

Past, Present, and Future

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Introduction

Out of all the classes I took at CSUMB, HCOM 330 Creative Writing had one of the largest impacts on me. After years and years of research papers and essays I finally had an output for non-academic writing, something even I didn't know I needed. One semester of creative writing had me thinking introspectively unlike I ever had before. Because of this I knew it would be the perfect path for a capstone based on search for identity. For this project I wrote ten poems and short stories with an emphasis on my development, where I am now, and where I see myself going; or past, present, future. Every piece is ripe with my own experiences, love, regrets, and the search for my own identity.

Works Consulted

The Color Purple. Screenplay by Menno Meyjes. Dir. Steven Spielberg. Danny Glover, Whoopi Goldberg, and Oprah Winfrey. Warner Bros Pictures, 1985.
Come See the Paradise. Screenplay and directed by Alan Parker. Perf. Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita. Twentieth Century Fox, 1991.
Real Women Have Curves. Screenplay by George Lavoo & Josefina Lopez. Dir. Patricia Cardoso. Perf. America Ferrera, Ingrid Oliu & Lupe Ontiveros. HBO Films, 2002.



Excerpt: Poem

Ode to Vegetables

To tomatoes; Who I can top a pizza with, put on sandwiches or
in burritos, and who makes Tapatio *even* better
To green beans; Who were always there, always around, but
can be steamed or stir-fried or baked
To broccoli: Little trees that can also be steamed or stir-fried,
cheese need not be used
To zucchini: Cooked in a pan, under a chicken, cut in circles or
wedges, Italian like me
And to lettuce: You're kind of pointless, but Romaine is green
and makes me feel like I'm healthy

I'm sorry I hated you all so much, I see I was wrong
I base meals around you now, the steak is the side
I get lost when I run out of you, staring in the bleak fridge
Weeks go by and I don't visit the gym,
but a day goes by without you and I truly am worthless
I love you, even when I forget it and forget you
Now I know neglecting you is neglecting me

Excerpt: Short Story

Enes' Son

Joe's father fell down while bringing in the groceries, which led to a broken hip and a severe case of pneumonia which he wasn't able to recover from. He called his ex-wife that night to let her know his father, whom he angrily made her call dad a decade prior, passed away. She was the first person on his recent calls list so she was the first he notified. He didn't cry.

Years have passed since that phone call to his ex-wife. He lives a couple hours away from the old, dilapidated house he fixed up, finding another cheap fixer upper. He lives alone, tending to his growing garden and large yard. The tomatoes came in well this year. He sees his family once or twice a year now, at Thanksgiving or family reunions. He tries to remind his sons that his generation is aging and they won't be around for much longer, hoping they will come to more family functions. He tries to remind them that he is aging and he won't be around much longer. He wonders, when that time does come, if his sons will cry.