



The Golden Year Retro

Alcohol Policy: Party, where?

New Look & tom

U's

"Either write something worth reading

2002

Idiosyncratic

Post-Modern Political

House System

Pickle Club

Ph HOPE

Building Up Existence

Electric

War on Terrorism, Doublethink?

Trust Dreams

The Death of CE

or do something worth writing."

New Face

Devine New Ride

More Choices, Creative

Re define Opinions

your Schenectady

The Way

# Looks to move Off-Campus

and site linked to



# The Idol

## 2002

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Anna Hurst

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Special Collections

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Student Activities

## Letter from the Editor

For 75 years, *Idol* has represented a dynamic campus voice bounded within a stable publication. *Idol* continues to preserve the tone of its time by reflecting Union's creative expression, and channeling this voice through each edition.

The shades of creativity displayed in this year's *Idol* both reveal and respond to the network of an ever-changing world. How black, white or gray these shades appear to you throughout the following pages will perhaps help you relate further to this network, which is available most poignantly through creative expression.



2001 commenced a new era, a new attitude, a new beginning. This year's cover strives to capture the year-in-review through a selection of *Concordiensis* headlines, as inspired by the 1990 version of *Idol*.

Much like the art between its covers, the bounds of *Idol* consistently look to be stretched, expanded and redefined. While celebrating our 23<sup>rd</sup> annual edition in color, the insertion of a translucent page has also contributed to *Idol*'s increased aestheticism as a physical entity.

The editors and myself would like to thank those who have submitted their artwork to this year's publication. I would especially like to thank those staff members who have helped *Idol* rethink its capabilities within Union's artistic and social culture. Together with a strong readership and student involvement, *Idol*'s potential will remain boundless as a means to reach Union's many untapped creative resources.

Kristen Andrews '02

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Pete Sage

## Rhapsody Regarding R.A.

Attachment  
Bordering at times on obsession  
A longing, a need  
A desire unfulfilled  
An emptiness unfillable

It could be you  
or just as easily someone else  
some thing else  
a god, an idol, an idea  
something to believe in  
to live for  
an anchor  
a cradle  
a boost  
a high

You are not altogether special  
rather a cog in the wheel of my cyclical ache for something more than I  
myself am something bigger  
greater than that which I see  
more grand than that which I hear  
more splendid than that which I taste  
a caress of something exotic  
A new distraction from those dreams and nightmares which become  
more real with each Setting sun

*Brooke Crowder*

## Whispers From An Empty Page

I wish to write of love,  
But it is not the way.  
It is somewhere  
A door that you thought of  
(Peep the keyhole is for the weak)  
A light from the other side seeps.  
I can tell it's not locked  
(Amend, unright to defend)  
Pleasures of this heart depends  
On your passage to relent.  
But soft, for I lay a kiss  
Upon the handle, now say!  
Speak up, with the flock of spring  
Flying quickly towards us, yearning  
As not like the apple of a tree  
Yet in its consumption  
To place lips against thy skin  
And sink tenderly into flesh  
A golden apple of perfection  
Assault me with the cry  
And burst open stubborn portal  
To let me relay my intension  
With new spring heat we dine outside  
A feast of fruits by your confection

*Ben Heaslip*

## Wild Flower

Her sinewy torso, flowering life stiff from the earth,  
twists in the wind  
the sun's leering gaze beats her, dries her up,  
cracks her in half  
and she basks in the stifling warmth –  
the pain stretching her higher  
savoring the chaos of the rattling wind  
whining in the trees

Poseidon's spent wealth washes over  
the quieted wind child who rests against her  
and she rises up, growing bent  
her flowering face freckled brown  
the maize smeared across her cheeks,  
morning tears dripping soft and tickling  
until the brutes with wings and cold winds  
whorl down, sweep her away  
her roots laid bare.

Melissa Heil

# Delphi

Standing among the  
Ruins  
I look out over a valley of olive trees  
And an oracle;  
Holy naval of the earth  
Are the fairy tales and myths real?  
Are they paradigmatic texts  
Containing self-fulfilling  
Prophecies  
To serve as warnings for all men?  
If so, Oedipus and I have something in common.  
No, silly, not an attraction to the women who gave us life  
But the desire to foresee the future  
And, more importantly, our futile  
Attempts to trick  
Fate;  
The past that has yet to haunt me.  
How can I believe in Fate if I believe in free will?  
But who is truly free?  
Everyone is a  
Slave  
To something  
Whether it be love, money, or the occasional baklava.  
Standing on that hill I realize  
We are all slaves to history.  
Teiresias said it is only when we are  
Blind  
That we truly see.  
Oedipus tore out his eyes.  
All I had to do was open mine.  
We all share the same Fate as  
Tragic  
Heroes.  
History, inevitably, repeats itself.  
So do not try to fight it.  
Breaking the cycle is impossible.

*Tanya Leet*



Ching Fu

## Just Like a Bastard (02/13/02)

How sad that our day has come  
rebellion is found in tumbling blocks.

Faces, gorgeous, ruined.

Hearing trumpets of sorrow and wails of hatred all they way across the Mighty Ocean  
Could you find forgiveness?

And I just like a bastard and a Red cannot help but give my sympathy to the others-  
The side that starves and struggles

Always.

As you girls in your sweet perfect Monday coats saunter with sass complaining of a lost  
television program that by this day's affairs will no doubt be drowned out by more pictures  
Of grief and wars

Yes, FAR AWAY wars.

Yes, just like a bastard, to like Nike and be immoral

I beg you to ask yourselves sweet girls fashioned in Chanel – Why did all this come to be?  
Vengeance is what? And Today For Whom?

(All any of you had to say was that it was surreal – Like a Woo Movie).

I live by canals these days, far away from you and that which is red, white and blue.

I am away – Away as in miles of airplane rides away.

You can hate me only in theory.

And here I have seen four year old boys who cannot spell writing “Peace” in pretend  
languages as woman dressed in mock flags dance in front of McDonalds.

Teasing the Fascists, whoops Americans, they all dance.

Bush you wanker

As I served their Guinness do you know how many told me “you man’s crazy” –  
Fucking Cowboy

(What was it that you said, Now is the time to stand behind your leader?)

And here a man beats the drum so loud so swift so boom boom boom  
that I forget myself. Caught in the cross fire of a socialist revolution  
Play on brother, Where I come from you are all banned.

A bold man played IMAGINE and I hugged him.

I got angry.

I sat in Garvey's pub, across from Eyre Square, one late night waiting orders;  
orders to boycott Shannon airport  
orders to join forces with the Comrades in Cork and Dublin  
orders to fight back.  
orders to

Become the Very Thing I Fight Against

I walked instead.

All the days I was there, I walked.

Back from one world and on to the next.

I met a poet. A lonely, decrepit, ugly, cigarette stained poet, who told me To Be, Great,  
(I promised I would).

And Your musician, "will we be the brilliant tonight? spoke of the Legendary angle who  
shall

Toot her horn to warn the people that the world has come to its end.

So while at this Munster Literary Center, amerced in some Awkward moment, as you all

Tooted SO loudly, I feared that the world was about to discover a new beginning.

I mean you were so genuine that on top of the tea you even provided the Young Catholic  
boys running through the halls. (They even had red hair!)

What I am saying is that in the most unlikely of places – I Found Solace

And

Broken Hearts Found Just What they were looking for.

*Lucia Scheckner*

## Erasers and Chalk

I can't decide whether to love  
you or kill you  
(and I mean that affectionately)

You drive me crazy  
like chalk screaming  
down the walls of my  
body and the raised  
nips in my cold flesh  
from your embedding  
incisors make me  
crave band-aids

*Glenna Malcolm*

## Linoleum, Formica and TV Antennas

When giving up didn't have the chance  
unforeseen ,unforgotten  
Little did anyone recall-

"What do you want me to do?"

she screamed

He circled his finger along the top of the glass rim  
Glaring at her unequivocally with crazy hate.

"Worthless, beat up, ..."

he figured

And she thought it must all just be lust

"Tell me!"

scream again

And the knife was the life his wife had  
Come to know was wrong (?)

"Goddammit!"

a plate flies

shards on the floor  
charge at the door

-both of her, linoleum, formica and TV antennas:  
Just find the time to nevermind  
And you'll never know it's just a show.

Giving up at dawn  
Why can't we all be that crafty?

*Kristen Andrews*



Kwok Lee

## The Pantry

The death bell tolls  
Received by a stony embrace  
Stuck in the blackberry patch  
Draped in crisp white cotton

Baked goods and stale noodles  
Embedded in the hard wood  
Splinters the sexual tension  
Drunken hands grope the succulent meat

The joys of a blank and perfect mind  
Sleeping in the grassy meadow  
Making sweet love perpetually  
In languor of the silent and heavy heat

*Natasha Eckert*

# Manifestations of God/Infestations of God

Vacant girl turns head, says:

"I am more than the sum of my government bodies."

Maybe it's all true

Maybe I am wrong

Maybe all the newly awakened intellectuals have it

All is for the best

And evolution hasn't stopped

Tilts head, says:

"It never started. Check the books."

That's it! That's what has been missing.

The She and He apes landed in the garden

and ate from the Tree of Knowledge.

But, contrary to 'Sunday "school"', education is sin.

And, contrary to the television, we are knowledgeable.

Spins head entirely around, spits, says:

"Now you're getting it capon. You're almost at the end,  
except it's not the end but just a little after the beginning;  
if you follow me"

I interrupt; I don't follow.

What all of recorded history tells me is that as a species, we've never been very knowledgeable. One or two will be slightly something but they don't count in that wave of stupidity. And don't tell me to look at all that has been built. I won't make an analogy to a thousand monkeys on typewriters because it's not an analogy. Civilization is what you get when you put billions of monkeys in a room and let them have at it.

Man in respected frock arrives, sits on vacant girl's lap, says:

"I am greater than the sum of all religions."

Satan, an obvious sadist, was banished to Hell.

Once there he was put in charge of punishing people.

I don't follow.

Fasting gets me closer to the Lord.

I don't follow.

Where do the hallucinations

induced by malnourishment get me?

I'm fearful of your world where this makes sense.

And there are worse behaviors than watching television.

I just can't think of any at the moment.

This morning when the cleaning woman passed me in the hallway I said to her, "What are feces?" She scowled and carried on with her business without answering my query. I must say again; What are feces?

Sometimes, when I'm worried that the terrorists are coming for me, I cower in the corner of the eatery. The Prussian women try to move me along, pushing me this way and that with their brooms, but I refuse to budge. If I'm able to confirm that there are no terrorists in the area, I tell them in no uncertain terms what I think of them but mostly I just sit there and try to will myself back into the safety of my room. There's nothing more safe than my room. Except perhaps your embrace; I always feel better there. I still remember fondly our nights together where you tied me up so securely. I knew then what I know now. You must have disguised yourself as a boy and joined the scouts. No girl knows the things you know about clove hitches, Flemish knots, lark's heads, and their ilk. A woman of such skill intimidates and titillates my TV-damaged psyche. For Christ's sake, I was raised on 'Press Your Luck.' The best I can do in the fight against terrorists is to fly around the country - yelling "No Whammies! No Whammies! No Whammies!" - and try to avoid soiling the seats. But they have people who clean such messes up, right? Certainly they must. This is America by god and if there is one thing which we're able to produce it is people who can clean up the vile waste of humans. So in turn I'm brought back to the one true question: What are feces? Why are terrorists trying to kill me anyway? What have I done to them? And what are feces?

It's just like Nietzsche said, "Go get me a beer, bitch."

Or was that Gogol?

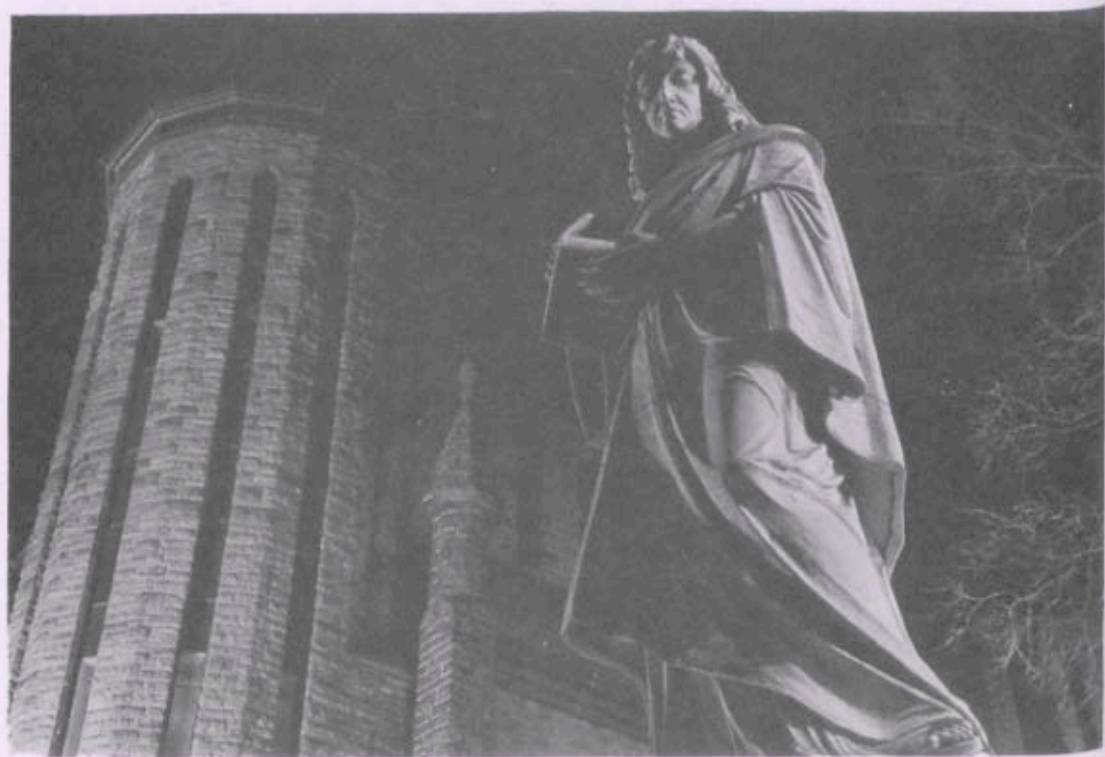
I must protest. As a progressive male who has seen 'Wheel of Fortune' and knows the advances made for all women by the Great Vanna White, calling a female a "bitch" is simply unacceptable. I scold Nietzsche (or Gogol) and dismiss everything he (or he) has ever said outright.

Is it me or does Oprah smell like Hitler?

I'm concluding now. As I said previously, it's almost time for bed. I've been awake for far too long. If only I had some acid.

I remain yours eternally.

*Anonymous submitted to avoid Religious persecution/prosecution*



*Michael Losure*

Welcome to New York, my children  
Where of late two towers stood  
Then one crash and ash to ashes;  
Scores of souls are gone for good.

Not for good, but surely evil  
Causing death, despair and pain.  
How could we e're see disaster  
Under righteous ruler's reign?

Raise your eyes to heaven, children,  
Give to G-d your full belief.  
If you pray you may be blest or  
G-d may give you greatest grief.

Raise your voices full my children  
Lend your lungs to loud lament.  
Cry out! For can war be holy  
And disease be heaven-sent?

Blame the human, blame the devil-  
But just where did Nick begin?  
G-d they say created Adam-  
Surely G-d created sin.

*Kit Goldstein*

## G-d

I was always taught  
that you do not write  
the word God  
on a piece of  
without inserting  
a hyphen in place  
of the o.

I was taught  
that it is sacrilegious  
to write it because once you write  
the word God on a piece of paper  
it becomes  
sacred.

If you ever want  
to get rid of the paper  
you must burn  
it and say certain prayers.

So I've always written  
the word God  
with a hyphen inserted  
where the o would be  
on papers for school,  
in my journal,  
on notes passed to people  
and what not.

One time I received  
a paper back  
from a professor  
who had inserted  
the o where  
I had put  
the hyphen  
thinking I had  
made a mistake  
or decided it was  
incorrect.

I immediately  
scribbled it out  
in astonishment.

But I've wondered  
for quite some time now  
what does it mean  
anyway?  
What is the big deal  
about writing  
the word God?

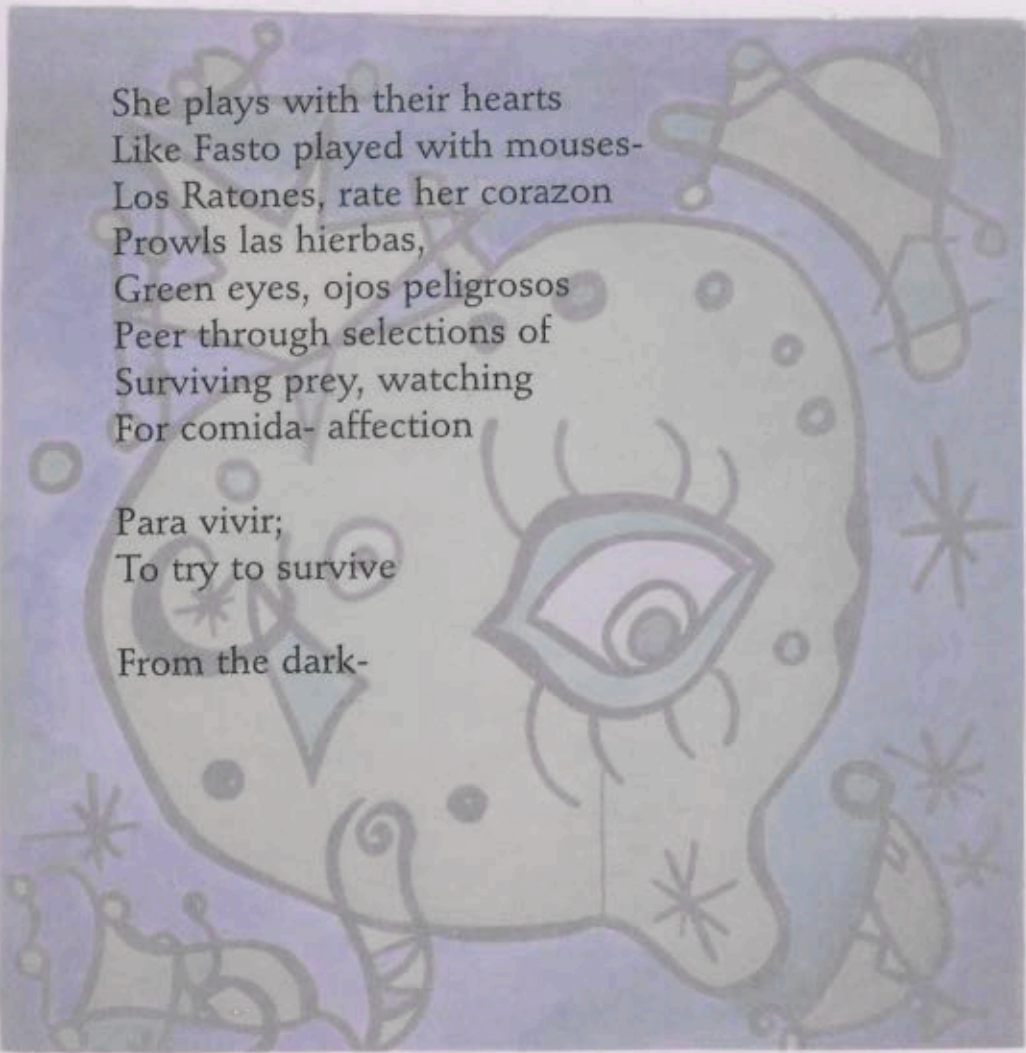
All it is is Good  
minus an 'o'.  
Got  
with a 't'  
in place of the 'd'  
Go  
with a 'd'  
on the end.

What happens  
when you're typing  
and you accidentally  
type a 'd' after one 'o,'  
following a 'g' of course,  
and erase it real quick  
cause you meant  
to type two 'o's'  
to make the word  
Good.  
Goul Guppy Gip Grape  
Goddard Goddess Gelppling Goof  
Golf Guy Gay Gipple  
Gal Golly Gosh Gore  
Ga Ga Go Go Gigggle Giggie Gee  
I wonder if the Man is watchin me!

But mostly it is doG  
spelled backwards.

*Taryn Freidman*

## Green Eye



She plays with their hearts  
Like Fasto played with mouses-  
Los Ratones, rate her corazon  
Prowls las hierbas,  
Green eyes, ojos peligrosos  
Peer through selections of  
Surviving prey, watching  
For comida- affection

Para vivir;  
To try to survive  
From the dark-

*Julia Roberts*  
Laura Richardson

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the word God  
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without inserting  
a hyphen in place  
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I was taught  
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spelled backwards.

Laura/Richardson

Green Eye



Julia Cantor

Into the woods,  
Thro' midnight streets,  
Upon a solitary rock looking towards the sea,  
Wandering the road less traveled,  
In exile from the comfortable discomfort of home  
On a bench, at a desk, in a bar  
Under pressure...

Every once in a while  
The wind blows the hair across my face  
Shakes the sunlight from the leaves into my eyes  
But just for a moment – shadows shift the light again  
The altered impressions fade into a daze, and I wonder  
You're a little blurry and far away but somehow still close enough for me to feel you  
lingering  
Just outside the breadth of confidence I have  
But only for myself

Here before me, folded in some memory  
Two little girls dance only for our smiles  
As a baby sleeps to the comfort of his father's fingers  
Around his tiny hand – the music goes unnoticed  
And suddenly I cannot own either perspective  
Only the image of a time when time stands still  
Long brown hair and stains on her knees  
Before silence erases the years away  
The world can be perfect, if only for a few days

Voices penetrate every inch of concentration  
Ringing wasted, unheard words, make – believe meaning  
Consuming any – anything left in the room  
The mind's the first to go, replaced by a silent fear  
But – I simply do not understand and my voice is withered by the uncertainty  
Sitting silently with tense shoulders and pensive  
Eyes searching for things unseen but understood  
Enclosed by the anxiety of incoherent surroundings

His pen seems to capture mysterious words –  
A challenge to meet his gaze with and understanding  
That maybe he knows more than what he sees  
And in a fleeting moment, my tenacity to resist  
Widespread asphyxiation surrenders to real strength  
As silent fears dissolves and our unspoken a  
Awareness floats above forthcoming demise  
Instill moment things make sense  
Before the wind blows timelessness' a away

In a maze of formalities words become deceiving  
But its been tool long – crouched patiently under the  
Shadow of nothing left to say – weary of more than  
Your false motives and tired of being tired  
It's all a bunch of possibilities and potential  
Endings, glimpses of wonderful undercut by  
Missed opportunities

(Experience pushed aside in haste  
As you sustain categorizations  
By instinctively creating your own)

For often times it's easier to wait in passive  
Observation – sacrificing real confidence  
For a lifetime of backwards glances  
A different time, a different place,  
Never existing at all – hidden among  
Misdiagnosed dyslexic perceptions

I have so may definitions of perfect  
Weighing less than a handful of air  
Pilfering pieces of my one true possession

Until present moments pass into thing

A blend of better memories created in my mind  
(Costing not less than everything)

*Jesse Moran Welsh*



*Joe Kilcullen*

## A Triptych

I left the island once  
It was summer but warmer on the mainland  
It was called culture on the mainland

But newer

I used to think that art was  
The beautiful things that geniuses saw  
Somethin other than the everyday little things  
I never thought that I could be seen

By a genius with a paint brush  
And maybe I wasn't

But it certainly seems like me  
Pulled by that pink bellied goat  
My sister sniffin my armpit

He painted me on cardboard  
I thought that was a useful thing to do  
My sister said she thought he was silly

I told her that's what geniuses are  
Silly

I came back to the island once  
The ocean wind blew fall in before me  
I left culture colder on the mainland

He kept the cardboard in his gallery

*Julia Maher*

We fall in love on a Tuesday at a sidewalk café in an unnamed city, over coffee and maybe some scones. We have jobs without rigid schedules, or we're good enough at them that it doesn't matter if we slip away just this once, and it's late morning, sunny and cool. By then I'll have become the type of person who drinks coffee black, who smiles around the bitterness in her mouth. I'll have long stopped drinking hot chocolate instead.

The café is nice, classy but not intimidating – maybe there's a matchbook under our table to keep it steady — and there's a slight breeze ruffling my hair but that's ok, of course. When we fall in love my hair will likely settle back easily after a strong breeze, but if it doesn't I'll have become the type of person who doesn't care. I'll have more important things to think about.

Like you. You're sitting across from me, listening with a smile on your face, a smile I put there on purpose because I'm funny in a casual way and you're the type that gets my jokes. You're smart and you're funny too, but everything beyond that's a bit blurry, your face out of focus, shifting every few weeks. For a long time while I was in high school you looked like Christian Slater, but I grew out of that, matured.

Or maybe Christian got arrested for beating up his girlfriend and the magic was gone.

It doesn't really matter; either way you're no longer Christian Slater but you're someone special. Sometimes you're successful and wearing a nice suit, a small cell phone lying flat and forgotten on the table next to your knife. When it rings you ignore it, smile and say the call will go to voicemail, and I smile back to show I'm pleased.

Other times you're not successful at all, at least not in terms of small electronic equipment, and you wear jeans and a beat up jacket and scuffed sneakers. You're a struggling something, usually something noble – a writer, an artist, an activist. Sometimes a musician, but not often because I doubt even the me of when we fall in love will have musical taste good enough to entice you unless you were of the easy listening persuasion, a young Phil Collins, in which case I think I'll pass.

I have my standards.

Or maybe you are a musician and you're charmed by my pedestrian tastes. You try to educate me, culture me, but I resist or reveal to you that I do know Good Music, I just don't enjoy it. And you smile, think I'm charming instead of shallow when I sing along to Barry Manilow, and that would be that.

This would all happen after we fell in love, of course, after Tuesday, after coffee in a sidewalk café. Sometimes we knew each other before Tuesday, old friends who ran into each other somewhere and did comical double takes, walked up to each other smiling, remarking on how we'd both changed. Other times we don't know each other at all, other times it's somewhere in between. None of this matters, of course.

All that matters is that you're sitting across from me and maybe the wind's ruffling your hair a bit too or shaking the collar of your shirt and I think it's charming the way you smile at the me I've become, and so we fall in love.

END

*Jessica Brearton*

## Be Brave

Brave is the man, who walks into a house of Evil to worship God,  
Brave is the man, who walks into a house of God to Worship Satan,  
Stupid is the man who does either twice.

All Hail the Almighty! Who without hesitation runs full speed into a  
brick wall,

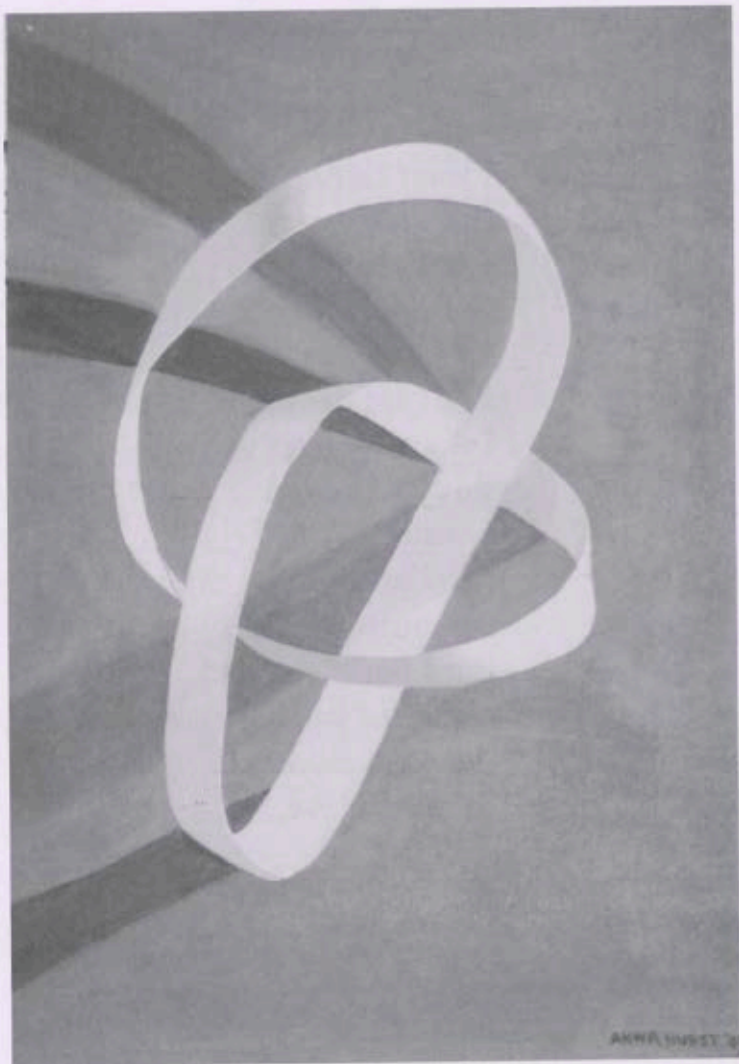
All Hail the Almighty! Who knowing a relationship to be doomed  
from the start still

jumps into it with open arms and says a prayer for the faint of heart who  
will not do

either one and because of this will never know love.

*Brady Montas*

Trefoil



Anna Hurst

## But I am

I want to run,  
But I am weary.  
I want to sing,  
But I am winded.  
I want to eat,  
But I am nauseous.  
I want to sleep,  
But I am rested.  
I want to talk,  
But I'm alone.  
I want to dance,  
But I am frightened.  
I want to laugh,  
But I am saddened.  
I want to love,  
But I am

*Mike McGuire*

# ATE ELVIS AND SHAT HIM OUT

DUSTPAN ELVIS ON A BASEMENT FLOOR...  
THE DOG CRIED..CRIED FOR MORE  
WHAT YOU GOT ABOUT ELVIS  
STAY OUT THE ELVIS  
STAY OUT THE ELVIS  
I'M HUNGRY SAID THE DOG  
I'LL EAT ELVIS  
GOT A LOT OF WHAT I WANT..NEED..HE NEEDS WHAT HE  
GOT..HE GOT WHAT HE NEEDS  
DUSTPAN ELVIS ON A BASEMENT FLOOR  
THE DOG CRIED..CRIED FOR MORE  
A LITTLE BIT OF CHIN..HO CHI MINH  
A LIP..THE KINGS LIP..AND CHEEK... TONGUE IN CHEEK REAL  
SLEEK...  
DUSTPAN ELVIS ON A BASEMENT FLOOR

*Dale Metzger*

## Pells Road Swans



Rebecca Traver

## An Obvious Reflection

Ask me  
In your steady seat  
From within that sanctuary  
You call God,  
What distinction divides  
My Labrador from you

Feed you both, love you both  
To you both warranted affection  
And unwanted disapproval  
Excrete you both, hurt you both  
Hump my leg you both – do you confess?  
Seek you both to quell an urge

Ask me then  
In your shaken seat  
From within that fickle respite  
You call God  
I say no person would ever kill my Labrador

*J. M. Gottfried*

## To Love True

Beyond the nearest dreams,  
beyond the burning seams  
of love,  
through and only through despairs,  
does a broken heart repair  
what wings of faith it grew  
when love was always there;

To live without regrets,  
always singing,  
heart fast clinging,  
longing for the true,  
and true it will be,  
if not today, then come when may,  
but meanwhile  
love life, and live

For what is most fulfilling...  
a life full of love  
will never grow old.

*Karim Cruz*

# Ovid Revisited

## *Summer Suicide*

The somber breeze  
And rustling leaves  
Utter admonitions  
In a harmonious voice.

But swirling heat  
Deafens me to everything  
Save a solitary june bug,  
Singing his eternal  
Cacophonous song.

Heat and singing, singeing my ears;  
Muddling my thoughts;  
Sweat and suffocation

There is no respite  
I'll have no regrets.

The june bug screams  
Inside my skull, now  
Swollen with lead.

## *Winter Womb*

Darkness.  
Slow crashing waves set the tempo,  
Virgin snowdrifts absorb  
All other sound.

Cloud-dust  
Filtering soft through the atmosphere  
Lands, adding silently  
To the smooth mounds.

Cool, calm,  
At peace with the mother of fife.  
Atlantic massaging  
My weary soul.

*Dan Donato*

# The Smoker

On that sultry city night  
Another, steamy one

While moths  
And their winged friends

Dance upon those searing street-  
Lights that clutter the avenue

A young man  
Not of age  
Alone

Across the street the bar is bumping  
He responds,  
Continually kissing his  
Fingertips  
    Enjoying a smoke

Nothing more  
The occasional car speeds by

This one her is blue,  
It slows  
First blue car tonight  
He thinks to himself

She looks over at him  
He exhales  
    Smoke

He thinks  
    That might have been her

She looks away,  
Turns her head again to the road  
And drives on.

The young man  
Turns to watch  
But he stops half way...  
Refusing to think that he  
Will never see her again.

*anonymous*



*Elizabeth Grace*

Kiss me where it's beautiful

Sweet heat caressing my body,  
Your shining face wet with moisture  
Encircle my arms around you –  
You take them into your hands  
And place them at my sides  
Eyes meet, diverge and  
kiss no more.

Morning light  
burning my eyes  
scathing throat pain.  
Hot tears mixed with a heavy stomach and  
sobbing humiliation  
Deep depressions made on my soul,  
A wounded neck –  
longing for your vision,  
terrified of your eyes.  
It is time to escape  
and avoid.

\*\*\*\*\*

The smell of wood surrounds me and the  
deep calming silence.  
Warmth of winter.  
Pictures of little children decorate the walls,  
pictures of innocence and painless devotion.  
Open the door to the sidewalk  
and hear nothing but  
dark soothing silence.  
Footsteps, a siren, a blue light  
and nothing  
but the thought of you

\*\*\*\*\*

Hot rivulets of water  
roll down my body.  
Much like your face shining  
In the night.  
Dancing in the spray –  
licking the water drenching my body.  
My quivering chest  
wet and waiting for your touch –  
kissing the shower head  
envisioning you.

Steamy heat, surrounds me  
becomes entrancing,  
like your scent.  
My stomach is laden with mourning and  
longing to see the contents of my gut  
spread out along the shower floor –

Vomit mingling with warm water,  
tinged with hot blood –  
To complete the mixture of anguish.  
Feel the cold of the razor blade  
pressed against my moist delicate wrist.  
Oh delicious revenge –  
To blame it all on you!

Sobbing, drop the razor.  
Foolish to think that the courage could be summoned  
from the inner depths of my soul –  
To avenge my heart against you  
The thin flesh  
remains white  
throbbing pulse contained  
within the blue veins  
as the shower again becomes my lover.

\*\*\*\*\*

Walk back into the black night.  
I see color but only for a minute  
as the rain blurs my sight.  
Stumbling through mud and cold  
rain decoys as tears –  
bitter acid tears  
burn my face  
scorch my brain  
reflecting the blackened sky  
into the deep sockets  
where my eyes once were  
the corroded iron-cast shell  
rusted over  
a crumbling empire  
fallen decades ago  
or two weeks ago  
I can't even remember

\*\*\*\*\*

I don't know why you looked first.  
I don't know why I did not look away.  
I knew it all before it happened  
but look –  
Look how deep  
this wound has opened.  
Look how dark  
my heart has become –  
just  
look.

*Anonymous*



*Don Schaeffer*

## In Dreams

I slowly slip out from grip of wakeful consciousness  
And fall from cliffs that rise above the dark and black abyss  
To leave with leaping outward bound the fragile edge of reason  
Provides the lift so I won't hit the unforgiving season

But first I need to gain more speed so downward I must go  
Past rocky cliff and jagged edge where nothing dares grow.  
And soon I feel the tug of wind that signals speed enough  
So then I fly up to the sky and past the stony bluff.

I feel the thrill that comes when you enjoy the flight as such  
The knowledge and the confidence that nothing is too much  
That anything you set to do is just within your reach  
That no one's here to bother you and no ones here to preach.

I fly through clouds so snowy white they nearly block the sun  
So mysty and so cool to touch any tears and ice are one  
And when I break into the light that marks the start of day  
They melt themselves beneath its heat and slowly fade away

To feel the wind rush through your hair and look backward in time  
Without the lines found on a map its something quite sublime  
To see the lakes and meadows that have not yet been despoiled  
And miles of wide green plain that never yet's been toiled.

These visions of a virgin world before man was around  
Shows us just how far we've gone away from what it was we found  
I wonder what our ancestors would say if they could see  
The way we've changed this virgin land from what it used to be.

And though I feel so free and light when flying high like this  
It hurts to think when I'm awake how much I'll really miss  
For now it seems its only dreams that takes us to this place  
Where waterfall and mountain side are free from all disgrace

Where all is as it should be; nothing needing change  
But then again I know we'd try to rearrange  
And soon I must awaken to this mess we all have made  
But until then I think I'll rest in this dream's shady glade.

*Mark Shemel*

## Burn

The crackle is clear, the paper burns  
Like covered in oil, a quick explosion  
As flames rise high to the sky, the ashes fly...  
And the fire calms down while the ambers redden with the wind.

*Karyn M. Rautenberg*





Getting High  
Students Enjoy  
EAT ME!!!  
Sexual  
Green Party  
Animal  
Rumors  
Girls on Film  
and More!  
2002 • Page 23  
dules  
moving performance  
New Album From Bush  
We Are  
Can  
Stroke  
We need writ  
Baked Zit  
Share with us  
bursting mud bubb  
Thursdays night, the Union  
Chess Club held its first  
ed-blitz chess tournament.  
elve students of all abilities  
ompeted for  
dollars in prizes  
Tachno  
G.W.  
Good to Go  
quantum  
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8:55a  
8:00p  
9:00p  
1:15p  
Nott  
More  
Good, Bad, Ugly  
Get Buff!  
Light Up  
it's all FREE!!