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# INK WAVES

A Collection of MSOE  
Student Creative Writing

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***Our World***

***By***

***Benjamin Hillen***

A Dysoptic vision  
A world so uncanny  
All those who surround me:  
Their eyes cold and empty  
Void of emotions a swirling maelstrom  
Everything is gone and I am alone  
I fight but I cannot find  
That which I search for  
In this reality so unkind  
The globe so barren, so harsh, so amiss,  
Familiarity in the emptiness  
I surrender to the abyss.

---

## *Theory of Hate*

*By*

*Jocelyn Miley*

I don't hate you.

I want to understand.

I don't think you really hate me.

You don't know me.

I don't hate you because you've spent lifetimes hating me,

what did that accomplish?

Blood was spilt,

crosses were burned,

but I'm still here.

The spit has been cleaned off my face,

and the wounds on my back have healed,

and I'm still here.

I don't hate you,

with your white robes,

and your blasphemous words.

I don't hate you because I don't think you really hate me.

You don't know me.

I'm still here.

---

*War*  
*By*  
*Gurdish Singh*

War! What is it good for?  
War! What is it good for?

We fight over land that belongs to none.  
We expect results by the sound of gun.

We sweat in peace; still in war we bleed.  
Remember, there is no just when to fight we seek.

Respect no soul; pay no heed.  
Our human kind we let our ego supersede.

Birds of freedom serve no dictator  
And war among them shall bring no victor.

Still fight they will; people will be killed.  
On sleeping souls how will the future be built?

Leave the politics to the politicians.  
Let us, you and me, try a little salvation.

Let us ignore the wall called border.  
Let's assume love; give respect and bring some order.

Let love and respect be the weapons we hand  
To slay the dragon and build walls of sand.

We do need walls to support a door,  
But walls should have windows and a little more.

This is in tribute to the never-ending conflict between  
India and Pakistan over the territory of KASHMIR.

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## *Judge*

*By*

*Mark Frankowski*

In their eyes lies a fire to burn  
A raging hatred  
from a world so stern  
With piercing eyes they glare and stare  
fulfilling their dreams  
to judge without care  
Upon the shattered faces  
comes a darkened light  
A call to hatred  
from the depths of the night  
To wallow to stare  
to hold a mighty grin  
To be wicked  
Full of hatred  
to burn through your skin  
An eye of might  
An ever evil glare  
To kill for the right  
To judge without care.

---

## *The Light*

*By*

*Ethan J. Hoehn*

There is a place that I long to go  
This is the place where my seeds are  
sown  
Take the Flowage, it's time to be

Waiting for the light  
Hand in hand  
Walk the narrow road to Neverland  
Step onto the beach and sit in the sand  
Gaze into the night

Watch for the light as it shines through  
the waves  
I wanna go home, take me there  
Take me to the light  
The light makes it right  
Take me to that place tonight

No matter what we do, no matter what  
we say  
We have always got a place to stay  
Walk in the woods, appreciate the land  
Guide it along with a steady hand  
This is the place where you're safe at  
night

Watch for the light as it shines through  
the trees  
I wanna go home, take me there  
Take me to the light

The light makes it right  
Take me to that place  
tonight

The time has come for it to  
snow  
The time has come for  
everyone to go  
Mother, give him his gear  
And keep your children near  
It's time for boy to become  
a man

Watch for the light as it  
pierces his eyes  
I wanna go home, take me  
there  
Take me to the light  
The light makes it right  
Take me to that place  
tonight

This is the place everyone  
calls home  
This is the place where the  
light has shone  
Grab the ice and chill the  
beer  
There's only one thing to  
fear  
Losing the light  
We'll do what we must to  
make it right  
Keep your light in sight  
Keep that light in sight.

---

*Speck*

*By*

*B. David Gardner*

One lifetime a speck of  
dust

On an endless highway

Within that speck of dust

To the man it represents

A special moment

That'd mean a galaxy

At the end of the cosmic  
day

We are all dust and yet

we feel

A thing uniquely human

And this man felt

superhuman

A moment of pride

A ton of courage

A heart throbbing

Trapped in his speck

The highway before him

The highway after him

The feeling around him

He could not escape

Nor tell all the world

He knew of wonder

His part of a miracle

He knew it would take

Part of his speck

It was his feelings

That let him transcend

The bounds of his speck

The cage of his time

A moment of pride

A ton of courage

A heart throbbing

He summoned his

strength

And gave of his speck

To reveal to the WORLD

His moment of pride.

---

*Line*

*By*

*Elaine Pavel*

Cross the line  
From your world to mine  
Come...to where I survive  
I will show you how  
Cross it...will you, now?  
Walk into my world  
Where everything has a message  
A meaning  
It is my world, unlike yours  
Don't worry,  
It is peaceful here  
Walk into the light, which is the line  
Which is so bright  
Will you cross through the light?  
When the time is right?

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## *Share the Fall*

*(For M.-- Love.)*

*By*

*Michael Bailey*

I wish that I could take away or ease some of her pain.  
I wish that I could bring her god, and have her demons slain.  
I wish that I could be her knight and use my shining armor--  
Killing worries, killing blame; I'd make sure none could harm her.

I wish, again, that I could be--her pill, her medication.  
Killing pain and numbing woes, I'd bring her love's sedation.  
I wish that I could stop her tears whenever times got rough.  
I wish my jokes could bring her smile, and make her laugh and blush.

I wish so much that on my lips there was a magic potion--  
So potent and relieving that my kiss could calm commotion.  
For her, I wish that I could kill the demons in her head--  
clear up the way she sees things so that she could see they're dead.

I wish upon these million stars, I wish a million things.  
I wish that I could heal her scars, and give her soul my wings.  
But as I pray to all these stars, they all reject my plea--  
They tell me that her healing process won't begin with me.

"Wings," I cry, "and happiness," my sobbing pleas continue--  
But then I heard what they had said: "her hope lies not within you."  
Disappointed, I wished on, that I could comfort her,  
And take her so damned far away her pain was but a blur.

Sadly though, I realize, it's out of my control.  
So now I lay my trust in her, my faith in her strong soul.  
But even though she'll beat her wings and fight things on her own,  
I'm writing this to let her know she'll never be alone.

---

## *My Woman*

*By*

*Kerry Sykes*

I see with my eyes closed,

Feel with my mind,

Reach with my heart,

Want with my empty soul.

I hurt with all my being,

Experience pain for the first time,

Every time.

I desire the love of one woman with all my being,

Happiness cannot get any better than that,

However, it reaches new heights every passing second,

I can finally understand why people want to live.

Her beauty is unmatched by all

The depths of her eyes are deeper than any ocean,

And reach farther than any galaxy.

I can see my future in those eyes.

---

## *Enchanted Forest*

*By*

*Daniel Tetzlaff*

I walked into an Enchanted Forest  
With you close by my side  
I had no fears, no worries  
To your every command I would abide

I knew I could find you  
By simply calling out your name  
You always came rushing to me  
And for you I would do the same

One day I noticed a gloom  
Resonating strongly in the air  
I naturally turned to you  
But to my surprise, you were not there

I searched under each cold rock  
I looked behind each wilting tree  
Our Enchanted Forest was surely dying  
It was impossible; it couldn't be

Then I saw you in the distance  
Relieved, I called out your name  
But you told me not to come any closer  
For my efforts would be in vain

I took one step closer to you  
Only to see you take two steps from me

I begged and pleaded for you to stop  
But you kept walking, further than my

At that moment my very essence  
I was unprepared for such a sudden  
The forest collapsed into my life  
As we took our final breath

The forest had lost all of its  
All of its glow, all of its mystery  
I managed to get to my feet  
But my search for life was broken

I stand here now with nothing left  
I am lonely, so I call out your name  
But I no longer hear you rushing  
Our Enchanted Forest is filled with

But I will not give up, no not now  
I know that in time you will be here  
I pray that you are waiting for me, where  
I know that you must still be alive

I will not give up in my search  
I will not lose this fight  
Our Enchanted Forest will live  
The day you and I finally reunite

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## *Signs*

*By*

*Dawn Leyendecker*

The littlest finger pointed up in the air,  
the beginning sign that tells you care.

A pause . . . and then, the next one comes,  
just two fingers, up . . . then, right for each one.

Then it's a circle, the easiest yet;  
a sign I will surely never forget.

I know what's next to show your love . . .  
it looks like a peace sign that goes with a dove.

The next sign looks funny, but I can tell  
what it means because you do it so well.

Another pause . . . the start of a new.  
Why, I know this sign, it's recognizable too!  
Next, there's that circle; You show it again.

Now, I know we're almost to the end.  
That last of the signs that you show to me  
is only two fingers, close and straight as can be.

Using your hands, with no other tool,  
You bring a smile to my face when you sign "I Love You."

---

## *Storm*

*By*

*Kate Kliss*

I love the way the air smells  
just before a storm strikes the country side  
of fresh grass and damp air  
waiting patiently like dry soiled skin under a showerhead  
waiting to be clean and refreshed  
nourished with warm drops of water  
the cool chill of the air as the clouds roll over in the sky  
an ever going ballet as they twist and turn  
changing from recognizable forms and becoming something new  
I wish I could capture the sweet moist smell in a bottle  
I would keep it on my shelf and every morning  
I would spray my room with thousands of tiny droplets  
spitting it out in to the stale air of my chamber  
watching the mist settle onto my rug  
watering the dust bunnies who live there  
I would open a window to let in a gentle breeze  
lifting the smell off my floor to touch my senses again  
and then I would quickly shut the window and gently wake you up  
keeping my morning storm to myself.

---

*Cracker Jack Toy*

*By*

*Lisa Bosman*

A pondering thought

Of a never-ending vision

Throughout the morning, day, and night

Exceeding all ideas and wonders of the imagination

Seemingly portraying itself as insignificant

Yet leaving me to believe

In endless possibilities.

---

## *Urban Queen*

*By*

*Claudia Stewart*

Precious little princess with almond colored skin  
Birth child of descendants who were African kings and queens  
You are the star in your momma eyes  
Her guiding light with nothing to hide  
There is a solid foundation within your magnificent soul  
One that will demand respect, knowledge, power and wealth  
These are just some of the few things you will soon possess  
Your beauty will be in the eye of every beholder  
Man, woman, and child  
Making you the object of every man's attention  
Bringing countless hours of love and affection  
Don't rush your childhood baby girl  
Soon time will tell  
Enjoy your freedom and please do not raise hell  
Cause you know momma is capable of spanking your little tail  
You are the future of the African American race and generation  
Our means of communication  
Beautiful, mahogany, spiritual  
Miss Thang could it be an epiphany  
Soon to rise and take the crown  
You are the next urban queen.

---

*Lion*

*By*

*Tim Bulgrin*

Consent find itself  
in a whispered darkness.

Tousled,  
ruffled joyful  
and poised  
on proud sinew.

*A Limerick: Black Dove*

*By*

*Michael Bailey*

Black Dove, Black Dove,  
What the Hell was I thinking of?  
I knew for a fact,  
Your intentions were black,  
But I STILL thought I could have your love.

---

## *Haikus*

*By*

*Meinard Caspillan*

### *One*

singularity  
one chance is all that we  
get  
don't let it pass by

### *Crimson*

beautiful red rose  
shimmering with morning  
dew  
keep you forever

### *Promise of a New Day*

fog falls and covers  
blanket covering the city  
goodnight city and sleep

### *Lucid*

dreaming in color  
vivid images dancing  
i swear its real

### *Tone Deaf*

blank arpeggios  
disharmonious duet  
beautiful silence

### *Dorks*

I can't help but smile  
whenever you are with me  
i don't feel empty

### *Drowning*

slowly as it came  
feelings fade far, far away  
leaving you behind

### *One Sided Love*

i love you, i said  
let's just be good friends,  
she said  
another love dies

### *Music Box*

wind it up and play  
memories of things long  
gone  
live another day

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*Untitled*

*By*

*Lorna Josiah*

His voice warbles as he speaks, a direct result of the moaning and crying that takes place each night with the setting of the sun and the dawning of the grief reborn. Every night the pain is palpable as he watches, his mind knows that the seat will remain empty, devoid of the radiant joy, resplendent sweetness of a ten year old who's left her toys behind, yet his heart the fool that it is, is unwilling to accept the facts. Her room still in the constant disarray that has now become acceptable as the owner is no longer there to justify its untidiness and he cannot bear to move a single doll. His arms now empty where they should be filled with the laughter of childish secrets, as he ambles slowly under the leaden burden of a heavy heart mournful of its loss to the gravesite. This is not the way it was meant to be, the old do not bury the young. He was looking forward to his duty as a father, to teach her what was taught to him, and the one lesson he hoped that he would never teach has been taught by Death with a vicious understanding.

He could be any father, from any side of the war. The only ones who profit from the fighting are Death who has minions to carry out his job as he vacates, and the gravedigger who revises his stock options every evening.

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## *The Day Before*

*By*

*Yakira Braden*

As David Dimeglio peacefully slept, a disturbing "Double-stud" woke up in your work. Make S  
awakened him in his bed. Before he had the chance to going his eyes, cups, and drop the kids  
of water rolled down his face. A voice spoke today it are. Should make known. they arrive at Wee C  
"Daddy, Josh smells like garbage, Mom's gone to work baby, and I'm going to school today," and I'll see you tonight  
This eager tone of voice came from a three-foot, pig-toed, Barney fan.  
David opened his eyes acknowledging the individual. Heals of because, David had completed all of his v  
disturbance. Josh stood over his father's head with a red face and a wide-eyed expression by 11:15. "Good Morn  
constant drops of saliva escaping from his toddler lips. "How many pages do I have?" said David.

"How are MY favorite son and daughter? Today is Monday, and I'm in NY PUM (National Youth  
turn to take you guys to day-care," said David. Josh looked at him and said that his assistant will  
father with an uncomfortable look on his face. "Come on, little man, Los Angeles Airport to head o  
clean that up, and Sabrina would you like eggs and NY PUM for today? said the pleasant secretary. I  
headed for Josh's room, having to carefully step NY PUM for toys. Josh because he wanted to h  
hallway, the phone sounded. "Hello." children with family and behavior problems by

"Good Morning, Baby! How are you and the little girl that was who resides with you had. You're still  
our loving home doing this fine morning?" asked his wife him as a way of encouragement before

room. He was prepared to call in the parents of  
"Baby, I just woke up. Josh smells and Sabrina is hungry and it's not. Get up, he exhaled as he stood in  
better than this. I wasn't going to go to work today because of the full day's work he had ahead  
special day. Happy Eighth Anniversary!! How can I forget? My life  
changed eight years ago, and I don't know what it's all about. David had to hurry up because  
have special plans tonight so don't be late. I'll be in the morning. My boss she kids this morning a  
called me to come into work for a crisis that arrived for a young girl." David showered and  
runaway refuses to go back home because supposedly for a crisis in a duffle bag, and just as  
sexually abusing her. Charles and Lynn are on vacation outside. On the other hand, he usually  
crisis worker available. I won't let this affect my family. He would only stay over in Los Ange  
and I'm going to show it tonight." David smiled his through his hair as he dashed for the door as the ca  
Washington himself. impatience with the car horn.

"I'll call you as soon-as I reach L.A."

---

The cab driver stepped on the gas, barely allowing speaking in his voice, her husband said, "Back door. After the wait in traffic, he made it to his flight. The flight have said that we all are going Boston, MA to Los Angeles, CA. He rushed to his that kids had clearly that I love them, too the flight attended offered him a soda. He ordered a Sprite. They have plane of the pilots at knife began to take off, he occupied his time by playing peek-a-bob. With phone went dead and Sara b toddler seated in front of him reminding him of his words. Her husband would ever speak. Her to the television that was on the Fox News Station. She cried about the incident yelled facing the camera passionate night her loving husband had planned for the anniversary of the Twin Towers. We don't anniversary. She began to give details, when the look no one had. She linked that many survivors over. "Hello." at the television watching her husband's life tra

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## ***UNLIKELY HERO***

***By***

***Eric Kutchery***

As they got onto Old Highway 37, James knew it was going to be a great weekend. The group he was going with consisted of his good friends and their girlfriends. The hour and a half seemed to fly by in his parent's van. Seated next him was his beautiful girlfriend, Lynn.

"How long till we get there?" asked Lynn.

"Only another fifteen minutes," replied James confidently. "See, there goes a sign," he said with a smirk.

"Oh, shut up! So you were right!" answered Lynn, with her tongue stuck out.

When they pulled onto the parks road the excitement grew.

"This is going to be great. A weekend away from the parents, sweet," thought James.

*This is going to be sweet a weekend out of the backyard and into the woods!*

As they pulled into their site, so did Matt and Jessica, in Matt's green truck.

"Let's set up shop," yelled Matt, as he was getting out of his truck.

Just as the tents were about to go up, Lynn stated, "Hey, James, I think Jessica and I are going for a walk..... have a good time setting up."

Matt and James struggled with the tent for nearly an hour. As they finally got it up the girls decided to stroll back to the site.

"Oh .... did you guys need a hand?" Jessica smiled.

"NO!!" Matt and James replied in unison.

---

It was less than five minutes later that the rest of the group arrived. Frank and Ash were in one car and Brian and Lace were in the other. "Hey, James, you brought the dog with. That's awesome," said Frank excitedly.

*I am Gus, a two year old golden lab, and did they think that they were gonna leave me at home!?!?*

Now that the camp was set up there was nothing to do but make a fire and lounge around. Everybody hit the tents early that night for what they thought would be a great night's sleep and a great next day. But they were soon to find out that that was untrue.

Early that morning a very loud crash was heard by James. The problem with hearing the noise was that he knew exactly what made it.

"Who left the food out?" he whispered to his sleepy friends. "Well, I don't care ... he can eat whatever he wants. I'm not going out there to stop him!!"

*I also knew what the noise was and I smelt that stinky bear.*

The next morning everyone woke to a very surprising site. The campsite was a mess. The bear had opened the cooler and taken everything out of it.

"Alright, who left it out?" asked Brian referring to the cooler.

But of course no one admitted to it. The bunch jumped into action and spent a lot of the morning cleaning the site. After the site was cleaned, Ash suggested going to the cliff and jumping into the cool water and everyone agreed. The cliff was about ten minutes away, on a beautiful trail directly behind their campsite.

"Hey, should we take the dog with?" inquired Lynn.

*You are darn tooting you should!!!*

"Yeah, it'll be a good run for him," answered James.

The walk was great for the friends. The whole walk was filled with goofing around, tossing around a football and chatting about things that didn't matter.

---

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Once they reached the cliff they all jumped in the water at once. After a couple of jumps they decided to quit and go back to camp to dry off and get some food.

"Man, I'm hungry," whined Jessica. "It's almost five already. We should get back!"

Once again the guys were left to do everything, this time cook. But the boys came up with a good proposition; guys cook, girls clean up. The girls agreed and the supper began. Hamburgers over an open fire. *They sure smelled delicious!!* Once the burgers were done and eaten and the dishes were cleaned, everyone decided that another night of resting sounded good. So they built up a nice warm fire and chatted around it. The weekend turned totally into a time to relax, which was needed for the busy high school students.

*And of course I got to nibble on the leftovers!*

*Bedtime came early for everybody, but once everybody was in bed trouble started. Once again the bear came to their site. But this time I was ready. I flew out of the tent and was in his face faster than you could believe. But once again James woke up to the noise.*

"Gus! NO! Come back!" cried James.

*But I didn't stop. I looked that ol' bear straight in the eyes and just growled. For the size of me I was one tough puppy. The bear looked at me and decided to turn and walk away. He knew there were plenty more sites to pillage and he didn't need to fight with anything at those. As he walked away the whole crew came out.*

"Gus, you crazy dog you." Lynn said smiling.

"Nice one, Gus," Frank agreed.

*For the rest of the day I was the king of the castle. Everybody loved me for my performance the night before. And whoever says that dogs are not man's best friend should meet me, the unlikely hero.*

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## HUMPTY DUMPTY CASE 13

By

Justin Curtis

My name is Smith, Robert Smith. I'm a PRIVATE EYE. I work at the Palace. It's on the sign says on the door. My former partner and I started this business. His name was Wesson. Our office is Smith and Wesson. The Palace had an name fits. Unfortunately Wesson is now dead. He was a good friend of mine. They all came for a good friend I had. Since his death, though, I have spotted a man called Hawk acquaintances. They are fun to be with, and they know how to handle the bar. I had helped him one in a holster, the other in a hip flask.

Business was slow, but sometimes no business. King beat his man, that he can't give me a chance to spend some time with my friends. Suddenly this dame walks in. She was a cool customer, the kind who looks like she'd see what he could do for your bones but whose touch could warm you up. King was my kind of guy. A buddy. She says her brother was murdered, a guy by the name of King's office. Dumpty. I had some previous dealings with this fellow. He was a bad egg from the eastside of town. He apparently had some business with Mr. King about one of your and his men. The dame says the police leave it as a homicide. "But it's King's office." must have been bumped off. It would be a dangerous case. Dangerous as 500 greenbacks a day plus expenses, but then you don't hire a PRIVATE EYE. My favorite thug. Humpty the easy ones. I decided to get started on the case right away.

The first place to go was the scene of the crime. I observed the Wall. A few minutes later. The Wall was a large hotel. Humpty's dead, his fall can never be too sure. I searched the place for clues. I knew the police didn't have the information that I already had, but they often miss important details. After thoroughly searching Humpty's room I shuffled down the hall on my way to the street. After the meeting I walked out into the rain and tossed the match into the trash. Something is wrong and caught my eye. I knew where to find it. I took another look. On top was a matchbook. Printed on the lid. He squeezed my spine into an words "King's Palace." King's palace is a popular joint with brass knuckles. It was the fourth none other than, Mr. King. Obviously, the next step in the investigation was to meet Mr. King himself.

lights on the way out. When I woke up question Was that Mr. King's goon? If it were, why would

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after our meeting? He must know how obvious that was unless someone wanted me off the trail. I must have been followed by whoever it was had known I was on the case.

Biggun followed me into the stairwell. I ran after him and caught him turning the corner of the next flight of stairs. He was immobilized, but not disarmed. Plaster shattered as he fell.

I still had a date with that drink. A few shots helped lay me out. They always do. The answers began to unfold before me as it was the chrome on my revolver. Mr. King must have known about the death of Humpty. Then someone must have gotten to him first and efficiently.

It would be the same guy who was following me. I decided to head back to the office to check the files on all the local rackets. I needed to find someone big

enough to shut King's mouth and order an attack on the North of those things can be done without some major connections. One of them, Jeff and he was

a file on an organization led by a powerful man named Richard N. Cash. He had control of parts of the east, south, and west.

Even paid to him. Then I remembered something I had found at the hotel. One of Cash's associates, Reely Biggun, was staying in the room.

Humpty. I made a quick call to an informant about the family about Biggun. He said he had been booked at the Jefferson Hotel. He informed me that Humpty

was going to meet a deputy of the force about to make and would then receive protection.

Only minutes later I was at the hotel. Biggun was going to meet a deputy of the force. I walked to his room and knocked on the door. My gun pulled him back up in

drawn, I looked around the room. No one was there. I returned the thanks with a plane ticket to Nowhereland, a small tropical island.

left yet. Just then the all too familiar sound of a hammer being cocked sounded behind me. I still had my gun in my hand, but I didn't have a chance

to talk so I let my buddy do the speaking. I spun and left my hands there. I returned convincing arguments. So did Biggun's. A quick duck and talk with Humpty's

behind the wall. I heard Biggun running out into the hall. I needed to talk to him, so I decided to catch him before he left. I checked out the successful case, but then

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## ***Contributors***

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