

I D O L



Chrissie Duff
Lino-cut Print
7" x 9"

The Idol

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Special Thanks

Capital Printing

Jeremy Dibbel & Special Collections

Letter From the Editor:

This is the Idol's 78th year of publication. It is an honor to be able to continue the tradition begun three generations ago. Our goal as always has been to reach beyond the boundaries of department and major to celebrate a community of students rich in creativity. The Idol embodies the true spirit of a liberal arts education by enabling students to share their creative achievements regardless of course of study.

Thanks to everyone who submitted to the Idol this year. The Idol depends upon each and every one of the numerous and diverse submissions that we received. The other editors and I appreciate your trust in allowing us to handle and peruse your artwork and writing. We were delighted to read and review over one hundred submissions. Due to our limited budget, we were able to publish less than half of these. We want to emphasize the difficulty we had in choosing one submission over the other. If your work does not appear in this edition, please continue to create and submit again next year! In addition, our staff is continuously growing and looking for new members. If you have any interest in preserving the creative spirit at Union, please join us!

We hope you enjoy this year's edition of the Idol. Bravo to all the artists that have been published. Keep expressing yourselves!

A. Waibel

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Our Kind

It is our kind
that makes us
laugh behind our television set
the liberal sort, that informs us
the Daily Show, Late Night with Conan O'Brien
that criticize and quip
make funny cartoons and skits
while that boy from high school
that came to class in combat boots
never comes back. still
the jokes keep falling
CNN reports
they are flooding the whole desert
with the blood of martyrs
and the midget at the podium is shaking his fist
trying out words, making up new ones, all the time
building
building
with his brash stubby fingers
a reality: we sit in our armchairs
while a new world plays
a ruined nation at our feet

and we cannot stop laughing
to see beyond our tears.

Emily Blout

Chrissie's Flower



Erica Chambers
Oil Painting
20" x 16"

MY ONLY FEAR

A thin distant wail wakes me. It grows louder and pulsates. *Fear*. It's the baby in the other room. I moan and shift under the covers. She is still crying. I turn over and whisper to my wife.

"Lizzie is crying again."

She doesn't hear me.

I nudge her gently with my forearm. She moves.

"It's your turn to check her," I whisper. Now she moans in reluctant protest.

"Can you do it this time? I can't get up."

I roll over wanting to stand my ground. I've hardly slept at all the last few nights. Why can't she get up and do it?

Our bedroom is dark. A milky hint of moonlight seeps through the drapes. The baby is still crying. One of us has to go. *I'm afraid*. I feel my wife slide toward me. I try to avoid her face. Her warm thigh brushes against mine. And then I feel her lips on my cheek. Her brown hair touches my face. It smells like apples. God, I love that smell.

"Can you check her for me?" she says.

My resistance melts. I can't fight her. I never could. I leave the blanket and instantly feel the goose-bumps run a marathon across my chest. September nights are getting chilly. The red clock dial is a few hours past midnight.

I rise and pad to the hallway pausing for a second in the doorframe. *Why am I afraid?* I look back. Though it's dark, I can see Rebecca's silhouette curled up under the sheets, my wife is asleep again. I hear the baby and resume my trudge to her room. I turn on the light and pick her up. Her crying diminishes slightly, but I can tell that she's still uncomfortable.

"Daddy's here. Daddy's here, Lizzie. Shhh," I say as I change her diaper.

She stops crying.

"There, that's a good girl."

I lay her back in her crib. She looks at me and smiles. Her eyes look like two brown shiny buttons. I want to smile back, but instead my eyes water and a tear glides down. Lizzie looks at me puzzled. I swipe the tear cleanly off my face and swallow the rest. *I'm afraid and it's painful*. I kiss her goodnight and flip the

light switch. I wait a little while by her door to make sure that she won't cry again, at least not tonight. Satisfied I make my way back to the bedroom.

Almost as soon as I touch the pillow I fall back asleep. A thin distant wail wakes me again, but this time it's just a police siren somewhere outside. There's been a lot of those lately. It's just before dawn. I lay on my side of the bed. The moonlight is now replaced by the approaching blush of sunrise. I stare at the alarm clock on the night stand in front of me. It's 6:03, the alarm didn't go off. *Why?* I don't want to know. *Fear.*

Funny. It always goes off at six. That's when Rebecca gets ready for work. Did she forget to set it? She never forgets. I should wake her, but I don't. I stare at the long shadows on the wall. A minute goes by, then another. I won't turn around. *I am afraid to know.*

Tears well up again from somewhere behind my eyelids. Finally, I slowly make my turn. My hand finds the empty sheets first, then my eyes focus on the creaseless pillow. The sheets, the bed undisturbed. My wife didn't sleep here last night, or any nights since Tuesday. She didn't kiss me on the cheek and she didn't ask me to tend the baby. That was a dream. A bittersweet mirage in my head. She left for work on Tuesday and didn't come back. What date is it? The 14th? Three days now. She hasn't come back. She can't. *I know* she can't and it hurts.

I lie in bed for some time, then slowly rise and teeter to the balcony of our seventh floor apartment. I open the door and step out. The cold wind hits me immediately. I ignore it. The sun is creeping just behind the horizon, but it's still dark enough to see the city lights. Downtown lays unfurled before me. The Hudson river is broody and rough. Just beyond it, is the lacerated Manhattan skyline, with its throng of buildings that look like concerned spectators, around an accident, crowding together for a closer look. Except it's not an accident. Right in the middle of it, somewhere behind the front row, there is an orange, smoky glow. It has been there since this Tuesday. The 11th.

I stare into the glow, but I can't see her there. I can't make out her face. Her smile is lost, as if hidden somewhere behind the billows of that orange smoke. I whisper and my breath forms vapor in the frigid air. "I am afraid Rebecca. I am afraid that Lizzie won't remember your touch. That she won't remember your voice. I'm afraid that I won't be able to tell her what kind of a woman you were."

The baby is crying again.

And I am afraid.

Sparrow



Rebecca Brittain
Woodcut
8 1/2" x 11"

Without Rain

Salty tears flow trails down a flushed face
Comfort taken in his tender embrace.
Fine sand slips through marking time gone away
Golden rays bend as dark captures the day.

Chestnut hair streams in the dry desert air.
He gazes into her forest eyes fair.
Twilight's veil descends, the dusty wind blows;
Sultry landscape cools amongst fading glows.

Fingers lightly brush her cheek, her eyes close.
Lungs afire, wishing for the moment froze.
Loving arms lift her, he must bring her back.
Wheels turn, headlights shine upon pavement black.

Strong hands stroke her arm and she gently sighs
She drifts into dreamy clouds and he cries.
Sweet music melody begins to slow;
"I'll hold you forever, but I must go."

Soft lips touch as he lingers seconds more.
One last glance; silent he slips through the door.
Ev'ry sharp inhale, a moment too long,
Glist'ning stars above join them when she's gone.

In morning light she wakes, sweet upon her lips their kiss remains.
But as deserts parched in absence do they long for misty rains.

The Time It Took

Possession.

I woke up itching one night
And I haven't stopped scratching.
Time passes and yet you're still green.
There's rawness in our matching.
You offered the game,
That I was meant to play
It's a sin
That two should win.
An infectious prize all the same.

Obsession.

You disregarded my hand as I rolled the dice.
Never thought twice.
I was yours and you were entering winter.
Like splinters staked on wood floors,
Tearing into thick red feelings,
Stain a conscious of clumsy conquests,
Clenched hearts and throbbing hands,
Grabs a tender reality under a closed canopy.
That which neglects the sun cheats light.

Remission.

Summer prescriptions left unfilled.
Distance dealt out a chance,
For hapless romance.
Each touch blooming you.
A forsaken match proven untrue.
I remember-
Walks through sweet rain that shroud voices of reason,
When wet thoughts coax reality into welcoming treason.

Decision.

Rooted memories slowly give way to losing hands.

Z.A. Lazovik

Untitled



Ashleigh Shaublin
Photograph
10 x 8

Can love die?

Like my grandmother died
Buried in dirt so she is no longer seen,
Heard or even felt
In a world that is
Void of her smile --
Remembered.

Or the way flowers die
Slowly and painfully,
Turn ugly and disintegrate in hands of those
Presented with bouquets
A long time ago --
Forgotten.

Can love die
As many do in mass graves
With no remains,
[does it burn]
In bitter fuel --
Tortured.

Can love die
In my heart, can it cease to exist
Or does it dim out like music,
Sweet until you hear nothing
Is love forever --
Silent.

Hibernating in the soul,
Could love die
Were someone to kill it?
In the arms of lovers
A bleeding soldier --
Tragic.

It may perhaps dwell forever in limbo
Between remember and forget,
Lost and found,
My heart and his --
Unresolved.

Into the Shadows

Oh Callous night,
Laying listless, caught between the flustered fables of my mind.
Wilco in the background,
I'm in the background.
You are not my typewriter,
I am your demon.

In my glass case, I watch, mute and miming
An old man and the sea, *sailing in a pea green boat,*
Three Thugs or Three Kings,
Where's your face?
There's my portrait.
I have green eyes.

The time has come, the Walrus said,
This fairy tale's got a bad ending.
Where's my happily ever after?
Trying my luck,
And I wanna take a hit of your scent.
Jesus, don't cry, but I'm crying anyway
Just kiss me.

I take off my dress,
Shattered glass and I want to know when
The sun will get up,
Alice, stop the damned stopwatch.
But the digits blink,
Neon in the night.

And I've lost my page again,
You take the lines from ordinary books.
So I'm traveling incognito
But you won't recognize me anyway,
I'm red again.

His goal in life was to be an echo.
Well I'm a silhouette,
But I do it well,
I'll be your fair Ophelia.
I'll be your Aphrodite.

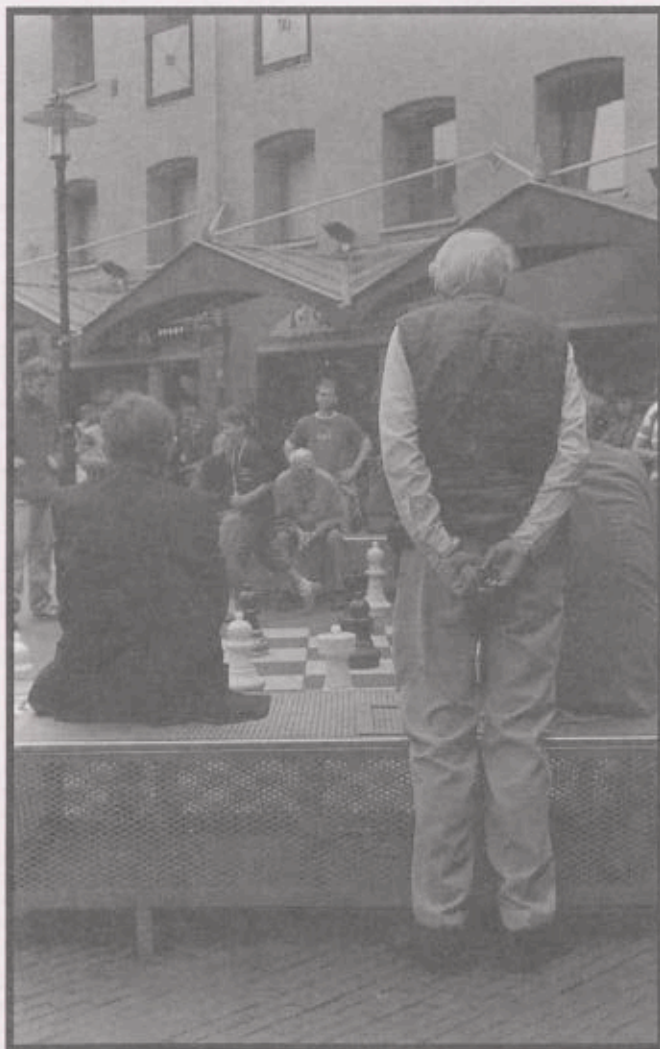
I feel like laughing.
Cause I can't quite find it yet,
And it's been so long
Your coming down
And I'm going with you.

Coney Island,
Being chased by dragons down the street,
I've seen it all before
This life is on your side.
And in retrospect, you're an idiot.

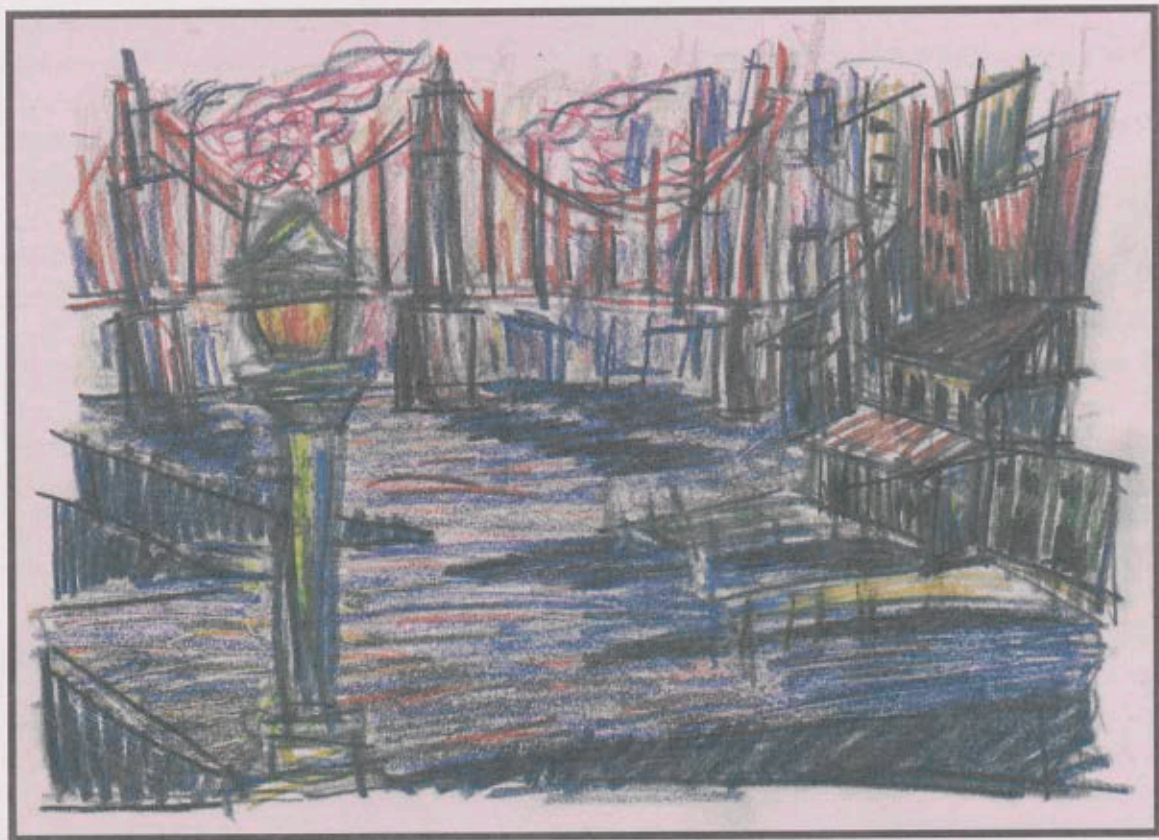
And its even understandable
Considering these foreseeable circumstances.

then I fell asleep and the city kept blinking

Maia Woolner



Nancy Borowick
Photograph
5 1/2" x 8 3/4"



Jason Tucciarone
Colored Pencil
12" x 8"

The Empyrean Jangor

Immature. And vulgar, too – as all such things must be.”

“But why...”

“It is foolish. Why would you wish such a thing? None should. Are you a child?”

“But – no – why –”

“This sickens me. That you – that anyone – should want such a thing. It disgusts me. Do you disgust yourself? Do I sicken you when I tell you this – when I make you look at yourself as you are?”

“No – why... but –”

“Immature. And vulgar, too... as all such wants must be.”

“But why...”

“Are you a little child?” Snickering. “You are foolish. We are both sickened by you.”

“But – no... we have been here before –”

A withered skull hissed, “We have and we are,” and detached arm clenched its hand even tighter over wasted wrist.

“Ow – but – ah... please, I need –”

“WHAT?” he screeched, pulling forward – pulling full into the light.

A ratchet shoulder swung lengthening arm over a landscape illuminated through contrast of breathtaking shadow. The trees whispered to each other of the culling field amidst them. The field itself was possessed of a deafening serenity: the stones could not stand it and screamed enough to pull eyes back over the jaggy hills, who took comfort in their inconspicuous, distant, fogged anonymity. But the whole was of inept proportion, and sucked itself inward so as to squeeze within its seductive frame. The golden curlicue patterns laughed that the paint should flake, and flitted about all the more for it.

“WHAT?” he screeched, thrusting the offending face forward to within inches of the dusted portrait. “You want this! You little child who do you think that you must be that you should want this?”

The stone floor's half-dried, tacky surface shined when the vomit refreshed it; it glistened with anticipation that more should soon drip from kneeling skin and cowering bone.

"WHAT?" he screeched, cracking the unstable head against the far wall. A thud, then he screamed, "It's power! It's power! It's power! It's power! Why should you want it? Are you a child? Your mother is not here to provide for you. Your father is not here to fend for you. Are you a child?"

Disgust yourself! Do you grab for everything you see? Is it power you want?

Disgust yourself!"

"Why – why not – I want..."

Pebbled tongue finally pulled back from dirty neck, but left its spittle behind. It rang and rolled in cheek-filled recess. It bucked enough, and snapped again:

"WHAT?" he screeched!

gag

It bucked enough, and snapped again:

"WHAT!" he screeched!

The walls were too tight, and black, and solid stone, and on all sides, and the roof, and the floor. He tightened his hand the more for the screams, "You cannot move. You cannot move. You could not grab if you could. It is immature, child! You kneel more. There is no space for standing! WHAT!"

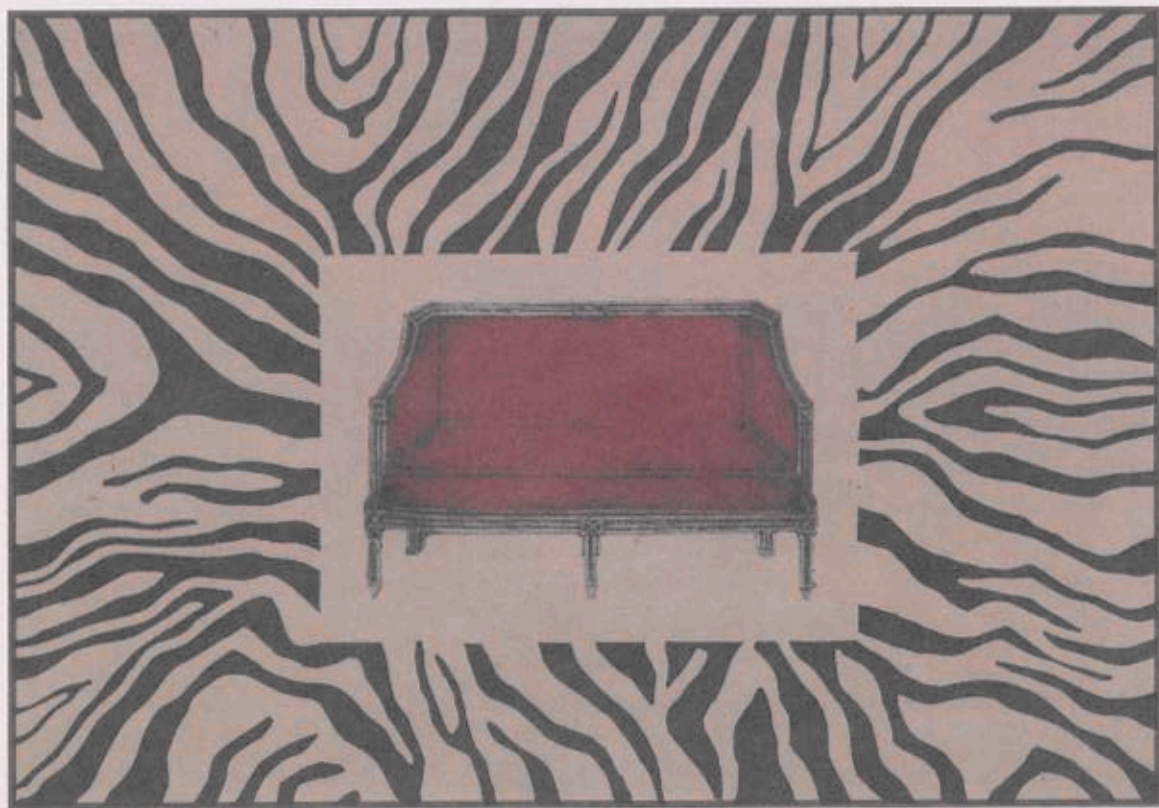
"Want –"

"Immature. And vulgar too – as all such things must be."

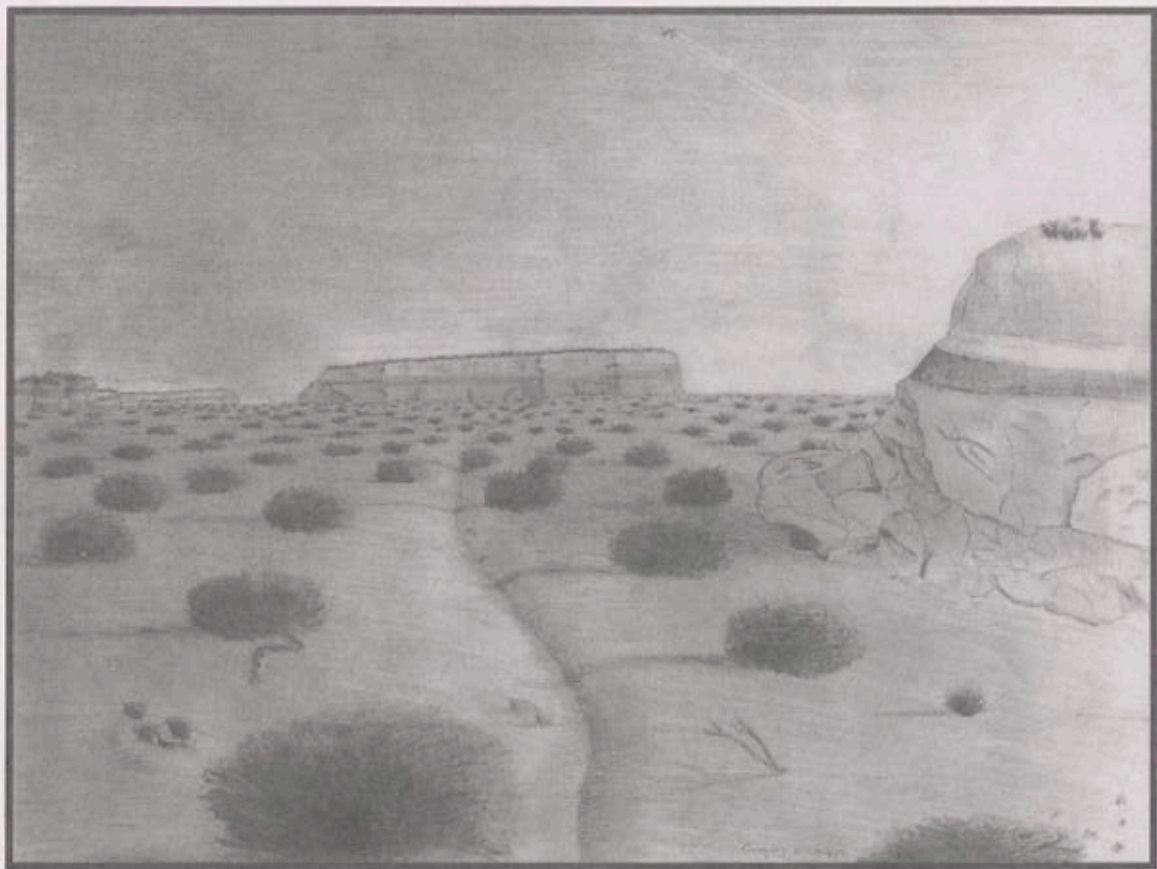
gag

"Immature. And vulgar too – as all such things must be."

Wild Thing



Christina Duff
Lino-cut Collograph
18" x 12"



Greg d'Otreppe
Pencil
11" x 8 1/2"

What were you thinking
Saran wrap doesn't cover anything how could you
be so stupid
as to make me love you why did i
give you space and pose
you're a man
what power does his pen have over my lips and eyes and skin
and I'm not afraid to say it
I will bear your offspring as sad as it makes us
so sorry for the slip I didn't mean—
but I'm not serious
so says my insignificance
his raging shyness that burns me
those years were a waste I could have found someone
else who was just as cruel
and I only feel bad because your biography tells the truth
you were born twice
and the first time was death
they just liked the name but God had other plans
apparently
God had other plans and you
to go there against what I wanted
don't disagree with what the photograph implies
it's obvious don't lie to me
you are not your sister
and this is no painting
you wrote besides, it hurts
what the hell is wrong with you
don't I make you what you want
I give you
everything you great gaunt
waste of paint.

spring falling

today, a lyric play of silence
grasped tight the morning
silver sheet secluded severed slumber
cast back with burly sacrifice
that season paid off by the past
in heat unsatisfied, unquenchable

youth lasts for a ripe eternity
an eager tongue
where sweet nectar can be gleaned.
the mind's eye, a tender treat
amber drops drip past pattern curtain
i slip in smooth surroundings

past the lurid shield of dreams
numb amid a haze
to graze upon the plastic pastures
i am told to glimpse
an end yet untold in song or story
each fall finishes, in sleep

The White Chapel Waltz

The gaslights flicker. An eerie twilight.
Shadows dance on the cobblestone streets.
The moon is sheathed in wisps of fog--
Hiding his face. Hiding him.

*Is a few quid worth the risk?
I don't have to eat again tonight.
The alley will steal my song
or it will hide my sin.*

I am a solo dancer on the street—
My breathing the song of the alley.
I await the arrival of my partner
to twirl me in the twilight.

*Mary Ann. Annie.
Elizabeth. Catherine.
Will I be another name in the paper?
Another name whispered in the streets?*

Fear tangled in the November wind.
A shadow emerges with the gaslight.
A graceful stride into the night.
Humming a song while the alley sings along.

*Is he my dance partner?
Will he twirl me? Glide with me?
Entranced I stay dancing in the gaslight.
This man's presence hypnotic.*

He extends his hands, gloved in white
and tips his hat, ebony as the shadows.
Fingers interlaced, a waltz in the street.
The cobblestone becomes our stage.

Fingers trace the lines of my face--
street romance seduction--
Then caress my neck in a violent embrace
trapping the song in my throat.

His dancer's hands are stronger than mine.

The alley wind takes his hat
And I see.
His eyes
are blue.

The black shadows of White Chapel consume me.

Footsteps will later find me.
And they will know who I am.

I will be another name. Another of his ladies. Another of his dance partners.

He was the man without a face.

But I know his first name. As do they.

Jack.

Violence in eloquent death.

---1888

Light

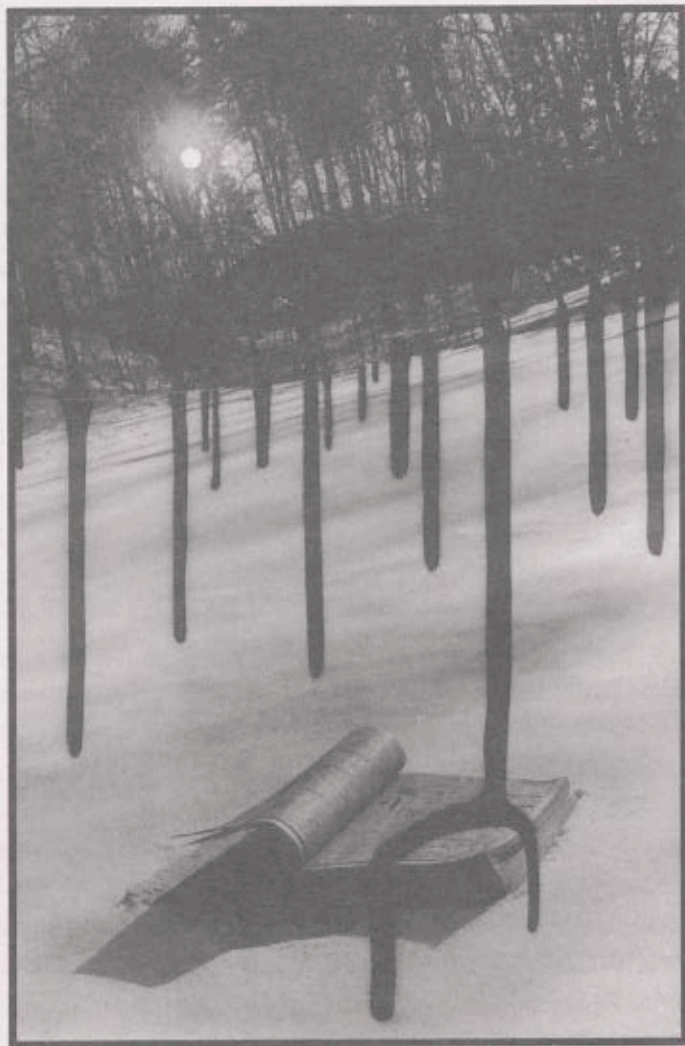
It was a bright sunny day but not like any other. The fires of sun shone brighter this day than any other the heat beat down hard on Mark's dark black shirt. He feels the sun beams on his back warming him. He began to perspire even though he was in the shade of the tree. He thought he was seeing things for the scenery was too perfect like a mirage even though this little glade was where he came to rest every day in the summer to just think and draw. Though by now he had long since drawn every bit of landscape present so he often brought his sketchbook and never opened it. There were many unused pages that adorned his book, but he always kept it with him right by his side. He stood up for he was hot and wanted to let the wind sway his hair around. He turned around and there he saw a girl dancing.

Her hair was a beautiful sun blonde. He watched her dance gracefully to and fro. He sat back down for the fire of this girl had caught his attention. Her eyes burned like no other. Their pure redness held his eyes like a fire in the winter. He got up determined to dance along side of her. As he got closer he became hotter and started to dance along side her. They dance until the sun starts to set then she looks at him with one quick glance and says, "until the next light goodbye." She disappears right before the last fraction of light is gone. Pitch dark now, he is so entertained by the thought of being here right at her first appearance should she return with all her thunder swaying his heart that he stays there through the night. He sleeps in the cold wet grass under the tree from which he first caught a wonderful glimpse of her. Here he did not even know her name or how she had disappeared so quickly, but he was taken with love or obsessed anyways.

The next day, blinding flashes of light flooded the sky as she reappears dancing as before and he again dances along side of her like a torch he could feel his skin becoming cinged. The radiance emerges from her entire body. Fiery infernos begin around her as she is set on fire her eyes flare up with a glorious ruby red blaze color as she disappears like a dream the sun dims. She moves like a phoenix all graceful and burning with power of an eternal flame. Mark could dance no more and gasping for air he collapses and watches her. The fire in her heart could eat a thousands

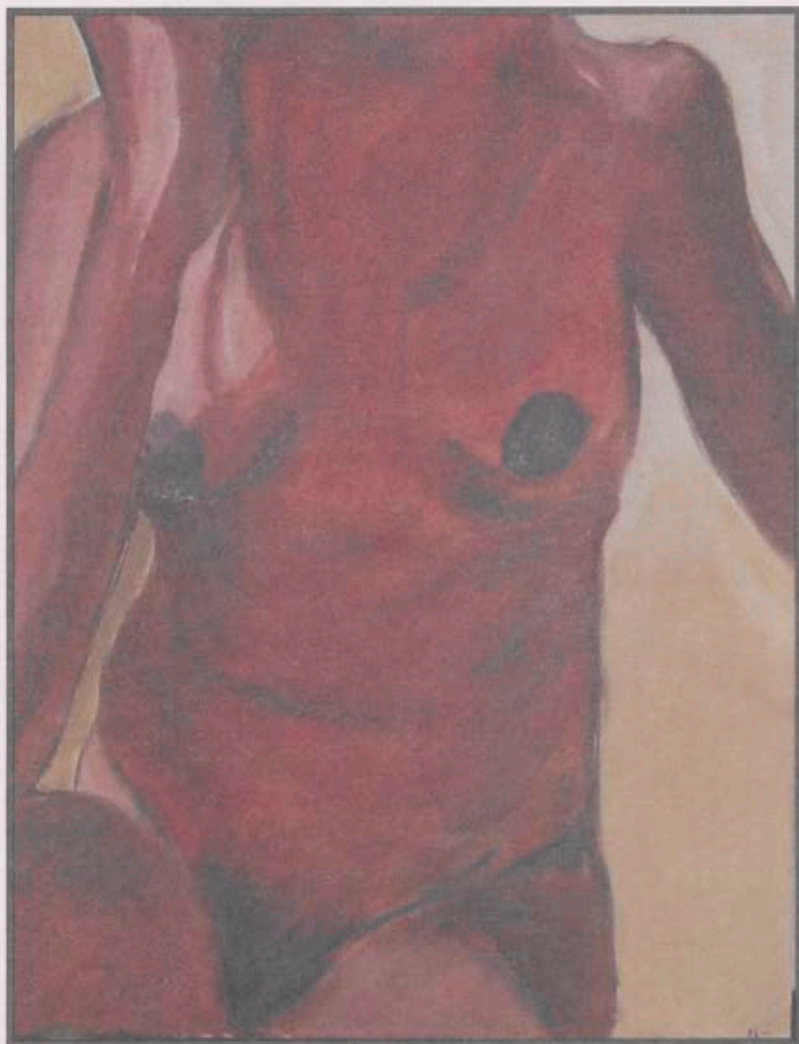
worlds and already it was feeding on me. I could feel the flame destroying my very self. It again comes down to the last fraction of light and she says "until the next light goodbye my love" In all his trying he could not move his eyes from her splendor, as she yet disappeared again before his eyes. So too departed with her a part of his heart that he might never see again. Therefore, he decided to again wait for her sleeping the moonless night on the emerald grass; the night passed faster than expected as the anticipation of her return slowly drove Mark mad with waiting. Daybreak came and no sign of the woman, he panicked running to another hill to see if perhaps she had moved. Alarmed and despaired, he became extremely depressed. Suddenly he woke up and it was still night, unsure whether he had fallen asleep by mistake or not he decided to pass the night away by drawing the sky until she would triumphantly return to him. Amused and confused, he opened his sketchbook to begin drawing and many new pages had been used. So many drawings of the girl, the drawings filled his entire sketchbook that was almost unused. The drawings of her in his sketchbook were beautiful, but they failed to capture her perfection and all her glory for nothing could do her justice like just breathing in her scent and holding her in your arms. The true sight of her would blast any mere sketch away but still the drawings, however they got there, brought a smirk to Mark's face. He was unsure of what had transpired; had he dreamt her? How could he have drawn her so perfectly and not have remembered. The sun began to rise but no blazing girl accompanied it. Mark felt the sun burning on his skin through his black shirt. He stayed there until the last shade of light had departed. He felt like a part of him had perished that day to whatever mirage or dream had held his attention so. He had fallen for the pure lightness of her being. When the sun departs, it is still eternal darkness to Mark with out his Starfire. But was she just an image or the fire of the world? Is his grief real or just a trifle? He sits in darkness permanently for her light has left him forever. The light of the world has left him he gropes silently in the dark looking for the exit, but there is none; he is lost forever without his torch to guide him.

Drippin' Trippin'



Kota Kobayashi
Photograph
6" x 9"

The Naked Lady



Erica Chambers
Oil Painting
16" x 22"

March 13, 1999:

An unsuccessful attempt

To destroy

the facility

(A minute explosive placed right by the waiting room)

& the ability

(To choose to abort).

It sufficiently showed

Women like me

What people like them

Thought about

My death

decision.

I had thought it was a choice for my life,
rather than a choice to end its life.

It this

just

demonstration

The holy book bearers

Convinced me that

My condition must remain a secret.

Since I cannot answer to an imaginary friend

I had no concern for

God's all-seeing eyes

I was more afraid of their

All powerful

pipe bombs and

All knowing

hate.

So although it happened miles away, in Ashville,

It still struck close to home.

I felt the reverberations in the pit of my stomach

And the nausea rose.

Or was it just morning sickness?

No, it was God's punishment.

Across the table that morning lay the newspaper.

Glancing at it upside down I saw

The evil, unavoidable signs:

Anagrams spoke to me and

Even the 999 of the year

my sin.

was now the 666 of

I had tried

13 times

to visit my clinic.

And each time

I had seen a

select group of the righteous

Picketing with signs.

Each attempted visit,

They barricaded the door,

And I was forced to retreat.

I begged their god and my time to be on my side.

Give me the strength to choose my life over a life

Or

Let know one know

Conceal my secret for 6 more months.....3.....1...

Eventually, everyone could see

the bulge

My futile drive by clinic sessions ceased.

Time had betrayed my secret.

God's people were

terrorists

women like me

allegedly

his most precious gift

besides life.

Who denied

A free choice-

Leahanna Klement

Snow Beauties



Rachel Start
Photograph
10 1/4" x 6 3/4"

that girl with strawberry blonde hair
- her eyes read like seventeen -
sips a smoothie from an oversized glass and
folds her legs, crossing her arms to block an
already impassable bridge to the world she scolds.

her boy in the corner with a frown plastered
to his face, holds a mug of tea to his lips,
sips his sadness, swallows his sorrow whole
and wants his space.

but that newborn couple by the window, their fingers link
and smile like children reaching out to
fat raindrops with their tongues-
they don't want the clouds, just a cool cleansing,
and their glances glaze over the lonely
one, whitewashing her with content strokes
into her corner.

the girl regards the paintbrush not very sullenly-
as easy an escape as burying her head
in a thunderstorm.

she clutches to her comfort- an ironclad
mask of nonchalance-
and perches precariously on a three-legged stool
craving her promised waltz on an
open rooftop.

Primitive Dialects

1

Initial Impression

(1)

The day they stole our buildings,
teachers gathered us in the Old Gym
teaching "After great pain,
a formal feeling comes"¹.

Our nerves sat uncomfortable
on the stiff, splintered bleachers
feeling only "shock and awe."

I remember slipping out the cafeteria
& racing up Skyline Drive
just to capture the site.
The car skidded on the gravel
& we jogged theatrically
through the cloud of dust
the car stirred up,
feeling like the Giants
springing out
of the locker room on Monday Night.
We huddled on the sidelines
of the road to get a better view: above
the hedge of spectators' hats & through
the scrolling marquis of lunch hour traffic

I could see no bodies, no fire, no planes
the buildings had fallen
(fireworks effete)
"Nothing to see."
But the jukebox genies
buzzed in the cafetorium
showing over & over exactly
what we should see.
Though in truth—
"At this hour"
all that's ever been on is static:
obsolete projectors spew thick, fustian smoke
onto bleach-shocked cinema screen backdro
ps—
once articulate skylines
gagged by sunken thunder clouds.
I found footing in the pebbles,
(the great boulder rubble)
ever-leering for the angle no one else had.
Burrowed feet in hourglass sand,
squints & refined focus
found—
you can't believe
everything you read
from your contact-lens

(II)

I saw smoke—

whole globes of smoke
with cinder continents
and seas of ash,

the particles of debris

must have thought

themselves godly

as their sharply bordered planets

orbited toward destiny—

but smoke inevitably rises,

(gravity knocked on its head)

guided by their ascending linear track

(space-time turbulence)

intent on their final destination

(the sky? Heaven?)

all throughout the brief flight

(brief to whom?)

(which time zone?)

The smoke particles gather,

slowly, at first,

then race frantically towards fruition

and for a moment I think I saw their vision—

hellfire cast of a trans ient skeleton

But perpetuation suspends their inherent transience in permanent execution—

as one hellfire globe fizzles out

another matures just as pestilent

while the rest evolve in vacant spatial alleys

waiting their turn to die for their gods

(Christ, Allah—all the same accomplice)

reticence of the tasteless autumn.

I remember trying
to choose between
the heavy, double-
breasted power suit
or the floral blouse.

The weathermen sympathized
with my dilemma & cried:

Though the flowers are fragrant
the suit is a better fit for your cause

I concurred
but felt uneasy
& by lunchtime I needed
to get out
of that coarse garb

(II)

Nonetheless the weather continued
in that vein throughout
the long month
(only thirty days?)
(should've been forty).
I found it an affable solace to
roll up the windows &
switch on the air conditioner.
Oh; but one day
as my daughter, Evelyn and I
drove through the pews of Hoboken
(the extended funeral)
amidst the stalling traffic
(loved ones in line to see the open casket)

the car overheated &
the air conditioner broke.
When I rolled down the window
the smell stung our noses—
again, indescribable
but I've heard the olfactory nerve is most
correlated to memory—
I remember not knowing
how my nerves should feel
(the senses are the incompetent luxury features
programmed to break & cost repair).
I knew I needed to show
Evelyn how to behave
in trying times.
We parked near The Path
station & saw the business
crowd marching stolidly down
the sub-

way s

t

e

ps.

(III)

We walked West twelve blocks
across Washington Street & I
was panting rather doggedly—

I lost my figure since the summer
but Evy, my soccer gal,
was unaffected. The smell
lingered, vague but unmistakably
present. Evy walked quick
as if to escape it, I followed
as fast as my heels would let me—
I wore stiletto's that day &
Hoboken seemed to spurn
me with its affluence—
some overzealous mason
rigged the sidewalks
with these Colonialesque
polyhedron cobblestones
(the neo-anarchists).
They reigned terror
on my ankles & disfigured
my gallant stride,
deducing my aging
agility to a spastic hobble—
swaying absurdly from
right to left, my stiletto's,
though sharp and chic,
impotent to grasp stable hold
on the walking stones.
All the while the smell stalked
us & I was dizzy from all
the unnecessary motion.

My nostrils
felt guilty sucking in
the smell,
my lungs
(the higher-ups)
were the sordid opportunists
herding the air's reactant
particles for respiration
(s'only compulsory)

(IV) Eclogue

W h e n we finally got t h e r e

I gathered the breath
to ask, among other details,

 "What's was the smell?"

A TV from the neighboring
complex piped its accent
at full volume

"What were you trying to tell us?"

 "Nobody knows for sure"

"Did you expect us to initiate some sort of dialogue?"

 "They say it's just the chemicals they used to put out the flames"

"Death and destruction is your only vernacular"

 "But I think it's the bodies decomposing"

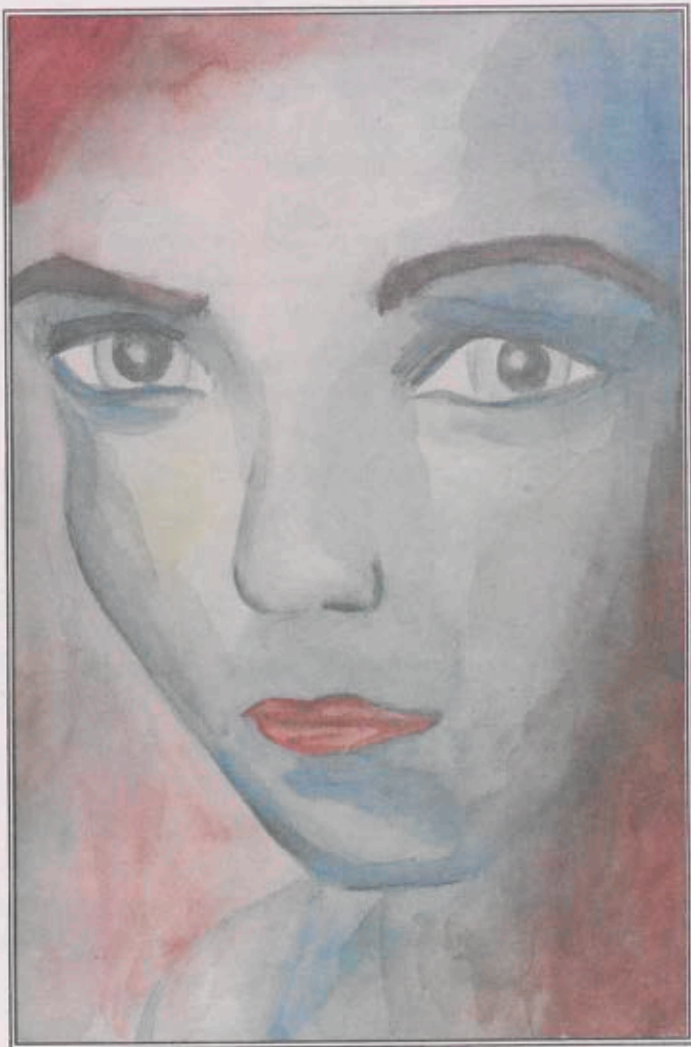
"And that is always the language of our response."

¹ Dickinson, *Final Harvest*



Danielle DeNufrio
Photograph
6 1/2" x 9"

Colors



Kate Gustafson
Watercolor
12" x 18"

LOVE

I love you! he said,
I love you too! she said to him.
But do they mean it?
A bride says it to a groom on wedding day,
A few years later she's on her way,
Divorce is signed and things are packed away,
What happened to the love? – They cannot say.

Is love that fleeting passion of the hour,
To last as long as a duration of a summer flower?
And when the winter comes and temperature gets cold
Should it get boring suddenly and old?
NO! it should not.

So was it love or something else?
Love is a word, a meaningless four letters.
It's an emotion I'm not sure matters.
It's just a chemical reaction, a "mind-trick-twist,"
As some would say; but some persist
That love is true and may exist in purest form.
Tell that to the mother of a fatherless newborn.
He swore he loved her, he swore he'd stay.
Where is he now? God knows his way.

Love is an empty stanza on a page.
Love is a word on a Shakespearian stage.
Love is a foundation of a house of cards,
One that dissolves and then the fighting starts.

Spousal content can only last so long.
And then it's over. And who's wrong?
Love is always turbulent and frantic.
Who writes of love? – a hopeless romantic.

Love is a "thank you" after sex.
Love's not a blessing; it's a hex!
It's a returning, reoccurring cold,
Afflicting different people young and old.

So next time when you feel you might be coming down,
Take a few Advils and flip that suff'ring frown.
In a few minutes you'll feel much better and realize:
It's only lust! And you don't give a damn about the color of her eyes.

So take this time to reassess
The foolishness of love-possessed.
So happy and so merry in their gain,
Not realizing love's inevitable pain.

Love is a shoe that I would Love to someday wear.
And if I were a Lover it'd be a burden I would Love to bear.
Not *loving* Love, however, and Lover's wear and tear,
I thought I'd write a poem that you might Love and I would Love to share.

Tibetan Child



Tenzing Gyatotsang
Photograph
5" x 7"

The Human, Conditioned

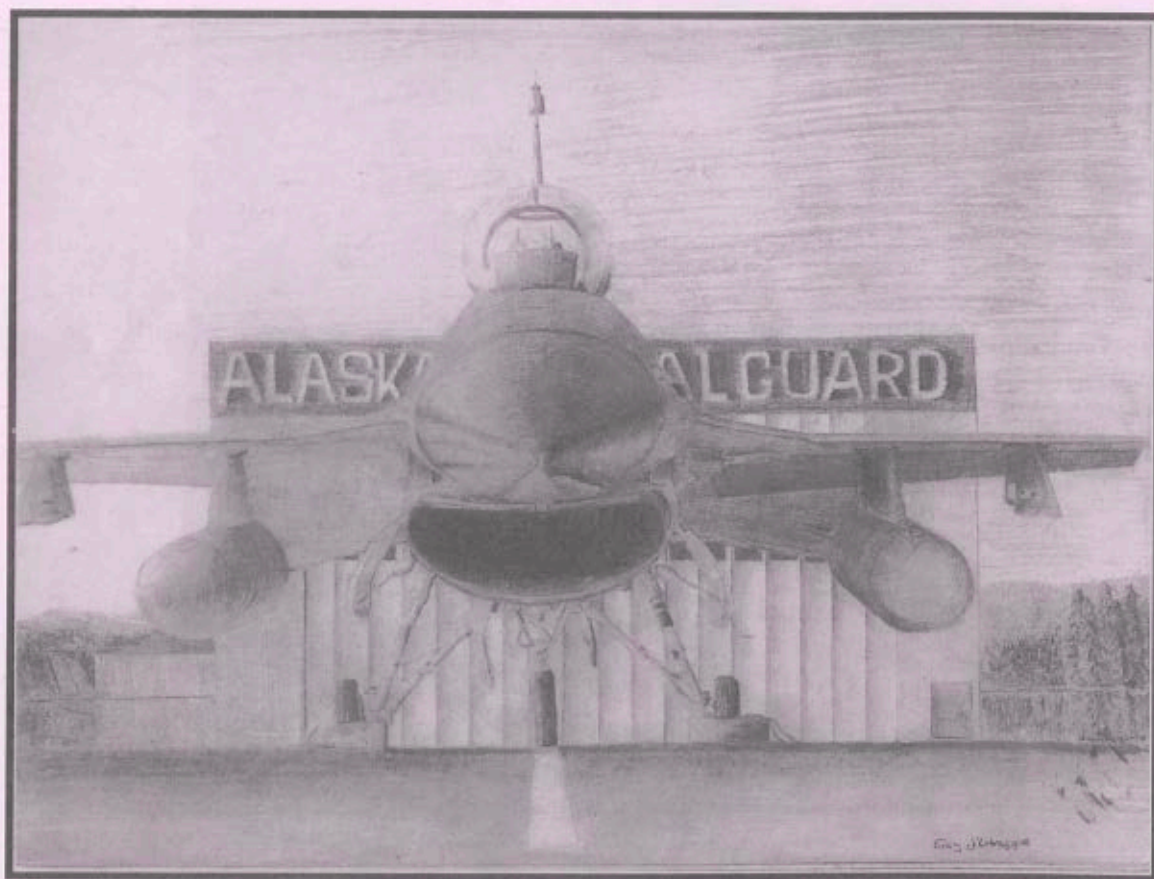
Red, green, and blue hues,
Illuminate youthful eyes,
With subtle purpose.
Manipulate cues,
Implant what we all surmise,
To be dramatic.
It is traumatic,
As phantom echoes arise,
To read us the news.

A child is with child,
Dad's obligations trialed;
No grants ever filed.

Where do you find morals,
In a half-built home of late?
Emblazoned, pristine,
Smoking gun barrels;
The faces of our classmates,
Reflect from the screen.

How obscene it is,
To point the finger at he,
Who imitates you,
As these parents do,
When their sons say "Look at me!",
Go without a kiss,
Consoled by the bliss,
Of the warmth they can see,
Soaked in blood... T.V.

Thomas Mazzarino



Greg d'Otreppe
Pencil
11" x 8"

Strength

Forgo the physical fight
In the name of survival
The burden of the pain is not in the
penetration

Forgo the mental struggle
In the name of sanity
The weight of the ache is not in the
psyche.

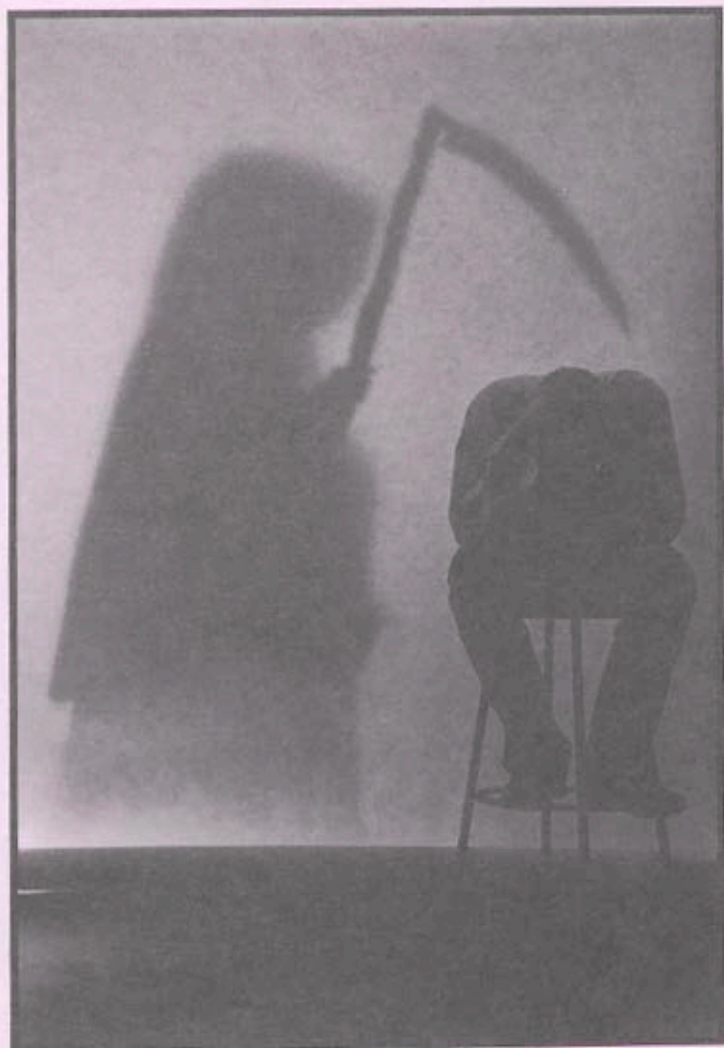
If you
Forgo the emotional battle
In the name of self-preservation
you lose yourself
In the torture
of recollections.

Repression results in
unexpected moments
Of the monster rearing
its ugly head

And each thrust reincarnated
becomes a fresh tearing
As the ache musters

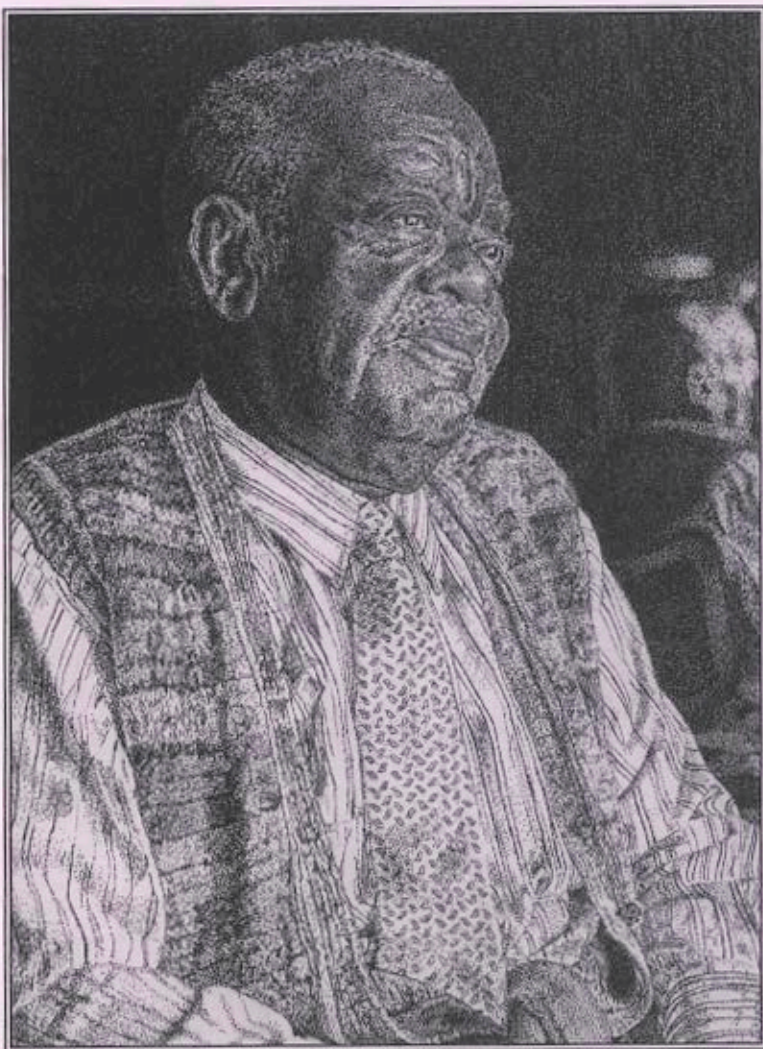
Strength is a delusion
Forced to disintegrate
Once reality grips you.

Leahanna Klement



Michal Pekarek
Photograph
6" x 8 1/2"

untitled



Marisa Zarchy
Ink Stipple
8 x 11

UM I218005

1 D O R

