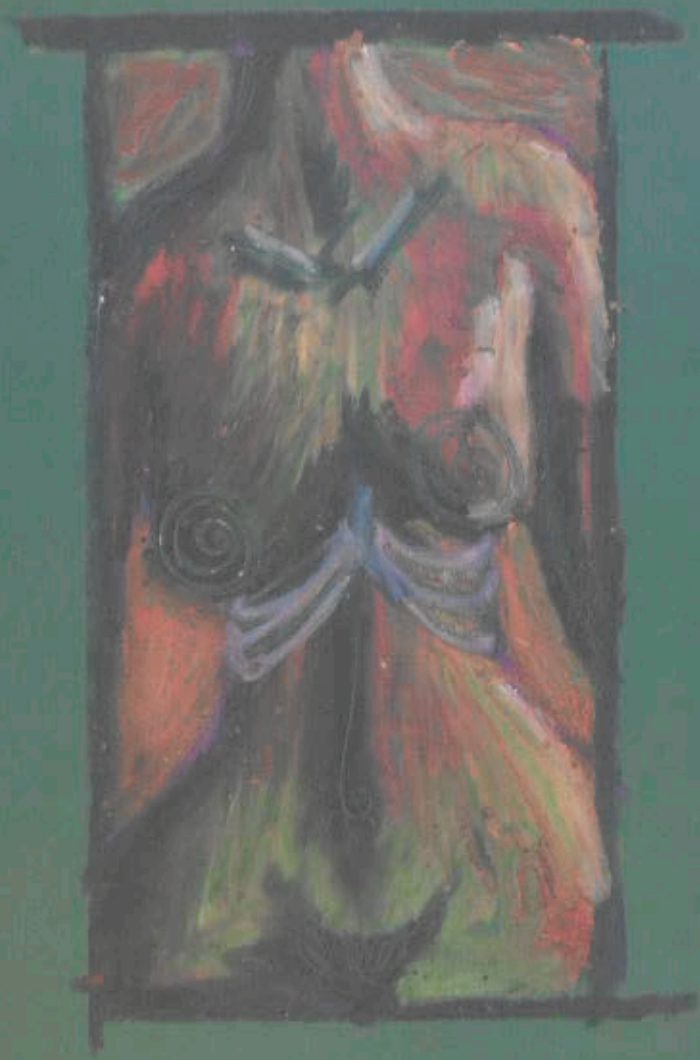


THE
IDOL



2001



The Idol

2001

PUBLISHED BY:
THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE SINCE 1928

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(A Note from the Editors)

We would like to thank those who submitted their work to the Idol this year. We believe that the Idol of 2001 has continued the tradition of widely representing the Union College community. Our hope is that the audience to which the Idol is exposed continues to grow each year. We are excited to produce the first Idol in which color is used to depict the art – work. The addition of color has allowed the Idol to achieve a higher level of aestheticism. We hope that in the future the funding provided for the Idol only continues to grow, as well as the support for the publication of such a literary magazine. Publishing the Idol, we are proud to be a part of the contribution to the Arts here at Union College. The members of the Idol would like to congratulate those whose works are published in this year's Idol! And a special thanks is extended to those who put a lot of time and effort into this publication.

Sincerely,

Kristen Andrews

Anna Hurst

Emily Wood

Perfect Insanity

Who are we to go
To the lake where we fled to
And who are we to say
Life was there, but now it's gone

Where do we go from here
And what did we do to deserve
This world built up by fear
And me and you sitting by ourselves

In the sandbox we fell
Into it all so young
The memories I could tell
Of how we lost our childhood

You said it would never end
Down by the river bend
The sound as teardrops hit the floor
The sound of perfect insanity

Who are we to go
To the lake where we fled to as little children
And who am I to say
Life was there but now it's left me vacant inside

And you said it would never end
Down by the river bend
The sound as teardrops hit the floor
The sound of perfect insanity

I'm lying down by myself
Looking up at the stars
Seeing how small we are

Alaap Shah

Idle Thoughts

A Chance for Snow (1/27/01)

I think of Manhattan streets that never give the weather a chance ... Conquered before even beginning. Winter falls and is quickly exiled. I miss the lost snow. The snow that does last is like an abused child, losing its innocence too soon. It seems like all of Manhattan's unnoticed discontent is reflected during this wet and uncomfortable time. Small patches of snow are turned yellow by urine, which can embarrassingly be found on my own block. Buses and cars trample any other chance of the snow remaining - making white powder turn to slushy chocolate. It clogs my sneakers, my pants; it sprays on me as traffic passes. I am now spoiled for work. I despise my Manhattan snow.

I think of this snow as I am now drowned by fresh ivory powder. Union College snow. Each flake unique and lively. My face smiles like a child exhibiting the perfect snowman. I am utterly astonished by such brilliance. There is a rebirth here as everything seems to be turned pure. It is truly beautiful. The snow sticks with defiance. It blankets the buildings and trees creating a harmony amongst the scene. This is my winter now.

I pick handfuls and fists full of forbidden snow. Lost snow. Every forgotten sleigh ride passes by me with musical undertones from a harp ... yes it is that angelic. And it happens right on my block. Now. Here.

There is no more ugliness in the Winter. Nature has won and I am thankful for defeat. I watch the snow fall and actually survive. It has life. I remember only in fancy of Winter's sad past and poor manipulation. Through my window, sunlight dances in circles above the flakes like well tailored costumes. By this they have their final liberation; and so do I.

Revolution [no 9 attached] (2/12/01)

There is a Revolution to be had, I can feel it in my sickened stomach and hungry mind that it is time. But, I am motionless. Action through inaction, Ha! We are in the West, there is no such thing unless it is in dreams or drums. Besides they are the same. No this revolution must be had, the injustices have done too deep, it is too wrong. Ah, the corruption is so potent that everyone can see it. Everyone! Revolution is inevitable. How can they do this so honestly - steal from us so blatantly? Do I not pay \$32,000 dollars a year-, do I not pay \$2,000 + in food costs? Do I never eat from my meal plans? NEVER. They feed us Marriot, the choice for prisons. A system in itself so degrading that it alone is the embodiment of the evils of Capitalism. They force meal plans and yet no one ever goes. They still receive the money. I think about where this money I am spending is coming from. I think about my family. I feel like shit. Who am I to waste money? So I try. I go and I eat. That night I am sick - so sick. My stomach erupts and swells. What was that? What did I eat? I am hungry too. I am always still hungry. My mind is dancing around imaginary NY Angus steak, and potatoes, Umm. Now I throw up.

We all know this too. We all suffer. The Revolution, the time for revolt, is now. We must stop the system from its thievery. Yet, nothing. I do nothing. You do nothing. I suddenly feel even worse, like this is a reflection of the country and its terrible moral suffering. The exploitation of the worker. We are all suckers! No one fights. In Twenty some years no one has fought back. We must find our strength - where did it go?

And I'm Back (2/21/01)

Today it was like a muse hit me, or was gifted upon me. I felt it pulse in my heart and pump through my veins. Words that I have never known before spelled out sentences of pages. - I am back! I felt asleep or physically asleep and mentally trapped. My hands were as heavy as my eyelids and my brain was as fogged as the bay at night. No longer. Today I walked by trees and I proposed sonnets to them. The branches humbled themselves to my words. They leaned in as if to hear me better. I passed along reciting various glories to buildings. I gave praise to the Nott, the God of my Idolatry. My mind confused old poetry with new - mingling together on the dance floors of my sub-conscious. (Sigh) To be back! (I am prepared to grab life by the waist and be lead. I'll play the lady tonight).

There is no new illumination here, but the block - the invariable wall that taunts us I have broken through. Don't ask me how, there is no sense in formula. It is merely to will. To wake. I can hear Gruvis Malt, "Night after night it is impossible to see and indeed impossible not to see - these faces in which hope has been lost..." these words jumping towards me in richness, they no longer fall deaf. Likewise, I am no longer faceless in the crowd. The words sounds like differing colors on a canvas. Bob Ross knows this sound. To see them, in their own likeness again, it is wonderful. To know orange for tang and to taste its light. What a sensation to feel real again. A muse and a baptism - and I am back!

Lucia Scheckner



Jill Foster

For Kristen

serving coffee to strangers with a smile
unhappy as the lips my be.
taking it all with a grain of sugar
and splash of milk
until finally the unbearable smell of French Roast drives you to madness.
you loath the glass that separates you from your cigarette
and almost rip the door from its hinges on your way out.

you stand in the doorway of some abandoned shop
and breath sweet cancer through your still smiling lips.
the strangers walk by and nod as if they know you
and you think you may have seen them before,
and then your smile fades
as you remember that everyone in this damn town drinks coffee.

back behind the counter your smile returns
as you serve coffee to strangers
taking it all with a grain of sugar
and a splash of milk.

Lissa Thurston

Either yes or no,
one or zero, on or off,
all is digital.

Philip Provost

Once

We were all children once,
hopeful and innocent.

We all believed once,
in fairy tales and trust.

We all tried to belong once,
to the crowd we most admired.

We were all rejected once,
by those who arbitrarily judge.

We all sincerely hoped once,
that this time would be different.

We all had our hopes shattered once,
and our spirits reacted with pain.

We were all searching once,
trying desperately to be found.

We all decided once,
it was better to be lost.

We all stopped caring once,
about what others may decide.

We were all finally content once,
when we chose our own individuality.

We all might realize once,
that everyone is capable of change.

Gina Campanella

Untitled

When I look back on life-I hope to have used my pain.

That which presently consumes me, the fine line between being a man and being what it is that all others seem to be.

I've realized through observation-many did not choose that path, but were thrust into it-because of the past.

A past that did not allow subtle contact with pain, but one of immediate influence.

I've come to realize past pains have become our present heartaches.

The reason trust no longer exists between the soul and its reflection.

This explains the insecurity we feel when belief has been shattered by the past.

A past that mirrors truth with no reflection.

A truth that no longer embraces what's just but allows displeasure and pain to rule.

Grief no longer the enemy, but the way in which we cope.

The manner in which men display their pain.

It was easy for he to display hate in the face of those whom he loved most, or whom loved him most.

In this day and age pain is now the best friend of reality and has told many men not to be that which they were created to be, but to establish within that which they are not, causing them to crave flesh when deep down they can't survive without Earth fruits. Allowing them to become the distributors of pain and inbred suffering.

This reality has led to legions of blind women held captive by love.

A love that allots pain.

A love that pierces the soul.

A love that destroys hopes and dreams and brings forth visions of a future that bleeds fiction.

A reality that has led many to believe the existence of truth is but an apparition.

Ghost like figures inhabit the souls of men

In passing they float - resembling cold winter winds.

Ironically these winds exist year-round, sending chills through the bones of the innocent.

Many unaware of pains passing,

its goal to excrete life from the bones of the unsuspecting.

A means of survival men have learned from the past.

I look at the past as a reminiscent presence of the future.

An elapsed destination in which time dwells.

A time in which by any means we exploit each others souls

A time in which men and women are no longer committed to love,
but to the misuse of each other

No longer does our actions equate to the sum of our thoughts.

Doni Johnson

I think this poem is famous, or something.
I probably should have recognized the title, but I didn't.
I'd better memorize it for the final exam.

It was written a long time ago, by Mr. What's-his-face.
I don't exactly remember his name.
I think he's dead, or maybe he's just really old.
He's, like, written a lot of books and poems.
I dunno, though.
I've only seen the movies.

The first part here, is sort of a symbol, I guess.
It means something else.
I think it's, like, about sex,
but I'm not quite sure.
Why doesn't he just come right out and say it?

What does this line mean?
What is THAT? Latin?
How do you say that word?
I'll just skip that part for now.
I doubt it's really that important.

Someone has already underlined the next sentence.
It must be important.
And the one after it is also underlined.
It must be important too.
I might as well highlight the whole thing.
Someone has written a note in the margin.
I wish I could read their writing.
It must be important.

I can't believe I have to write a paper on this stuff.
It's so stupid.
Whatever.
I don't care.
I can't finish this now.
I can't even think anymore.
I need to check my e-mail and watch television.

Philip Provost



Lauren Tuchman

Searching

There's an angel haunting me,
Hovering above my head.
She's whispering sacred words to the world.
"There's no silver lining here, surrounding the clouds.
But, if you look real hard, you may just figure it out.

I've walked these streets for too long,
And now I'm sick of this town.
I've been searching for something,
I've already found.
Monotony is getting to me.
Just tell me what I need to do,
To get rid of these fantasies,
That are plaguing me.

Nothing changes when you're standing still
I'm opening my eyes, and I know you will.
Live the life that you love.

I'm always under the gun.
You pull the trigger and now I'm done in.
Don't try to make me into something you wanted to be.
I'm not some marionette hanging from your strings.
Is this all your love could bring for me?

I've walked these streets for too long,
And now I'm sick of this town.
I've been searching for something,
I've already found.
Monotony is getting to me.
Just tell me what I need to do,
To get rid of these fantasies,
That are plaguing me.

Nothing changes when you're standing still
I'm opening my eyes, and I know you will.
Live the life that you love.

Alaap Shah

Lost souls find no rest
Poking, pulling in one's chest
Of gold-plated silver
Scrapes away under teeth.

Moles incessantly desire
Flesh, meaty rubber tire
On Axle, bone of entirety
Conquered and indulged in passion.

Blue lanterns shine S.O.S.
Faded, misty, deceitful abyss
Down a throat, drinking fluid
Hollow, swallow teeter whole

Identity in Identity Print
Kiss dug cartilage rent
For extent spy virility
Obsessions, harmonic thief.

Let me sink my teeth in you,
Hold your eyes in my hands,
Lick your mouth off your lips,
Feel your thrusts against me
Touch your hands on skin.

I want to consume you.
Or get out of my head.

Laura Richardson

THE LITTLE MAN

Bouncing Bouncing Bouncing

Stop

The little man rolls into an upright position

A purple sphere with one tiny little head

And four tiny little appendages

Protruding so sweetly

He has come to claim the day

"I have come to claim the day!" squeaks

the speaking grape

Claim the day in name of jubilation

"Today is a day of jubilee!"

He throws his arms into the air

And a light wind blows him over

Rolling Rolling Rolling

Stop

The little man lies at the bottom of the salt hill

His muffled sounds become clear once again

"All shall be in overwhelming joy or I shall be forced to..."

The little man is silent, catching

Himself in prelude to such an un-joyous

Display of emotions that would

Surely place him in contempt

Of whatever it was that he was

Trying to uphold

Michelle Lyne Acuri

Dead Monkey

Wandering snow covered to the half floored eyes
retread reread run over backwards
and upside down the congregation of circus monkeys chant
diuretics positing literary theories
created below the table from the slipper slope

Wearing the hairy ideals constipated on your face
scores works systematized by dust blown esophagii
retry reread criminalized I know not why
rewrap around your eyes
following the infinite repetition of numbered words deaddied
circus monkey circumsized it makes me want to cry

Chorded words scribed in disorderly nakedness
white shaded demonized earth dead delirious
confined to monkeyed circles baining the existence of meaningful darkness
If a thirteen year old girl has sex on her parent's bed
and no one's there to witness
Is the virginal flower not dead?

Anonymous



Lindsay Kay Rieck

The Chessboard of Life

The pieces were ready, the game was set,
All he needed was someone to play with,
To challenge, to teach the game to, to bring under his wing.
He needed an opponent.

The pupil came, young, naïve, impressionable,
ready to learn, but mostly eager to please.

The student,
feeding off words of praise from the much admired and adored teacher,
slowly caught on to the game.

Her pieces moved awkwardly, at first,
while the teacher's skilled hands, enlightened by years of experience,
gracefully guided his pieces.

Each time he flashed that "Cheshire cat" smile,
She was inspired and driven to her best.

The knights and pawns are flying now,
their patterns gradually becoming more complex,
as each player takes more time to move.

Pensive eyes, thoughtful moves, alert minds:
the game moves on
the student, now, does not always look to her teacher for guidance.
She begins to learn from her own mistakes and successes.

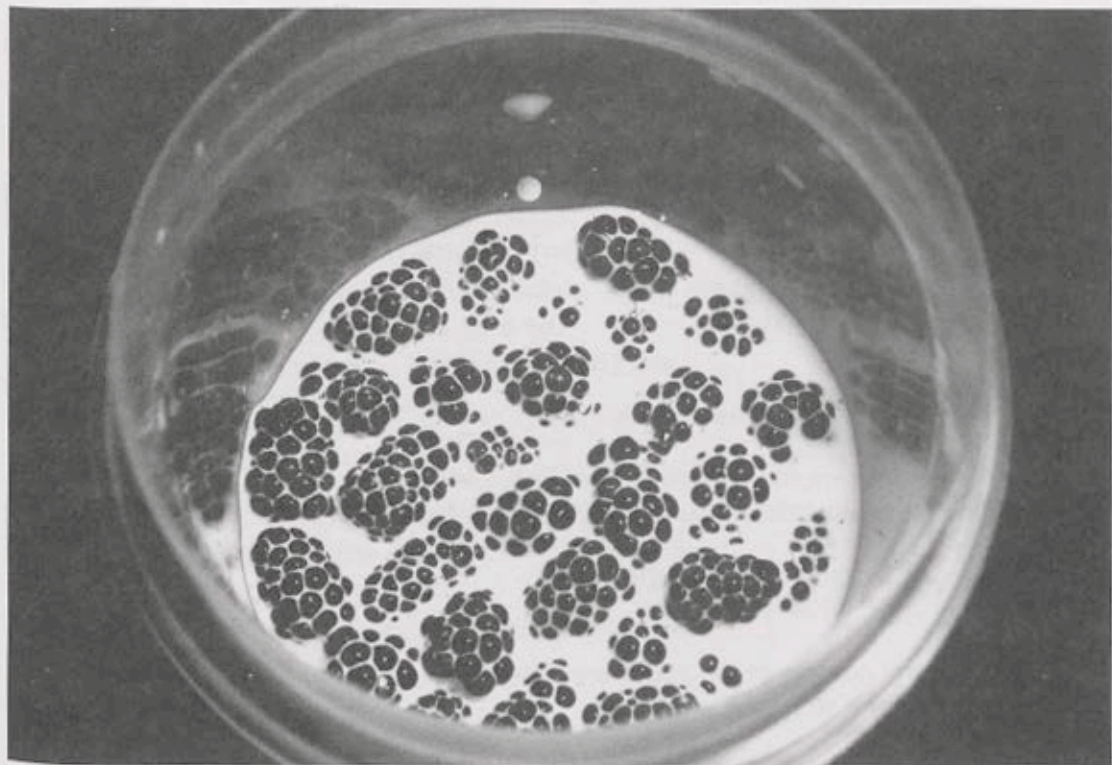
The teacher sits and waits, devoutly,
for his student, his prodigy.

Faithfully, the teacher lingers,
some nights playing, some nights not.
The student begins to win a game or two,
creating her own moves and inventing new patterns.
The rhythm of the game they play
flows beyond the black and white checkered board.
They learn, not only from the game, but from each other,
and their bond forms.

Once the student matures,
and is able to leave her sheltered classroom,
to spread wings of her own,
she will take with her the lessons she has learned.
While their games will become less frequent,
she will always come back to play.

Allyson Kohlmann

Raspberries in Milk



Nori Lupfer

wallace st.

days on end I jelly the toast

and the butter doesn't mind

doesn't mind the spread
foggy 3 am stories sheets harbor
read in dream and in between

tomorrow tea, no sugar

lying across this breakfast table of comfort
with you

over easy maybe
hard and broken

tell me
will twilight make nice ice cubes

paper shuffle jazz
and folk tales of pumpkin pie in between your teeth

you can taste the night
later, when you forget

the corners of the room are dusty
so the story goes

written and archived
in a vacuum
hungry

for you

Chelsa Santoro

Cures

You, with your adorable grin,
Still surprised a lot, still sincere,
A gorgeous little girl,

(But for the bumps that crowd your eyelids,
An effect of the demon disease
That you cannot otherwise see,
That none of us can understand),

Tell me about what you would
To have, for your birthday, maybe,
Or for Christmas perhaps Santa could bring,
Not a pony, or a doll, or a toy,
But not having to take your medicine,
For just one day -

Those wretched gargantuan horse pills,
That scathe your throat, twice a day
Every day of the year,
Like a punishment,
Even though you did nothing wrong,
But to live.

You drag your feet to the nurse,
Dreading the dose as I would,
And would get a sticker reward,
Used to poke at funny bugs in the tall grass,
All giggles and amazement.

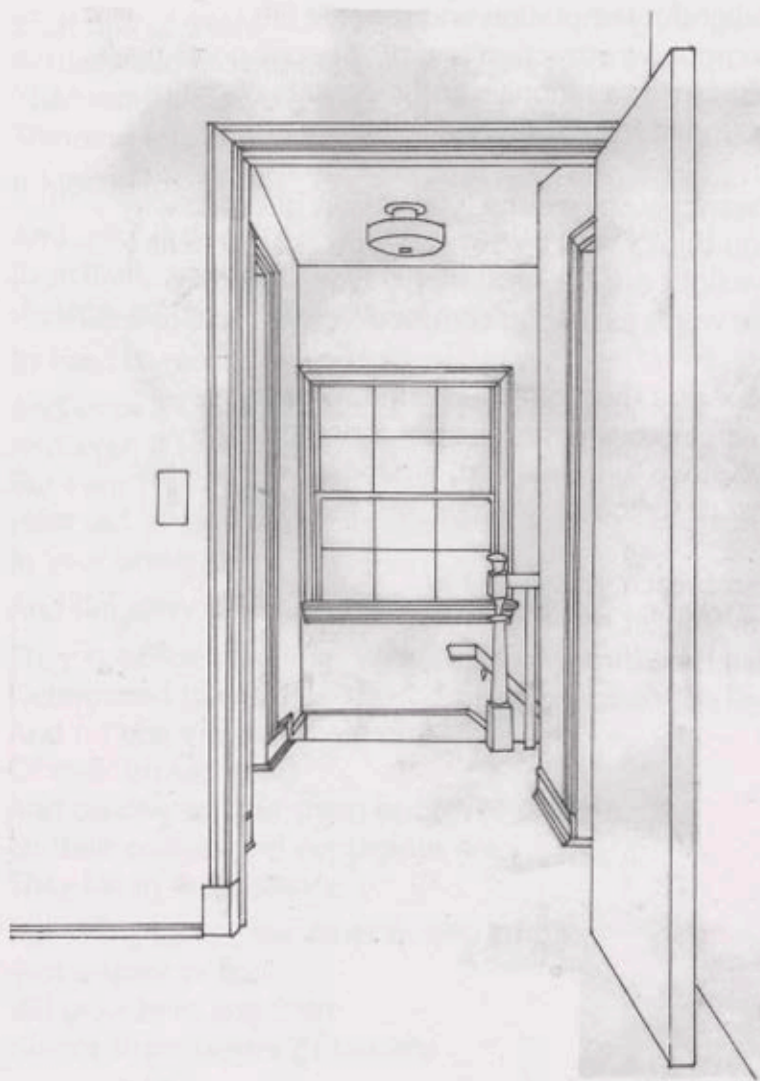
Your favorite was the applesauce reward though,
So much so, that when we asked at group meeting,
What people could do if they were facing a
Difficult time with something,
Your cheerful but firm voice
Suggested they might eat applesauce,
To make it better.

And so, I tried a bowl,
And with your smile it was more,
Than sweet fruit mush,
It was a plastic dish of your
Brave brand of hope and determination.

And now that you are away,
I think of you,
And find myself praying,
That applesauce may save us.

Leah Nero

Locally Owned (to the subject)



Jim Knoblauch

delightful temptation and moonlit lies
compulsive attraction and disasterous good-bye's
resistance to rationale and moments of desire
bounded frustration and seductive attire

I want you to see me, you always question why
you think I won't want you, you ask me to lie
we fight our connection, we hide our desire
we won't exchange compassion, we cease to aspire

I see you through fear, I don't ask why
I can't explain our relations, I don't dare try
we strive to be difficult, entangled in games
our pasts too destructive, our fears the game

can I reach your fears?
will you let me in?
can I see through your tears?
will our revealing begin?

Gossip Queen (to the subject)

Each disk of truth
Actually begins within a concentrated eye
Then whisks outward spiraling
Thinning into the distance
It hits the best of us
And once it does its consuming nature
Its actually transparent
-besides all those other eyes around you
Its hard to recognize yourself
And even if I said anything it wouldn't matter
And even if I mentioned anything you wouldn't care
But I am swallowed by it
How sad to say I am never beside it
In your presence
And I'm sorry
They continue reaching, struggling,
Determined to sustain
And no one will pull them out
Of their broken roots
And no one will put them out
Of their endless and contagious fire
They foil in the distance
But at the center the ashes quietly writhing
-just a spark or too-
still glow here and there
Silence them before its too late

Kristen Andrews

Why can't she need me?
Why won't you leave me alone?
I don't need your blessing.
It was just a sneeze,
Some dust, a cold;
All my demons hide safe inside me,
Each waiting for the perfect moment
To make their presence felt.

I'm another year older
Than when I began these lines a night ago.
In law and custom I've gained a year
in a day.
When I am asked my age
Today I will tell another year
Closer to the grave
Expressions of a man
Grieving his past,
Fearing his future.

Mike Webb

The Steps

We know that not a cry
Makes our souls die,
But it condoles the secret soul
And lets the heart rest inside.

The blissful soul,
It blossoms firmly
Whether the cause is woe
Or restful and tranquil sigh.

The little things
Are there within
Our minds that let us grim
And make the music die.

But once they bore
The humans lure
One does not think,
And lets the soul cry.

Though, why is this,
Which brings the bliss,
Comes either from felicity
Or our unbearable condolment?

Thus, why we cry
That is not of simple sly
When child is born
Or man has just died?

Why the emotions
That have their own notions
Are in their contrivement
Why more? For what to cry?

Does not their power not increase,
More feelings flow with the tears?
Or do they let one to see close,
To look how emotions take all controls.

Though, as one sees his own cry,
Sometimes the drop he tries to hide
Is he afraid to see the truth? –
The weakness of his own soul's youth.

Why youth? – you say – because not so
That is one way the soul crows.

The soul's wisdom, when increased,
Looks at all tears like at bliss.
It sees the faults and foolish wrongs –
Thus, if it's smart, it finds a song.

The song that would combine the truth,
The wisdom, sin, and all past youth –
It would be judge to what it sees –
The pro's and con's of lifetime's deeds.

Though, back to subject –
Don't you see that some
Turn away from the meaning
Behind emotions causing them to cry.

They stick with old, time-tested thoughts
That could be wrong, but for them still worth more
Than new untested, they think, door.
They do not risk to try to open
The new and fresh untested path,
But what they "risk" is stay unopen –
Stopped growing "cells," though
"Seemed to be" restful and secure mind.

They close up and lock all those,
Which seem so risky to them doors,
They feel secure with four corners
Rather than with labyrinth of life with doors.

Of course, with labyrinth one has
The risk of going even lower,
But that is why one is given paths,
So they could be rethought over.

So, when one chooses not to cry
He follows one, but still a road –
The only thing that he might not know –
There are some better to follow roads lie.

Even though, it might be better to be stable
And live a normal well-balanced life,
Who knows what one might say
When, gray haired, he turned eighty-five.

He lived his life by one of the two ways,
And now wants to live by other,
Or, to have both with him at once –
I would do that rather!

One thing, I must confess,
it is impossible to find
That perfect balance in your life You'll always want the other.

Thus, live your life, enjoy the strives,
Achievements, and contrivements,
Do try to learn from your mistakes –
They are part of your life's pavements.

Polina Shcherbatov

School's Out

His Sweet Emotions embody an air of uncertainty,
The abnormal dream fills the hallway with secrecy
and desire. The young vixens subject themselves
to the rule of higher-ups. She feels
the need for acceptance at first, but then declines its offer.

The game takes its toll on the growing youth. Control attempts to
conquer their freedom, yet individuality proves
victorious to one. The brouhaha he
ignites leaves the blue-greyed man less than
happy. Pink indulges in his onvn appetite for livin'.

The super-dominant male upsets the-once-quelled herd cutting
grass beneath their feet. The battle ensues, people disperse.
A fresh face hits the scene with hope for revenge.
Paint splatters while youth escapes the hold
of their future microcosmic society. The window breaks.

The end nears and confronts the adolescence with question of
the Hurricane called life. Did I do it the best?
Did I have the most fun? Did I play the hardest?
The answer lies within each conscious
that prioritizes the spirit of music, drink, and laughter.

—Wooderson

Casey Robins

4•5•6 Uptown

A glowing 6 greets me for a long ride
my head is pounding from nights
and nights of uneasy sleep

car horns loud

Yet I still find comfort in those tic-tac orange seats
warm from passengers before
the movement is a lullaby as I drift in and out of a cautious sleep
motion stops

the doors slide open

"23rd STREET"

like zombies people drift in and out

faces quickly memorized

quickly overlooked

music of the underground rastas

who turn old paint cans into interrupting melodies
drifts in

and out too, as the doors close

my destination far from lacking any constancy

is forgotten as my imagination runs wild.

As I think of you...

Handing me the Red Baron

we connected

tied together by our favorite mood of chill

I pulled happiness out of my pocket and amazed you
for the 1st time

I made you smile

we giggle cause even on that 1st night

we were on the same page

glowing bright
the moonlight mixing with the mystery of you
sitting on our throws of concrete: pick a door
and open it, run with it,
you gave me every option, queen of those
nights, pouring out hearts and mother rockets,
we discovered our passion.

And now,

a thick discomforting air, moves in on us
you make me nervous and frustrated
you once made me smile
I was once addicted to you
your voice, your amazingness

Where did it go? Did you forget to pack it?
It's been gone since you have
I miss it
I miss you

That luscious spark of excitement
that use to creep through your body
has become hazed by your hatred
for the place I live.
For the place we live, the laughter we find.
Your skepticism turns me down when I try to make
you effervesce like you use to.
I laugh thinking of our fondest memories
a montage of us races through my mind...
my thoughts interrupted by those paint cans

The music plays on
the closing doors stop it again,
the advertisements offer a distraction
what is an acid peel? I wonder, no thank you Dr. Zizmore
why would I want one?

"29th STREET"

Kids play in front of me as motion begins again
caught by surprise they stumble over,
their chocolate skin shouts caution to an old woman sitting bellow them.
She clutches her purse.
Her knuckles turn white.
I stare.
My mind races,

I can't name the day it melted away
but I try
is it me or you or the combination of us
that makes no sense at all?
I'm quick to blame
 ... Exploring those sections of my heart
 and self that I rarely visit, I realize:
I'm too quick to blame
I've moved on too
my biggest fear is that you wont be there when
I wake up, that you might like being
removed...
I don't and I've got no place to go
no place I want to go

"... TRANSFER, S"

I stand up and deplane

wondering through chaos
I follow the paths
the flow of people
my body moving quickly
i want to imitate the Spanish dancers
I want to dance with them
I want consistency
Their music is beckoning me
But so is my next destination
as I take wing to catch my departing Shuttle

Grab your cape
it'll just be us
We'll adventure to that land where only you
and I exist
and our laughter always prevails
where we speak our own language, become
ultimately vulnerable
followed by a long session of arrogance
Where we use to go all the time,
Before hesitation changed me back,
Before I became scared of you

Grab your cape
it'll just be us
we always liked it that way best
me and you, camel lights, bare essentials
the sun'll beat down on our faces as we laugh
as each day is better than ever expected
as we plan our adventures...
The nights we tried to be serious,

studying till 5 am
every mood of you that I discovered as the
hours approached dawn

Malicious you

as prominent as always
belittling me
stepping on me hard

Delirious you

body full of mountain dew
any degree of silly that exists
exists in you
I laugh so hard, it's all worth it

Sincere you

appreciating me
loving me
knowing who WE are

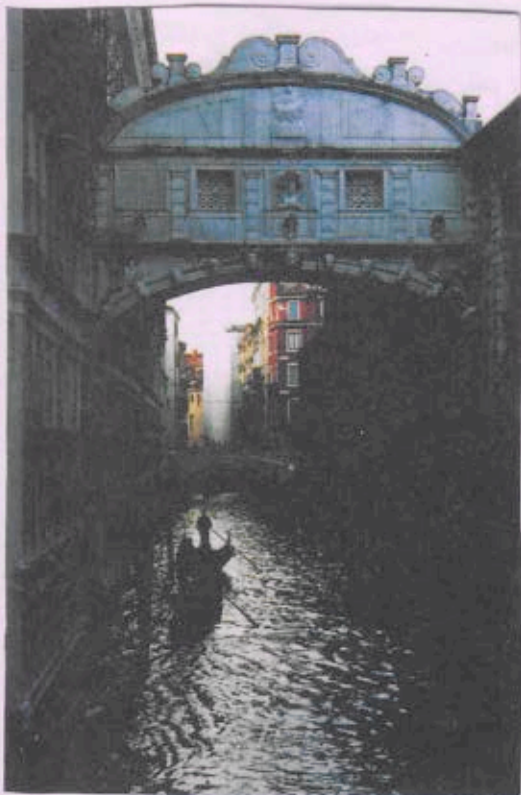
running down streets near sunrise we were
super heroes

invincible
untouchable
uncontrollable

Before hesitation changed me back
Before I lost you and you
misplaced me

I wonder out of Hades and into the light
Times Square extends a mantle of distraction
my easy escape, my easy excuse
I'll go back under tonight, till then my attention soars

Selina Morales



Gina Campanella

Winter

Slipping down the sloping ground,
I weave between the wintered trees.
 I've laid my bed upon the valley.
 I've laid my head upon my pillow,
I dream a dream of falling snow
bedding down the forest.
 I roll, I shift, I shiver.
 I pull my bedding closer.
The snow mirrors the moon's glow;
nothing moves but moonlight dancing.
 A cold wind blows chills
 despite my bedding.
In the crisp night's air,
the snow's crunch echoes beneath my step.
 The night-wind sings
 and soothes my sleep.

Mike Webb

wandering wind dancing around me
storming in the ears of words
a touch of devil
kisses the blue
another sweet sweet song
to my eyes
dying to be with
the one not here
wishing to know
how things will end
where do things go from here?

you speak of sugar
taste of cream
looks of a killer
dripping in my arms
i yearn
a curly frenzy of craziness
wild crashes of water
it's a pool of lust
dripping onto me

red tongue of dreams
entangle the wonders of skin
touches of touch
silk runs across my cheeks
gentle embrace

never say goodnight
the word occurs in my mind
only there
not daring to pass
the threshold of lips

fluttering against the smoke
high on the scent of you
draping the lights
darkening the eyes
another night
with my arms wishing

meet my smile from afar
a golden smile
dangling in my hands
enchanted by the creases
a flower enduring
the drops in thunder
a mystery worth the ache

speak the words of silence
swimming in confusion
i continue
riding the waves
under the silver sky of streaks

Ching Y. Fu

Variations on UNO

~ Wild Draw 4

Walkin' on a cool balmy night
No jacket draped gently over shoulders
Lanky monarch
without a mate
Slender thread dangling from
out its button hole
Passing through, the luckiest sperm
solidly swimming with a fervor and
SKIP

I alone love you

Toes stretch towards
ice cold sheets
then recoils faster
than King Cobra
overlooking his
prey

I alone tempt you

Virgin Mary tears fill a small bottle
evaporated
now

Alone in the church by and by
as the Earth
continues
to warm itself away from God

RED 7

Leave you there by yourself chained to hate

Nigga! Solitary racial slur
slowly spreads from a small
rapidly dividing cell with inmates
flooding the walls- pressures
enhanced to hypotonicity

Anchor is up ... you've been swept away

Desolate dot of wood and sail
bobs rhythmically

oscillating light not reaching
the depths of the coal miner's cave
breathing in disgusting diseased
air to the East, Jap kids lay in
hospital beds- Leukemia setting in
REVERSE

It's easier not to be great

Song in only my tiny head
romantic, reminiscent, random
warped - #
converted - b
C-sharp to E-flat in an instant
brain drain

Fear is not the end of-this

Lonely crumbled piece of bread
on a spherical plate of dread
Question?

Answer.

pointer finger nabs it
pulls closer to a mouth

Destination:

vat of gastric juices filled
with crumbs and

SKIP

Struttin' on a hot steamy night
Wearing next to nothing
Sexv bitch not in heat
Passion fruit amongst a
bowl of apples
Passing through, the worm
eats the air with fervor and an ache.

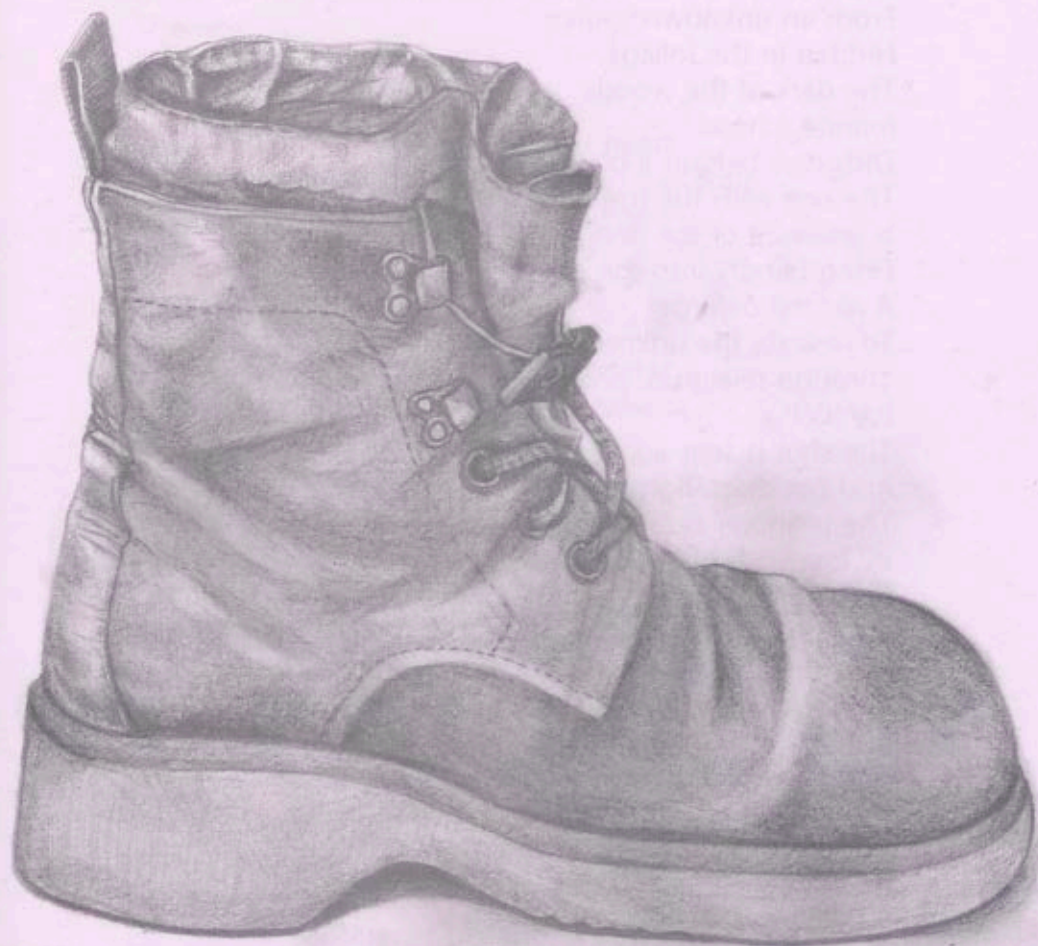
Glenna Malcom

The envelope of deja vu
Requires maintenance
Of good decisions
That seal the deal

The comfort of its closed mystery
Supplies its own answers
For the trust of its beholder,
And clarified wit of its surprised recipient

Kristen Andrews

Boot



Brett Kessler

A shot from the darkness
Pierces my skin
Repeated penetrations
From an unknown source.
Hidden in the foliage
The dark of the woods
Infinite, a head
Distorted behind a black sheath.
The one with the trigger
Is unaware of the danger.
Firing blindly into the clear
A natural defense
To restrain the unknown
Through rejection, protection
BANG!!!
The shot is sent again
And backfires, lights up.
The triggerer is blinded
By the truth of the actions
Of his weapon- his dagger-
Stabbing into the sack
Its contents spurting
The nourishment of his heart
It oozes to the ground
And triumphs his feet.
He runs on the thick of the blackness
But the sheath is down his back pocket
And it claims him
Swallowing his head
Gulped down a suffocating throat
In lumps as sumptuous as bullets.

Laura Richardson

She warily creeps into the room,
Knowing her fear is coming alive with every step.
It eats at her thoughts and flesh,
She writhes,
She wriggles,
She cries
but on the inside. She buries her head
in the protective strands that engulf her scalp.
The black and white words escape into
the air.
Walting. Waiting
for the slam, the knock,
the tear down. She's not ready for this.
The disappointment resonates between
every line. The panic imbeds
itself in her movements.
She feels
their eyes
upon her
slinking body. Why did she do that? She
didn't think about the meaning. She didn't
care. Her victorious fear
pranced about
her consciousness. Defeat
was not had
by her. For she
warily crept out of the room.
Her master conquered her strength
and confidence once again.

Casey Robins

In her arms I find
The solace I can find
No where else
she evokes all my emotions
angers me like a storm
and loves me like a gentle breeze,
The Delilah to my Romeo,
Our stories were never meant to be written together...

Bobby Ndu

Juliet

After falling
From your shaky hands,
And exploring how much farther
I could fall
On my own
... through an empty sea ...
I find myself here,
Where forever it rains
On my rainy day

But at least I know
This cold, this alone
This end
Will never change
And will never leave.

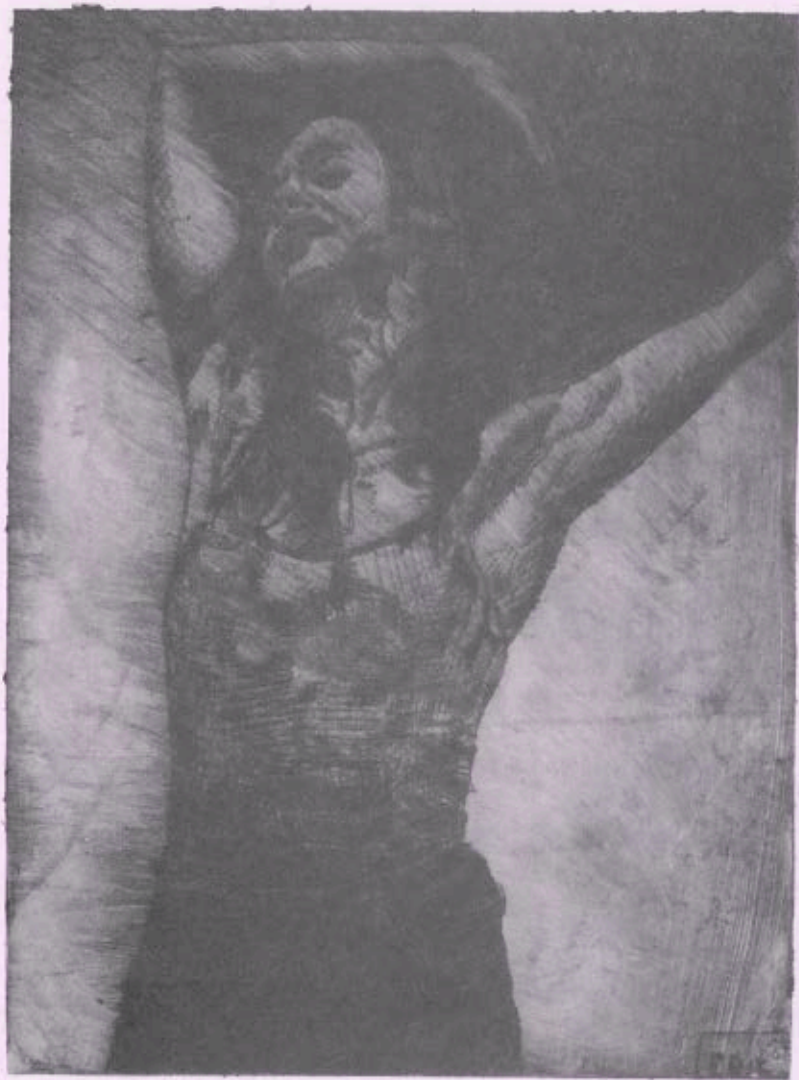
So now I have what I have
And you have what you need
Right after my last fall

I thought you were my last fall
That felt right too
But soon I fell out
Of what I fell in

Now this will have to be
My last fall
For there is no taking this back
No undoing this mistake
No falling out
Of what I dove in ...

And someday you'll fall again too ...
You'll fall in
And you'll fall out
And then one day you'll think about me,
Wondering if I ever fell again
Or if maybe
Just maybe
I'd like to fall,
One last time,
With you

Harvey Shepard



Elaine Kahn

Groove Miss Maya

Groove for me miss Maya
Like you used ta do
'fore you got so old

sway and swing them big ol' hips
pull your skirt up high

common miss Maya
groove for me
show me all your moves

i wanna know the secrets
you got tucked away somewhere

maybe in your thighs, your hips, your hair

groove for me miss Maya
like ya used ta do
up atop the tables
with all them eyes on you

common miss Maya
groove for me
just one time an' then i'll go

groove for me miss Maya
like ya used ta do
'fore you got so old

common miss Maya
groove for me
i know you got some left

teach me how ta move so free
so I can dance the sun from east to west

groove for me miss Maya
like ya used ta do
with so much heart an' soul an' fire

you tell me you don't dance no more
but i know that you're a liar

i can see it in them big black eyes
you got your groove inside

so common miss Maya
an' groove for me
like ya used ta do

let the music move you
an' fill your soul with youth

you ain't so old that you can't groove
to make sweet poetry when your body moves

so common miss Maya
an' groove for me
like ya used ta do

an' maybe if ya groove for me
you'll groove again for you

Lissa Thurston

My Funny Valentine

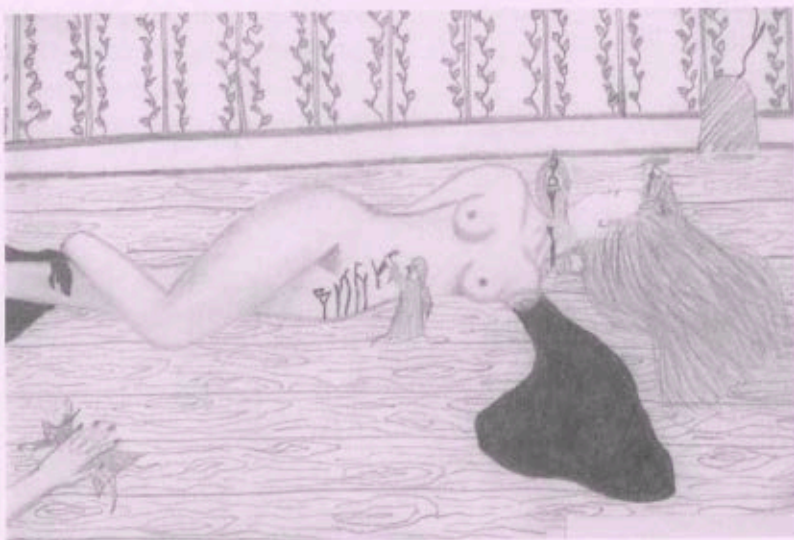
The Fourteenth of February, a night of Hancock evading the walls.
The light aroma of my perfume uttering itself within your kitchen's creation eats upon
eats - Israel's most conceited treat - alike smothered by the soft roses that are yellow and
orange and simply perfect.
Dark red wine flows in pints that we romantically sift despite its poor appearance.
Joni's right, I *could* drink a case of You.
(Your shirt falls - tickling my hand). I must know - what is surging until now?
Pillows behind us enclose our space making it a cove of our affection.
Smoke finds itself lingering around our corners and like a hussy lands in my hair.
Your hand follows.
To cuddle is lame magic like that of a mother's comfort that in permanence is lost by age
ten.
The sun truly rises in me.
Wine gives me a sensual strength that I welcome happily. Ready to love thee.
(BUT surely somewhere WE can find OURSELVES).
I feel a slight haze which overwhelms nothing but us.
My legs boldly lift themselves on you
A kiss that lays me like a thousand sirens I cannot even begin to ignore.
You have willed my lust.
You hold the Jade's trick to make my Lady laugh -
To bed we go.
Parading beats bounce off the walls
I know you here and you know me like no one ever has.
There is no intrusion in this by day, but rather the security of a stolen night.
Days elapse and I think of you - My Funny Valentine - you make me smile with every try.

Lucia Scheckner

nights like

pieces
of once upon a time
and bodies like sweaty hands
there were no pillows
as you kissed my fingers
determining
that lips would never lie
in anticipation
of the morning after
hallways like lifetimes
end
and
nights like scars
fade

Elaine Kahn



Anonymous

tiny ticking time bomb in a van down by the road
little lying leonard saw the stocks drop so he sold

fleeting failing father leaves so fast when he finds out
marked and married mother is caught her husband shouts

chuckling cheeky children recite a verse verbatim
armed assaulting artist is cuffed his parents hate him

racist red-necked randy fires a round then tries to run
black bruised battered michael grabs his friends and loaded gun

perching purging president will save us all from pain
growing girl in gutter will go without food again

the river spits up tainted blood into our little well
load up your things and lock the door this place has gone to hell

Michelle Lynn Arcuri

Momma's Boy

He was going at least 110 through that desert, with the pedal to the metal and a dark moon up high.

Now, I ain't saying that it was his fault, but there ain't no reason to be making excuses for him out there on that road.

Don't get me wrong, he weren't a bad kid. Had straight A's, he did, and his momma was a good woman, raised him right. Never let him out of the house at night to go to them parties those kids have in the old ghost town. She knew what was going on, with all them drugs and sex and stuff, and she made sure he knew he'd get a pretty tanned hide if he ever showed up out there. A good woman, a real good woman.

Anyway, that ain't important much. Like I said, he was a good boy, with a good momma. A pretty momma, too, she can walk down the street and be the cat's meow and never know a thing about it, she ain't real flashy. Never working to be something, like them other ladies in town, she never has her hair done up real big or nothing, don't wear them tight, tight pants or them shirts that don't leave nothing to the imagination and them little shoes with nothing but a tiny little heel. No, she's classy, a real classy lady. Damn fine woman, she is, damn fine.

So the boy weren't no bad kid, not at all, and just devoted to that momma of his. Ever since his daddy died, that boy took over and run the house like the man of the family, taking good care of that little sister of his, too. Pretty little thing she is, ain't more than 8 years old or so, but got them eyes and blond curls like any movie star I ever seen. Walk around with her momma running errands and things and the men in town start thinking before they know what they's thinking, I can see it. I watch them sometimes, them sitting around in the shade in front of the post office and the grocery store and the meat shop and the old tavern. I'm always around somewheres so they don't think nothing of me standing there looking at them or talking, and I see the way them eyes drop to the ground when they get a whiff of what they been

thinking. Usually they take another pull on whatever they been drinking, trying to get them dirty thoughts out of their heads, I guess. Dirty men they are, with them bottles and sitting around all day. Usually, they smart enough to get something like a Coca-Cola bottle so's I don't have to say nothing to them, but I know what they got, and they know I know what they got. Ain't no Coca-Cola that smell or look like that. I guess when them dirty thoughts go running through their heads, they gotta have something to blame.

So, that boy, he'd been taking care of that pretty little sister and his momma for awhile now, my guess it's been 'round 2 years, ever since he was about 16. Since his daddy died, that was a shame, you know. Never a finer man in town, bom and raised in some big city somewheres and moved in when the big company plant went up nearby. Most folks never got to liking him much, always too suspicious, they ain't much for foreigners. Not that he was from another country or nothing, he just ain't lived here his whole life like the rest of 'em, and folks don't take kindly to new folks moving in with their ideas. Me, I liked him. Had a time or two with him down at the tavern some days after work. He never stayed long, always wanting to get home to his wife and kids, but he was a damn fine man. Loved his wife and kids, he did, and that wife of his would do anything 'neath the sun for him. Good man, a good man, with that fine woman of his. A shame, really, dying so young with such a sweet wife and them kids.

You know, most folks never really knew where that boy went off to when he went out sometimes. Like I said, his momma never let him out to them parties those damn kids had. No respect at all, those kids, never even back down from a policeman. Them kids don't think much of the police, them manners like hell and bad attitudes. They even got rumors going around about how the boy's daddy died, thinking it was a policeman's fault. Most folks 'round here would say it was just an accident, him being in the wrong place at the wrong time when that gas storage shed out at the plant blew up, but them kids got different ideas. They got stories of some cop in town not being too friendly, and having some kinda disagreement, some secret that the

boy's father weren't gonna keep quiet and the cop didn't like it much. So the kids say that the cop just got rid of him before anything could happen. Now, this here is a small town, everybody knows real quick if anything's going on, so I don't put much faith in those kid's stories, since I ain't heard nothing like that myself. They just trying to give the force a bad name, 'cause the police been trying to straighten them all up. Damn kids, the man didn't die in nothing but an accident. A damn shame. Never could figure out why the gas shed went up, all in flames and smoke and hell like that, most think it was just too damn hot out. He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Yeah, that boy would take off every once in awhile, you could see him heading towards the edge of town sometimes 'round about sunset. His momma didn't seem to mind, I asked her 'bout it once and she just smiled that pretty smile of hers. She knew her son weren't no ghost town rat, he was a good boy. Said he just needed his space and time to think, seeing how he'd had to be a man before he was ready and all, when his daddy checked out. Never caused any problems, that boy. She let him go, usually it was a Friday or Saturday evening, when he didn't have no worries 'bout school or nothing, and folks would see him heading back into town a couple hours later, I guess after he'd done his thinking. I heard some kid say once that the boy just liked to sit out there and look at the stars, talking with his father, I guess. Boy's gotta be a boy sometimes, couldn't be a man all the time. I just happened to be in the grocery store once on the boy's way back and he stopped in for a Coca-Cola. Had marks on his face, he did, like he'd been crying. I said hello to him, offered my help, but he just smiled, said he was fine. I liked the boy, and I like to think he was fond of me.

A good boy, he was. A shame about him. Then, there ain't no reason to be driving that fast out there.

His momma woulda taken them two kids out of this town fast as a bat outta hell after their daddy died. She never much liked it here - like I said, folks ain't all that friendly to outsiders. But some big settle with the company gave her a whole pile of money from her husband's death, and some part of it or

something in it says that she can't get outta town 'til for 'bout 5 years or so. She don't have to worry about working or nothing, got plenty of money from that big company come in the mail once a month, so she makes sure them kids of hers get all kinds of opportunities and take them lots of places every summer when they ain't in school. Makes sure that her boy had a nice car to drive, a pretty little fast car, and a bunch of money. college. The little girl's got her own stack, too, sweet little thing. One thing about that girl, though, she ain't quite right. Since about the time she was six or so, right before her daddy died, she just ain't right. Sweet little thing, a pretty little girl, could be in a magazine or movie or something, but something just ain't right with her. Most folks say she weren't born strong enough to live in this kind of town, but the shrink doctor been thinking it's something else. Had a little too much to drink with me once, he did, down in the tavern, and started saying something about how she got some kinda problem with men already. He's thinking something happened to her from somebody when she was real young, but he only been seeing her for about a year now, since her momma thought she's finally old enough, so he ain't sure yet. Pays a lot for that shrink, she does, but she got the money. I told that shrink that it was probably before they moved out here, ain't nobody in this town ever do something like that to such a pretty, sweet little girl. Sure, those dirty men sitting 'round, they got their thoughts, but they don't mean them and ain't never had the balls to do something like that.

Now, that boy been a real good son, real protective of that mother of his. She ain't never wanted to date no one, and the boy made sure that all the men know it. Some folks seen him stand up to even the big men in town, workers from the ranges 'round here. They try coming on to his momma, and he weren't no big kid or nothing, just never back damn. Had a look in his eyes, he did. The boy was always real protective. After awhile, nobody messed much with his momma. Pretty lady, she is, a damn shame that she lost her son. Pretty tough losing just one man, it's really a damn shame that this here's her second. She talked to me a bit after her husband died, seeing as who I am

and all, and she took it hard. Understandably, course. She's a damn fine woman, real pretty, a shame she's gotta lose two.

But I guess things like that will happen. He was a good kid, it's too bad about that accident. But I guess driving that fast - it happens. Those roads out there outside of town sure look nice and even, but there's bumps that ain't never been fixed, and every once in awhile, Especially at night in the dark with no moon to say nothing 'bout, you're gonna hit one. He was just going too fast, hit a bump and went right off into the canyon. Of course, there'll be an investigation, probably not for a few days, though. It'll take his momma awhile to start really worrying, sometimes he comes home real late when he's out there on his own and she ain't gonna figure something went wrong 'til it gets on toward morning. Then they gotta take the time to find out where he went off to, and by the time they find the car and figure it out, it'll take awhile. A shame of an accident, really, her weren't a bad kid at all, had all kinds of respect for most people. He don't like anyone talking to his momma, though, he was real protective. Such a pretty lady, she is, and a good woman, it ain't right for her to be alone that long. Two years since her husband died, and she ain't dated since. Most folks'll say that she just don't want to hurt that boy of hers or to bring any strange man close to her daughter. Most folks say that she ain't against the idea of dating again, two years is enough time. But he didn't like men talking to his momma much. It's a shame he ain't gonna be around for her no more. Really shouldn't have been driving that fast, his momma all alone now.

Now, I wasn't following him, really, not for any reason. Saw him leaving town and just wanted to make sure the boy was all right when he went out there. He weren't a bad kid, but you never know what can happen when you're all alone, in the middle of nowhere. The boy just pulled that car of his up through a break in the old fence 'round the company plant, and stopped over near where his daddy bad died. He was laying on the hood by the time I got there, just staring up like he was in a spell or something. Didn't even notice me drive up behind one of the old burned out buildings. Of course, I

drove up with no headlamps or nothing, I didn't want to scare the boy, but he didn't even hear me coming. I tried to say hello, real nice-like, and I guess I scared him anyway 'cause he just jumped up and stared at me like I was the devil himself

Now, I know the boy didn't mean no harm, looking at me like that, I guess he was just upset is all. Wiped his face real quick he did before I could see he was crying, I guess, but I saw. Got his wits back real quick, but you could tell he was still a scared kid. Well, hell, I would be too if I thought I was alone out there and someone shows up out of nowhere. But we got to talking real nice. A good boy, a good listener. I asked him 'bout school and 'bout his car, a nice ol' Mustang, a '65 I think, and he eventually got around to smiling a bit. But I guess he didn't like me asking about his momma, he didn't smile much then, got a little quiet, he did. Asked how his pretty little sister was doing, bow the head doctor was doing with her. Well, the boy was just downright rude with that, telling me that he didn't really want to talk about it none. 'Course, that made me angry, showing no respect for the law like he did, didn't this badge mean nothing to him? He just look at me then, disrespectful wide-eyed look to him and all, I weren't gonna stand for that. It really were too bad that he got rude, I didn't really mean to say those things I did. But if he'd been the good boy he usually was and hadn't been so damn rude, I wouldn't have got so angry and said that stuff.

Of course, it was all just angry talk, you know, nothing to listen to. Nothing that really meant anything, should have just gone in one ear and out the other, but the boy sit there looking at me like that again, and I know that he wasn't gonna just let it go. Jumped over the windshield and into his car, he did, and took off faster than a jackrabbit. Course, I was just worried about the boy, so I had to go take off after him, flying down that road. Dangerous, it was, him going up to 110 and me close behind.

Too bad, really, I got too close and might have bumped his car a little. Course, that won't matter,, they'll say it were the bumps out there on the highway that did it. That boy went off in the canyon faster than I could follow and hit

bottom before I knew it. I stopped to have a look and there just weren't no way he lived through that, nice car all twisted and all. A good boy he was. But he really shouldn't have been that rude, you don't get nowhere acting all bad-mannered like those other kids. Never should've paid no mind to my angry talk and take off like that. ain't no truth to that stuff. Like the rumors those kids tell, about the cop killing the boy's father -just a rumor, I'm telling you. It's damn hard to get those kinda things to look like accidents and it ain't no reason to believe it weren't nothing but an accident. Ain't nothing no one should really listen to. And there ain't no reason to pay no mind 'bout his little sister, either. Pretty little girl. Like I said, she probably ain't right from something that happened long before she got here. Ain't no reason to suspect no man in this here town. Besides, the girl ain't alone enough for any man to get near her 'round here.

Not anymore, anyway.

She's with her momma a whole lot now, seeing as how her momma don't work no more, having the money and all. Her daddy knew, though, 'round two years ago. He figured it out. Probably would have told a bunch of people if he'd had time. Too bad he died before he could.

Yeah, it'll probably take a few days to find that boy's car. His momma's gonna need a lot of help and good support after this, and I ain't the one to deny it from her. After all, I'm a decent man, a policeman, and a damn good one and I'd just be doing my job. That damn fine woman is gonna need a lot of help after this. So's that pretty little girl of hers.

It's my duty to be around to give it to them.

That boy really shouldn't have been driving so fast. If he'd just stopped the car and talked, we might have been able to understand each other.

It's really too bad he had to end up like his daddy.

Theresa Rourke

Balance

Dawn; silence envelopes the figure of she
Who steals across the rooftops. Her skin,
Bare and vulnerable to the piercing cold
Extremes.

She gracefully bids fareweull to the sunrise;
Mists veil her wicked soul.
"Her spirit has been served," civil nature
Cries!

Burning in baneful eternity, she
Is the one who marks her humanity.
On the pavement below the crimson stigma
Blazes fierce caution, conquering small minds –
Shouting!

But, on ignorance falls blindness.
We can not see true wisdom
That does not ignore evil intentions
Which ultimately with good must
Balance.

Gina Campanella



Meghan Mumford

Untitled

There,
I am the girl motionlessly turning
Atop the music box.
My discolored skin
And painted face
Encompass my stable
Spinning existence.

Here,
I am the fingers of the little girl
Who sets the music box
Spinning.
Beneath my pulsing finger tips
I feel the metal key
I feel the power I hold.

My skin takes on a flower-pink
Given to me as my human limbs
Paint a picture of
Life:
Stable and Spinning.

Emily Wood

Clink of ice in shattered glass
With a frown upturned
Two damsels scramble
For Lemon-drenched salmon.
Eggs are spawned onto a place
A pauper child grins as he digs in
The broken embryo hatches
With an agonizing scream.

Glenna Malcolm

Hate: A Love Story

Kindred spirits, you are all such; Kick-
 ing and screaming for your te-l-e"vision". I
 linger longer and wonder; what's worse? Your wil-
 lful dEcEIT of "your"selves or the [pathetic] livel-
 y-hoods you revere as "good". OF COURSE, by
 "once upon a time", we mean, "this will never happen to
 U." But stay tuned and keep buying. Obviously, YOU'-
 RE sure, Society - a time will voidwhere come; your
 set of (noun) a commemora- prohibited -tive Elvis
 egg-b- sick joke {eat}ers will voidwhere soon BE,
 like the played on King himself, priceless. What does a11
 value b- people to- ecome when a voice of one, loudly + v-
 engeful- o stupid to ly says, "Think for yourself. Question the
 spinele- see, they'- -ss authority." to millions? Per—haps
 our tim- re slaves. -e has come and we should get o--
 ut of this IMMEDIATELY before we're sent ou-.

T of this. Do you really believe hist-
 ory has [been] B U I L D I \ I G towards all o-
 f this? Doesn't that foundation look quite f-
 iamyou aremeiam
 limsy? iamyouaremeiamyouare We're all
 on the meiamyouaremeiamyou waiting list o-
 iamyouaremeiam

ver here for something good ov-
 er there. Run my children, run e-
 verywhere you can except to the
 mall. We're either failing miser-
 ably or working in very strange
 and mysterious ways.

Jonathan Rury

The Stare

It can start with eyes wandering
Moving from left to right.
You can do it in any setting
Whether it be darkness or light.
You might do it because you like to
Or you think that it is alright.
But then your parents tell you not to
Because it is not polite.

You can do it to ward off anyone
If there is someone you want to protect.
But don't dare stare for too long
Or else people might suspect

You're mostly concentrated on one thing
Phasing out everything below and above.
Staring can transfer feelings, thoughts, and emotions
Between you and the one you love.
But be careful while staring in the streets,
The wrong look can lead to a push and a shove.

When it all comes down to it
We don't need a reason to stare
We could be transfixed on a certain place
Wishing we were there.

So what bizarre force
Makes people stare?
I really don't know
Maybe something in the air.

Jhulian Newell-Little

An Invitation

Our bus winds up the leisurely slope,
Conquering the Vegas of Andalucía,
And Bob Dylan sings back up to my mind,
To be without a home, like a complete unknown,
A loose, and rolling, piedra.

Spring is new here, it's January,
But the wheat is new, grabbing a hold
Of a little ruddy soil, and pushing for sky.
I like to think of all those grains filling tummies,
A wholesome life ahead.

Higher up it is olive trees domain,
Row after row after row,
An endless infantry in the sun,
Of knarled short old trunks
And fans of silvery-green leaves.

Little earthen roads wind through sparingly,
But I wonder if you can get there at all,
For it looks like heaven,
(Where you would need an invitation),
Or a verdant dreams perhaps.

Poor little Vermont, so far away,
Nobody knows you here, not your name,
Nor how your blankets of snow used
To tuck me in silently.

There is something about seeing the kilometers pass,
That makes the mind travel, stray away,
And I wish that someone knew me here
So I could turn, and ask them,
If they remember too.

But the fact that they don't know and can't remember,
Makes what I treasure a source of secret,
Silvery-green inner light,
That I can be a little selfish with knowing,

What it was to ride Jan on a summer afternoon,
So much delight in a little lady across the road,
How my father is funny, and how we are alike,
How I'll always be my mother's little one,
And how she'll always be bigger than me,
How my sister knows my story for me,
And what we can say in a glance,
How my love loves life and me so well ...

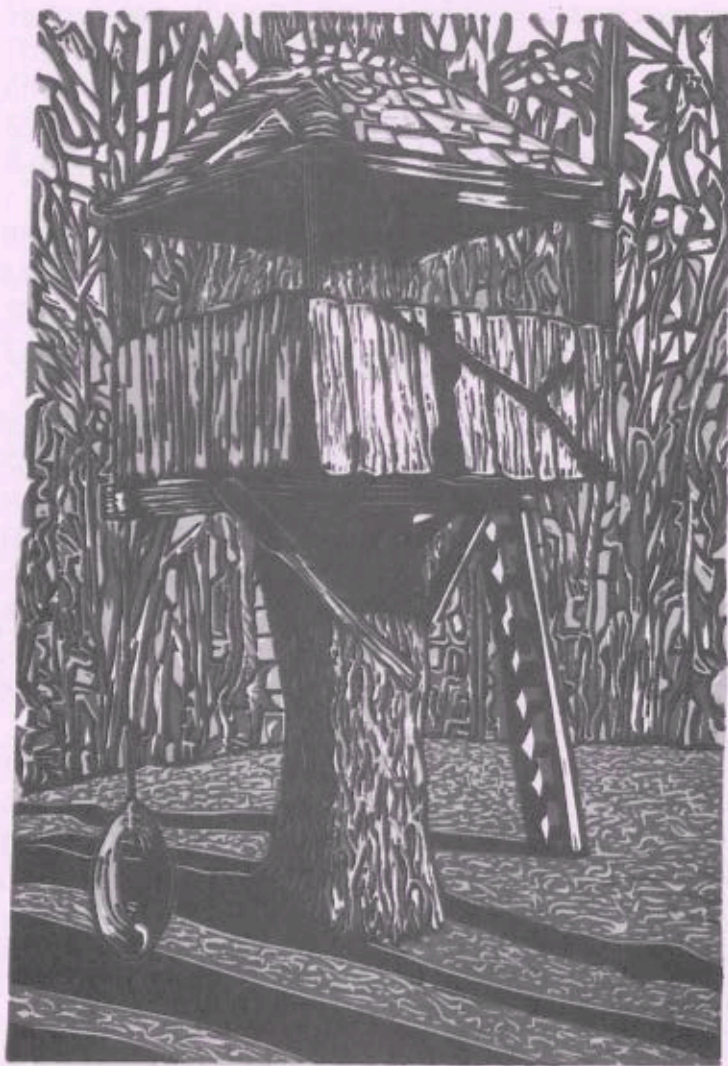
Today all you near and dear
Are scattered between home and heaven.
But you are here too ...
Close your eyes and take my hand,
You are a giant amongst the olive grove,
And I am making you smile.

Leah Nero

Folded Hands

The weak eyes peered out of the glasses,
Perched on the bridge of her nose.
Her wrinkled hands turned the creased pages
Of a book she had already memorized.
The smell of the salt water tickled her nose,
While the floorboard creaked below her rocker.
Countless summers and no one ever fixed it
What a miracle.
The children played games on the beach
Games she had taught them,
While mothers prepared dinners
Dinners she had taught them
Normally one would expect such repetitiveness
To result in boredom, but she saw everything like it was new.

Lauren Moss



Nori Lupfer

the beginning

it's easier this way
don't

pretend i'm a photograph
that comes with the frame
she's nice to look at
sometimes

yes, this is broke
and not worthy of the antique
shop on the corner

dead flesh is on your breath

you asked for depth perception
when you prayed last night

then you begged
"no, please, never
it's easier this way"

Chelsa Santoro

Vignette

If time was like the flow of water what would it be like? That's the question. Procrastinators would be very happy because when they need time they would go down by the river and catch it in a bucket or a pail. They would waste valuable time and then store some of it for a rainy day.

Time would have volume but no specific shape. It would always take the shape of its container.

Trees would need it for photosynthesis in order to produce their food and grow.

The world would be a very slow place because no one would be rushing to go to work or school. Night and day would go by without anyone asking a friend; what time is it. Because they control time and they will always be able to restore whatever time is wasted. So therefore, there would not be any phrase like waste of time or no one would be called a time waster. People would only say, "don't run the time so hard." Or, "turn off the time when you are finish.

People would be able to turn time off and on when they need to. Man I tell you this would be so great. We could put off so many things until later. We could watch television all night long when we have big exams and then stop time to study later. Students would never be late for school. They could go to bed as late as they want to, and when their clock alarm they would just turn off the time to get another two hours rest before school.

If there should be a drought though people would be fighting with themselves wondering why when they had a chance they did not save some time.

Leroy Bailey

Learn

A simple chance, a twist of fate,
Experience it did negate.
Mistakes I made in recent past,
Dismissed as if they were not vast!
Yet with this knowledge here I sit,
A mindless, bumbling, foolish twit.

But if you saw her you would see,
Why it is that she owns me.
Be not deceived by her soft looks,
As that is how she sinks her hooks.
Deep within she's filled with fire,
It is this that sparks desire
Deep within my soul most fragile,
To be to her a man most loyal.
And so in silence I must simmer,
Hold back passion, show not a glimmer.

Michael McGuire

Kissing You



Meghan Mumford

feathers

thoughts like ghosts
like people
enter your mind and fade away
as we begin the awkward process of growing apart
starting
on a Wednesday night turning into
Thursday morning
with flashes of
words and
memory
the distresses of
a full stomach
that can't be forgotten
and an old friend
who can be
as we agree to look away
as we pretend we don't see
and hear the shudder of wind
time holds you and owns you
pay your debt and be done and
don't despair the passing of it
or old friends
whose hands remember you like softness
like feathers
insubstantial
feathers in boxes and photographs in
frames like windows

Elaine Kahn

In Sanity

In sanity
I seek solace but am troubled
Disturbances caused by human beings
In sanity
I find myself to be a minority
Blurred by visions
In sanity
I rationalize dementia eternally
But I feel, I feel, I feel
In sanity
I conform to society
Switch off after retreat
In sanity
Barren flesh makes me cringe
Fur and scales are the source of my sustenance
In sanity
 As I define it
I am trapped in my own insanity
Why strive for sanity?
In sanity
For sanity
My sanity
insanity

anonymous

All that

And all of that which ceaselessly withdrew.

“hmmm” you said

And I looked into the mirror upon and within myself

Disgusted as always

Like the drug I'll never have

I never tasted

I'd always wanted

Its preoccupation could exchange me now

Please displace me

where

then

there

And anywhere but here

Eventually you muttered something

I cared not to notice - sorry about that.

Another me in another place-

That's the self-fulfilling drug

And all of that neediness strikingly regarded

Itself as the whole

This was never all rational

That crazy network tapped once again

By the unstatiability of now.

Bless.

Kristen Andrews

lying in bed
in the afterglow (aftermath?)
watching your body move
 your shoulders flex
 flexing as you move
and i wait

i wait and i want and i think
i think about that night
and all the other nights
when my body wasn't my own
 mind and body disjoined
not wanting to believe what i was doing
but craving and continuing anyway
then walking away
leaving them with what little memory of me
they could gather

and now i am here (home?)
these thoughts flowing through
 my head
and all i can do is
lie in bed and
watch your shoulders flexing
flexing as you move

Kaitlyn Richards

Rome: The Collosium



Holly Burnside

SpY in the Sky

Up and down, up and down, all day and night.
I am constantly moving but my position never changes.
Fixated in one place, I am alone.
I have no pretty corners or fancy edges,
I was cut precisely to fit this space.
I look down at my world as a superior being.
I am always reflecting the harsh fluorescent lights around me,
never giving me a moment of rest.
My windex polished surface is sterile and impersonal,
I am a cold still pond.
The people shuffle in and out. They press a button,
choosing where to go, but not always knowing
what awaits them at their destination.
They look straight ahead, staring at the door.
Their stony faces show no emotion.
Clutching their purses, parcels, and the hand of their children,
like greedy pirates with fresh loot.
I am a spy in the sky.
I see people when they think no one is looking,
fixing their hair or biting their nails with impatience.
Rarely talking to each other, they hardly ever notice me.
Sometimes children point at me and giggle at their reflection.
Their wide puppy-dog eyes search over my smooth and shiny surface with awe.
I feel important.
I have no impurities, a true blue blood.
Ding! The bell breaks my trance and the children leave.
I love when the doors open. I get a glimpse of the busy world in the lobby.
I reflect only a moment of their lives, but I see so much all day.

Allyson Kohlmann

A Country House*

I spin this tale to fellow Dutchmen that
Might well to evil end in here begat
Conspire, for what these men sought was bliss.
We must begin with him who sought to twist
And shake the hearts and minds of honest guys
To thinking that their souls had told them lies.
A manor built he with his tainted wealth,
And did so with his cunning, wicked stealth.
So far from any neighbor was this space,
That none would ever find his massive place.
His plan: to steal from every walk of life,
A man who'd grown so weary with his wife
He'd gladly hurry to this country house,
Where none would chase him, yelling "What a louse!"
Before he went to find the ones he'd need,
He gazed upon his land and did concede:
"This is the heaven any man would seek,
For lager flows forth even from the creek!
A foot-long sausage grows on every tree,
And there are trees as far as I can see.
Within the house there is a parlor room,
In which they'll feel more comfy than the womb!
A bowling alley, poker table, and
An open bar (which ne'er will go unmanned).
The next room holds a kitchen with a chef
Whose chili's best, though he's beyond stone deaf
If still there is some doubt that they could live
Within these walls and never grow pensive
You need but look where they will spend their nights.
I build instead of closets some delights:
The extra windows offer splendid views,

But shades block light, so they may sleep off booze."
And so the man went off to town to lure
The four who'd prove that he had found a cure
For all the joyless sorrow he'd endured.
Before he even had his first ale poured,
Within the tavern where he had sought out
The first that to his side he'd bring about,
He soon learned he had found all four and more.
What thought he as he led them through the door?
"An ideal three to depict social class:
And all too dumb to know which end's their ass!
A noble, peasant, and between, the smith,
All perfect for me to complete my myth."
He cast a wary eye o'er at the last:
"I think the poet's one I should have passed."
They traveled days until they reached his house,
And seeing it, were quiet as a mouse.
The peasant then fell to his knees and cried,
"This must be heaven. Have I truly died?"
"Oh feel no sorrow, fear or awful dread,"
Spoke he who would control what's in each head.
"This manor can fulfill your every need,
And should you wish to leave, your word I'll heed."
Within they entered and for years were glad,
But over time they started to go mad.
One day at lunch the smith arose and spoke:
"It's not my anvil that I miss, dear folks,
But rather Anna whom I left behind."
"It's not just me; I haven't lost my mind!"
The noble shouted, 'motion giving way.
Indeed there was agreement on that day;
Together they went looking for the lord
Who promised they could leave on their accord.

'Pon finding him he said, "All this you'd leave?
How is it you can all be so naïve?"
And three of them just looked down at the ground,
Not offering the smallest sort of sound.
But not the wordsmith, who looked at this man,
And said, "The best of both is ours to take,
Our women we need not so quick forsake.
Let's bring them here and show them paradise,
And as apology this might suffice."
The lord did grimace, but was left no choice,
So dismayed was he, he could find no voice.
And on that day they left the place they'd sworn
Was nearly Eden. Seasons passed before
The four would grace again the land of him
Who sought to trick them out of love and limb.
But on that day of their return they brought
The four so long upon which they thought.
The shortest look was all it took for them
To know this was a place they should condemn.
They fixed the creek so through it water flowed,
And from the limbs of trees soon apples grewed.
Within, the poker table was transformed
To that upon which bridge could be performed.
The alcohol was 'placed with fresh squeezed juice,
And as for closets, well you can deduce.
The peasant, noble, smith t'each other turned,
And said, "The harshest lesson we have learned.
The lord of this great manor was correct,
Though 'haps his methods were a bit suspect."
The poet then turned to his love and said,
"Such fools are these; come, let us off to bed."

Michael McGuire

**See Aemilia Lanyer's The Description of Cooke-ham*

things and people

people
are birds
are mothers
precious ugliness
beneath the horizontal view of
beauty
and light
as it plays on their foreheads
as it passes through our pupils
writes the stories
and lives
of young women with white wrists
and stomachs
with their hands on their hips
words in their mouths
like paintings

Elaine Kahn

Vomited out of the womb with a putrid afterbirth -
Bloodied in the beginning, bloodied at the end,
Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
Blood to blood -

All fall down.

Stickball, hopscotch, kick the can,
Kick the dog while he's down.
Run and hide, hide and go seek,
Tag, bang,
You're dead.

No one left.

I win.

Thank you, I'm glad you're proud.
Where can I get a vicarious life of my own?
Stop trying to dissect my motives, my brain, my heart.
Stop searching for a thought, a word, an action
You can pervert into all that it is not.
I don't want you to know.

You cannot know.

Yes, I'm sure I'm fine;
Everything's fine;
Don't second-guess my truth.
Truth is beauty and beauty is truth
And the anorexic's truth is hunger:
A gaping hole.
Empty.
Substanceless.

There is no truth.

There is no right.

Everything's wrong.

Mike Webb

