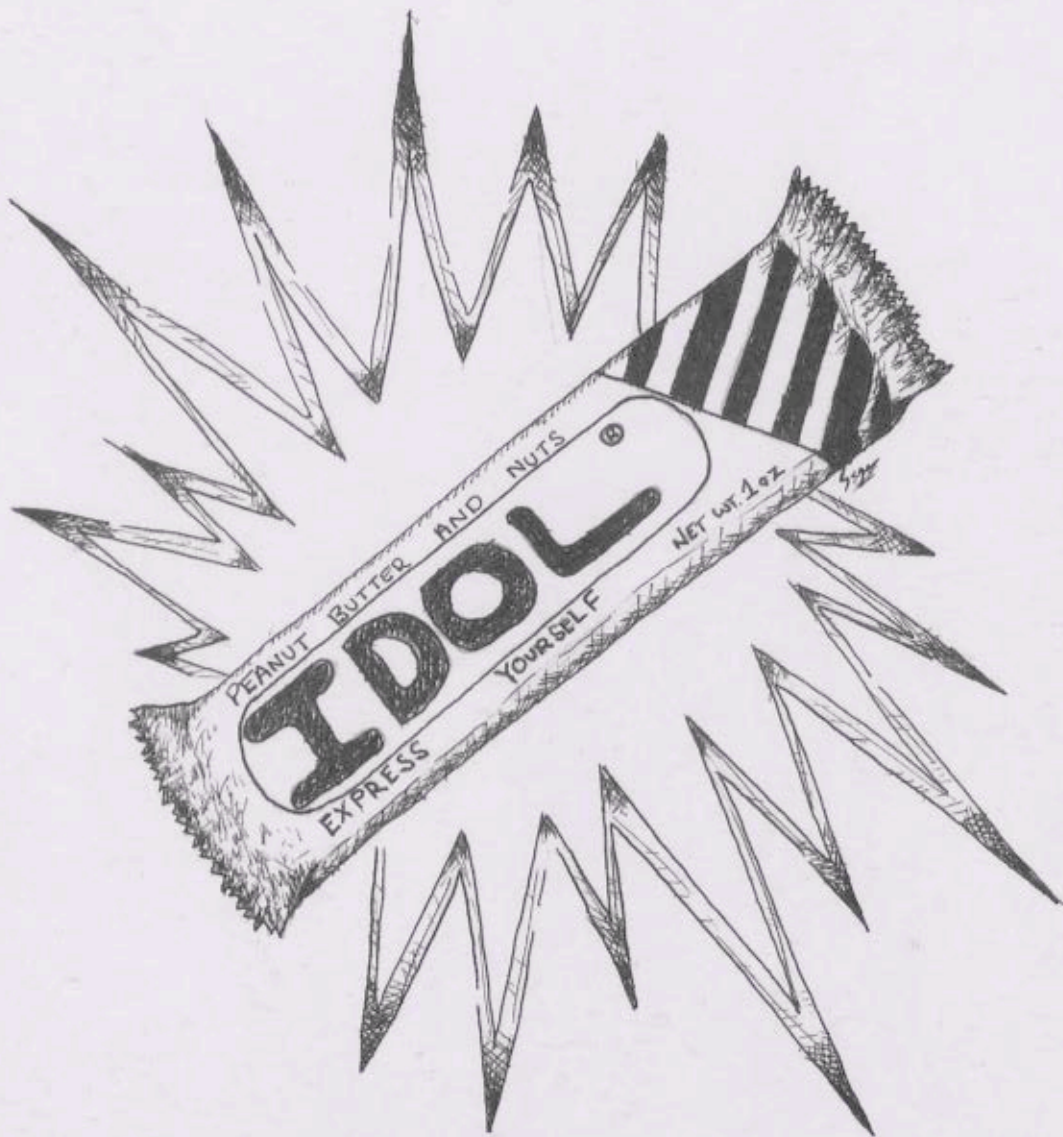




idol

2003



The Idol

Editor-in-Chief

Peter The Sage

Editors

Katie Beck

Alexandra Waibel

Peter Gorvitz

Rafael Paulino

Michael Losure

Matt Rappaport

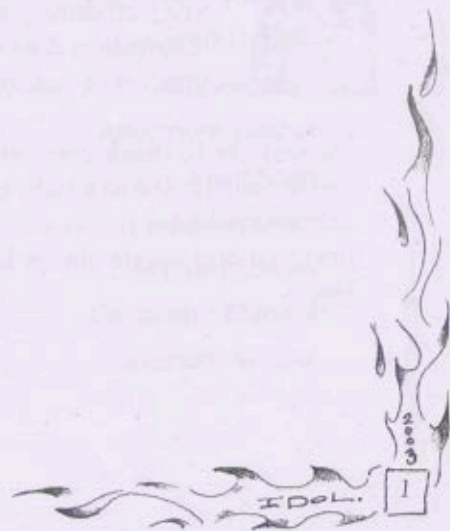
Special Thanks:

Capital Printing

Student Activities

Adam Grode

Dunkin Donuts



This issue is the 76th edition of the Idol publication. Many people say that things change over time. Like Union, Idol also changes. Every year the editors experiment with different designs and layouts to further the creativeness contained within the Idol's pages. This year we experimented with graphics on the pages and changed the font.

Although creative changes are implemented, the purpose of the Idol does not change. This publication serves as a point for creativity and the ability to share it to the community. Union is a community whose members share many different talents, in and outside the classroom. Unfortunately, sometimes talents get little attention. We strive to change this to enable students and faculty alike to express themselves. In times of peace and in times of war expression is a way for people to deal with the world around them. Our main goal is two-fold: to show the Union community how talented and diverse we are and to give individuals a foothold to furthering their interests. The staff and I hope that the publication will encourage people into thinking and expressing themselves in ways they never thought they could.



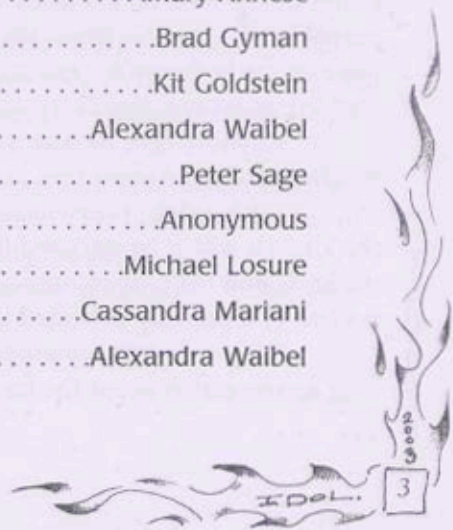
The cover is an example of expression. It was made by a number of people on the staff during our Jackson Pollock party last year, which was a great success. Expression does not have to be done individually or realistically. Indeed, the process of making it is equally as important as the final product.

I would like to thank everyone that has submitted work for the 76th anniversary. Unfortunately, due to a tight budget we had to decrease the number of pages. This means that we could not put in all the submissions we wanted. I encourage everyone to submit next year and we are always looking for people on the staff. Never stop expressing yourself. Enjoy. . . .

Pete Sage

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Purple and Polka Dots

Harry Smithson looked at the paint can. Then he looked at the can opener. Then he looked at the paint can again. Things were not going well.

It had all started going wrong in the Home Depot when the salesman had asked Harry if he wanted latex or water-based paint. After a brief five-minute pause, the panic-stricken Harry had smiled subtly and asked which the salesman suggested. "Crayola," the salesman said, adding that there was a nice sale on PlayDoh in aisle six.

Rollers had been worse. The salesman asked him if he needed to purchase rollers, or if he already had some at home. Harry said he had some at home. It was not until much later in the ordeal that the salesman had noted that one could not efficiently apply paint using a woman's hair-curling device.

His friends weren't much help either. He'd asked a couple of guys to lend him a hand, but they all had to "work." People always said that word in this funny kind of way to Harry, as if he wouldn't know what they were talking about, just because he hadn't got some dumb nine to five. As if his Titanic phony authentic paraphernalia website ran itself. And not that these guys were so fabulous at home repairs, either. But, bad as they were, Harry highly doubted that any of them had managed to saw a brand new coffee table into four distinct subsections while attempting to sand down the rough edges.

Despite the rough start, Harry knew all his hard work and agony would be paid back in full by the look on his wife's face when she got home from work and found her bedroom purple with turquoise trim. Michele had been complaining about the dull and peeling white paint in the bedroom for months, and Harry knew this was the one birthday present that couldn't go wrong. Right?

Anyhow, here he was with an un-openable can of 100% Acrylic Latex Lavender Paint, two large rollers, a paint tray, and no idea what to do next.

With a sigh, Harry heaved himself to his feet, grabbed the paint can, and forayed into the kitchen where he retrieved a sturdy carving knife and plunged it into the lid, decorating the knife and the near vicinity—including the ceiling, the fridge, the toaster, and a good portion of a partially defrosted leg of lamb.

With a slightly repressed shudder, Harry plunged the roller into the can of paint—he'd long ago forgotten about the trays—and attacked the bedroom.

Bob and Jillian Skeeder glanced up from their dinner, as the silence was rent by one long, shrill shriek of horror coming from the house next door.

"Think we should call 911?" asked Bob.

Jillian cocked her head to listen closer. "No," she decided, "Don't bother: it's coming from the Smithson place, and Harry just painted the bedroom. Michele must have gotten home from work."

Harry shook his head in disbelief. Women were funny, that was all. First they wanted the bedroom painted, and then they didn't like purple with turquoise polka dots. The trim had dripped all over the place, and it seemed like such a clever solution at the time, but Michele was not interested in clever solutions. Michele was interested in moving.

She's only been home for an hour—and only conscious for half that time—but she already had her bags packed and her hand on the doorknob.

"Goodbye, Harry," Michele said, "If you need me, I'll be at the Marriott tonight, and in California for the next couple of years."

"Don't go, honey," Harry whimpered, "I'll fix it. I'll make the polka dots yellow."

"What about the polka dots on the ceiling?" she asked. "And the ones on the rug?"

"I'll paint over the ceiling. I still have some purple left. And I'll get some new furniture to put over the rug. I think we could use another dresser in the bedroom, anyway. And maybe a dishwasher."

"How about a new bed?" she inquired darkly. "I never did really get used to the air mattress we've been using since you 'fixed' the bedstead into bite-sized pieces."

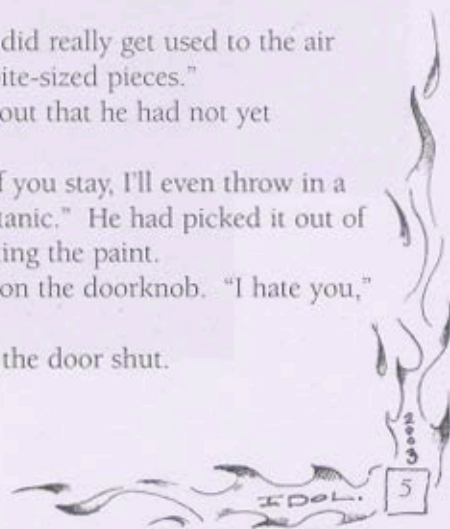
In his despondency, Harry did not even think to point out that he had not yet accidentally punctured the air mattress.

"I'll fix it, I promise," Harry pleaded desperately, "and if you stay, I'll even throw in a piece of authentic wood from the ship bottom in the movie 'Titanic.' He had picked it out of the scrap heap at Home Depot that afternoon when he was getting the paint.

But Michele wasn't biting. She turned to go, her hand on the doorknob. "I hate you," she said. "Goodbye, Harry."

But she couldn't leave. Harry had accidentally painted the door shut.

Kit Goldstein





Katharine Beck
"Fabrics"
Watercolor on Paper
11.5" x 9"



Alec Knuerr
喀什, 新疆
Black and White Photograph
4" x 6"

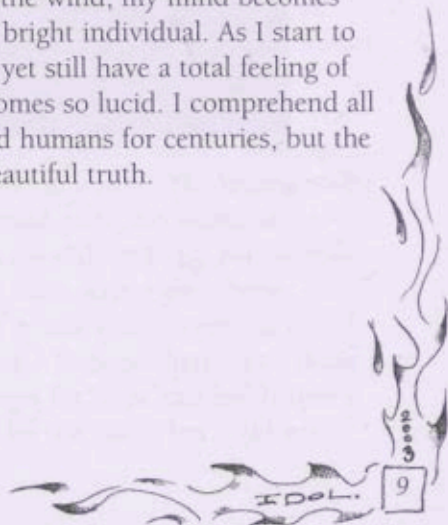
Firenze

On this bus, there is a woman, watching her lips hum a tune in the reflection of the glass, as she rests her head against it. Occasionally, the snap of her strawberry gum interrupts her song, like a drumroll adding to the dynamic of a band. Once she looks past the reflection of a nose she had always wished was just a hair smaller, she can see the beauty of a scene so stunning it doesn't look real. Her face is warmed by the gentle rays of sun as she smiles at a tree drizzled with white flowers. The bus slows and she turns her stiff neck to the left. Her eyes widen as an expansive scene of a rolling green land, painted with trees and vineyards, appears before her. Like a kid in a candy shop, she knows that the pleasaureable treats, the sparkling musical reflection of the afternoon sun on the water, the color of green shutters that seem to only be found on the most pleasant clay homes, the rays of sunlight that piece through the clouds kissing the earth, are magical visions that appear and fade like the sigh she heaves.

Beautiful Truth

As I endure the tedious car ride back to my safekeeping, I gaze out the window in amazement at the vividly obscure sunset. As I fade slowly into a trance of my idealized world, I become mesmerized. My state of mind becomes filled with random thoughts, but one hits me in the heart. As I begin to dwell upon this mentally projected image-it seems tangible but at the same time illusory. I fabricate a feign conversation with this individual. As we become deeply interested in what the other has to say- we stare into each others eyes and know the answers to all the questions we ever wanted to ask, all the secrets and all the undistorted images ever imagined. As we let our imaginations become free from the shackles and chains and able to run free from the evils of the world. The clock strikes the hour. As we hear that never ending ringing, it seems as though time has stood still. Yet we continue to stare at each other. That unforgettable feeling at the pit of my stomach gives me faith to deal with the truth. The truth being the most precious and beautiful feeling of emotion that any one person can handle, that it is hard to understand what it is. Now, the clock is broken. As we get closer but yet farther apart, our spheres of emotions are intertwined and can never be unraveled. As my mind continues to graze among the fields of grain, that sway with the wind, my mind becomes murky and only one predominant image is seen-it is that of a bright individual. As I start to walk towards this mysterious figure, I become perplexed but yet still have a total feeling of euphoria. And when I finally reach that person, everything becomes so lucid. I comprehend all reality and all non-reality based questions, which have confused humans for centuries, but the human race is not ready, not ready for the beautiful truth.

Anonymous





Peter Sage

"Chess"

Black and White Photograph

3.5" x 5"

Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?*

(A College Narrative)

It was in College, in those days, that this happened, and I remember it now, looking into the past. It was snowing ferociously outside, and my friend did not want to go to class. It was nineteenth century literature that he was taking. It was cold and uncomfortable, he said, and he would feel much warmer in bed. Warmth, comfort, that was what we valued then. But I convinced him, and off he went, though none too glad, but bearing it like a stoic. Words of literature, as it were, would be food of his spirit, I said to him.

Time went, and as I sat on a bench looking ahead, he passed, as he would, coming back from class. It was warmer, or yet not warmer but only later, and he was in a pretty cheerful mood. Trudging up, singing, humming, or chanting, to himself. I stood to greet him well-humorously. He approached, still smiling, the spirits still apparently high, and as he came up, with energy said the words, "where are the snows of yesteryear?"

It was true that we weren't lacking in snow then, and it was a singular atmosphere around us. The evening approached, irrevocably, visibly, and I was set to thinking of the deeper before, further yet than could accommodate a repose on a park bench. Where indeed? I looked at him, with suddenly a heart risen, and an energy — emotion and anxiety — that which the great potential of hope could inspire. But it was nameless hope, whence come I did not know. And as by mathematical consequence, this precipitated anxiety. I wished to grab hope where often I have the barrens of sadness. I felt a strong feeling, and started to speak.

I said that all was sad and melancholy in this beat-out passing of time; Beautiful things came and went by, and sitting and watching them traverse my field of vision, saw them fail. All that was was faint or to be faint. That which waxed would also be tinged with pain. The flowers wilted. And where... where were the snows of yesteryear? I smiled briefly. But I was high on the thought. All things passed — and I — was left alone, to watch. The setting of the sun was so touching, and — touched so with frost... . And I would go to the sunset alone. Oh how alone, and how eyes rendered one most human! I was excited, and sad, and at once filled with anxiety — the anxiety that should tell a person that I he is onto a great hope, though sheathed in sadness, that I can sense but do not see and whose location cannot tell. I searched desperately for something that I had but could not grasp. Perhaps there was a thing to be overwhelmed within me for me to grasp it? Terrible to grope for hope and feel helpless in the dark. There was something great to grab on to, the path for the spirit, but I did not

know that which I searched. Anxious motion was in me, and I looked at my friend with substantial eyes. "I know" I wanted to say, but while I felt — felt I felt —, I did not know. A tension of the moment was joined. He anglebrowed me strangely. I was expecting a remark from him of heart-warming humor, full of sensitivity that indicated our mutual understanding, silent counterpoint of harmony.

He said — "Are you confessing love to me?" I was going to be outraged; was in fact shocked. I wasn't sure. He was after all a friend — truly a friend — and in the times of aloneness among hearts in the world, the unspoken knowledge of the communion of spirits, otherwise alone and in misery, could not but not be touchable by time, if it was to survive. Could I not allow love? It was all that I had, maybe. Villon came back: "Frères humains, qui après nous vivez/N'ayez les coeurs contre nous endurcis."** A plea through the nightfall of time to hearts of men yearning for sympathy. Where is the sympathy that lights our path to an eternal coming to peace? I hung on a moment, and said that in fact, now that you say it, "I do love you."

He looked at me half as at a madman, half in amusement. And now came that subtle smile. But I was embarrassed. As if he judged me there. In fact, as though he saw me, in judgment, from the ionized conductive outside. "What were you expecting?" I quickly asked against my better judgment. I was a little red.

"I was just humming a catchy phrase from class."

I was still red, and not from the cold, and he could see it. My misapprehension of his words was opening rapidly in irrecallable revelation. I said that I was in a strange mood, in sitting especially and so definitely, on that bench among all those snows, thinking alone and all...

"and you know how 'sentimental I could be,'" I attempted with warm humor. 'I wasn't really even in my right mind. Just trying to express emotions, thoughts, that come from considering a world [buried] under peace.' Indeed.

I was thinking in that distant misarticulated moment that he was addressing a question to me as he skipped along... so I responded. "Sorry," I said, embarrassed.

So, you don't love me then? he asked.

No... — "you see, you kind of put me into a different type of state of reciprocity with the world, from the usual — but, yes... Well Yes!, in a way, I do love you" I said.

He was most resonantly not on my note of conception. Embarrassment hung in the

backdrop as a medium as functionally communicative as impenetrable shade. My friend was pursing his already-red fingertips with Victorian etiquette as though it would be great injustice (to me) were it not through my own revelation that I [would] see the harmony of the moment extending with satisfaction to the rejoining color of my face: blushed. And the revelation felt, in many ways, like a brick wall. And I had shared with him...? Revealed...? [so much!] No light for speech. Now — what does he see, know, Think?

'I just took your phrase and fed it to my sublimation' — 'to the furtherance of my train' — 'to the ascendance of my spirit' I wished to say, or something like that.

"Oh — well, you see its as you said — literature just nourishes the mind — it gets you going on ideas — its [stuffs] are the elementers of the community of our worlds."

Ah, yeah...

"Next time, you should go to class — you will feel up in the air, like me, coming back. (Maybe with a phrase between your lips) And I will be here to greet you with a madman's smile. And you will be sure, that I will love you. And what is more, I will say it."

I looked at him a little strangely.

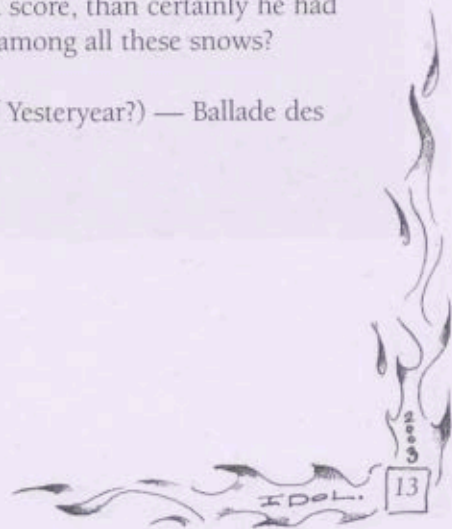
He said, "the instructor caught me singing in class words that touched me and appealed to me as I marked them on a page. I turned red. But she could see only little — because I was still red from the cold. Singing Villon in a nineteenth century lit. class appears a bit strange no? But when I left, I just picked it up again. The notes.

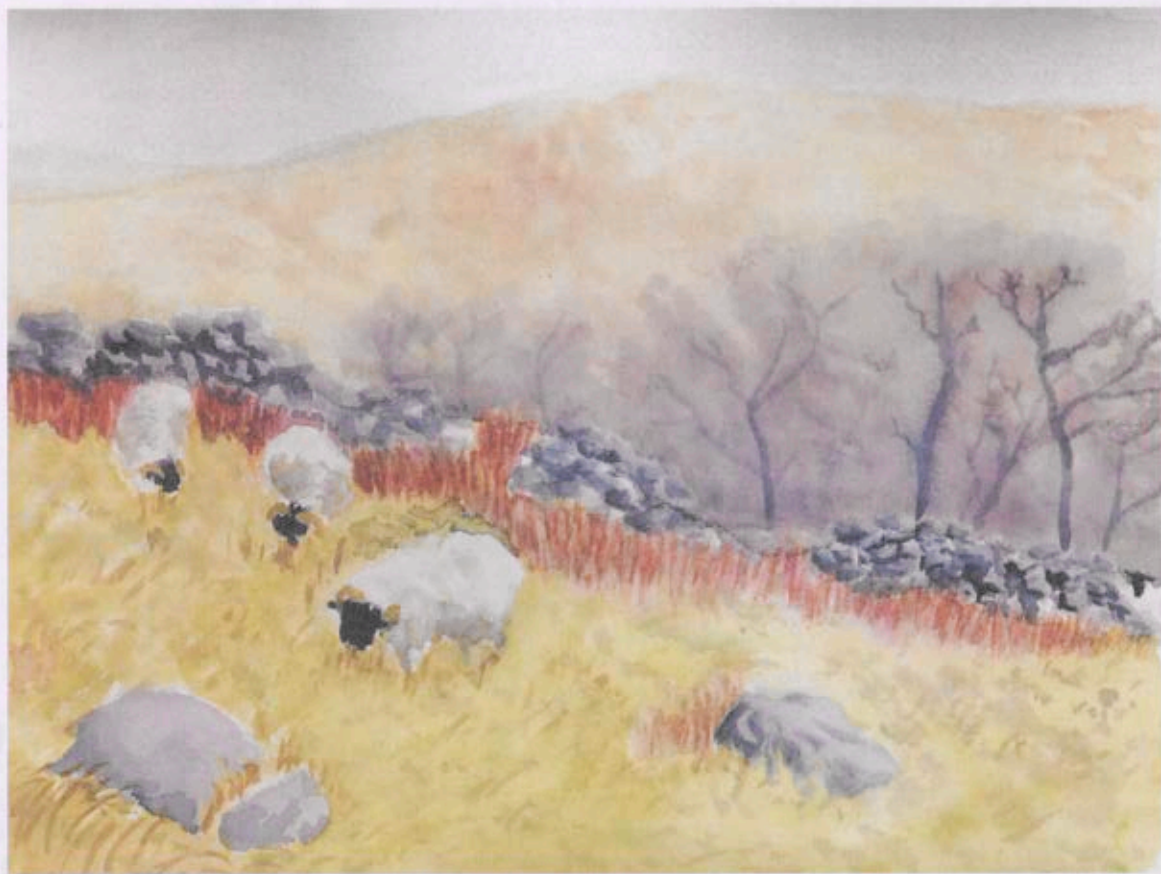
And he had caught me in [my] abandon musing in my lusty reverie, on his way back. And it yielded and opened with such facility! Well, if there is a score, than certainly he had repaid me for convincing him to go. What else could I expect among all these snows?

*Mais où sont les neiges d' antan ? (But where are the snows of Yesteryear?) — Ballade des dames de temps jadis, François Villon.

**fellow men, that live after us,
do not have you hearts against us hardened.

Peter Gorvitz





Michael Losure
"Yorkshire Moors Dales"
Watercolor on Paper
10" x 12"

Trail's End

At lowtide muscle flats
pop out and glisten:
sharp black fractals
surround not quite ancient
fishing circles.

Rock wraps corners
around bristling
pinecovered land;
huge boulders guard
blunted points.

One's blasted
a clean hole in its belly
cradles fresh tide water
twice each day,

The other
is twinned
by a crack:
two to converse
sit silently split.

Go there
stand on the rock
trace the crack
to its end,
it begins in the thick body

hardly a crack at all
periwinkles claim and cover
each wall and
cling, touching, back to back.

Julia Maher



Cat Nip

Told in Secret
Whisper
Linger on, Covered
In Silence Past Can Be
Felt Like a Bump
In Reality
That Demands
Repetition in Order
To Tickle
The Imagination to Form
A Whisp of Comprehension
Into That Which
Is Unknown, The Business Is
Never
Serious. We Just Take
It That Way

The Soldier

Lay there dear soldier as fools pass you by
Unbeknownst are your deeds, blind are their eyes,
They know not of your existence in muddy trenches
as they sit contently snacking on warm sunny beaches
joking 'bout life, flaunting the things they tote,
tourists snap pictures, they forget the poor bloke
who perished in death's cursed anonymity
just to be gawked at by idiots like you and me

Geoff Bowman





Victorious
Untitled
Pencil
6" x 5"



Katie Beck
"Saint Malo, France"
Watercolor on Paper
12" x 10"

An Elegy for Jeremy

He has begun to haunt me
I feel his presence tickle my calves
His frame blurred at the periphery of my sight
Each step I take, I lift my head and expect him to pass me by

A boy
I never knew
Until he died
And then he became like a little brother
Someone to talk to, someone who was always there.

I wonder if people around me sense him too.
If they turn their gate slightly to the left to avoid his force
That stands invisible to most
But within the mind of few.

I feel as if I found my twin,
A part of my soul and heart
But he is dead now
And so too, a part of me.

Can that be possible?
I feel as if he was my hero who went to war to fight for me,
And died in battle, tragically
I waited for him day and night in the castle
Anxious to feel his arms around me
I remembered the times we shared, laughing at the sun
Our bodies stretched, wrapped in each other's comfort and care.

And like word from a good nurse
The pain stabbed me in the heart
I felt my blood drain from my fingers,
He was dead.
My hero was lost.

You feel as if time has stopped,
You are lost in a maze of cloudy confusion
Anger, sadness, all warped into one piercing sensation that radiates throughout my body
Emanating as I walk, like pheromones I secrete into the humid night air.

How can I survive, when my one true soul mate is dead
Dead before I ever knew his love
Dead before I could feel his touch
Dead before I could heal his pain
Touch his heart and allow his hurt to be sucked from his soul into mine.

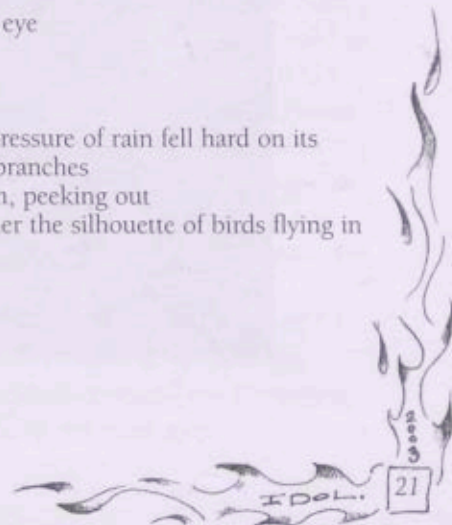
I will be the mother of good
Who finds her children, one by one
And takes their pain for them
Each night, each lash, each trickle of blood
One memory of pain erased from souls of my lover's heart, one more breath for him to take,
One second back in time

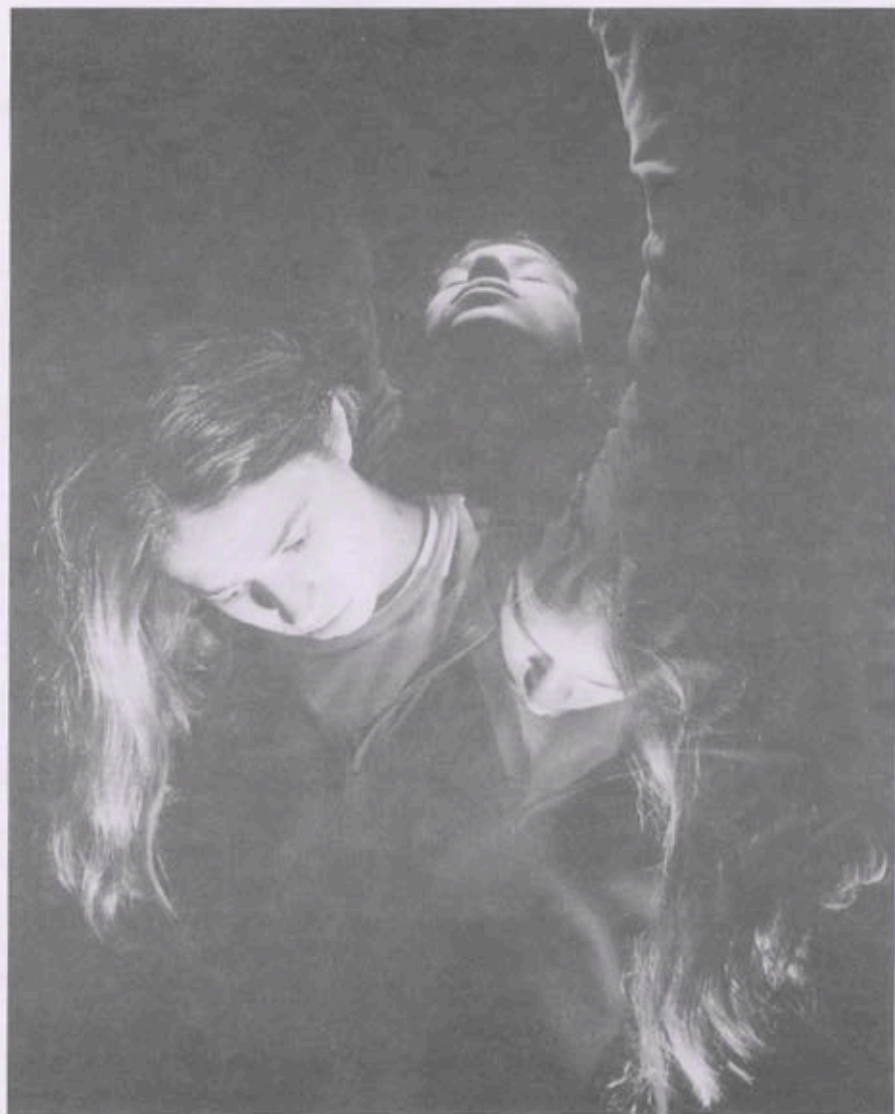
I awake to find my body immobile
It seems I am in a straight jacket of sorts
I panic, struggling to break free, to find a weakness
I only meet resistance

They want me to forget him
They want to forget me

Last night I drew a picture
I did not know what I was to draw as I began
My pen moved over the paper
Its ink thick as blood
I drew a tear lush with fullness, slipping from a branch that held one eye
Seeped within its branches was his chemical of choice
Beneath the leaves that corroded the branches like ivy
His vile lay
The tree had a strong foundation but was screaming with pain. The pressure of rain fell hard on its branches, bending and breaking the small, weak, newly grown baby branches
The sun wanted to peak from beneath the clouds but lay behind them, peeking out
The clouds to the right were different, they did not hold rain but rather the silhouette of birds flying in the sunset – powerful, peaceful, serenity
Beneath the tree lay your gravestone
And upon it lay my hand
We are one now
Striving for truth, freedom, love, need, anger and choice.

Anonymous





Mary Annese
"Self Portrait"

Black and White Photography
9.5" x 7.5"

Dreams of Darkness and Light:

Visions from the Tragically Strange and Demented Mind of Insecurity

All my senses are in tune. I cannot possibly be mad! Yet my nightly hallucinations are increasingly intense and the voices of torture frequently whisper in my head. An echoing chant in a massive void of space produces a sublime scream in my mind's eye leaving me insignificant, tiny, and lost. I am surrounded by sounds and bodies but am somehow alone.

Darkness

As I entered the house I noticed a certain deceptive quality that only lends itself to the desires of dignity. It appeared beautiful and white, columns of pride and stability graced the façade but as I was drawn nearer areas of tarnished and mildew arose. Dust as thick as wolves fur and greasy as earwax meticulously collected itself in the corners of every angle. Neglect was what my senses attributed such a disposition to. Yet still I marched forth, hand in hand with those *others* seeking answers, a substitute for something they had lost. Before crossing the threshold a moist cool breeze whipped across my lips and I was excited.

The blindfold was snug around my head, no light to force a constriction, and fear...horrible empty fear enveloped my being. Quickly I was cast down from the visible world to a dank despicable existence akin only to a dungeon. Voices, voices, voices. "Stranger"... "Stranger"... "Straaaaannnnnggggeerr!" "The aggression peaked on the last calling. I felt helpless as a puppet and found myself wondering what it is that had a strangle hold on me. Why am I here? Is this supposed to happen? Music was playing repeatedly in my head. Was it in my head or in my mind? Like the waves of the deep blue Atlantic clips of creams and violence that reminded me of a chainsaw slashing the lives of innocents beat against my eardrums. I felt lethal, on edge, at the verge of frenzy. A firm object slightly brushed against my kneecap and sent a surge of angst through my tingling body. I wanted to rise up and destroy the forces that held me to this place. I wanted to smash the speaker in my head and stop the grating poisonous sounds.

The music began to beat louder and I wanted to claw at my brain. "Am I mad?!" I yelped. Is this hell and am I in it?! As I tried to reach for my comrades—to remove my blindfold, to gain sight and escape the darkness—mysterious hands grasped my struggling limbs and face, throwing me down and basing my eyes. Stabbing my poor eyes!

I felt as if I was at the bottom, the lowest low. The cold damp floor was my only companion and the wafting fumes of dingy paints and rots were my best comfort. As I lay dying I felt as if I was melting into the concrete, becoming one with the structure of my hatred. I was dragged, dropped and torn. Soaked with water and pressed with the pain and agony of my actions in life. This must surely have been my death!

Light

The blindfold slipped but I was still in darkness as the breeze cooled the tears on my hot face. Flashed of light filled the room and my eyes were flooded with vision. Yet the realization crept into my subconscious that I did not truly need them, for my senses had merged. I had become Emerson's translucent eyeball and have transcended all traditional forms of existence through my torture and failure.¹ The blinding flashed subsided to a dull beautifully consuming light that entered every corner to reveal my captors. They all smiled and revealed fangs of pearly whiteness that sent a horrible curiosity surging through my bones. They called me friend, as there is an inherent unity in great trial. Acceptance is what I had sought but the question of acceptance to and for what still rang in my head.

Despite my unanswered questions, my mind was awake, open and clear. I felt liberated as a great warrior riding upon the wings of a terrible dragon. The dragon was beautiful and powerful, howling fire from her sensuous fork tongue. I rode atop this beast, there was no restriction to my thought or travel, and I had transcended all reality. The terrible noise stopped beating in my ear and the light gave me hope—a strange uneasy feeling this hope was. Lying on the floor, I rolled to my right side and sat up. I felt as if the whole earth moved both beneath me and through me. I was *one* with the *others* and myself. Somehow, in the midst of the greatest failure and confusion, I had found myself.

I was overcome with warmth and light. I saw and my body attained a metallic mechanism akin only to the rush of amphetamine euphoria! I had fallen through hell, listened to the cries of the damned, and heard the voice of Satan in *Dis*, only to have vaulted to heaven thus finding awareness and singular consciousness.² Acceptance in my uneasiness was attained.

I am mad, to this fact there is no doubt, but I am now convinced of the sanity in my madness, the completeness that it could only bring in the bowels of misery. The buildings remain veiled in filth and I am often racked with disgust and contempt for my fellow man but it is through my experience of salvation that this feelin is tolerable. I have ascended to a higher plane and come to the realization that the pain of misery—constant and unyielding—is preferable to the soft, dull delight of hope and freedom. In pain there is restriction and definition; there is reality. I prefer it to the boundless scope of happiness.

1 Emerson, Ralph Waldo: Selected Essays. Penguin Books, 1985.

2 Alighieri, Dante: The Divine Comedy. W.W.Norton & Company, 1970.

Brad Gyman



The Sidewalk Situation

Once you have caught someone's eye
You cannot then merely pass by.
You must say "Good morning!"
So heed to my warning
And stare at the pavement or sky.



Alexandra Waibel

"Apples and Bananas, Transcription of Demouth"

Watercolor on Paper

13" x 18"



Peter Sage

"Bar-Barrum Village"

Black and White Photograph

4" x 6"

Dream

Occasionally, the right combination of words can flawlessly convey any thought, feeling, or picture but at other times, words are the most useless form of communication....

I once had a dream and in it was the first time I felt love. It was simply a strong, warm hand on my cheek, lifting my head out of sorrow or fear or some other nameless discomfort, and the knowledge that the hand would always be there, the love would never go away. It was the surest and most wordless feeling I have ever felt. I once had a dream and now I know what I am looking for...waiting for...

Anonymous





Michael Losure
Untitled
Etching
10" x 8"

Hidden

Once upon a time, I loved this boy,
Once upon a time, he was my pride and joy.

I never wanted to share him with anyone,
Until the day I realized we were done.

Maybe he things happened, maybe they didn't,
Maybe the sorrow of our times together was hidden,

Hidden behind my heart so I don't feel pain,
Hidden under a tree so I don't get pelted by rain.

Hidden behind my smile so you can't see,
Hidden in a corner so no one can find me.

Hidden behind my eyes so no one questions me why,
Hidden behind a door so no one can see my cry.

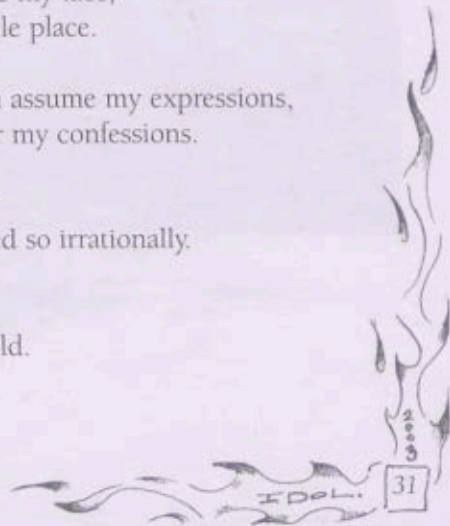
Hidden behind my hands so no one can see my face,
Hidden in an imaginary world, my own little place.

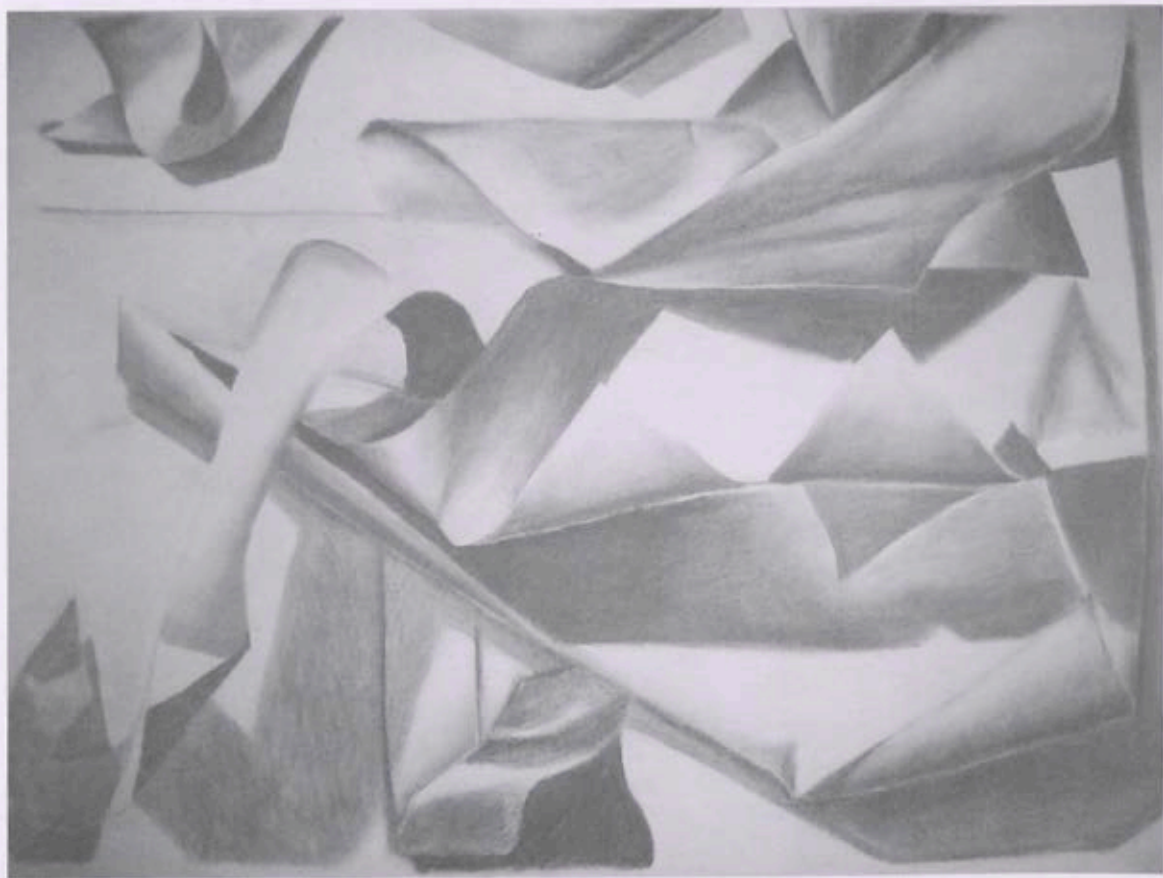
Hidden behind my emotions so no one can assume my expressions,
Hidden behind a screen so no one can hear my confessions.

Hidden by my feet which walk so casually,
Hidden behind others, as if not to be judged so irrationally.

Hidden behind my being as a whole,
Hidden behind a story that has yet to be told.

Cassandra Mariani





Alexandra Waibel
"Wall Relief"
Charcoal on Paper
23" x 17"

