

the monitor

sept 2015



dear reader,

Thanks for picking up this month's issue of *The Monitor*! I hope that you enjoy reading it. As always, when you're done with it, I encourage you to share it with a friend, keep it around your house/dorm or leave your copy in some public space - perhaps a newspaper rack, or the newspaper rack in the library specifically. We have a limited print run and it helps if we can get the most out of each issue.

As always, we welcome submissions from our readers. *The Monitor* endeavors to not just be a fixture of the campus - students are not the only ones who can or should submit. If you are a member of the Kirksville community and have something you want to share, please feel free to send us an email.

Also, we're interested in taking on more regular contributors - if you'd like to contribute something for each issue of the monitor as an independent writer, please send us an email about what you'd be interested in doing, whether it'd be an opinion article, regular feature or prose piece. Remember that *The Monitor* is a space for you, our readers, to express whatever you feel needs a platform for being expressed.

Love,
The Monitor Team



september events + fun shiii*t:::

thurs. sept. 10:::movie night ft wrong did + dither (7). free.

sun. sept 13:::dubb nubbb//curt oren//luca soria. potluck
(5:30). show (7).

wed. sept. 16:::open mic (7).

sat. sept. 19:::gloom balloon//christopher the conquered//
skeleboners. doors (7:30). show (8). price tba

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submissions

Art, Comics, Photography

Due to publication limitations, our art and photography is printed relatively small and in black-and-white (except in the on-line version of the publication). Keep this in mind when submitting your piece. If we like your piece enough, it may end up on the cover! Let us know if you don't want that.

Writing

The Monitor encourages submissions of original articles, essays, fiction, and opinions. Due to space limitations, please limit pieces to 2400 words. If you would like to publish something longer than that, send us an email and we'll let you know if and how we can accommodate your piece. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an attached Word attachment. Include a short one or two sentence bio with your submission.

Poetry

Let us know if you have any specific printing or formatting requests with your poetry. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an attached Word attachment.

Submissions should include your name (anonymous or pseudonymous submissions are also acceptable) and should be sent by email to:

trumanmonitor@gmail.com

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will chaney

jillian danto

Interview on Kraft Layoffs with Carolyn Chrisman

by Will Chaney

*“So I pose a proposition
Take a look, be in support or opposition
Then be proactive proceed with confidence
Cause you know that you can’t change shit by ridin’
the fence.” –The Coup, “Ride the Fence”*

At the tail end of last year, the Kraft Corporation announced that it was moving its bacon production line out of Kirksville, to its Ohio plant sometime this year. This move will result in the loss of 275 full time jobs, in addition to 100 temporary jobs, which amounts to more than 2/3rds of the plant’s total workforce. A loss of 375 jobs will be devastating for Kirksville and Adair County, which is already the fifth poorest county in the state. To learn more about this issue and how our community is responding, I was granted an interview with K-REDI’s (Kirksville Regional Economic Development Incorporated) director Carolyn Chrisman.

Who made the decision to steal our jobs?

{Polite pity chuckle} The Oscar Mayer corporate office, which answers to the Kraft-Heinz corporation, decided to move the bacon lines to their Ohio plant. (Kraft and Heinz recently merged on the justification that they will be more efficient as one company. According to a Bloomberg merger and acquisition analyst, most of these savings will come from “a lot of job losses.” Kraft’s stock jumped 32% the day the merger was announced).

What makes Ohio a better location than Kirksville?

Basically nothing. However, the rest of Kraft’s bacon lines are in Ohio, meaning they can single-source all of the bacon pro-

duction into one place, which is more efficient. This move has nothing to do with the quality of work Kirksville residents perform, and is in no way their fault.

Did Kraft-Heinz consult the affected workers, city officials, or anyone else? Is this decision democratic?

No, but that’s just what companies do. They did not give the workers or the city and state a warn notice that this move would be taking place, which is required by federal law if a layoff will take place in 60 days. Since the announcement was more than 120 days before the time period, a notice was not required. It is not a democratic decision, but we live in a republic. Economic decisions aren’t democratic.

Do you feel that the city of Kirksville has any meaningful power over company decisions like these that affect our citizens?

We don’t have any power over the decisions they make, but we can make Kirksville a business friendly environment. This includes making permits easy to obtain, providing city-run water and waste facilities, setting competitive property tax rates, and having one of the lowest sales taxes in the state. The Kraft plant is able to use a special industrial water reate that the city has, plus as ma machinery and employees are added, they qualify for more financial incentives to produce here. If it were on our end, we would not make this move.

So Kirksville has given a lot of resources to this company?

I was not around when Kraft was brought here back in the 1980s, so I do not know what they received. But we have worked

with them on training, adding equipment, etc. over the years. But Kraft has generously given to the community, providing the bacon for Baconfest and funding the construction of playground equipment at our schools, among other things. I don't want to shed any negative light on Kraft-Heinz.

Are these workers unionized?

No.

Does the city have a public employment program? What is K-REDI planning to do?

No, no such local program exists. The City does hire seasonal help, though. They are usually part time jobs like mowing grass, but nothing is in place for the purpose of absorbing unemployment. K-REDI does not directly hire anyone, but works with employers to bring jobs to the area. We have been working with businesses like Kraft-Heinz for a while to move production, and jobs, into Adair County. The state government also provides training for unemployed individuals to prepare them for a wide variety of jobs. You may want to check the Missouri Jobs Center for openings (A search for jobs within thirty miles of Kirksville revealed only 26 positions).

Has there been any political backlash from any of the council members, local political parties, or state representatives?

No, government officials and the Kraft Corporation have mostly cooperated on this issue. City officials work hard to make Kirksville an appealing place to do business, and work with corporations to bring jobs in if possible. Both city council members and state representatives are willing to work with Kraft Heinz, or any company, to bring jobs to Kirksville. No one sees this issue as any particular person's fault, because the move is simply more efficient. If we never changed our production methods to what is most efficient, we would still be using wagon wheels on our vehicles. That's just capitalism.

Do you feel this decision will benefit society?

It would probably be impossible to tell. We lose, but in the future the folks in Ohio gain. My concern continues to be with the employees and their families. Furthermore, we don't know what decisions the company will make in the future. For example, Kraft recently spent \$130 million on a plant in Columbia, which means they may move production to that area in the future despite their short-term decision to move jobs elsewhere.

Finally, I have some questions for you, the reader.

Is it ok to live in a society where such a large number of workers can suddenly lose their job through not fault of their own?

Do you think we should value efficiency higher than the well being of our citizens?

Should workers be left out of the decision making process within an enterprise, especially when the decision can have such a powerful effect on their lives?

These are important questions for Kirksville to consider in the months to come, as the Kraft plant starts to close down and lay off 375 people who did nothing wrong.

Her

by Jacob Couch

I see your silhouette again. The shape is indisputably and assuredly yours, after all of this time I can still recognize you, even from this far away. Every night I have the same dream where you take that long walk, out of my front door, down the steps and out of my life. Every night I stand frozen on my front porch, unable to move, unable to shout, no matter how much I want to. My throat absolutely closes, I thrash against my rooted limbs but they refuse to budge. I cannot come after you, I can't tell you how much you mean to me, how I don't want to live without you, how I cannot possibly live without you.

You left a hole in my life so big, so grand, and so unimaginably vast that Amelia Earhart could not fly it, Charles Lindberg couldn't hop it and not even Magellan's scurvy-ridden crew could circumnavigate the hunk of my soul that you removed from my chest the day that you left me. I'd love to say that I have never felt that hurt before but that unbelievable agony is still with me every

single night.

Every night in my dreams I have to watch you leave again; I have to watch you walk until your footsteps fade against the chill night wind; I have to watch until your silhouette joins the shadows in the distance and there is nothing left of you.

I stand there unwavering until there is nothing left of you. There is nothing left but the pounding of my own heart, my pulse in my ears and I collapse as the nausea and agony take me over.

She doesn't know why I wake up next to her in tears. She doesn't know that the hole that you put in my chest will never be filled. Not by her, not by anybody. Every morning I wake up with a tear in my eye and I see the worry in her face, the concern as she tries to discover what is wrong with me. I give her a smile and kiss her on the cheek, tell her that everything's going to be okay. It's just a bad dream.

And it still is.

Public Speaking without the Speaking

by Jared Roberts

I am currently enrolled in Comm 170 Public Speaking this year. While in the class I have noticed that there is an inherent lack of speaking lined up in our schedule, which to me does not make much sense to me. There are 4 presentations that would be classified as speeches throughout the semester. The rest is filled with 15 online quizzes, and 2 exams. This means that this class focuses more on learning terms that will not help a person speak better in public, than on actually speaking in public. This is the main problem with this course, you do not learn how to effectively speak in public by reading terms in

a book. You learn by actually speaking and facing a fear. The way to fix this course and make it so people can actually become effective public speakers, is to have the vast majority of class time spent on writing speeches, and some on ways to be an effective speaker. Without these fixes this course will continue down the path of incorrectly training people to publicly speak.

Walking Barefoot Through Glass Fields: an Album Review

by Emile Kaufman

On a walk to Taco Bell during a hot summer night I decided to listen to an album by the Glass Fields, a Kirksville-founded and Kansas City-produced indie folk trio. Entitled *The answer's in the pit of your stomach* the album is the creation of Dylan Moir, Hannah Copeland and Jeremy Morton (who also have two other available albums on Bandcamp). As I walked to my crunchy and cheesy reward I found that the songs seemed to capture the atmosphere of walking through Kirksville at its slowest, missing the thousands of college students that bring in new life to this town every year. The song "Kirksville Summer" blatantly captures the spirit of calm and dull excitement which occurs when the temperature gets ungodly hot and unbearable. Overall, the album has a rough quality that is heard mainly in the vocals, which keeps the songs from becoming monotonous. It fits very nice in the genre of

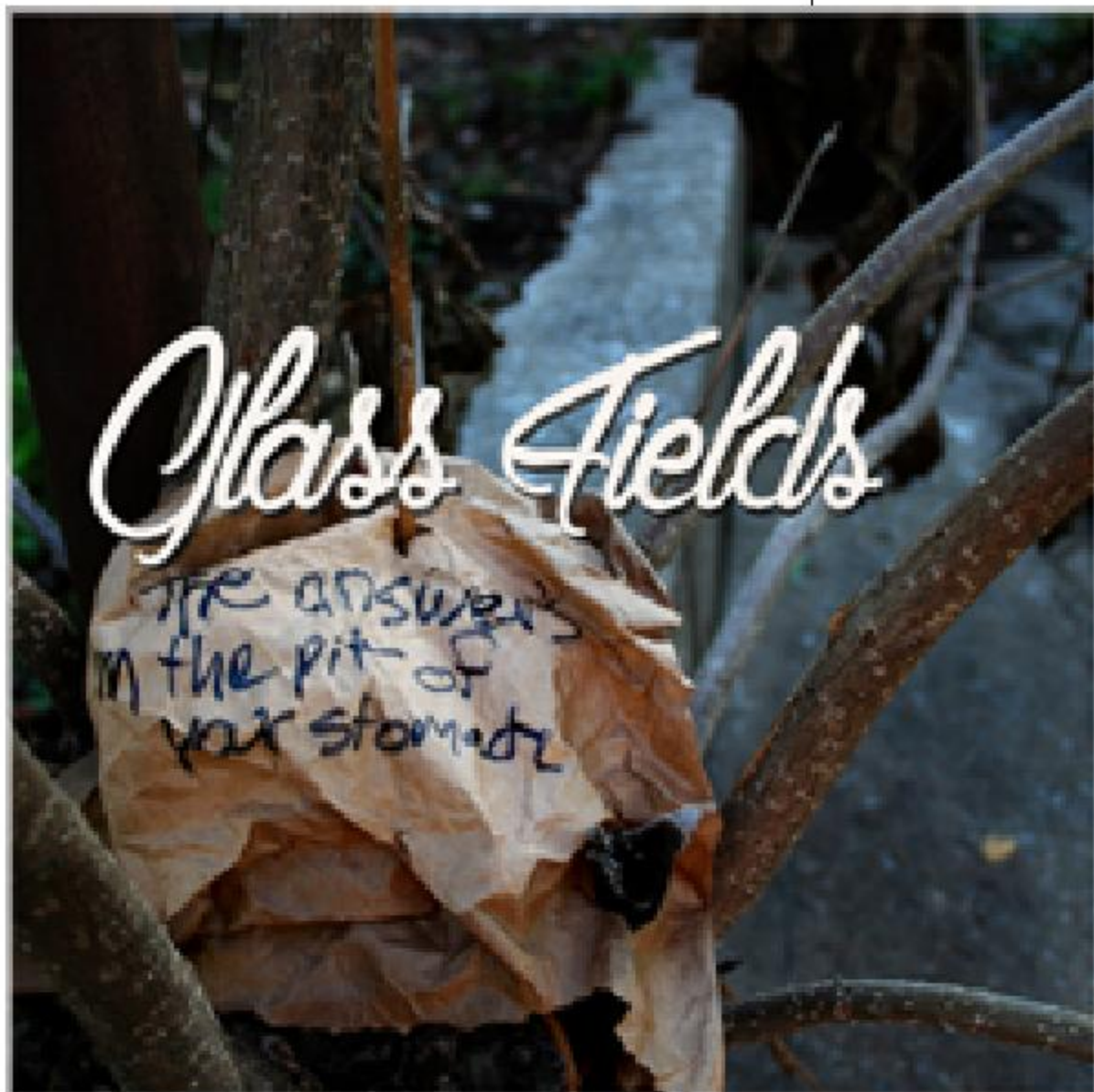
indie folk, toeing the line in between overtly symbolic lyrics and mindless background music.

As I was ordering my food the song "Flesh Eating Bacteria" began to play and the odd pairing of Arcade Fire's lyrical style and Fleet Foxes' folk sound came to mind. It might be because of all the indie music I've listened to over the years, it all seems to blend together. This isn't necessarily a bad thing but it can begin to hinder the originality of the genre itself. I try to avoid thinking about the genre as a whole while I munch on my Crunchwrap Supreme and focus on how all the songs seem to just be playing a single melancholic note (which once again isn't odd for folk indie music as a whole).

The album comes to a close on my walk back home with the song "Winter 2009," or just another part of the 13-minute song that is this album. My stomach begins to disagree

with my food decisions when I come to the conclusion that this is good music to walk to. Even though the album does not boast much originality there is something to be said about the way it captures the feeling of walking through the streets of this town. As the semester continues and the Kirksville blues start dragging you down, I suggest to listen to these songs while walking through town and see what I mean.

Emile Kaufman lived in a field of glass south of Kirksville from 2011-2013



“Things That Would be Nice to Have”

by Kristina Kohl

poetry.

Things that would be nice to have:

A frying pan,
Small portable vacuum,
Nail clippers,
Hammock,
Working laptop,
Bike rack for car,
Simple but nice pocket knife,
A time machine.

An ice cream machine,
Fuzzy blanket,
Gray sweater,
Two left shoes,
Apple cutter,
More toilet paper,
Fuzzy socks,
Picnic blanket,
Your understanding.

Untitled

by Tom Martin

I'm still learning your whale-tale notches.
The ocean mist, the saline spray,
while perhaps visually appealing, leaves
to be desired
the pretzel dust essence upon my tongue (as you're
a ways out.)

I feel I've had a taste, but not unlike the
Flicker

Of

Flavor

that long lingers lonely, languishing in the
last go at a watered-down coke.

Like, you know, at the movies! Salty popcorn (hey, there's salt again, wow!)
terrorizes the tongue. (and tongues too, nice.)

You forget about something (melting) and in turn
all you get is coke-to-water (one-to-five) and

boy that tastes like shit, but boy does it make you cry out for a coke.

All coke.

And I wouldn't even mind missing this movie!!

A Nikon camera,
Accordion,
KitchenAid Mixer,
Juicer,
Water bottle that doesn't leak,
Guitar strings that don't break,
Gift card to Applebee's,
Your forgiveness.

A DVD of that new movie about the spy,
Unlimited supply of Totino's pizza rolls,
Air freshener,
Bug spray,
Chip clips,
Green shoe laces,
AAA batteries,
Your arms wrapped around me one last time.

The fountain to actually be on,
Orange juice in the morning,
Fireflies all year 'round,
Fanny pack,
Treadmill,
Polaroid camera,
Hubba bubba bubblegum,
Another chance.

Found in Craigslist Missed Connections

By Trista Sullivan

I never meant to make your cry - m4w

I love you, but I don't know how to love you.
The situation and these circumstances ,
Make things nearly impossible.

I can't push my luck and,
Toe that line any longer.
When love costs you freedom...

I've had enough.
I didn't mean to make you cry.

We could have it all, but... - w4m

We could have anything we want,
But u don't want to change your,
Life style.

We have been threw a lot,
Together and I love u more,
Than I've ever loved anyone before,
but if something don't change,
I've got to move on,

and for that I'm sorry.

**'dome paint//meteor showers:
::selected thoughts from august**
by Jillian Danto

meteors look pretty
far away.
up close they're pretty
deadly.

romance is licking sugar
off pavement:
if it doesn't hurt in ten seconds,
it was probably cocaine,
+ you're probably a dumbass.

practically taciturn:
had me at "hello."

You're a liar - w4m

I HATE YOUR FUCKING GUTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!
!!

"to melvin", september 7th, 2005
by alex wannerberg

i see you went on my website. thanks. i made a new home page for it at
www.geocities.com/waffles_revenge12

art & photography.



By James Hereford

FRAGILE

****THANK YOU****

**WARNING: This product is not
safe alternative to cigarettes.**

By Natalie Welch & Brendan Murphy

Newsbrief: What am I doing?

by Marisa Gearin

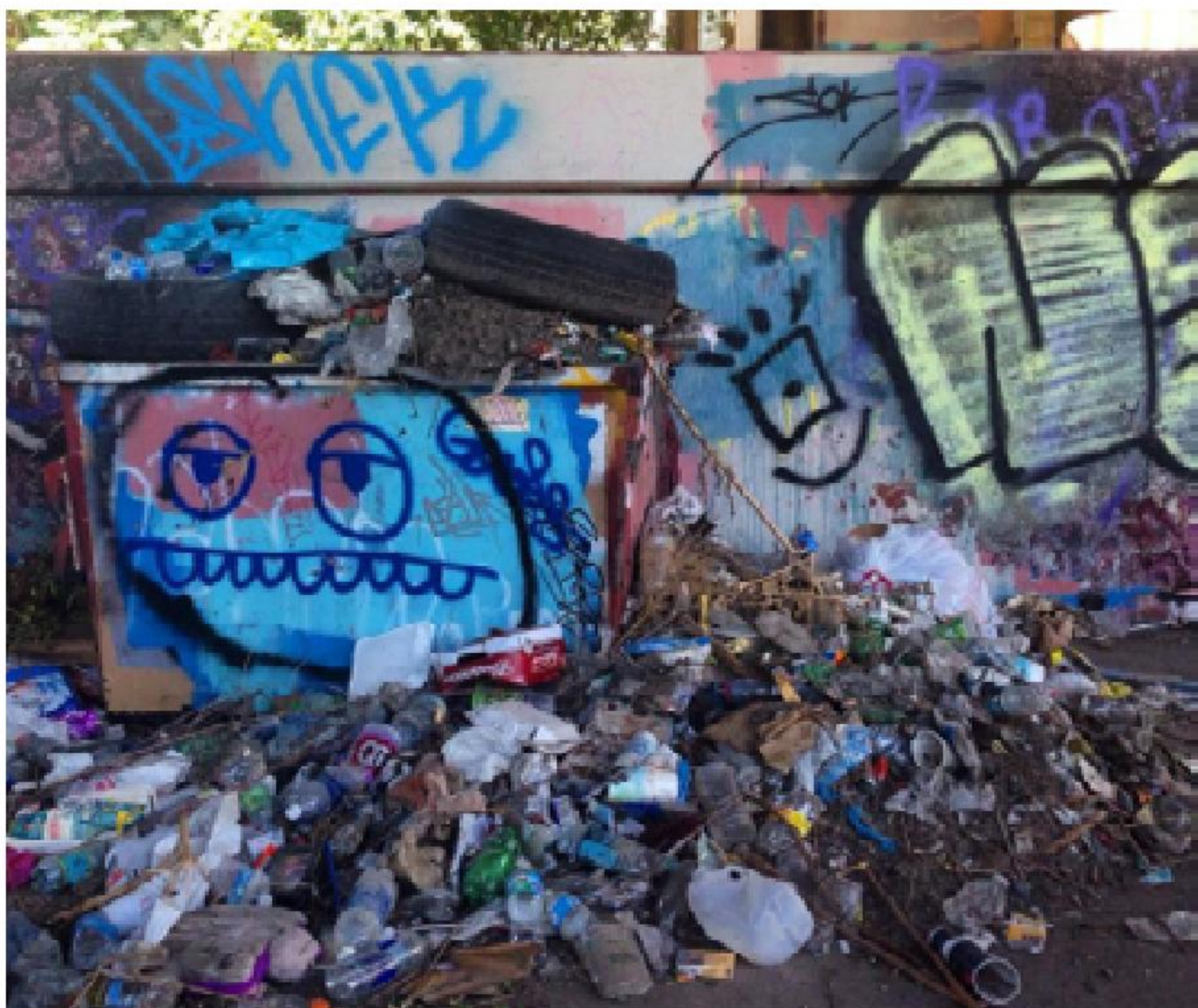
Here's my latest project—I have created the following petition:

“Dear Dr. Paino,

The following petition represents the wishes of the members of the Truman community who have writ their names below: students, alumni, and faculty members included. We hereby request that you, Dr. Troy Paino, dot the “i” in your signature with a little heart. Being reasonable individuals, we allow that you may choose not to do so when signing legal documents or solemn letters, at your own discretion, but we would be most grateful if you complied with our request

when signing other documents, particularly any letters addressing the Truman community. Thank you for your time. Sincerely, the below-signed:”

If you support this cause and are interested in signing the petition, find me on campus and I will almost certainly have my clipboard with me. Feel free to approach me with questions or comments in person or via email. And always remember... Don't Follow, Pursue!



“Oscar” by Natalie Welch

WAS BRITAIN'S LORD JAMES CHUT- ER-EDE, 1882-1965. A BERNIE SAND- ERS IN CONFORMIST REBELLIOUS ADDRESS TO HIS AND YOUR GEN- ERATION'S OWN DEBT AND OTHER CAPITALIST CRISES PROBLEMS

by Larry Iles

As will often be the case, this aging MONITOR columnist old-fashioned believes at outset in vested interests declaration in honest bias if only to aid you to decide how much you need, or not, out of this piece. I was born in Epsom, Surrey county UK as was Chuter-Ede and like him was a President of Epsom Young Liberals chapter in hope youthfully of widespread socio-political worldwide betterment change. And I support American Socialist and also ex-teacher like Ede, myself Vermont Federal US senator Bernie Sanders growingly successful Democrat Presidential primary bid for next year's US crucial contest. Indeed, the noticeable thing about Chuter-Ede is how his long life anticipatorily parallels Sander's own. To the despair of purist fanatics on all our own left wing side of the political and alternative lifestyle spectrum who do not like untidy compromisers, as clearly H. Clinton does not. Now Sanders is rivalling her in bigger crowd pulls and Democrat convention delegate poll projection leads even in ultra-conservative New Hampshire and solely moderate liberal only Iowa first primary states.

Of course history analysis being what it intractably is, the analogies break down in some key respects. Sanders thus aspires to be this US nation's very top executive Cabinet post popularly in election, whilst the highest such and appointive rank Ede obtained was Home Secretary, arguably then no 2 in national ranking to PM Attlee in the post-WWII Labour such cabinet. Ede too was a

far more moderate, even we say in Britain eventual right wing Socialist than Sanders is professedly on class inequalities reductionism. The 1944 WWII Coalition Education Act that bears Ede's partial author name in foundation for instance deliberately perpetuated only a mild reformism rather than complete American-style universal and often unsexist co-education, as was on offer. Because of Ede's controversial then as now ex-teacher's belief that many kids were not "academic" enough to get more than the secondary modern, vocational orientated schools free, he did at least thereby begin. Ede too became increasingly intolerantly a party loyalty disciplinarian in a way plainly Bernie, thank god, has never been. Ede thus supported attempted permanent expulsions from the party of people to his Leftwards ho, like miner's son Bevan when the last figure critiqued the NATO led Cold War 1950s antagonistic over-arms race escalatory policies. And for all Ede's unusual grass-roots centered politics, like Sanders own in Burlington original mayoralty start, analogous to Ede's Epsom local government roles in sheer safety base first politics, Ede took greater risks. Notably in winning if temporarily so a previously safe nearby Mitcham London suburban upper middle class MP seat in the early 1920s, then even more apparently incongruously for a Radical taking for life until nearer his peerage award a northern working class seat of South Shields near my own first undergrad campus.

But then more 'compares' than contrasts in thus this article of both hopes and possible pitfall warnings. Ede like Sanders was a didactic and uncharismatic left winger, who deserted his original and dying Liberals, where he had even pre-WWI been an Epsom campaign manager or agent, like Brooklyn NYC Sanders did the third party bound too US socialists. For at least alliances with bigger parties and virtual memberships in respectively the UK Labour party and US Democrat larger ones, in both cases because alike they complained their old parties were too old-fashioned, stuffy, sectarian and dogmatically lacking in real "progressive" thought and adaptability. The stark fact that both men were not handsome but schoolmaster-like made them, yes, reliable in integrity terms, with Ede truthfully boasting he had voted, attended more roll calls in the legislature by 1935 than any other Labour MP, BUT IT ALSO MADE MADE THEM SLOWER THAN SOUNDER on many social change issues. Sanders for instance does support gay marriage and feminist equal pay, as eventually did Lord Ede UK PUBLIC EXECUTION ABOLITION. But in both cases they have had to be pushed as they both have ingrained caution on such rapid change matters, partly out of fear that working class male Vermonters and northern UK South Shilders are scared of such reforms. Even so, Ede like Sanders does bite the bullet, being in his case the first Home Secretary to actually implement a few years moratorium or suspension of the despicable hangings, and fervently turning down police federation and right wing papers attempts to US BAD STYLE arm our UK unarmed police after what privately Ede noted the "pathologies" of violence WWII had induced in returning UK servicemen in all too much aggression possession traits.

Above all else in message bequeathing for your student-indebted generations, Ede got into similar fee unaffordability plights he rightly, by his abilities knew he did not conformist ,mild changer only by tempera-

ment knew he did not merit. While richer counterparts, some your professors today, got educations scot-privilege they did not really have the brains for. Ede thus had to abandon a Christ Church Cambridge BA scholarship place because his Tory-minded local authority and herself teacher only certificated wife could not simply afford to cough up for its continuation. Instead he resourcefully turned to National Union of Teacher leadership labor union organiser jobs, even though he once admitted he had not been a very good at "classroom control" at the elementary school level he and his early dead wife were employed within locally. Unselfishly, he never forgot what aid he had got and a local Surrey hospital ward is in generous charity named after him even today. And from WWII onwards, he compiled especially on South Shields, the Labour factions wars per se, diaries that academics are at last because of their extensive detail realizing must, eyewitness at the top, be republished for wider later we folks benefit. Ede also like Sanders was astute, despite both being rather conformist moderates, in understanding how stupidly fragile and dangerous is the capitalist system for all of us, in spite of the fact that from THE INDEX to Donald Trump the media celebrates its mess ups all so awfully. Ede warned after the 1929 Wall Street crash, like Sanders did too about our more recent one last decade, that soon people really might turn to classic style Fascist or Communist "revolution," rather than democracy's slow change if the elites wealthily of the few continued to say 'no college, all debts, all poor jobs' only in such undeserved sufferings by the bankers on the poorest majority,---that's us MONITOREES. Ede indeed was something of the social liberal he began as he engaged in a lifetime fight to keep as "common land" the rich race horse lands of his SURREY birth and those of his adopted Pennines northern hills. GO BERNIE! YOU HAVE A PREDECESSOR WHO, LIKE YOU, ADMIRERED FDRS' NEW DEAL HOPE

Impression Sunset

by Mason Smith

Our legs were in the setting sun, Max and I, sitting atop the hill in cooling grass which ran statically down to the field below where it tossed and turned under a light June breeze. The pale solar light filtered through an atmospheric lens and painted the park with vibrant pinks and yellows and somber lavender and blue hues. Children ran the daylight away on the Monet-pallet which lay below us, and the pond beyond the field was dotted with geese doing nothing at all. Families went through the motions in all corners of the park and couples sat on benches to breathe in some of the more loving colors and imagine the scene was set for them.

Max and I reclined on empty palms, fingers anchored in the tired blades rushing towards the horizon. He moved to brush dust from his Misfits t-shirt, swept his lightly blonde hair backwards and to the right, and took a slow, long drag off his cigarette.

"Did I tell you what Stacie asked in history last week?" he asked me.

"No, what?"

"She asked where Poland is. Poland. How the fuck do you not know where Poland is?" And I chuckled warmly and a smile swept my face back into the cool breeze, but I felt quietly guilty that so many of our happy moments seemed to come at the expense of others.

"Well at least we never have to deal with those people again," I said, and we silently toasted the end of high school one more time.

"You can say that again," he said in unconscious agreement. Our conversations weren't always riveting, but they didn't need to be. We found comfort in each other's company, and Max passed me the cigarette as he always has and I sucked in deep. The smoke filled me in the lightest kind of warmth and I slipped just slightly above my skin for a moment and sank back into the grass.

We were there for what we knew may be one of the final times and we soaked in the evening, caught in a surreal stasis between two stages of life, two states of mind. Tugging at the back of my mind were all of my high-school sins: the faith I'd lost, the girls I'd screwed, the opportunities I'd missed. My thoughts swirled between two colors – a moody high school blue which lamented my failures and praised my successes to heaven and hell, and a pale white of my brewing maturity which tried to bury everything under the perspective of a long life, not yet lived. I have to imagine Max was feeling the same.

"Do you find yourself thinking about the girls you wish you'd have taken a swing at?" I asked Max with a wry smirk, passing the cig back.

"Constantly," he said, long and exasperated, taking a short puff. "It seems unreal that we'll never see like half of these people again. Remember Lucie Stein?"

"That blonde girl you were friends with in middle school?" I asked, remembering.

"Exactly," he answered with an animated head shake. "I was in love with her for three years and never did a thing about it. And now that I'm older and would finally have the guts, she's got a boyfriend and I'm leaving this town in two months."

I took back the cig and leaned farther back, knowing the feeling. "I know there will be girls in college," I said, "but there's just something about the girls you grow up with that makes them seem magic. It's a shame I missed out on so many of them."

I watched a couple across the field standing at the side of the pond. They were maybe fifteen and the guy held his girl tightly around the waist as she leaned her head confidently on his shoulder. I thought back on all of the girls I'd dated in high school and wondered if I'd be able to amount to that

confidence again. They call it ignorance, or innocence, but the beauty of youth is in its warm confidence – a boyfriend's shoulder at fifteen is the safest pillow on this earth.

"There just seems to be something very different about adult relationships, doesn't there?" asked Max and he reached into his pocket for another smoke as I flicked the filter down the hill.

"I know exactly what you mean," I said, "Watching my parents recently has just been pathetic. It's like they're never even looking for romance. They're just racing forward hoping to get by with as little disturbance as possible. They could be standing at fucking Niagra falls at sunset surrounded by rose petals and a string quartet and my Mom would probably ask my Dad if he was certain he'd sent off his tax forms."

And Max laughed an arrogant high-school laugh, lighting up coolly. He tried to blow out a smoke ring, failed, and said, "Sometimes I just feel like there's beauty all around us and so many people refuse to let it in," and we leaned back, feeling very smart.

The geese skimmed this way and that across the surface of the pond, following whatever caught their eye, no agenda whatsoever, and I let that beauty soak in, feeling it like cigarette smoke. "Sometimes I'm afraid we just let our minds run away from us," I said, "and as we age, we learn to stop finding more than there is in the little things," and I reached for the cig to clear my head.

"Maybe," Max said, watching the children play football in the field below. "Or maybe our parents know that the beauty is there, but they're afraid to acknowledge it, because they know that they don't have much longer to experience it."

"I just don't know," I said, and I really didn't.

Max pulled out a poetry book that was sitting beside him and began to flick through it, as I finished off the cig and grabbed the box from Max's lap. The sun slid down a little lower as I fit another Marlboro between my fingers and we entered a cooler half-

light. I watched the football boys pack up and head home just as a young girl sat on a bench beside the pond and pulled out a violin and bow. She rosined and tuned quickly, knowing she was short on daylight, and began to play. She played shyly at first, but became more confident when the football boys were long gone. She wasn't perfect, but she was very good. I thought maybe I recognized the piece, but I probably didn't. I probably just wanted to feel cultured. But I felt it swell and pull with the minor steps that I romanticized so much.

Max squinted to read in the early-darkness, and I let my head hang back as he read from Keats. He told me that "beauty is truth, truth beauty," and neither of us knew what that meant but we certainly felt enlightened. I wondered if you need to understand poetry for it to be beautiful, or if just the melody in the syllables carries something spiritual.

I handed the cig to Max after he set down the book, and I looked at his hazy form shrouded in the now near blackness as the violin swept against my ears. He wore a diamond stud in his left ear and his meticulously sculpted bicep bore his favorite words from his favorite high school band, pressed in permanent ink. I wondered if our parents were right, if we'd really regret our tattoos. Maybe it would seem silly later, but that night Max looked beautiful to me and he sucked back nicotine from the cig which seemed to glow brighter than normal against the creeping dark.

"Have you seen the pictures that Josh and Mandy and all of them have been posting from their trip to Mexico?" He asked, brushing his hair back again.

"No," I said, my trance broken.

"They're all essentially the same group of people in the same fake-ass pose, just in different spots around the resort. Those kids are in one of the prettiest places on Earth and all they can think to do is use it to score attention on the internet."

"Yeah," I said half-heartedly. "I don't

know. Sometimes I think we might just be too romantic. To each their own I guess.” And I sighed very deeply.

Max took a very long drag, hunched back his shoulders, and stared into the last sliver of sun that peaked over the horizon. “Maybe your right,” he said, “but I can’t help but think of all the beauty I’ve seen and feel differently.”

And we watched the sun linger behind the distant hills for a moment longer, sending forth a flat plane of rainbow light across the park, passing down across our eyes and running with the grass to the field below, and the violinist became more perfect, swelling and fading with the riotous dying light of the sunset. And I watched Max smoke as the darkness crept in from all sides, eating up his form like a swarm of dark locusts, and it was warm and inviting. And with each passing moment, the cigarette burned more brightly, the violin sounded more loudly, and the darkness covered Max more completely. A moment later everything was complete blackness, Max was warmth beneath the soil of the night, and the burning tip of his cigarette hung against an impression sunset, one million shades of black. The violin filled all spaces of the night and I knew only the vibrance of the moment.

The suspended embers were a beacon of our youth. The transient moment of our adolescence, our confidence, our romance, our sensation. A fixed light in the melodious, sweeping field of black time. We were the moment from which beauty is born, the quiet light in an August night sky, and the tendrils of solar warmth that awaken April-morning sleepers between the cracks of window shades. We were the crest of the romantic ocean which sweeps through the laurels of verse and falls to troughs of hollow human touch. We were safety and vibrance and the pinnacle of realism. We were wholly alive and the violin resonated against my bones to the natural harmony of my soul, and then slowly faded to blackness as Max’s cigarette burned itself out.

19 Things to-do in Kirksville Between the Hours of 6:23pm and 7:47am

by The Monitor Staff

1. Find the ladder to the fourth floor of the library. Up there you will find ten different televisions, each with a different console, but they all stream the same image. Like in a Best Buy.
2. Cry.
3. Cook your eggs on that hotspot outside of Dobson. Refrigerate the rest of them next to it.
4. Go to the practice rooms at Ophelia Parrish and play “chopsticks” for four hours straight.
5. Go on a campus tour and walk backwards in the hopes to regain lost time.
6. Sell oregano to freshman.
7. Adopt a feral cat. Keep it in the dorms. Don’t tell your SA. Don’t tell your roommate.
8. Start a religion out of boredom. Name yourself “Captain Pope.”
9. Give nicknames to everyone in your classes and use them exclusively despite how your classmates feel about them.
10. Eat only red hots and fireball for ten days straight... Find a doctor.
11. Find them.
- 12.
13. Get married in the sunken garden at midnight.
14. Hack your life
15. Refill the sunken garden.
16. Ask people what their goddamn pronouns are it’s not that hard.
17. Ask people what their majors are.
18. Go to The Aquadome. Submit to The Monitor. Become one of *them*.

Dear Dr. Phil,

I think my dogs are the Beatles reincarnated. Please don't dismiss this letter straight out of the gate. Most people I tell this to do-- they tell me, "That's ridiculous. Paul and Ringo are still alive, for one thing." They usually don't tell me a second reason. Anyway, Paul's long dead. Accept no substitutes, no matter how convincing. This is why I make my own butter.

So, the evidence, as I'm sure you're wondering. I have, of course, four dogs. There being four of them was what tipped me off to their true identities. First of all, there's Goose (John). He's a Boxer, ruddy brindle color, with that mischievous twinkle in his eye. His pranks can be charming, like when he buried my watch out back in the garden. But he also has a temper and often barks at the other dogs or goes into sulks.

Duke (Paul) is a Long-Coated Chihuahua, with big shiny eyes. He likes to be the center of attention and gets cross when the other dogs eat out of the wrong bowl (even if it's not his food they're taking! Isn't that strange!) but is quite sweet nonetheless.

Then there's Pluto (George.) He's a mix, a somewhat large black shaggy dog who is much smaller than you would think without the fur, which I shave during the summer. He spends a lot of time lying down, and you might think he's napping if you don't know him like I do. He is in fact meditating.

Ringo (he was actually named Ringo when I got him!) is a Beagle. He's a goofball, of course.

I don't claim to know why the Beatles are dogs now, or why I was chosen as their caretaker. What I can tell you is that

they no longer have any interest in their music. I used to play it quite often, to see if they would bark along or anything like that, but each time I played it they all froze motionless wherever they stood (or lay, in Pluto's case) and glared at me until I turned it off. But I do believe they are happy here with me, and so I do not question. Who among us really understands why we live the lives we have ended up living; who knows why they are accompanied by this being or that on this journey. Well, I should end this letter. Goose just peed on the carpet and if I know him at all he's going to act like it was Ringo.

All my loving, (Get it?)

Grateful in Grand Rapids

Resumé

by Joe Slama

- Marisa Gearin

I clutched my résumé in trembling hands. "I don't understand the decision, I guess."

Boland hadn't looked at me the entire time. He took another lazy draw of his cigar, staring out his 30th story window. "Quite simple, kid. Thompson is more qualified."

"But I..." I scrambled for the right words. "I think I've shown I'm more than capable..."

I paused, nervously tugging my blazer. Boland seemed to think I was finished. He shrugged. "Thompson's more capable." He crushed the cigar in a crystal ashtray.

Head hanging, I trudged towards the elevator and, withholding tears, pressed the lobby button.

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