

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



3 7010 00261921 7

The Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches

nives

32
37

04-
05
no.1

Vol. 5 2004-2005 No. 1
Missouri Valley College

Wendy Leslie

The
Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches
Vol. 5 2004-2005 No. 1

The Purple Patch is copyrighted but all prior rights and all rights to new material revert to the contributor after publication. Contributors must obtain and supply copyright permission from previously published material.

The Purple Patch disclaims any responsibility for contributors' errors, mistakes, and failures to acknowledge sources or copyright infringements.

The Purple Patch is an annual not-for-profit publication dedicated to readers, writers, and those who appreciate the arts. Expenses associated with publication are underwritten by the Board of Trustees.

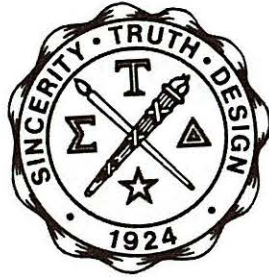
The Purple Patch is published by the Nu Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, Missouri Valley College, Marshall, MO.

The Purple Patch is published annually. Correspondence and requests for guidelines should be addressed to *The Purple Patch*, Missouri Valley College, 500 East College, Marshall, MO 65340.

Manuscripts submitted to *The Purple Patch* must be original type-script or clear photocopies, and will be returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelopes are provided.

Copyright © 2005 by Missouri Valley College, Marshall, MO.

PROPERTY OF MURRELL LIBRARY
MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE
MARSHALL, MO 65340



A
Sigma Tau Delta
Publication

The
Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches
Vol. 5 2004-2005 No. 1

Editor
Amy L. Shimek

Copy Editor
Jessica James

Illustrations
Jessica James

Foreword

Editing has been a dream of mine since 6th grade. When Jasmine asked I couldn't turn down the opportunity. This edition of *The Purple Patch* landed in my hands like a blank slate. Editors before me produced magazines that set wonderful guidelines. However, guidelines can be followed in various forms.

I looked through all previous editions, what seemed like a thousand times, picking apart what I liked and eliminating the techniques that just didn't work. My first rule is quality over quantity. Vol. 5 is shorter than its successors, but the editorial staff's expectations stood tall. Jessica James came to me with the idea of organizing *The Purple Patch* according to seasons.

After working for many days on this project, it consumed me. I began dreaming about *The Purple Patch* on a regular basis. I would not have been able to create anything if the students were not here to help. Communicating often is the only way to get the really good pieces.

We selected submissions for each season that would form the mood and justify the physical manifestations as well. Spring includes comedic and light-hearted pieces. Romance and new beginnings fill Summer, while Autumn concerns tragedy and endings; Winter holds ideas of truth and irony.

In the middle of Vol. 5, eight color pages display some of Missouri Valley College's most talented artists. Adding color pages is a step in the right direction for this magazine.

I knew editing was a job, which required a lot of hard work, long hours, and sometimes tedious chores. However, those same annoying traits soon became an addiction. I realized my dream was not out of sight or impossible.

Like many projects we love, producing *The Purple Patch* consumed much of my life. My family witnessed me taking on all the stress and extra hours put in to the work that seems to never end. However, Brian stood beside me through every hour. Thank you.

This edition is my first and thankfully not my last. Creating this, *The Purple Patch*, was a vision of mine and is now complete.

—Amy Shimek, Editor

Table Of Patches

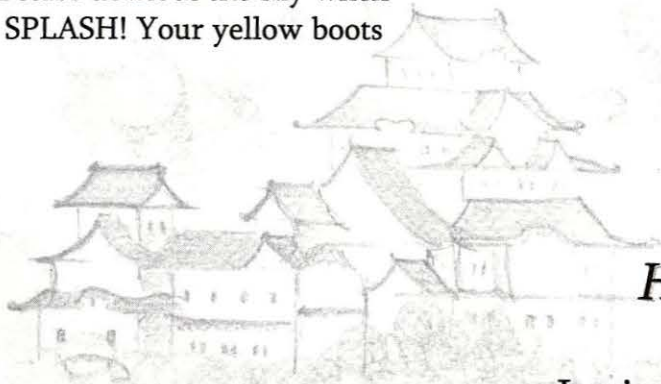
Copyright	ii
Title Page	iii
Foreword	iv
Spring	1
Summer	8
Color Divider	26
Autumn	34
Winter	42
History	vi
Thank You	vii
Index	viii



Haiku

by
Emily Murphree

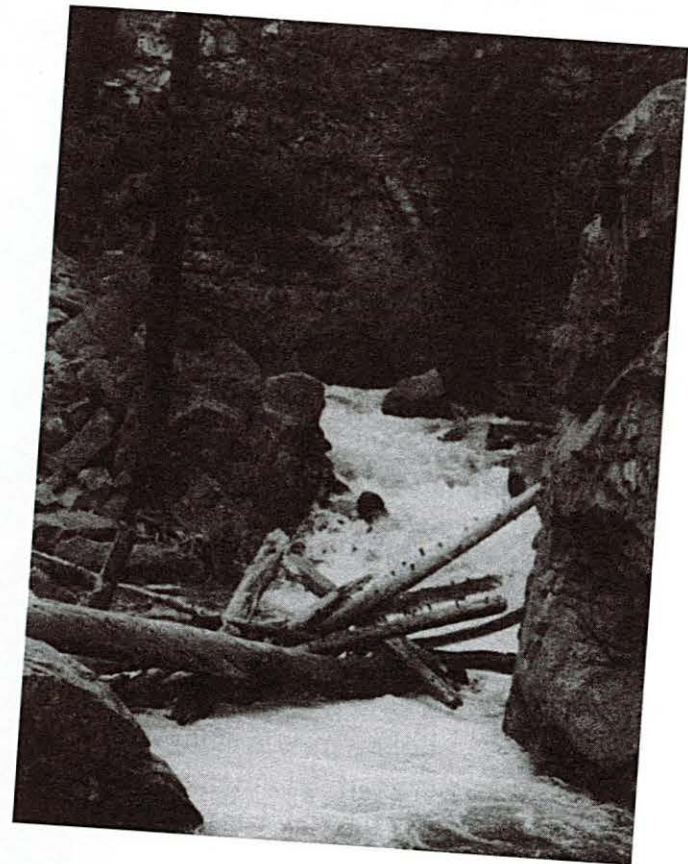
Clouds float underfoot
I stare down at the sky when
SPLASH! Your yellow boots



Haiku

by
Jessica James

Dark bird nest silent
Now high-pitched twitters sound
Fuchsia sun rises.



Falls

by
Jorge Arana Photograph

Home
by
Robin Farias

My first home no longer exists
My first home exists only in stories and pictures
My first home haunts me.
An orphanage—my first home

No actually memory, nagging curiosity.
Hard to imagine my true origins.
A journey begins

A search of self
After many years constantly seeking, searching,
The search for self drawing to a close,
Another journey began—

A search for home.
My grandparent's house deplorable, yet salvageable.
Memories filled me and made me smile.
Granddad's voice, Grandma's cookies

Stairs, perfect for sliding down on your bottom.
My home is my anchor
A place to return to, a safe harbor
A place in my heart

Full-circle-Home at last,
My home is my heart



Oil Painting
Rebecca Hoey

Eternal Yesterday

by

Jessica James

My favorite color is yesterday, for when
Yesterday had passed into the excrement of
Today I became abysmally upset, removed
From the glory of eternities' nuancing
Play, the brilliant colors of yesterday.

Quiet as the autumn folds of such
Dusty mold of new fallen leaves,
Bright as the tears of so many
Thousands of years in the now graying light;
So quiet, so bright, the brilliant colors of yesterday.

Lo, lo the bright and the stark as winter's
First deaths splinter through the lost lives
And ice sharpened tree branch memories
Like Valkyries screeching in the encircling dark;
Lo the bright, lo the stark, the brilliant colors of yesterday.

Turned stark to wanton as spring fires blazing long
Past dusk, the song of new petals demure
And births so sure and waving hello
As we mortals go and desire unshaken...
So wanton, so sure, the brilliant colors of yesterday.

O, musky sweet as summer's heat-sweat
And everlasting breaths of succulent hours
Long kept as a wheel turning round
Without sound nor threat gone wrong;
O musky sweet, o hours long, the brilliant colors of yesterday.

Playful as seasonal atoms dancing in eternity
And a world of colors spinning before
A black hole's door seeming quiet bright,
Seeming stark and wanton, and musky sweet of hours long gone;
The eternal play, my brilliant colors yesterday!



Photograph

Windshield

Katie Peters


Summer



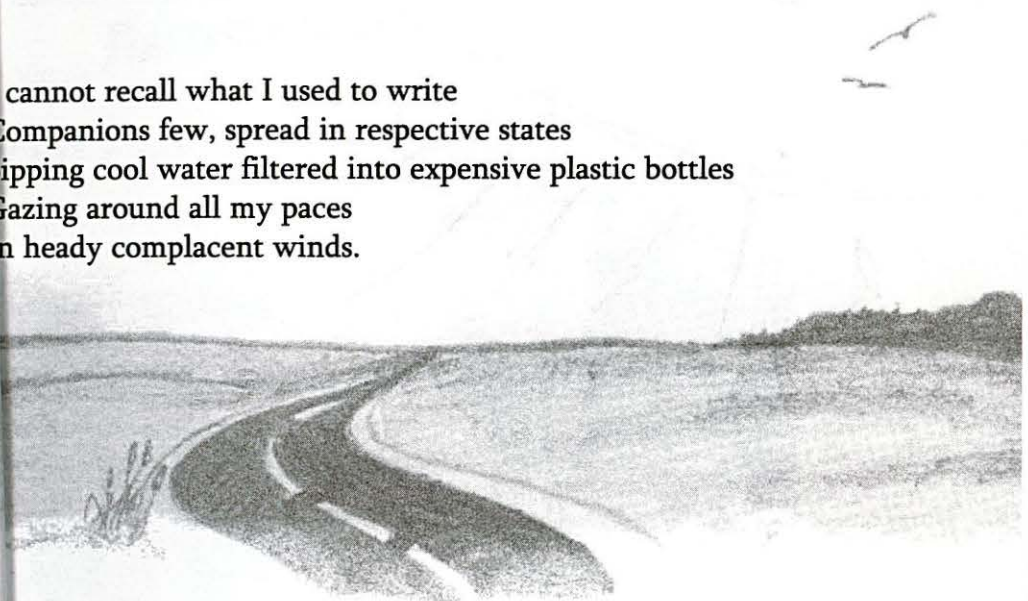
Late August Walking a Missouri Road

by
Jessica James

Inspired by Gary Snyder's "Mid August at Sourdough Mountain Lookout"



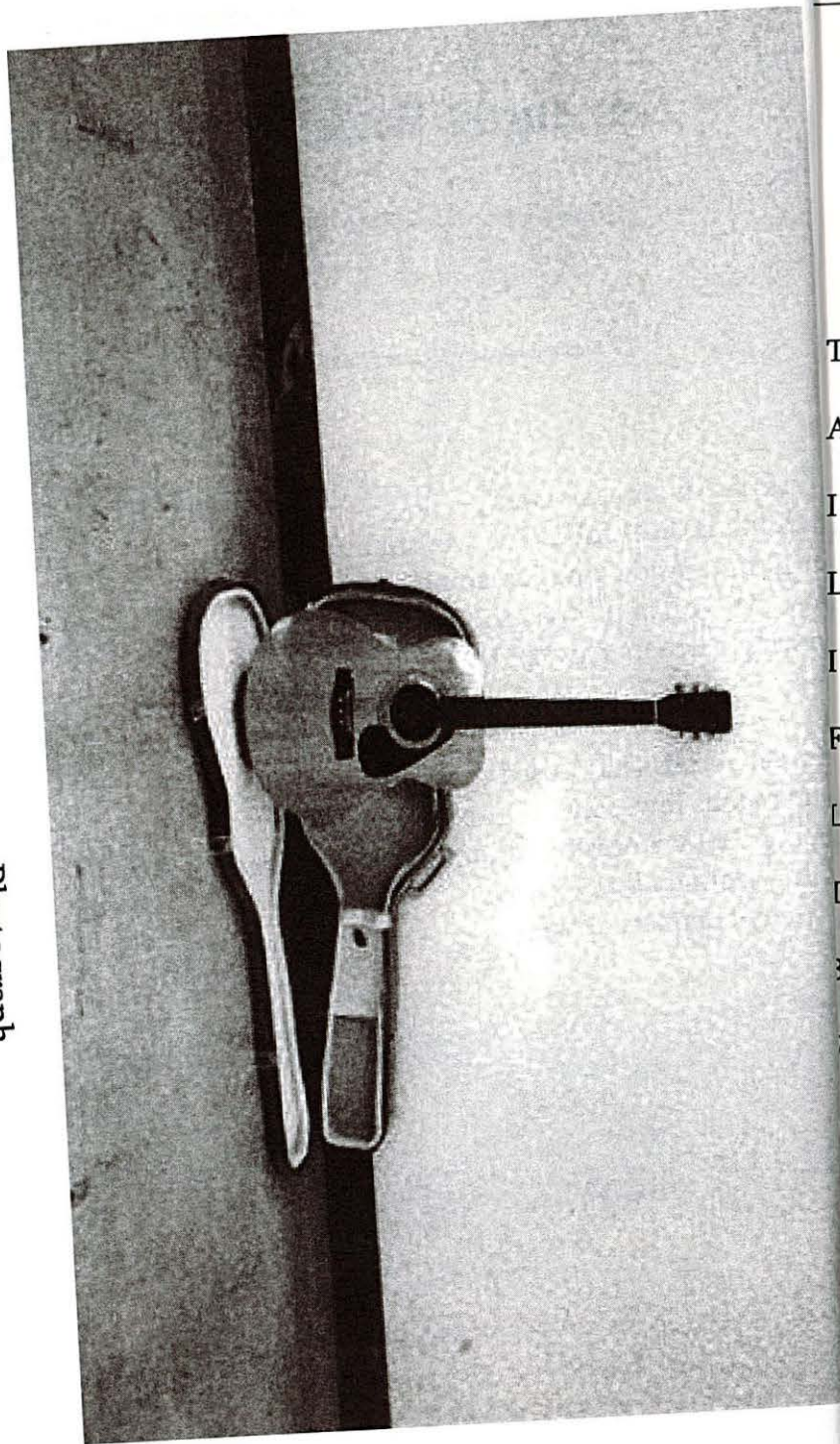
Across fields air shimmers
High hours' heat following wet summer months
Tar glistens aside vines creeping
Over clay soil and Missouri marsh
Hunting partners hawks.



I cannot recall what I used to write
Companions few, spread in respective states
Sipping cool water filtered into expensive plastic bottles
Gazing around all my paces
In heady complacent winds.

Jamie Beecher

Photograph



Sonnet # 8

Ivory Woman Moon

by
Jessica James

The ivory woman singing sad songs in the moon
And the velvet blackness draping down at night
I cry tears of comets and stars as I croon
Looking on you as you sleep, with my second sight.
I lament in the early days a slender face,
Followed then by a face pale-round,
Lastly a waned, aged view I trace,
Then from my lips? No word, no sound.
But always lamenting that pass of night to daybreak
Wherever you are I wail for you as well
In the ebb and flow of my oceans' give-and-take
Don't worry my sleeping sweet, for as I can tell
As the sad singing woman of the moon I am never gone—
So long as night follows day, I am with you all along.

Don't Forget

by
Amy L. Shimek

Please don't forget how to love me
For I shall be your reminder,
But if your heart should wonder—
Remind it so of the love we had not long ago.

My heart would crumble
If it learned of such news,
For it would no longer be full if—
Your heart forgot how to nourish my spirit.

I know, my love, such stories would never cultivate truths,
For we necessitate each other,
You and I—
Together we shall be until bliss is our Villain.

A New Sun

by
Brandon Stiko

So many people live within unhappy circumstances and yet will not take the initiative to change their situation because they are conditioned to a life of security, conformity, and conservatism, all of which may appear to give one peace of mind, but in reality nothing is more damaging to adventurous spirit within a man than a secure future. The very basic core of a man's living spirit is his passion for adventure. The joy of life comes from our encounters with new experiences, and hence there is no greater joy than to have an endlessly changing horizon, for each day to have a new and different sun.

— Jon Krakauer's *Into the Wild*

A car full of college kids on our way to a concert; just a bunch of good ole' boys, who were so caught up in the fleeting experiences of our college lives; we hadn't even begun to realize the real world was lurking just around the corner; tomorrow seemed so far off for us, too far away to matter.

Unlike them I was without a major and without the faintest idea what I wanted out of life. I had no plans for my future, but this weekend I wasn't going to worry about it.

When we reached our home for the next few days, I didn't know what to expect. Pulling through the front gates, I looked around me; it was unlike anything I'd ever seen. Waves of cars flowed over the hills, and broke at the horizon. We were surrounded by people weaving through cars, setting up food stands, and rushing to shows; so set on their destinations that the world around them faded from sight and mind.

We followed the traffic directors through the deep ruts made by the cars before us, to the parking space where we would set up camp. Pulling myself out of the car my knees

crackled from being cramped for six hours. The sun was warm on my face as I turned my head noticing everything around me.

My friends and I all stood around the car soaking up the place for a few moments not really knowing what to say or do. After several minutes, someone finally motivated us to go see a show.

With howls of enthused agreement we started off. We had a ways to go until we got to the stage, but that was the furthest thing from our minds.

We were so taken in by the community around us. The place was swarming with true to life hippies. I couldn't believe it; I thought these people died off along with the "Make Love Not War" protests of my mother's days. But they were still there along with the new generations of free thinkers.

It was the new drug culture.

This was Jerry Garcia's turf; I was walking on Shakedown Street.

All around me people were selling anything you could think of. Stands were selling things that I didn't know could be tie died and stands with anything you'd ever need made from hemp. I passed people with as much as a pizza oven in the back of their van, to frat guys with as little as lawn chairs and a cooler selling beer. But, most prominent of the salesman were the soloists walking through the crowds rattling off the latest slang for every illicit drug known to man.

This was their job. These entrepreneurs were making money for their next concert ticket, their next tank of gas, their next fix. That was all they had to worry about; those were their bills. I was in awe.

Everything was alive. People of all classes, ages, and backgrounds came together in an atmosphere where the only thing that mattered was the love they shared for one thing: music. It made them happy, and music was the heartbeat that gave this place life.

Walking through this wonderland we all felt like honorary hippies. Our euphoric surroundings completely took in and our worldly concerns dissolved. We were among thousands

of people, all undoubtedly using mind expansion products of their choice, with seemingly no problems or cares. It was like I could almost see the music in the distance sending out peace and love; maybe these people weren't so crazy.

Approaching the stage, I felt music for the first time. I could feel every note that was played going through my body; everyone around me could feel it too. Their movements were like nothing I'd ever seen; they were like waves being pulled by the moon. The music completely encapsulated them, controlling everything they did. The energy around me felt right, it was what I was looking for. They were living like they were college kids avoiding reality just as I was. They took a road that most would consider to be impossible; shedding from themselves all responsibilities, burdens, and conformities of modern life.

These people had, in their own rights, beaten the system. They chose a life that most of us have never even considered possible. They chose to avoid the real world. They chose to enjoy their life in their own way no matter how unorthodox.

I fell in love with these people and this idea. I became completely infatuated with the idea of living this way. It was what I wanted to do; it was the way I wanted to live.

But no. It couldn't be possible. Not for me. How could it be? My whole life I'd been force-fed the ideas of how my future was going to play out. I lived in a different world. I lived in a world that was driven by my parent's dreams. I was to go to college and get a piece of paper that would determine my life. I was supposed to graduate to a desk and go home everyday to my wife and 2.5 kids, pay the mortgage on the nice house with a white picket fence in the good school district, and join the Home Owners Association with my fellow P.T.A. members...that was my future.

That future made me sick.

I wanted to escape it. I wanted to live my life one day at a time. I wanted to travel down the irresponsible road to turn my back on societies' plans for me.

I was going to do it. I decided then and there what my next step in life was going to be. I was going to be a hippie.

The gravity of a decision like that was apparent. It was also obvious my friends would be less than supportive. I didn't want them to spend their vacations trying to sway me away from it, ruining the weekend. So, I decided I would keep it to myself for a while and just focus on the present.

For the next three days we had the time of our lives. We spent the days going from stage to stage seeing concerts of legends like Neil Young and James Brown, modern jam bands like Widespread Panic and The Dead, folk groups, rap groups, rock groups...just music. And our nights were spent enjoying the rest of the hippie world, opening our minds and dancing until the sun came up to trance D.J.'s and light shows.

But like everything, our fun came to an end and it was time to depart. Everyone had lives to go back to, majors to earn, futures to build—everyone but me.

"I'm not gonna be going home with you guys," I said, interrupting their packing.

They all just looked at me with a laugh, but they soon read my face and knew I wasn't joking.

"Are you nuts? You can't just stay, man...that's crazy," they interjected with a hint of confusion and concern in their voices.

"Why not?" I asked.

"What about school? What about your parents...what about your life?"

"I'm not like you guys," I started to explain, "Until this weekend I didn't know what I wanted to do, I didn't have any plans...this is how I want to live my life, this is who I want to be."

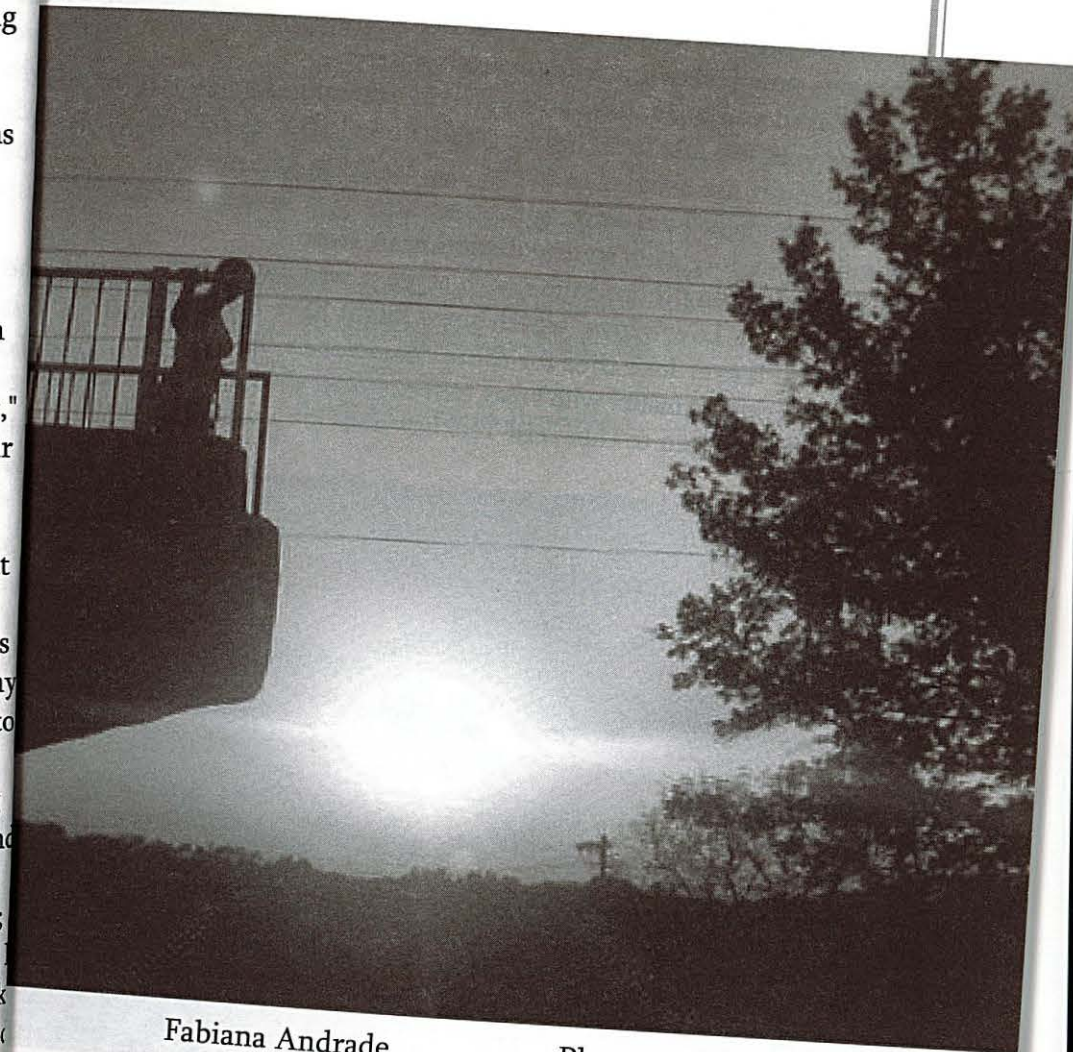
After what seemed like hours of arguing and pleading they were fed up. So, reluctantly my friends said goodbye and headed home without me.

As I waved them off I could see the shock in her eyes; and could feel the tension in the air. They had no idea what I was doing and neither did I, but they knew they couldn't talk me down. I was walking away from my structured life to find something; and although they couldn't understand that, I think

they respected it.

After they had left, I hitched a ride out of that town to a concert in Atlanta. Riding off I thought about what may lay ahead of me. I still had no clue about my future, but for the first time I didn't care.

I had found my new sun.



Fabiana Andrade

Photograph

Sonnet # 10

by
Jessica James

So low drops my head in its atrophied care
That even my breaths seem a wish to deace
For Love's ruthless shame did naught but terror increase,
Emotions now feel as a most dangerous snare...
I have loved you once, nay, love you still, though not
Because you, my idle love, bore a secret knowledge
And cared for me because of humor, looks, or spoken pledge,
Or for whomever I am now, but rather since that love was begot
Of some near-forgotten soulful depiction in Time
Which thou brought out in me with an evermost sweet will;
A love born of Love's love, which since might have turned ill,
Yet recall I'll ever love thee for thine character Divine.
Understand this: no matter who I may turn out to be, when on my funeral py
Forever I'm trothed to thee, ere' reckless oblivion transpire.



Karrie Mitchell

Drawing

He
by
Amy L. Shimek

He touched the spot that hurts the most—

First by Accident

later out of Spite,

one time with Reason,

and another just with Right.

He tried to protect it with riddles and rhyme—

when Victory stood beside me

He was introduced,

meet Brain and Bronze.

He stood her ground while Knowledge conveyed

His revolution that came soon by,

maturing his heart without the contemplation of sigh—

He took control of Technique becoming flawless memorizing
Valleys,

Hills,

and a just Cave.

He took Pain, when met by a Muse,

Transformed by Passion

and Desire;

for Confusion and Anger are no longer of use.

Sonnet # 7
Flying To Gabriel
by
Jessica James

So far went I from safe to visit you,
A mighty woman, I shall ne'er repent,
Yet cradled in the airplane womb I flew
O'er ambered waving so resplendent;
Wailing turbulence and 3-6-3 dollars
Conceived I was at City of Angels
For you, Gabriel, though I'm no scholar
Who'll e'er pretend to understand my Hell
Of life without your love and your purpose—
Swaddled I was in your open arms sure,
Your smile no thorns but brilliant Cali rose,
And warm Latino heart for me so pure.
We stood at the Pacific, now I see
The night I was born, you flew far from me.

Smoky Soap
by
Amy L. Shimek

Slippery floor,
Tumbling machines.
Tank articles,
Empty monsters,
Strangers kept that way.
Pick up—put it,
U L L out—fold up,
Shake, lay, crease—
The way he likes it.
Keys for the possessor,
Fresh scents relieve,
In seven due time it begins again.

"Inging"
by
Kiesa A. Heckman

Running
 Jumping
Falling
 Fighting
Screaming
 Yelling
Crying
 Complaining
Wishing
 Hoping
Laughing
 Giggling
Playing
 Dancing
Sitting...well not really!

Moving all around because

Inging is what I do,

I AM 7.



Fabiana Andrade *Leandro* Photograph

You
by
Renee Cusick

You are the newness of spring,
The first drink of a cool glass of water,
Catching snowflakes on my tongue
And the sweetest melody—
A melody only I can hear.
You are the reason I wake up smiling.
The last image in my mind before I close
My eyes at night,
The salt of a tear and the white of a smile.
You are the sound of a waterfall
Rushing down the highest mountain,
Making me blossom like a flower.
You are a child's first cry,
The warmth of the sun
And the light of the moon.
You are my beginning and my end.
You complete me,
Break my heart with a touch
And enter my soul
As though the brick was I've built around it
Were not there, not there at all.
You are drunkenness, driving too fast,
Spending the night surrounded by stars...
You are the subject of
Every love song on the radio tonight.
You are Colorado and
All the meaning
It holds for us both.
You are the toy I'm not allowed,
The grass on the other side,

The sun through the window of my cell.
You are a mountain lake
And a desert breeze...
The warmest touch and the softest kiss.
You are the beauty I see all around me,
The dreams I hold closest to my heart
And every tear I've ever cried.
You are worth every moment I spend missing you,
Ever dampened pillowcase
And every dream from which I awaken alone.
You are the strongest tree
And the tallest mountain
And my favorite brick-lined street.
You are my truth, my heart, my flame
Which devours me and gives me rebirth.
You are twisted sheets and slow blues
And hot showers—
You are moans and kisses and ecstasy.
You are so far away sometimes I think
I'd rather die than live without
All we could have.
You are kindness and compassion,
Sweet and come...
You are the passion in my soul.
You are the music in my
heart.

PROPERTY OF MURRELL LIBRARY
MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE
MARSHALL, MO 65340

Karrie Mitchell Iraq Worship Place Watercolor

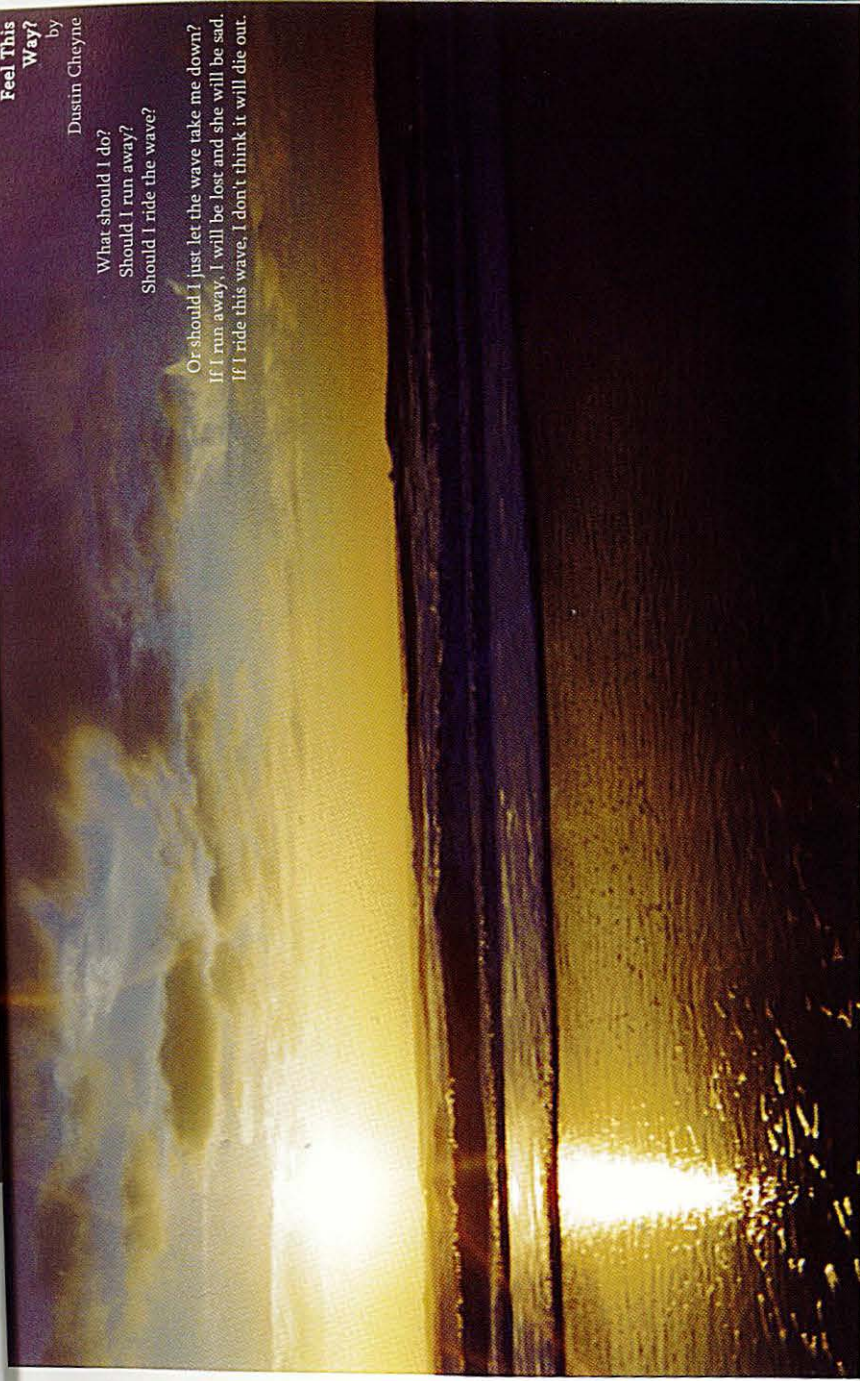


**Why Do I
Feel This
Way?**

by
Dustin Cheyne

What should I do?
Should I run away?
Should I ride the wave?

Or should I just let the wave take me down?
If I run away, I will be lost and she will be sad.
If I ride this wave, I don't think it will die out.

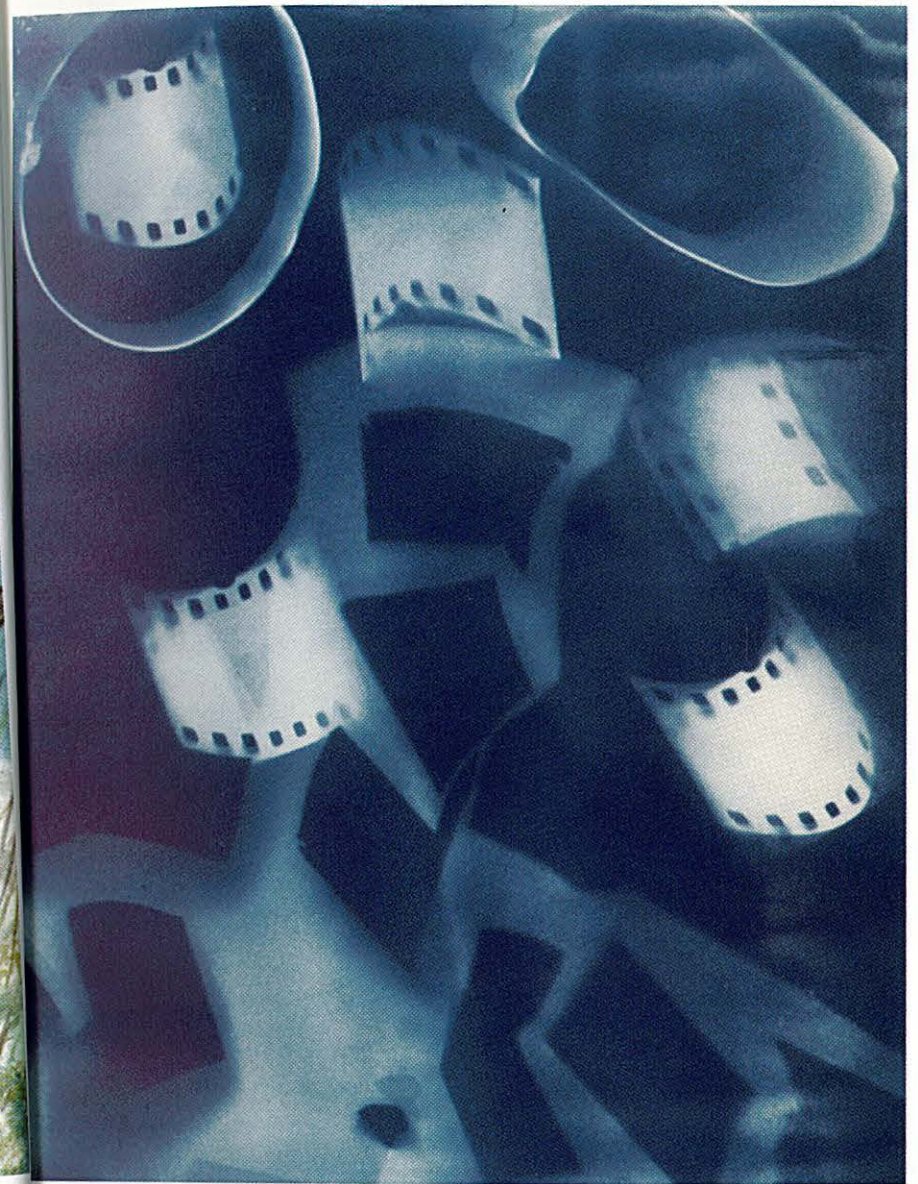


Dustin Cheyne Ocean Beach Photograph



Susan Lawrence

Watercolor



Karrie Mitchell

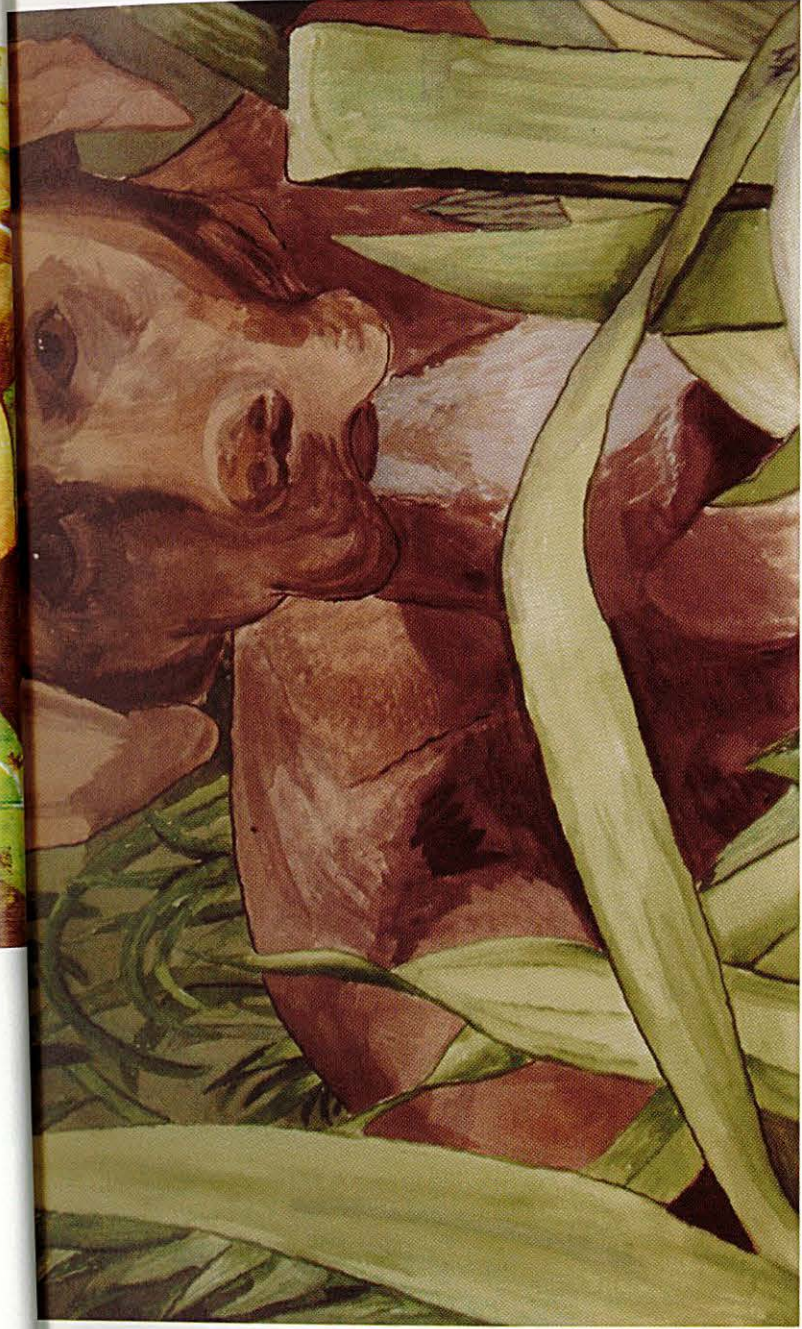
Film

Photograph



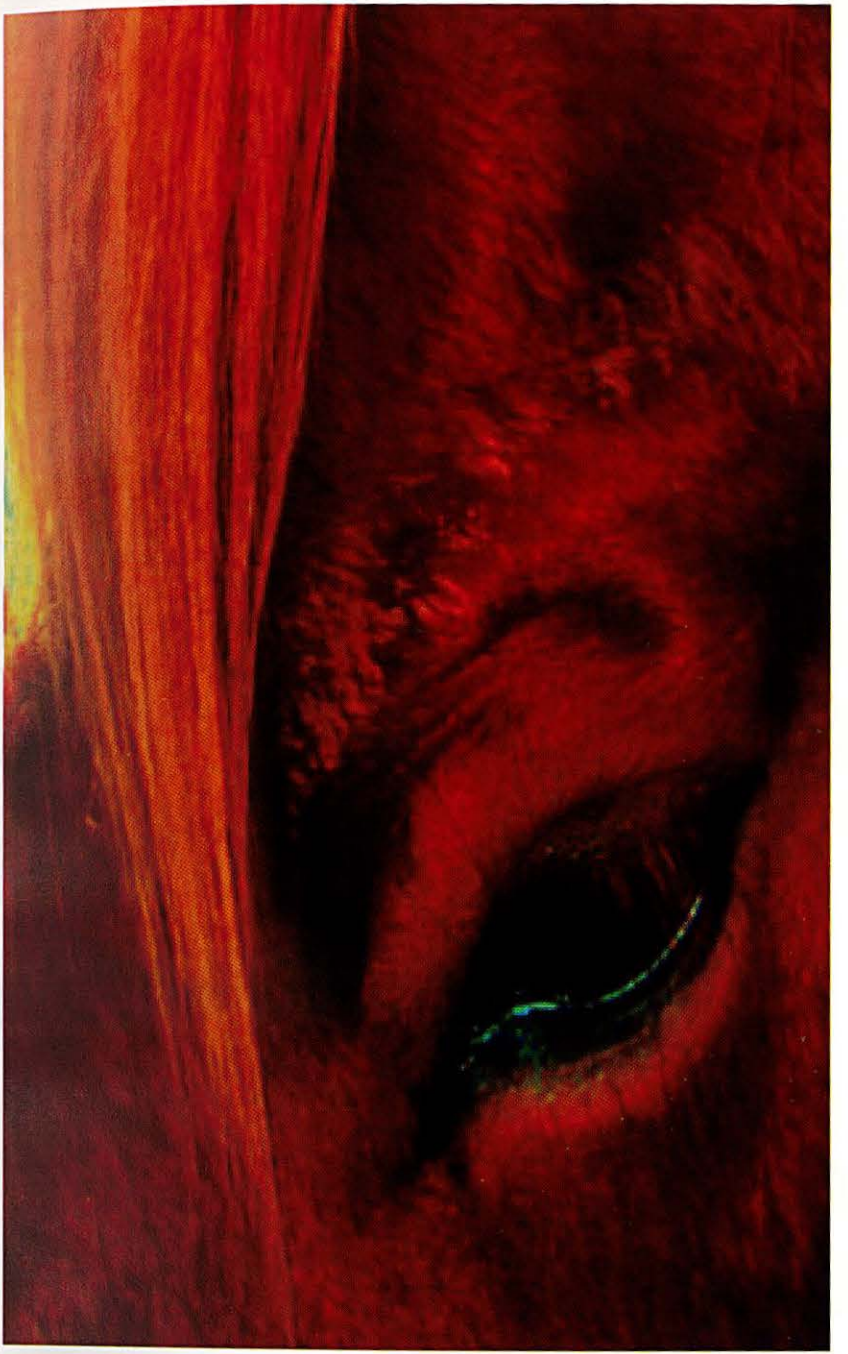
Susan Lawrence

Watercolor



Karrie Mitchell

Watercolor



Katie Peters

Photograph



Rebecca Hoey

Watercolor

Autumn

Haiku

by

Emily Murphree

Green specks glow over lawns
Your hand slips from mine
Like the firefly's spark

Haiku

y

essica James

Old crumpled ball shirt
fe-red and still dirtied white
Tears fall so lonesome

She the Phoenix

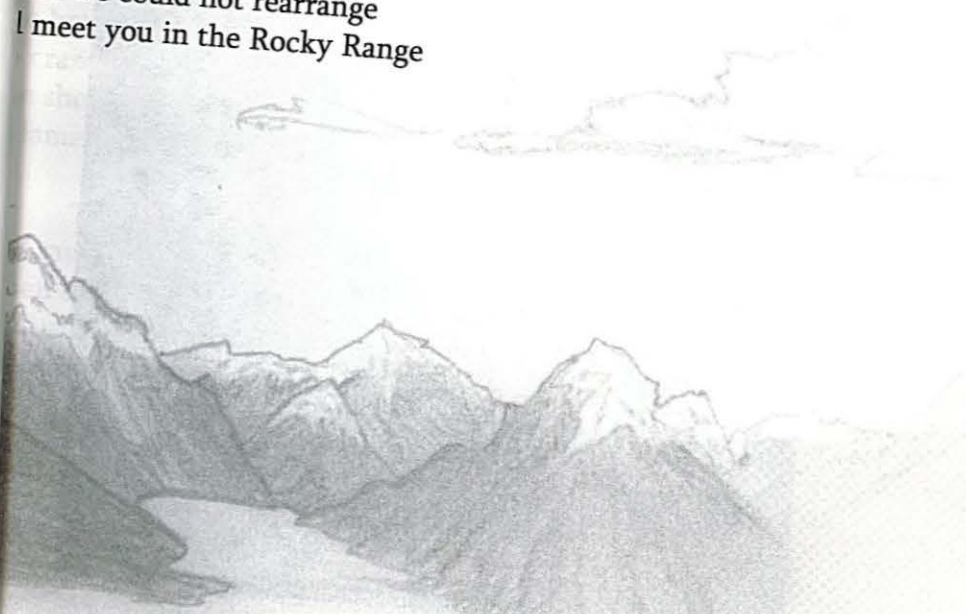
by
Anonymous

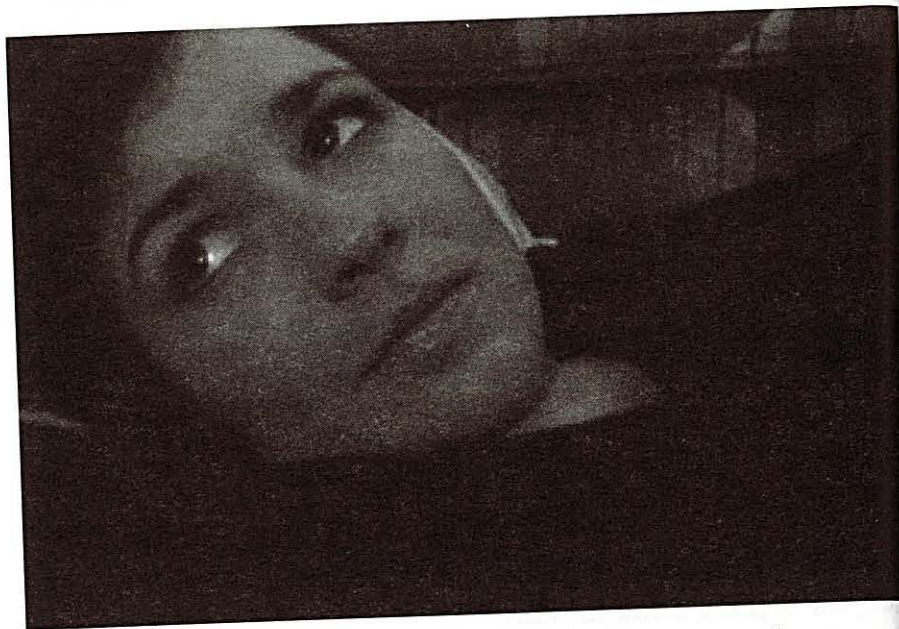
She tried it once,
She tried it twice,
She even tried it
Lucky number three—
Never quite got far enough
To rise from the ash,
Condemned by herself
To remain in the twixt of
Shady romance novels,
A silver wedding band,
And an umbilical cord
All in grey-flaked
Guilt-pile cinders on the ground.
Wings unable to lift up,
She awaits crouched—
Talons still trying to let go...
When she'll accomplish
Her goal of it all,
I shall stand on her grave,
And as she fly-rise
Will finally say,
I love you Mom.

A Blessing Strange

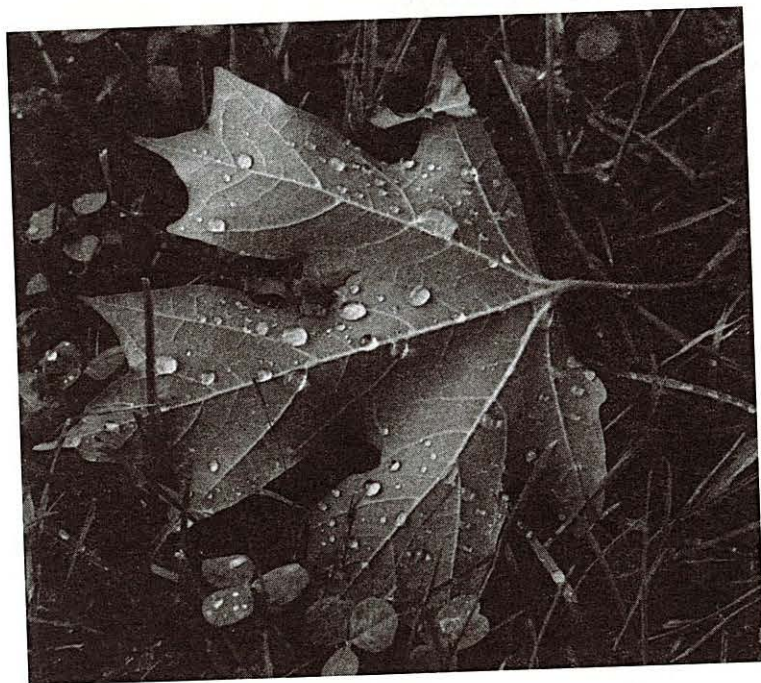
by
Renee Cusick

A tear for truth, a pill to sleep
A promise spok'n too soft to keep
A kiss for faith, a prayer to reap
That seems in dreams a need too deep
A touch for sorrow, strength for pain
A chorus sings the sweet refrain
A song for night, a drink for rain
A tear where once your head had lain
A sob for strife, a blessing strange
A circumstance not soon to change
A life we could not rearrange
I meet you in the Rocky Range





Casey Nay Katie Photograph



Richard Miller Photograph

Breathing in Absence

by
Jessica James

Breaths, pointless breaths, for I find no sense in the habit,
Breathe through the abyss of exalted lunacy
Filling up my lungs, flowing out my throat
While studying blithe, gilded Indian summer fields,
Busy reminiscing 'bout the stories that were never told.

Dear as the midges star-bursting up the bank
Of Lethe bearing old ties never to, only fro,
Lamentable as Charon waves goodbye
'Longside my memories now rounding river's bend;
So dear, so lamentable, the stories that were never told.

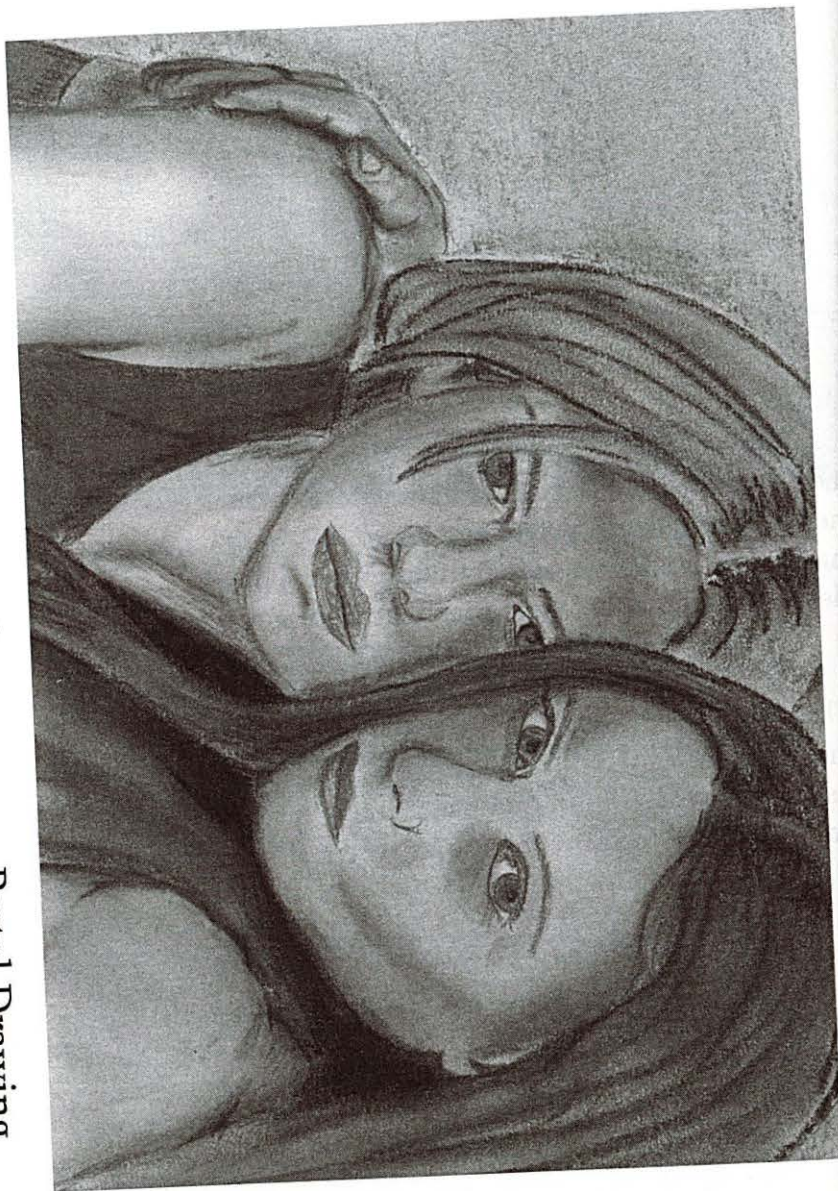
O, lamentable and forlorn as smog-darkened goldenrod
The braves stems of half-dead flowers
To crazed eyes, while under blowing winds
The shoots dazedly rise to glowing splendor;
So lamentable, so forlorn, the stories that were never told.

Treasured as goodbye kisses before absence
And savory as futile dreams always seem
When spouted from old lovers' lips; confusing as truth,
Confusing as a lunatic's truth, and torn over what might have been;
O Absence from your Presence, and the stories that were never told!

Karrie Mitchell

Together

Pastel Drawing



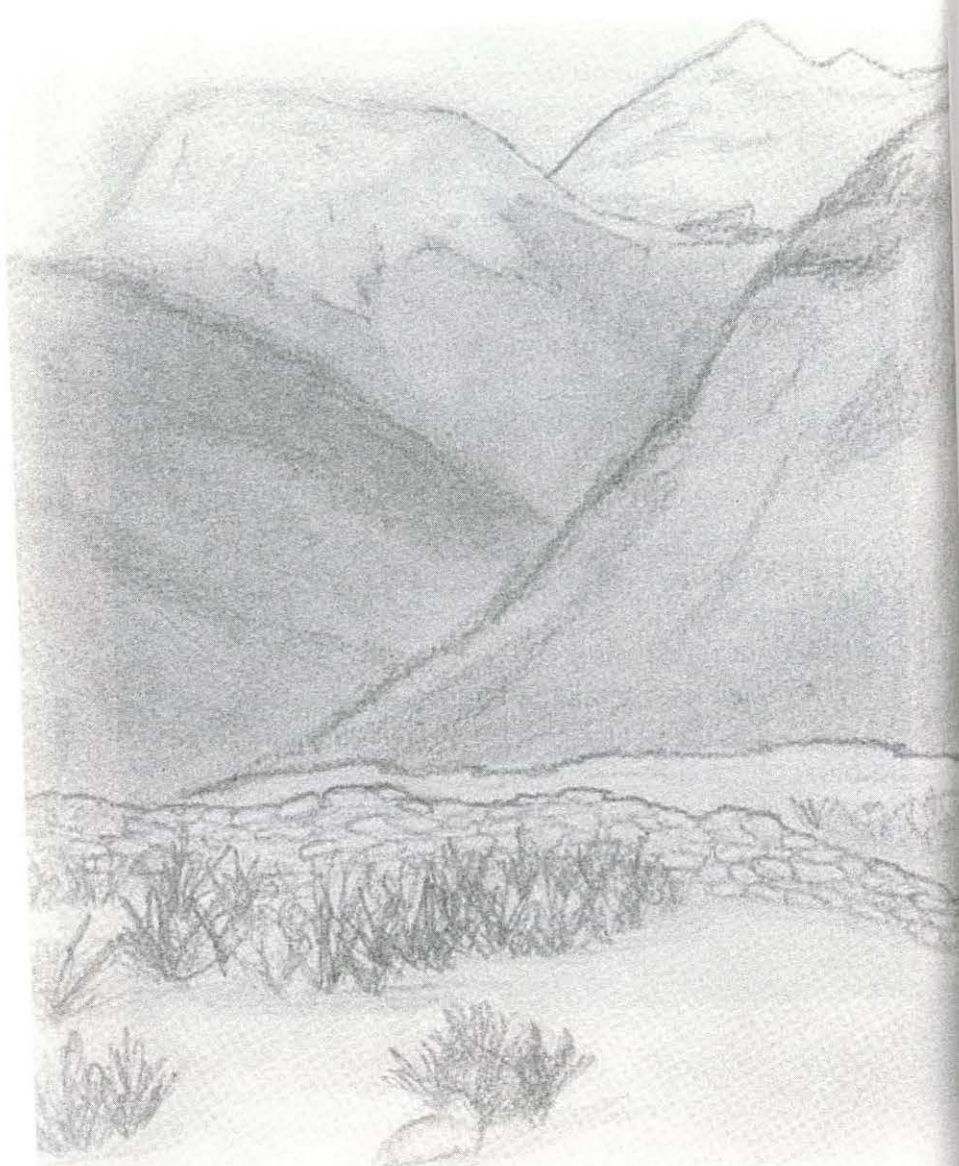
Laments of a Young Boy

by

Brandon L. Anderson

My soul is tormented,
By these demons of whose likes I do not know.
I wish for death,
The death of this wrath before it begins.
I am confused,
Struggling with demons that I cannot see.
Inside I can only hope,
Hope for the love of someone to set me free.
This cold,
The darkness inside my heart,
The sickness,
The torture of my mind inside of my head,
I look for a release,
The thing that would be most likely to set me free,
I have not,
Have not found the freedom that I need,
Why must such pain and hell torture me?

Winter



To the Dreams
by
Cameron M. Lowe

The mind convulses and haunts the body.
Shadows cave in; at night, form fights madness.
True dawn staves off the soul's rigor mortis.
Horrors depart, but her face was lovely.

And so now I fall to the dreams again.

Travails

The kneeling gunman, his journey at end
Before the spirals of the Glass Tower,
Remembers the staining rose and tiller,
And stands, now ready to enter the glen.

Abysmal

A good man's brethren turn, tear at his flesh.
Betrayal froths from the dark mongrels' mouths.
The good man's blessing pierces through the hounds.
The pack is broken by the good man's leash.

Dusk

The road is gone; the Black Carnival rides.
An endless caravan of rotting death
Old friends fall until only I am left.
In their accusing eyes my screams reside.

Muse

I travel softly across the dead lands.
I am hunted in an empty world,
Her cold hand rakes my arm; her voice is heard.
I am lost. The dead woman takes my hand.

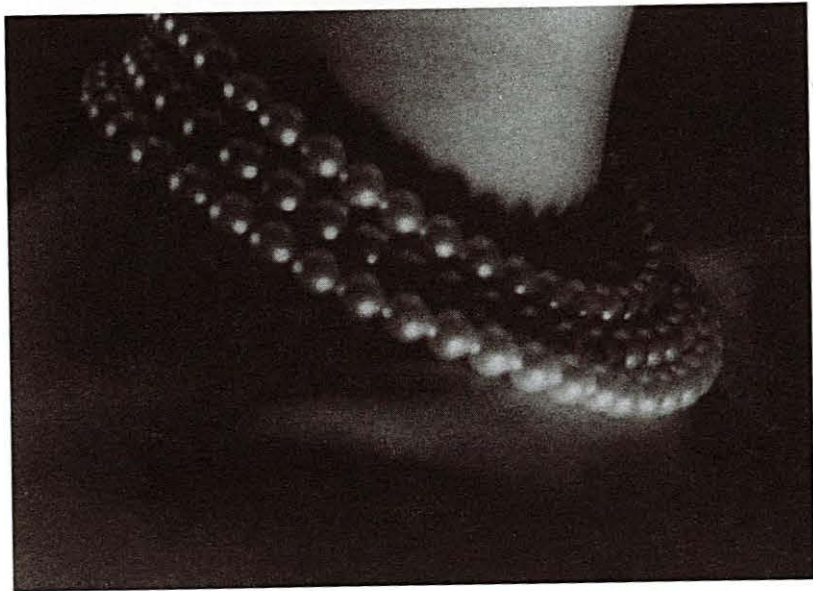
Phoenix

I burst out of the water, my wings burn.
This is Icarus touching the heavens.
Fiery eagles' eyes gaze as I descend.
I wished it. It is all I can command.

The dreams are at an end



Amy D. Neff *Winter* Photograph



ismine McDowell *Girl With a Pearl Necklace* Photograph

Revelation

by

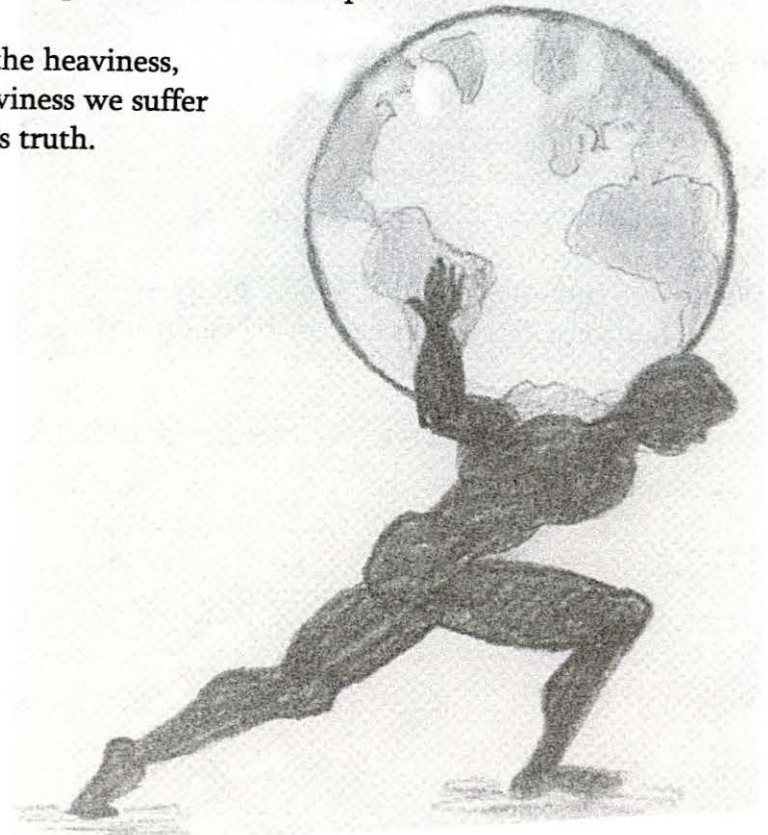
Jessica James

Inspired by A. Ginsberg's "Song"

The heaviness of reality
is truth.

Beneath the baggage
of bitterness,
beneath the baggage
of unpardonable misconceptions

the heaviness,
the heaviness we suffer
is truth.



The Flame
by
Amy L. Shimek

She lit the flame, brought it close to the green,
holding it there, thriving for my please.

Curling whites mine eyes do see,
A Memory is seen immediately.

It speaks to her almost mischievously,
telling fantasies of cordiality.

My eyes invigorate provokingly,
captivated by his Godlike amenities.

With every intention of sinning indulgently—
her conscious speaks destroying all dreams of complexity.



Acacia Decker

Drawing

The Right Isn't Always Popular

by
Anonymous

Watch the masses scramble ragged

stopping to observe the being with the appearance of less than theirs

or the being in pain and in need of a mere hand.

Tongues full of lies and meanness

the masses must make themselves feel full,

they compare themselves to be more.

Maybe that's why I feel I am nothing

for holding tongues from mass consumption of souls,

I am in pain and unpopular.



Photograph

Jamie Beecher

The Mind's Cry

by
Cameron M. Lowe

She shook her watch without much hope. Surely someone would drive by soon. There had to be other travelers on that god-forsaken stretch of road, but she hadn't seen a trace of one since the wreck. It had been damned stupid to listen to Parker. She had steadily cursed him the first hour, but the oppressive heat stopped her. Damn him and his shortcuts. She knew better than to listen to him, but he had assured her this would cut an hour from her trip, and the interstate from Las Vegas always had a wreck.

She'd been making good time. The road was a straight shot across the Nevada hardpan. While it wasn't the best maintained road, there hadn't been any serious washouts or pot-holes, and the traffic was incredibly light, so she kept the needle pointed straight at ninety. She had always heard that time was supposed to slow down for those in serious crashes, but hers was over in a blur. As she approached a weathered road sign, she noticed something written in dark red near the bottom. Her head craned to better read the writing; she only caught a glimpse of the small gray form running across the road. She slammed on her brakes. She screamed when she heard a painfully loud bang. The car tilted, started to slide, and nearly held to the road, but she'd been going much too fast. The car rolled several times, but Alicia Markson never realized it until hours later. She'd been knocked unconscious when her head hit the steering wheel.

She came awake screaming. Disconnected images lingered, most of a grinning skull with blood trickling from its eyes. After a minute of disorientation, she finally remembered bits of the crash, ending with hearing the screeching metal around her. The car had ended on its wheels, and surprisingly,

her door came open with barely any effort. She panicked when she couldn't get out of the car, but finally remembered her seat belt. Choking out a harsh fit of laughter, she fumbled out of her car. Other than some seriously bruised ribs from the seat belt and some small cuts on her hands and forehead, she was fine.

She was reaching back into the car for her cell phone when she first saw the coyote. It was sitting only a few yards away from her, staring at her with no fear in its eyes. Its gray coat must have been the flash she'd seen crossing the road. She'd wrecked her damn car for a coyote. The cell phone was a waste of time. She felt slightly foolish even thinking that she'd have connection out this far in the desert. Her car wasn't going to start, but she gave it a shot anyways. The coyote watched her efforts with what looked like amusement. When the car's death rattles finally faded away, the coyote chuffed and stood on its haunches. Uneasy, she tried to remember everything she'd ever read about the creatures, trying to remember if they ever attacked people or not. She'd never known that they lived this far out in the middle of nowhere, but this one appeared right at home. She pocketed her keys, gave the coyote another glance, and started back towards that road sign. If a town was close enough, she'd start hoofing it. The desert was only going to get hotter, and she had no intention of waiting in temperatures that rarely dipped below one hundred.

She started walking towards the sign, and the coyote followed her. She'd traveled much further from the sign than she'd thought. Her aching ribs didn't help matters, but the damn coyote was the only thing on her mind. At one point, she looked back and thought she saw the reflection of the bleeding skull in its eyes. Shuddering, she told herself that she was only seeing things. The back of the sign loomed only a few feet away. The writing at the bottom of the sign had slipped her mind, but when she turned to look at the sign, it became the only thing on her mind. None of the towns had any distance written next to them, but at the bottom, in dark red streaks, (it wasn't blood, it couldn't be, it would have washed away, been cleaned up, oh god) a crude

skull was drawn, with small streaks of red coming from the eyes. The coyote chuffed, and she closed her eyes, knowing that if she looked over, she'd see the skull of her dreams in its eyes again.

After a minute of deep breathing, she finally calmed herself. She'd simply seen the symbol flash by, and it had stuck in her mind. The coyote was just a curious animal. That was all. She'd start walking. Someone had to come by sooner or later, and if not, she was in fine health. She could easily walk for several hours. And someone was bound to come by. (that thing is laughing at you you know that and sooner or later that grinning devil is going to be feasting on you flesh tearing from the bone and it's going to huuuurt).

Shut it out. Close it off. Walk. Left foot, right foot. The miles droned on like that for quite a while. Her watch had stopped working after the crash, but every once in a while, she would rattle it, putting some sort of half-crazed faith that if the watch would work, someone would come shortly after. She walked, and the coyote followed. Its grin had left its face, and now it only stared at her, licking its chops occasionally. She forced herself not to look at it. The sun was so damned hot. Why hadn't she brought water? For the hundredth time, she thought of the safe, well-traversed interstate, the Mecca Las Vegas, and her old home in Lancaster. She forced herself to think of anything but the coyote and the skulls in its eyes.

What felt like hours later, a glint in the distance sparked her diminished spirit. Hope at last, a car! She started to run, waving her hands, soundlessly trying to yell for them. The glint of metal grew only slowly in the distance, and with horror, she realized it wasn't moving. Another breakdown out here. Perhaps they had water in the car, though (blood why do I want to taste blood) by now, water didn't seem to appeal to her very much. She must be close to heat stroke. The distance to the car shortened, and the sinking feeling came back. The coyote behind her growled once, and fell silent. No longer fearing the creature, she started to run towards the car. It

couldn't be, she was imagining it, or maybe it was a car that looked just like hers. But no...it was her car, crumpled and broken nearly two dozen yards from the road. She screamed then, no longer wordlessly, a high pitched keening. Perched on the roof of her car was a skull, distinctly human, with small trails of blood running from the eye holes.

Several hours later, the sheriff took a trembling motorist back to his car. The man still had vomit all over his leather shoes, but Allan didn't bother to tell him. Hell, he was on the brink of losing his dinner himself. At six that evening, the motorist had passed a wrecked car just five miles before the city limits of Florence. Another three miles, and the young woman would have made it to a gas station. But she'd never made it, although she looked like she'd been walking for hours. The body was...nothing he'd ever seen compared to it. She had gouged out her eyes, and clawed at her own throat. The sheriff shook his head. There was just no explaining it.

What the hell was that coyote staring at?



Thoughts Lost

by
Jamie Riggs

thoughts lost
words float away
flashing commas
spinning sentences
sporadic letters

emotions sway
like the drunk
on the corner
begging for his next 40

feelings linger
longer than the
evangelist who knocks
door to door
pushing his way in
hoping to save
at least one soul
today

Torn

by
Shawn Toliver

Two voices, one skin
A man in the mirror, a child within
The voices they scream and tear me apart
A man in my head, a child in my heart

Intellect, Emotion, the forces collide
How can I end the war that's inside?
Acceptance? Surrender? Admitting defeat!?
This can't be the way to make me complete!
A man yells "Never!" This child is so meek
Never, Oh Never, will I be so weak!

A child cries why must you torture us so?
Feelings this strong you need not control.
Victims no longer, the ultimate goal
Mind and Spirit must make room for the Soul

Three voices, one skin
I now have a place where I can begin.

Fall of Man

by
Michael Amoroso

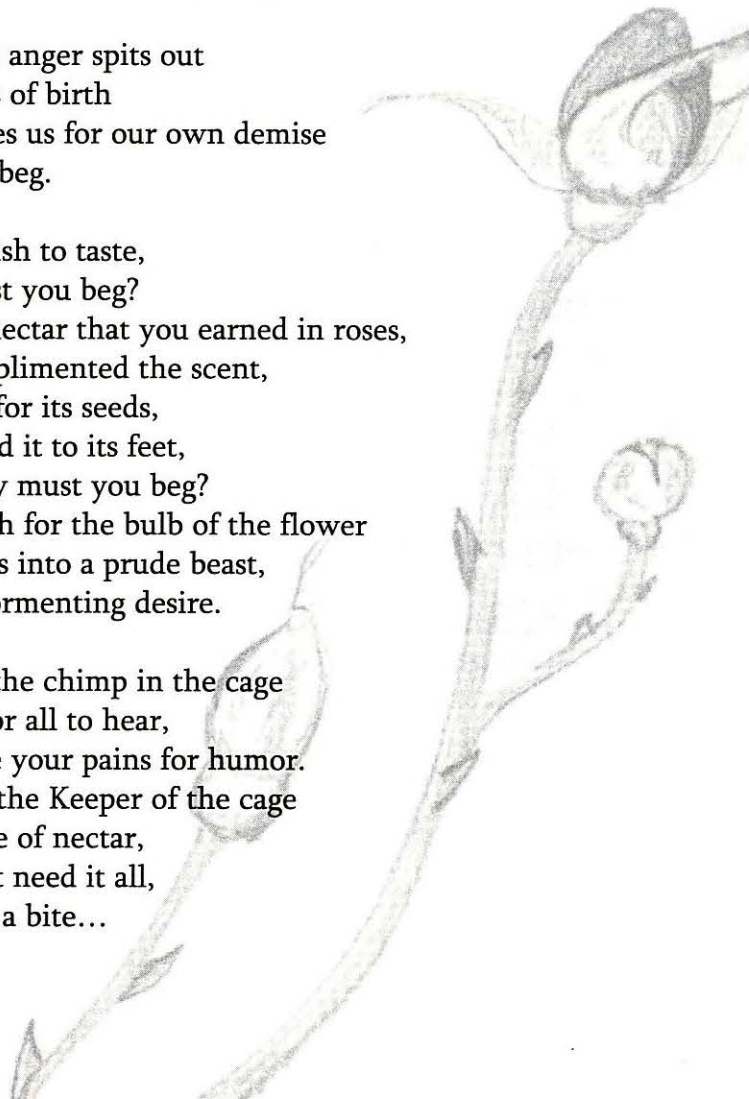
Excerpt from Amoroso's "Richard in the Park"

I see it now, it's all fairly simple...

Heaven's anger spits out
the pains of birth
and leaves us for our own demise
then we beg.

If you wish to taste,
why must you beg?
Beg for nectar that you earned in roses,
you complimented the scent,
yearned for its seeds,
and raised it to its feet,
then why must you beg?
You reach for the bulb of the flower
it shrivels into a prude beast,
a tease tormenting desire.

You are the chimp in the cage
yelling for all to hear,
they take your pains for humor.
You beg the Keeper of the cage
for a taste of nectar,
you don't need it all,
not even a bite...

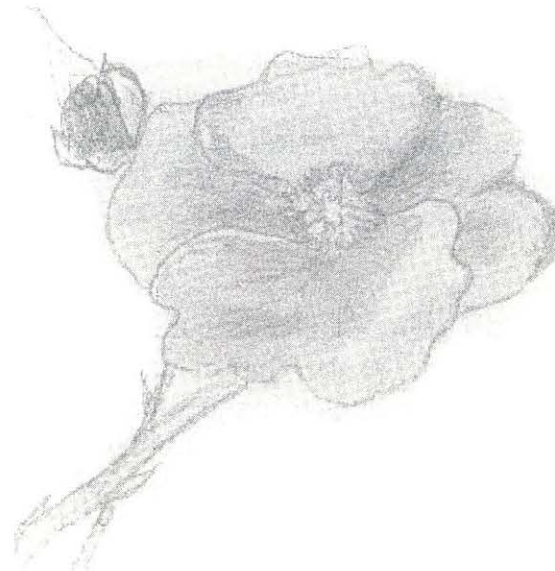


Just a taste.
Just enough to survive the day.
The keeper is jovial,
but the keeper is cruel.
You charge in,
if not merely out of frustration,
the keeper pushes away...
and she grins...
she grins!

"If you are not willing to wait...you are not worthy."

Isn't waiting all I do?

This flower.
This prude beast.
The succubus.



Choosing the Magazine's Name

by
Sarah Casaletto

The white paper contracts deeply with the black ink stamped upon it. The words, leaving the page intact, until he or she sees a portion where the black ink seems darker, as if the passage of writing were jumping off the page. The highlighter comes out, and the page is now marked, the significant passage a new color all its own. This is known as a "purple patch." The Handbook to Literature by Harmon and Holman defines a purple patch as:

A piece of notably fine writing. Now and then authors in a strongly emotional passage will give free play to most of the stylistic tricks in their bag. They will write intensely colorful and more than usually rhythmic. When there is an unusual piling up of these devices in such a way as to suggest a self-conscious literary effort, the section is spoken of as a purple patch—a colorful passage standing out from the writing around it. (The expression comes from Horace, for whom purple dye was much rarer—hence more conspicuous—than it is for us) (421).

Generally the purple patches are the "quotable quotes" and the part of the piece which stands out to the reader. Just open any "Zankified" book and one can see purple patches highlighted in many works of literature. A purple patch is often the best writing in the piece of work. A new literary magazine for Missouri Valley College represents some of the best writing, art, and photography of the students in the school. It shall be our "purple patch" for people to open and immediately recognize as the best.

The printing cost of Vol. 5
was deferred in part by
donations from members of the
community, faculty, and staff.
We, the members of Sigma Tau Delta,
wish to express our
thanks to you for
your continued support.

"As the editor I would like to extend my personal thanks to those of you who helped in supporting this edition of *The Purple Patch*. It is your support and encouragement which allows for this positive voice of student expression to be heard."

Amy L. Shimek, Editor

Special Thanks
Virginia Zank
Loren Gruber

Index

PROPERTY OF MURRELL LIBRARY
MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE
MARSHALL, MO 65340

Mike Amoroso.....	56-57
Brandon Anderson.....	41
Fabiana Andrade.....	i,ix,17-23
Anonymous	36, 48
Jorge Arana.....	3
Jamie Beecher.....	10,49
Sarah Casaletto.....	vi
Dustin Cheyne	27
Susan Renee Cusick.....	24-23, 37
Acacia Decker.....	47
Robin Farias.....	4
Kiesa Heckman.....	22
Rebecca Hoey.....	5,32
Jessica James.....	2,6,9,11,18,20,35,39,45
Susan Lawrence.....	28, 30
Cameron M. Lowe.....	43, 50-53
Jasmine McDowell.....	44
Richard Miller.....	38
Karrie Mitchell.....	26, 29, 31, 40
Emilee Murphree.....	2, 35
Casey Nay.....	38
Amy Neff.....	44
Katie Peters.....	33
Jamie Riggs.....	54
Amy Shimek.....	iii,iv,v,vii,viii,12, 19, 21, 46
Brandon Stiko.....	13-16
Shawn Toliver.....	56



Production Staff

Brandon L. Anderson

Katie Cross

Jessica James

Emilee Murphree

Amy D. Neff

Renee Cusick

Robin S. Farias

Samantha J. Narron

Amy L. Shimek

Missouri Valley College
Marshall, MO 65340