this stain

Tis in the new ad, I've seen this for sure,
You must find me this Wisk, tis at the store.
I can't live without this wondrous soap,
To clean with this Wisk is my only hope.

To thee I beg, my dear, wise Sir Bounty,
Twill be a long quest, out of this county.
Past the Pepper Ridge and Hill Shire Farms
Is where you must go to take up these arms.

Viva my one love, have you no fear
This quest will I take, so be of good Cheer
First I seek the aid of heav'n above,
And send my prayers on the wings of a Dove.

Of grail of cleansing, and machine of clean,
Eer in my thought, to thee, this I do sing.
This quest must I do, though it be hard,
And so tis to you I pray, Master Card

I sing praises to thee, my lucky charm,
Give me strength of mind, body and of arm.
Spinach I offer, the food of Popeye
May it give me 9 lives and a Birds Eye.

Aid he prayed for and twould soon to him show,
Appear'd to him the Sprite of Co. Co. Co.
This quest you seek, and are to honor bound,
You'll need help so companions have I found.

To you I will send the 3 Musketeers,
Each brings his own talent, this group of peers.
Each brings a diff'rent weapon to aid you,
How each will help thy quest I canst tell you.

Sir Duncan of Hines, smiles like the sun,
Carved on his shield, there can be only one.
His weapon of choice, one long and sharp blade,
Off with their heads twas the cry he had made.

The next, though salty, came'st from a good clan,
A dash of flair has the brave Kiko Man.
His wit tangy, his sword arm strong and true,
No better comrade could I find for you.

The last of the trio, one you canst lack,
Is the one known simply as Hungry Jack.
Jack's heart is true and twould never forsake,
The quest till done, then rewards he'll partake

One last group will I send, these find yourselves,
They are known simply as the Keebler Elves.
Thy quest shant be won if their aid thee nix,
Their weapon of choice, known as Club Snack Stix



Off the sprite did go, Vanish'd in a flash,
Leaving behind nary a sugar sweet splash.
Sir Bounty gathered his arms, shield and sword,
His steed, one strong like steel, he did board

To his fair lady he bid fond farewell,
Gather'd his comrades and left with a yell.
To the plaza we go, we must away,
There dwells who we seek, the sage of Parkay

Passage they booked, on the ship Brillo Pad,
The skipper, Captain Crunch, was a strong lad.
Amid the Ocean Spray they sailed bravely,
Capri Sun shone on the Vitamin Sea.

Early noon Tide, made the ship run aground,
The captain passed Lifesavers around.
To the near isle they all swam away,
Crunch smiled at them and pointed the way

Tis the isle you need, he now smiles,
The elves live there, just ahead ten miles
Shouldst take you a day to make this journey,
To find the head elf, the one called Ernie.

The heroes Bounty, Duncan, Kiko, Jack,
Trekking towards the elves, thru night gone to black.
Ernie met them at the edge of his land,
And said yes I will join your merry band.

The heroes trek back to the ship repair'd
Just as the captain, he loudly declared.
Gather your things lads, tis time to deploy,
We are not alone, I see Chips Ahoy.

Ready for battle, my friends and ship mate,
Twould seem there is one here who does hate.
Ernie spoke, his sad eyes downward glance,
I thought we'd escape, hope'd we had the chance.

Bounty most concerned, urged Ernie to speak,
Tell us who we fight, who is this strange freak?
This foe slays for fun, he is a thriller,
Count Chocula, the serial killer

The battle begun, was fought long and hard,
At battle's end the count remained unmarred,
The count gave orders, don't stop, press ahead,
Soon his men were either dying or dead.
His infantry, many men were cut down,
To lay on the field, a sea of dark brown
Those that lived yet, Bounty cleaned with a swipe,
Their skill and training was not yet quite ripe.

Seeing defeat, to the west the Count fled,
To his lair he ran, filled with a deep dread.
The lair lay atop of the Ice Mountain,
There he remained, not to be seen again

Our heroes, to the quest they returned,
With a desire to finish, they burned.
Eastward they sailed, to the Nature Valley,
Past this they must go fast, they canst dally.

Thus bidding Captain Crunch a fond farewell,
Our heroes trekked on, not one was unwell.
Each missed his fair lady, wife or lover,
Though each sought out quests, each was a rover.

Trekked on did they, through night and through the day,
At last they came to the sage of Parkay.
Bounty asked thumping his fist to his chest,
What else must I do to finish this quest?

Parkay replied, his voice loud and shaking,
Ernie can help you, he brought his baking
A snack soft and round, to him you must show
You must feed to the hound, the fierce Alpo



This snack, light and sweet, a treat most calming,
Twill make this fierce hound sleep, snores a blowing.
Past the hound, now lying within a dream,
Past him you must go, without being seen.

Once past the hound, your goal, it will be near,
One last mission to do, then you are clear.
Tis easy said Parkay if you have heart,
Get thee to town, to the brand new Wal-Mart.

Finished then with the sage, the quartet head out,
They head to Wal-Mart by the shortest route.
Companions four, their final goal in sight,
Prepared for what would be their final fight.

The huge hound they saw, guarding the closed door,
Ernie went forth bravely, this is my chore.
The hound growled, but Ernie did him entice,
With a cookie made from sugar and spice.

Yon hound lay down in one sweeping motion,
The sweet, twould seem, was just the right potion.
Past Alpo they went, on into the store,
Row upon row of fine products galore.

Down the lane of cold, the quartet must go,
Blocking their way stood one green, giant toe,
This toe, a bright earthy color of green,
Twas on the foot of the giant so mean.

Hungry Jack stepped up, to fight off this foe,
But Bounty said nay, I'll give it a go.
Drawing his sword, the famed BicStick of prose,
With one clean slice he sheared the giant's toes.

Howling in pain, the giant moved his foot,
Quickly past they went, the blockage he'd put.
The Kiko man stayed, to deal with the lout,
In case they would need another way out

Into the aisle, one sparkling and clean,
With products, many more than they'd ee'r seen.
Bounty faced one last hurdle to his quest,
A tall bald man posed a new mental test

Riddle me this, Sir Bounty if you're able,
Answer me true this question from fable.
What is green and goes to a summer camp,
Answer right, of this quest you will be champ.

Bounty pondered, then laughing he burst out,
The answer tis easy, a Brussels' Scout.
The man grinned, on his mop he was leaning,
You've won your prize from the God of cleaning.

Take this then, your prize, home to your wife,
This should cure all her trouble and her strife.
Wisk I give to you in this fair chalice,
Take it home to your wife, to your palace.


One last thing that must always be followed,
Don't forget to use the little bar code.
Vanishing into a sign of rollbacks,
Jack exclaimed, that was the great god Ajax!

The four then head, to the front, the way out,
But first they must pass the straights of chequeout.
In order to pay the price they now owed,
They needed to use Ajax's bar code.

The young lass they paid, asked for this relic,
Which bag do you want, paper or plastic?
Bounty's quest, he sighs, is now nearly done,
He must get home with the prize that he'd won.

Crunch's ship they found, was still to be had,
So one more they boarded the Brillo Pad.
A few days journey brought them to the shore,
Farewell they bid Crunch and his crew of four.





The four found steeds, at the stable they pay,
Riding them home, along the old highway.
Nearing home, the four, at last parted ways,
Each to his own house, where his lady stays.

At Castle Towelracque Viva waits her lord,
And prays he brings home new Wisk, her reward
Without this Wisk, the chalice of cleaning,
Her life over, it will have no meaning.

With a Shout of Joy, she leaps to her feet,
And out the door races, her lord to meet.
Viva my love, give me big smiles,
I have your Wisk after many miles.

Oh Bounty, you did it, you won the day,
Tis just what I need, tis what they all say.
Wisk is the answer, it's color is blue,
Belinda told me, and she ere speaks true.

Later that day, Viva shows off her skirt,
Marred no longer by the stain of the dirt.
Taking his hand, she says lets go have fun,
Bounty nods and grins for a job well done

Lori Hicks



Photo by Alecia Crockett

Ivy Quill Contributors

Eman Alkotob

Eman Alkotob is an English tutor and student at Indiana University South Bend. She studies Psychology and English, and hopes to proceed onto graduated school to study either Industrial Psychology or Marriage Counseling. In her spare time, she likes to read, draw, and just relax.

Nanne Binghi Barkdull

Nanne Binghi Barkdull is an artist and writer, her work is in numerous collections around the country. She teaches individualized art classes to both at-risk and youth with learning disabilities as well as to young adults. She can be contacted at nibinghi@gmail.com.

Sharon Beidinger

First time submitting anything in writing. I'm the youngest of ten, but that's not why I wrote Pacing the Cage. I am a CNA working with senior citizens and Hospice. I like to listen to: Classic Country, 80's, 70's, 60's, and yes, 50's music also. I like long drives in the country with my CD's up loud and singing! Proud mother of Andrew Beidinger, who is student editor of this amazing work of art. Thanks for the chutzpa!

John Comeau

John Comeau graduated from ND 1974, MLS Indiana University 1995. Has taught at Ivy Tech since 1975.

Jack Curley

Jack Curley is an itinerant Irish soul looking for meaning and a few catchy lines. Leaving his home in Philadelphia at 19, he sunk roots in South Bend for a few years in the 1970s before heading out to India and other parts unknown from which he's never returned. Jack has studied and practiced yoga for over 40 years all the while dabbling in the arts - music, photography, writing, poetry, storytelling and bar room pontificating. He travels to Europe each year with a camera, a notebook and a pen. He resides in the San Francisco Bay Area now working as an engineer but he's been complaining lately of itchy feet and a longing for the open road.

Amber Davis

Willie Dearing

Anthony R. Gray

Anthony R. Gray is originally from Kalamazoo, MI. Who has had many hard and harsh challenges as so many of us do? He chose to take drastic measures to change

his life while leaning on his faith; he says God led him to South Bend, IN, where he started his new life with just a back pack, the clothes on his back and the focus, determination and will to become a better man, father, and friend. He immediately got to work, walking all over South Bend putting in applications, participating in programs at Work One while waiting for his classes to start at Ivy Tech. In a year, he was on his road to greatness. He has held down two jobs while being a full time student, became a motivational speaker, a published writer, vice president of Ivy Tech's Black Student Union organization, finishing his "From Ghetto to Good to Great!", and helped create a summer literacy program called R.A.B.B.I.T., (Reading Advances Blocked Brain In Time). In closing, he writes that, "I simply want everyone to know I did all this as I was homeless. It doesn't matter what hand life deals you. You're the one who gets to choose to play them or not. No matter how hard it gets or what you have to go through, you don't have to settle for just being average. Get out there and make a difference, because when you put your works with your faith, you will tap into your greatness. Doors will fly open. Just don't give up. Work. Work harder. Work even harder still."

Lori Hicks

Lori Hicks has just finished her Bachelor's Degree at Indiana University South Bend. She has been writing for most of her 53 years and will read anything with words. She has been published in the IUSB journal, *New Views on Gender* and *Michiana Monologues*. Looking forward to teaching English and Life Skills classes. Lori also participated in the Hearthside Readers and Writers poetry reading series at Fiddler's Hearth.

Jim Orr

Jim Orr was born and raised in South Philadelphia, and the poet/prophets of the rock and roll era were his earliest teachers. He first started experiencing visitations from a poetic muse during his early teens, and has had an on again/off again relationship with Her from then on. ("he is not amused by the coyness of his muse.").

He considers himself a writer in the sense that a pen is a writing instrument, as his inspiration comes *to* him rather *from* him. He's as surprised as anyone else when he reads a poem he's written. It's a blast!

Sarah Poisson-Osiro

I am originally from the East Coast, but now when someone asks me where I am from, I say, Mishawaka, Indiana. I moved to Mishawaka in the fall of 2009, and at this time, do not plan on moving back to the East Coast. I started at Ivy Tech in the spring of 2011, not thinking that I would finish



more than one semester. Yet now, I am in my final semester at Ivy Tech, graduating with a degree in Human Services. I have enjoyed coming to Ivy Tech because I was offered a challenge to learn, and I took it. In the fall of 2014, I will be heading to Goshen College to receive a Bachelors in Social Work. I chose Goshen College because of the strong belief in social justice that they have there. I hope by continuing my education, I will be able to help more people who suffer from disorders similar to mine. The only true dream I have is that, perhaps in my lifetime, there will be a cure for my disorder, but until then, I would like to educate people on how to control the symptoms. I have learned that I can plan for the future, but to take one day at a time.

Ann Graham Price

Writing Center Coordinator. Earned both her bachelor's and master's degrees from Indiana University Bloomington. Besides working as a professional writer and editor, has taught at the university level since 1994, and at Ivy Tech since 2011.

Claire Roof

Assistant Professor of English, Ivy Tech College, Claire Roof is the editor of the Ivy Quill magazine. Graduated IU Bloomington in 1981 with a B.A., and earned a M.A. in English Education from Saint Joseph College for Women in West Hartford, Connecticut in 1990. She has taught college classes since then.

Edward Smith

Yolanda Young-Smith

Yolanda Young-Smith is a daughter, wife, mother and a proud grandmother. As a non-traditional student, she faced many seemingly insurmountable challenges; however, as a woman of faith, she believed as Henri Nouwen, "We cannot make it rain, but we can see to it that the rain falls on prepared soil." Yolanda set out to prepare her soil by focusing on her studies as a child; earning a Bachelor's in Business at Goshen College; and earning a Master in Public Affairs at Indiana Wesleyan where she is scheduled to graduate this November.

Yolanda returned to Ivy Tech in 2010 to attain an Associate Degree in Paralegal Studies and honed her computer and writing skills. It is here she discovered her love for writing; this is her first publication. Also, while pursuing this degree, she became involved with student life activities and was very active around campus and in the community. She was VP of Leadership for Ivy Tech's Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society and was a Court Appointed Special Advocate (CASA) for over five years. She worked in the Center of Academic Excellence before achieving a position as a Student Services Professional (SSP) at the South Bend Express Enrollment Center. Yolanda loves traveling and working with people; however, her position as an SSP allows her to do what she loves most - helping others.

