EXILE
Denison University's
Literary Magazine

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You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can not know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

Ezra Pound
How Goes the Wombat, Prithee?

How goes the wombat, prithee?
On some liddy padded feet
Smile nice and doff his hat
To all the fish he meet
And sing a mighty ballad
With a mugger full with beer,
Laughing with a mighty laugh
And cheering with a cheer.
Holy Shit  
(for Mary)

Gabriel alights, to Annunciate,  
I ask him to tea.  
His face, pearl  
with petal thin lips,  
blinks a fluorescent flicker,  
He is happy for me.

So I,  
young, unwed  
will puff like a cherry  
ripening around its pit,  
Fat, red  
with a stone in my gut,  
to carry a seed I didn’t plant.  
Call me blessed.

Tea is done,  
Gabe scarcely sipped — he gushed  
all aflutter,  
bright hands splitting air,  
he invades my space, creating a breeze;  
I smile and glance at the tea leaves.

I feel varicose, bulging with blood;  
Who wants to be dizzy and sick,  
streaked with lines,  
to bloat like a barrel,  
and struggle off toilets?  
I don’t want to lose sight of my thighs.

Crazyman in white,  
brainstorming names for a bastard child,  
spitting wild-eyed excuses for its father;  
Legitimacy is not my concern.

Words jet from his face  
in round-swelling globs,  
I watch them grow fat-bellied, pear-shaped;  
they thunk on my ribs like bunched fists.  
His halo contracts then dilates —  
I cross my legs, shut my eyes,  
but it hovers like a screaming, toothless mouth.
.. ..... blues

Man in a chair
40 feet above the ground
say:

...............
[pompous]          ............... [loquacity]

1492
ocean blue
ocean blue
keep your courses clean
in the ocean blue
1492
1492

Man in the mountains in Columbia say:
you step on us
say: you got a foot in Africa
another in Asia
another [you are a three-footed monster]
in Latin America
But we learnin’ to say
“Move!”
We say yes
it is object
but not your kind.

40 feet above the ground
a name is dropped
a snifter raised
ocean blue
ocean blue.

Man on the street
wrestling sleep from concrete
hears nothing of this.
Transcendence for him
is the stogies he rolls
with unwashed hands
from left-over butts
that he collects
from the ground.
"That kid's crying again," he said.
"I know. I can hear him," she said.
"You gonna let him cry all night or you gonna let me get some sleep?"
"Sure."

The clock read 3:47 am. Two hours since the last time he cried.
The room was stale and clammy and her nightgown was glued to her legs.
Her hair was matted to her neck and forehead. Her cleavage held a channel of sweat.
She dragged her legs over the edge of the bed, and with sticky palms attempted to rub the bangs out of her eyes. The baby continued to cry.
"Ellen!"
"I'm going," Her response was barely audible above the clacking of the dented fan.
"Move the fan closer to the bed. It's hot as hell in here."
"Yeah."
She pushed herself from the mattress; the springs gave in. Her feet prodded. They were still balloons. She'd gained 33 pounds with the baby. It felt as if twenty of them were still in her legs and feet. She stared at the fan. She couldn't lift her legs high enough to push it closer to his side of the bed; to bend over and lift it put too much pressure on her lower back which was still sore from carting around an 11-pound baby.
She stared at the fan, then, at the large body sprawled on the bed, curled and shuffled into the hallway.
The clock read 4:58 am. She sat in the rocking chair and smoked. The baby coughed occasionally and then lapsed into a heavy, gargled breathing pattern.
"He fall back to sleep?", he asked.
She dragged hard on her cigarette and nodded. Her legs were spread in front of her; her arms folded about her chest. She'd hiked her nightgown to her waist. There was one small window in the room that opened out about 3½ inches. There was no fan.
"Glad someone did," he said.
She gazed past him.
"Nice position."
She stared at her elephant-like feet and shrugged.
"It's too hot. I'm going for a walk. Haven't been able to sleep since that kid started to cry."
Neither had she.
"Fine."
He slammed the door on his way out. The baby stirred, gave out a muffled cry and coughed. She didn’t move. Just pressed her eyes tightly that her eyeballs rubbed against her inside lids. She asked God for forgiveness and swore she’d choke the child if he began to whimper. His breathing fell into rhythm. She struggled out of the chair and into her bedroom. She peeled off the nightgown that coated her damp skin. She picked up the telephone, walked into the bathroom, sat on the toilet and dialed.

"Hello? Hello, yeah?", a voice croaked.
"I'm going to kill him."
"What?"
"I'm going to kill him."
"Who is this?"

She gathered her hair on top of her head with her free hand and threw her head back. It smashed against the windowsill! above the toilet.
"Shit!"
"What?"
"I forgot my cigarettes — hold on."
"Who is this? Ellen, is that you?"

She dropped the phone and stumbled out of the bathroom. She could feel the bump rising. As she walked by the fan, a rush of goosebumps spread over her body. She was covered with a cold sweat. The voice on the phone was calling out.

"Ellen, God damnit. Ellen, is that you? Are you there? Do you know what time it is? What the hell’s wrong with you?"

Silence.
"Ellen?"

When she made it back to the bathroom the line was dead. She lit a cigarette and picked up the phone. She heard the front door open. She slowly placed the receiver back on the hook. Her body was shaking. She heard him walk across the bedroom floor. His steps were slow, uneven and heavy. He walked with a limp.

"God-damnit!", he spat.

He'd run into the fan. It didn't fall. It was old, all steel and weighed about 15 pounds. She smiled. He gimped to his dresser and started rummaging through his drawers. She didn't move. He slammed a drawer. She jumped.

"Ellen?"
"Yeah."

He turned quickly and stared at the bathroom door. He couldn't see her; it was slightly closed.

"What are you doing?"
"Nothing."

"Where are your cigarettes?"

"In here."

"Christ, put some clothes on."

He grabbed the pack, lit one, took two more and headed into the bedroom. She heard the stairs creak and the door open. She exhaled and picked up the phone.

"Hello", the voice was alert.
"You hung up."
"God damnit Ellen. What's going on?"

She didn't respond.
"Either talk or I'm going to hang up. You do know it's after 5 a.m., don't you?"
"Yeah."

Silence.

"Why are you calling me at this hour?"

"Because if I don't talk to you, I'll sit on my bed and plan a way to kill him."

"Jack? Kill Jack? Oh God, what did he do now?"
"Nothing — everything."
"I see... Is the baby getting better?"

"No. He's still sick as hell and cries all night."
"Take him to the doctor."
"I did."

"Take him back."
"There's nothing he can do. He'll just tell me to keep him on the medication."

"You need sleep."
"I know... Christ."
"It's not easy, I know."

"You don't know shit."

A heavy sigh and silence.
"Fine, I don't know shit."

More silence

"Ellen, you knew what you were getting into. You should've never had the baby."

"Right. I had no choice."

"Yes, you did."

"I had no money."

"I was willing to lend it."

"That's not it. I just couldn't do it. It wasn't the money. Shit, he would've done it himself."

"Christ, Ellen!"

"He hates the baby."

"He doesn't hate the baby. He hates the hassle."
"I hate him."
"No one told you to get married."
"I didn't think I had much choice."
"Let's not go through this again. It's a broken record."
"Fine."
Silence.
"Ellen, get out of there. Take the baby; just leave."
"And go where. I'm totally dependant. I've never had a job and have absolutely no money. I'm just a dumb, poor broad who got it one too many times. That'll get me pretty far."
"You can always come here — until you find your own place."
"No, I can't."
"Sometimes you're such an idiot."
The door opens downstairs.
"Look, I gotta go. She slams the receiver without waiting for a reply.
She places the phone on the chest and lights a cigarette.
"You still in the bathroom?" He walks over to her.
"I thought I told you to get dressed. You think you're ever gonna get rid of that flab around your hips? You look as fat as when you was carrying that kid."
She blows smoke rings at the sink and closes the door. She helps him climb into bed. The sun starts to rise in the mirror. He starts to trip and turn. She suddenly feels chilled and pulls a dirty towel down from the hook and wraps it around her. She rocks back and forth on the toilet. She stares at herself in the mirror. She hasn't washed her hair in a week. Her legs are swollen and covered with a rash. Her green eyes are black. The baby cries. She lights another cigarette.
"God damn it Ellen, stop it right now or I swear I'll kill that kid."
"Go ahead", she says to the mirror.
"Ellen!"
She pulls herself up and falls back on the toilet. A rush of nausea flows throughout her. She kicks open the door and heads towards the baby's room.
"Five minutes Ellen. If you don't shut that kid up in five minutes I do it for you."
"Fuck you."
She walks into the hallway, stops at the baby's door and braced herself against its well. She's going to be sick. She runs to the hall bathroom and locks the door. She vomits and falls back on her heels. She is trembling. She reaches underneath the sink, and pulls out the toilet cleaner. She wipes the sweat from her upper lip. She opens the bottle, closes her eyes and lifts it to her mouth. She swallows hard and keeps against the wall, clutching her knees. The acid sears her lips. She repeats the process. From the bedroom she can hear him.
"That's five minutes Ellen. I warned you."
Rebuttal

If so much depends

Upon that damned wheelbarrow,

Then why do you leave it

Standing out in the rain?
Running Alone

I am walking miles from your hands.
Looking around, I see the dark almost upon me.
The near edge of the sky folds into itself
and I remember what I cannot have.
Desire is a broken stone.
It is our season, though
and no matter that your hands evade my touch
like so many dreams I cannot recall,
I still see your picture.

Three years in the jungle,
what's left of your hair is plastered to your skull.
You still say you sweat at only the most important moments.
The cat could have you if you move.
She wants you,
her tail lashing like a flag.
Every breath counts in this country.
And the gun you hold is casual,
a last resort.
The trees are humming like snares.

I hear your fast breath
where I walk now, far from you and years away
and, if you are willing,
though there is no cat, no camera here,
only the leaves, dry and crackling and waiting for you,
you can be saved, the camera freeing you
in the next frame.
Your feet are small and filthy and running alone.
Rangers

The boys all lined up
Still,
An orderly procession.
Silver drops of rain lightly fell
Onto the white, dry marble.
The sky was
Still blue
With an occasional white burst.
White crosses on green grass—
Ceremoniously
The footsteps trod the new path
Towards the chapel
Row after row,
God,
Row after row
They kept coming—
A silent wave
Forcing heads to bow,
Or did they fall?
Salamapo

I

Yamashita's
Nursery school stood
On a huge hill.
Flowering hibiscus
Lined the driveway, and
Beautiful fish
Drifted
In the hallway tank.

Pamela Baker always borrowed
My peach crayons.
I never liked her to—
I wish she had
A whole box of nothing
But peach crayons.

II

Llama Island loomed
In the distance.
Lindsay's junk chugged
Out
Aberdeen Harbor's
Typhoon shelter walls.
Llama Island had
No Llamas, only
Steamed clams.

Crawdad holes packed the dirt shore
As mallard ducks paddled
The water's edge.
Grandpa smiled, while
The flitting kite wavered;
Blustery March winds
Gilded the diamond across the lake.

III

Sampan shrimpers
Cast hand woven nets, and
Blue lips licked hemp hungrily.
Wet surf churned salt
On painted Jaws rock;
Sharp shark teeth gnawed the cliff
Of Shek-o Country Club.
Kennedy calmly served
Flied lice and double ice teas
To devouring diners.

Yellow arms reached out, clutching
Thatched Filipino huts.
Alligators coated the golf course,
Company for darkening shadows.
An eerie glow of light
Emitted from the swimming pool cave
Penetrated the night.
Memories creep back to
The Hole skinny dipping wet towel evening.
Funeral

This is the world's Monumental joke.
The real dead people sit In the crowded pews Console themselves With a pre-recorded monologue On eternal life, Waiting for the punch line That never comes.

Black mantle and mourning face Pasted on for the Auspicious occasion, They kneel Believing (in unison) That the soul (of one Hundred eighty-three pounds of Dead cells Housed in an expensive box) Lives on Somewhere else.

Now they stand, Sing sad hymns, Hope, Hedge their bets Careful bookies they are Brokers in a game.
Be Careful, There's a Straight Bar Next Door

When I was young
I wrote trite poems
About reaching and
Opening a door.
Little did I know
The door was to a closet
And I was inside.
I've always been claustrophobic
But now I don't know
What is more frightening,
dark closets
or tire irons.
The Rivers of Saigon

Thin rivers of red speed
through the whites of those
helpless eyes overflowing with
water leaving shiny trails
down her grimy face

Two tiny black islands
surrounded by white
triple their size in a second —
The terror
The favorite doll falling into
a puddle of mud

The scream slicing
through the smoke
Dropping like a doll
into the mud

Divorced from the task
The loud noise breaking
into the soldier's mind
Realizing his fingers
Blistered from the heat
of the trigger
He cries

2 sketches

Sketch 1

You
squashing your nose
in the pillow
(like a profile shying at a painter)
and
your hair
so thick and terrified

you sleep so
wonderfully
in the morning

Sketch 2

You
without makeup
(somehow)
look so much more
authentic
Upon the Occasion of Reading 236 Sonnets at One Sitting

There are, in sonnets, some things over-used.
E.g. the face complected as a peach.
The faithful love whose heart has been abused,
Or waves of time — perhaps on Dover Beach.
And, equally, in sonnets there is stuff
Which, printed, might one's audience distress.
To wit, a girl whose loathsome face is rough
With pimped pocks, or frogs with sex obsessed.
(But I hate rules and so I must break these.)
I will discard that Death which Donne and Shake-
Speare thought so strong and likewise Wordsworth's trees.
Instead, my poems of ugly stuff I'll make:
I'll weave my words of worms and noisome warts,
In putrid fens with garbage of all sorts.
Close

we held hands,
stuffed them full of secrets
and grew tall —
round as olives
ripe as wheat
filled with men.

we stretch a line
thin as your lip,
but tighter —
sharing what we cannot tell the men,
the sweeps of moon
they cannot understand.

we hug
we touch,
foreheads fold together
bound in lines much deeper,
more painful,
than sex.
Teller

She did the shuffle down the sidewalk in Brooklyn. And she stalled, chuckling silver in her muslin pocket, the windows teasing her for a dime, for a fortune. She tossed me her laugh but it got caught in the wind and I just saw her rocking with her mouth cocked open.

She tugged me to her cold-water flat. She was living on a free couch and Premium satlines. She was reading magazines. She lit the candles and unfolded her lovers like napkins.

She once went flapping and humming with the boys, and she would wear the aura of her new darling as a garland. But now she sifted through the slivers of her last romance, and rolled out the future in the change.
I work in this bank. Actually it's a savings and loan institution. That savings and loan part is important. We do more loans than savings. This is why I personally have not been able to start any savings of my own. I guess, I own a car and my clothes and some furniture. That's it. A dollar can only go so far you know and here dollars just don't make into the teller's paychecks. It's a job though. And a job is a job. I mean it's better to be working than not. And we do get to use our minds here every once and a while. People, especially the Senior Citizens and our regular customers, bring us chocolates and gift certificates and things at Christmas. And we're pretty close here. But sometimes it's a real drag just being here every day and thinking about balancing and maybe getting robbed and trying not to offend really rude customers and things. Marybeth keeps us together here though. She has a real good sense of humor.

Marybeth tells us little stories just about every Saturday morning, standing there in the lobby with a stapler for a microphone while Cindy makes the coffee and we are getting ready to open up here—

Oh, you don't say much on Saturday mornings and your Dad gives you brothers a five and tells them to go to the store and buy him some orange juice concentrate. You know he knows they're only four and six and that they don't know the difference between orange and lemon for lime concentrate because they don't even know how to read yet, and that four and six is too young to be sent to the store on Saturday mornings alone anyways. So you take the five and them with you and go to the store and buy the orange juice concentrate and them packs of gum and you sing songs and look for worms on the way home.

Yes, she'll go on and on with something like that if it's going on six and someone still can't balance by, let's say, seventy-six cents or so, or if one of us drops our tray when we're getting it out of the vault and about one hundred dollars worth of coin just flies all over the place. She tells us little things like that, especially on Saturday mornings, because if she didn't we'd all go crazy here. Who likes to work on a Saturday morning when you've already worked Monday through Friday before? She cheers us up with stories like that. She keeps us going here.

"Yes, we've got to keep going," Marybeth says. Or, "Tut tut it looks like rain," whenever Matthew comes to the office. Matthew is our personnel manager, assistant v.p. here, for the whole company. Every other month or so we have to get to the office an hour early or stay an hour
late to tell Matthew how we feel about working here. He gives us these confidential questionnaires about our working conditions or if anyone would go to a company picnic. Common sense things that don’t have to be handled so secretly. These questionnaires are all multiple choice like — I would most likely attend a company recreational function (e.g. picnic or potluck) during a) the spring b) the summer c) the winter. CIRCLE ONE. Or, they’ll say — I am happy with my working conditions (e.g. manager or company recreational functions) a) most of the time b) some of the time c) never. CIRCLE ONE.

"Ignorant," Marybeth says after Matthew leaves. "That pretty boy thinks we’re ignorant. I circle all C’s this time, how about you?"

That man shows up here just about every day now, regular as the mailman, since we got robbed that second time. Nervewracking. "Just seeing how you girls are doing," or, "I just can’t keep away from your pretty faces," he says.

It makes you kind of nervous having him around checking up on us that’s for sure. You pray that Mr. Simpson or Mrs. Coughlin (two of our problem customers) don’t come to the bank while he’s here because they won’t let any of us handle their transaction. No, they have to speak with Martha, our manager here. If she’s closing a loan or counting money or talking with Matthew, those two will stand at your window and whine and complain and threaten to close their accounts out until you have to interrupt Martha and she hates to be interrupted, believe me, especially if she’s with Matthew.

"It’s her job to deal with these problems," Marybeth says and she’ll walk over and interrupt Martha every time, no matter if the problem is at my window or Cindy’s.

Marybeth rarely has problems at her window. Not for a long time that’s for sure. She’s good. She keeps things going. She’ll be in the middle of a customer and he’ll be telling her about seventeen different things he wants done and the phone will ring and she’ll just make a "T" with her hands and say "time out" and cut him off right in the middle of a word. And she’ll say it in such a way that that customer will shut up right then, immediately, not say another word just stand there and maybe just light a cigarette or play with the little plastic plants until Marybeth finishes with that call.

Yes, Marybeth always surprises me. Cool, she’s calm, always, except when we got robbed that second time. My my the way she acted then surprised me. A full-fledged emotional breakdown, just like you read about in Ladies Home Journal. ‘Brenda Davis: Those Mysterious Emotions, My Bitter Breakdown—a personal testimony’ I never expected anything like that to happen to Marybeth.

"I freaked," Marybeth says, shaking her head. "I fucking freaked."

We were on the news that second time. Hit two days in a row. Coincidence big time.

The company takes us out to lunch when we get robbed. They kind of try to bribe us and calm us down that way.

"Life goes on," Matthew says. The first time they took us to Sampsons, monogrammed butter and all—a top place. We were all joking around that first time and Marybeth used her fork as a microphone and cheered us all up with one of her little stories—

"Oh, you don’t say much when your Dad starts to burn orange juice concentrate cans, 1/2 gallon milk cartons, toilet paper rolls in the fireplace in the living room. You just put the screen up when he goes to make a screwdriver and you keep your little brothers from poking all the pick-up sticks into it. You like that game and they’ve already burned the black stick which makes it kind of hard to play the game because that’s, the object — to get the black one. You just pull them away from the fire and hope they don’t start to whine because your Dad has a head-ache and he’s made the dinner and he likes to read the paper by the fire and he likes things quiet when he sits by the fire and reads his paper.

She told us something like that in the middle of the restaurant and we all laughed—even Martha and Matthew. Yes, she cheers us up with stories like that, keeps us going.

"You should write songs," Cindy says in her little possum voice. "You really should Marybeth."

The next day, the second time we got robbed, the company took us to Kentucky Fried Chicken. Finger Lickin’ Good. All Marybeth could eat was one of those little styrofoam cups of coleslaw. She didn’t try to cheer anyone up that time. She was quiet, subdued. The whole time we were sitting in that little orange booth I was expecting her to hold up one of the little plastic forks and tell us a story or something to cheer us up. She didn’t say anything except "Shit, I wish I had worn my blue sweater," after we walked out of the restaurant and were filmed by all three local news networks.

Yes, Marybeth always surprises me, she surprises all of us. She drives this beat up old Cutlass around like it’s the best car in the world. The back end is all smashed in like a can of corn or something that you find in the discount basket at the grocery. She calls it her Old Gutless.

"Half his stomach’s hanging out, but he sure as hell gets me to work on time," she says.
It's below freezing right now and Marybeth doesn't have a winter jacket. "Shit, I haven't had a winter coat in two years," she says. "I grew up in the snowbelt. I'm more than comfortable. Hell, Eskimos run around nude in this kind of weather," she says.

"Does this look like an igloo?" Martha asks her.

No one offers her their old jackets anymore, but we do. Wonder. It really is cold. Whether Eskimos handle this kind of weather in the raw is beside the point.

Most of us are really kind of casual about making it to work on time, except for Cindy who's always early. The rest of us (actually just Martha and I) give and take five or ten minutes like we don't need this job. It's just something to do like going to a movie or out to dinner or something. And I do need it believe me. Car payment, student loan payment (beauty schools are a waste), rent, cigarettes. I need it alright. I mean my parents can only give me so much for so long.

Marybeth, I don't see how she handles it though. Every morning she drives all the way across town in that car, drops her kids off at daycare and still makes it to the bank at exactly eight-fifteen early and certainly never late. And she has to dress those kids and get them ready too. They are little, four and two. Hassles, but she gets here and always with a smile like she's waking up from one of the best nights of her life. She's told me more than once that you can't bring bothering you to the office. "Here you got to think about the people you're working with, not the bullshit crap that might be going on with the rest of your life." She'll say that if we're bitchy and ignoring each other.

Marybeth has experienced a lot. Thirty-two, two kids, two marriages. Saw the Doors, Janis Joplin, lived in Japan for three years, art school for a while. A lot. But she was the one who got the emotional breakdown when we got robbed that second time. The rest of us were really — mellow about the whole thing, even little Cindy and she had the worst of it. At least that's how the rest of us appeared to be. But Marybeth was a case. She was a total case when it happened. What a mess she was.

"I freaked," she says to customers when they ask us things like "What did it feel like?" or "Were you scared?" Marybeth still can't think of something good to tell them. "I freaked," she says. Or, if the customer is a Senior Citizen, she says, "I experienced an emotional breakdown."

"Lord have mercy," the Senior Citizens say. Or, "Oh my law? Then they'll shut up and just look at her really embarrassed and sad, like maybe they had asked about her marriage and she was divorced. They just don't expect Marybeth to say that.

Robbery number one was basic, just like in the manual. No guns, no masks, no customers getting shot in the back, no hysterics. Just a simple, "Give me your money," at one window — Cindy's — and that was all.

Robbery number two was different, unique, ingenious, movie material. They were hiding in this closet the whole time, climbed in through an air vent or something — we still don't know. The closet is in the back room where we count the money after Brinks brings it in. It's cluttered and musty — back there. It even smells old. The carpet back there feels like rotten fruit or something. After you go into that backroom, whether it's to count the money or look over an old day's work, you come out just dripping OLD. And the feeling doesn't really go away until you've been on the line for a good two or three hours. I try not to go back there at all. Being back there reminds me of being in my grandmother's house and she was so shriveled and senile when she died — it's depressing. Besides that, it's just eerie, spooky back there. A dungeon. I've told everyone that I have asthma and that I can't spend much time at all in dusty places that possibly might irritate my condition — doctor's orders. I do smoke, but everyone gives me the benefit of the doubt anyways. Marybeth usually goes back there to count the money.

"Hell, I spent three of the best years of my life living in a basement. Like it back there. Brings back good memories," she tells us.

Marybeth didn't find them first though. It was Cindy. Cindy always gets to the office first. Her husband works downtown and the bank's way over on the east side. He drops her off at about a quarter till eight and we don't have to be here until eight-fifteen. He never lets her have the car and drop him off first either (maybe she doesn't ask; I really don't know). She never has any money for lunch or anything either. She just sits in our gray lunchroom and flips through old bridal magazines or files her nails or something like that. She gets to work early, opens the vault, waters the plants, makes coffee, changes the date on the calendar — things like that. I don't know why she went in the backroom that morning, she doesn't really like it either, but she still obviously must have gone back there.

Cindy and Mark just got married. It was a have-to, I guess, but she lost the baby. Lost it late. She didn't say much about it when it happened. She kept right on coming to work early and minding her own business. I guess I must not have been ready for a child," was all she said. "We couldn't have afforded it anyways." She was going to name the baby Patricia or Patrick, whichever it was. She had this coffee mug that said...
PAT on it in brown letters. It was her good-luck-baby-mug, she told us. She kept right on drinking her coffee out of that mug, even after she lost the kid, until Martha threw a file by her window and broke it. Cindy still drinking out of that mug sort of gave everyone the creeps, but no one ever said anything. No, she's too good with the customers.

When Martha and I got to the office that morning after we were robbed that first time, I think I kind of had the feeling something was wrong again. I really do. Sometimes I can just tell if something is going to happen like you can just sort of tell if you're pregnant, regardless if you're getting late or not. Martha had to bring me to work because my car died on me, and my boyfriend couldn't take me because it was his day off and he really needs his sleep. The whole place was locked and Martha said, "Where the hell is Cindy?", like Cindy is required to get here early every morning, let alone that she had been hit the day before. I hate coming to work with Martha, it just about ruins my whole day.

I had to hurry to the bathroom to put on my nylons. It's in the dress code. They don't care what the women wear as long as part of it includes nylons. We all joke about the polyester skirts — the only thing we can afford really ("We all look like old women at a prayer meeting," Marybeth always says) but nylons are serious business. No messing around with them. You better have them on or you might as well not even get your money out.

Well, when I got out of the bathroom, Cindy still wasn't here. That was odd. She's nervous for the whole day if she comes in after eight. I asked Martha if she called or anything because you're always reading things in the paper or hearing on the news how people get in wrecks on the way to work and things and no one knows about it until the end of the day.

"Her damned car probably broke down too," was all Martha said, puffing away on one of her Virginia Slims. Then she opened the paper and started on the crossword. That always kind of irritates me. We all like to do the crossword and Martha knows it. Cindy usually makes Xeroxes for all of us, but if Martha can get the paper first, she'll turn and start the damned puzzle first thing. Marybeth asked her to make copies once and Martha damned near suspended her for three days without pay (I didn't even know they could do that). "I humbly beg your pardon," Martha had said. "I do hold the authority position around here, do I not?" She's one of the few woman managers in the whole company. I guess that puts her under a lot of pressure. She's on her way to the top though. What can I say?

"Yeah, you've come a long way baby," Marybeth says under her breath when Martha pulls that crossword crap. By the time Marybeth pulled in (eight-fifteen exactly) I really was wondering about Cindy. Martha was wondering too. She didn't want to show it, but I could tell. She's damn proud of the fact that her branch has the best attendance record in the whole company. She had already called Cindy's apartment twice and didn't get an answer.

"Open the vault," she told me when Marybeth walked in the door, I did.

Marybeth and I got our money out — that's when they came out of the backroom. There were two of them and Cindy. She was sort of trembling like she does when the computer screws up and the customers get bitchy, but other than that she seemed okay. They told Cindy to get her money out and they sort of pushed her towards the vault, and then they made all of us put everything from our trays on the counter. Marybeth just sort of stood there and said, "oh shit oh shit oh shit." She couldn't even move, let alone get in her tray and pull the money out.

"That was the beginning of the freak," Marybeth says now. "Immobilization."

Martha had to come over and empty Marybeth's tray. She kept staring the men right in the face with this little smirk on her face like she was actually enjoying the challenge of the experience. She had to be nervous as hell, but no, she just stood there proud as the statue of liberty, the whole time flapping her knee like crazy against the twoTEAM buttons under Marybeth's window.

I couldn't look at the men. I still couldn't say who they were if they asked in this door this very second. I knew Martha would probably bitch, but I couldn't help it. I don't know how many times she's told us that if we were ever robbed, we were to maintain direct eye contact with the robber. "Do not ever, do not ever, let his eyes get away from you," she says.

Marybeth asked her why in the hell you'd want to look somebody in the eye if they were imposing on your person and violating you — something like that during a security meeting once. "You maintain human contact. If you look him in the eye, he will start to identify with you on a human level. Eye contact creates a human bond, Marybeth. He knows you and can feel you as a human being, he will not hurt you," Martha said.

"If some bastard's pointing a gun at me, I sure as hell am not going to stand there and smile and tell him I want to identify on a human level, hell no, Martha," Marybeth said.

"Good answer," Cindy said in her little possum voice.
“It’s in the security code, Marybeth. You’re to follow it as best you can,” Martha said to all of us. “It’s part of the job.”

I didn’t know if I should stick the bait and the dye bomb on the counter, but they said everything, lock, stock and barrel, so I did it. Cindy had hers up there. Martha had Marybeth’s up there too. Thank God we all did that, no use in having one of us singled out. You think about these things when you’re getting robbed.

Next thing they were brushing along the counter and catching the loose money in these shoe boxes. The bastards knew about the dye bombs. I didn’t realize that anyone other than banking personnel knew about the bombs, but those two sure as hell did. That’s why Martha says they were professionals, obviously.

Now this is the part that really caused the freak. Marybeth thinks this one guy, he was the smaller of the two, was brushing the money with the same hand that was holding the gun. Now that was stupid.

Next thing the gun was going off and the bullet was whizzing right past Marybeth’s window. The bullet blew right through Marybeth’s pencil holder and the pencils and pens just whipped all over the place. Marybeth just sort of melted right then and Martha had to hold her up. I just about bit my tongue in half when it happened. Cindy said, “Oh, my God, my God, do not let them kill us,” like she was saying the Pledge of Allegiance or explaining to cutomers what they need to open an NOW account, talking like she was just bored to death.

“Phase three,” Marybeth says, “Loss of control of emotions.”

The backroom was a mess — worse than usual. They had knocked couple boxes over just for the hell of it. Deposit tickets and things were scattered all over and I could just imagine these enemy propaganda pamphlets falling from an airplane or something, like in movies. I did the best I could at cleaning up the crap, but it would take years to make the auditors happy. Cindy’s good-luck-baby-mug was back there all glued together. It was sort of hidden in the corner with a couple old magazines. I thought for sure that the auditors would totally bitch about having those things back there where we keep the records, but they didn’t say a damned thing about them.

Instead, they made a huge list of ways to improve our filing, and Martha is still going to these meetings about the importance of financial institutions keeping, immaculate, precise records and things. It’s made her job a lot harder, I know that. She comes back from those meetings with an expression on her face that is the closest to the way the Wicked Witch of the West looked when Dorothy poured the water on her that we’ve ever seen. She is much more picky and just about flies through the office saying, “If we leave something at our window or don’t fill out a deposit ticket the exact way that the manual says to,” like she’s never flinches.

I think we all thought we were going to die (what else were we to think?) but they just told us not to move (do you think we would have?) and took their boxes and ran out the back door. The whole thing probably lasted a minute and a half, two at the most.

This is the real freak. As soon as they were out the door, Marybeth crawled under her window like those little Chinese kids you see holding rice bowls in magazines. We couldn’t get her to move for anything.

“Fetal position,” Marybeth says, “Phase two.”

Cindy went around and gathered up all the scattered pens and pencils. Martha stuck the red security alert sign up in the window and told us not to say anything about the robbery to each other until we had given the report to the police. Then she fixed her hair and stood by the door to wait for Matthew and the police.

“What about Marybeth?” I asked her.

“Don’t worry about that, just go and try to organize some of those boxes and shit in the back room. The auditors will be here in a few minutes,” she said, still standing as composed as Mother Liberty herself.

Fine. I was going to bring up my asthma, but I didn’t. Still she said, “You smoke, just go back there,” and then to Cindy she said, “for God’s sake Cindy, don’t touch the counter, fingerprints, fingerprints, they’ll need to get fingerprints.”

Cindy started to go back there with me, but Martha stopped her and told her to take care of Marybeth who had become practically hysterical — sobbing and everything.

“Phase three,” Marybeth says, "Loss of control of emotions.”

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“It makes the world go round,” Marybeth says.

“People do the most awful things to get it,” Cindy always says, especially after she spent all that time in the back room with those bastards. Marybeth counted the number of times Cindy said that particular expression in a single day once. Seventeen. Cindy never really says much about being robbed or anything, but you can bet money that she’ll say her expression at least two or three times in a day.

“It’s filthy,” I always say, “and so damned tempting.”

“Oh lord won’t you buy me a Mercedes Benz,” Marybeth says in her Janus Joplin voice.

“We were hit two days in a row, unbelievable,” Martha says to customers. “Totally unexpected,” she says. “But we all [polite cough] handled it quite well.”

Marybeth starts stamping her teller stamp really hard and making a lot of casual office noise when Martha starts saying things like that.

“You should write songs, really Marybeth,” Cindy says. “You even have rhythm.”

“It makes the world go round,” Marybeth says.

“You’d better get used to handling thousands upon thousands every day,” Martha told me, leaning back in her chair, dragging on her cigarette, when I first started working here. “We’re not talking pennies.”

Yes, we handle it alright. We handle a lot at this place. We have to I guess. I mean a job is a job you know. Marybeth says that when she wins the lottery she’s going to start a home for wayward bank tellers. And we’re going to sit around and do crosswords and never get up before eleven on Saturday mornings. And we’ll never have to go to another security meeting or anything or worry about getting robbed again. It’s good for us to think about that. It makes us smile a lot. And according to Martha, it’s damned important for us to smile here. “It’s in the manual,” she says. “It’s part of the job.”
Contributor's Notes

Stephanie Athey is a senior English major, currently working on a research project in fiction and poetry writing. Jennie Benford is a diligent student, liberal, who dislikes pastels. Alfred Sturla Bodvarsson is a philosophy/psychology senior from Reykjavik, Iceland, who was fired from his job with Denison's physical plant last summer for writing "Anarchy in the U.S.A." with red spraypaint on the side of an air-conditioning duct in Herrick Hall's mechanical room. Chris Bradley is a junior English major who has been drawing since early childhood. Mary Deborah Clark lived in Hong Kong for eleven years, and travelled throughout Asia. Aimee Creelman has lived at the Homestead for two years. Her work centers around corn. Britton R. Creelman is a sociology/anthropology major who wants to be a teacher. Joan DeWitt is a junior writing major. Alex Dickson is a junior literature major. Karen J. Hall is heavily influenced by e. e. cummings. Rob Jackson is a junior economics major, but has a vested interest in art. Jeff Masten is a junior English major with a marked tendency toward scathing verse, who fervently believes that the sonnet lives on as a satiric art form. Ann Townsend McMullen is a senior writing major. She has a wonderful time. Betsy Oster is an eager English major who owns neither beads nor poet's clothes. Caroline Palmer plans to major in English with a minor in education. Michael Parr went abroad. J. K. Rand is a junior with a self-designed major in literary cynicism. A devout and pious atheist, he takes no responsibility for the wrath of God which might descend upon the readers of his poetry. Katherine Fox Reynolds is. Petersen S. Thomas is a Buckeye country boy. He'll probably end up as a starving artist. He'd like that. It beats balin' hay. Leigh Walton is a junior writing major from Laurenceville, New Jersey.