

Eastern Illinois Writing Project

Summer Institute 2016



Creative Anthology

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I am a naturally quiet person

I want to know lots of things about lots of things I

wish folks would give peace a chance

I don't understand rudeness I

hear hurricanes a- blowing

I see a bad moon arising

I get angry about my own impatience

I dream about being somebody's hero I am

Nathan Kurk Anastas

Ryan D'Arcy

Writing Crawl on the Square

Dr. Murray

28 June 2016

The sky is dark; the lights are bright. The last delicious hint of fresh chips and salsa are still tickling my taste buds. We wander out onto the sidewalk absorbing all the sights and smells. The joyous romp of music from Little Mexico begins to fade.

The square is one of my favorite places on Saturday night. After stuffing ourselves with exotic delights, we always circumnavigate the courthouse. I, the eldest, am obviously the leader, bravely determining when to cross the tricky intersections. We pass the dragon's den, reeking smoke pouring out, sheltering under the gaze of the king in his castle across the street. Moving on, we pass the court of jesters, drunkenly carousing and piercing the night with the sharp peals of laughter. My brothers, fellow knights, escort the fair queen mother.

After we have made sufficient progress and all are tired, we seek the wizard to see his magic shows. But glaring in the night, a palace of light invites us in to join in their fiction, the sweet dream of a while.

Waiting to enter, I can't help but reflect on memories, most of them prosthetic. How many people have entered here? Did the magic enchant them as well? Lovers to spouses, spouses to parents, parents to grandparents – my goodness, the tradition lives! How has it changed? John Wayne to John McClain, Dorothy to April O'Neil. Now only a dream, a memory, a prosthesis.

My Smile

By Kim Duckett

It's not easy to choose

The best part of me.
I'm critical towards myself,
Of what others can see.

My smile stands out,
When thinking of things.
Some might ask, "Why?"
Because joy and laughter it brings!

Sure it's imperfect.
It's slightly crooked on the right.
And it makes my cheeks puffy,
When I smile real tight.

My smile is magic,
It hides tears when I'm sad.
When I use it just right,
It can disguise when I'm mad.

If I'm nervous...
My smile makes others believe
I'm cool as a cat,
Feeling calm and relieved.

By far the best part
Of flashing my grin,
Is the "touching" way
It makes others grin from within.

When I smile at others,
And they happen to glance...
I know my smile's special
It'll make their heart dance.



Lift Your Praises to God
Melissa Etchison

Lift your praises to God each and every day.
Lift your praises to God even when you're feeling dazed.

Lift your praise to God each and every day.
Lift your praises to God even when things don't go your way.

Lift your praises to God when life is low.
Lift your praises to God even when you want to not follow the flow.

Lift your praises to God all through good and difficult days.
Lift your praises to God even when life is not bright and sunny like May.

Lift your praises to God when you are on the mountaintop or low in the valley.
Lift your praises to God even when you are searching for answers while in the valley.

Lift your praises to God each and every day.
Lift your praises to God no matter what the circumstances of the day.

Michelle Hawkins

National Writing Project

EIU Summer Institute

Creative Piece

I like to do, not design.
I'm a mover and a shaker but
Not a thinker.
I like to yell and shout,
But to sit and think and plan it all out
Is not my style.
Don't get me wrong, I like to be
Organized.
It's an adjective I called myself
Not five hours ago.
But the idea,
The big picture,
The plan,
It just feels like busy work.
And I hate busy work.
I've sat in the class and
Read the book telling me it's not.
It's best practice, they say,
It's essential to good teaching.
But I just want to do.
To feel.
To be in the moment.
So, no, I am not excited but I am
Committed.
To my work, to this class, and to my students.
And I will succeed.

Distractibility by Kendall Huffman

It's the sights &
The sounds around

It's the comings &
Going through the doors

It's the idea of not
Today, but tomorrow will be better

It's that moment when you battle
Between need to do and want to do

It's not the task
or content that doesn't want to be done

It's the sights &
The sounds around

It's the comings &
Going through the doors

Kristy Kash Rodriguez, Organized Chaos

Dominoes.

Items that create joy from chaos.

But they aren't always chaotic.

First, they must be organized.

Carefully set.

One by one.

Until they are fully organized.

Then chaos takes over until it just stops.

Life is like this.

Carefully structured moments that result in chaos.

But, like the dominoes, eventually the chaos just stops.

And the rebuilding begins again.

Angie Kelly, "My Arms"



I have grown to love my arms.
This hasn't always been the case.

It doesn't come natural
and had taken time to embrace.

I've worked hard for this muscle
making sacrifices each day.

It hasn't been easy,
but worth it I say.

My biceps have grown and that fills me with pride.
But what I'm most proud of is the
strength I've gained on the inside.

My arms are a symbol of how strong I've come to be.
That's why I love them and why I love me.

A Summer Afternoon***Jamie Michel***

A summer afternoon bike ride down a country road
 The door hastily swung open wide
 My mom's startled guttural cry
 What happened? fills the air
 Raw, oozing scrapes on skinny legs and arms
 Revealed through the torn holes of his clothes
 Ankles, ears, and elbows --- anything that extended from his frame
 Dripping with blood

A mile back, a long, steep hill
 Normally thrilling, wind blowing through tousled hair
 Cut short with a bang, the tire abruptly lost its air
 One of the very few times I actually felt for my brother
 His friend telling the tale
 As my brother let Mom heal him with damp warm wash clothes and bandages
 Speechlessly, my brother embraced a mother's loving touch

The Doudna

Mirrored reflections
 Ninety degree angles
 Frosted, filmed glass panels
 Blue lights
 Trap door
 Green Room
 Black Box
 Copper walls
 Original, brown brick
 Chalkboard walls
 Red Zone
 Faint handprints darkening over time
 A hidden jewel in Charleston

--Kristin Runyon, Doudna Writing Crawl, July 5, 2016

Briana Thornton

Dr. Murray ENGL

5585

7 July 2016

The Mystery of the Phantom

The phantom woke her every night around 3:00 a.m. He would make some sort of loud noise, just loud enough to only wake her, and just quick enough to make her question if the sound was even real. It could have been the wind against the window pane or the neighbor's cat getting in the trash again, but the phantom refused to let logic win.

The phantom also made occasional appearances; she could never make out his true features, just a lurking shadow in the doorway or a slim figure at the foot of the bed. He never stayed long enough to explain why he was there but, instead, disappeared as soon as her eyes started to adjust to the darkness.

Tonight, she looked over at her sleeping husband and wondered if she should tell him about the phantom that visited their bedroom every night. She started to shake his shoulder when he let out a soft moan and rolled over on his side.

Oh well, she thought as she slowly pulled her hand back. *He's my visitor anyway, not his.*

Feeling defeated, she laid on her back and stared at the ceiling, refusing to let her eyes wander anywhere else.

It was approaching 3:45. The phantom had been silent for the past ten minutes or so, but his hour wasn't up. He must have noticed her drooping eyelids and heavy breathing; she should know better. Just as she was drifting back to sleep, the phantom screamed a bloody shriek in her

ear. It was as if he had physically entered her mind and decided to find rest in her brain. Her eyes shot open as she pulled the blanket up to her chin. She prayed for her heart to slow down out of fear that it might actually jump out of her chest and land on the floor beside her.

Breathe, breathe, breathe...

Ten minutes later, the phantom ended his visit. Despite her instincts, she strained her eyes just in time to watch his shadow creep through the crack in the doorway. Sleep had come for her, so she waved goodbye, knowing he would be back tomorrow.

Hannah

Yeam

EIWP 2016

Creative Writing Piece

Defeat

The torrential rains poured down and thundered on the roof above her. She unwillingly opened her eyes and peered into the darkness. A groan of agony escaped her lips as she willed herself to sleep. *Think of the most BORING and UNINTERESTING things possible, and your eyelids will get heavy*, she commanded herself. It. Did. Not. Work. Nothing is boring right now.

She could sense the peace and calm all around her; yet, none of it could reach her own mind. *Concentrate on the rhythmic flow of the rain drops. That should help*. So she did...only the rhythm triggered images of dancers and performances and inevitably, her own body began to move involuntarily to the beats of the storm. This. Is. Insane.

She laughed to herself as she thought about all the moments in her life when she had to do everything she could do to stay awake. Now...she can't even doze off. Oh how she wished for that drowsiness now! The domino effect of not sleeping is all too real for her. Her mind and her body know all too well what will happen to her later in the day. Yet, like a rebellious teenager who refuses to listen to the wisdom of her elders, desperately wanting to "YOLO" and do what she wants despite the consequences...her mind and her body refused to relent.

Her iPhone alarm went off, signaling another night of defeat to her temporary nemesis: jet lag.