

**A Lost Piece of Grass Searching for Love**  
**By Tyler P. Fick**

She stood there leaning against a cold fence, and she could feel the tips of her fingers going numb because her gloves only came midway to her knuckles. She clutched her fingers together, as her mind drifted off to when she was ten and she cut off the tips because she thought it looked “cool.” Now she couldn’t bear to throw the useless gloves away because they were the only present her favorite brother had given her before he left home. At this thought she felt her emotions boil as the tears started to fall which made the situation even worse because she hated to cry.

“So your just gonna let this be our last embrace?” she questioned through her tears. Her head couldn’t seem to move. Her eyes stayed fixated on this one piece of grass sticking up as if it is the last of its tribe and it is so lonely now in a world of white snow. She somehow, right at this moment of her life, related to that piece of grass, but she quickly dismissed the thought because it was stupid to compare yourself to a strain of grass. She thought, who else in the world would do so?

Just then, she suddenly got a burst of confidence to look into his eyes. He gleamed back at her because he didn’t know how else to look at her because he just wasn’t capable of feeling her feelings. He could never reach into his soul as deep as she did, but that was why he gleamed at her. She made him wonder about his life, she made him wish he could be that deep.

“No, I don’t want to lose you. Why do you always have to complicate things?” As soon as he uttered those words from his lips, he knew it was a mistake. To make up for his mistake he immediately took her freezing hands in his, and he began making the chemical reaction with her that he always did. She looked up at his face and all she could do was shake her head as she let the guilty feeling settle up to her throat because she knew that she should not be here with him now and that he should not make her feel like this. The thing that made her feel sick to her stomach was that she let him warm her hands. She just left them clasped with his.

“There now, is that better?” he asked with a little hope that he had really made things better and she would just kiss him goodbye and accept his call when he got back from his girlfriend’s house as she had always done before.

Her hands were still freezing, but as she looked upon him, all she could say was yes, through her tears.

“You better just go,” She said, “She is waiting for you, right? I know how it feels to wait for you, so just go.”

Boy did she know how to wait for him.

“I’ll call you tonight?” he questioned

“Yeah, okay.” She said reluctantly as he kissed her rosy cheek goodbye.

He took one last drag of his cigarette, and then he let it fall to the cold bitter freezing snow. But the flame didn’t diminish right away, so he took his large midnight black boots and stepped on the area the cigarette had fallen and shook his boot back and forth. As he lifted his boot, she saw the fire had diminished. Immediately she took her hand and placed it on the tip of his suede jacket. As she did that, the edge of her pinky hit the tips of the fur from inside his jacket. She liked the way it made her feel so she took her hands and placed them inside his jacket so her arms were wrapped around his rebellious body. Almost immediately all ten of her fingertips felt warmth. He was surprised by her actions because he was sure by the way her voice sounded she was angry with him. But he couldn’t resist her hands; to him her hands seemed to hold her soul. She did everything with them and every little action seemed to profoundly speak her soul. It was as if she held her heart in her hands, and just maybe she did. Now he was almost taken to tears so he took his arms and wrapped them around her petite body. She knew that this action would make him stay because he always loved to wrap his 6’1 frame around her five-foot stature as if he needed to protect her.

Here he stood entrapped in her eyes as she placed her body on her tipsy-toes and she kissed him letting her body fall against the old fence.

“Tell her I said hi,” she said now twirling the gum she had just received around her fingers. This made him laugh and he answered back.

“I will, and oh yeah, she wants to know why you didn’t call her back. I’m sorry, I forgot to tell you that.”

Upon hearing those words, a sudden sadness hit her; it was as if she had been hit with a vicious cold winter wind. She tucked her head down into the collar of her coat and closed her eyes trying her best to block out the image of guilt and betrayal that entrapped her heart. Upon opening her eyes, she slowly peered out her head from behind her collar and softly answered.

“Because . . . I was with you, Matt.”

At this, her hands fell from his chest to hit the bitter cold of reality. In a sudden act to change the subject, she reaches in his pocket into find his cigarettes.

“You know you really should quit these.”

“I know. I am. I just . . .”

“Are under a lot of pressure lately?”

“Huh,” he laughed “Yeah.”

“Oh yeah! Well, she’s my best friend, okay?” she started to scream in a confused mental rage.

“She is the only person that saves me, and she *really, really* trusts me! She’s certainly the only person that thinks I ain’t capable of doin’ this.”

Her hair was now falling out of the bun she so perfectly put it up in before she met him by the fence. She had put it up because it had bothered her down all day, although she knew he liked it better down. Her head fell upon the fence, and he had to look away and bite his lower lip because this action, the way she looked now so delicate, so vulnerable and so confused, made him want her so badly.

“Go, Matt. She is waiting. And I know how it feels to wait.”

But he didn’t want to go, because he knew he would be thinking of her, the way she leans, the way her hair always seems to fall in her face, the way she always makes him feel and how just at this second he had come to realize how much he needed her. He always thinks of her when he is with the one he is supposed to love.

“I just can’t do this anymore.” She cried

He put his hands on the fence, and he let his body block her in. Now he knew that if he did this action it would make her continue to wait for him. She looked at his eyes and then her head dropped to the ground as she let out a great big moan because now she could feel her heart breaking.

“Hey,” he assured her, “it’s you that makes me go numb; it’s you that makes me crazy inside; I don’t know, it’s just you and only you all the time.”

Suddenly it began to snow, and he saw the first snowflake hit the tip of her nose.

“Just wait, wait a few months. I just can’t bear to break her heart. She’s . . .she’s such an angel, you know?” He said as he lifted his head and looked at her to inquire about her emotions just by examining her face.

“I know that! She certainly is an angel. Gosh, why does she gotta be like that?”

She looked up at Matt; she looked at his handsome face, the face that had a beautiful soul behind it.

“Here, give me your hand, Matthew.”

“Jeez, your hands are freezing.” he worried.

“See, feel this?” she said as she placed his hand on her heart.

“Let me warm your hands, come on they’re freezing.”

“No! Feel this!” She shouted letting her tears descend. “It’s my heart ripped in two. I love you so much, but as much as I love you, I may love her two times more. I need you and I need her. I don’t know what to do; who am I supposed to choose. Can I be with you forever Matt? Are you my soul mate? Because she is my best friend, and if I would ever give her up, I would need to know that I would be safe and protected by someone else. I don’t know just, just give me a sign. Give me a sign, that you are my soul mate.”

They stood there for a bit waiting for lightning to strike, or some type of miracle to occur that would answer her question. But there was nothing. Silence reeked through the air. The snow just kept on falling. All she could do then was realize it was her time to walk away; she shook her head and wiped her tears. Then she let her lips kiss his cheek as she slowly aligned her head against his so she could rub her cheek against his baby whiskers. He had begun to grow a small beard because she had told him she’d like him better with some whiskers upon his chin. She thought he looked older. She placed his hands in hers and kissed them goodbye.

“Bye, Matt.”

“I’ll call you tonight?” he yelled to her as she walked away.

She turned around but kept on walking as she blew him a kiss goodbye. With her tears falling now more than ever, she quickly turned around because she didn't want him to see her cry as she walked away. For some odd reason, she wanted to leave him with the image that for once she would be okay.

She left him. She left him standing there in the falling snow. Just then, he suddenly knew how it felt to wait. He waited a while for her to answer. He even called out to her a few times more, but she never turned back around. He desperately waited for a sign on what to do; his heart needed some direction. He finally turned and started walking towards his original destination. As he walked away, he folded his hands together and blew into them because they were freezing. Unexpectedly his eyes awkwardly fell upon this one piece of grass, lost and suddenly lonely. He somehow, in this moment of his life, related to that piece of grass but he quickly dismissed the stupid thought because who else in the world would compare themselves to a piece of grass?

### **Eve**

**By Tyler P. Fick**

She woke with the sunrise because she liked the way it made her feel. Today brought a morning fresh from a storm and she found herself waking very quietly, too scared to wake her lover. Slowly, her delicate eyes opened and glanced around her dark cave, her eyes fell upon the opening that had dewdrops falling from the arch. Calmly, then she placed her eyes upon her man, studying his body, capturing every curve he had, and then placing them in her memory. At times, she worshipped his strength and often wanted to run with the deer as he did, but he worried for her safety and begged her to stay home. Now, her mind and body agreed it was time to get up, she kissed his eyelids before she got up to leave his massive arms. As she stood up, her hair hit the morning wind and flew back to give her naked skin a cold chill. She quickly caught her hair and held it back firmly to shelter her frail body as she entered the morning sun.

The two had taken shelter in a small cave upon a mountain cliff. On this morning, she perched her body on the edge of the cliff and placed her feet to dangle in the breeze. The height of the cliff didn't scare her because the image of fear or terror had never entered her veins. She liked the height because she often dreamed of being a bird, having the power to soar. Up above in the sky was something she loved. The clouds were something she longed to touch. Often she tried, but for some reason, she could not explain God kept her on the ground. She liked to think, and she liked to dream of a world where she and Adam could explain and understand everything. Then, all of a sudden, her eyes fell upon the purple sky as she lets her firm grasp on her hair loosen and as a result her brunette locks flew with the wind. She was the ruler of her world and she wanted to explore every angle. She then bowed her head to thank her father, as she felt her lover's hand on her female shoulder. Taking her hand, she placed it on his and she started the day with a desire to soar.

### **Truly Always There**

Why can't I be that spark in your eye?

Why can't I be that light?

Why can't I have this wish tonight?

If I were that spark,

We could be alone in the dark.

If I were that light

I would forever be in your sight

All other things would seem untrue

If I were that special part of you.

You would treat me with care,

Thinking I was a gift sent from up there.

When people thought of you

They would think of me in your eye

And in these visions, I would smile

And help you shine for a while.

Cause I'm that spark in your eyes

Cause I'm that light that you hope will never die.

### **Away inside the tempting cave**

When time moves slower, I picture myself moving on.  
The true journey is beginning to move.  
To actually emerge from the shadows and mist.  
To emerge from the shallow dove callings and echoes inside the tempting cave.  
Swallowing voices, changing eyes, beginning cries.  
I see his vision, no look away, look away.  
Emptiness emerges and nothing remains.  
It only stings and hurts a bit to cry. So why lie?  
Sit upon the cliff and emerge.  
Emerge, emerge, emerge  
Repeat line, drop out of syntax  
Emerge, emerge, emerge  
Echoes of doves, callings of love  
Sealings of redemption, but visions of fog  
Picture. Never a clear dream, never  
Just dream away inside the tempting cave.

### **Tears Fall Up**

She isn't alone anymore.  
She still cries tears although.  
She still holds onto the rail, so scared she stutters:  
Let me fall, oh let me fall  
She stutters, oh how she stutters  
Not knowing what to say.  
Not knowing she isn't alone anymore,  
She is convinced the ruins are her bones.  
Are her own.  
The statue of stone holds her heart.  
She stutters: may we never part.  
Oh may we never part  
She stutters, oh how she stutters.  
She let you down, now her soul won't come around.  
Oh she let you down.  
Now lift her back up.  
Oh lift her back up.

### **I'm here now**

She told him she was waiting for someone.  
She looked him in the eyes and then turned cold at his advances and shivered at his words of love.  
I'm waiting for someone she said.  
And I'll wait for years, she said. Years as if it was the easiest thing I have ever done. Until then my arms  
belong to the shallow wind and until the day he walks through that very door, I'll wait.  
I'm waiting for someone she said.  
He turned and knelt of his knee.  
I'm here now he said  
And I kneel here reality, pure and true. I know now and forever the wonderfulness of you.  
I'm here now he said.  
I'll wait and wait she said  
I'm here now he echoed  
I will wait for him alone  
I'm here now  
I'm waiting for someone  
I'm here now  
I'm waiting for someone  
I'm here now she said  
I'm waiting for someone he echoed.

## **Imitation essay of "Crazy Horse" by Ian Frazier**

### **Mother Page**

**by Tyler P. Fick**

Personally, I love Page because she is my mother; because her breath gave me life; because in the end she showed me a beginning; because today I miss her and tomorrow I will miss her; because she would die for me; because she knows my secrets before I even have uttered the words; because she speaks through her hands with every gentle touch; because she is a goddess to my sister; because it took me years to grasp her soul and it took her seconds to grasp mine; because she is human like Jesus but a source of eternal faith for me; because she is not supposed to stay the same, she knew that even before I did; because I could drown in her sea of love; because she showed me my face when I was afraid to look; because she is wise with the wisdom of eighteen years of doctors, four never-ending friends, and a mother whom she loves like I love her; because she has had to live eighteen years of her life with guilt of never knowing my pain; because she has held my hand for sixteen years; because she taught me to hold my own; because I can feel her touch right now even though she and I are miles apart; because she went up against a castle because she saw me cry unjustly; because she loves me more than she loves the man she has shared a bed with for twenty-five years; because she looked into my eyes and saw me shine; because she always knows when I need a warm bed to come home to, so she changes my sheets; because she never thought I was always right, teaching me to see both sides of a corner; because she knows I will fight, but she also taught me to sometimes sit down; because growing up I carried a brick on my shoulder, she removed it; because she let me fly even though I know she wanted me on the ground; because she gave me a sister, a miracle; because I know she is a present wrapped in a bow from God, to me, my sister, my brother, and my father, all and everyone that surrounds her; because she carries rocks on her back, one by one she loads up as she climbs that mountain, but continues to climb; because she made me seek help when she realized I was beyond the help she could offer; because she throws away her past but she lets me keep mine; because we are a team; because I have seen her fall back on me; because I know I have caught her; because I now can see her as the teenager/human she was and is instead of my mother; because she did not hear the doctors' words of death; because she never will; because she has placed grace into the touches my hands will give out; because I will make sure she never dies, I will write her and make her live eternally just as Shakespeare did with his love; because she has been the only teacher I thought worthy of the name and all that follows it; because mistakes she did make; because she never went to college, instead she fell in love; because she is scared of mice and furry rodents but she encouraged my sister's dream of becoming a veterinarian and gave her three furry rodents; because she never told me her dreams but I know she dreams vivid dreams; because I will never know the distance she has traveled although I have seen the bruises on her feet; because I know she waited for my father while he figured out his life; because everyone told her they would never work out; because she is the backbone of our family, our tape, our strings, what holds us standing firm; because she adopted a friend of mine who had lost her mother and showed her a mother's love; because she once told me she believed in mermaids; because when I was five she made me strong; because when I was seventeen she made me strong; because she doesn't understand. . .but she tries; because we are on opposite levels but she steps over to mine; because she waited years for me to call her my bff, best friend forever; because she doesn't own tons of diamonds, rare jewels, or precious china to pass on to me; because her job is being a mother, she never held any other; because she let my brother go because she knew he needed to grow; because she enjoys the quiet life, city life brings her down; because when I was five I thought her to be immortal as she sat by my hospital bed; because she handed me my first journal; because she hid her tears when I went five hours away; because her and I are nothing alike; because she taught me to be a woman; because the bravest thing she has ever done was completely trusting me to the hands of surgical knives as she sat in the waiting room holding the hand of her mother; because she believes in God; because she only watches my life now; because she nagged me; because she was never labeled as a hero, saint, or heavenly being, but she is in every essence of the words a hero, a saint, a heavenly being; because she sat on cliffs and was prepared to fall; because she has me wishing for moments back; because I love you does no justice for the feelings I feel for her; because the world should be filled with humans like her; because I believe God had a destiny for her, an unsung hero; because she is the only truly wonderful person I have known. She is every bit a part of me, I dream of the day I will be able to love my children with her love; the day my hands slip into her own as I wipe the fudge from the corner of my daughter's mouth, and I imagine the day she leaves me alone on this world. As I imagine, I begin to envision her eyes and I too realize; I am every bit a part of her.