

**most
pieces
are
scattered**

REFLECTIONS OF A HIGH SCHOOL SHOOTER



"Our nation has been chosen by God . . ."
— *George W. Bush (September 14, 2001)*

"We will rid the world of evildoers."
— *George W. Bush (September 16, 2001)*

James Lewerke believed he was following the will of God when he attacked several of his fellow students at Valparaiso High School with a machete and tree saw last year, according to Chesterton psychologist Anthony Thomalla.

The fifteen-year-old believed God had communicated to him through his feelings that he was a Messiah figure, who should cleanse evil from the world, Thomalla said.

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Also by the author:

Fiercely Driven (co-authored with Chris Lori)

at the *closet cafe*

over
cups of
Turkish coffees

khurt
unshaven
unshowered in an untucked t-shirt and flannel

unwashed stringy blonde hairs limp at his shoulders

in the whites of his tired green eyes thin red lines
bearing more pain than normal

at the end of an all-night weep
the day sucking more out of him than most

garrett
like a giraffe in a herd of buffalos
lazy and tall and slow

glasses thick and square

ryan's eyes
dark and wide
like the bottom of a well
to mine
of thoughts that never seem to go

of kristen at the hospital in a coma

her arms and legs strapped down

her lips cut and bruised

her mom's eyes sobbed out

fingers crossed

eyes staring

saying

'please kristen,' she praying 'wake up dear. please wake up.'

lawmen
and doctors

and

melanie

and

samantha

and

leslie

in

beds

of their

own

their

hairs and

minds

from the night before

where brokenness was

their parents

their grammas

their sisters

leslie

gagging on the tube in her mouth

writing

how's kristen?

can see?

my hopes
like leslie's
samantha's
melanie's

and all's

slippin g

like
the day
weeping
into darkness

and
mother-kristen

weeping hardest
when
her daughter

fell
fast
asleep
forever

the party weblog saying

'... huge crowds on Nick's front acre ...'

'... inside the house wall to wall people.'

'... three girls passed out.'

'melanie and samantha on the couch.'

'leslie on the floor.'

'another girl ...'

'... kristen ...'

'found this morning ...'

khurt sipping

quietting

eyes away
and back

his
tellings

coming slowly

of the party

of being on the front acre

lawmen
busting it up

of hightailing it
into
the back yard

straddling
the
fence

'the back yard off-limits,' says the weblog

'... cuz of the pool.'

'kristen in the grass,' khurt saying

'out cold,' he saying 'unconscious.'

'like stoned?' i saying

'like dead to the world,' he saying 'Willy Jefferson on top of
her.'

his words
like cleats

to

my throat

'He was raping her addie.'

m'thoughts

p a c i n g

maddly then

in the silence

the events of the day raining hard on our sorrows

black smudge
at the bottom of our coffees

our cups
upside down to the saucers

swishing in Turkish tradition
flipping upright

our fortunes inside
the blurry streaks of our futures

in mine
a thick black blur

blood on my back
the whites of my eyes darkening

'kristen . . . on the back lawn,' says the news 'her pants at her ankles.

semen on her skin . . .

her lips cut . . .

blood on her face . . .'

h e r
t e a r s

dripping
into an empty

sssstomach

her spirit
in tight
jeans

holding a number in purgatory then

her skin and bones left to inspection

'twenty four ounces of GHB,' say lawmen 'discovered in Nick's kitchen . . .'

'Gamma HydroxyButyrate . . . the *date rape drug*.'



in the Eyes of the sky that has her now

september rain on our skins

khurt
onto the sidewalk home

raindrops on his eyelids
twitching
since sixth grade when he showed up from the city

FETAL ALCOHOL EFFECTED, he'd told me

and a.d.d.'d

at his uncle's now

a way from
his parents splitting

his hair
growing

his
being

into
the hands
of 'the gods'
knocking his poverty

taking from him whatever the pills left behind

his smile selling out to a scowl

wandering halls then

his pasty white face

eyes in quiet wondering when it all might end

saying
'don't feel good here no more.'

strolling recesses with me

away from all but his invisible friend

i saying
 'what's Boddha thinking *now?*'

he rolling one
 raindrops on his eyes pressing me to stop

saying 'she was *yours* addie.'

'maybe not,' i saying 'maybe she went with Him willingly.'

'He was raping her addie.

He stopped when He saw me though . . .

i didn't think He'd leave her there!'

my
 eyes

inside the sanctuary
 counter clockwising

unwinding dizzily
 praying to pieces

to shake
 tttthe cities
 frrrom
 theeeir traaaances

in

church aisles
where
God doesn't seem to want to talk

saying

'kristen in heaven now?'

the minister's foot on the pew

eyes darting

i saying

'if she consented she's in hell.

unless God's changed His mind,' i saying

'we've changed God's mind,' he saying

'so she's in hell?'

'you're in hell,' saying God

