



Paula Salhany, "Door," photograph

The *Ink*: art, poetry and prose supplement features writing by School of the Art Institute of Chicago staff, undergraduate and graduate students. This is the second year *Ink* has held a juried competition to find and award the school's finest writers. This year's jury included: Dan Beachy-Quick, Calvin Forbes and Leila Wilson, SAIC writing faculty; Kenneth Clarke, executive director of The Poetry Center of Chicago; and Manda Aufochs Gillespie, editor of *F Newsmagazine* and *Ink*.

The *Ink* jury awarded \$150 to the first-place winner, \$75 to the second-place winner, and \$50 to both third-place winners. The honorable-mention and short-list winners are also published.

Editor Manda Aufochs Gillespie

Designer Gabriela Tejada

Cover photograph Paula Salhany

Contributing artists Fabiola Alvarez-Yurcisin, Jennifer Gill,
Paula Salhany, Andy Nugent, Ke-Ruo Wang

1st place winner

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Also recognized NO MATTER THE SUITS YOU LABORED OVER *page 9*

2nd place winner

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3rd place winners

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Special thanks to F Newsmagazine, the SAIC writing program, and the Poetry Center for their support.

FAIR GROUNDS

Murray and Arlene's first meeting: Surf Avenue, Coney Island, NY, 1933

by **Michelle Taransky**

He came out of hiding

for the affair.

At the English markets the Russian
oaks are always sold in flitched

logs. Piths cut out. Sappy
edges shaved.

She knew of organizations;

stacks lining the round

skeletons, women's clubs and
leisure. A chairborne worker, a

watcher of the lent and incoming
returns

Candy floss, he saw her first like

candy. A tangerine section un-
peeled, orange. Who would look
so lovely beneath a roller

coaster? The chestnut
of the carousel's procession
the crowd recalls. He joins
the wait. There she is. Pony,

pony, horse, carriage, pony,
horse, there she is again. Yellow
cardigan, candy apple, hazel

eyes, a slow boiled
nut dipped in grape
pulp. *Churchkella* rounds
hang for three
Caucasus winters. To win her:

*I'm in joinery. I'm in a union. I am a cabinet
maker of intricacies. I'm an orphan. A
Russian. I had a quince tree behind
my house. I'm precious. And desperate.
A bazaar. I am a country. I left my parents
in the old country. I have one eyebrow. No
language. A country. I have no
joints. I am hungry and you are sweet
sections. I'm a shop. I keep nothing.
I was salted before I was born.*

And she:

*My father is a lord. My father is unable to lend
me his time. My father, in time, has decayed. He
won't cut the turkey until everyone
arrives. My father has no wife. His grave
is pink stone. Father's wife makes plumb
cakes. A holder of stocks. Father's talismans
are delicate. Father is an estate. My father has five
wives. He has one child. My father is father to
foregrounds. My father's
forehead is bare.*

The two are continuing the drive
towards epics, Mother

and breeding. No matter
the draft, revisions, or the

strength of the armatures
he built, his first

mate was found
at a fair. Stained

glass eye without
a partner. Full of brown

skinned pears, fair
prices for novelty and

amusement. If she knew
he was watching, she would

have waved. She had wanted
to be a drafts-
woman.

*I'm in joinery. I'm in a union. I'm a cabinet
maker of fixtures. If you need fixing, I own
the supplies. I only charge
into the room if I know I'm expected.
I'm building a garage, I am
a shed. I have farm and factory. I claim no
curiosity for city living. I cured my mother with rich
Slavic air. I am married to a profession. Never
travel to Egypt.*

*My library is full. My library is round. The library
was designed with the sun in mind. My library rushes
to close. My library has no queen. My library is
disguised during war. My desks are
ornate. The library holds folios. My library is a kingdom.
My library is an eternal light. Too large
for the building. My library has a third ear.
My library is never open.*

How clean the revelers
strutting no eyes. Why do we
eat only fish
with no eyes? asks one
child. The island lost
her stomach underfoot,
so believe the answer lies
beneath a poster
bed. This specific

carousel cares little, for a Coney Island
of the mind. Full,
fragrant foliage, Murray
leaps up to our rider. For
Arlene he would not

*wait, I will draw you
in. I do not like horses. I
will brace the walls and taste*

*from your rough basket, heaped
with spices and melons from
the market.*

The horse
drawn
carriage would have been
enough. He carries her
through the door
ways to choose

her. His last
name. He gave her
his last name. To last
to bear their
children. Carry on.

NO MATTER THE SUITS YOU LABORED OVER

“Any piece cleaned for \$1.79” Village Cleaners, RT. 70 Mt Laurel, NJ

by Michelle Taransky

you do not make a suitable story, what giving her the garments
hasty clients do not return for. Or Raymond, did you hold
plans to sew Arlene suits with terrain needles and sky silks. Show
skeins of wool meshes of the after

noons. When you woke up Arlene was already waiting already
wearing rings. Having missed lunch, she had prepared you
soup. With one broken glass she married, again, the craft and
brought her books along.

The second craftsman Raymond you are a quick study skipped first
drafts. Arlene again. Married a mender. Ever over his work
cutting away everything that is not suitable. In excess, he would
pull strings until knots and wood fall. Ray meant to give Arlene
old photographs of outhouses, a two car garage and studio with great picture

windows. Windy hustler she loved you second and rightly. With pockets
sewn closed.

DEAR RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

by Aaron Plasek

I get a bagel the cute girl is working
for instance, she says, you're very attractive
I agree for argument's sake
it's a great ~~evening~~ free sandwich, I type:

a friend of mine once said,
"It's twenty times better to be friends
with someone
than to be in love with them."

I think he's right and besides,
it's raining somewhere

BUT

if a girl likes me a lot
and starts getting real nervous
and suddenly begins asking me funny questions
and looks sad if I give the wrong answers
and she says things like,
"Do you think it's going to rain?"
and I say, "It beats me,"
and she says, "Oh"
and looks a little sad
I think: Thank God, it's you baby, this time
instead of me.

pick up *The Pill*
Vs The Springhill Mine Disaster
my poem's on pg. 61

written 12 years before my 0th birthday
one of us has to go, Dick. it's late

your coffin's paid

let the living have this

LIVING STATUE NEAR THE MUSEO NACIONAL DEL PRADO

by Aaron Plasek

in madrid a frozen german droops
on flower pot along sad spanish sidewalk

his hair silver and gray face, i nod
place change on plate, alive then, says, *can you get me a coke?*

been here since 3, points to his gray suit jacket
they won't let me in like this, hands me coins, stares

i return, he takes a drink, says, *today has been poor*
only made 6 euro, need 10 before i go.

another drink, asks, *you american?* my reply, *yes, but you're not spanish.*
a smile, then, *no, moved here to be with sick mother.*

i had job, i electrical engineer, but got
he trails off, searches for word, waves hand, lights cigarette.

how long in europe? and i reply *2 weeks*, comment about weather
he fidgets, finishes the coke and it's our time

i wish you pleasant travels he says, a harlequin salute
jumps back on the flower pot, freezes, aloof

CLUCKHOUSE (HUNTER'S GRASS)

by Alexander Lill

Ending in three or four short spreading points,
constructed to unhorse
but not to wound the Knight
in the body bent or bowed, in stoop
in my walking things I headed into the snow.

The stains of hunter's grass,
lest the boy be healed, boy be held in the wash of life,
lost in the hunter's grass.
Peel fruit to forget,
or was it stand
in a steel hoop?

*"In them are thousands of dipped oars, lances and bugles."
"for therein the cottages by lamplight, sharpened weapons were tried."*

I work in my clothes that love you.
Bolt off and paw the ground with
an oxen heart and lung,
washed in the hunter's grass.

SOUTH BELL

by Alexander Lill

Her equator
drives the South Bell, haunts it
like the flash of long fish 'longside your boat
in the waters we see the never-leave.
What is in this thought and where was it made?
What trellis climbs the leafy climbers
and the attitude of blush too
sends messages up,
speak me
to bellbirds and honey-eaters,
even worms
bade you last chance apple
to fall from your tree.
Never touch the ground from where your foot does drink?
Good there,
are captives here,
suspensions of disbelief.

With ink and alphabet,
think of it
as colorless.
As Seed.
To the center of the apple
only fruit and therefore flesh
and at times she eats the core thinking the trees won't fruit again
for a thousand years...
When then the halls ancestral,
secured for these summers safely
speak me as if in secret to
those dark grape arbors

beneath the blackberry vines,
to bellbirds and honey-eaters,
on climb the leafy shade makers,
make a slow trellis of themselves,
overgrow the slow birds and bears
in a fattened winter sleep.

OUT OF THE BLUE

by Caryl Pagel

These bone motors not
crank for any but some
say you gotta shot, Slammer.
In the room
a swift red slash
against the window— one wing
missing, one
unhinged to kiss the glass
crash, bound to spread
with blood run.
Clear halted flights crack
far from in enough
inside; they slide
down pane through sudden silence—
wrong turns, wrong ends split
with or without a slight sound.

CLAMOR CLAMOR EGG-TOOTH

by Caryl Pagel

From there it cannot be
heard: the moon

abattoir of lyric and kingdoms
and a lonely hollowed peel

invokes the new muse. Without debt,
without silly epic rules,

I cannot be the one to find
light bladestrung on damp wrecks.

Before I see the branch I see
the runway.

X, you too will find a way
of cracking.

You too will sense the stifling
mess and pass on out on over

wrap of really real skies, unconditional facts,
pieces of the plunder.

The worn page turns for nothing
hungry

nor brave
lashed nor specific. These chips

come quick
with unrest. I say

if you say it is time
to crack and flee

then leave the brood in trial.
Feel eggs

as days spent swell in dumbdrag,
as lines opening false.

False I said can you not
hear from there.

FALLING

by Emily Anderson

Following our harrowing escape from the orphanage, we stumbled upon a big empty house on top of a great big cliff overlooking a small circle of the great big sea; seals and baby seals brayed on the beach below.

There was no furniture in that house, only empty rooms made of hard pink granite and soft golden sandstone, sometimes in stripes. The windows had no glass in them at all which caused some of us to wonder whether or not they really were windows, or if they were just holes. Initially I supported the former theory, that the windows were windows, since they were clearly part of a structure that had been designed to be a house, and in fact themselves supported the house's houseness, by providing vistas like that of the sea in front of the sink while washing supper dishes, and like by letting in white moths and moonlight, and of giving yellow squares to the stone floor for standing in and jumping through all day long, all of which are things that never happened at the orphanage and supposedly happen in houses, the way mommies and daddies and pets and cows and policemen happen in at or around houses. But events have now led me to the opposite conclusion: that what I believed were windows were simply holes.

At night, through the spaces where the moths and moonlight come, we hear along down the beach the seals' barking and the baby seals' squeaking, the waves that we know from daylight to be white crashing against the rocks that are black day or night, the tear and snag of a motor. Then a pop of light.

That white pop, dipping and jumping, seizing and slumping, apprehends all of us: the seals barking on the beach, our pink and gold house leaning across the black with white sky, the pallid children with wrists sticking from outgrown cuffs leaning so very far out. The only thing that light can never catch is the cliff, so black white light will not see it.

There were as many as twenty-six of us when we left the

orphanage during its moment of distraction (while the bathtubs were developing hair and gin and growing grandfathers who were not our grandfathers, while the dark closets were sprouting orphans on cords and rats on vines, while the silk kimonos were unearthing women, steaming laundry, and sweet purple smoke) but now there are not so many of us. Not so many now but also so many then that I have lost count.

The white grows until it is stretched across the beach like a white windowshade. The motor glugs and when it stops the sea is loud and lapping black against the beach. We see men. Men who are not afraid of getting wet up to their knees with black water and men who are not afraid of getting white sand stuck to their wet boots. Men who whisper and work quick. Seals with rolls. Seals with flips.

The white windowshade rolls up with a motor sound. All of us orphans squeeze so close to lean out it's like there's only one of us, instead of twenty-six or twenty-five or less. We watch the shade roll up black. It lets go the streaks of blood and sealshadow on the white beach. Blinks away the pink and gold house and its stretch into sky. Lets go the orphans' leaning eyes and outgrown clothes: it lets all of us go, but lets one of us go most.

The last day I spent at the house, before I left to meet your mother and make her my wife, I ate a good orphan breakfast, oatmeal, from a big kettle. Even though I was almost grown-up I got caught up again in the old argument, of whether the house's windows were windows or really holes. Even then I insisted they were windows. I became so angry with the argument that I bit through the oatmeal into my tongue, and tasted some of my own blood. But there was no one to feel sorry for me because by then only I was left.



Ke-Ruo Wang, painting



Paula Salhany, "Brooklyn bridge," photograph



Jennifer Gill, "Mushroom cap," photograph



Fabiola Alvarez-Yurcisin, "Swing me," cardboard, vegetable paste, sisal cord and sod

STARS (MEDJUGORJE)

by Heather Cramond

The dress was luminescent,
And she, hardly matte;
Her immense beauty licked with tears.
The Blessed Mother only said,
I see you, quite alone and abandoned.

Taking advantage of this illness, I stay in bed until she returns,
Paint her chapped lips with the water at my bedside.
The others have already received the tenth secret,
But I know nothing of what the executioners did.
Her face should be my answer; doubt makes her weep.

Those who did not respond died, being a chastisement.
They are caught in a hoax but she will find them.
I repent for them, even as they berate me:
I write myself remorseful letters and slump at my own feet.
The more I suffer, the more she loves.
She names me with shards of glass.
A crown of twelve stars, in my own dress;
When I do not see her, only clouds.

I was fifteen years old, alone in the cosmopolitan city;
Poor, banished children: O clement, our exile
Our sweetness smells to her of salvation.

OCTOBERS

by Carla Barger

It's cold early this year;
Red leaves skitter to the ground
Fallen dead stars, dulled now by night frosts.
I crunch them heedlessly
Tiny explosions under my heels
As I march forward to you.

This landscape is too romantic
It encourages such single-mindedness;
Branches wave violently pricked
Panicky by the October wind—
I see you and me under each one inevitably,
Whispering through sweaters
Trying to get past layers.
At home books lay open-mouthed, unread
As I make the shape of your face
Out of words like *delicious, falling, indifferent*

These shoes peel skin from my heels with every step;
At the top of the next hill I
Will see your house again,
Intentionally ivy-choked
Nearly swallowed whole by its surroundings.
More than once in the past
I missed it completely,
Misinterpreting it as another cluster of leaves and foliage.
I am beginning to notice how little
Things change except the weather.

EXORCIZING IN SPURS

by Ryan Davis

I spit goodbye into a shot glass
and you tossed it back
like a champ,
my little cowgirl scout,
dragging a dead horse through the desert
for your loneliness badge.
black eyes with a thirty-second paint job
soon the sun will crack the blue.
you are beautiful,
but it will come.
reverence for all the empty towns you've crossed
looking for loving,
shoplifting where none was found,
and all the ghosts you have floating your trail
to show for it.
let them catch you,
bare your cross,
and watch the sheets drop
to the hot, hot sand.

UNTITLED

by **Carina Gia Farrero**

I warm my secrets with a paper clip

Call it a body
A five dollar bill
A barefoot in the kitchen kind of party

Of course I know it's gonna snow
Until your teeth get quiet

The donuts
Sweet and drowned
You're all midnight and ash

Let's get away someplace
Star heavy and dirt
I'll pack my plastic bag
A note that says
I aint gonna fuck like that no more
I think you could be a soft bird

SNOW ON ICE

by Allison Gruber

you say the fish must die
caught beneath the lake's
winter shell.

but in schools of copper thumbs
Bowfin collude with the cold
and canaried Sturgeon with paranoid eyes
eagerly avoid the oxygen sick depths.

the danger is light denied,
snow on ice.

and even the most common Carp
knows no freeze is instantaneous
imminent perhaps
but never quick.

UNTITLED 1

by Adam Huberty

if an unpaired positron
leaves the area
immediately before
the event

horizon
of a nearby black-
hole at

15,000,000 MILES A MINUTE^A

can it be said

to
- MATTER
be

^A Publisher's Note: The author has been made aware several times that the nothing in the universe may exceed the speed of light, which is 700,000,000 miles an hour, or 11,666,666 miles per minute. The author has refused to listen to reason on this fact, and the error is hereby included and noted.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AN ILLNESS

by Whitney Kurtz-Ogilvie

Air. Illness teaches you each hair, each pore. The body vibrates. Like pleasure, pain wakens it. Nowhere else such a richness of sensation. If you sigh in her direction, she will feel it.

Auto-immune Disorder. The body, paranoid, lashes out at itself. So many possible symptoms, even the doctors can't predict what she will suffer.

Better. Everyone tells her, A day or two, you'll feel better. After a while they no longer say it. She can feel their impatience; we are all supposed to get better in a day or two. Take medicine, rest, get on with your life—everyone wants to believe this will work. The alternative terrifies. She knows she has betrayed them. If they have to believe in her illness, she will rob them of their own safety.

Clinic. White walls and coats and faces. The sick smell you can almost hear. On one wall, an X-ray of a hand, the fingers splayed wide. She lays her hand on top of it. If you look closely you can see an outline of muscle and skin outside the bones. So faint, it's hardly there, as though dressing up these bodies, we're all just kidding ourselves.

Darkness makes the body invisible. Before the illness she often woke late at night, and lay alone in bed as though floating in a tiny boat, adrift on an endless sea. She didn't acknowledge her body at those times but felt herself, as in the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* she studied in college, a *pure and spotless intellect*.

Endoscopy. Endocet. Effexor. Elmiron.

Fentanyl Citrate, transmucosal delivery.

Friends ask her to dinner. She says no so many times that finally they show up at her apartment, demand she come out with them, "shake off the dust." Five pairs of eyes on her. The restaurants have nothing she can eat but she eats anyway and then spends the night on her balcony, wrapped in a quilt and shivering. Wrestling

down the nausea which rises up in nightmare waves. Whispering *it's okay, it's okay*.

Gastro-Esophageal Reflux Disease. Guilt. Grey hair at twenty-five.

Hypnotherapy. Imagine pushing a shopping cart up a steep hill. Fill the cart with heavy boxes, labeled with your symptoms. Feel how hard it is to push the cart, laden with boxes full of pain. At the top of the hill is a well. Drop the boxes in, one by one and listen to them splash. Nausea, splash. Exhaustion, splash. Knifelike pain. Splash. Splash. Splash.

Interstitial Cystitis. In this body she is trapped, a cat clawing inside a box.

Jealousy. She watches the TV on mute. Men and women play beach volleyball in a commercial for beer. Healthy bodies, golden and mocha, taut as the skin of ripe peaches.

K—on the periodic table, the symbol for Potassium. This, her doctor says, is what her body is "reabsorbing." Causing pain. She wonders if she should avoid bananas but forgets to ask.

Lactose intolerance. Cut out dairy. Caffeine. Alcohol. Grease. Red meat.

Mint tea. Melatonin.

Moon—a Tarot card. The fortune teller, Mama Cara, turns it over with a gaunt, silver-ringed hand. The card is upside down. "The negative aspect of the moon," Cara says. She looks pleased. "Means you worry too much, worry all the time. You all about fear right now, girl. What are you so scared of?"

Neurontin. Naproxen. Nexium.

Oxycontin. The one in all the papers. But her doctor says if you take it for pain you don't get high. She swallows and it's true, no high except the delirium that comes with the absence of pain. No

high, but what no one knows is, if she knew she'd be a junkie, she'd still take it. Pain turns you into a howling animal; you don't worry about details.

Pain leaves an echo behind, though. Even when it's gone she can feel it lurking, a vague humming glow. She knows if she concentrates on it too long it will bloom into red.

Pain Clinic. Waiting room full of people in wheelchairs. People with canes. She is the youngest there by at least twenty years. Mostly back pain, her doctor tells her, but there are a few others like her. Those for whom pain is mystery, its origin somewhere in the dark network of muscle, bone and vein. Somewhere, but no one can find it.

Questions her friends have asked her:

When are you going to get off those drugs?

This one just saw an episode of "Dateline" about prescription drug abuse.

Are you high all the time? Are you high right now?

This one possibly wants her to offer him one of her pills.

Why don't you try meditation, or yoga, or aromatherapy?

Biofeedback?

This one's aunt eats Valium for breakfast, ever since her husband ran away.

Aren't you feeling any better yet?

Reiki. A laying on of hands, but not in the tent-revival sense.

She tries it because her best friend sees it on Oprah and won't let it go. Reiki lady's office is dim and patchouli-scented. Reiki lady sits her down and walks around her, making motions in the air, as if she is too hot to touch. "I'm feeling a lot of static," she says. This costs \$55.

Sekhmet. Egyptian cat goddess of healing. In the museum she has

her lover take a picture of her at the feet of the bright blue-painted statue—kneeling, palms up.

Sex. After a long time she puts makeup on again. There's a man. And an unexpected gift of the illness. She listens to her body now, and more than before she knows what it wants.

Tofutti Cuties brand Soy Ice Cream Sandwiches. The day she finds these is a red letter day. To find pleasure in eating is like finding a hundred dollar bill in the street.

Ups and downs, her mother says on the phone. Life is full of them. You'll feel better soon. Just ride it out. This is vital for mothers; they have to tell their children that everything will be all right. She tells her mother, I know.

Visceral Pain. Associated with increased prefrontal cortex activation in the brain.

Weight gain. Weight loss. Etc.

Whales. With her lover, she goes whale watching. In a silver spray of water, the huge shapes heave themselves out of the sea. Their skin shines like glass around deep scars, grooves in their skin. And barnacles, crusty grey and white. She would like to touch that beautiful marred skin. Not smooth, like she had always thought, like the trained ones in tanks. Not smooth at all.

UNTITLED

by Matthew Woodward

Dear,
last night kept waking from a series of short and unrelated dreams
and fell back to sleep after everyone yelling into pillow like an
engine buried into water and in the morning I woke up and heard
wind panicking over shoulder into trees and there was a feeling in
my mouth and a taste like I had been chewing on tin and there
was the heaviness in the stomach like i had never slept but had
been trying to look for something underwater in the dark.



Andy Nugent, "Figure lady chair," painting