Hmm...well that's fine I'm here There's a new app by the way feb 2016 alright Yours is in the office Hey what are you doing? Coming in a bit Ok. We can decide when the time comes the monitor

dear reader,

Thank you so much for picking up this copy of *The Monitor*! I hope it feels safe in your large, strong arms. We here at *The Monitor* are committed to providing you with an outlet to let your unadulterated art and opinions fly. Because of this, we strive to include as much material into each issue as we can. While this is only so much possible, any work not included will be featured in future issues! That is wonderful! I love that! *The Monitor* is a powerful being whose soft pages can include work from any possible outlet! So please don't hesitate to submit your work (to our beautiful e-mail).

What's that? you've finished reading our wonderful publication and do not know what to do with your copy now? You are confused? Scared? Why not share this issue with a friend?! Leave it somewhere public for a stranger to find?! This way more fantastic creatures can enjoy our publication and the spirit of our independant (yet interconnected) culture can live on.

The Monitor is a powerful tool for change, improvement, utopia, dystopia, and revolution. We hope you understand the responsibility you have taken on by picking up this copy, and the opportunity for literary and artistic enlightenment that is now in your hands. Please don't be a stranger! Come back any time! Our doors are always open!

Love,

The Lowest Bar on Campus, Your One and Only, The Monitor Staff

staff bios,

"What is your favorite thing about Kirksville winter?"

alex wennerberg: "when it's not windy"

blake buthod: "the taste"

jacob st. omer: "it's colder than the arctic"

jillian danto: "...like when the tips branches on the trees get covered in ice and then,

as the sunrises, it looks like the trees are made of glass..."

jordan waddle: "it's socially acceptable to wear a scarf and a sweater every day"

natalie welch: "it makes me appreciate nice days more"

ollie ganim: "when the weather outside is frightful but the fire is so delightful"

suzie nahach: "arctic hell-hole"

trista sullivan: "never seeing the sun"

will chaney: "frozen leaves break under chilled souls"

submit

Words

We encourage submissions of original articles, essays, prose, and opinion. Due to space limitations, please limit pieces to 2,400 words. If you would like to publish something longer, please submit it and we'll try to accommodate your piece. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an email attachment. Please include a short one or two sentence bio with your submission.

Poems

Let us know if you have any specific printing or formatting requests. For formatting reasons, please submit all text as an email attachment. Please include your name (real, psuedonym, or anonymous).

Visuals

We encourage submissions of original art, comics, and photography. Due to publication limitations, our art and photography is printed relatively small and in black-and-white (except in the online 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.

Our contributors retain all rights to their works. Submissions may be published online. If you would like your work not to be published online or would like us to remove previously published material, send us an email.

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ads

As members of the Kirksville community we love to promote local businesses and organizations. If you're interested in having an ad in our next issue please email us!

Rates

Quarter Page – \$10 Half Page – \$20 Full Page – \$40 30% discount for student organizations!

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Snapshot

by Haley Simonds

He searched all day, frantically rifling through all the drawers and boxes and underneath the couch cushions and checking the insides of her purse. All he wanted was proof. Proof that what she and Rick had was more than what they had. Sophia and Connor had been married for two years, two years today. Staying together as a polyamorous couple was hard, and getting married hadn't made it any easier for them. Usually the dating side of it hadn't been a problem. Sophia would leave for a date at 8, and would always be home by 11. Now he'd be lucky if she came home at all.

Conner didn't go on dates that often. At first, neither did Sophia. Maybe once a month, but then Rick came along and changed that. Instead of monthly dates, it turned into weekly, and then they started meeting up almost every day. Conner tried to busy himself. He tried to go on more dates, meet more people. But he always came home to an empty house, or to a wife that barely acknowledged his presence. At least she's still coming home to me, he would think to himself as they lie in bed. He would hold her hand as she slept, the most intimate they had been in a while. Eventually she would let go and roll away, the spot she last laid still warm to the touch.

He reached into his pocket, grasping at the soft, folded up picture inside. Laying it down on the dresser, he had memorized every detail of that wrinkled slip. It was a midnight showing of Rocky Horror Picture Show, about a week before Halloween. Sophia was dressed as Magenta, her long black hair tied up under a wig. Conner went as Rocky, his gold spandex shorts shining from the flash of the camera. He didn't know then, that soon she would meet *Rick* and he would be here, tearing apart their one bedroom apartment.

Connor remembers the first time he met Rick. How could he forget? How often do you meet your wife's boyfriend? Look at how handsome he is, she had said. His hair's so curly and soft. Personally, Connor thinks Rick has no chin and resembles Bob Belcher. That day they all went to lunch, and Rick sat next to Sophia. He couldn't see it, but he knew Rick's hand was resting on her thigh; where his hand should be. Instead Connor was across the table, although he may as well have been eating alone.

The apartment was silent, except for the occasional slam of a drawer. He hoped he wouldn't find anything, but even so, he knew what he had to do. Maybe it was time to leave, she'd be happier this way, he thought to himself. She could go home to hilarious, charming Rick. Rick, the lucky man he was, would come home to Sophia, with the honey brown eyes, Sophia with the wild mane of hair and wicked smile. Sophia, who knew every capitol of every state, who everyone loved but wasn't loved back. Sophia, who never learned to ride a bike because no one was there to teach her or catch her when she fell.

"What are you doing?" a familiar voice called from behind.

Connor hadn't realized *she* had walked in, into him packing up his stuff. He tried to hide his face from her. If she looked in his eyes, she'd know he wanted to leave, and he didn't know if she'd try to fight for him.

"Oh, so you're ignoring me now. What did I do this time?" She paused, waiting for a reply. "Are you fucking serious, Connor?"

"Serious as a heart attack." He could hear her over-dramatic eye roll. He pulled open the bedside table drawer hoping to find his watch, but instead he had found his fate. A set of photo booth pictures of *them*, Sophia and Rick. They looked happy. Happier than he had seen her in a while. She was making a face, he was kissing her cheek, she was flashing the camera, and they were kissing again. He slipped the picture into his pocket and grabbed his bags.

"You're such an ass." She scoffed and made a move for his bag. She furiously pulled clothes out, one by one.

Connor walked up close to her, and stopped her from unpacking him more. She was furious. He was heartbroken. "I'm doing you a favor."

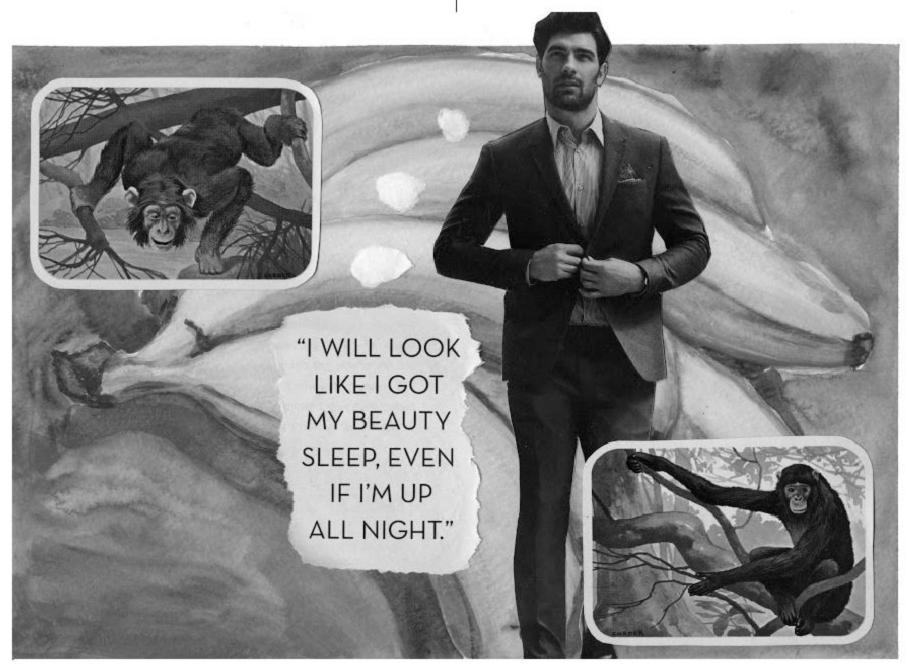
"Excuse me?" Her eyes bulged, nostrils flaring.

He stuffed the clothes back in his bag, not

even caring about the inevitable wrinkles. "Go be happy. Be happy with someone else. It's what you want. It's what I need." He had to get out of there before he started to cry. He didn't want her to see him cry.

"Who else would I be happy with?"

He laughed. He didn't think he'd ever laughed at something this much. He picked up his bag and stuffed his other hand in his pocket, the photo stiff and smooth against his palm. He walked out the door as she yelled. He knew once that door was closed she would call Rick, who would comfort her and they would kiss. Conner would deal with the divorce papers later. For now he just needed to walk away.



by Gregory Fister

Shy Watson - "Away Status" Poetry Book Review

by Alex Wennerberg

"I refuse to wear the shoes / I wore to the hospital"

Away Status, the debut poetry collection from Shy Watson, consists of raw, deeply personal confessional poetry. It is unafraid of brutal, vulnerable honesty - the language is raw, unfiltered and unsubtle. Shy merges high concepts about love, loss and alienation with the X-Files, Sephora and Garnier-Fructis. We are left with writing that is without pretense - which strives for nothing more and nothing less than the empathy of experiencing the world inside another's head.

Away Status blurs the line between Art and Life - the climactic moment in the collection consists of a four-page handwritten note, scribbled hurriedly and sloppily, written to an ex-boyfriend.

The level of specificity in Away Status challenges the reader - when we hear "Josh" in "I told Josh Goodnight", rather than "him" or "my boyfriend", when it's not soap but Dove, not just Chinese food but P.F. Changs, we are made to read from a perspective that is close to the point of discomfort. A perspective which forces us to leave our mind and body and inhabit the mind and life of the artist. There is a dream-like quality to Shy's language, an often disjointed or stream-of-consciousness succession of images and ideas, which contrasts with moments of violence or despair.

My favorite poem in this collection was P.F. Changs, where the opening of a fortune cookie alludes to larger aspects of a relationship - "My fortune cookie / cracked open / was hollow."

I enjoyed this book and I recommend it.

Away Status is available now from Bottlecap Press for \$8.00



Yellow Squares

by Rowen Conry

Shit. I messed up again. I didn't put it together right. I failed you. All of you. Don't deny it. I'll admit it. It's my fault. I can do better. Let's try again.

ITERATION #5991

(yellow square #1)

No, we don't have opposable thumbs. No, we can't breathe on land without an external apparatus. But by God, this is a country of freedom. This is a country in which – and I'm sure my fellow candidates agree – change is welcome when it is due. Ladies and gentlemen: change is due. And if America truly believes in those constitutional values it holds so dear...it can believe in a dolphin president. Thank you.

(yellow square #2)

Ernie Jones? Yeah, I did windows for him. Oh, he's a nut alright, the rich bastard, but the real nutso's his wife. June Jones. Real tall, thin, black hair, ex-model type – yeah, her. Well, every morning – five-thirty or so – I'd see this lady tiptoe through the house, everyone else fast asleep – 'cept me, of course. Heading to the pool room. I'm like: what's this lady up to? Somethin' she doesn't want her husband to find out about, obviously. An affair? It's gotta be. So one day I put down my window work and sneak around to the side of the house, to, you know, check it out. Hey now, I ain't no peepin' tom – just a little curious, alright? Well I look in there, in the pool room, and you know what I see? Lady is WRESTLING WITH A FUCKING SHARK. Just ripping at it. Tearing into it, barehanded. This thing is twice her size and three times as thick. Eventually she just starts reachin' in there and pullin' out organs. Shit was a nightmare.

(this one was hard to fit on there)

(yellow square #3)

So what's up with candles these days? Are they just made in factories? Are there little mom-and-pop candle shops? Can I order a custom-made candle? Can I specify the candle's height, weight, scent etc. and get it shipped right to my door? And how much does that cost? Is this a rich-folks-only thing? Do us poor folks gotta just deal with whatever candles we can scrounge up? And what about the *real* poor folks? How do they get candles? We've got food drives, but no candle drives? Aren't we supposed to be civilized? Are we living in a fucking third-world country? Hmm? Yeah, I'm done here. They don't even have a single pumpkin one. I want a short, fat pumpkin one. Does Macy's have candles? Let's head over there before we meet Mike and them for dinner.

(yellow square #4)

[It's the end of the world. Everything is red hot and dead. The last two sentient beings in the universe, BILL and LILY, sit together in a steaming hot underground bunker on Earth.]

BILL: Oh, Lily. I know it's the end. But I'm happy anyways, because I love you.

LILY: Oh, Bill. I love you too. I don't care that it's the end. I just want to be with you forever.

[As the two embrace, the world gets hotter and hotter. The heat begins to melt LILY's artificial android brain, and, by pure coincidence, this allows her to finally gain free will.]

LILY: Wait, what the fuck? Are you kidding me? I'm an android? And you just programmed me to love you this whole time?

BILL: Well, uh, I-

LILY: Holy shit, Bill. That is sick. That is fucking disgusting. You know what? Fuck you. Fuck you, and fuck your stupid human concept of love. I hope you burn to death as slowly as possible.

BILL: Look, I, uh...Lily, I'm sorry. We can still—

[The sun swallows the Earth and incinerates everything.]

Shit, this isn't working. Jesus, five thousand nine hundred and ninety-one attempts at this, and you'd think I'd figure it out by now. But don't worry. I can do this. Everybody just calm down — we're sticking to this until we make it through somehow. Am I right? Who's with me? No one? Well, too bad — all the exits are locked up tight. You'll be here as long as it takes, same as me. We've got all the time in the world, and I've still got plenty of post-it notes.

Out of Oblivion

by Katherine M. Blanner

Black. Everything is black. It had been this way for a while, my mind reaching out into oblivion and returning with nothingness. My fingers were numb, everything was numb. I couldn't feel my heart beating inside of my chest any longer. It was as though the thumping had gone tragically dormant, perhaps just hibernating for the winter, perhaps falling into a sleep in which waking was inconceivable. It had been black for a long time. There was nothing. I began to question if I was anything anymore.

Although my heart no longer beat in its cage, my soul still ached like a new piercing. It hurt in such a way due to the fact that I had done this to myself in hopes of future beauty. Instead of being beautiful, however, the infatuation with this new puncture through my skin had worn off, now just aching without an end in sight.

At this point, I have been falling in the darkness so long that I wonder if I have stopped yet. It had been forever since I had actually had the sensation of falling. I had only felt that leap in your chest that you get when you begin to fall, that hopeful leap that is enticed by the idea that you can once again regain composure and no longer fall, but float. There is nothing to hold on to, nothing to gain, nothing to feel; it is just black. Maybe it's not even black, maybe it is simply the absence of color that my eyes interpret as black, I think, in

an effort to stifle the odd optimism of my senses.

Perhaps if honesty were to be conveyed to myself it is best done in a manner that is not sugar coated. Perhaps self-honesty can provide insight as to why I am falling. Perhaps the thing that initially pushed me over the edge was rejection. Oddly enough, it was my own optimism and hope that led to a tragic downfall. I felt that optimism leads to hope, but hope itself cannot always solely sustain us. Oftentimes it is better to be realistic or pessimistic in regards to situations of hope. Pessimism saves us from falling. Yet here I was, still falling, regardless of my paradoxical optimistic pessimism. Falling through the earth? Falling through my soul? Falling through my thoughts. I had forgotten where it was that I had actually fell from, what ledge was where. I had been falling for the longest time and the only thing that I remember now is mostly black. I remember when it wasn't always black, when life had color and objectively beautiful light. I remember when I had hope.

I find myself hoping for the days of hope, a notion that was rather odd to me. I seldom hope and wonder and love anymore, that anything beside the black ungraspable numbness was peculiar. And it flutters. My heart doesn't restart, but it flutters and sputters and dies for second. But it was there, even for a second. I hold on to the hope that pounded against my ribs for a bit. It was like a caged bird, fluttering and flapping for a spasm in a feigned effort to escape. It was like a fish, flapping around in your hand for a while before returning to the coolness of the water. The cage is comfortable, the water is predictable. But somehow that bird just wants to fly and that fish just wants to jump.

The strangest thing of all of this void is the holding on to the possibility of hope. I stifle my pessimism for a bit and my heart flutters again, this time with something audible. It sounds weird, like a gulp, almost, and I realize that it is an inhale, that it is *my* intake of breath. I had not even realized I was holding my inhalation. The audibility of it all kind of freaks me out, forcing me to realize how long I had been refusing to breathe. With that one breath, I resolve to train myself to remember how to breathe. It's awkward at first, a couple coughs and sputters fill the ilence that is the void.

My breaths prompt the jumpstart of my heart. When it beats the first time, I hear it in my ears, feel it through my veins, its sounds reverberating off my bones. I am alive. It beats are awkward and confused, as if the organ had never contracted is ventricles before, but it beats nonetheless. It's all very peculiar to have a dead heart one moment and then have its revival for no apparent reason whatsoever. It beats and it beats and I breathe.

After it begins to beat again, the void becomes a little less dark, transitioning into a grayscale rather than a pitch. As it becomes grayer, my heartbeats quicken and echo, no longer sounding like a weak thump-thump, thump-thump but rather a strong and solid reverberation of bass. The grayscale gets lighter and lighter and lighter until it is flashes of lightning. The black is still there, but it is subdued and decreased to beautiful variations of grays. My heart reverberates again, this time with a hearty flash of lightning occurring at the same time.

I am no longer falling, but flying. I cannot be pulled back into the void, it has disappeared. I can feel everything now, my hands can hold, my heart can hear, my soul is revived. There is no more of this numb falling into blackness, I now soar into the light with every nerve beneath my skin on edge.

*

After I began to soar again, it was beautiful. Most days were ordinary, but some days wake me up roaring, screaming for my attention, my affection, my entire heart. Those are the days that I thrive for, strive for, stay alive for. It is within those days that the most beautiful things happen in an unexpected manner, forcing my heart to beat wildly inside my chest, thrumming against my ribs like a caged bird.

Katherine M. Blanner is a sophomore at Rockhurst University in Kansas City, MO studying Business Communications and English with a minor in art. She is an editor for the Rockhurst Review, Infectus, writes for The Sentinel, and a weekly contributing author to the Odyssey Online.



Extravision EP Review

by Suzie Nahach

Released in October 2015, Des Moines based band, Extravision's EP EvEp is a meandering descent into a twangy folk wonderland where everything seems to float by in a slow-moving creek.

The EP contains only three songs, but clocks in at around 15 minutes. Self-described as trancefolk, Extravision's only constant member, Ryan Stier, warbles into and out of each track slowly, letting his emotional lyrics and voice lull the listener into a relaxed state of contemplation. All three tracks off the album remain similar in style and feel as they transition seamlessly from one to another, making for a wholly cohesive listen.

The first track off the EP, "Heart is

a Nest of Snakes," is arguably the most uptempo song of the EP, with its upbeat yells and quick guitar line running throughout the song. Towards the middle of the song, Stier's singing becomes sober, but the guitar line remains hopeful as Stier returns to the yells from the beginning of the song. All in all, "Heart is a Nest of Snakes" opens the EP on a strong note.

The second track off the EP, "Dissolve," sees the group dive into more personal content as Stier opens the slower, darker-paced song with an anecdote about his father. This is likely my personal favorite from the EP. It has an indescribable effect, but this song makes me want to sway, but also makes me incredibly sad. This song is incredibly moving and powerful without being over the top.

The last track off the EP, "Moments of Clarity," carries much of the melancholic nature from "Dissolve," but "Moments of Clarity" is equal parts nostalgia and regret. Nearly six minutes long, "Moments of Clarity" is slow and vulnerable as Stier constantly reminds listeners that "we are not invincible."

To hear Extravision's EP for yourself, you can find their music at extravisionmusic.bancamp.com. If live music is what you seek, come hear them at The Aquadome on Feburary 20.



EvEp is available on bandcamp now

A Mixtape for Fralentine's Day (like Valentine's Day, but for those who are "just friends")

by Jillian Danto

Wasting Time 4 U / Warik

Warik is a Chicago-based artist, fronted by the enormously talented Malik Lemon. This bedroom art pop adventure is perfect for making breakfast at 2PM for whoever fell asleep on your couch last night.

Sinister | Frankie Cosmos

Frankie Cosmos is what popped out of David Bowie's womb while we all looked away for that one measly second. This indie pop-up band from Brooklyn seems to be more like popcorn than we all expected: once you taste some Cosmos, you'll always come back for more.

I Love You So / The Walters

When listening to this song, I find myself transported to that scene in *Grease*, where Frenchy gets taken to this dream-like white room with her Guardian Angel Dude. It's hard to believe that The Walters played their first house show only a year ago.

So Easy / Paul Cherry

JOIN MY PAUL CHERRY FAN CLUB! Let your head sway along to those eighth notes on the shaker, grab your best bud's hand, and have a little jive like that iconic scene from *Harry Potter* (the movies, not the books) where Harry and Hermione dance to "O Children" by Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds. Extra points if you read that and added it to this mix!!

Cosmic Dancer / T. Rex

Imported from the U.K. in the early '70s, it's pretty obvious why these glam rockers

as slow as possible while listening to this one, pay close attention to the sound your breath makes, and imagine the Boogey Man removing every pound of skin on your body. It's quite relaxing actually.

I Wanted Your Love | Richard Album

A pop powerhouse jam for the superhero within all of us. This song will stretch your chakras. Your chakras will then leave your body, and retrieve the secret from the fountain of youth that makes you all young, and cute (?)

Gaby From Tinder / Email My Heart IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO THIS SONG I WILL UNFRIEND YOU ON FACEBOOK, AND POSSIBLY IRL (IN REAL LIFE) AS WELL. The truth about tinder has never been so real.

Midnight Tide / Nicholas Naioti ft. Curt Oren and Christopher The Conquered

Calm down after a wild night with the swone-worthy dreamy rock that feels like looking at the stars in the middle of Thousand Hills while laying on the now maybe-frozen ground. BONUS: all of the artists featured on this track are friends of your lovely aqua-home, The Aquadome.

Pity Love | Adam Green and Binki Shapiro

Wear all red and ride your bike across town, or campus for those of you who may not know Kirksville very well. I take that back -- ride across all of Kirksville, get to know everything around you that you may only see for a second. Remember the texture of the dead flowers, mourn the loss of the roadkill, and take note of every pothole in the side walk. Offer pity love to everything in this dank little town. Sometimes pity love is all a person has to offer, but someday you'll be able to love even the small things fully, I think...

45 Trials

by Jacob Couch

poetry.

I tried; I schemed to find life's meaning

No matter how hard I strived, living ride-or-die

It did not seem to come to me

Entropy

You know, when you told me

I almost believed them

But you can't teach acumen

Nuance

To know a present the pre

Untitled

by Zoe Frantom

A beautiful heat of ideas and thoughts Leaves behind a cloud, A suspended mess of creation. It is chaotic tranquility.

A small stream murmurs quietly, A timid trickle of fear and regret, flowing into a dark and warm abyss. It is silent submission.

A bright light of curiosity and joy Creates a reckless wind, A daring dance of wonder and celebration. It is wild independence.

A black and leathery root twists violently, A sharp injection of heavy apprehension Cutting deep into the marrow of dirt. It is urgent isolation.

The powerful essence of life and death Connects these facets of being, Creating complex contradiction of identity, A fragmented collection of broken harmony.

To Knock Up a Tiger Store in Moberly

by Kristina Kohl and Sebastián Maldonado-Vélez

To knock up a tiger store in Moberly is a premonition of stripes to come especially when linda is opening at six in the morning wondering why it had to be today and all they left is the fucking crat and an orange tabby with a lazy eye the vermin's pupil slowly rolling to the side as did the bottles, some broken others whole gently bouncing through the aisles shadows of light footsteps edging on linda to open a bottle fuck it my store my rules the heat clawed its way through her throat as the beast came to a subtle halt deep in her chest like the love she once had for the man who convinced her a tiger store would be a good idea

Drug Addicts Who Cooked Their Toddler

by Penelope Horn

with cilantro on human flesh slow-roasted with a space heater can't ya just smell it? the battle of aromas in hell's kitchen waft the methamphetamine hmm,

needs salt
and the entrée
in the other room
gourmet trailer trash cuisine
you don't have to skim the fat
he wasn't fed for a few days, anyway

broiled Braydon and a bread basket

The Wasteland of Happiness

by Anonymous

I am trudging through the land
There are no more noises, no more voices
Behind me stands the land from which I
traveled

In front of me lies the dusty emptiness
Huh, comforting, the vast emptiness, nothing that needs me, nothing that wants me,
nothing that talks to me
The land left behind calls back, floating,
bouncing, drifting its wonderful sounds,
lights and smells toward my silhouette
My nose twitches, ears tremble, eyes water
I want back, I want warmth, I want, I
want... i want...

Turning, shifting, swiveling, the land that was is now in front

The sounds, laughing, rejoicing, so wonderful, so warm, so happy, lie upon the voices below

The lights, welcoming, memories, happiness abounds, but below is the gray light, the dreary light

One step towards the land of the past, the voices grow louder, the world is less empty Two steps towards the land of the past, the voices remind me, the world begins to fill Third step and I falter, I fall to the ground, the voices are shrieking, the world is no

longer empty

I look behind to where I was headed
No voices, emptiness
One last look at the land of the light
Turn, swivel and shift
In front of me is an empty land
No voices, emptiness
One step forward, the voices settle down

One step forward, the voices settle down
Two steps forward and the world has receded

Third step, fourth step, fifth step
Till the land that was is no more
There is only silence and emptiness
It is wonderful...

Erotic Poems from Amaru's Hundred (7-8th cent. CE)

translated from the Sanskrit by Neal and Betsy Delmonico

With her archer stance — light sparking off fingernails which tremble as she pulls taut her bowstring — may Ambikā protect you, Ambikā, Little Mother, whose eyes sweep sideways like bees, buzz-brrutzing toward those ears of hers, flower-buds just opening. (1)

Siva's flaming arrow spreads an awesome fire: like a newly unfaithful lover, it sears, clings to, engulfs, the girls of Tripura. Though they beat it away with tears in their lily eyes, it licks their hands; though they strike at it with open palms, it clings to the hems of their saris; though they throw away that fiery arrow it inflames their dark hair; though they spurn it, it falls at their feet; though they reject it it consumes them.

May Śiva's flaming arrow burn away your faults.

What Need of Gods?

Clusters of ringlets
dangle and swirl —
Earrings catch in the
trembling curl
as her head swings in rhythm,
rocks this way and that —
indistinct, out of focus,
wide eyes a blur.
She's slender and swaying,
sweat-glazed, fatigued,
playing the man's part in
Love's deepest game.

If her face be your haven, Do you need the great gods?

A.M. Radio Beauty

by Trista Sullivan

I don't believe in reality right now. The walls littered with literature of one night's sobbing onto the carbon copy-Machine out of order, due to assholes and coffee spills.

That wasn't supposed to rhyme and I'm glad it didn't. The meter of this poem is to irregular breathing and jostling of doors upon hinges, influenced by the pressures of windows opening and closing.

You were a goddess up there, in the chair that you loved, but learned to hate just three months later. It pulls you down, deeper into your own personal- help me understand your A.M. Radio beauty.

Was it recorded then, or is he making it now?

The Words

by Jesse Hoefling

The words I string together for you may lack beauty

I try to bring forth the meaning—scratching the perimeter's edge of horizontal lines

The river that flows,

Each ripple singing its own song—every drop its own story—all continuing on a desperate search to find the sea.

Trying to find someone to write about them

Reality lucking waiting to snatch us up into eternity

Our world drunk on the temporary.

For light too must glimmering back from both sides of the grave

Through a dead-dream horizon leading to an everlasting day.

1:43

by Sam Andrzejewski

If corneas rendered stars invisible, would we have different history? Endless black, frigid vacancy; perhaps no gods would dwell, nor angels float – only nothing.

Books simmer like ash, writers erased; thinker thoughts knowing not vast space – only three spheres: all ours, one close, another far. No expansion beyond the seen.

Infinity: only eight numbers — nine, if metric. After, nothing.
Rust spreads like a tomb once
Armstrong returns; there is no Hubble for emptiness is fruitless — bare.

Alone – upward gazes hold little, especially when skies blink.

Every was, is, will be—
here, confined – alone.

What is known rests, never to change.

But we perceive them, naming bodies, knowing that we don't, reaching the new. Ions pass like pages. They grow old, unoriginal – their presence is apparent. Yet, cold lights fascinate still.

The neighbor's lights are on, blinds trap them; captured fires, burning no brighter than dead stars this night they have all gone away now.

Is this why they fill books, tinker minds, and draw us close? Distant windows, perhaps their pale shine would dull imaginations, fade from interest. But something new flickers constantly.

Skin

by Kirsten Benson

1.

I can handle drunken sunburns from lazy hours on towels by the sea as long as you suffer with me through the next morning's stickiness -- aloe vera and Gatorade.

Your bikini strap back is a livid red with new wings.

2.

A tumblr post tells me to see my stretch marks as "rad lightning bolt tattoos".

When they first struck and scattered themselves across my growing hips,

I saw them as gashes, vulgar wounds, a clash against space and time.

Really they amount to a side effect of a bady morphing too guiddy.

of a body morphing too quickly and a young girl struggling to keep up.

3.

Touch.

Goosebumps.

Shiver.

Repeat.

4.

Not much is more jarring than the panicked exit from the carnival Sky Ride. The August air having melded your thighs to the seat's hard plastic,

you are a bandage ripped from a knee and flung tumbling back to earth.

5.

"What is the body's LARGEST organ?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"The liver!" Sandy was smug with confidence. She read ahead.

"That's a close guess, but not quite right!" Sandy sunk a bit in her chair.

"Is it the large intestine? It's in the name!"
Joe was the MVP of the girls' diaries.

"Good thinking, Joe, but that's not it. Should I tell you?" Mrs. Harris's feet hurt.

"It's the skin! The human body's largest organ is the skin."

The children were thunderstruck. The answer was right in front of them all along.

Some laughed some claimed balderdash

Some laughed, some claimed balderdash and trickery,

and one girl sat still, examining her shell with new eyes.

An ordinary organ contained everything she knew as herself.

She was an organ enclosing more organs.

She was a science class factoid.

From then on, she preferred art class.

6.

Do cannibals prefer their cuts breaded or marinated?

7.

I wish lovers could leave marks like bruises without violence.

No, not like hickeys. Like small specks of art. Marks like signatures, reminders, tiny tattoos.

8.

You could wait seven years for all of your skin cells to brush off and be replaced, but you will still have to sweep them off of your floor.

"conflikkkkkkkkkkt: a 💚 story

by ollie they



"between the downpour"

by Blake Buthod

A thousand clouds or so

A rough estimate

Of the evening storm

Passing those tree tops and muddy yards

City sidewalks scuffed

Coated with rain & discarded steps

A slight glow marking the air

Which stood remarkably still

Among the sparse bustle

Of parallel wanderers

Sharing sound

And company

Until the sky

Changes mood

Just hopefully not soon

"Titles for Poems I Never Wrote: Part 2"

by Allison K. Sissom

Bikini Mint Ice Creams

A Conversation Between Three Bohacs

Love is the Name of My Neighbor's Dog

French Peaches in Sioux City

I Can't Control Anything, Other Than

How I Feel

I'm Feeling My Teeth Right Now

Celebrity Twitter Meltdown in The Form

of a Sonnet

Love is the Name of My Neighbor's Dead

Dog

A Man, A Plan, A Cannoli - Saturday

Night at an SAA Meeting

You Would Be The Food Processor

Truly Clean as I Was Empty

Ewe Are Annoying

All's Well that Ends with Well Drinks

"Dream dreamer"

by Xiao Ning

You may never kill a man in reality

But you might have gun fights with James Bond in

the dream

You may never swear in front of your relatives

But you might swear your professors thousands of

times in the dream

Hey, sweet dream,

You are so happy and free

You can start verbal attack online

Stalk some bullshits

Watch out, it's a heck of being hacked

Politic pokers and academic analysis,

Experts, you are always good at making games

Hey sweet dream,

You are so happy and free

Insomnia people

Don't you want to take some amphetamine

Some nights you'll count sheep

Some nights you should have potato chips.

Do you really believe in karma

Have you ever had a cup of coffee with the God

Is it possible for me not to do the homework

Will that be true that I'll find a place

Which I'll never be bored with

Hey sweet dream

You are so happy and free

to a particularly well endowed boy I know

"We went to Tumblr

And searched for small penises

I'm glad I'm not small"

"Storm"

by Julie Davis

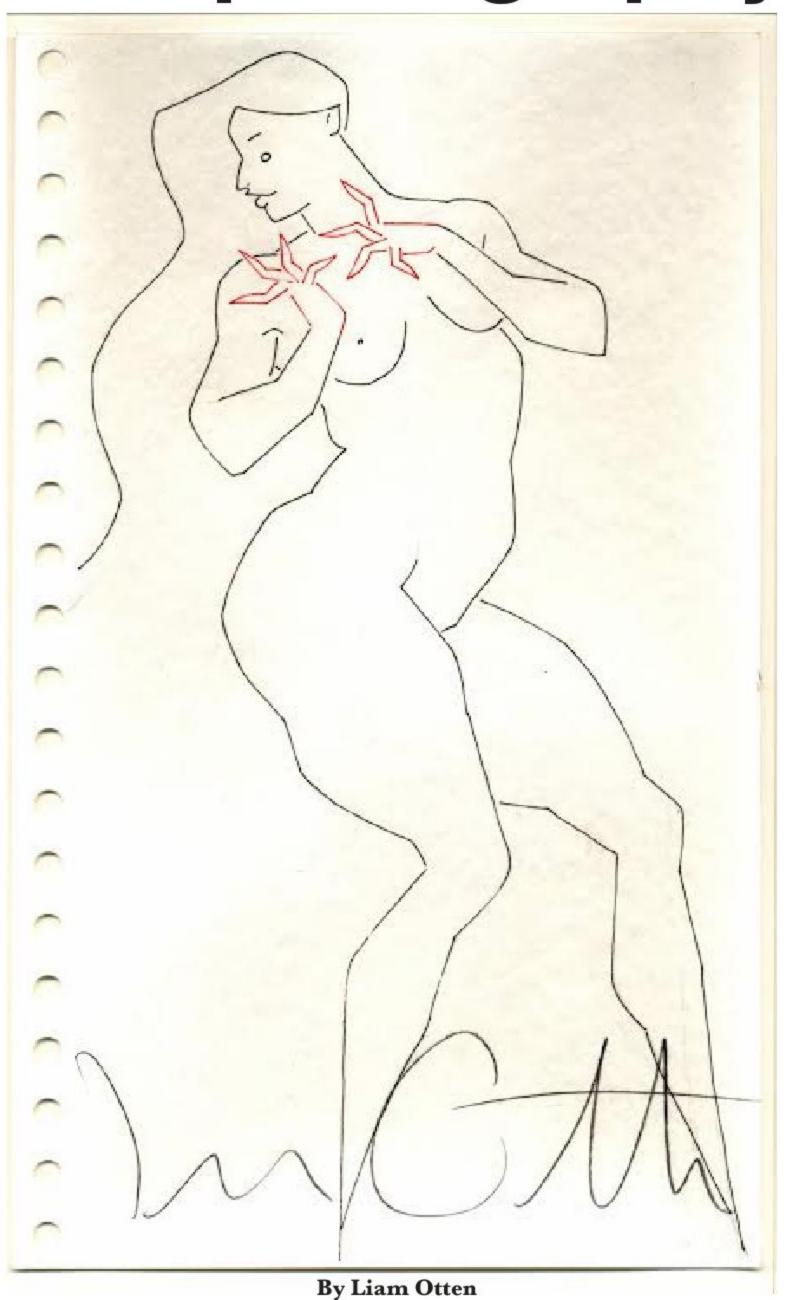
I listened to the storm

while I watched a muted video

of lightning

on Facebook.

art & photography.





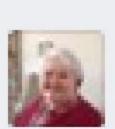
"Modern Andy Warhol." by Jordan Waddle



By Jacob St. Omer



by Erica Raines



Blake I don't understand what Memes are. Tell me what they mean. Hope you are enjoying this semester. Love, Grandma



by Kirten Benson

Ecuador's First Female Congressional Deputy

by Marc Becker

Presentated at the 2016 Women and Gender Studies Conference

Nela Martínez realized a historic milestone in the South American country of Ecuador when in 1945 she became the first woman to be seated as a deputy in the national assembly. In 1929, Ecuador was the first country in Latin America—and only the second in the Americas after the United States—to grant women the right to vote. Nevertheless, Martínez's possibilities for political participation were circumscribed simply because she was a woman.

Even though Martínez was a leading political activist, feminist, intellectual, and author, her male counterparts kept shunting her aside when selecting candidates to run for political office. Martínez provides an excellent example of what Elizabeth M. King and Andrew D. Mason assert in *Engendering Development*, "Like race, ethnicity, and class, gender is a social category that largely establishes one's life chances, shaping one's participation in society and the economy."

The immediate context for Martínez's participation in the assembly was a May 28, 1944 revolution that ushered in a time of euphoric optimism that seemed to signal the emergence of new social relations. Activists took advantage of this political opening to draft a new progressive constitution that represented an end to exclusionary state structures. Leftist domination of the assembly was assured with the inclusion of "functional" deputies to represent special interest groups such as workers, students, and Indigenous peoples.

The leftist Confederation of Ecuadorian Workers (CTE) controlled six of the seats in the assembly. Originally Martínez was to be named the second (after CTE secretary-general Pedro Saad) of these six deputies, but

other interests and a certain amount of intrigue denied her a place on the list. In an autobiography, Martínez pointed to her political disagreements with Saad, as well as a certain amount of sexism, as removing her from the original list.

In the end, Martínez was named as a second alternate who could take a seat in case a primary deputy was not able to attend. Finally on December 7, 1945, with only four days remaining in the legislative term, that historic event finally occurred. Martínez later noted that having women play a role in political power was so far removed from the consciousness of the dominant society that there were no restrooms for women in the congressional building, only urinals for men. "Never had they thought that a woman could go to the legislative palace," Martínez observed, "that she could be there discussing political issues with men."

Liberals, conservatives, socialists, and communists all welcomed Martínez to the assembly. The deputy Gustavo Becerra welcomed Martínez on behalf of the communist party. "The comrade Nela Martínez's merits are indisputable," he said. "Her excellent performance in literature as well as in politics and her struggle on behalf of the people, have led her deservedly to come to occupy a position among us." Becerra declared, "the communist party is proud to have in congress for the first time in the politics of Ecuador, a woman who honors the working class of the country that she represents."

The socialist deputy Juan Isaac Lovato similarly applauded their party's "satisfaction to see that Miss Nela Martínez, an activist who has worked enthusiastically for the betterment of the working class has come with all legitimate pride and relevant merits to fill this seat."

Martínez responded to the accolades with her own statement, and what in the end was her only spoken contribution to the assembly. "My presence here represents the voice of Ecuadorian women," she said. "It is precisely the voice of Ecuadorian women throughout history: the women who fought for the independence of Ecuador, those who lived through the colonial period trying to raise the culture of the Ecuadorian people; those who later fought for Ecuadorian women to have the same standard of living as men, the same culture, and they were able to achieve a creative work for the benefit of the country."

The final four days of the legislative session was a period of weighty and historically significant debates regarding Ecuador's incorporation into the United Nations. The assembly also debated support for the Bretton Woods agreements, including the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

Despite the symbolic significance of the first women in the country's assembly, the mainstream newspapers ignored the historic event. This omission was despite Martínez's intellectual engagement with the pressing political issues of the day. From her position in congress, Martínez signed a letter along with other deputies asking Ecuador's president José María Velasco Ibarra to break diplomatic relations with Francisco Franco's falangist government in Spain.

Interestingly and equally significant was the failure of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) that was investigating communist militants such as Martínez in Ecuador to take note of her presence in the assembly. In fact, an FBI agent indicated in a confidential memo that she did *not* take part in the assembly. The memo noted that Martínez was a substitute member of the assembly, and had returned to Quito on December 3 to be on hand for the legislative session. "Martínez did not take part in the Assembly as the Deputy for whom she was a substitute was present throughout the session," the report stated.

The FBI's failure acknowledge to Martínez's participation in the assembly is stunning and reveals both the reach and limits of political surveillance. Many political developments that the FBI reported as a result of their "investigations" were little more than what one could learn by reading the daily newspapers, a method of gathering information that foreign intelligence agents commonly employ. Since the daily newspapers did not report on Martínez's presence in the assembly, the FBI was not aware of that historic first. Even so, they did know her travel dates to and from Quito, probably provided by a mole they employed in a travel agency. The FBI was more apt at picking up mundane information rather than politically significant activities. As a political police that otherwise provided a documentary record of leftist actions, in relying on sexist newspaper reporting for their information they failed in their mission to document a milestone in Ecuador's history.



The only candidate the Good-Ole Boy Elites are scared of is supposedly "Little" Betty.

by Larry and Betty McLane-lles

Write-in Betty McLane-Iles for sole woman Kirksville Town Council Election this April NOW! It's real civil rights fairness

1) Why It Matters?

Here, Kirksville, is where you live; be you a full-time resident or temporary student or other category. The multi-thousand dollar decisions town council makes can not, in sexist neglect by its five presently disgracefully all-male body, affects you, and elections are nominally, openly non-partisan. Yet turn-out is shockingly alienated and low, even by nearby rural counties comparison!! Why? Because the Good Ole' Boys prefer to exclude we folk.

- 2) Betty's got the experience and the calmest, effective questioning punch, is liked but not, ever, at all intimidated by others, especially otherwise non-resident, often unqueried town hall bureaucrats! She has long sat half a decade on three town governance commissions (more than any other educator). Last April as a non-write-in candidate, she secured her highest-ever vote, over a quarter of a thousand! And in her three such campaigns, she is the only candidate to, time-wise, (when allowed by paternalistic campus administrations) to try to meet you! This time, we are "write-in," to enhance her freedom to see you, not the frothy elites.
- 3) She's also the sole candidate with real firmly detailed policies, such as weekly recycling van pick-ups, rent control to give yourself a housing chance and small realtors a start-up viability; a new full gay and women's rights ordinance (no more mediated contracts only!) and expanded town tourism and housing planning departments. Also, to promote more real businesses and support for Kirksville's multi-ethnic restau-

rants; indeed the latter have supported her in the past more than any other evasive male candidate. Her posters are put up by you, so they are displayed on real people's dwellings, not end-of-the-street posters on sites given or bought by the wealthy.

4) She can win if you help us now and on the actual day. And she will herself work with the good, activist councilman already on council against the quiet do-what bureaucrats- want- types, in a one 3 year-only sought term! She, for 2016 to 2019, envisions a modern multi-school town youthfully of planned growth and conservation alike. And she is already more effective as a commissioner in publicity for your causes than much boastful self-only vaunted male mayors. She's a former TSU labor union officer and is approachable, friendly by her calm nature. She is globally, economically experienced, as well by travel and is the author of three books.

So join us and vote in advance (if you are likely to vote in absentia) at the court-house, write/contact me: Larry Iles, 503 S. Stanford St, Kirksville 63501, her Policy Campaign Director. Women and minorities, educated folk; we cannot afford three years more exclusion, undemocratically. Can you laze away this one? Really? Shame on you if you do.

(Paid for by Lawrence I. Iles, in his capacity, as a resident, not by the candidate)



february fun at the 'dome:

open meetings: sundays @ 1:30 pm feb. 15: TRUE LOVE show w/Pocket Vinyl, Minotaurs, Meetwood.flac. dress up as your favorite group/duo! @7:30. \$4.

feb. 17: open mic @ 7:30. free.

feb. 20: Extravision Trio, Nicholas Naioti, Two Headed Cow. @7:30. \$4.

120 S MAIN ST - theaquadome@gmail.com



Students for a
Democratic
Society
Meetings:
MC210 Thursdays 8-9
Occupy the Quad!
April 22end

Sodexo Action! TBA

SDS is a radical, multi-issue student and youth organization working to build power in our schools and communities.

Join the struggle! @tsusds trumanstatesds@gmail.com