

Spring 2013

## SEEDS - 2013

Linda E. Monacelli

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The background of the cover is a dense, multi-layered collage. It features a variety of textures and elements, including what appears to be a human eye with a green iris, a cityscape with buildings, and various organic and geometric patterns. The colors are primarily earthy, with browns, tans, and greys, accented with some darker and lighter tones. The overall effect is one of depth and complexity, suggesting a rich, multi-faceted theme.

# ::seeds::



Journal  
Arts  
Visual  
seeds

Northeastern

Illinois

Spring

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

We've made it here, you and I. Here. Out of the darkness. Out of another mercurial Chicago winter. For me, through three funerals over the span of three months. The Mayans were wrong, and the world did not end on December 21st. We are here, on the cusp of spring, and we are stronger for having journeyed through the dark times, whatever that means for you. Winter. Death. Near-death. Heartache. Financial troubles. Stress. Depression. Anxiety. Vampires. Zombies. Werewolves.

We are done singing the Blues, for now. We are rested, refocused, and ready to plant new seeds. The stories, poems, and visual artwork in this journal will lend you the strength, courage, and inspiration to revisit your secret garden, that place of joy and bliss, overgrown with weeds and tough earth. Now is the time to turn loose new, fertile soil, and here, in the bright, smiling sun, you shall plant new seeds.

You shall continue the cycle of life. You are an agent of change.

Biblical stories can be so fascinating and inspiring. In particular, the "Parable of the Mustard Seed" comes to mind. Have you ever held a black mustard seed in the palm of your hand? It is extremely small.

Insignificant. If you dropped it on a lawn, it would take you weeks to find it, if you're lucky. However, give it a couple months, and you'll have a nine-foot-tall leafy plant with beautiful yellow flowers. How extraordinary that so much can come from an entity so miniscule!

No matter how small or strange your ideas, voices, or actions may seem, they can make a huge impact and grow into something extraordinary, beyond your wildest imagination.

The works in this journal stem from all kinds of seeds and were grown with much industry, patience, and, most importantly, unconditional love.

I hope you enjoy the Spring 2013 issue of ..seeds:. and that it gives you exactly what you need to make your own seeds flourish.

Happy Reading,

Linda E. Monacelli,  
Editor-in-Chief



“Yesterday is gone and its tale told.  
Today new seeds are growing.”  
-Rumi







PALM TREES BY SAMUEL AGUIRRE



# TRAVELING

By Nick Walsh

Let's lay out, you and I,  
Your sand-swept hair will meet the sky  
Like the beaches of Peru,  
Your laughter will come in white-capped waves  
And carry me to you.  
Hold me, dear, your brazen arms  
Will warm the stone that is my heart,  
My body's throne  
At the feet of your mountains,  
And prays to the altar of your beauty.

Your heart will raise me from its death.  
Touching while kissing your wind-swept lips,  
Your breath in clouds above your hips  
And breasts, what lovely sighs,  
Your forest-island eyes that shade me  
From the sun in your heart.  
And as we start to love,  
My heart turns to a molten gold  
That flows beneath the softening tone  
Of your words. The wings of the bird have told  
Me who you are—  
I heard them sing to the midnight star,  
A teardrop from your eye  
that fell in the nighttime sky.

We lie together, on the sand,  
You take me in your sea-smooth hand  
And hold me close, weeping and crying  
For the hour of beauty is dying.  
And your teardrops flood night's canopy  
And your teardrops flood the sea,  
And as we part forever asunder  
Your mourning is lightning and thunder,  
Your sorrow is a natural wonder.

And every time I see you in the sorrow of my eye,  
In the winded ocean or troubled sky,  
I'll remember you and wave goodbye.



# A MOTHER'S LOVE

Monica Chaparro

"My mom always makes me homemade chicken soup when I'm sick," said Daniel.

"Someone made it, so technically it's homemade," I answered.

I listened to Daniel whine as I brought him the paper bowl of chicken soup from Panera. It was 7:45 p.m. I had been at school all day, but still made a stop by Daniel's apartment to check on him. He had been sick for two days now, which was hell for me. He was so needy. Whether it was not knowing what medication to take, or wanting me to hold him, I felt like I was preparing for motherhood. I looked at his humidifier. It was empty.

"Seriously, you never refilled your humidifier?"

"Can you do it? I don't feel good. My body hurts. I think my fever is back. What should I take?"

I sighed, releasing my frustration. In the living room was a sea of booger tissues. These booby-traps were everywhere except in the small trashcan next to the couch where they belonged. After picking up the tissues, I headed toward the bathroom to refill the humidifier.

As I walked into the bathroom, the toilet seat caught my eye. Daniel and I always argued about leaving the toilet seat up. He believed he shouldn't have to put the seat down since his mother never taught him otherwise and he now lived on his own. This argument seemed to always occur somewhere around three in the morning. Typically, I would run into Daniel's bedroom and punch him awake, my butt still damp from the plunge.

"One day he'll remember," I said, loud enough for him to hear, and slammed the toilet seat down.

"Love you,"

he said as a series of gurgling coughs followed his bogus attempt for forgiveness.

I opened the medicine cabinet and scanned the shelves for the decongestion medicine, the Vicks liquid vapor, and vapor rub. As I closed the cabinet, I looked at my reflection staring back at me. I saw the judgmental look from the woman I used to be. It's not that I didn't love Daniel or our relationship, I just missed my independence. In my previous relationships, I was never this attentive or involved. I stared down at the toothbrush holder. His light blue toothbrush was butting bottoms with my hot pink one.

"Babe, did you get my medicine?" he asked.

His voice shook me out of my thoughts. After pouring the liquid Vicks into the reservoir and filling it with water, I began walking back. Swaying back and forth, I felt like the game of Topple. I plopped down the decongestant, Vicks vapor rub, and some cough drops on the TV tray. After a few minutes, the aroma of Vicks filled the air. I took in deep breaths, allowing the menthol to draw me back to my childhood. I massaged the vapor rub onto Daniel's chest, back, and a bit onto his red nose, just as my mother once did for me.

"Can you go get me some orange juice? My whole body hurts," he whimpered.



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As I walked out of the living room, I could hear him moaning, then the sound of a dying goose. He called for me as he finished coughing up his lungs.

"And can you make it like my mom makes it?" he pleaded.

"Sure, as long as it doesn't require me squeezing it from an orange."

"No." He laughed. "She mixes cranberry and lime juice into it. The citrus burns the sickness away."

I stopped mid-pour as he finished the explanation. Being in the medical field, I always laughed at the stupidity that was home remedies. It was like the Windex remedy in *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*. You couldn't help but laugh. As I added the lime and cranberry juice, I prayed that he didn't actually believe it to be true.

Daniel's mother was an interesting woman, or at least she sounded interesting. It had been nice not having to meet the mother of the man you had been dating for over a year. There was no fear of not being able to please the woman. Then again, maybe it was because I knew I couldn't please her. She was a typical Mexican woman, with typical Mexican expectations. From what Daniel said, she worried about me. She questioned everything from my education to my line of work. One time, he said that his mother did not like my job. She claimed my heavy lifting could cause damage to my ovaries and that I should consider another line of work if I ever planned on having children. Then the woman said that I must not want children since I am getting older and abusing my body. I knew there was no chance of this happening, but I believed my spleen almost burst. These discussions Daniel's mother had with him were more than just giving helpful advice. It was her subtle suggestions for her son. I did not fit the expectations of the woman she wanted for him, but then again, he was not exactly my ideal man either. I could take care of myself and didn't necessarily need a protector. This idea was foreign to her, which made me an alien.

As I put the juice bottles away, I stopped to look at the pictures on the refrigerator. These stolen moments reaffirmed our feelings for each other. In those pictures, I saw a woman different than the two I just saw in the bathroom. It was a woman in love. Each photo was of Daniel and me at various outings. The photos on the fridge were like a timeline of our relationship; they were full of laughter and hope. One picture was from the big snow storm last year. The look of stupidity highlighted the image. My car was invisible, much like the other cars lost in the snow. After hours of shoveling, I was finally able to claim my prize: a red four-door hatchback. My car was a red two-door. That was a priceless moment: two people with faces that matched the colors of their cars behind them.

While looking at the next photo, I could hear Daniel's phone ring.

"Hola Mami. No, no me siento mejor. Claro que si, Marie esta cuidado. Ella me trajo sopa y me está haciendo jugo de naranja. Déjame prungtarle."

I began to wonder what they were talking about and whom they were referring to. When I returned to the living room with his juice, I could hear him say that he would ask me now. I was



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the "she" they were speaking of. My tummy began to gurgle. With the phone resting between his ear and shoulder, he said,

"My mother has invited you to Thanksgiving. It's at my Tia Lupe's house."

I motioned no with my hands then swiped a finger across my throat.

"Thank you for the offer Mrs. Duran, but I believe I'm on shift next Thursday," I said out loud.

This Thanksgiving, I was grateful for a job that never rested or had a day off. Daniel replied with a look that I hated seeing. It was the look a woman gave after receiving congratulations on her pregnancy when she was not pregnant. After Daniel hung up the phone, our feud began.

"Marie, I know you're not working Thanksgiving. Why would you lie? This is important.

I'm inviting you to meet my family."

Most women would jump at this opportunity. I would rather jump off of something. Why on earth would I want to be judged by strangers? Daniel reminded me all the time about his mother worrying if we would have a future together. Apparently, my independence was going to cause me to stray from our relationship. I liked to believe that I was like a metal trellis people used to support baby tomato plants. My independence allowed Daniel to be his own person. However, Daniel's face had the look of a child after hearing his parents couldn't chaperone his field trip, and I caved.

"Fine! I'll go, but only because I love you," I said.

"You're going to love it. We're catering Portillo's Italian beef and fried chicken," he answered with an expression of a kid opening gifts on Christmas morning.

I was caught off guard by the untraditional meal that his very traditional family would be serving. Even the owner of my company catered a traditional dinner for his workers on shift, not fast food.

"What? No turkey?"

"I think my aunt might be making one, but Portillo's is better!"

As the week passed, I felt like I was learning the Rosetta Stone for Spanish. Daniel was making it his personal mission to introduce as much Spanish into my vocabulary as he could. I could now properly greet the elders and recite dinner phrases. This, on top of preparing for finals, was like a boiling pot that was about to overflow.

On Thanksgiving Day, I headed to Daniel's apartment after having lunch with my family. When I arrived, I expected to receive a compliment on my outfit choice. Instead, he asked,

"You're not wearing that, are you? You're meeting my mom and family. Tell me you brought something else."

His apartment looked nothing like the battleground it did last week, although it kind of smelled like a grandpa. The overpowering smell of Polo was conquering the reminiscent smell of the liquid Vicks. Everything was in order, right down to the remote lying next to the stack of Car



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and Driver and Men's Fitness. I secretly wondered if his mother came by to clean his apartment. Maybe this was just another reason she disliked me. My markings were everywhere. From clothing to tampons, my significance to her son broadcasted itself all around his home.

I thought to myself, what's wrong with my outfit? I was wearing dark skinny jeans, an orange button-down shirt with a brown leather jacket, and matching dress boots; very festive, but apparently not the kind of festive that Daniel was expecting. He went on about how the women in his family all wore skirts or dresses, not jeans. I guess it was tradition for the women to dress up girly for holidays and look elegant.

"Let me get this straight, you want me to dress up for fast food? That's like walking into McDonald's in a ball gown and ordering a Big Mac. I'm not changing. If I go home to change, I'm staying home!"

Daniel stared at me, kissed me, and then laughed.

"Oh God. They're so going to hate you, but I love that about you."

The drive down to Tia Lupe's reminded me of work. She lived off of 26th Street, deep in the heart of Beaner town. I loved coming into this area just for the ambiance. It was so colorful down here it was like the Crayola factory took a dump on this part of Chicago. Like a moth to a flame, our vehicle drove closer to a sound that resembled circus music.

At Tia Lupe's, I began to meet the family, the whole family, or at least everyone that lived in Chicago. Aunts, uncles, and cousins filled the little cotton candy-colored house. The men were sitting in the living room, eating Italian beefs and tacos while washing them down with tequila. The room was the color of a summer sunset. In the corner, there was a huge Virgin de Guadalupe, a bouquet of pink carnations, and a picture of a man with several religious candles next to it. The photo was of Tia Lupe's husband. He had died last month of cancer. At a quick glance, I could see at least five additional religious statues and pictures, and this was just the living room and dining room. It was like bringing the church home with you. Daniel introduced me to his father. He was a short, older version of my boyfriend.

"Buenos tardes Marie. Lo siento no hablo mucho Ingles."

"It's nice to meet you too. My Spanish is not that good either," I said.

We laughed and he explained that it was his wife that I needed to worry about, not him. Daniel walked into the kitchen to check on his mother. I accepted the offer to sit down and have a drink with the men at the table. The tequila was smooth and flavorful, not like the common brands that the bars typically carried. Our mix of broken languages and shots of tequila broke the ice well.

In the kitchen, I could hear the sound of the women clucking like little Spanish hens. The smell of corn tortillas frying in oil began to lure me from my drinking companions. Daniel's father told me to head into the kitchen for some food. I heard my boots clack against the hardwood floors as I ventured toward the unknown. Before I walked into the kitchen, I could hear Daniel's mother talking to him in Spanish.

"What kind of woman sits with the men and drinks instead of coming into the kitchen to help? Una borracha!"

"Mami, she's not a drunk."



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I eavesdropped, listening to him defending me. I felt warmth surround my body and it wasn't from the food cooking in the kitchen. Before he could continue, I walked in, asking if I could help in any way. Although I didn't believe in the traditional slaving over a stove while the men did nothing, my man had just stood up to his mother for me. The least I could do was humor the lady by making a couple of tacos, which I found out were turkey tacos. I found this ethnically traditional, as well as delicious. The women were wearing dresses with heels. It was like "Dancing with the Stars," only their competition was who could out cook the other women. Although I was the odd one, they treated me kindly—all except Daniel's mother. By her standards, everything I did had a more efficient way of being done. If I chopped an onion sideways, it was better to be cut it lengthwise. Tortillas should be flipped towards you, not away from you. My favorite cooking tip was that I needed to put more strength into smashing the beans. By Daniel's mother's standards, I was under the impression that women were supposed to be gentle and weak. After dinner, Daniel's father asked if I'd like a drink, which I agreed to. As I sipped the tequila, I felt its therapy release itself through my veins. The only thing better would be a cigarette with the drink, but that would have opened up a whole can of judgmental worms. As I had another drink, his mother began to sigh. It was a sound similar to releasing air from the Reebok Pump: minor, yet necessary for the owner's comfort.

"You know, drinking isn't good for women," she said.

I wasn't quite sure what I was thinking at that point.

"Neither is being over-protective and sexist," I retorted.

The room became silent. Daniel took my hand and dragged me out of Tia Lupe's house without saying good-bye. Our drive home was silent. The melody of rubber against the highway's asphalt was our sound track. As he parked in front of his house, he began to yell.

"What the fuck were you thinking? She's my mom. I would never say that shit to your mother!"

Daniel had never been this upset with me before. I knew I was wrong, but I didn't care. I went to my car, and he went to his apartment. We didn't try to stop one another.

Days went by without communication. I believed our relationship was over and the text today confirmed it.

Nov 25th 5:34PM: Come by. You left some stuff here.

My drive there was long, even though he only lived twenty minutes away. As I walked up his stairs, I inhaled the smell of Polo hard. I knew this was the last time I would enjoy it on him. The apartment was messy, but in the corner was my overnight bag.

"Daniel, I'm—"

"I think there's some stuff in the bathroom of yours. Go take a look," he said curtly.

Tears stung my eyes as I entered the bathroom. He wouldn't even look at me. Was this really the end? Before I could process the thought, I noticed something I had never seen before. The toilet seat was down.





ROSA OLD BRIGHT BY GEORGE BORAWSKI



# UNTITLED 132

By Chris Tormos

scribbling plans of escape  
stealing phrases from the moon  
listen to heights  
as cities burn  
and the view decays  
as days forget  
the listless dead content  
with dying  
i dare not linger

hell bent sails breathe smoke  
drink from the Lethe  
hang like a star  
and never come back  
sunless songs of better days  
past winds of bitter years  
open water  
blank pages  
my colosseum  
my war  
the earth shook with midnight

and the skies evolve  
and the oceans swell  
and the words immortal  
as time floats still  
drunk on oblivion  
i waked  
undaunted eyes  
chartering seas  
as night brought back my day





ORION BY KASIA GARZEL



# ONE SIDED DI-SCUSSION

By Jon-Paul KREATSOULAS

It's semi crowded in here  
the lights are low on this wooden floor  
and glasses clink

"Yeah, man. I know Sheila. Sweet Sheila to be exact.  
I had relations with her a half dozen times  
in half a' dozen minutes.  
Truth be told, it was the best coffee break of her damn life."

A swig followed by a belch followed by another swig.

"I could tell ya'll about it..."

It's pouring outside  
The gargoyles are quenching their thirst and bathing at the same time

"I'll keep it quick."

We're all too bored to disagree  
so we stay in our pints  
and lend an ear

"So it was a Wednesday.  
Shirt tucked in Wednesday.  
Tie around your neck like a noose Wednesday.  
Nowhere near Friday kind of Wednesday and Wednesday like I need a  
woman  
Wednesday.

Somewhere on this flat of cubicles someone can hear teeth chattering and sweat  
being wiped from a brow unbuttoning and loosening

and

Out of nowhere..."

I order another drink, but not a round



# ONE SIDED DI-SCUSSION

By Jon-Paul Kreatsoulas

"...comes this striding goddess that'll solve every temporary problem I've ever had since..."

You were last impressed with yourself

"She was legs from neck down. And naturally, I made her..."

Go

"There was nothing discreet about it and we didn't care.

Oh, Christ! Just thinkin' about her falling hair makes me want to give her a call and say..."

I'll bill this to my room

"She was cryin', tears of joy and all when it was all over and there just wasn't enough time for a baker's half a' dozen.

I just switched to decaf and returned to my desk."

Such emphasis for such a fib.



# ASHAMED

By Michelle Emery

their bedroom  
thick  
with sex  
it would never recover itself

so I turned my back deep  
throwing  
unwanted reconciliations  
and things that don't fit

the body is marked  
a frozen halo  
hanged

(they weren't supposed to laugh)  
they would forget  
there was no such thing as empty space

I wait

for the arrival of the inevitable egg  
which will be marked in red





DISTANT PEAKS BY NICHOLAS JOLY



# RED RIDING HOOD

(AN UPDATED VERSION OF THE TRADITIONAL TALE.)

By Camille J Severino © 2013

Once upon a time there was this girl named Red. You would think it was because she had red hair but that couldn't be further from the truth. The town called her Red because at the age of sixteen she was given a gift from her grandmother that no one in the little town could believe: a red Ferrari. Her mother opposed the gift at first but Red, a moniker her mother refused to use, was a sucker for a pout. And Red knew how to play the pout. She protruded her bottom lip and flashed her long dark eyelashes and said,

"But Mother dear. Think of how fast I could get to Grandmother's house in this car."

"I don't care Helen," her mother exclaimed, not in protest of her new name. She hadn't been given the nickname Red yet since this was the day she first received the car. But a little whining and a little crying did a great deal of convincing and Helen, or Red, was able to keep the luxurious automobile. The stipulation from her mother was that Helen would be more hands-on in regards to taking care of her grandmother.

"You know what that means young lady. When I want you to go out there I don't want to hear that you made a promise to drive someone here or made plans to see the Justin Beber kid."

"Bieber Mom," Red said with a smug look of satisfaction on her face.

When the time came she knew she'd escape the chore of going to her Grandma's too; as pouting Red was rather talented.

About a year later Red was flying out of her little cottage that she and her mother had lived in for all of her life, with her Ferrari keys grasped tightly into hand.

"Just one minute young lady."

Her mother quickly placed herself in front of the door just in time.

Red rolled her eyes and stopped in her tracks.

"Great," she thought. "Now I'm gonna miss Beyonce."

"Why don't you have that basket of bread and container of soup I put out for you to take to Grandma?" Red's mother said with suspicion.

"Uh...well..." Red stammered. Her pouting talents were somewhat the extent of her aptitudes.

"Go get the food and bring it to your grandmother's." Red's mother scolded her with a "NOW Helen!" to emphasize her dissatisfaction.

So Red went back to the kitchen and retrieved the food her mother had made for her grandmother. She didn't understand why she was always subjecting to serving that old hag but there wasn't much she could do about it until next year when she would be eighteen. Then she would leave that stupid little cottage and move in with her boyfriend Wolfe. Red's mother didn't know about Wolfe because of one other talent I forgot to



# RED RIDING HOOD

(AN UPDATED VERSION OF THE TRADITIONAL TALE.)

By Camille J Severino © 2013

mention- Red excelled at lying. And boy did she lie to her mother. Still, Red saw no other way of avoiding taking that hour-long drive out to her Grandmother's today so she called her friends, told them she'd meet them at the concert after she stopped by her Grandmother. Of course, her friends weren't too pleased knowing they would have to get to the concert in the only other car at their disposal. But a Grem-lin gets you from point A to point B just as well as a red Ferrari only not as fast or furious.

About halfway down the long winding road through the North Woods en route to her Grandmother's Red noticed a motorcycle on the road's shoulder. The closer she got she realized it was Wolfe. Boy did she love him. He was dangerous and dark and everything a seventeen-year-old would want in a boyfriend. Only he was twenty-nine and that's why she couldn't tell her mother. She pulled over and jumped out of the Ferrari.

"Hey baby! What the heck are you doing up here?" she asked throwing her arms around his neck and planting a wet one on him.

Wolfe smiled slyly and said,

"Just riding." Wolfe had that way about him.

He didn't say much but Red didn't care. She just liked how he looked.

"But, my hog broke down and I was stuck out here," Wolfe said.

"Until you came along with your red Ferrari Red."

"Well get in. We'll stop at my Gram's and then go back to town."

So they got in the car and for the first time it didn't start. Wolfe got out and popped the red hood. He fiddled around with it and then got back in the car.

"Well," Wolfe said. "You have a bit of a starter problem. Looks like we'll have to go on foot."

Red pouted. She hated walking and she hated that her car was broken.

Wolfe, never liking to see Red pout, came up with a quick solution.

"Okay, someone has to wait here with the vehicles so why don't you stay in the car. I'll walk to your Gram's and then call a tow from there."

Red was happy which made Wolfe happy.

When Wolfe made it to Grandma's he snuck around the back and entered through the kitchen door. He didn't want her to hear him. Wolf found Grandma in her bed and before she knew what hit her he had hit her- again and again until she was dead. Then Wolfe took her body and stored it in the pantry and called for a tow.

When the tow truck got to the North Woods it was already dark and Red was worried. But as soon as she saw it pull up her doubts were erased. She waited until the man got the motorcycle in the back and the car on the chain and then she climbed in the



# RED RIDING HOOD

(AN UPDATED VERSION OF THE TRADITIONAL TALE.)

By Camille J Severino © 2013

passenger seat and they rode in silence all the way to her Grandmother's.

Red left the tow truck guy outside telling him her boyfriend would be out to pay him. She found the front door locked so she walked around back knowing her Grandma always left the kitchen door unlocked. When she walked in, she put the basket of bread and container of soup on the counter and wondered to herself what was going rotten in the pantry. But, Red was not the type to do more work than she needed so she ignored the smell and went to find Wolfe. He was nowhere in the house. Red entered her Gram's bedroom and found her in her bed. The lamp was dim so she couldn't see her Grandmother that well. That was until she turned over.

"Wow Gram. Those are some big ears."

"All the better to hear you with my dear." Wolfe replied in Red's Grandma's bonnet and nightgown. He then opened his lids.

"Wow Gram. Those are some big eyes."

"All the better to see you with my dear,"

Wolfe said, laughing as his teeth glistened in the light of the lamp.

"DAMN GRAM!" Red gasped, "Those are some big teeth!!"

"All the better to eat you with my dear!"

Wolfe cackled as he sprang from the bed and before Red knew what hit her he was hitting her- again and again until she was dead. He put her body in the pantry, went outside to pay the tow man and then went to bed to rest.

The next morning Wolfe baked quiche ala Grandma and made chili ala Red. He packed the food up, got into the red Ferrari and headed back to town. He pulled up at Red's cabin and honked the horn. Red's mother came out in her hottest outfit and jumped in the car.

"Did it work?" Red's mother asked Wolfe.

"Like a charm."

Wolfe smiled and put his hand on her thigh.

"Oh, I made some food. Hope you're hungry."

Red's mother smiled and said yes. But her smile wasn't because he brought her food. It was because she knew she'd never have to see that pout again.

The End





BANSHEE BY ESMERALDA GUERRERO



# THE KILLING

By Michelle Emery

The room was dark. The only motion was the shifting whirl of the ceiling fan we stared at. We'd been lying on the mattress for over an hour soaking in the silence of the lazy summer afternoon. It was hot, but not as hot as previous days where all we could do was lie in as little clothing as possible. I wondered if she was awake beside me or if she'd fallen asleep. I heard the echo of muffled voices through the heating vent from downstairs- the sound of her parents arguing again. They were arguing more these days, I noticed. But I didn't bother to ask her about it. She had enough on her mind.

I lay transfixed by the silence, listening. There was no breeze through the open window above us. Her large room was coated in the darkness of her long black curtains.

"That's the fourth sheep we've lost this summer, Helen. It's that fucking llama again!" her father's voice echoed in the vent.

"It might be the coyotes, Mark," her mother began.

"They warned me they'd be damned aggressive. I knew it."

"But I've never seen her go anywhere near the sheep—"

"I'm tired of waiting to see. And I'll be damned if I lose another one!" I heard the thundering of heavy footsteps, and then a loud slam. Beah bolted up in bed beside me and in the dim light we locked eyes. I knew we both felt the same thing. I got up quickly behind her and ran down the carpeted orange stairs to the main room of her large farmhouse toward the kitchen. I saw her mother standing there, the creases on her brows furrowed.

"He's got the rifle," she said, gazing in our direction.

I felt the knot tightening in my throat. Her father had always been a very angry, disturbed man. He scared me. At times he insulted me, telling me I should be more like Beah. Telling me I would look better if I was skinny. Once, he appeared outside of the bathroom window on the second floor, his bearded face like the image of a ghost, peering in at me when I was showering. Beah's dark confessions weighed my vision as I rushed outside, the swinging screen door slamming viciously against the frame. Beah was ahead of me, and the concrete felt cool on our bare feet. As I reached for the handle on the tall wooden gate, I noticed that the sky had grown dark with storm clouds. The swift Montana wind tossed my hair into my eyes, blinding me as I ran out behind her. My feet sank into the grass and then mud, as we made our way toward the fenced sheep pasture.

There he stood, on the other side of the fence, in his familiar brown overalls, lifting the heavy rifle in his arms.

He made his way over to a solitary tan llama, chewing monotonously in the corner of the field. My heart raced as I climbed part way up the fence. The blood rushed to my ears.



# THE KILLING

By Michelle Emery

"Mark, stop! Don't do it—" I heard the squeak of my voice, foreign and screaming out over the increasing wind. I gripped the pole of the fence, having climbed only part way up, apprehensive about climbing out onto the field. The bleak gray sky opened up and I felt the first trickle of cool raindrops splatter on my neck and face.

Her father moved down to one knee, the rifle in his arms, hitched above his shoulder, and aimed. I felt my hands shaking, as they reached for the fence pole. And then I heard it. The piercing shot echoed across the farm and I shuddered. The bullet lodged itself into the llama's chest. At once the llama's body fell to the earth, blood quickly pooling where it lay lifeless. Beah had already climbed the fence, her mother quickly behind her. Mark stormed off in a direction I didn't care to notice. I was unable to move to join them. Instead I watched from my perch, as together they picked up the dead creature. Blood smeared on their clothes as they worked to slowly unhinge the halter. I watched in silence, that tightening feeling tugging viciously at my throat. The rain began to fall steadily now, the wind pushing. It felt unreal, watching them wrap their arms around its limp form, burying their faces into its matted fur. As I made my way back inside, I noticed how empty the large house felt. Entering the living room I heard animal sounds echo off the walls. The tropical birds chirping and Bart, their Macaw, squawking his usual banter followed by the piercing bark of one of their many dogs did not seem to fill the void I felt when I sat down on the couch. Amongst so many animals, there was still a feeling of death resonating from the walls. I stared ahead, hugging my knees to my chest.

~

I remember the first time I entered her living room, seeing all the bits and pieces of woodchips and birdseed on their matted carpet. She was seated in the middle of the floor, cross-legged, hunched over, her long bangs shielding most of her face. She always needed a haircut, but she didn't care. When I walked toward her then, I became aware of a small set of hooves that were protruding from her long oversized flannel shirt. When she turned to meet my eyes I realized she had been cradling a dead lamb. The runt had died a few hours before.

Beah with dead animals in her arms became a common occurrence with so many animals in her; there was so much death in her.

I remembered the family hen and her parrot Larry, whom she took to her bed with and accidentally rolled onto in her sleep. Death was a foreign object to me. I had never lost a pet; I had never lost a family member. But, Beah was in denial. She would hold on to these corpses for hours, unwilling to let go.

The eerie ticking of the large grandfather clock on the wall was like a reminder of the solitude of death in the big airy house. I turned as a large gust of wind momentarily



# THE KILLING

By Michelle Emery

shook the windows. There was no real reason to kill the llama. Mark was angry with Beah. Killing the llama was like everything else: he controlled the house.

I recalled an eerie phone call from Beah just the other week. Although she had called me, she'd been mostly silent.

"What's wrong?" I probed.

"Nothing really..."

"What happened?"

"I was playing videogames..." her voice trailed off.

"What happened?" I repeated.

"He told me to move, said I was sitting in his chair..."

"Who, Mark?"

"Yeah. I didn't want to move so he had me sit in his lap while I was playing..."

"Did he do something?" I gritted my teeth.

"No, but he tried to."

"Did you say something?"

"No..."

"Was your mom in the room?"

"She was nearby, in the other room."

"You need to say something so he stops. You need to say something so that your Mom hears it. So that he gets embarrassed and stops."

Silence.

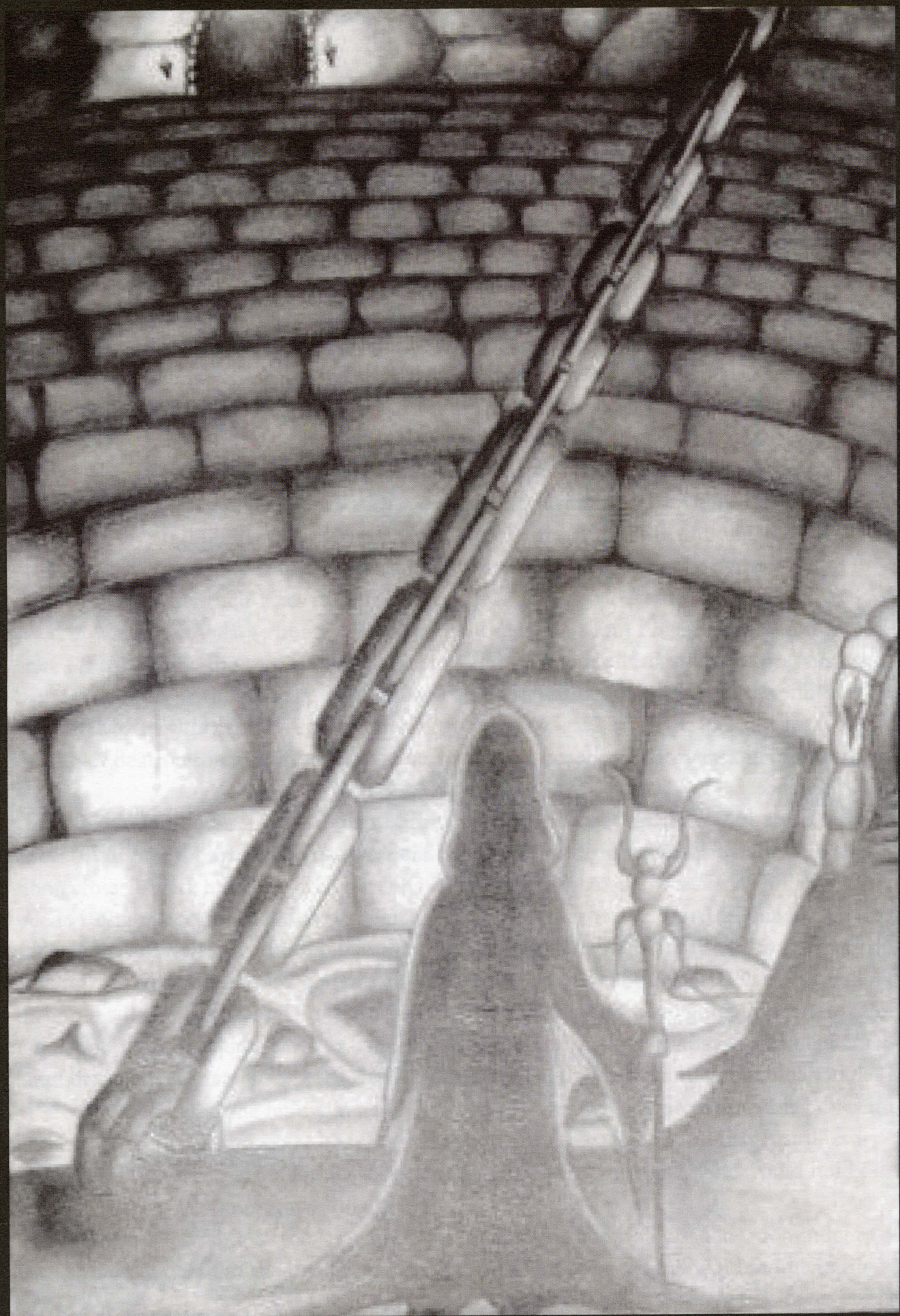
"Something like, 'Hey, knock it off!' that might get him to realize you don't like it."

She was silent. I felt myself grow angrier, but I didn't say anything else. It was in her control. I couldn't tell her what to do or say.

I looked up, startled from my reverie, as Beah entered the room, cradling something in her arms. I swallowed, straightened up, and made room for her on the couch. She looked unusually pale; her dirty blonde bangs clinging to her wet slender face. She sat down next to me, slouching over. She slowly uncurled her arms and hands to reveal the bloody llama halter. I placed my arm around her very carefully, as I was almost afraid to touch her. I felt her cold, bony frame through her sweatshirt. I saw the trail of tears as she gazed up at me with aching amber eyes.

"I can't believe she's gone..."





LAVA DUNGEON BY ELIZABETH DEAHL



# SEARCHING FOR ZORA

By Elbert Briggs

She told of her Alabama feline,  
who hypnotized snakes in the yard one time,  
and had them slithering the fire dance.  
Serpents mesmerized in a flaming trance.

While we walked by amphibian asphalt,  
a type of hieroglyphics conjured up  
by a woman with no name and she claimed  
her inner eye kept watch over things.

Was it pollen from the Magnolia trees  
or the elegant gold shade of the leaves  
that upheld the silvery green leaves,  
around lines with curves with no weaves.

Did the trees and shrubs have Afros, no but  
they were so natural, like Dr. Carver  
with peanuts and sweet potatoes growing from  
Tuskegee to Notasulga, we Zora kneeled

down thirstin for sun tea,  
and fried catfish and smoked ribs from "Cornbread Fred's"  
over there where the pig was wiggly, and after high noon,  
Po Boy's jitney saved us before the heat made us scream.



# BORN WITH FLOWERS IN HER HAIR

By Heidi Belille

Hitching a ride from San Fran,  
In New Orleans she landed,  
The father of her twins  
Drifting somewhere in between.  
Star gave it up. The petals fell...

Papaw said she was special  
She could reach far and fly high  
...as a wanderer or a free bird.  
She held Papaw's word,  
Flowers born in her hair.

The commune's wood pile was sweet,  
Home grown from Papaw's sweat.  
His bushy beard hid half smiles.  
The stone path pulled.  
Wheelbarrow grew old.

Her lovers waited on stand by  
While she crafted batik dyed  
Tees and blankets with palm trees.  
Those were caught in sunbursts  
That tilled her tickets at music fests.

Her children Moonbeam and Sky  
Sold band buttons for a buck,  
Spun around on the merry go round,  
Stuck Star's feet to the ground, and  
Picked fresh flowers for her hair.



# CROSS-COUNTRY TRAVEL

By Emilio Maldonado

I walk outside and place my hands  
on the black Illinois topsoil.  
I dig deep  
and send to you *mis caricias*.  
There's miles and rivers, mountains  
and the rest of the electric land.  
I take my time at the Mississippi,  
her softness and her memories.  
Listen to her stories  
She's ever been waitin'  
to tell my part in her story.  
But I've my own message to send.  
And someone's waitin' on the other side.  
I'm trying to figure out  
if it's necessary to describe  
the electric land.  
A fever-dream is what lay ahead of me.  
and the message?  
I got drunk in Albuquerque.  
I'd love to say  
it was love and she smiled,  
but I lost some feathers  
and lucky rocks on that way.  
I'd love to tell you that and other happy endings  
but this is my story.  
I didn't make it cuz  
I had a drink and a drum began to beat.  
A drum began to beat and the desert sky opened up.  
The desert sky opened up and as I lay there wonderin' why me,  
I saw that she was on her way back.  
I didn't make it.  
But maybe she lay her hands on red rock  
dug deep into the crimson clay  
looking for me.  
Tryin' to help me get back home.  
That's the beauty of cross-country travel  
the tales, the sights, the stories.  
the memories.





*Matthew  
Greenberg*

DIZZY

MATTHEW GREENBERG



# HEALING WITHIN

By Jacquelin Igartua

I ain't finna lie this healing process ain't easy  
Time after time the Devil still tries to defeat me  
This brand new disability I wanted to ignore  
As the Enemy came forth attacking me hardcore  
Each day felt like it was worse than before  
After being saved I am ashamed to say  
that I gave up...  
And went back to what I knew  
Couldn't deal with what I was going through, and  
Smoking weed was not brand new  
I'd rather be high than realize this was reality  
Couldn't understand that this is what had to be  
Day after day clouding my mind as I puffed away  
Being numb is what I knew  
Feelin' like no one knew what I was going through  
Until then once again I was close to losing it all  
My Father saved me from this great fall.  
By lending His hand and again shedding His mercy.  
He showed me that through this all I'm still worthy  
Spiritually bankrupt I surrendered to Him  
He showed me that's where I begin.  
As His healing power starts within,  
He's working His way out.  
That's what His love is all about.



# HEALING WITHIN

By Jacquelin Igartua

And He showed me that's why this healing process hasn't  
been a breeze  
Because He is in the midst of setting me free  
You see, I still had the same mentality where I did not want  
to see the reality  
Still stuck in my old ways  
Just like the days  
Before this accident where I had very little faith  
My world was caving in and there was no escape  
I was covered with hate, because in men I had no trust.  
While leaning to this relationship of lust.  
I was on the verge of getting a home eviction  
While being stuck in this affliction  
Feeding into the Devil's lies  
I now come to realize that my accident was a blessing in  
disguise.  
January 12th was the day I was supposed to die,  
But that was me being reborn  
All over again like a baby, literally I was being formed  
To move, talk, walk, grab, sit, and eat.  
I am the sheep  
and through this recovery my Shepherd carries me



# THE AWAKENING

By Sumaiya Maniya

I looked outside the bus window, trying to calm my tense nerves. The commute from my house in Lincolnwood to Loyola University's Water Tower Campus took about half an hour. The gloomy weather did nothing to brighten my mood. It was 9 a.m., yet there was an overpowering darkness everywhere, typical of January weather in Chicago. All I could see were branches faced down as if they were mourning over something.

Today, the bus seemed quieter than usual. There was an old lady a couple of seats away from me reading a newspaper. There was a middle-aged lady two seats away from me whose head was bent low and she snored softly. The young man beside her stared outside with a blank expression. I also heard the low murmur of a couple talking somewhere near the front of the bus.

As I adjusted my hijab, I felt some peoples' piercing eyes directly on me. Some elderly people covered their faces with newspapers and read me every once in a while. Younger people looked at me as if they were looking through a magnifying glass. Then there were middle-aged people who looked at me as if I was a mannequin at the front of a department store window. I tried to busy myself with my book, wanting to block the harmless stares.

The bus was also enveloped in darkness; there was a dark shadow that seemed to hover over it. As I sat agitated and tried to review for my anatomy exam, a middle-aged lady entered the bus and sat in front of me. I didn't notice her glaring at me until I looked over. The lady looked at me and pointed to my hijab.

"Why would you wear this in the 21<sup>st</sup> century? Don't you realize this represents oppression" she said, her eyes bulging out.

My brain became fogged, and I just stared at the lady in surprise without responding. I had always felt a sense of pride for wearing my hijab, but at that moment, I felt as if a bulldozer had run over me and crushed me into a million pieces. The woman looked at me and then turned her head away, as if I was a fly who she had just swatted.



# THE AWAKENING

By Sumaiya Maniya

As the lady left, I fumed with anger. I wish I had told her that the hijab did not signify oppression, but it was a sign of liberation for me. The hijab gave me control over my body, and it prevented society from using my body as a billboard. All the things I could have said to her continued to circulate in my mind. At that moment I had a sudden awakening. I realized that I would not allow the bulldozer to shatter me, or anyone in a marginalized position. I still had fifteen minutes left before I reached Loyola University, so I sat in the bus consumed by my thoughts.

As I reached my university, I had ten minutes left before my Anatomy exam. I sat in class and tried to review my notes, but I felt elated yet confused at the same time. This was my last midterm as an undergraduate junior. I had looked into prospective graduate schools, and I needed to maintain my GPA. After I reviewed for ten minutes, I took the exam.

By the time I finished, it was nearly lunch. I had a three-hour break, so I decided to drive to Olive Garden with my friend, Tanisha. Before we got to the restaurant, Tanisha insisted that she'd pay for my lunch as a 'cheer me up' from my morning incident. As we got inside the car, I noticed a squirrel with a piece of bread in its mouth. It looked cautiously at me, and then ran away as if I was its predator. I couldn't help thinking how vulnerable it seemed with its little body and small face. I got lost in thought until Tanisha waved her hand in my face, trying to get my attention. I began to laugh, and we set out towards the restaurant.

As we got inside the parking lot, it was packed with cars parked everywhere. After about five minutes, we followed a customer who left the restaurant and parked our car in her place. Just as we entered, the delicious aroma hit my nose. Tanisha and I found a seat at the far end of the restaurant where a young couple had just finished eating. I ordered Seafood Alfredo with breadsticks and Tanisha ordered Chicken Scampi. Before the food arrived, the waitress brought over our beverage.

About ten minutes later, Tanisha reached over my tray to grab a napkin. But before she could do that, she nudged my sprite by accident and it splashed all over the table. Tanisha jumped up to grab some napkins. The commotion caused our waitress to come to our table.



# THE AWAKENING

By Sumaiya Maniya

"I'd appreciate it if..." She began to dab our table stiffly with napkins and hurried away.

We looked at each other in silence without saying anything. As we ate our food, we chatted about our future plans. We were both juniors, and the thought of the future was daunting and exciting at the same time. Just as we finished eating, the same waitress came over to our table and handed us our bill. Meanwhile, Tanisha took out her credit card.

"Can I see your ID?" the waitress asked.

"Why do you need her ID? I just saw the person beside us pay with his credit card, and the waitress didn't ask for the ID."

"It's actually ..." The waitress took Tanisha's credit card and left without finishing her sentence.

As we left Olive Garden, the sun had come out and the air felt cool. As we walked towards the car, a little squirrel appeared from behind a tree with an acorn in its hand. I looked at it in amusement, forgetting what had just happened. This time, the squirrel glared right at me without turning away.





RADIATORA

BY GEORGE BORAWSKI



# TELEVISION!

By Heidi Belille

You turn me on,  
You push my buttons,  
I speak to you in many tongues.  
I own the action on Saturday nights.

You push my buttons,  
You feel the passion after the Sunday fights.  
I own the action on Saturday nights.  
The electricity between us never ends.

You feel the passion after the Sunday fights,  
I will never leave you. I'm your best friend.  
The electricity between us never ends.  
I give you more choices than you could ever dream.

I will never leave you. I'm your best friend.  
I speak to you in many tongues  
I give you more choices than you could ever dream.

You turn me on.





BOOK EMBRACE BY ELIZABETH DEAHL



# GARBAGE

By Stefan Wojtan

The garbage men won't take my old garbage can away  
I got a promotion  
I thought getting some new stuff for around the house would be great  
And a responsible use of my new raise  
So I got a can-opener that doesn't slip every quarter-turn and get can  
shavings in my Spaghetti-O's  
I got some new sheets that are this classy beige-tan color that'll probably  
hide stains really well  
I got this platter that I think is for deviled eggs or something, but all those  
grooves fit perfectly onto the microwave's turning arms  
It's not as good as the original one, but all those egg-grooves should make  
it way easier if I ever try to scrape a pizza off the microwave tray again  
All this stuff is great

And I really feel like a success

But every week that ugly, old garbage can is still sitting on the curb  
Like a haunting reminder of the way my life used to be  
The new garbage can would never break a spinning microwave tray  
Or make Denise stop coming over 'cause it kept mentioning her sister's  
tits  
The new garbage can wears shirts with collars  
And not just because they make all assistant managers at the sporting  
goods store wear them  
The old garbage can would probably never get a promotion

And I just can't seem to get rid of it

It's been more than a month now  
I taped a five-dollar bill to the old garbage can and put it out with the rest  
of the trash  
I watched all morning to make sure no one else took the money  
With a sale, five bucks can get you frozen dinners for most of the week  
I guess it was too early for any shady types to come by  
When the garbage truck pulled up, I waited and watched.  
The garbage man must have seen me  
He took the five dollars and waved  
He emptied my nice, new can, put it back on the curb, and smiled at me  
The old garbage can was still there!

And I guess even sociopaths like him can get city jobs.





DAILY OVERLOAD BY NICHOLAS JOLY



# ODE TO THE PIRAGÜA MAN

By Luis Tubens

*Ode to the Piragüa Man is a poem dedicated to the snow-cone vendors that cover the Humboldt Park area in Chicago.*

Scraping the ice block in a rhythmic pattern  
like he's playing el güiro with his metal triangle shape invention to give the piraguas the perfect point

"Cherry por favor" that's my favorite but Celia wants "Uno de coco"  
"Dame otro!" yells Josh racing down on his bike toward the Piragua Man  
He's sweating, an August day in Chicago got him hyperventilating  
And piragua man gives josh the cure

Pouring the flavor like a wine bottle he fills the snowing ice  
Even pours a little over his hand trying to be nice  
Un peso the price

Bees and wasps hovering over the station  
But with no concern he swats them away  
As he's talking to the local liquor store owner about  
The bochinché he heard on Spaulding last night

The only cat on the corner the cops don't mess with  
Because he serves them too  
Pouring trickles of water down his  
S

P

i

n

e

To give relief from the mosquito bites he can't reach

A big coquí i chillin' on a lawn chair with a straw hat  
Is painted on the side of the cart  
Just remind you who brought this here

As the Sun dies over the city  
And takes the children with it  
Piragua man pushes his cart through the cracked sidewalk  
To meet with other venders  
Count their money  
Exchange stories  
Before they restock for tomorrow...

## Glossary of Spanish words

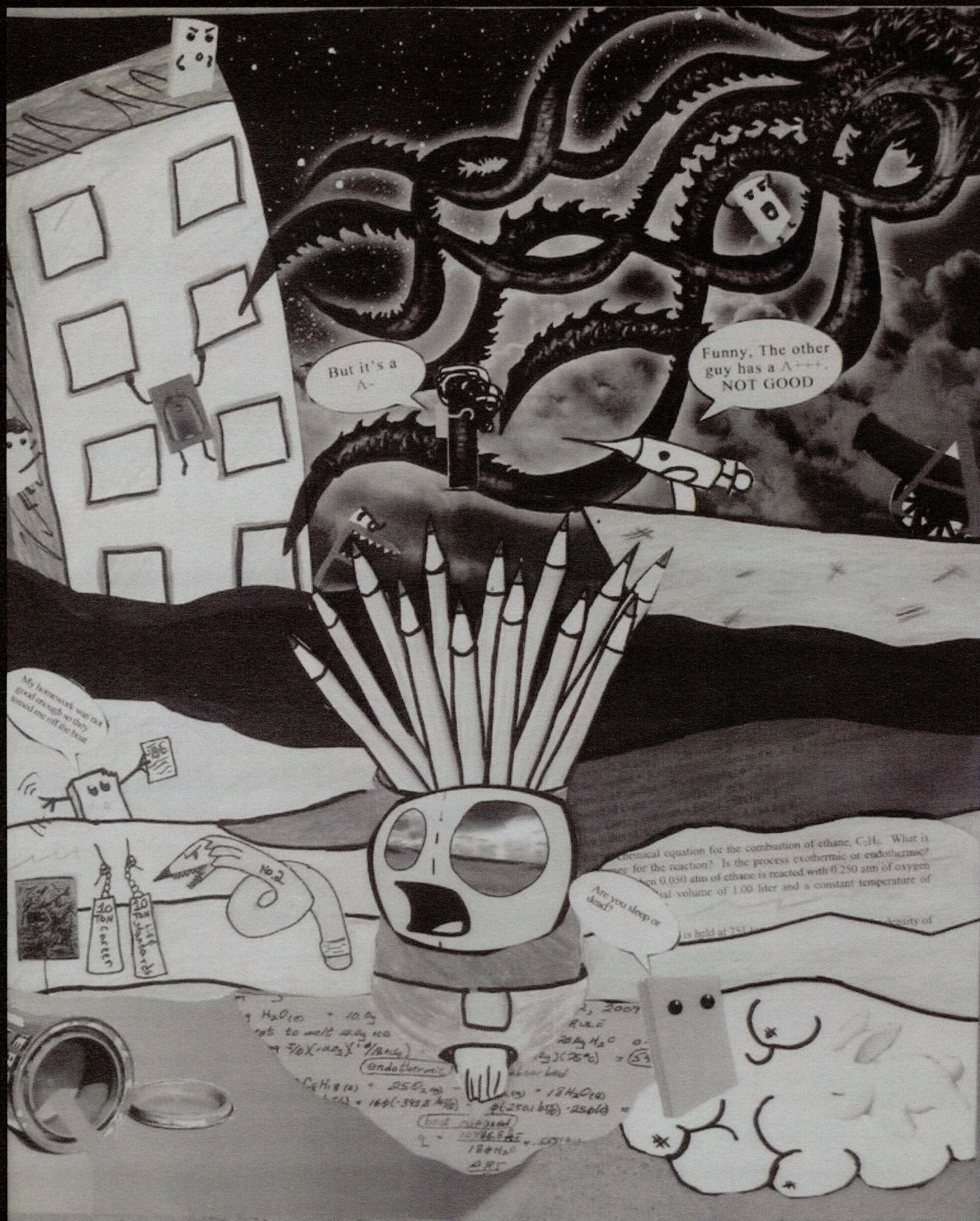
*Piragüa- Snow cone*

*Güiro- Instrument that makes a scraping*

*Bochinché- Gossip*

*Coquí- Puerto Rican frog*







# MY LOVE FOR JAMES MERCER

By Jon-Paul Kreditsoulas

If you go home and mull it over  
you'll never come back  
or over think this tucked world  
so what's worse?

The terms "loaded" and the "un" counterpart  
are arbitrary and the sun sets in Albuquerque  
over cold hard sand

Your tongue, no longer a luscious mix of words and tricks  
but a wood plank  
splintering

Divorce your friends at the port and kill me  
while singing  
karaoke



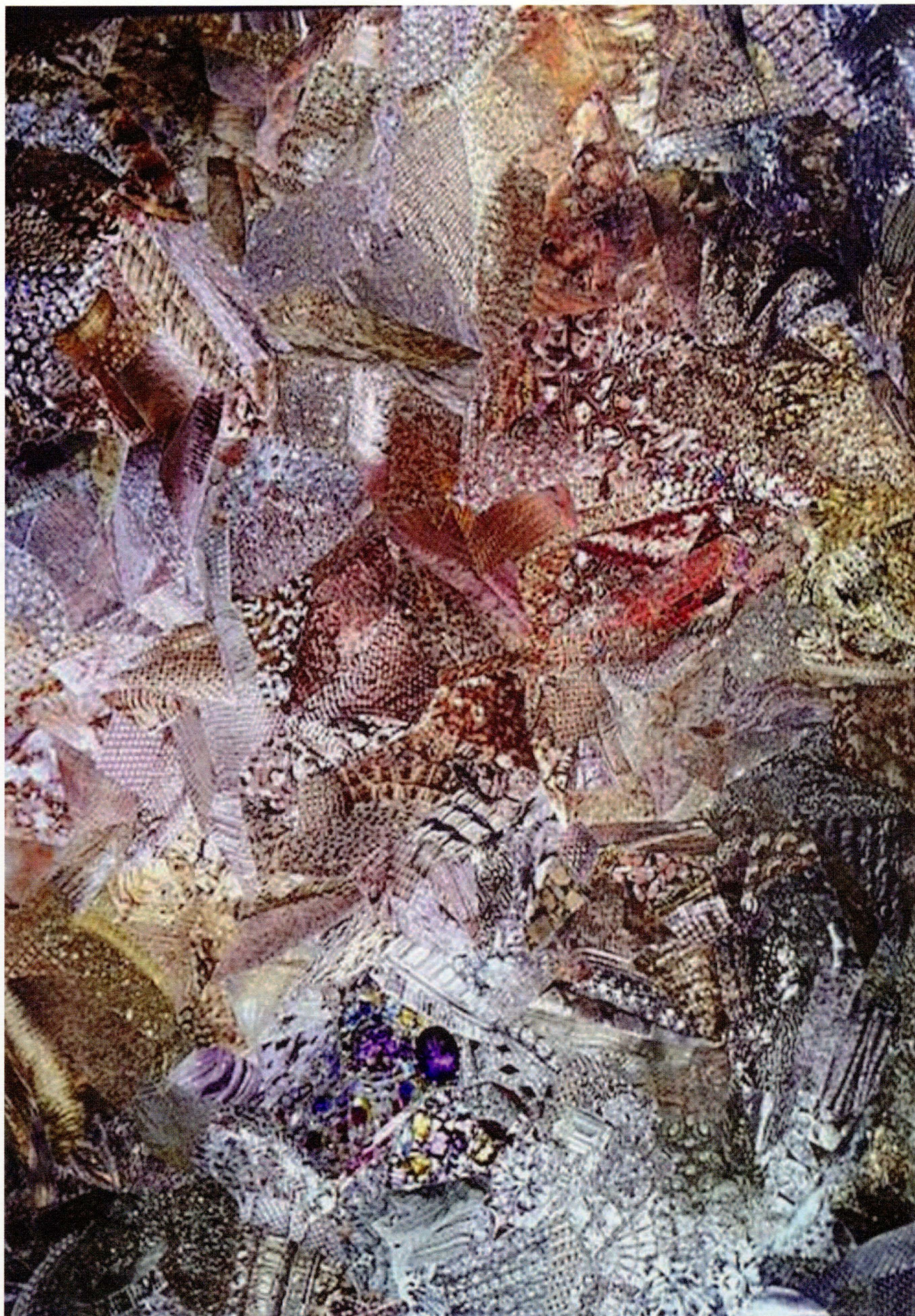
# MILK CRATE LADY

By Regina Torres

On the same old red milk crate  
She sits outside her apartment door  
Offering tips on bicycle safety  
While blurting out bible passages  
To the illegal and sweaty children  
Running towards smudged-stained vans  
Where parents yell in Hebrew and Hindi  
To slow down and not to talk to strangers

Milk crate lady smiles knowingly  
Pivots her face toward the sun or skies  
In telekinesis with her maker





TARANTULLA

BY KASIA GARZEL



MEET THE  
.:seeds:.

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS



SAMUEL AGUIRRE was born in Mexico and immigrated to the United States at the age of eight. He currently resides in Chicago, is a full-time student, and works as an undergraduate intern in the Office of Student Leadership Development (SLD) at NEIU. Aguirre took art classes when he was in seventh and eighth grade at Greeley Elementary. He doesn't consider himself an artist, but he holds a strong passion for the arts. Aguirre enjoys painting peaceful sceneries and using acrylic on canvas. Aguirre intends to continue painting because it helps him relax and escape from the stresses of everyday life.

HEIDI BELLILE lives on a small farm in Southern Indiana, but she is originally from Iowa. She has one son who is grown up. Bellile works in a psychiatric hospital and has her Bachelor of Science in Child Development, a Special Education teaching certificate, and is working toward a Masters in Mental Health Counseling. Recently, she started writing poetry again, something she hasn't done since she was a teenager. She has written over two hundred poems in the last three years.

ELBERT TAVON BRIGGS was born in 1952 in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but was raised in Omaha, Nebraska. He currently resides in Chicago. Briggs graduated from Arizona State University and served two years in AmeriCorps fighting the war on poverty in the Lower Mississippi Delta. He later studied at Northeastern Illinois University. As a graduate student, he is transitioning to an MFA program with a concentration in writing poetry and producing a human rights musical, or choreo-play, for children. Briggs' poem "Searching for Zora" reflects his life-long commitment to incorporating poetry, music, art, dance, and drama into giving voice to children without sanctuary.

MONICA CHAPARRO lives on the northwest side of Chicago. She works as an EMT-B and First-Aid for various special events. She is pursuing an English-Secondary Education degree at NEIU.

ELIZABETH DEAHL was born and raised in Chicago. She has been in the Illinois Army National Guard for eight years. Deahl is currently pursuing her B.A. in both Studio Art-Graphic Design and Communication, Media, and Theatre, with a focus on Theatre (CMTT). Concurrently, she works in the campus cashier's office. Deahl also works as a hobby photographer for local Chicago metal and rock bands.



MICHELLE EMERY was born in Hawaii and spent most of her childhood and adolescence in Montana. She has roamed Chicago for the past eleven years, searching for inspiration, identity, and purpose. One of the constants in her life has been writing. Her poetry and fiction are inspired by the forgotten beauty of nature and the hidden passions and experiences that make us human.

KASIA GARZEL, thirty-nine years old, was born in Kraków, Poland. She is a senior Art major at NEIU, and her focus is Graphic Design. She has been drawing and creating since a very early age, and ten years ago, her creativity developed into something meaningful. Art is her escape from the reality of everyday challenges, and her work usually reflects something that allows her to find inner peace and happiness. Some of her collages express thoughts on current issues while others involve her deep interest in the universe, astronomy, and nature. She chooses not to include any specific message in her art, instead wishing for the viewer simply to enjoy the flow of colors and textures arranged abstractly.

MATTHEW GREENBERG is a Communication, Media, and Theatre major. Most of his writing has been in the form of creative short stories, although he has begun writing short screenplays and is in the process of writing his first book. Greenberg has been published in various literary journals, the most recent of which being *Prairie Voices*. In 2011, he earned second place in the creative non-fiction category in the Illinois Skyway Writing Contest.

ESMERALDA GUERRERO is the mother of Alexandra and Victoria Guerra. She enjoys expressing herself through spoken word and painting. Her adoring husband, Vicente Guerra, is very supportive of her continued artistic explorations. She hopes to venture into sculpting and photography in the near future. "Banshee" was inspired by the devastating shock she experienced when told she might have cancer. After further studies into what doctors initially thought were cancerous lymph nodes, they discovered Guerrero had appendicitis. Nevertheless, the initial shock lingered, reminding her that life is delicate and should not be taken for granted.

JACQUELIN IGARTUA is Puerto Rican. She is a part-time student at Northeastern and currently residing in Chicago. "Healing Within" describes the journey she faced while recovering from a truck accident that left her completely paralyzed. God has been her true inspiration. She gives Him all the glory.



NICHOLAS JOLY is a Computer Science major at Northeastern Illinois University. He also works as the production manager for the Independent newspaper and does freelance graphic design. He is currently working on a group project to design a children's smartphone game.

JON-PAUL KREATSOULAS was born in Evanston, IL, and currently lives in Chicago. He is attending Northeastern Illinois University, studying English and Communications, Media and Theatre. He also writes for the "Arts and Life" section of NEIU's Independent newspaper.

SUMAIYA MANIYA was born and raised in the U.S, but her parents are from Pakistan. As a minority, living in the U.S, she enjoys writing fiction because it allows her to write on topics that affect her deeply, including racism, religious intolerance, and others related to social injustice. Maniya hopes to use her work to inspire positive change in a world where people often trample on the rights of others.

CAMILLE SEVERINO is a writer of fiction, poetry, and songs. She has now been published twice in *seeds*., in both the Fall/Winter 2012 and Spring 2013 editions! She draws her inspiration mostly from personal introspection, but New Orleans, Louisiana, still proves the biggest source of ideas, and she has produced many works that reflect her time living in the Crescent City.

CHRIS TORMOS is a writer from Chicago. He believes in polytheistic atheism, and his gods are Bukowski, Hesse, Thompson, and Fitzgerald, to name a few. He was "born to hustle roses down the avenues of the dead."

REGINA TORRES was born in Chicago, lived in New York and Florida, and is back home working on her Linguistics degree while working in the ESL field. She is also a writer, visual artist, DJ, and musician in the two-person band Drill Scare. Her current poetry draws inspiration from societal interaction and how the "other" is identified, and thus treated.



LUIS TUBENS (LOGAN LU) is a Chicago-born Puerto Rican poet and the current resident poet for the 20hrtz X 20khrtz Open Mic. His narrative poems depict the gritty ambiance of the inner-cityscape while describing reflective personal experiences. He draws inspiration from the urban realities of the developing Latino diaspora and from his observations of proletarian struggles.

STEFAN WOJTAN lives in his hometown of Chicago, IL. His search for the American experience has led him through a variety of work from baking to bouncing and from corporate life to construction before being called to spread literature and literacy through teaching. Thus, he is pursuing his B.A. in English-Secondary Education at NEIU. Concurrently, Wojtan builds spaceships and castles. He writes to uncover the flaws in perfection and redeeming qualities in the most unlikely sources to find the contrasts that unveil the vibrancy of ordinary life. He survived being left for dead in 'gator country.

MATTHEW GREENBERG is a Canadian-born, Middle and Eastern major. Most of his writing has been in the form of poetry, but he has also written short stories and a novel. He is currently a graduate student at the University of Illinois at Chicago, where he is studying for his M.A. in Creative Writing. He is also a member of the Chicago Writers Association and the Chicago Poetry Society.

EMMA D. LARSEN is a writer and a poet. She is currently a graduate student at the University of Illinois at Chicago, where she is studying for her M.A. in Creative Writing. She is also a member of the Chicago Writers Association and the Chicago Poetry Society. She has published several poems in various literary journals and has been featured in several poetry readings.

JACQUELINE IGARUA is Puerto Rican. She is a part-time student at Northeastern and currently residing in Chicago. "Healing Wounds" describes the journey she faced while recovering from a truck accident that left her completely paralyzed. God has been her one inspiration. She gives Him all the glory.



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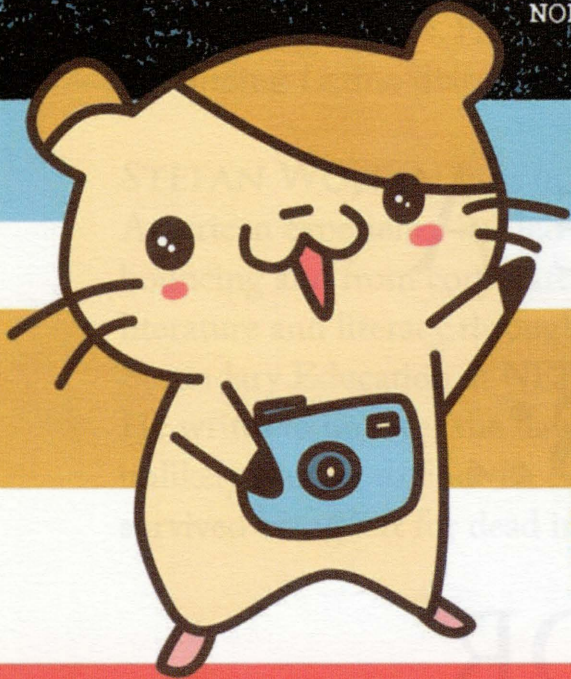
*ENGL 405: Teaching Poetry*  
Tuesday, July 9-Thursday,  
July 25 MTWR 5-6:50

This intensive summer course focuses on the teaching of poetry, both form and content. Designed for teachers at all levels, we will discuss materials for classroom use in a



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# NEIU is Offering Special Courses for Teachers (and Others) in Summer 2013

## **EDFN 411B-1:**

*Comparative Education*

*Monday, July 8-Friday,*

*July 26 M-F 12:30-3:30 pm*

*Instructors: Job Ngwe and*

*Jeanine Ntahirageza*

*African Summer Institute for Teachers:* Discover new ways to integrate social, cultural, historical, economic, and political themes about Africa into your classroom. Collaborate with other teachers to create a classroom unit that will be integrated in the fall. This course is taught by an interdisciplinary team of NEIU instructors and guest presenters and includes performances, field trips, and more.

Engaging literary forms such as poetry, fiction, creative non-fiction, and others, students participate in workshops as well as sessions with visiting writers who discuss the creative process, share their work, and discuss publishing. The emphasis is on an intense workshop experience and an atmosphere of constructive critique leading to the production of a significant portfolio of writing.

## **ENGL 397:**

*Summer Creative Writing Institute*

*Friday, July 5 - Thursday, July 18*

*M-F 9:30 – 12:00, 1:00–3:00 pm*

*Instructors: Olivia Cronk*

*and Christine Simokaitis*

## **ENGL 405: Teaching Poetry**

*Tuesday, July 9-Thursday,*

*July 25 MTWR 5:40-9:50*

*Instructor: Bradley Greenburg*

This intensive summer course focuses on the teaching of poetry, both form and content. Designed for teachers at all levels, we will develop methods for teaching poems in a hands-on, workshop setting.

This is an intensive summer course that runs for ten days over three weeks and provides a concentrated exploration of how we read, see, and inhabit issues of race and gender. Grounded in a conceptual framework that opens to against-the-grain logics, it will engage students in re-reading relations of race and gender naturalized by dominant ideology. Students will participate in workshops, lectures, and sessions with invited speakers. Designed for graduate students, upper-level undergraduates, and teachers.

## **ENGL 495 and PHIL 370:**

*Re-Thinking Race and Gender*

*M-W July 8-10, M-R July 15-18,*

*M-W July 22-24 9-11:30am &*

*12:30-2:30pm*

*Instructors: Kristen Over, English,*

*and Alfred Frankowski, Philosophy*

## **TESL 410:**

*Techniques of Teaching ESL*

*Friday, June 28-Friday, July 19*

*M-F 9am-12Noon*

*Instructor: Teddy Bofman*

This three-week intensive summer course is for people who want to be ESL teachers. It is a required course in the MA program in TESL and also counts towards the ESL endorsement.

For university application and course registration information, see [www.neiu.edu](http://www.neiu.edu).