Vision of Peace

Heather Straszheim*
"Vision of Peace"
Pencil
18"x24"
SKETCH

Aunt Jemima is beaming at me from her place between us.
“I have a test.”
“You were up late studying, weren’t you?”

My half is bald. I start to cut it, precisely, between rows of the square punctures.

She ate it plain. It took her so long, she ate it cold, too.

I took her to school, she got there fifteen minutes early. She was so anxious to be back and see her friends.

I gag myself before homeroom, when nobody else is in the bathroom.

I throw away the chicken sandwich on whole wheat, slathered in mayonnaise. I leave the apple in the brown paper sack and put it in my locker.

I’m late for homeroom again, but I can’t walk just yet. I lean against the cool metal, press my damp forehead to it and close my eyes. I wet my lips with a little saliva.

Tonight my grandparents are coming over for dinner.

Nora Wendl is a student of Architecture (yes, capital A) at Iowa State University. She has, much to the chagrin of her advisor, been taking some English classes lately. These are (artistically embellished) Nonfiction.

On Right:

Heather Straszheim: I am from the great, big old town of Roland, Iowa; you might have seen the sign for it while traveling north on I-35. Currently I’m a senior majoring in Biological Pre-Med Illustration (basically, I draw stuff). Whenever I can find a minute or preferably ten to spare, I enjoy star gazing, long evening walks, dancing in the kitchen with my roommates (hi girls!), and reading great literature that’s worth my time. One of my greatest weaknesses is a steaming mug of French vanilla cappuccino! My favorite hangout is the coveted Mufu.