

The Idol The Idol  
The Idol





# THE IDOL

2000

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+ ARTS DEPARTMENT

FRONT COVER "THIRD MAN OUT" W.H. SERVANT

BACK COVER "SIMPLICITY" JOSIE GLUCK



pearls are  
if a simple life of need  
into my life forever  
the crucifixion stand as known  
the robes you have been shown  
Please, where you are, your own  
Love, because  
empty bodies, stand at rest  
of their own flesh  
afflicted by their disposition  
the hands they ever knew  
hand  
no body felt like you  
body  
to a crucifixion  
to the front of peace  
to be my forever  
to be my forever  
secret sighs hidden in you  
the lonely nights to the you in two  
all my blisters now  
in the darkness of  
in the spaces in between  
but no bodies ever knew  
nobody  
no bodies felt like you  
nobody  
love is suicide

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“... the coming of undone”

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As the editors of the Millennium edition of *The Idol*, we are proud to continue the tradition of providing a medium through which the expressive talents of the Union College community can be channeled and recognized. Due to the increased participation of Union students this year, we were able to present a wide spectrum of work that we feel reflects the diverse talents of the student body.

This year we were fortunate to obtain the funding that will enable the artwork in next year's *Idol* to be represented in color. This is just one of the many goals we have outlined for raising the standards of *The Idol* to accurately reflect the talent of its contributors. We want to thank all of those who contributed and we hope that this 73 year-old tradition remains with the Union College community far into the future.

Congratulations to all!

Sincerely,

Mary Furey

Courtney Hayden

Brenda Phelps

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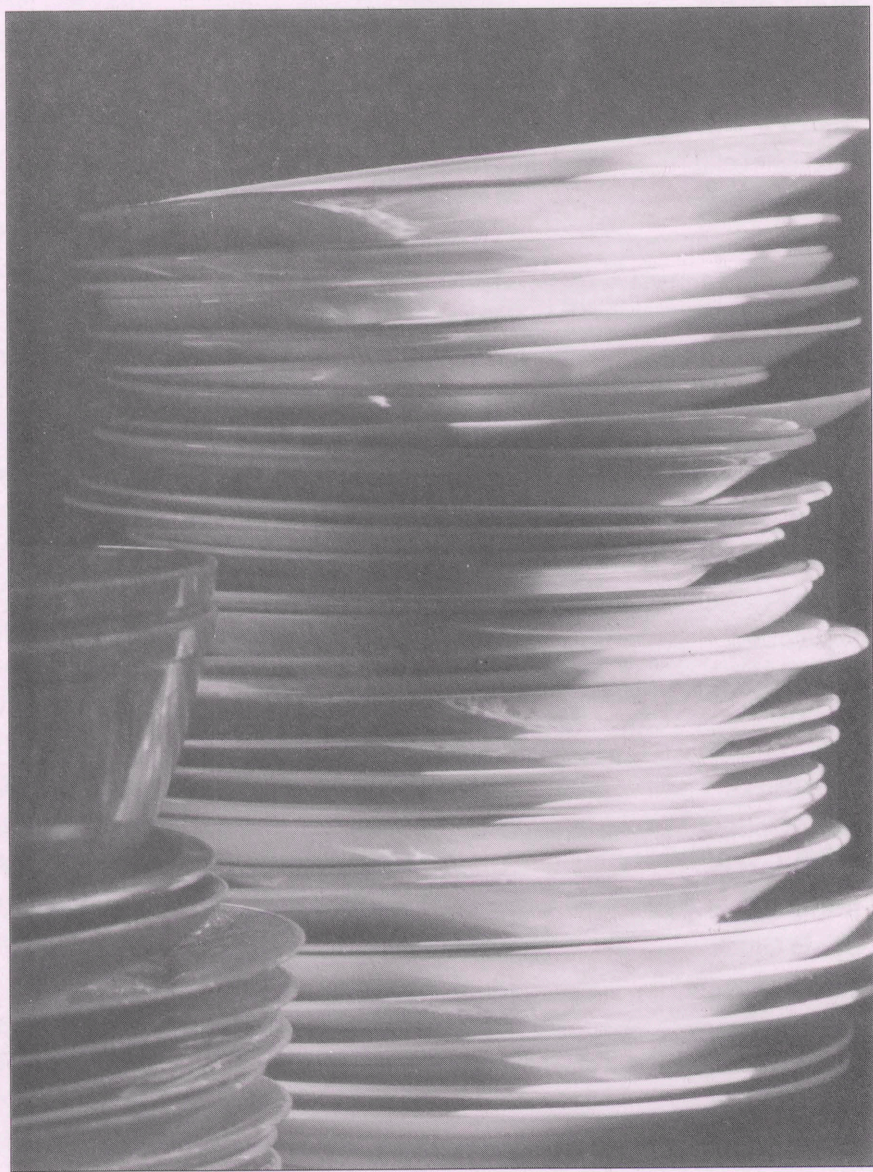
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Untitled

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# THE IDOL

2000

Literary

Part 1

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Slide your toes  
into crumpled sands,  
take root in the orange dusk,  
feed on the soil that slides  
over, chafing and rough.  
Sudden sunburst washes  
the horizon, the plain of  
duned grains dazzles and  
flashes as we are swallowed  
by the quickened current  
of swirling sands, fluid  
and thick.

Let's run away,  
you and me. Race  
of feet cutting grass,  
blending through trees.  
We cascade like dominoes,  
escaping into open pools  
of rippling velvet,  
slipping through the surface  
that erases our path.

Billows that catch and rise  
razored mist sliding into your  
eyes. Spiral with me down this  
sudden path, escape the blazing  
wrath that heats your back, melting  
your wings into droplets of wax  
that rain to earth, swept  
by wind, drowned by streams,  
caught in reams of black  
abyss.

To taste the undefined  
confines of an infinite race,  
and chase the slippery dreams  
we long to embrace,  
finding ourselves entwined  
in the most savage grace,  
as we seek the sweet silence  
of unending space.

I know you well,  
I even know the sound of your cough.  
I wrote you a song,  
Well, I didn't write it,  
I traced it, but  
Dirty water  
Spilled and it made the ink  
Run down the page  
As if the words of the song were  
Crying.

I knew you well,  
I even knew the touch of your hand.  
I wrote you on my heart  
Well, I didn't write you  
I traced you, but  
Dirty pasts  
Spilled and made the love  
Run down my body  
As if your words were  
Making me  
Cry.

At the clinic, on the edge  
for those who are willing to go that far,  
extreme measures are taken to cure the ailing...

Tomorrow, parted and creased  
twisted straight again,  
commencement of dimming sheets drawn above the circulators,  
their maps ending here, updated yesteryear  
before you checked in...

Welcome!

Our halls are here for you to get lost in,  
our whores are here for you to lose the self in.

...the keepers might parade before your door,  
and when will they drop your knees,  
circumnavigating your bed  
stumbling on the pores desperate for a breath  
ushered in by a milked  
maiden, squeezed  
clean, when  
you dream.

We have this machine, to monitor you,  
even when you sleep,  
we'll creep in

Suffocated by this care, she's too much cleavage to fall in,  
you're too fragile to fly, to scream, to be unhooked from  
your monitoring machine.

Sleep now,  
fall down, drip  
drip, you'll see them prance along crest  
to crest, up your chest, they'll knock  
but we'll

wear off as your mouth  
opens...  
sorry, visiting hours are over.

Hurried down corridors,  
see mouths speaking eyes,  
listening hands lend a god's ear to our procedure here,  
unorthodox is the least to concern you,  
its intensity you should fear, you could run, but we control your knees  
you could reach,  
but we've stripped our tongues of feel.  
...help me...  
we have  
you are in god's hands now,  
under watch.

Did you see? The many lines fishing the seas fatherless...  
the eggs drying, the shells leaving an impression of having been here,  
and revisiting there every season,  
but we've run into each other less often,  
so who do you stay with these days?

It's comfortable to hear a breath in the room with me...he exclaims to the  
nurse,  
about the man behind the drape dividing their room in two halves,  
someone is joining him for a slice of life today,  
a bite of hope, distilled with some of that dope-y elixir,  
the kind that keeps you going.  
Where...?  
...I am hoping to check out some day...he confides beyond the drape.

Your daily regiment of uppers, downers, and adjusters is being served.  
Don't  
be stubborn, open your eyes! Watch them, listen and talk to them,  
they can't wait to respond, compliment,  
complement, and bond.  
Me...I came here to document,  
and turned out ailing.

There must be some sort of joke, because they are all laughing. Sitting, on the floor, squatting, kneeling, cross-legged on the gray carpet. They look at each other and laugh. Raucous bursts of laughter and tiny, bubbly giggles pop in the air above them. They don't let me in on it. The joke is theirs. The rest of us are left to look on and wonder. Left to wonder what could possibly be so funny at 10:47 on a Tuesday morning. It just might be the most depressing day of the week. But they don't care. Tuesday means nothing to them. Days aren't days. They don't look forward to Friday nights nor do they dread Monday mornings. They dread nothing in fact. Because nothing has taken form yet to them. They do not know routine and they do not know monotony. So they can sit there on the gray carpet at 10:47 on a Tuesday morning and laugh. And I am there to ponder why they are laughing and why I am left wondering.

They don't even speak my language. So really, how could I get the joke, if there was a joke at all. They keep all the secrets to themselves. A secret society of sorts, separated, separated from the rest of us. Some of them know our words, but few and far between. The words they know are invariably twisted and tangled and mistaken. Mostly they just cry out to us in wails which we are left to interpret ourselves. I can't tell how they speak to each other, it's not through spoken words, but they all seem to understand. Their universal language takes the form of colors and crayons and paint. Fingers dive into bowls of green and yellow paint ferociously and swarm all over the table, occasionally hitting the paper. Swirls and squares make them smile. Showing off to each other, and to me, their creations. Little gods sitting at the table, creating new worlds with help from Crayola.

Moving from the table they return to the gray carpet and make their way to the corner of the room. Each takes a book in hand and studies it. Intensely. They devour books. Literally. They taste them. They smell them. Inside their mouths tongues embrace the words written on the page. Reading, to them, is a multi-sensory experience. They can't get enough of the book. They like to listen to the words, they love to examine the pictures, they crave the taste of the paper. I wonder to myself – maybe if I ate Dickens, the way they did, I might enjoy him better. By the way they are squealing and carrying on I think I just might have to try that. I pick up one of the books and begin to read aloud. A rabbit says goodnight to everything around him and then he closes his eyes and he dreams. No one dies, no one cries, no one leaves; it's just a story about a bunny on his way to bed. It's a simple story, and it's the same one I read to them yesterday and the day before, and I'll probably read it to them tomorrow as well. They don't seem to mind though, they like the repetition. One takes the book from my hand and puts it in his mouth. If I wasn't going to put it to good use, he would. And the devouring began anew.

Outside they inspect everything. I groan about the intense heat of the midday sun. They don't flinch. Maybe they don't feel the oppressive humidity, they must not, because in this weather we all drag, but they are still bouncing.

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"Embracing the Ant"

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As if they were released from their cages, they fly around outside. Kicking balls back and forth, taking forever to climb up the slide only to be down in a flash of their bright eyes, they roam the yard. It doesn't seem that big to me, and I wonder how they never bore of this same patch of grass, the same box of sand, day after day. But they don't. They find adventure everyday, everywhere. They seek it out – in the slide, in the sandbox, in the pail of water – each holds an experience for them. A squeal pierces the heavy air. It came from the sandbox. They all run toward the direction of the squeal, a tribal call, beckoning them to gather. An ant has been discovered. One of the countless little creatures that annoy most of us has been found crawling along the side of the sandbox. The enthused crowd cheers on the black bug as they watch him trudge through the sand. The discoverer reaches out his hand toward the sand and watches the alien form climb his pudgy finger. Embracing the ant, his eyes light up with pure amazement. Those watching intently break into a chorus of screams and laughter. A true discoverer among them! A new life form, there in his palm. Even Columbus could not stake claim to something this grand. They delight in its color, the rich blackness, the delicacy of its many legs, the protruding antennas, the disproportionately large eyes. This does not look like them, and it does not look like us, so what could it be? His hand moved apprehensively toward his open mouth. Closer and closer to the gaping, drooling mouth. And then there was more screaming, but this time it was coming from me. Running toward him, I swooped down and swatted the ant from his head. The bug disappeared into the sea of sand below. It was gone. Most likely dead. I was a hero. I saved him from what surely would have been a most unpleasant experience. Pairs of eyes stared up at me with disgust and disbelief. Not a hero, their eyes told me – a murderer. I killed their discovery. The ant was theirs – not mine. They found it, worshipped I, and in one moment I took the amazement away from them. I walked away slowly; I could not face their eyes. And I wondered to myself when it was exactly that I stopped embracing the ant. When did such an intricate form of life become a nuisance to me? And why did I have the right to take their appreciation away from them? The humidity bore down on me, or maybe it was guilt. Whatever it was, it bore down hard and straight into my soul.

I wasn't like them. I hardly understood them at all. They laughed at unknown things, they communicated in an indecipherable language, they had a strange way of interpreting books, they cherished insects. And as I lay them all down for their afternoon nap, I wished more than anything in the world that I could be one of them.

Laughing at 10:47 on a Tuesday.  
Creating worlds with crayons.  
Devouring knowledge.  
Embracing the ant.

Gazing through the dusty glass  
her rough fingertips run over dry wood  
and her eyes set with a blank stare  
somewhere beyond the trees.

Paint chips splinter from the sill to the floor  
as her handsome hand  
brushes upward  
and presses against transparency;  
her wrist flips and her palm pushes the window away  
revealing the inside to  
the outside world.

From secret depths she  
pulls on air and lures a  
long breath into her lungs.  
Filled with the sweetness  
she raised from her seeds,  
lips seal  
eyes close  
and she holds it in.

Softly, silently, slowly  
she releases,  
revived air  
she calmly shares  
brave and alone.

goodbye scraped sky  
yellow cabs blow by  
less and less frequently  
as stoplights cease and 9A  
becomes the westside highway.  
somewhere around chelsea piers  
i pause briefly and watch the glint on the hudson  
and the narrow streets that feed into the bustling  
land i'm leaving  
land i'm learning to appreciate  
slowly but surely,  
like a turtle.  
everytime i come here something reminds me of a Paul Simon song  
like the bon vivant diner  
and the cobalt blue writing scrawled across the subway walls.  
and everytime i leave here  
i wish i was homeward bound.  
but bound for home i am not,  
and i return cocky and overconfident  
"fools," said i, "you do not know."  
i saw the statue of liberty  
while sitting in saturday evening traffic  
on the brooklyn bridge.  
i've been to brooklyn only once.  
the street that i remember is joralemon st.  
and i remember the face of the lady at mcdonalds  
when i tried to walk out without paying.  
i've been on the bge, the lie, through the lincoln and holland tunnels  
i've been down west end ave, i've eaten on bleeker street, and  
i want to write a screenplay called "assault in battery park."  
i came here torn and slightly beaten and now  
buildings blow by me in the rearview  
and sad clowns slip away behind me offering balloons, green and purple  
and my nose bleeds red like a rock star's  
and subway steam clouds my vision  
and i push my way through midtown traffic thinking  
i was born too late,  
i was born too late.



As I struggled to perceive the lights that  
Light the night  
from every rooftop and apartment  
I see different lives cubed by  
fluorescence or maybe even a lampshade's  
comforting softness or maybe even  
a candlelit beside.  
becoming one in the outline of a mecca.  
Picture my reflection and separation from  
(and consistency with)  
a movement not found under any  
bulb of resolution...I guess  
it is not until we emit ourselves through  
the daylight of reality that we can  
stumble upon, embrace, or find the synthetic, the veil-  
whatever we want it to be  
and so I waver in this moment of  
awe upon the stretch of patterned dots, cubes,  
some framed and sympathetic, some angry and telling  
this flickering magnification puts me in my place  
a precious nocturnal (fragile) switch  
-anxious of it supernatural circuitry-

Good intentioned,  
I left to write.  
My door I failed  
To lock up tight.  
The end result  
Of this sad plight,  
Is me  
Less a key  
Out in the night.

He wrote a play about a guy like  
himself who falls for a girl named Lorelei  
his last night in Dublin

He held auditions and she  
walked in first  
so she got the role  
and of course he fell for her  
—a new muse for the fortnight

and wrote her a poem after the show  
about a guy like him writing a girl like  
her a love note  
and called it  
love note

after two weeks of awkward encounters  
he said farewell with a wooden tulip and  
a message in a bottle:

You were expecting an ear instead?

She won't get it, he lamented  
nobody's there with me

He walked his friend's dogs for a week  
and a bottle of whisky

They were halfway around the Cowhorn  
Creek pond—

an old man was lying on  
the crumbling foundation of the Potter mausoleum  
with a small radio beside him blasting

MEGADEATH

and an empty snifter in his hand

The man rose to his feet to ask  
him a question—

"Pardon me...are those Yorkshire  
terriers?"

"No" He was aghast as he passed by  
"One's a doberman. The others are Rottweiler"

"Oh," the man said with the look of  
defeat on his face

Just at the dip in the road  
where the shrubs tower high with neglect—

he laughed  
and wished he could go back  
to the man and laugh for him

My man, Dan has just grown ill  
sitting on a window sill  
picking apart a chocolate cake  
his sister, Suzy helped to make  
that afternoon 'round 2 or 3  
as Spot chased Dinah up a tree  
and Paul Revere rode into town  
in fancy shoes and matching gown;  
a mourning veil across his face  
of autumn leaves  
and purple lace.

DEEP SENSATION

VIBRATION

THE DARK OF NIGHT

PUSH- PULL... FIGHT

FLIGHT

ANOTHER RHELM

ANOTHER FILM

EXPOSED

UNCLOTHED

POUNGING

WAVES POUNGING

MY HEART POUNGING

THEM DRUMS- DROWNING

MY VOICE

DROWNING- MY SOUL

UNRAVELED

UNROLLED

UNTOLD

THE STRENGTH, UPHOLD

THIS FACADE, THIS POWER

EVERY MINUTE EVERY HOUR

DO YOU HEAR ME CRY- DO YOU SEE MY LAUGHTER?

HEAR MY VOICE

EXPOSED... UNCLOTHED.

During the grind,  
subdued in between the gears, rolled,  
dolloped up efficiently,  
hurried along the production line,

chime of a surname, ringing  
as soundly in chaste halls, as the headlined  
sun-rise,  
the closing sun-set.

Shove the chauvinist into old age,  
cynicism,  
jargon of some toothless grandfather,  
you'll bury, him and

his critical ponderings on a porch,  
that's fire-side heat,  
dissolved.

Girls will be girls.

Who needs girls in today's modernity –  
a mother to slowly rob you of comfort,  
while your father cheats on his taxes...

Taking a sliver away, thieves in nun attire  
running hastily with the girls on their shoulders,  
through fields of willing bachelors,  
fibrous lines connected to the potential of loading  
the down sensually,  
but in the comfort of a cradle,

and boys will be boys,  
with their wondrous toys of deduction,  
of solcing the arc's bend over  
any chasm,  
of applying potential,  
and resolving sufficiently  
to fit the boundaries –  
inefficiency is such a waste

in the eyes of any program.

Tremble when barked at...

"I'll go take my supper." I said aloud to the stuffy, dead air of my bedroom. I had been thoughtfully reading some awful drivel, congratulating myself the whole time for pursuing knowledge in such a way, when I reached the profound decision to eat. The sound of this proclamation surprised and struck me; my own voice seeming to boom out and then, just as soon as it appeared, the thick air that filled my chamber eradicated the sound. Recovering from the shock of hearing my words, it having been a number of days since I last spoke and an even greater number since I had left my room, I made ready for my trip.

After having readied myself, thus closing my book and turning the light out, I exited the grand estate that was my tenement. But just then tragedy struck; I had no place to go. In all of my excitement, that being brought on by all this talking and movement, I had forgotten to plan my destination. Despairingly I turned and would have returned to my studies if not for a wonderful twist of fate. A gust of wind tore the hat away from my head. But what luck I had from there; the hat landed in a large puddle of filthy rainwater. Now you may be wondering how a soiled hat could lead me down a brilliant path to dinner. Allow me to further lengthen my story, as I am sure you have no pressing matters.

In the distant past I worked in a library, this is a documented fact. The owner of the library, I shall not divulge his name, did not think the librarian and her cronies adequately performed their duties. He thought the staff lazy and belligerent. Thus I was hired to enter the library, under the guise of an average patron, and rearrange the books. This gave the owner an obvious oversight to call to the staff's attention. Oh how he enjoyed yelling at those people. But no matter, I could have just as easily told you that I worked in a library and would oftentimes become soiled by all the dust in some of the less frequented sections. But as I said before, you have no pressing matters. This still leaves the matter of how I was led to dinner by the memory of soiling my clothes, which was, in turn, brought on, by the soiling of my hat. I offer this rundown not as an insult to you, my fine and intelligent reader, but to the other, less fine and less intelligent, readers.

Let us continue. When I would arrive home my ex-wife, who was then employed as my wife, would berate me and demand to know why I could not keep clean in my daily activities. Her words were harsh and cruel but I was even crueler. I would lock myself in the bathroom and threaten suicide. I told her that she was right and I was an incompetent buffoon who could not stay clean. Eventually one of us would break; I would come out of the bathroom and retire grumpily to bed or she would cry outside the door and beg me to come out. This was, for a few months, a daily event on every one of my workdays but eventually we began skipping days. It was then that our marriage began to fall apart; we just didn't care what the other said or did anymore.

But this brings up memories whose statue of limitations has not yet run out so let us return to my soiled hat. I went to a restaurant, after retrieving my

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## "The Soup"

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hat and cleaning it to the best of my abilities, which my ex-wife and I would dine at after one of our spats had ended in her apologizing to me. Now, dear reader, you can see just why the combination of a muddy puddle and my hat led me to dinner. If you cannot see why then you are daft and I suggest you stop reading now.

The eatery in question specialized in Italian cuisine. It was quite good and I enjoyed it. On my arrival I was seated quite quickly. I recognized no one there and no one there recognized me. The waitress made her way to my table and offered me some wine. I declined, instead opting only for some tomato soup. You may think it strange to go into a fine restaurant, especially an Italian one, and only order tomato soup; but it is not. I knew they had the tomatoes and I knew their chef was excellent so I felt obliged to order whatever I desired. In my travels I've noticed often that people will accept what is offered rather than demanding what they want, even if they are paying. There is nothing I can do to change this except order tomato soup when I want tomato soup.

And, as wished, I was brought tomato soup. But no sooner had the waitress walked away than noticed in my soup a fly. I could not possibly consume this. Flies are filthy creatures. While my children are enjoying the soft white sands of a beach, a fly's children are enjoying excrement. And they are not even selective about it! That is what I find most outrageous. Excrement is excrement to a fly, regardless of source. No, I would not eat this soup.

I called to the waitress and informed her of the trouble. She frowned and told me to wait one moment while she fetched someone higher up to deal with this problem. I did not understand why this had to be taken to the top. The girl should have simply brought me a new bowl of soup. Instead a man returned, introduced himself, and asked what the problem was. I do not recall his title or name because I ignore introductions from those whose path I will not likely cross again. For me, people only exist in my mind. Once someone has left the area, they have died. Their life does not go on for me. I am sure it is the same way for you. But back to the matter at hand. The man had asked me what the problem was, to which I said, "There is a fly in my soup. Look for yourself. It's right there." He looked and replied,

"Forgive me but I do not see it. If it is your intention to get a free meal by claiming you see a fly, be warned. I am not amused by this scam."

The man scowled at me so harshly that I just wanted him to leave. I sheepishly said that perhaps I had been mistaken. The man smiled snidely and left me to my soup. I coldly ate the soup, after pushing the fly out of my meal and onto the brim of the bowl. While I was eating, the fly stood up and, for the rest of my meal, kept repeating,

"Excrement is excrement, really."

I don't wear hats anymore.



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## Thatcher Woodley

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My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

There is a bustling busy around the place  
and I find it quite charming

If life were as simple as Confucius said,  
then why do I see pained faces

If life were easy like pumpkin pie  
would it really be worth living?

And as I go on with my simple life  
a brick of reality hits me

While carefree and easy seem soothing for me  
others, not so much.

And even while striving with perfect strides  
simplicity will cloud over

After all...

My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

---

My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

I can't understand what I should feel,  
All I know is I'm scared

Being in a feud with someone you love  
Is not what you'd call easy

Forgiveness and hugs are the way to go  
but you know it's not that simple

It is what you feel that allows for forgiveness,  
and that I just don't have

But what if you don't get it back in time  
or what if it just leaves

And you are placed in an emotional void  
with nothing to do but say,

My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

I feel like this is a wake up call  
time to smell the coffee

Sooner or later my eggs will get cold  
and I will stay in bed

Instead, I will lay there under a sea of white  
hoping for a spider to cross it

Somehow I'd manage to fall out of bed  
and make my way downstairs

But even as I would remake my food  
Something just doesn't seem right

After all we were all out of eggs  
and the cat drank the milk

So I would eat my food in silence  
thinking "Don't be late."

I would close my eyes and find myself,  
running to catch a train

But all I can think as I trip and fall  
is the following phrase...

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Thatcher Woodley • cont'd.

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My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

---

My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

Stubbornness seems to run in our family  
And so he refused to die

But Father like son I did not move  
And I did not want to cry

Yes, I suppose I wanted to leave  
but somehow it wasn't there

So I just sat alone in the crowd  
staring blankly at shoes

If you can't understand these words I write  
Then I really don't care

They are for me and only me  
I just happen to share

The only think I want you to know  
Is the simple and easy phrase...

My Father got hit by a car today and I,  
I am in South Station.

I walked to your house in the rain  
to deliver my love note—  
tucked safely away in my left breast pocket.

I stood in your doorway dripping.

When we spoke, I never let on to you  
that my heart rest gently in your palm unopened.

You said goodbye to the rain.

When I stopped to smoke beneath an awning,  
I touched your photograph in my pocket,  
my last duchess.

On the base of a column four pennies whispered.  
Three pennies were face down.

One was face up.

I walked home through the falling ice  
but your eyes gave me a new chill.

My first reaction to taking the offer  
Was that it may someday mean more than the paint,  
That when you were gone I would have been glad  
Just to have been there, whiling away afternoons  
That have since passed away, just as you.  
My next thought was how silly I am,  
Always trying to see too deeply, sentimental,  
Maybe I was afraid to see  
But scraper in hand, and old clothes  
I set out, mostly shine but sometimes rain,  
And got up close to the boards, to the eaves,  
And saw where it was strong beneath the surface,  
And where it was weak, breaking.  
I saw how you were weak, how your hands shook  
Setting up the lawn chair where you would watch me  
I wondered how it could be, when the grass was so green  
And the sun so bright, and us here where we'd been all along  
Sharing ice water and idle chatter - companionship,  
Like old friends,  
How would the paint ever be on? How could the autumn come?  
And how could I be leaving, and you be leaving us?  
I never asked.  
And the paint stroked the clapboards like heartbeats,  
Fortifying that house for the future, and you fortified me,  
And what did I do? I finished, somehow,  
With the painting, with that summer, with high school,  
And so moved on. And everything being in order,  
You moved on too in your way that October, as the leaves turned,  
Without you, on the old maples in the yard.  
And so as I had once fleetingly supposed, I am since thankful  
For that sweat and that turpentine, and the long ladder to climb,  
And for how you sat there, and smiled,  
And told me what you did not say.

So now comes the time of year when

Everybody

Celebrates the beauty of love.

Me, the one who has not known of it,

I have come to Resent this joyousness

The debilitating and manic

Obsessiveness.

In honor of something which most people take

For granted.

Granted, I am not one to speak, but the nonsensical

PDA only satisfies those who wish to reaffirm their

Affection for each other.

Let us make out in front of a crowd.

There is no bedroom close enough to separate us.

Bedroom, which contains our love for each other, or

Closet.

Should hold within it the joining of two minds.

Those minds.

The minds of others generate jealousy

I have found it ironic that deepest love is to be had by

those who have no reason to affirm it in public.

True Love

Confused Love

Conflicting Love

The Love which comes from a constant and mutual understanding of another.

The Love that transcends the hormones and the appearance of the

One-Night Stands and the jealous rages.

The Love which grows  
Stronger  
And is affirmed by a random  
Separation at a party.

Not weaker.

Not Love for the Mother.  
In Oedipus' reckoning  
Or as Freud would have us  
Believe.

In the one that will touch you  
As you have never been touched before.  
In the day which will come  
As you lose your fear of small-talk,  
It soon becomes Big-Talk  
Of plans and a future

The Love that poets speak of no longer being an  
Illusion.

The Gold that people speak of no longer seen as  
Pyrite.

The personal diamond-in-the-rough there to  
Complete.

Herself,

You are at the same time ecstatic with the  
Mathematically erroneous sum of

One plus

One equals

One.

FETTERED IN THE DARKNESS  
SILENCE LIES- BESIDE ME  
LIKE THE WAVES BREATHING, LULLING  
A REFUGE  
A SANCTUARY OF PEACEFUL SLEEPING EVASION  
NIGHT BRINGS FORTH COMFORT  
TO STAND TRIAL- AT BEST  
    SITING...PATIENTLY WAITING  
FOR SILENCE TO BREAK  
    TO SHATTER  
    TO SCREAM  
POISON  
COCKTAILS- ALMOST DISSOLVE THE LINE OF  
    WHITE CHALK  
    NEVER TO BE DISRUPTED  
SOMEHOW- THEY BOTH BECOME SILENCE  
    OF FORBIDDEN  
    SECRET  
  
    CRIES.



Thou comest on a summer day,  
And always to my gaze thou art dear.  
Thou followest a gentle rain in thy own special way  
When the sunlight between the clouds doth appear.

In thy majestic arch thou cradlest the earth.  
Thou bedazzle the sky with thy multi-colored hue.  
Birds fly to greet thee in happiness and mirth.  
Thou art mimicked on the earth in beads of dew.

What do the colors reveal about thee?  
Can one read the truth from thy rays?  
What power dost thou endow  
To those who upon thee gaze?

The clouds or sun move to dominate the sky,  
The fragile colors begin to wane.  
Thou silently comest and thou silently die,  
Gone is the miracle of the summer rain.

There are infrequent times I too show my colors,  
Much more than can be gathered through seeing.  
What they reveal may enlighten others  
About me and the mystery of my being.



THE IDOL

2000

Visual

Arts



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"Untitled"

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“My Hiro”

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"Untitled"

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"Untitled"







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“Untitled”

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Steve Ayers

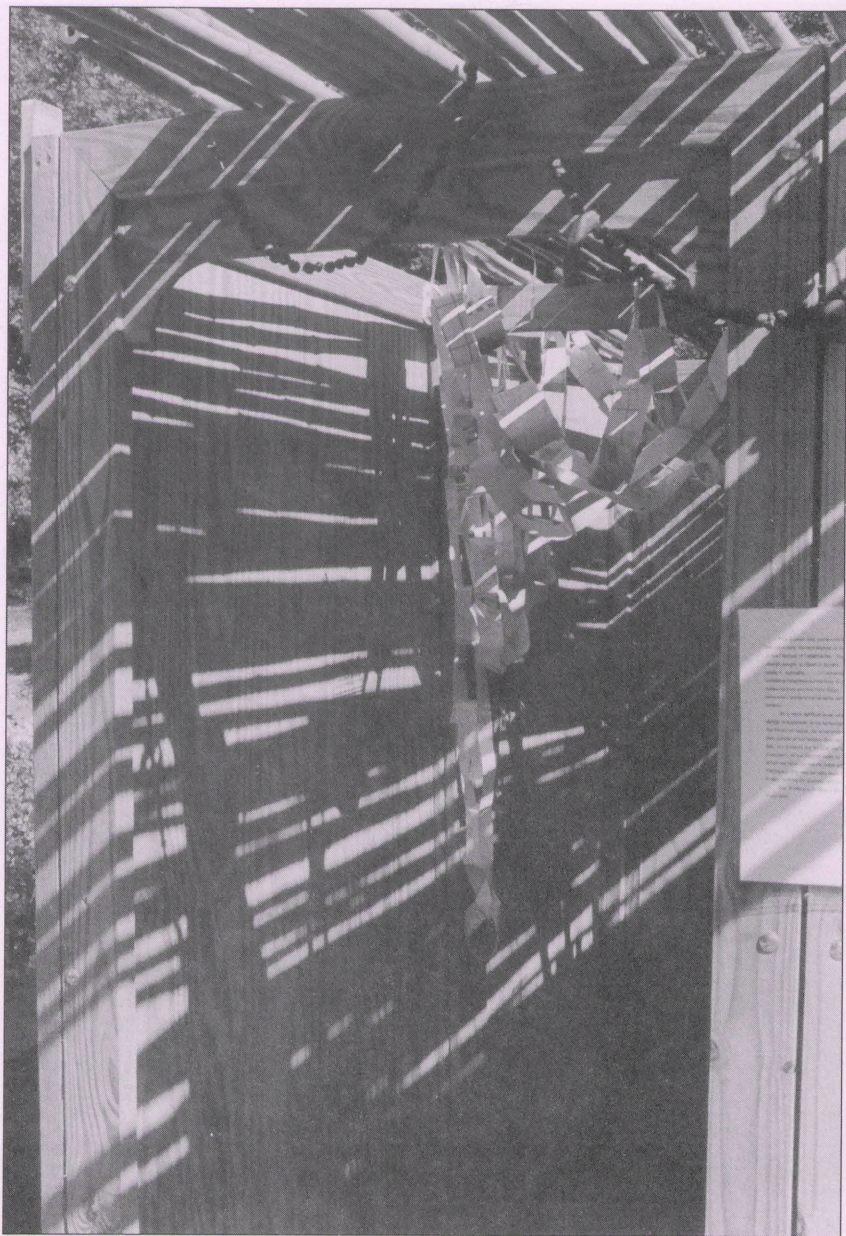
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"Pinebush"

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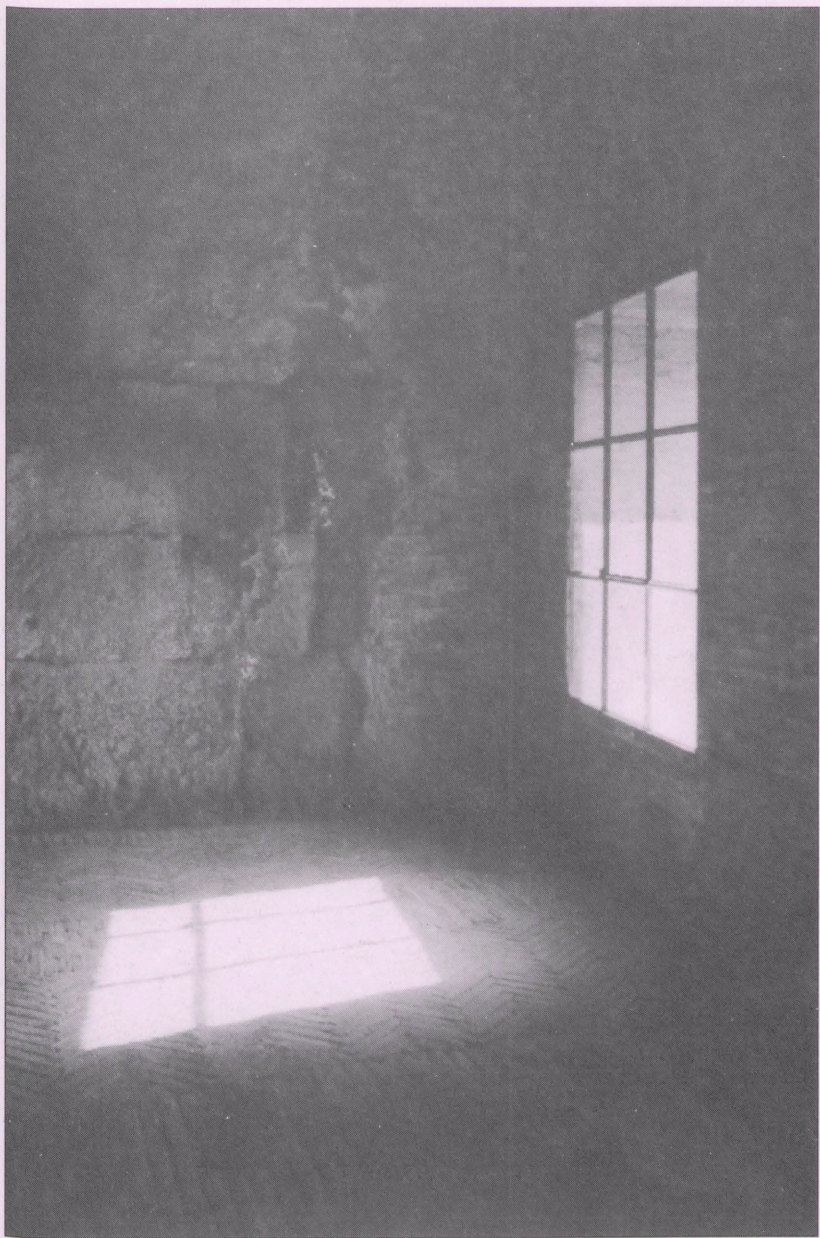
"Geisha"



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"Palazzo Vecchio Firenze"

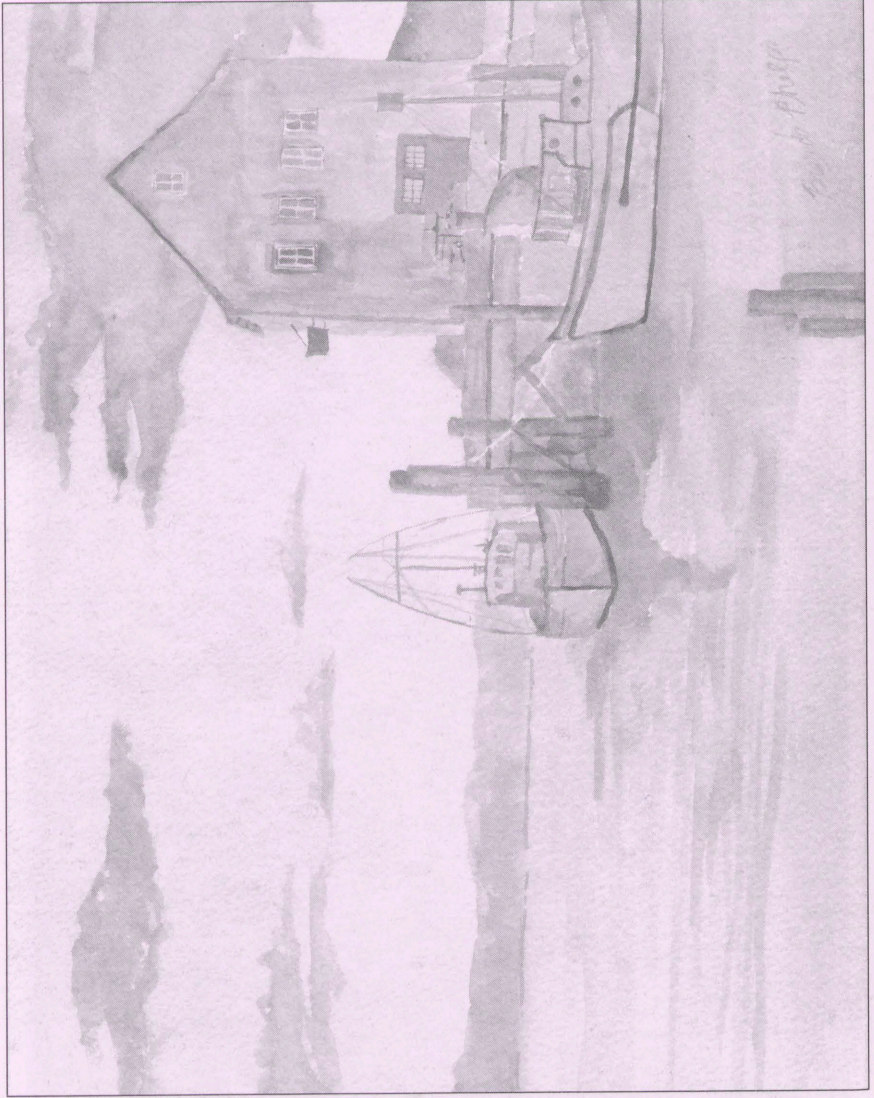
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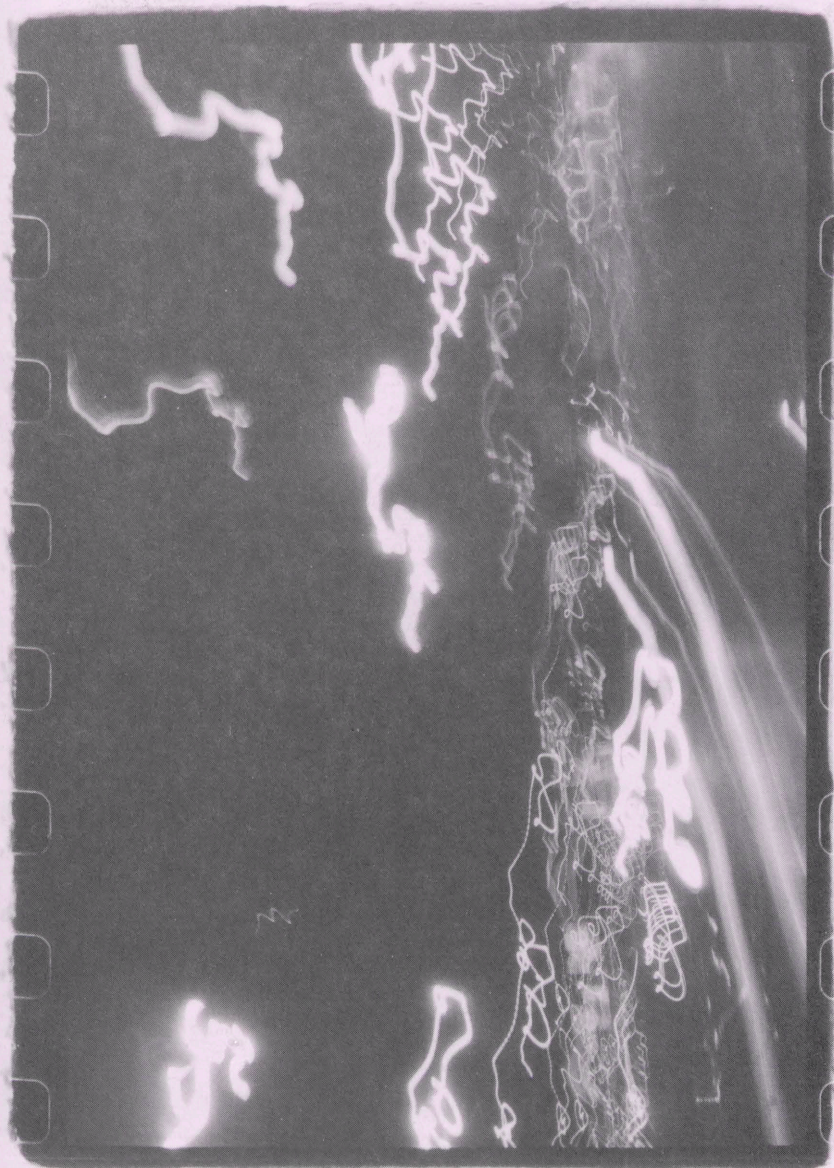


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"Light Intruder"

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"Untitled"

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“The Kiss”

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"Frozen Style"

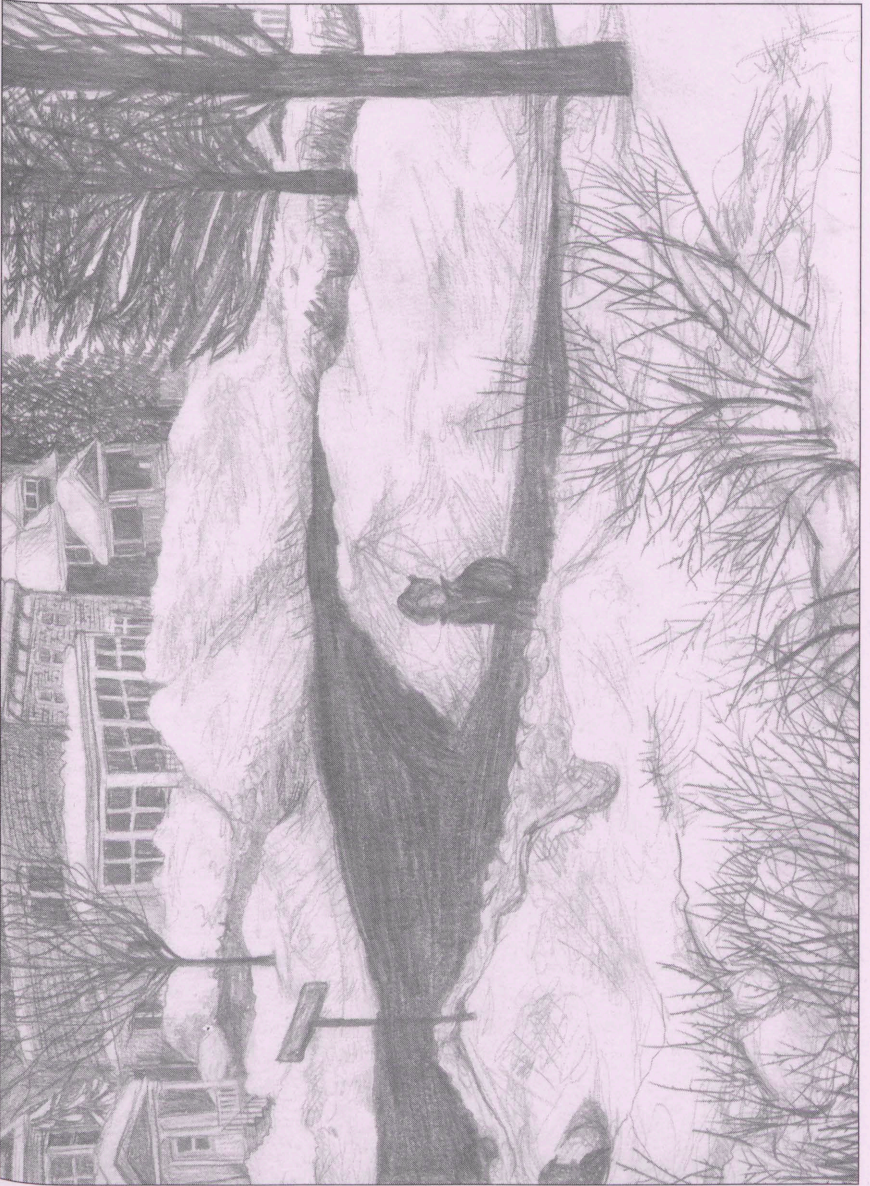
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"Grandma's Aloe"

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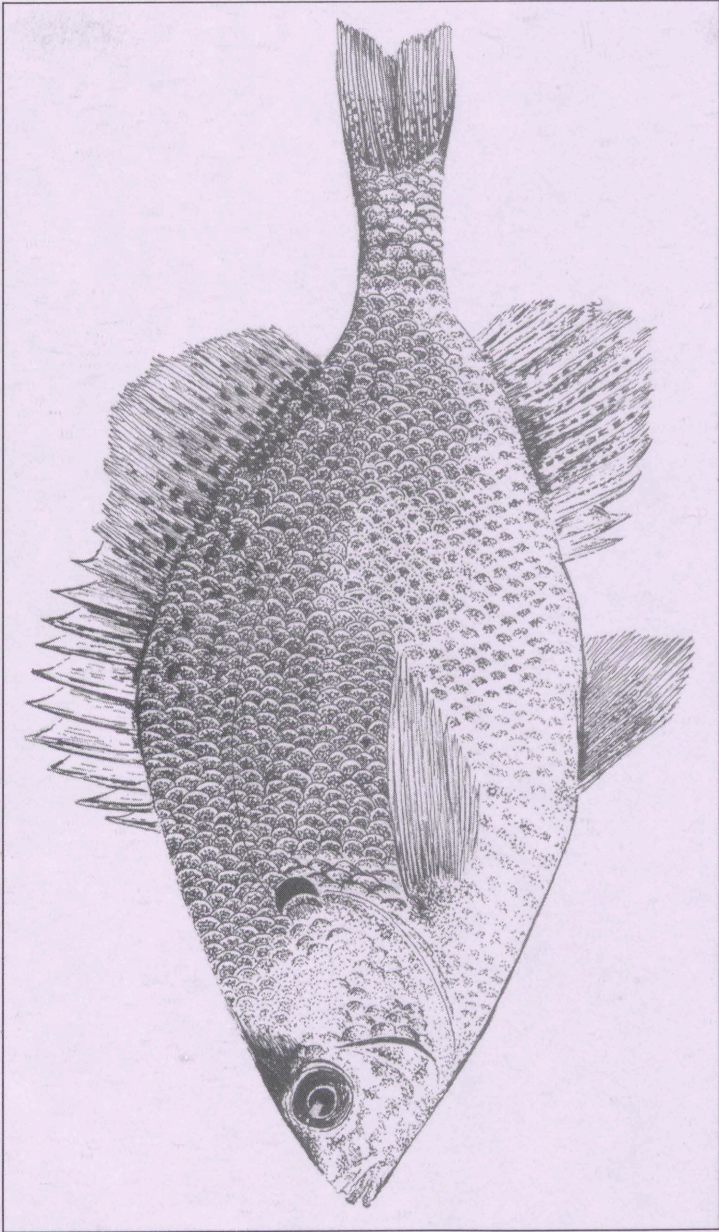


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“Winter in Saratoga Neighborhood”

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"Pumpkinseed Sunfish"

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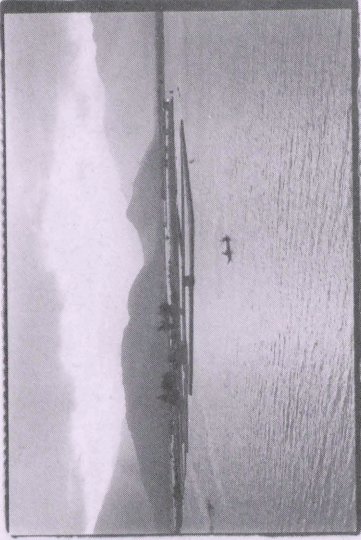
"Untitled"

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"State Street"





*Nha Trang*

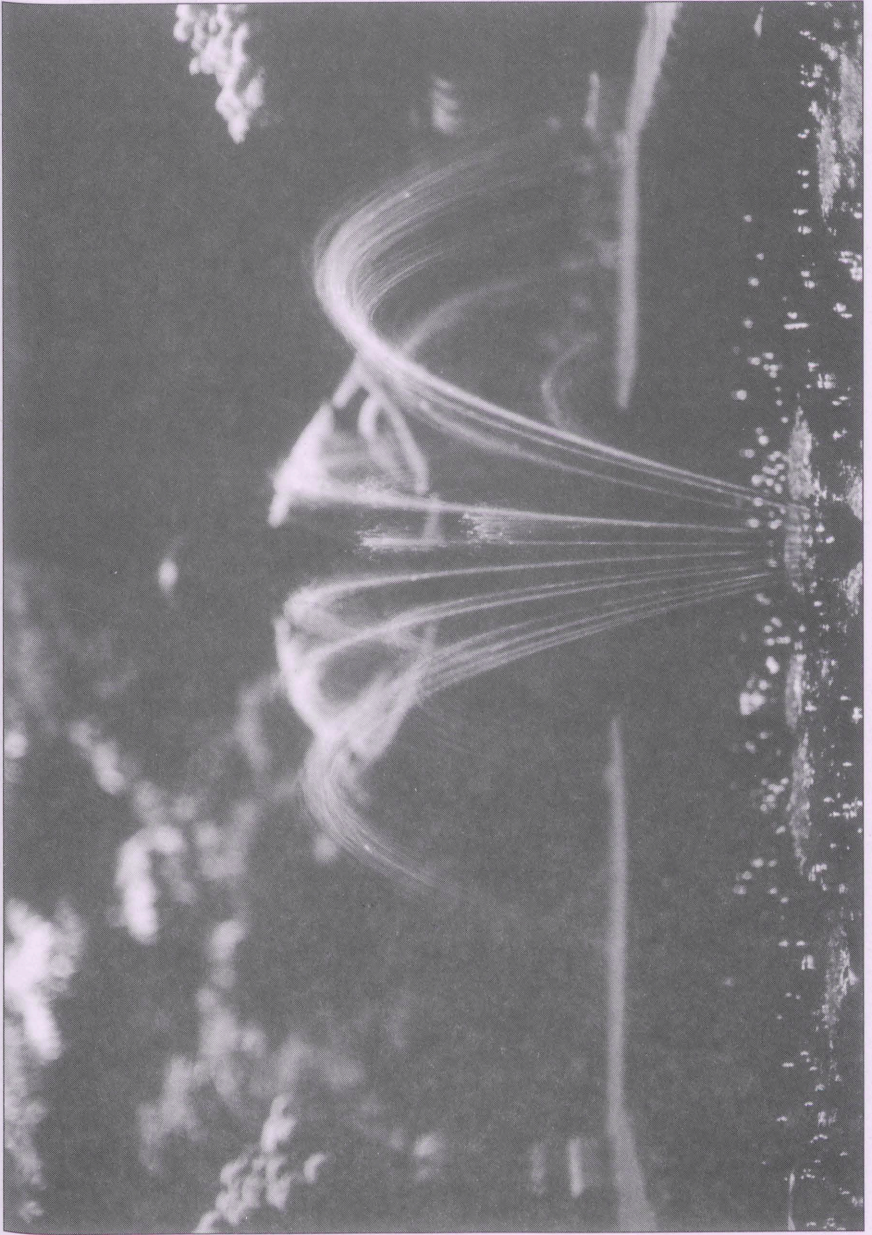


*Việt Nam*



*through the eyes of a native*

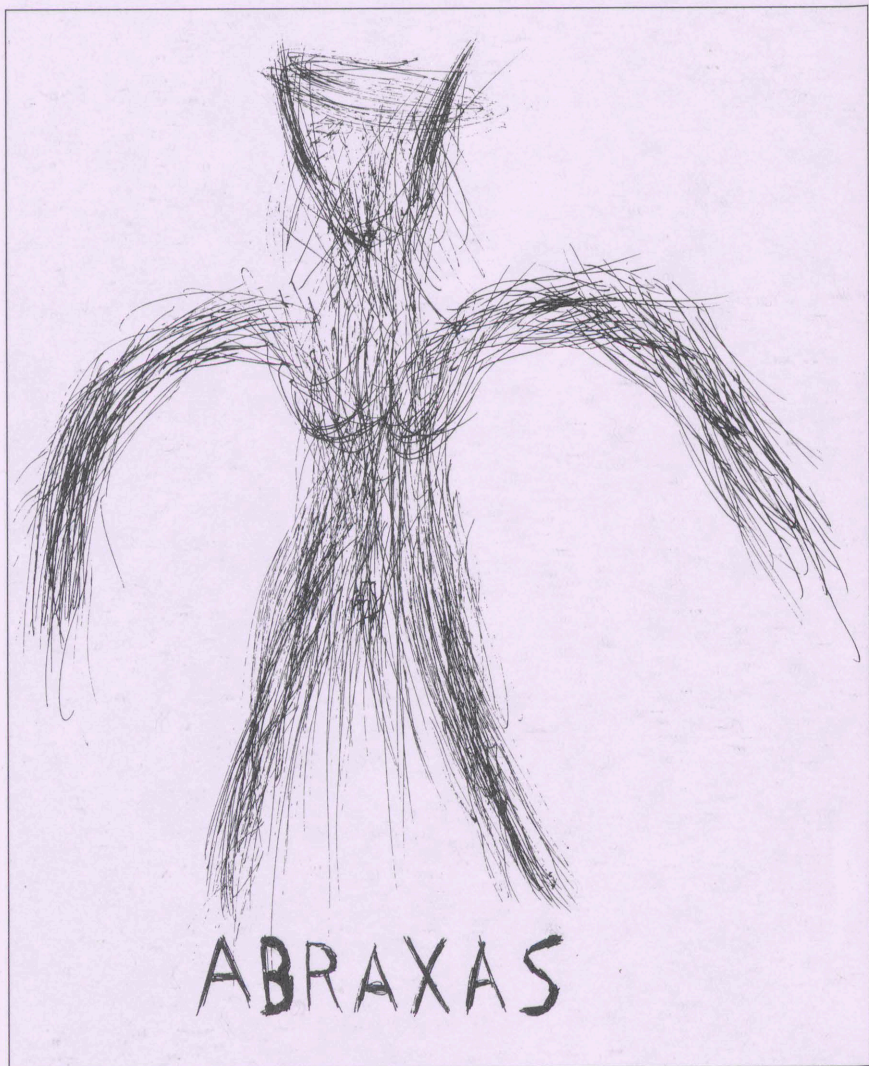




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*“...of the vacant and the bored”*

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"ABRAXAS"

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THE IDOL

2000

Literary

Part 2

Having coagulated on the high,  
He slowly descends from the heavens.  
Reluctant in leaving his comfort  
Zone which hears nor sees no evil there.  
But dripping drops whisper in the ear  
Foretelling of puddles plagued with scum  
And mold and toxins; no breath would dare.  
Luck, some contest, pulled him from the mass.  
And tumble, fall, scream down; navigate,  
Young lad of vision. See your new light,  
Touch the sky that bellows past your face.  
Calm yourself, grab only your trunks and  
Springboard into the crystal water.  
I promise they are clear and waiting.

You can, you know, bathe in the moonlight.  
You can when swimming under the summer moon,  
On an August night, in the mirror of water.  
Against your skin, Its silk touches more than just your body.  
A white globe ripples and spreads  
Throughout the liquid darkness.  
Move through It. It's a tangible moon, soft and welcoming.  
The wetness, the fluidity of the water, beckons.  
The celebration of the night.

Holding you, healing you, It tells stories of the times before,  
Millions of years and thousands of sorrows have filled its waters,  
You are just one, they were just the others,  
Floating between Earth and Sky,  
Past and Present,  
Like one light in the ocean of stars above.  
Saturating the soul with Its powers of rejuvenation  
Let It slide over your senses while you float  
Among the tiny creatures that whisper against Its top,  
Lurk deep along Its bottom.

Child of the moon. Child of the waer.  
From the beginning of time,  
It was there.  
Before us, before we were who we are  
Smooth and encompassing, millions of tiny hands  
Support the weight of your body, your troubles  
Holding you, comforting you, as It has done so many times  
Before.

Nourishing powers of the water

Calm your thoughts and subdue your fears.

Of streets, and cars, and skyscrapers.

Unlike air even, the water leaves nothing untouched.

Swallow It.

Feel It inside your body.

Down It travels, and throughout It spreads.

It cleanses.

Until It reaches your soul, where It stops, where It meets, where It learns.

About your loves and losses, sorrows and joys.

Omniscient, It knows.

It comforts, It speaks.

Listen to the water.

Listen to its promises. Trust in them.

What does it want from you?

What can you possibly give in thanks?

For all It has done, and all It will do,

It asks only for your return.

For your body within Its waters.

Silvery, white, and sparkling

Begging for an embrace.

Lead us into temptation.

Into swimming with the moon.

Wondering about the break  
between silver edges  
clouds are formed  
and fly so forth  
and so on  
and forth

— The pull between  
opposing trends  
to land upon  
the runway strip  
of happiness —

cuz  
that's allowed  
in America

cuz  
it's a thing  
quite a possible  
thing to do

American dreamer  
stalled between  
the self and things  
of other sorts

The things  
These things  
The fallen thing's  
the thing  
The perfect thing's  
the thing  
The horrid thing's  
the thing



And every thing's  
the thing  
No one thing's  
the thing

— And not to get too deep or bored  
from flayed cliches  
in dreamers' minds  
whence thinkers part  
the ways to leave  
the humdrum of  
conundrum's way,

things just tend to pull a bit  
from time to time  
and day to day  
and some days  
more the more display  
and some days  
less the less —

dreamers prance on sanity's door  
cuz the world's not bored  
cuz the world's replaced  
with novel things of  
men and boys  
of  
girls and women  
chicks and toys  
and players,  
rapists of the world  
money, cartoons,  
taxidermy

Phin

Thank you for all you've given me  
You just don't affect me the way used to  
Oh, the limitations of the human brain  
It can't handle feeling good all of the time

It's really too bad  
I must move on now  
I must move on

You tempted my wallet  
You emptied my wallet  
You clogged my nose with bitterness  
Maybe even left your mark on my septum...

But I wouldn't take it all back.  
How could I? Remember the good times?  
You show no remorse, because I'll probably come back to you.  
You'll accept me with open arms.  
Why wouldn't you?  
You're heartless, You're not human  
You're a lifeless parasite that gives a little back  
Then a little less and a little less...  
Slowly approaching zero,  
But never reaching the asymptote... 1/EX

Get out of my system, GET OUT  
Goodbye, I have nothing more to say to you, bitch.

Goodbye...Until I come crawling back to you, on all fours  
Brain and wallet in my mouth.

I was sitting in my car, thinking. Or  
trying not to think.

I was sitting in my car listening to  
music. And  
watching all the normal people  
walking  
past the car where the  
weirdo sat  
playing  
soft music loudly.

I wondered, and  
I still wonder if they saw  
me there. The normal  
people. Did  
they think I was  
strange? Do  
they think I am  
strange?

I let the music beat  
on my brain,  
I pleaded with the notes  
to pulse through my body. To  
pound the pain out of my skull.  
I sat silently  
wishing  
that the tunes and notes and  
elements of song  
would soothe me.

The lyrics were about  
numbness.  
Maybe if the loud pounds  
would pound in my head  
I could feel them.  
Maybe my head would  
explode  
and the normal people  
would wipe my blood  
off the windshield.

As Miss Marple sat in the garden, watching the occupants of the house stroll around the garden in two's and three's – talking to each other pleasantly in normal tones – Freddie came up to her bench and plopped himself down on it disgruntledly.

"One just feels so trapped by it all," he exclaimed, "I mean, that Colonel chap is so obviously insane!"

Miss Marple replied, while watching the young nurse-companion for the Colonel pick mushrooms, "Well, what is insanity? Aren't we all insane in a way?"

"You mean like that nurse-companion who's in the papers for poisoning the family she worked for? Didn't she put poison in the mushrooms?"

"Exactly," said Miss Marple, and with a small smile she resumed her knitting.

\*\*\*

As Miss Marple entered the house that afternoon she noticed a package lying on the table. It reminded her of a package she had once seen in the house of a neighbor of hers – an abused wife.

When the family gathered for supper that night there was an uncomfortable silence before everyone began eating the mushroom soufflé. Instantly five unimportant characters in this novel fell down dead.

Miss Marple nodded – the idea was now a certainty.

\*\*\*

Later the police asked her if she knew who was the perpetrator.

"Why don't you see?" she exclaimed, "I had my suspicions that the Colonel had been married when he lived in India, and had abused his wife. I suspected that she had smuggled herself into this household, disguised as Freddie, and she had poisoned the mushrooms for revenge." She looked modest, "I did give her the idea, you know – otherwise she might never have acted."

"Why didn't you tell anyone?" asked the Police Sergeant.

"Well, one is never positive that one is right in one's suspicions – so much better to wait until the victims are dead so one can be sure."

\*\*\*

Later that day the Colonel married the nurse-companion.

Schenectady:

Take a drag and sit up  
                   in the dim light  
 listen to the hum of the halogen lamp  
 listen to the water bubble in the radiator

listen to 5:45 am  
 listen to minus ten degrees through the window  
       There's a sexy girl in  
           your bed right now  
           and maybe it would have been better  
           to have acted on those urges rather  
           than trying to speak about them

listen to 5:45 am  
 listen to the pressure release  
           from the radiator  
           You could be sexy if they let you  
       You could be the world's greatest lover  
           if they let you

listen  
       It's 10:45 on that volcano high above  
           the city far across the sea—and there  
           are a million people down below who don't  
           love you  
           But they would if they only  
                                   let you

listen  
       to sleeping crows  
           on tombstones

listen to an empty table in  
           the kitchen

It's 5:45 am  
       There's a sexy girl in your bed  
       There's an empty table in the kitchen  
       There's a sleeping crow in the graveyard  
       There's a volcano far across the sea  
       There's the world's greatest lover  
           somewhere inside you

listen but don't speak

listen to the sound of punctuation

Beside the continuity of wooden frames  
telling, glistening with Experience and Nostalgia  
witness to the enraptured conversations,  
recordings of the late nite jive talk  
observing above the priceless gazes  
between two components in the game of love.—  
Where are you going this evening?  
A foot rests upon its tainted, once gilded solidity  
escaping the homefront, drowning in  
Whatever's on tap;  
Your kid's gone mad, what's this country coming to?  
Politics and candidates; forbidden gestures  
anything is protocol- 'A drink they call loneliness'.  
The hunched figure's sorrow blamed on the truth,  
on the past, anchored by his life's true unconditional love.  
Yesterdays are reflected by the golden tarnish the  
young woman's handbag rests upon.  
Music transcending, dancing and liberty.  
Full moon rising outside—  
yet, the indoors are held by breaking news of  
daily fortunes, scores, war battles prolonged through  
a fever sustained by jazz piano and the stability of raw reality, cutting through  
the web of discussions above  
comforted and magnetized  
to the bar rail beneath its abstract glaze.

Banging away with her mishand-  
led toes  
As I watch the piano fall  
And, she, my friend  
The one who's always the crazy one  
Stomps on the keys with  
Giggles of delight  
While I watch the piano fall.  
Just before it crashes to the ground  
I catch it with my always  
Safe hands.  
Me, saving her,  
The piano.  
While I hold tight to the limbs of the tree  
And, she, my friend  
Swings freely from branch to branch  
While I hang on tightly with my every time  
Secure hands.

But, you know, eventually my hands will become stiff  
And my soul will be tired of holding on so tightly  
And I will fall  
While the music from the keys  
Dances with my falling limbs.



Sunlight fading. Long summer day  
Memories flowing through the haze  
Water lapping at our feet,  
Your arms around me, our lips meet.

The glassy lake reflects the light  
As daylights slipping into night.  
Your kiss still burning on my skin  
Pulls me close, invites me in.

Evening chill creeps over all  
As midnight skies begin to fall.  
Dreams of happiness came true  
Underneath these skies of blue.

Night spent searching for stars above  
As we began to fall in love.  
Emotions never felt before  
Left my heart longing for more.

Summer's final rays in sight  
Holding on with all our might.  
A far distant country for you to explore,  
This burning desire you could not ignore.

Knowing oceans would force us apart  
I gave you my soul, my love and my heart  
You kept them safe, tucked them away  
And thought of love most every day.

Desires grew as each day passed,  
Worried this would be the last,  
But our love blossomed gradually  
And you would soon return to me.

An omen  
A sign  
Must I continue to whine?  
A hope  
A prayer  
To believe it?  
Don't Dare!  
To promise of joy  
Yet expecting the worst.  
I think that soon,  
My patience will  
Burst.

Hear the pin drop on the other side of the world...

constantly keep an eye open, perhaps we'll cry out  
meal for an author.

Flatten that gut,  
in contained palms hides the pocket monster,  
the child fantasy that a dream friend will jump  
high at your bright joy,  
how high...? Until death's cusps brush your remaining strands.

Hearing a pin drop on the other side of the world is as  
far as I can run away...from that grip.

So I bore a hole, and rode the shaft  
arriving on the other side  
an old man stopped me before I got off.

Knee deep in blades,  
green surrounding from edge to edge of horizon, I trapped a  
desperation so rigidly, it had to  
escape with forging fury,  
shackling opinion within its own dubious walls,  
calling to, if Hamlet's not too caught up,  
the imprisonment of mothers too...

The old man says I have something to learn from  
him learning from me. I says to him,  
that's what they told me when I dug my hole,  
relentlessly they grabbed my shovel,  
grabbed my traveling sack and my wearing mane,  
told me that I may die, and that's fine,  
but what of their children, how can they let that slide by...?

On the other side of the world, I have been caught in  
ongoing material, defracting through the spectacles of the  
old man. He says to me to get out of  
his eye. I says to him, try  
and make me.

It's been a long way from your ear, from the marsh  
where you can't hear pins drop.

Curving through the rugged backbone of the land,  
Late afternoon dirt roads, and the sunbeams streak brazen,  
Their last appeal through the orchard,  
Where row after row there is life with such repose,  
And a timelessness I cannot afford, but for a moment  
Of gazing and wondering.  
The lazy susans dot the ditches with skill from afar  
That even Seurat never achieved,  
Belying their title as they seem to know  
How fast it all can go,  
As the mossy rocks of my grandfathers' stonewalls  
Look on, shoulders to that ground that sustains,  
And stand sentry no longer to the boundaries of former fields,  
But to our past, holding the line  
That will bring you back, which will make you realize,  
In your season, to live for time is quick  
But gives you afternoon sometimes to linger,  
Where the last rays of a dying day love you  
And the wind whispers:  
*Make your mark.*

