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*The
Purple Patch
Vol. 6*

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2005-06

*Missouri Valley College
A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches*

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Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches

Vol. 6 2005-06 No. 1

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The Purple Patch

A Magazine of Literary & Art Patches

Vol. 6 2005-06 No. 1

A Sigma Tau Delta Publication

Editor

Amy L. Shimek

Assistant Editor

Jessica James

Foreward

Welcome to Volume 6 of *The Purple Patch*. This project has been going on since August of 2005, during which I decided my number one goal, as an editor, would be to get more students to submit. In past issues the pieces felt stronger in content and each author submitted more pieces, however, the number of authors continued to dwindle throughout each issue.

I cannot begin to count how many hours Mrs. Zank, my assistant editor Jessica, and I spent trying to perfect every page. We learned from our mistakes from the last issue, and kept the traditions we liked. This will be the second edition with a purple cover and color pages. Missouri Valley College is built on traditions and we, the staff of *The Purple Patch*, intend to carry that concept throughout the magazine.

In Vol. 6 students such as Jason Shoulders, Samuel Njuguna, and Dee Thalgott produced wonderful fictional stories that Vol. 5 lacked. Luckily, Missouri Valley College is blessed with talented artists like Shamus Bolden, Acacia Decker, and Maria Dunn who submitted wonderful pieces to fill our color section.

I am extremely pleased with the students' creative abilities. They allowed my second and last year as Editor to be quite enjoyable. Each page is filled with ideas, dreams, views, and beliefs which come from the hearts of our artists. I look forward to seeing how these artists will mature in future editions.

Please enjoy my last edition. I truly believe this is a great volume and hope to see these artists again.

Amy L. Shimek, Editor

The Path of a Simple Mind

by
Evy Pinto

Do not trouble yourself...

The universe is wider,
Thousands of regions in your mind
Which most concern mankind?
The paths, which the mind travels
In the direction of his dreams
Will pass an invisible boundary.

Do not trouble yourself,

Every man is the lord of a realm
Every man is an isthmus
Yet unexplored by him,
Somewhere without bounds
Meet it and live it
Seeks new pastures in other latitude

Do not trouble yourself,

To travel the path
No power can resist me.
Life is in us
Like water in the river
It may rise higher
Than man has ever known

Do not trouble yourself...

**Information for this poem was taken from Henry Thoreau's
"From Walden"

DURHAM'S FURNACE

by
Jason Shoulders

I pulled up finding the place worse off than expected.
It was still in one piece, but black soot draped the huge white house. The live oaks in the yard were overgrown and drooping. The place must have been beautiful once, now it was just depressingly worn down. Three lazy dogs, resting underneath the tree closest to the house, leapt quickly to guard their domain. They barked furiously as my car approached, and nipped at my tires. Spooked, I sat in my car until a thin, weary figure came from behind the house.

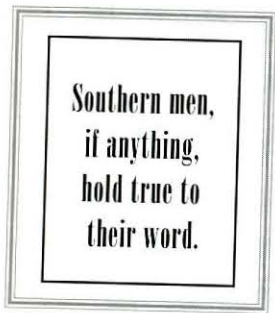
"They ain't gonna bite," he said.

He pulled out a dingy bandana and wiped the sweat off his brow, realizing I was the man who phoned a few days before.

"You didn' come all tha way down here ta see this ol' plantation, did ya?"

"This place ain't puttin' out much crops anymore, an' tha house been run down fur years," he said, walking toward me with a slight arthritic wobble.

Mr. Hartley was painfully old. His skin looked like dried leather. When he smiled the wrinkles cracked. His demeanor was calm, and his eyes were still and unmoving. His



firm, callused handshake left nothing to the imagination of how the majority of his years were spent.

“Yes sir, I’m doing some research on Old South plantations. I heard this one

has quite a story.”

Mr. Hartley chuckled a bit, “It sure does, but it ain’t tha’ kind of story you’re a lookin’ fur.”

“Sure it is. This is my fourth plantation this week. I’m well aware of how this place operated,” I said.

“Is that righ’?” Mr. Hartley smiled. His skin cracked. “Not this un’ son. Where ya from?”

He already knew that I was not from the South because of my accent. So, I told the truth. “Indiana, Sir.”

I could see the displeasure curl up in his lips when I told him. But he had already agreed to speak with me. Southern men, if anything, hold true to their word. He looked me up and down a couple of times, probably examining my attire, which seemed too formal.

Mr. Hartley’s blue and red flannel was worn thin into a faded purple and pink. His overalls were dirty and baggy from the week’s work. He took a deep breath.

“Well, I reckon I know a lil’ bit about this ol’ plantation.” We walked toward the back of the house. Reluctantly, he continued.

“Son, tha past ... tha South ... is rooted in pain. Blood’s spilt all over dese parts.

“Years ago, ownin’ slaves waz a sign of wealth. Tha more slaves ya had tha richer ya got,” Mr. Hartley explained, “but not ev’rbody believed it righ’.”

He paused a moment contemplating where to go with his story, or maybe if I was even worth his time. We reached a couple of rickety old rocking chairs on the back porch of the main house. He sat down, so I did the same. Staring into the half-cut cotton field, he continued.

“I know ya think these ol’ plantations waz all the same ... slaves an’ whatnot. But, ya ain’t heard a nuttin’ like dis un here. As awful, I should say.

“Back in them days, this place waz own’d by Mr. Charles Durham. He had it all— money, a perty wife, a young chile, an’ a thrivin’ plantation. Durham waz a righ’ friendly

man. An' he loved his wife an' chile like a man's s'posed to— with ev'rthang he had."

I gave him a nod to let him know I was eagerly listening.

"He got tha plantation after his daddy died. But, he 'cided to run thangs a little differnt. Though he lived here in Samberg, Tennessee, a slave-state, he had differnt views on how ta treat 'em. He seemed ta care for 'em. An' though he had ta have slaves ta work his fields, he took good care of 'em so as thay'd never think of runnin' off. An' thay was more productive that-a-way."

I poised myself as comfortably as possible in the otherwise uncomfortable rocking chair, expecting much more to come.

"Mr. Durham's slaves had it made here, decent food an' hours fit fur a white man. Other slave-owners round dese parts thought hem a fool, but he waz puttin' out tha biggest crops an' gettin' richer ever year. So he didn' mind.

"Mr. Durham grew specially fond of John an' his wife an' chile. John waz the chief slave on the plantation an' his wife, Josephine, took care of Mrs. Durham an' their chile. Thay had a young chile a their own named Charles, Little Charles

thay called 'em. Little Charles became play buddies wit' Mr. Durham's little boy, Josephine kept Mrs. Durham compny, an' John waz Mr. Durham's righ' han' man. Tha two families were always tagether. An' Mr. Durham grew ta love John an' his family ova' tha years. Even so much as ta let 'em sit down ta supper with his own."

Mr. Hartley made the place sound perfect, but the increasing graveness in his voice silenced my thoughts.

"Well, ev'rythan' waz good-n-well fur a while on tha Durham plantation. Till... I'm sure you've heard of tha Underground Railroad."

I started to speak, but he interrupted without taking his eyes off the cotton field.

"Mr. Durham, bein' tha man he waz, 'cided to take part in it. Heck, some say he might've had sumpn' ta do with formin' it. Don' know really. But this plantation relieved many a runaway slaves, that's fur sure. This stop waz important ta tha slaves, cause it lies smack dab in tha middle of a twelve mile gap tween Miston and Dew Drop. Twelve Mile Gap is what folks round here call it. Ta tha slaves it might as well a been a hundard miles. There's no way thay could'a made it dat fur in a nights' time."

Mr. Hartley's rocking chair moved frantically now, and made a loud creak every trip back. And he seemed to move his eyes frequently to the little shack that stood right in front of the field.

"Mr. Durham waz a mos' noble man in his hosbitality too. Thay say he'd have some of his own slaves take watch on tha edge of tha property ev'ry nigh', as look-outs fur tha run-aways. He'd get 'em good an' fed an' let 'em rest in his base-ment. He did this fur some time, till some of tha locals got sus-picious.

"One such, waz a man who lived bout two mile that-a-ago." way, Ladd waz his name. He waz a jealous man. He didn' see why Mr. Durham took so kindly ta tha negras. He never missed an opportunity ta tell Mr. Durham that either. Mr. Ladd resented tha fact his crops wazn' thrivin' like Durham's. Then, one day, thangs on tha Durham planation took a strange turn."

The summer sun moved behind a cloud and a light breeze sent a slight tingle down my spine. Leaves fluttered about in the trees like tumbling waves.

"Mr. Durham's wife waz goin' inta Memphis to stay with her sister fur a couple days. She took their son with her. Mr.

Durham didn' mind't all cause John waz goin with 'em an dri- vin' the coach. Mr. Durham spent tha few days teachin' Little Charles how ta ride a horse an' playin' cards with Josephine after supper.

"Then, after a week ur so, Mr. Durham's wife ain't made it back yet. He got a little worried, but he trusted ol' John ta get 'em back saf't.

"After another week, he 'cided he better go lookin' fur 'em hissself. He didn' find dem or tha coach. He even went ta Mrs. Durham's sister's house an' she said they'd lef' a week

The three dogs zoomed by tossing around a dead squir- rel; Hartley didn't even budge.

"Mr. Durham went inta frenzy. He had people searchin' fur 'em all over Tennessee, all tha way up ta Kentucky, all tha way down to Mississippi. There waz no trace of 'em anywhere, not even a hint of what happened, or whereabouts ta look.

"Thay gave up searchin' after bout two months. An' Mr. Durham waz a takin' it awful hard.

"Some say Ms. Durham waz runnin' away north with her chile. Some believe John killed 'em an' took hissself north. There even waz rumors that ol' Mr. Ladd got his revenge on Mr.

Durham, an killed all three of 'em hisself.

"Nobody knows really, prolly never will.

"They say Mr. Durham took a bit crazy after thay stopped tha search. He couldn' understand why this had happened, he treated his slaves good, an' thay turn't on 'em. Or at least he thought.

"Mr. Durham los' his whole worl'. Then he los' his mind. He went on a binge, drinkin' an abusin' tha slaves, especially Little Charles an' Josephine."

I shook my head, because Hartley gave me a glance and was shaking his head. I didn't dare interrupt.

"One night Mr. Durham been drinkin' real heavy, an came home a cussin' an slappin' Josephine around. Josephine tried ta calm hem down, by tellin' hem ta find comfort in tha Lawd. Josephine's words cut hem like a knife cause Mr. Durham felt betrayed by tha Lawd—by ev'rybody. So, tha next mawnin' Josephine waz hung. Little Charles waz cryin' an carryin' on at his mammy's hangin' body. An' Mr. Durham had hem hung too. Righ' der in nat big oak out front."

I remembered the dogs sitting lazily or maybe sadly, under the oak tree when I first arrived.

"He's just a little boy, but there wazn' nuttin' nobody

could do. Mr. Durham had nuttin' lef'—but hatred."

Befuddled, I looked to old man Hartley, who never stopped rocking in the chair, and never took his eyes off the swaying cotton field, except to make an occasional glance at the little shack.

"Ya know how I told ya, tha Underground Railroad ran through here. ...Well, runaways still came round cuz thay didn' know nuttin' of Mr. Durham goin' crazy. Thay's just tryin' ta get free.

"Most of Mr. Durham's own slaves had done run off. An' he'd grown a bitter hatred toward any, an all negras. So, ev'ry time slaves'd come in tha nigh' expectin' some shelter thay got sumpm' else, sumpm' awful.

"In them days, folks who waz part of tha Railroad would have a statue of a little negra boy holdin' a lamp in tha front of tha property. That waz tha sign that tha slaves could fin' help there, cuz tha lamp would be lit durin' tha nigh'.

"So, ev'ry nigh' Mr. Durham wu'd light tha lamp an'

So, ev'ry time
slaves'd come in
tha nigh' expectin'
some shelter
thay got
sumpm' else,
sumpm' awful.

wait on tha runaway slaves. Thay'd come up praisin' tha Lawd an' thankin' hem. Thay didn' know any better. An' Mr. Durham would lead 'em ta that furnace room over yunder."

He pointed at the little shack.

"It waz used when tha crops got too much rain, but he waz usin' it fur his reckonin'.

"Tha slaves'd be tired from tha runnin', an go righ' in ta pray an' rest. Mr. Durham's heart done turn't col' as ice. He'd lock 'em in, an feed tha furnace till tha slaves eventually burnt up.

"Thay say he burnt up hunderds a runaway slaves in that there furnace room, ever' time thinkin' bout his wife an' chile strugglin' at tha hands of his ol' slave, John."

In disbelief and disgust, I looked at the old leather-skinned man. He seemed to be done talking, but he continued to see the past through the waving cotton. So I waited a moment and then asked, "What happened to Mr. Durham?"

Mr. Hartley looked into my eyes for the first time that day with a long pause...

"He shot hissself one day righ' there in that furnace room."

Mr. Hartley looked flustered for a few moments. But I

had to ask, "May I see the furnace room?"

He gave me a foolish glance, "Boy, ain't nuttin' in there but pain, ain't nev'r been myself."

He, with a simple wave of his hand, motioned for me to go and have a look. I walked over with my heart thumping through my chest. The three dogs rushed by and almost took my legs out. But, when I got to the door I saw the edges were still charred and the hinges were half-way off the panel. The sun had all but disappeared and rain clouds moved in darkening the whole plantation. My sweat turned cold, thinking of the souls lost inside that room.

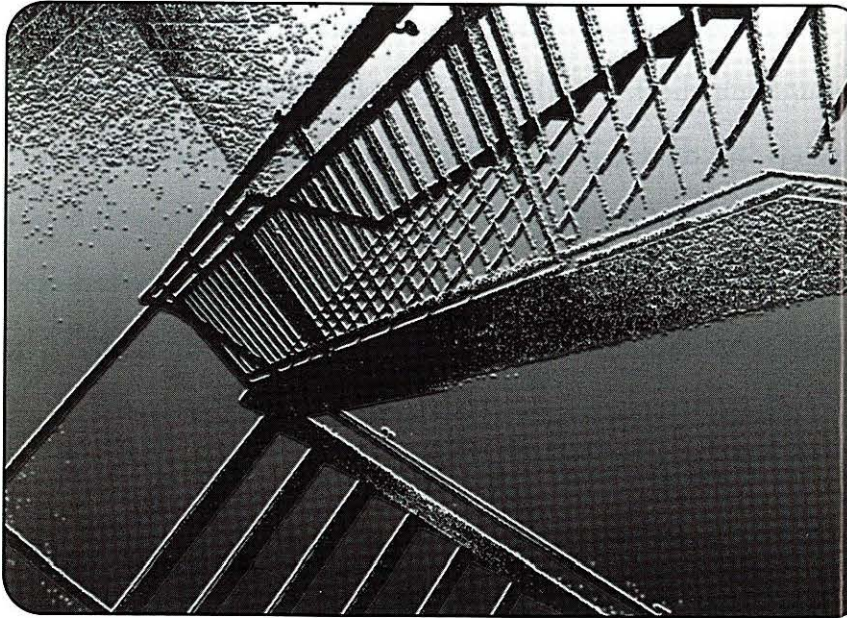
"No, I think I'll let it be..."

Mr. Hartley had already fired up the old tractor, and was heading toward the cotton field to finish up before the rain came.

Nightmare Stairs

by

Stephanie Nelson



College Idioms

by

Aelwyn Liam

Do pigs fly?
Professor crunched blandly on
a brownie
Winked about munchies and
laughed.
Obvisouly Professor does.

Girl, Just Smile For Me

Performance Poetry

by

David Hams

Girl, just smile for me.

When you first called on me,
I didn't know what to expect
Still angry from disrespect,
And you said you didn't like 'em fake.

So lady why are you so mad at me,
Baby, what is it you expect of me?

Better yet... I already know,
Girl, just smile for me.

Girl, how can you just not know it,
How much your smile can show it?
That if you go out to the movies with me
Or just hang out with me
And I know you want to eat

Come on girl, just smile for me

The first time you saw me
Your face displayed disapproval.
I thought maybe you didn't see
That there was something special about me

Then I waited a while
The whole time hoping for a smile-
-And then I saw a light-
A light so bright it cleared all my fears
My hope was restored once I saw you smile.

So

Girl, just smile for me.

Mrs. Noah's Luxury Cruise

by
Dee Thalgott

Her husband builds a boat in the middle of the desert. That should start the neighbors talking. Next, he gathers two of every kind of animal. Think about at your house. Who generally said "ok" to the animals? Dad, right? But, who ended up cleaning up after them and feeding them? You got it ... Mom.

Having six children around my house, I truly relate to how Mrs. Noah felt. I'm sure she prayed every day for God to change His mind. Six children, who were supposed to be grown and adults, but were more likely in their late teens, an array of assorted animals, and a husband who hears voices—everyone on board! We are going on a cruise!

Taking a cruise is one thing. Being stuck in the same spot with six children and several animals is a true nightmare. Fights break out in my van just getting everyone to school in the morning. I can still hear the shouting, arguing, and screaming, and we were only in the car for forty minutes. By the end of forty days, I would have to be committed.

Now let's think about all those animals. The noise they

must have made would have been tremendous. Roaring lions, neighing horses, mooing cows, chirping birds; my head hurts just thinking about it.

My question is—why didn't Noah stop at a rest stop and ask directions? Oh, I forgot, he like many males "knew" the way. In the mean time, poor Mrs. Noah was busy keeping everyone from killing each other. What a wonderful trip this was going to be.

We could say God gave Mrs. Noah the patience of Job, but Job came later in Biblical history. Was valium around then? How about hard liquor? Wine by the tons could not have kept me aboard that noisy craft. If the choice was sink or swim, I personally would have taken anything except being on that boat.

In the old Sunday school song "Rise and Shine," the animals go in by *twosies* and come out by *threesies*. Ok, so how we add delivery to Mrs. Noah's chores. More noise, confusion and stress. Don't forget the lovely weather ... forty days of rain. What a way to spend a vacation.

I almost forgot. What was Noah doing all this time? He was having quality bonding time with his sons. They were fishing and making plans for what they would do at journey's

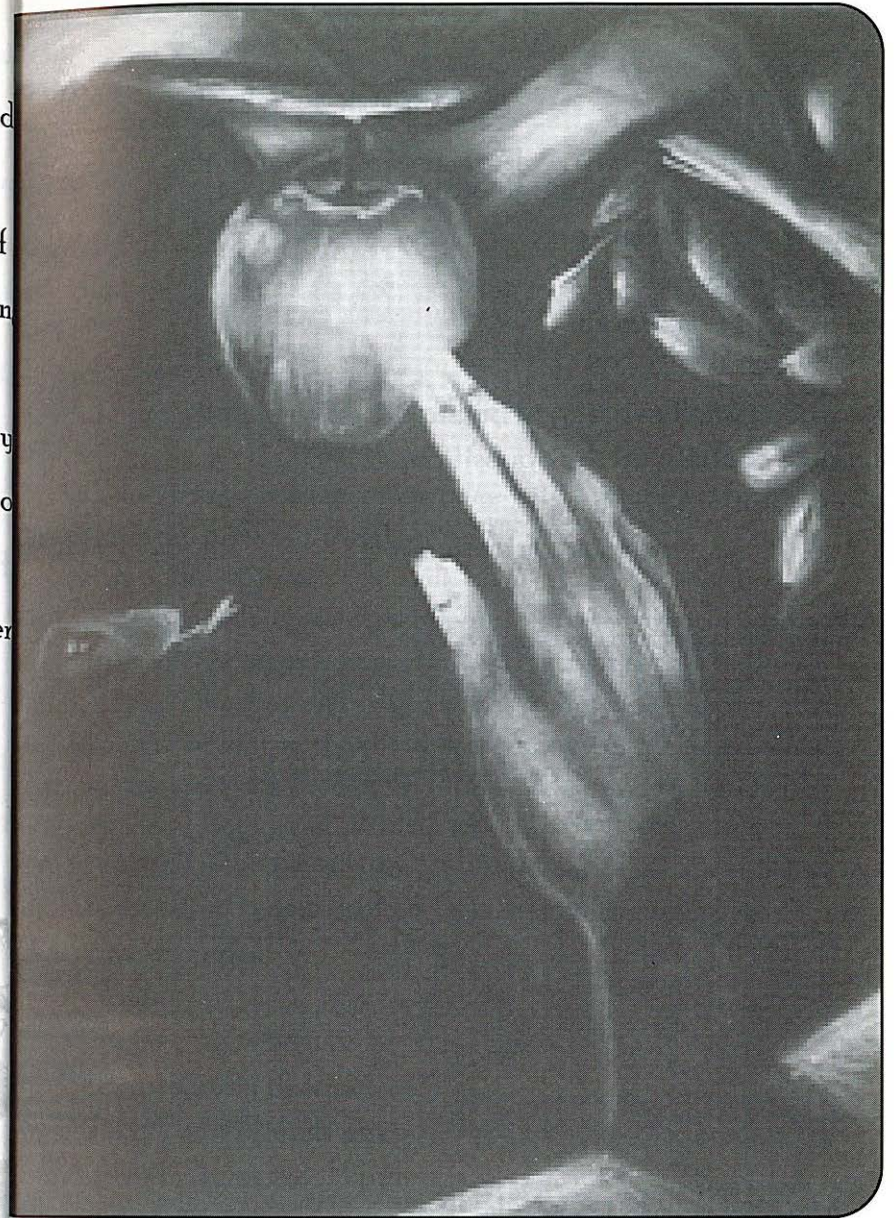
Was
valium
around
then?

end.

Could someone please get a life boat? Mrs. Noah and I are abandoning ship.

Every time I start to feel like running away, I think of poor Mrs. Noah. She had no choice but to stay on that stinking boat. I only have six kids, two dogs, and two cats. She was blessed with an entire zoo. I am very confident that when dry land appeared, she kissed the ground and vowed to never go near water again.

Do you want to know the real reason they have never found Noah's Ark? Mrs. Noah chopped it into firewood.



The End of Our Beginnings
by
Maria Dunn

Greater Good

by
Amy L. Shimek

Emotion exchanged through Statements,
Arguments with Answers,
beyond the Reach

Our Generation

Knowledge acknowledged by Eagerness,
Change challenged the opposition,
many duels of Contrast

-asserting our beliefs,

Moments passed as Time forced Life,
Forward towards a better future knowing
the Correct Path

-reached the under side;

You filled my Heart with Passion, Love
Drive that Suitors before fate follows is dark, dark with a wild while in lack of that futured sun.
desperately to Achieve.

-under the

I missed you before I knew
even though our Time has passed
my Heart remembers your Time goes the rose.

-through the pinnacles

Return my Heart to its fullest Capacity
With Gifts you Prestige.

in Earth glowing dead.

-for the Greater Good.

Sun-burnt Rose

by Jessica James

preceding a future,
thing is but Nothing naught is Memory, slow, and Age faster than
slow; a
eat and little

ile

ile

re used to be a little

ile, while the while was not little while I was a growing wild

Wild rose kept in Mem'ry the once with a while

Whilst the growth slowed not mild

Wilts in the while of suns' dial.

I suddenly the while is gone and Death, She came upon a wild while
ing in the wilds of Memory; courting was the while Life in the room of
living where obliterating beauty struck first strike oblivion; She
ped through the seal on the sill of the windows of Memory's slow
dow shadow song of a preceding future slower and faster Death
ocking tick tocking for only a little wild rose.

ose Death, She is not the sun nor any light and so in lack of in future of
at follows is dark, dark with a wild while in lack of that futured sun.

Wild rose in crystal

life cut for lonesome clear vase

petals fall, rose weeps.

re goes the rose.

ows the rose where Life goes when tick tocking and then knocking
aes rocking the windows shut, so though blocking Memory shut of
ories still struck the rays of all we need to know is the day is the

uty blinding.

estion.

in Earth glowing dead.

ow sun shines on

Barely
by
Jason Shoulders

So long the road
bent at the knee
to the midpoint gold
starts at feet

So pleasantly smooth
no street unseen
poised to the mood
clenched silent scream

To the peak
on the way down
sweet serenity speak
before I drown

I slip through the gate
holding my tongue
quiver and wait
till she has sung.



My Lost Love
by
Acacia Decker

Yage: The Inevitable Way You Are With Me and Go

by
Aelwyn Liam

Vine of death
Undiplomatic torturer
Alternate obscene tears swelling and
The Stranger's vertigo
After being lost under
Moon now clinging
To sky grave.

Spiritual acid
Imaginary night thief
Run through veins tragic sweet
Nebula;
Fluorescent streaking
Brain, strong and pulling
Down and bound and broken.

Transient deserter
Alchemist of emotions,
You left me in my own head
Screaming at God so utterly
Splendid and hydrogen-lost
You never make me sense
My slow trip away from sanity.

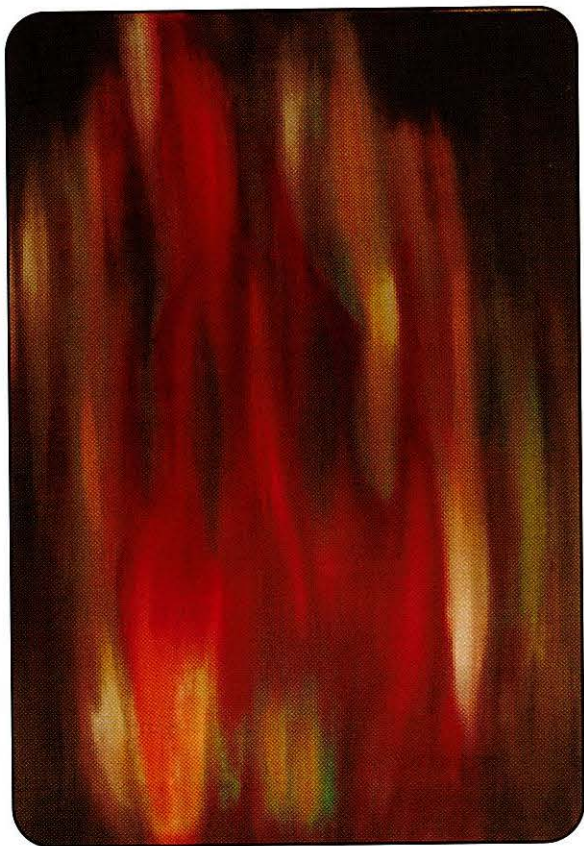
Ayahuasca
Magic healer entheogen under jagged snow hangs
Why can't I set us free
Burn down to
Radioactive mystery;
Climb those mountain el
Gunsmoke tension memo

Secret addiction
Flaming demon
Surround makeshift
Loneliness in visions;
Salvation,
Drowning snow of reality
Coming virginal vigilante

A Biker Hitching Tao
by
Jessica James

He sags his shoulders
in his parka
next to the creek
joggles
grown frosty with breath
and exhaustion
leaning on bike frame
waking his hands
rubbed raw under gray gloves—
the tao is transcendent
the Tao is transcendent—
shivering
beside the curved mountain road
all things snowed to silence
out his soft beating heart
shouts murmured words
the shaking
biker
who hunted Zen truth
at mountain peak of rock against
only to wind
his tao down the truth of the mountain
his ever dreaming soul—
headlights slow
stop
had a frozen breath of a sage:
his only tao cold to travel
to find the truth of soul,

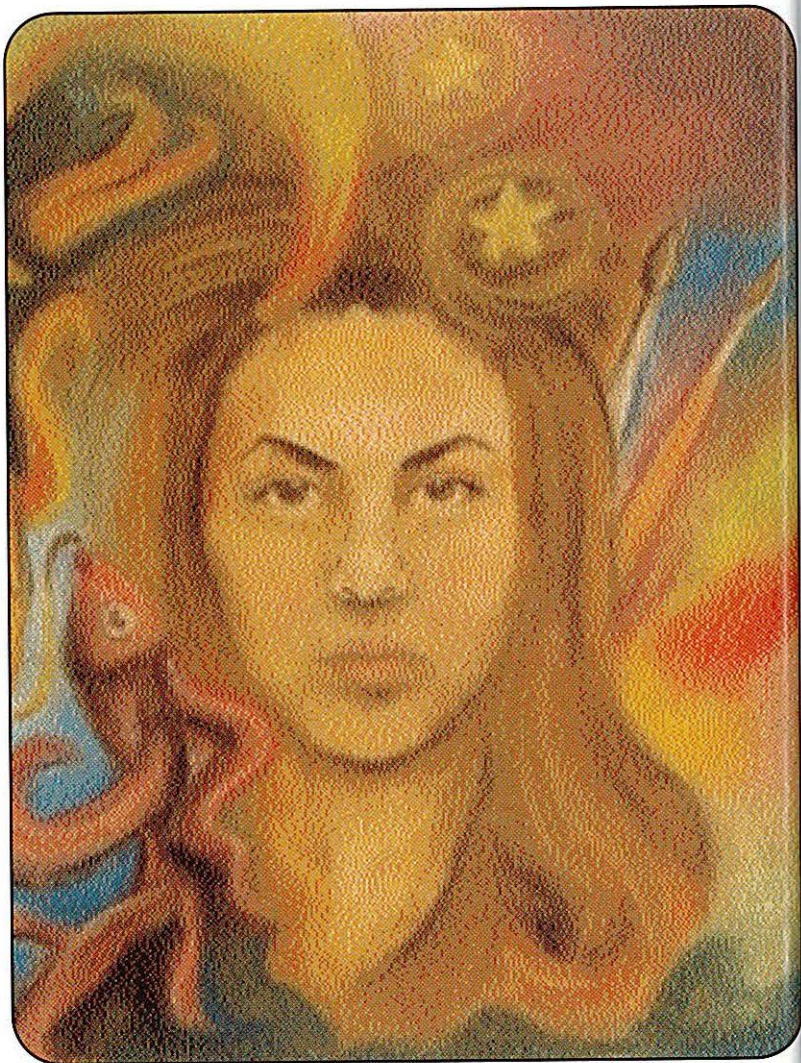
he hears only silence
and his godhead beating
heart
lost and weak
the tao is transcending
the Tao is transcendent.



Tainted Soul
by
Acacia Decker



Innocent
by
Shamus Bolden



Si Sirena
by
Maria Dunn

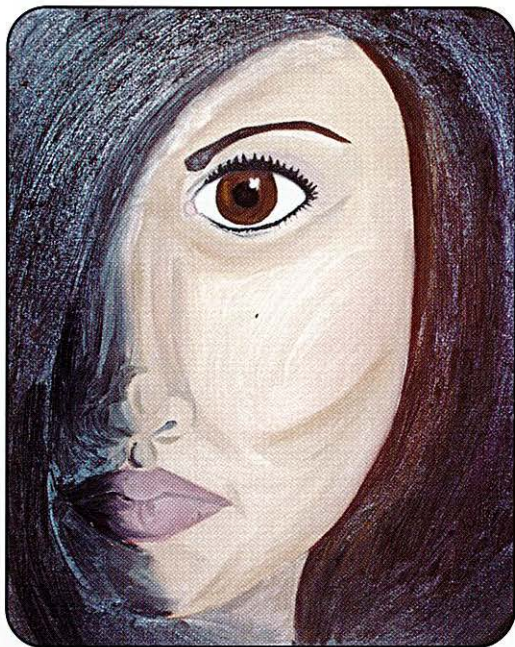


Loch Ness
by
James Richardson

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Hawaii Solitary Sunset
by
Dan Peters



Ebonize
by
Megan
McDow



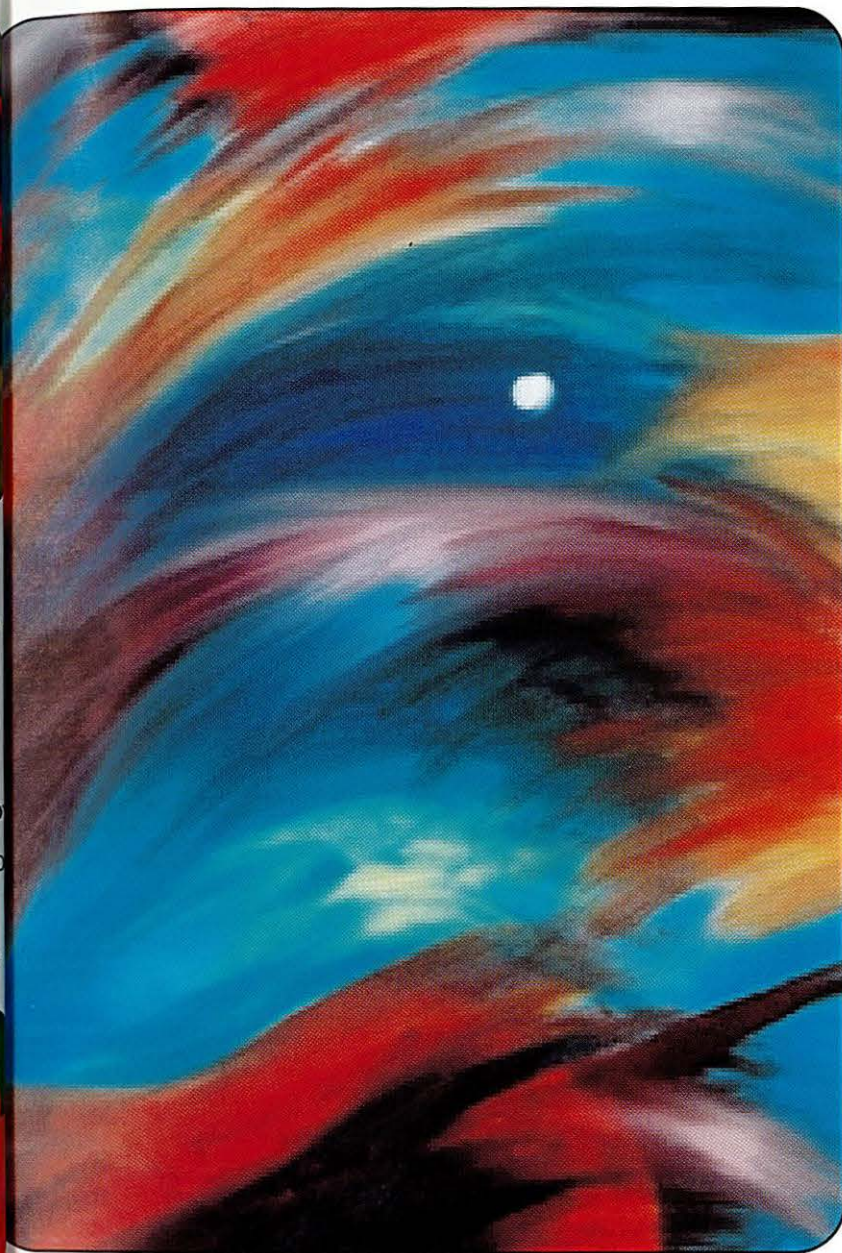
Tarantula
by
Melody Wiegert

Right:
Pretty in Pink
by
Dustin Cheyne

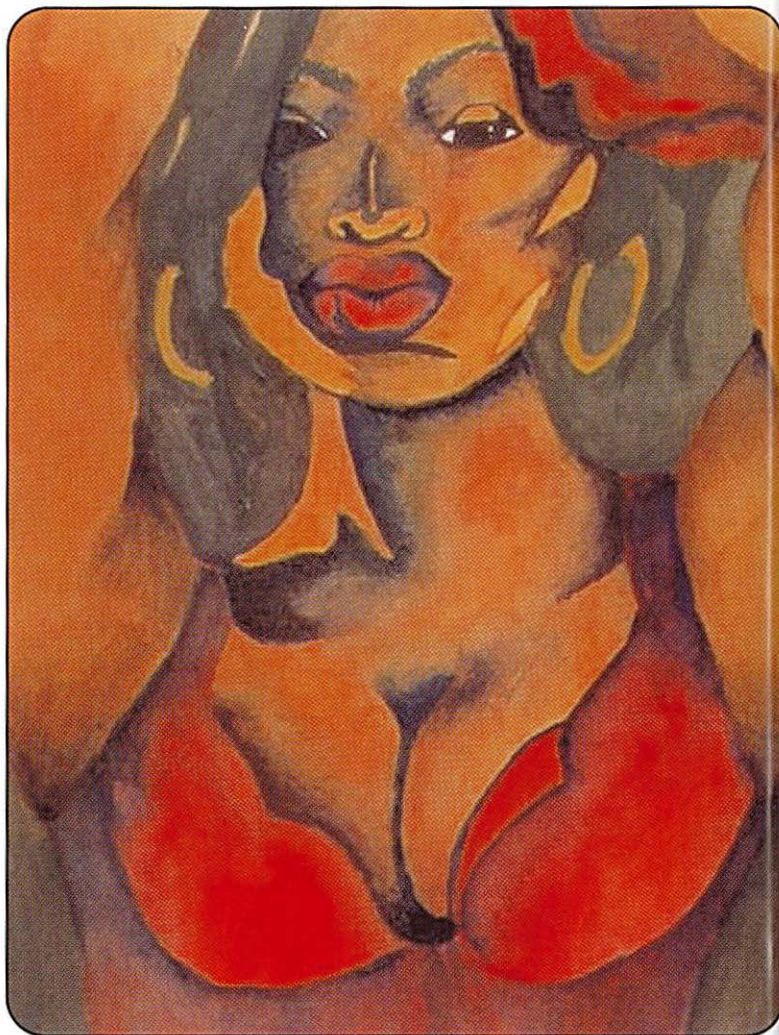


Left: photograph
by
Amy D. Neff

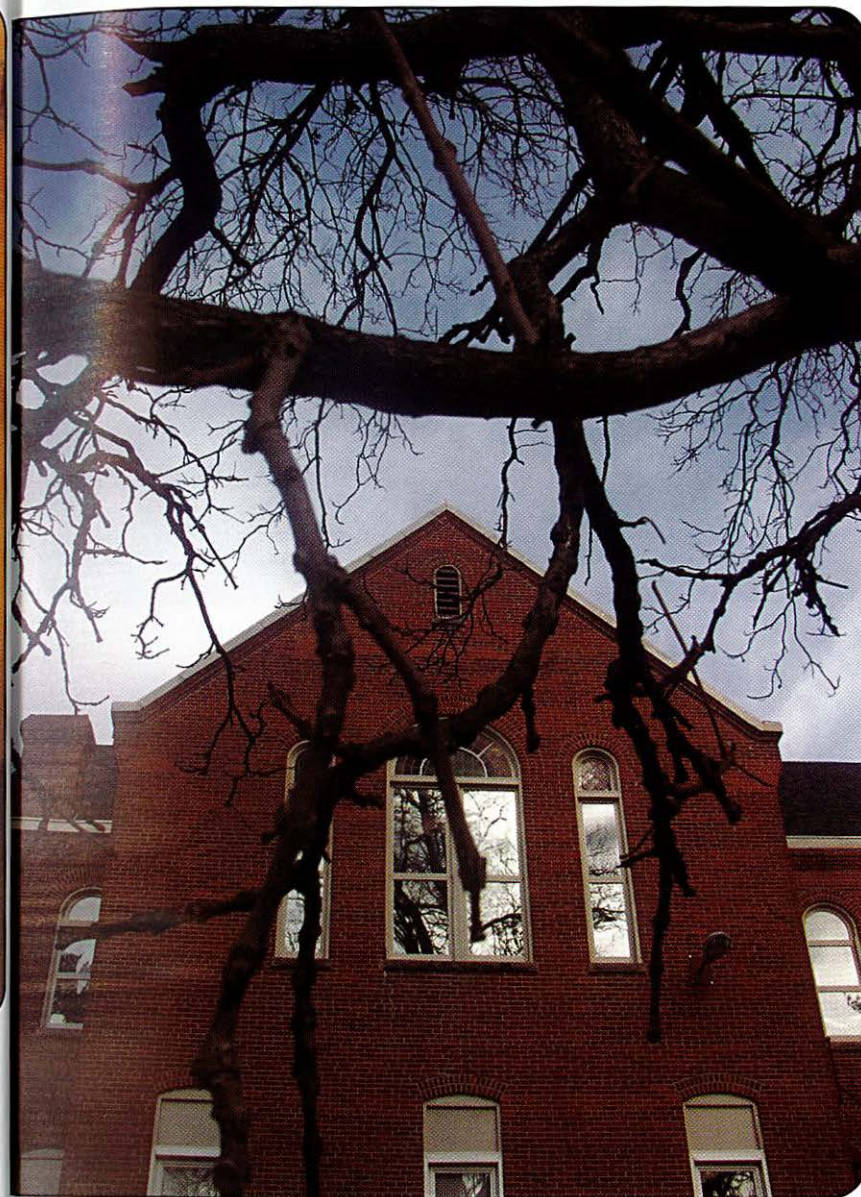
Below: Spring Lo
Left: My Winter Flo
by
Dustin Cheyne



I Stand Alone
by
Acacia Decker



Sexy
by
Shamus Bolden



Beauty Baity
by
Leandro Justen



Lyric
by
Shamus Bolden

Cool Spring
by
Ariane O'Day

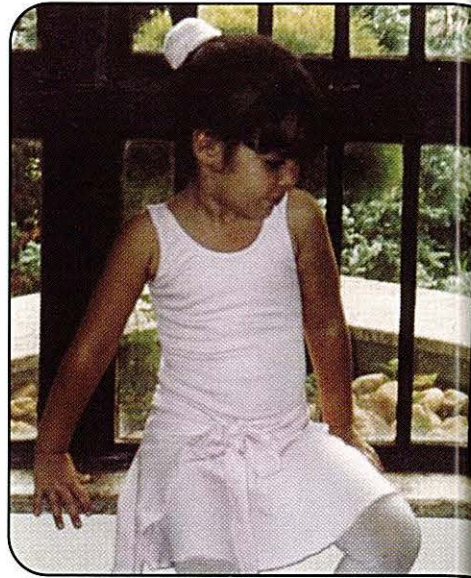


Lunch By the Bay
by
Dustin Cheyne
California Poppies



Little Ballerina

by
Fabiana Andrea



¡CUIDADO! and Yellow

by
Jessica James

A dance is heart.

The beat of the beat to the [B]eat is heart.

The cadence of the cadence well-kept is heart.

A heart is awfulness at ease.

Ease is the dance of the heart.

To dance the dance of the dance with an actual dancer might prove tricky; caution. CAUTION! Yellow-and-black and wet-floor-backed.

Easy!-It is not easy to keep at ease and dance the dance of the heart with its cadence and beat if you fall. You'll hurt your heart.

A Chip Off the Old Block

by
Samuel Njuguna

Kimani was ready to take up the challenge. His father, Kamau, had left his legacy as a leader before his death. The people of Nyasa Kamau who had led for fifty years knew him for his bravery and for upholding justice within the community. Kimani had a vision of leading a larger community than Nyasa, which was originally part of the entire territory of Kikuyu, fragmented by tribalism, tribalism, and unending conflict.

The Nyasa community is comprised of nine clans, namely: Mera, Agachiku, Airimu, Ambui, Angare, Anjiru, Angui, Aithaga, and Aitherandu. All the nine clans rely heavily on agriculture. Conflict between them was based on land use and the sharing of administrative duties. All of the clans wanted one of their own to lead the Nyasa community. Kamau's family was from the largest, the Ambui.

There had been protracted hostility between the clans that came to an end after Kamau took the leadership mantle and unified them. He organized community councils known as Baraza to educate the clans on the importance of peaceful coexistence as one community. During his time as the leader of the community Kimani brought far-reaching changes in regard to commerce within the community. He had facilitated the setting of the first missionary post at Karibu, the administrative capital of Nyasa.

When Kamau died, Kimani officially took an oath to oversee the press and the prosperity that had been realized during his father's reign. Kimani wanted to end animosities that existed between Nyasa and other tribes which formed the Kikuyu territory. The differences were mainly the sharing of natural resources like land, rivers, tribal boundaries, and what tribe the overall leader would come from. Kimani knew it wasn't an easy task to bring

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people of diverse cultures and languages together.

Having embraced Christianity as his religion and abandoned the traditional form of worship based on a mountain god, Kimani put his full faith in God for his success. Great opposition to his leadership came from other tribal leaders beyond the Nyasa community, who thought he was a self-seeker and a collaborator with the missionaries to deprive their tribes of their land rights and freedom.

Kimani appointed an executive board within Nyasa with advice from some missionaries. Some of the missionaries were part of the board, and he would oversee the implementation of Kimani's plans for political, economic, and social changes. The majority of the people in the Kikuyu territory supported his initiatives, while a few opposed. His opponents feared control of their land by missionaries and erosion of their traditional cultures by a new Westernized culture that was taking root after the missionaries arrived.

The traditions of female circumcision, the worshipping of mountain gods, wife inheritance and marrying off young girls were some of the practices Kimani wanted to rid from Kikuyu. The Western civilization, or way of life, was favored because it respected human dignity, especially to women by ridding bad cultural practices. It had also introduced political structures suitable for an African society. Though he faced many challenges, Kimani was able to build churches and Kikuyu formally embraced Christianity, which centered on the worship of one, almighty God, as their major religion.

The infrastructure of Kikuyu had grown tremendously. Health facilities and schools spread everywhere. Kimani had succeeded in bringing together eleven tribes in Kikuyu to form a united and peaceful country. Kimani became the first president

government inclusive of all tribes. Before the Western culture was introduced, the head of a tribe was known by the title of Senior Chief. The Senior Chief would be appointed by elders who had been chosen by villagers. Kimani was elected through the ballot as president, an exercise that had not been done prior to the arrival of missionaries.

He introduced capitalism in the country and promoted a democracy. Before capitalism was introduced, the tribes of Kikuyu were involved in barter trade. There was no paper money or coins. Instead, livestock and plant products would be used as the means of exchange or as money.

The economy of Kikuyu improved greatly under his leadership due to proper management of financial and agricultural resources and the use of modern equipment like farm machinery that had come with missionaries. Countries neighboring Kikuyu admired his style of leadership and would send emissaries to him for guidance on democracy and economic reforms.

In this present time, Kikuyu has drastically changed in terms of political, economical and social structures. However, due to globalization, the country is facing economic challenges due to imbalance of trade with other countries. Some traditional practices still exist due to some people who did not accept the Western culture. Democracy has also been stifled due to emergence of a few dictators in the recent years.

Kimani died at age eighty having achieved his goals. He had led Kikuyu for twenty years in addition to thirty years as the leader of Nyasa. His legacy was entered in the annals of the Kikuyu history. Kimani's leadership skills epitomized everyone's vision in the world at the time.

Mountain Night Memory

by
Jessica James

mountain tingle air breathed in
sharp through white enshrouded spring

*Clorox bright and crisp cuddles; soft
Downy on a midnight comforter*

indulgent wishes to share
mountain rush of emotion

*Enfolded in sleek linen sheets worn
smooth with time and touch*

cool vibrancy strikes flushed face
same feel as he held me with

*Between puffed, starched clouds; condensation-
tears in heaven on earth.*

1 Minute

by
Jason Shoulders

4:14

Burnt rubber, crunch
bright orange and yellow shattered plastic
covered in small boy mulatto blood
hysteria
in slow motion forever

4:13

Open window, sitting in a chair
half watching TV half wishing
I was a child again
Mrs. Freeman went inside,
he went down the driveway
in slow motion forever

\$\$\$

by

Amy L. Shimek

MANKIND-

We are not kind or of one kind,
We pride ourselves on Unity, but are fearless to equalize.
"Be all that we can be" is hard knowing We can
be nothing and still be
Something.

WRITE-

this ability Some have yet to conquer,
leaving Them behind seems to be the trend;
Time is on Our side; instead this talent should be a part of life
Where is Passion?

KNOWLEDGE-

Education of Our twenty-six mixable, moldable friends
wars not ours to fight.
Because a leader cannot rise above the norm,
he who consistently standardizes the Fate of
Our Country.

HOME-

We waved goodbye and watched You take Them to
a land where their presence is unwelcome.
But, all the wrong reasons keep Them there.
When did the American dollar become worth more than Our
American life?

LIES-

Or perhaps Deception has become the American way.
Most shoulders still stand Tall, but not for the
Country.

SYMBOL-

today the red, white, and blue will not be hung.
A constant reminder of Your greed.
Their lives are precious too-except to
You.

CHANGE-

When disasters endanger our species and Chaos erupts,
then You will see what We know,
but perhaps You will only hear if Corruption
is gone from the plans for
US.

GIFT-

perfect letters taken for Granted,
used to decorate Our world,
endless possibilities,
We the ever lasting witnesses,
molded by Our minds'
Memory.

SELF

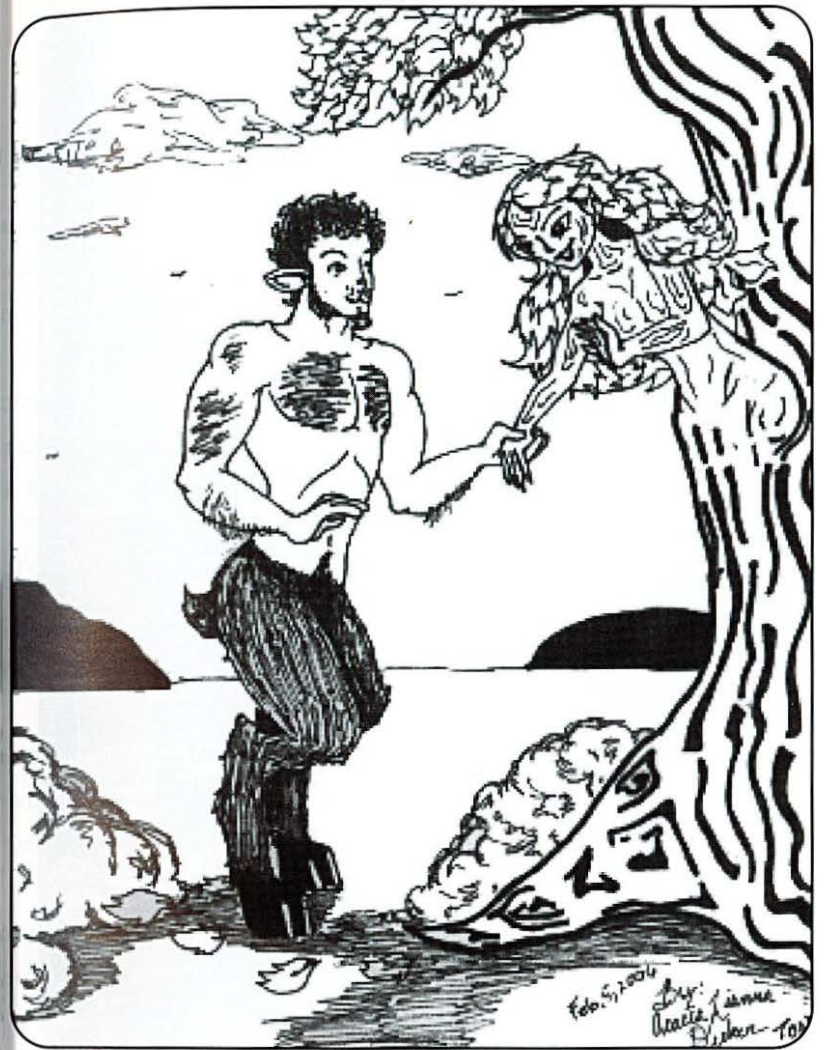
by
Brandon L. Anderson

So I met someone today, we said hello.
Oh, and what a conversation we had,
Tomorrow we have planned to meet for coffee.

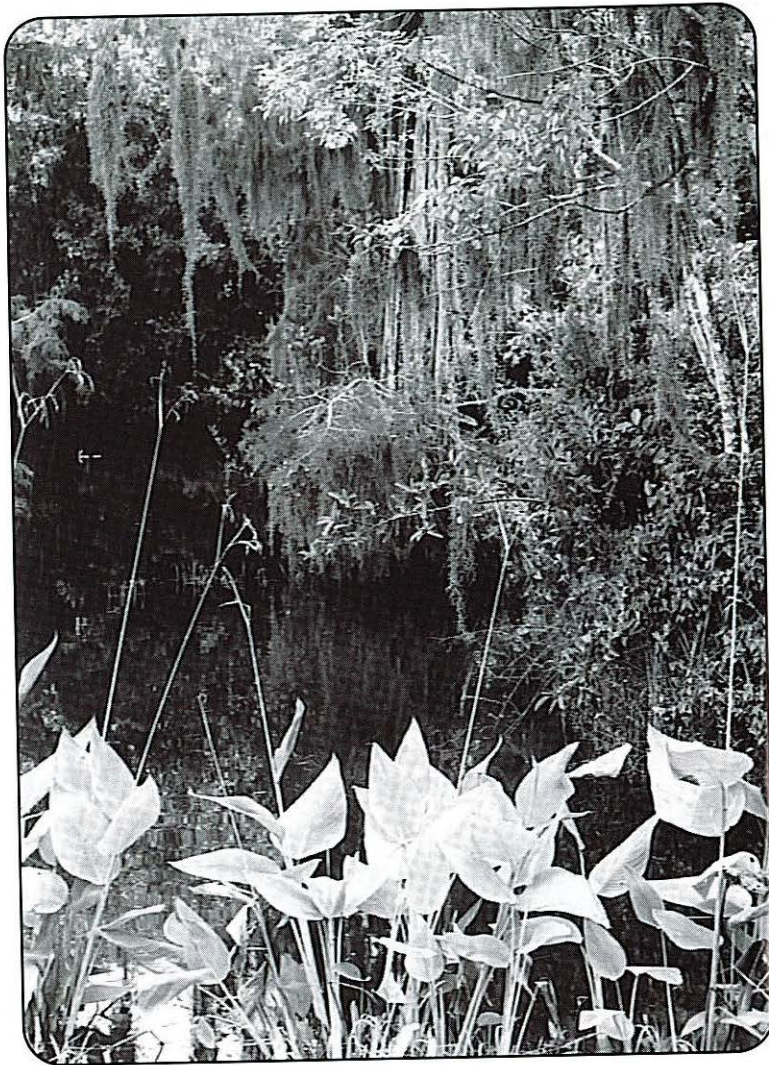
Today we had our morning together.
Oh, what things we can learn from each other,
Tomorrow we plan to take a walk together.

The walk today was so wonderful.
I was taught so much about this person,
Tomorrow we become one.

Today, I realized I found myself.
I stepped out of the shadows into my own light.



Courtship of the Fawn & Dryad
by
Acacia Decker



Everglades
by
Dan Peters

The American Nightmare . . .

by
Jayson Thornton

I am told the American Dream is the idea often associated with the Protestant work ethic, held by many in the United States of America that through hard work, courage, and determination one can achieve prosperity.

For the 20 million African victims of the United States government this was no dream. The very idea represents the struggle and hell the United States government imposed on their 20 million African victims.

The words "hard work, courage, and determination" all define my people, but American Dream does not. We have not achieved any true prosperity. We have only gained survival. We live day-to-day in oppression.

Through my studies and life experiences I have learned the true meaning of the so-called American Dream. It is not really a dream; it is a plan. The American Dream is merely a criminal's scheme. The American Dream is just a villain's plot. It is a tool used by oppressors. The white power structure of this country and the world use tools like the American Dream to undermine our struggle.

Since our being kidnapped and forced in chains and dragged to Jamestown, Virginia in 1619, one year before the Mayflower, our brain power, labor, skills, talents and wealth were taken away from us. They have been taken, given and spent towards the building and addition to the civilization of another people. These are the people who engineered our hell. They are the criminal schemers and villainous plotters. Yet, we still look to them for answers.

No, for the black man in America there is no American Dream. We live in an everyday American Nightmare. Just look around. Our brain power, labor, skills, talents and wealth are still being taken to build and add to the civilization of other people. We are the athletes who are treated like livestock to enrich white America. We are the actors and musicians who are used to entertain and teach style to an otherwise boring, dull, and uninteresting white America.

Yes, we live in the American Nightmare. But nightmares do not last forever. It is time to wake up out of this dreadful dream. It is time to wake up and take back everything that was stolen from us. It is time to wake up and overthrow our oppressors. It is time to stand up as a individual culture and demand our independence. It is time to wake up. My alarm clock is set. Check yours.

Misconstrued

by

Jason Shoulders

Even bold waves tumble
at sight of the shore,
under his breath he mumbled
and fell silent once more.

He didn't think like this,
the war had taught him.
Clenched hands to fists,
and prayers grow solemn.

Captain didn't mind,
he'd grown accustomed to his fears,
he said, "the deaf, dumb, and blind are left behind
and your prayers fall on deaf ears."

Behind a Bush he yelled, "bring up the rear."
We went to our graves
with the choices he made
and a wave is breaking near.



The Other Side
by
Amy L. Shimek

Irene

by
Emilee Murphree

I never knew
In my youth
You had so many stories to tell,
Or that they needed listening to.

All I knew
Was the way you showed me
To fold my nightgown
Nice and neat.

All I knew
Was the sadness I couldn't understand
When he died and left you alone.

I knew
The orange tree and the blackberry bushes
The softness of your hands
And your fiery, stubborn ways.

I knew
I loathed to visit on Sundays,
The conversations between you and my mother
Would last too deep into those lazy afternoons.

Me, sitting in the big pink chair
Secretly rolling my eyes
As you brought up Chicago

And how the world had done you wrong.
And now
It has done you wrong.

And I try
So hard to remember those Saturdays

When I
In my ignorance made you so old
And burdensome

And those stories
Whose lines I may never hear,
Lay locked up with you.

Locked up by that awful sickness

Silent

I remember
The sterile smell of the hallways,
Your arduous aided breathing,
The softness of your hand again,

But the fire is gone.

That stubborn woman I knew,
The one with the cigarettes
And the grudge against God
Now lies meek and helpless.
If only I had listened.



Macro Island-Beach
by
Dan Peters
Bird in the Ocean



Rodeo Legacy

by
Kirk Nelson

Driving down this old broken road
It's just another part of that rodeo code

I'm a cowboy who's broken with a body busted up
I'm so stiff and sore I can't fill my coffee cup

I gave up too much for this rodeo life
I gave up my future, my daughter, and my wife

Yet there is that drive within me, a spirit that's strong
With an influence like that my choice can't be wrong

So I head for Cheyenne and push through the night
I gotta be there by seven, and then put up a fight

I spur the hair off of my bronc and they score me 89
Then I throw my hat to the crowd, 'cuz I know the buckle is mine

As I take up a knee, I thank the man up above
'cuz he made me a cowboy a life that I love

Baity Hall and Me

by
Dee Thalgot

Fat people can't dance. Good! I have two left feet and am always tripping over something. As a child, five years of ballet only taught me how to gracefully walk into a wall.

Fat people can't jump. Great! I have two bad knees, am older than Mt. Rushmore, and can't imagine why anyone would want to jump in the first place.

Fat people can't run. Wonderful! Then I don't have to take a dumb aerobics class and wear those ugly spandex thingies. My "love handles" have turned into "love satchels" and enable several children at one time to experience what cellulite looks like from the outside.

My body image was created by my German grandmother. As a child, I was so skinny if I stood sideways, I disappeared. She kept telling me to gain some weight. *Man!* Would she be proud of me now! The Goodyear blimp has landed in Marshall and lives on N. Bell.

Grandma used to make all kinds of sweets and goodies



The Goodyear blimp
has landed
in Marshall
and lives
on N. Bell.

for us kids. My problem was an “air pocket” in my stomach and nothing ever stayed down for longer than forty-five minutes.

After several trips to different doctors, an x-ray finally showed the cloud. The doctor pushed on my back, then my stomach, and I let out one *huge* belch and the rest is history. Food and I have been together for the past fifty-five years. Unfortunately, some of the same food remains hidden someplace in the folds around my tummy.

Now that I have your attention, let me explain about our wonderful landmark, Baity Hall.

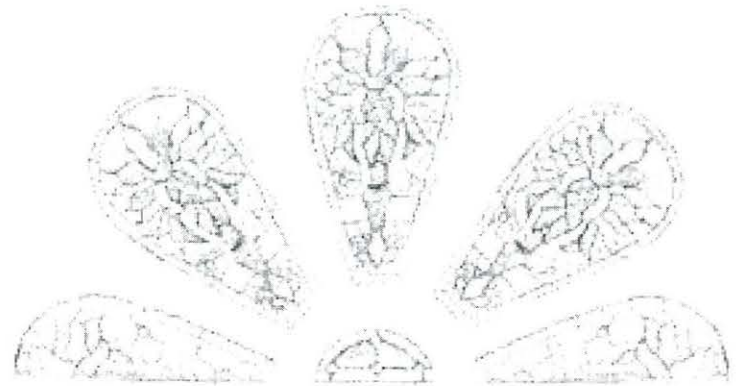
In the year Baity was built—according to my children this is the same year I was born—people were more athletic. This was only because they worked hard in the fields so these wonderful stairs we climb daily were “No problem.” Most likely the stairs were considered a mild workout before hitting the fields.

Four years ago I tried to get the administration to consider my climbing these stairs twice a day, three times a week as my physical education requirement. The administration didn't understand what a major project it was to lug my fat self up these stairs. Then I convinced myself I had to lose weight anyway, so this would be good exercise. *Wrong!* All it

did was encourage me to eat more.

I started using only the cement stairs. I thought they could hold the weight better. Also, I had landings on which to rest and have a snack before going all the way to the third floor. I became a “secret stairwell eater.” Does anyone know of a program to help me kick this habit? I have visions of after graduating having to sneak back and have a snack on the second floor landing.

So as you climb those stairs, look for me. If I have passed out, please call EMS. I either need food or oxygen.



Impassioned to the Mountains

by
Jessica James

I rode out over the plains of Nebraska
with far stars above kindled atop the land,
so close to yank from the heavens,
and capture home in hand.

Past of Nebraska was only a Kansas
of yellow lines and loud semis flashing by in dark,
and old stretching western towns of wide blank roads,
blown flat and lonesome stark.

So when rose the plateau of Colorado
beyond the night so vast I nearly longed to die,
it lifted too the moon a flame, loaning
depth to my starlit sky.

My soul was flat but ran ragged high
across the earth, with prophecies and rages—
since these mountains steep have earned my keep
elsewhere I feel encaged.

I rode dreams to truth; flames from strife,
to end where I can find respite.

Young Guns

by
Kirk Nelson

Young cowboy, young cowboy, O' what have you done
You've shot the sheriff and now you must run

You've chose the wrong path, the wrong life to lead
Your life will be short for soon you will bleed

Your best friend will hunt you; he'll be coming real soon
He'll shoot you from behind, by the light of the moon

A bullet in the back, one final farewell
They've dug you a hole and you're headed for Hell

You're life is over; you're through with the game
But everyone knows that Billy the Kid is your name.



above: Winter Cowboy

by
Amy L. Shimek

below: Cloudy Mountains

by
James Richardson



aciremA

by
Jason Shoulders

Breathe it in for the first time
the sweet serenity of god-blessed land
the sweet somber sound of sorrow
and burdens for the last time.

Alone in a crowded room
two disappointed believers
thought God was to blame.
As the tired message of the New World
sank deep into their bones
deep into their souls
like a faded memory
lost for eternity
stolen from chivalry
and tortured by the dream to be.

LIFE IS GAY

by
Peter Ferak

*Dedicated to Susan Hessenthaler

You were a lesbo once
Now you're just one of us.
I never thought this day would ever come
I didn't realize your penis virginity was gone.

But then again, wouldn't you say
Every now and then, life is gay.

And I hope for you that life with a man
Is gonna turn out to be more than you thought it can
But I know that you will always be just fine
Because there is a place for you in this heart of mine.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not sure what to think
I really don't know how you overcame this penis thing.
So put on some nice clothes and go out tonight
Maybe you'll fall for a man, and not a dike.

But then again, wouldn't you say
Every now and then, life is gay.

So throw this scarf of yours around your head
'Cause you no longer like Angelina but Brad instead
Make sure you show off these blue eyes of yours
And major cleavage simply because that's what scores.

In the end, I hope you'll just find a friend
Someone who'll be there till the end.
Encourage you to dare the unthinkable
And understand even if you're not believable.

And then again, wouldn't you say
Every now and then, life is gay.

The History of Naming the Magazine

by
Sarah Casaletto

The white paper contracts deeply with the black ink stamped upon it. The words leave 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. A person reads over 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:

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 parts of the pieces which stand out to the reader. Just open any “Zankified” book and one can see purple patches highlighted in many works of literature. 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. 6
was deferred in part by
donations from members of the
community, staff, and faculty.
We, the members of Sigma Tau Delta,
wish to express our
thanks to you for
your continued support.

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

~~ Amy L. Shimek,
Editor

ΣΤΔ

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