THE
IDOL
SPRING
1996

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THE IDOL

1996

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THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE SINCE 1928

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A Note from the Editor

A Union College tradition since 1928, *The Idol* literary magazine features the creative literature and artwork of Union College students.

This 1995-1996 year we are proud to announce that *The Idol* has made yet another improvement. The binding has been upgraded from the standard staple binding to perfect glue binding for better readability.

We thank the students who submitted their work for this edition of *The Idol*. We encourage those authors of works we did not publish to submit their works for the upcoming edition.

Adam Oestreicher
Katherine Uhlmann
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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Manpreet Kalsi

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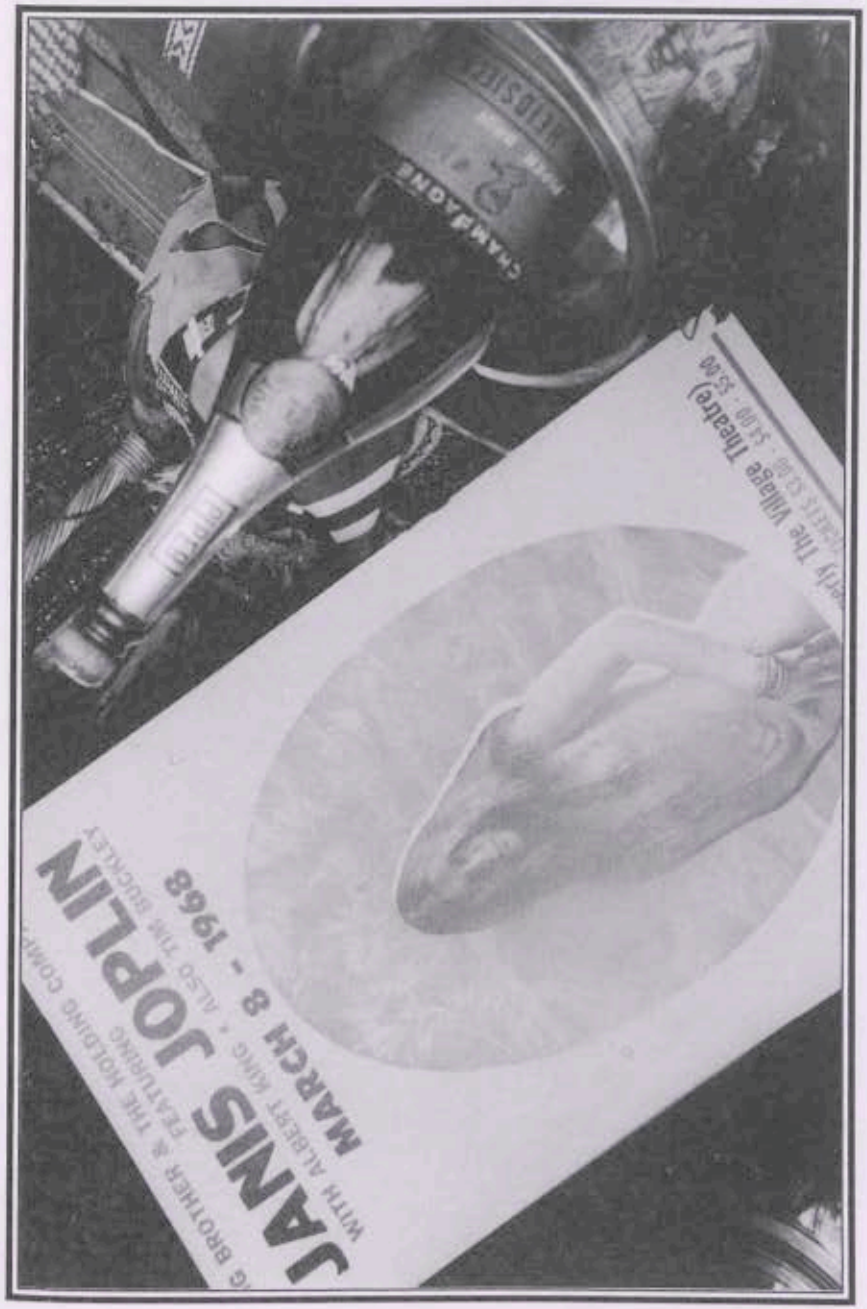
Becki Danchik

Chelsea A. Lazauskas



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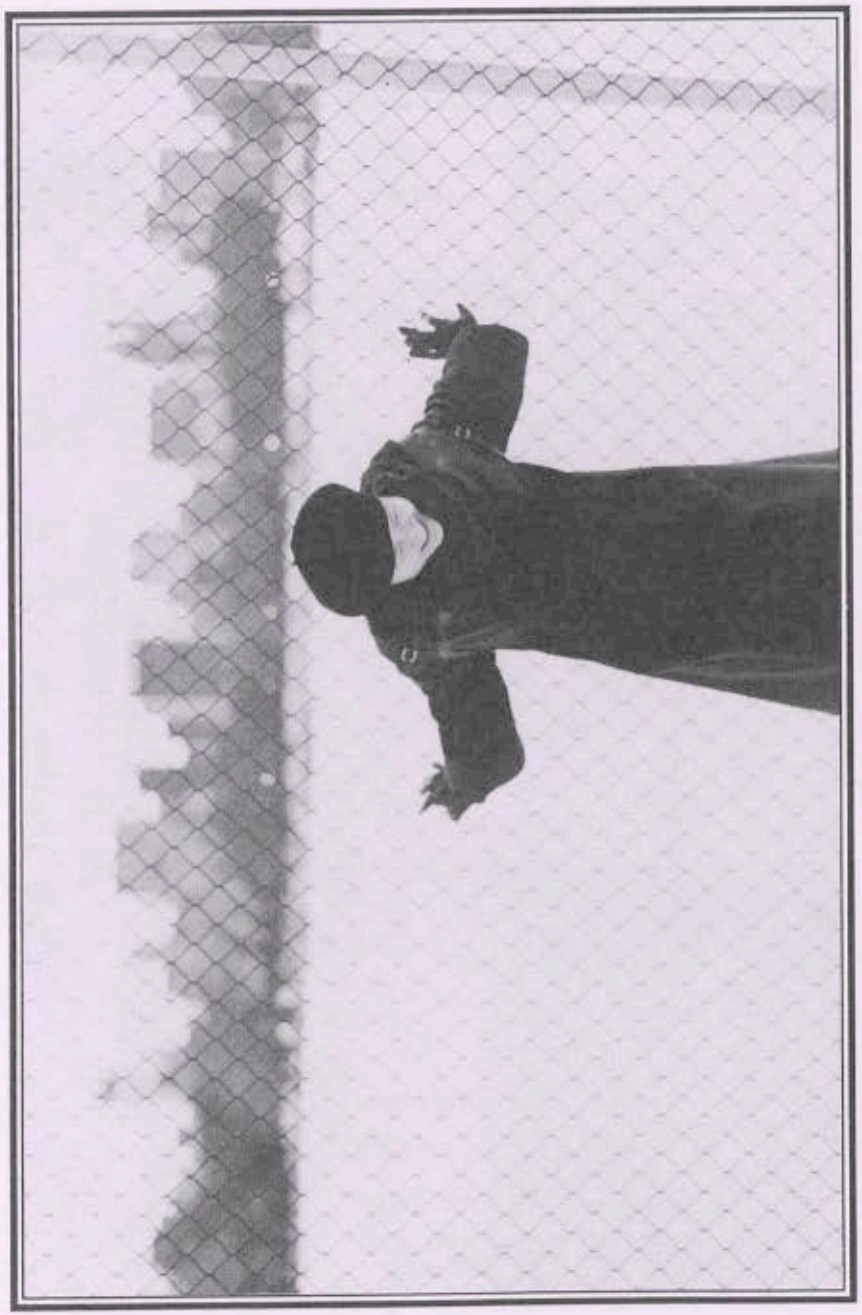

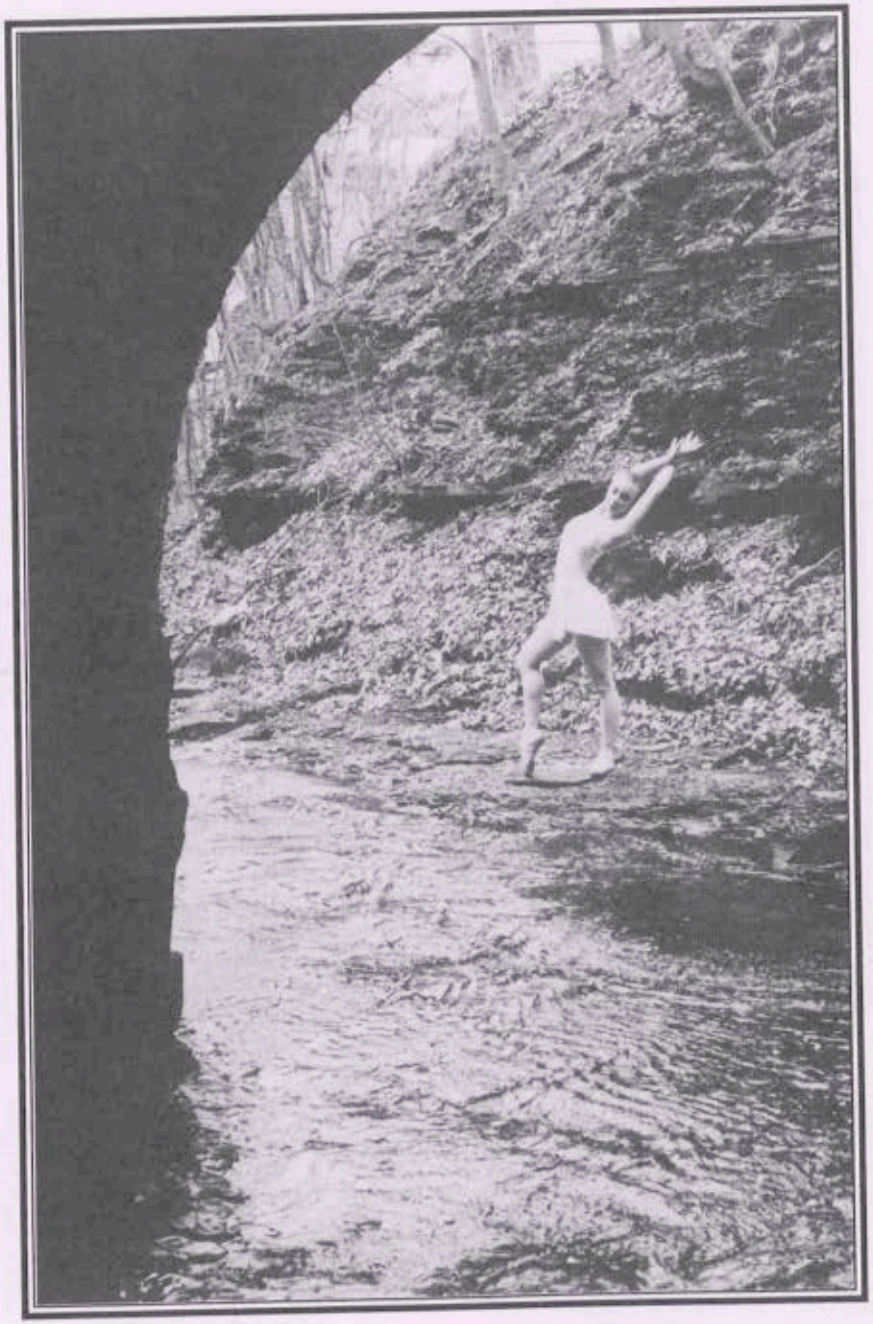

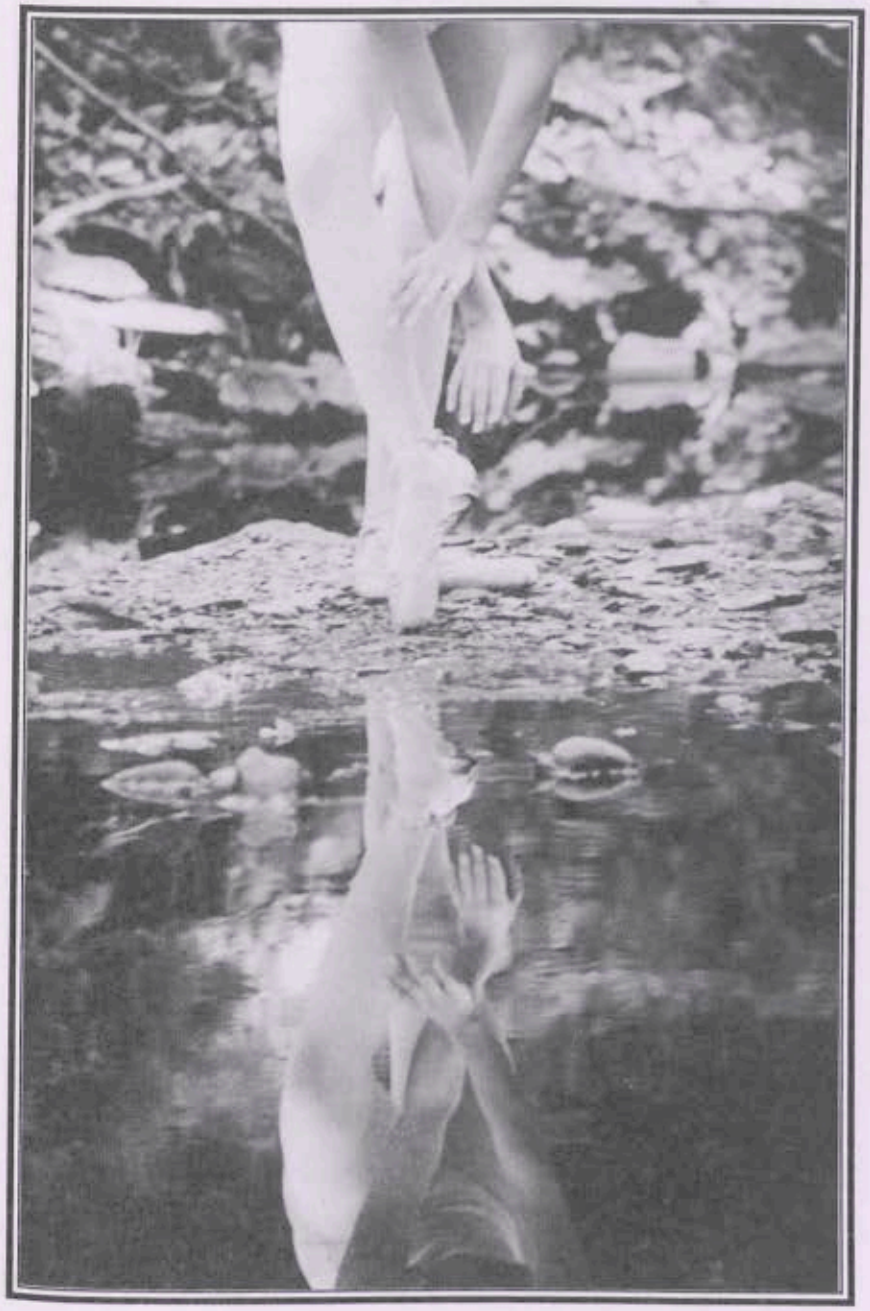

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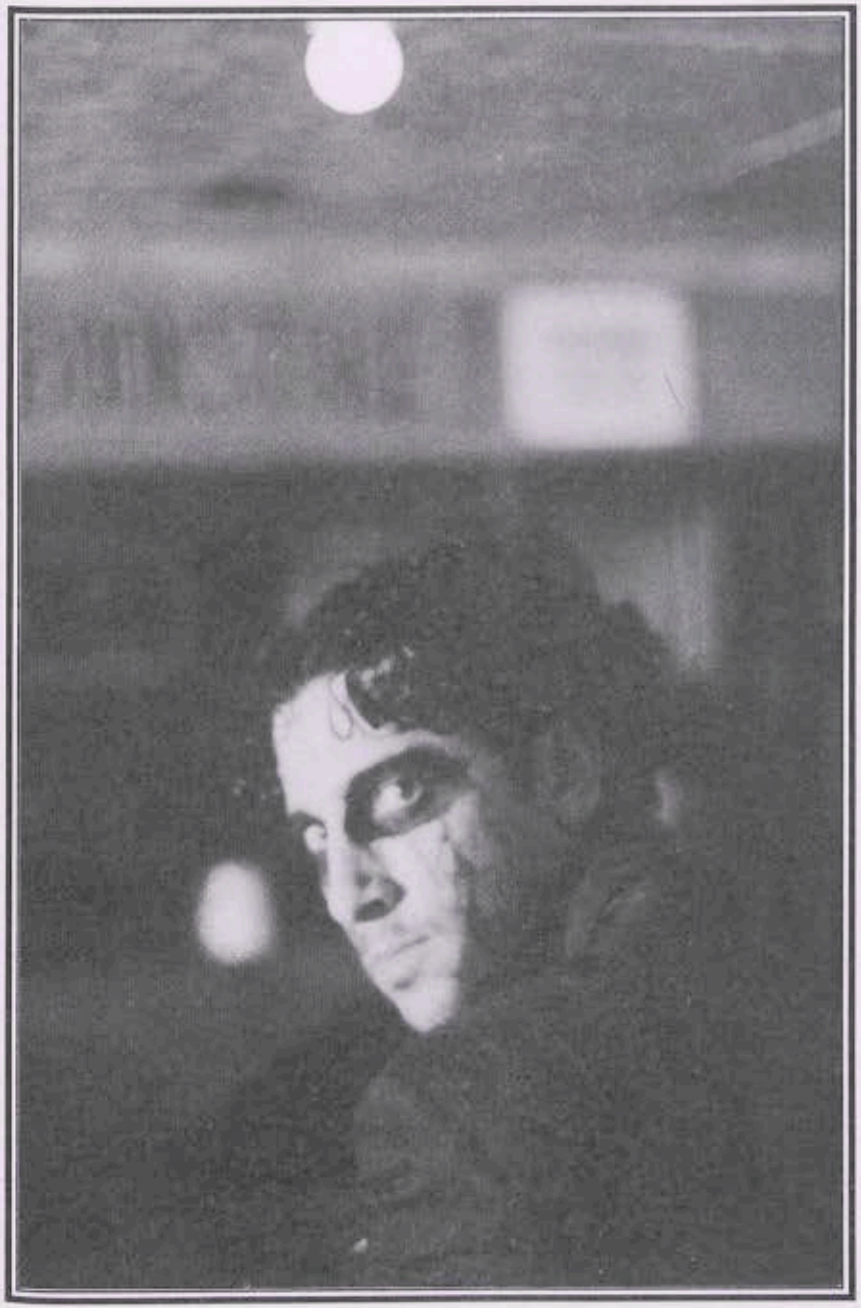

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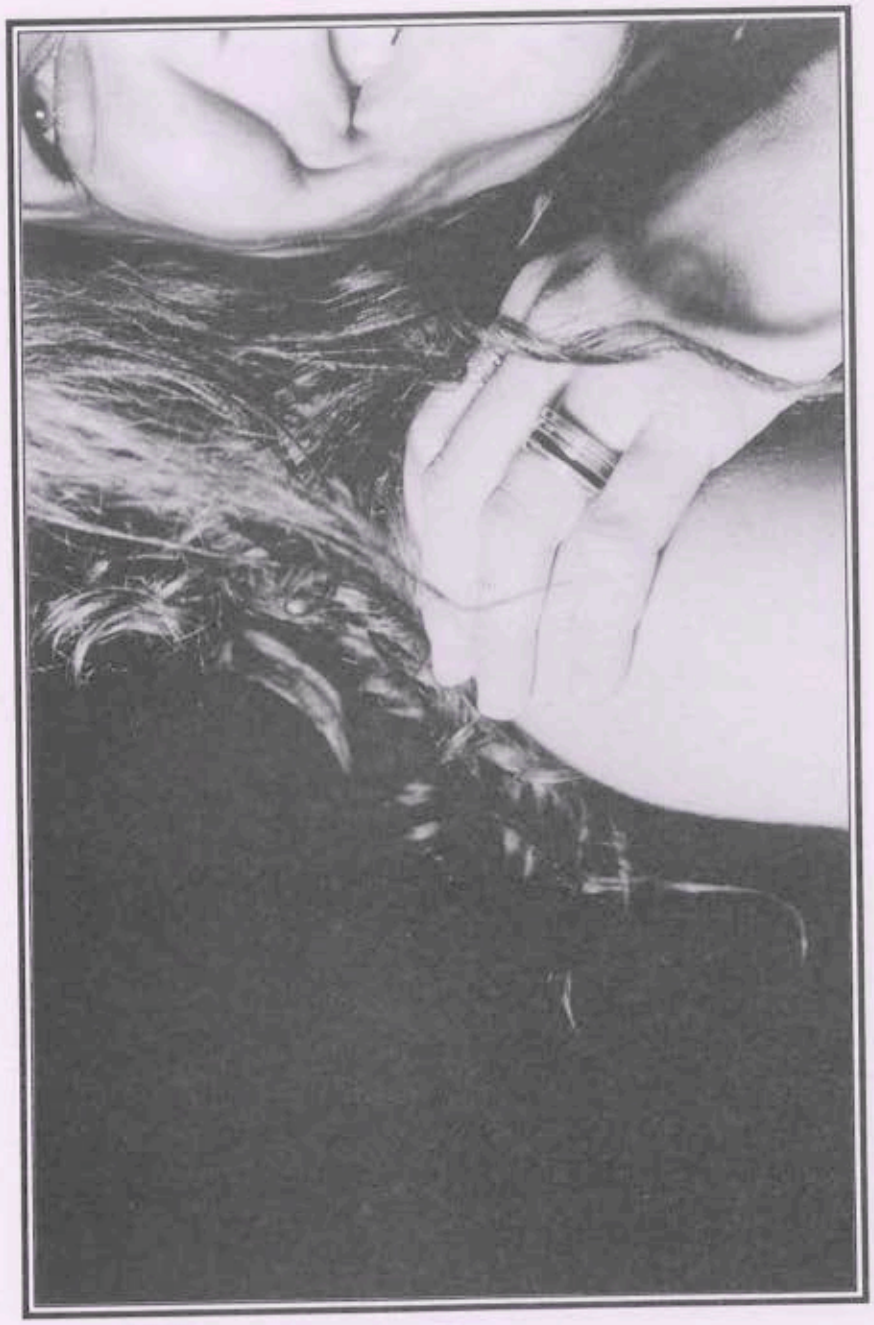

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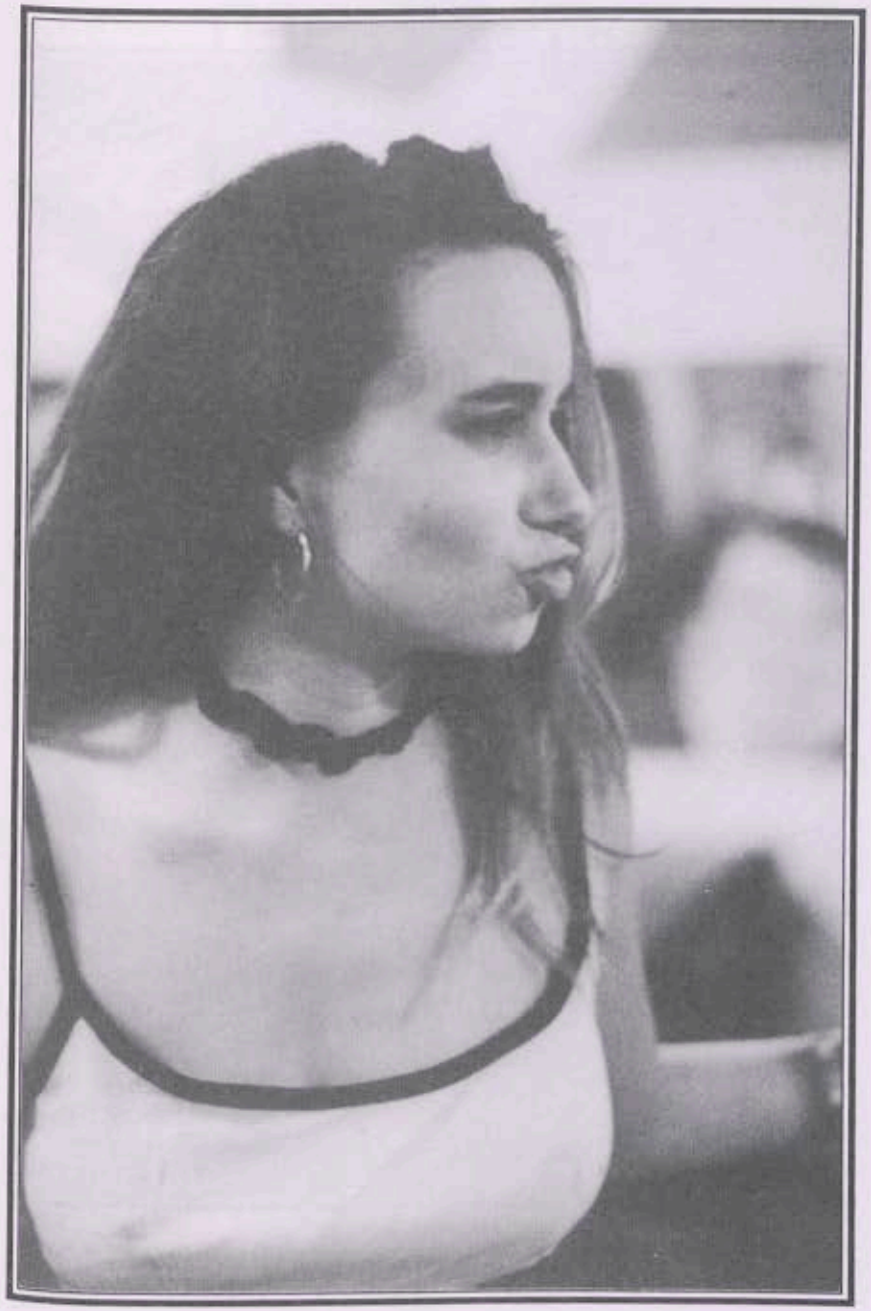

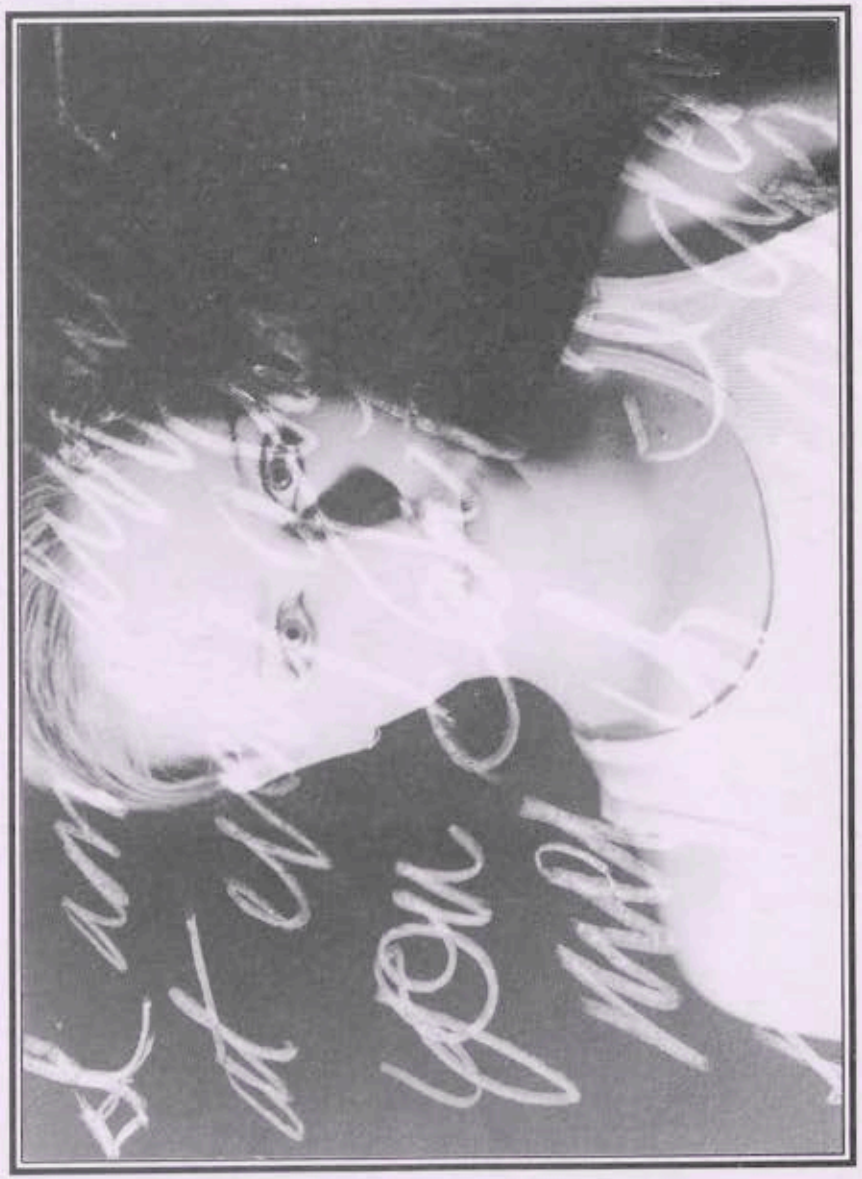

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LITERARY

Why are we so Sad?

The youth in our hearts fuels confusion to the dwindling universe called childhood.

I yearn to see the world, to tour the countryside with Kerouac vision.

Born 25 years too late to ride the Yellow Submarine across America.

I'm stuck in an era of monetary myopia!

Simple pleasures, polluted and washed away with acid rain.

A heretic to God's bank.

My emotional withdrawals have built up too many service charges and now I'm cut off!

The green in my mind has no dollar signs.

It is a place for my animals to graze and devour the fruits of my pseudo-intellectualness.

The flowers are no longer blooming, they were killed by paid advertisements.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Tap tap tap
I rise from a dreamy state
stumbling through darkness to see you
shaking
I step through glass sliding doors
The air is closest to my mood
heavy, foul, warm, and dark
distinguishing you from night
with which you blend so well
I can barely see you
I tremble, I fear you

Silence silence silence
Minding my walk
you stare with discontent
watching me
awaiting an answer to your sadness
so apparent in the dark
unspoken words leaving me in misery
I cannot hide from your stare
you know me too well
understanding my every move
I loathe you

Still you stare
powerful as a buck
Yet injured
hurt by me
you ask why
why do you hurt me
and I am startled by your voice
although soft it is stern

my chest stings with pain as I attempt to reply
why
my throat tightens
I'm left dumb
searching the black night sky for an answer
You give a deep consuming sigh
I am saddened by you

The outside wall supports your slouching body
I thought a body of pure perfection
still you yearned for your answer
why
I am frozen
I cannot perform for you tonight
I am exhausted
my mouth does not work
you are angry
simply because I do not , cannot, reply
silence as you turn
traveling off into the night mist
you leave
alone
I stand alone
because I could not give the answer you needed
the sickening heavy night air weighs my body down
a single tear streams down my face
wait, I cry
wait
I know the answer
It is too late, you are gone
wait
I love you

AUTUMN

Summer is gone,
And autumn is here
As one day blends into the next
Leaves fall, and trees bare
Remembrances of laughter,
Visions of her
Autumn spreads us apart
Missing the summer more
Yet autumn is peaking
With cold days to come
Chilly afternoons
Spent alone,
As alone wails on forever
Darkness is all I can see
Where is the color?
Months away
Seasons to go,
Seasons for change

"CLUMSY KISS"

With lips meshed,
eyeglasses crushed
and tongue collided
in a mess
of gum that she
had been chewing
for an hour.
The awkward
and clumsy
right arm pressed
between her breast
and his chest,
as their fingers
fumbled through
holding hands
and her house keys
in their first
long kiss ecstasy.

TAWALLABEE

You need not know anything about Tawallabee, South Dakota to lead a full and happy life. In fact the town of three hundred and sixty-two is no more spectacular than the dot it occupies in the Southeast corner of the map. But things changed dramatically during the unseasonably warm day of November 19, 1966.

Life for Henry J. Wickerson and his son Tom was a humble one at best. Whether this was by choice or circumstance is unimportant, but probably a combination of the two. Henry ran a general store that supplied the town with small but essential items. If the populace or Tawallabee desired anything of commercial significance, they would make the sixty-seven mile journey North along Highway 61 to Jargonsville.

Tom had gone to the town's only school (which encompassed grades K-12). He worked for his father after school from the time he was in third grade through his graduation year of 1966. Tom wasn't sure what he was going to do with his life, and to tell the truth he didn't much care. He had no desire to leave his widowed father and the town he grew up in. He was comfortable there. He knew the people and they knew him. He felt safe.

It was the third week of summer when Tom came home bounding through the door of his white wooden house with the shingle roof. He'd been away for three days with some of his buddies. They'd made a road trip to Lake Sesquencha to join in the Summer parties held there by the ex-senior graduates of Tawallabee High. The parties were based heavily of the cold silver kegs of beer hat lined the banks of the river. It was tradition every year. Only once was it stopped because a thirteen year-old girl was raped by a couple of drunk senior men. And even that, "incident" as it was called, thankfully only stalled tradition for one Summer.

But that evening when Tom entered his house, he was greeted by a shocking quietness he had never before known. He walked through the small living room and into the kitchen He found his father sitting at a circular wooden table illuminated by hanging yellow light that cut the table into awareness from the surrounding dark. Tom's father slowly lifted his head; and scared eyes met confused.

At first Tom did not see the opened envelope, with government markings, lying flat and in two dimensional nothingness on the warm oak. Henry and Tom had never really talked about the war, at least no more than the next family.

Two months later Henry drove his son to the train station in Shannondoa, where the two said their brief good byes — a hand shake that evolved into a hug.

In the days leading up to Tom's departure not much changed, as was normal for Tawallabee. Some of the local mothers got wind of Tom's draft papers, and would stop by the store to wish him luck and offer a "be careful over there." Occasionally Tom would even get a home made pie, or cookies out of their empathy.

Tom wasn't the first boy from Tawallabee to be drafted by the United States. In fact he was the third (fourth if you count Jimmy Frassle, who actually volunteered for service,) so not much fuss was made over it. There wasn't a town meeting, or a parade like there was for Mike Dockit — the first to be chosen. Instead Tom noticed that people seemed to be just generally kinder to him, more interested in what he had to say or how he was doing.

Tom still worked for his father Monday through Friday. There were a few moments between the stacking and unstacking, and sweeping, and organizing, where Henry almost brought the subject up. But he never did. He knew that Tom knew; and even if that was not the case Henry didn't have the words inside of him to explain to his son — his only child — how much he loved him.

There was that one moment however, when Tom woke up late Saturday, and found his father out in the garden trimming the roses. Tom walked out the swinging screen door into the back yard. Henry Wickerson had become quite a promising gardener since his wife Angela died seven years ago. He had cultivated a nice vegetable garden that produced tasty carrots, bulbous red tomatoes, and perfectly crisp green lettuce. He and Tom would eat most of what they grew. But whatever they didn't, Henry would put in his wheel barrel and leave out front with a sign that read, "a dollar for three."

Tom walked up to his father and watched him prune the rose bushes. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't get the words up from his stomach. He just stood there watching his father work the garden, his garden. Finally after a long period of silence, Tom started to talk about how the lettuce was looking nice, but the tomatoes looked a little green.

"Stop it" Henry said quietly without looking up from his clipping pulling, and touching, "just stop it Tom."

• • •

Things were different for Henry when his son Tom had gone. He couldn't quite place it. It was a silence of some kind, but not a lack of sound. Something in him that had gone mute.

He got one letter from him during the Army's six week boot camp; and one from Tom after he'd spent his first three days in Vietnam. Of course Henry wrote his son, but the letters weren't much. They were usually filled with quick notes on common friends and acquaintances, how the garden was doing and advice to "take care of yourself over there;" never more than a weakly filled page. He could never write what he knew in his heart.

Henry rose every morning at a quarter to six. He read the paper and ate his breakfast (toast, oatmeal with raisins – no milk, and orange juice). After his morning dishes had been rinsed off and set to dry, Henry Wickerson would stand at the sink drinking coffee, and look out the window at the birds washing themselves in his birdbath. Sometimes he would think of his wife and the way she understood his silence. Sometimes of his son and the way at the age of eight he had helped his father put in the stone walkway that led from the mail box to the front porch. And sometimes he would just stare and think about nothing at all.

Over those months of solitude, these moments that he'd once treasured, had become the most difficult for him. Those quiet moments when all he could smell was his unaided coffee, all he could see were those birds and that walkway, and all he could hear was the kitchen clock ticking off the lonely increments; those moments were the hardest to live through.

So it was during that scene, that ritual of sadness and reflection, on that unseasonably warm day of November 19, 1966, that he stood thumbing the rim of his coffee mug, thinking about the walkway and his wife. Henry Wickerson's thoughts were brought back to the world by the proud strides of an officer walking up that stone walkway with a yellow envelope between his right thumb and forefinger.

It's been a long day
Alone, she sits down to rest
Picks up pictures of memories,
And begins to cry
She lights a cigarette,
And smokes away the day
The smile she shows on the outside,
Remains outside, and now the pain comes through
All the apologies never said
Roam throughout her mind
Her friends moved on
Her family forgotten
She peers down out the window
The glance turns to a stare
Waiting for an answer
That will never come
No reason to live
except to see tomorrow
And tomorrow will be another long day

ANSWERS

at the bottom of the cesspool
where the stench and muck drool
beneath the hiss of a senseless T.V.
ground under struggle of world greed
calls the tiny voice of truth that sees

illumination

in the tears of a small boy
behind the psuedoface of family
rage the torment of so many twisted years
where maternal manipulations begat furor
a prisoner of blind sight vomits bitter anger

illumination

in the haggard face of a weary gammer
is the imprint of some self serving politician
bbq politics served hot off the coals
stepping on the masses, dining on the poor
one by one to unity, his day is drawing near

illumination

unanswered prayers at midnight
a wordless writer, a servant to his pen
searches the chasm for closure or your return
outside his window another season in flight
prayers at midnight escort words to right

illumination

just beyond a town called opportunity
comes self expulsion from a tangled forest womb
a ragged creature lost and alone
new born child, a foreign existence to explore
garbed in memory begging to begin anew

illumination
illumination
illumination

PICTURE PERFECT

"I am filled with alarm. I am filled with frustration and with anger. I am full of anxiety and dismay. I am filled with alarm — alarms go off in my head. There is something very wrong with this picture. You don't put a morsel of food to your lips and you overexercise and you under-eat and you are distant and you've pulled away and you are tired and you sleep a lot and you are cranky and you are quiet . . ."

I am not those things you say I am. You are filled with so much negative energy. But your concern does not show. Are you filled with those malicious seeming thoughts because you love me? Are you filled with love at all? I know you may — somewhere, maybe then and maybe now you do. Is this about love? Or is it about you? Or me? Me. Yes, this is who it is about. And what it is about? Food? Or exercise? Both. Yes, this is what it is about.

Alone today, I sit and stare at dismal walls
Wet leaves fall, and aches and pains are eminent.

Alone today, content am I with plates of leaves
I can deceive, and tell them it is fattening.

Alone today, I wrack my brain with food-filled thoughts
I was caught, and swallow pills for energy.

Alone today, assured am I with thinner thighs
In their eyes and I know what they look like.

Alone today, unsure am I about my weight
It's all debate, and I'm not thin or skinny.

Alone today, I contemplate my every move
I can prove and show them there's no problem.

Alone today, I stand aside and watch them eat,
Full. Complete. And I am empty.

Alone today, I bleed inside and organs break,
My life's at stake and they know this.

Alone today, I count the sugars, carbs, and cals.
The labels are my pals — they are poisoned warnings.

Alone today, aware am I of tired eyes,
Darkened skies and I can't wait to sleep.

Alone today, I lie and think of thinner days
And better ways to fix and tighten muscles.

Alone today, I wonder when I'll be okay,
If not today and not tomorrow either.

Alone today, unaware am I of caring friends,
This can end and they can help me.

Alone today, I cry and cry and cry
And I deny there is a problem.

Alone today, I hope and dream of brighter days,
I'll be okay and that is what they promised.

Alone today, I hug them close and tight
Relieve my fright, so as not to be alone again.

ANONYMOUS

SCORE

"Aren't you gonna join me?"

Hearing his abrasive tone against the muted voices of distant activity, I stared at him as if the words had bounced right off of me. " "It's about time " I thought to myself, but only returned his question with a blank stare. "Say it again" I thought, "i wantI o hear it again." I wondered how many girls had heard that line before in this place. Blue Lights. It encompassed all that could be sought after for two adolescents escaping from the routine basement couch. Not that I had ever been there with him.

"I said aren't you gonna join me?" There it was. I smiled at him with recognition. Yeah, that's what I wanted to hear. Sliding into the back seat of my father's Ford Taurus, I filled his awkward silence with the first question I thought of — "Do you want to share my last butt?" He was all slicked up. Totally overdone. It strikes me as odd how boys think they're all "dude" when they don the khakis and the button down shirts. He smelled of aftershave that had been too liberally applied, and it made me wonder if he really needed to shave at all.

"Make smoke rings for me," I teased him, relieved, at least for a short while, from the pressures of uncomfortable conversation. "Whatever," I thought to myself as he fumbled with the task I had laid before him. However, it gave me a chance to stare at him — those eyes that intrigued me, bright blue, a translucent shade that appeared to tell all, and yet revealed nothing. His strong features were framed by his soft hair that ended just below the jaw line. I watched his lips as they contorted into an oddly formed "O." His lips were thin and pale, not very pretty. He always smiled with his mouth closed, noticeably self conscious of the braces that clung to his teeth like a multitude of small metal parasites. Those lips — do I really want them to meet mine? Not really, but I'll just play with him a little longer . . .

"Can we change this?" He asked referring to the annoying musak that the radio was relentlessly squawking.

"Yeah, sure," I replied as I squeezed in between the two front seats to change the channel. Scanning the stations, I happened upon a sticky-sweet love song. One of those cheesy songs that made me feel as if I had eaten too much candy, and all I wanted to do was rinse the foul aftertaste out of my mouth.

"Stop there!" he interjected. Whipping around, I barely escaped falling into his lap. His rigid stance only emphasized his nervousness as I turned to look at him. "Perfect make-out music" was what his expression told me.

"Do you have a blanket?" he whispered in a low and undeniably put-on voice. I could feel the moist warmth of his breath on my ear. "Nice try," I thought, "what next?"

"Let me check in the trunk," was my casual reply. "That's it," I thought, "make him miss me a little."

Quickly he dismissed his question, "No, no, that's 0.K." in a tone that was both apologetic and regretful. But I got out anyway. I checked the trunk even though I knew there was nothing there. Returning to my seat, I slid closer to the boy offering to share my coat with him.

"You're missing one," he commented as he played with the rings on my hand. All but the smallest finger on my left hand revealed a token of my deviant nature. I loved the rush of scoring, the distinct feeling of testing my limits — how much I was able to get away with. Each experience was a new thrill. Just try and stop me I dared the salespeople. But as I look at my rings now, I realized that the joy had left them the minute I stepped out of the store. The rush was gone. I had won.

He was fiddling with the brightly colored ring that I took from a small gift shop in the Everglades. I remembered how cautiously I had slipped it under the waistband of my faded Levi's. It had seemed oddly warm, pressed against my skin, like the touch of another person. Unexpectedly, the ring slowly slid down the length of my torso, inner thigh, and luckily ending up in the tongue of my new Docs. Score.

He had decided to take the same path as the ring. As he leaned over to kiss me I felt the same warm touch against my stomach. Unbuttoning the top button of my jeans, I was impressed with the smoothness of his actions, as if he had done this all before. But not impressed enough. "You've got to be kidding me!" my head exclaimed as I shifted my body in the opposite direction. "It's getting late," I said, "Your Dad wants you home."

He looked at me all eye glazed, and told me I smiled like a peach. I knew he wanted me, and I didn't care anymore. The rush was enough . . . he was my score . . . tied around the pinky finger of my left hand. Only this time it was his heart that I had stolen.

I've learned so much about myself,
Just by being alone
I've been without the light
Candles burn, just to keep me out of the dark
It doesn't seem to matter
Where the time goes,
Just as long as it never comes back
I've seen it once,
I don't want it anymore
Where does the past go?
Into the trash to be buried
Nobody learns from experience
Yet, there are exceptions for everything
And if you're not upset,
You're not paying attention
As the lights go out,
Time begins to fly
It flies every second,
And it never comes back
Like an old friend
That never keeps in touch
And can barely remember your name

MOTHER

comfortable as a cool breeze this summer's day
I dream of younger days
when I was not so empty
my head rests against your cold carved stone
realizing you cannot sing or
play with me as you used to
still I think of you

The many times I suffered a scrape or bruise
always knowing you were there
as it should be
your protecting arms — strong
although soft to my touch
I cull a green blade —
make recreation of it
as I did so often in childhood
Do you recall?
somehow now the grass has changed
it is bitter as it twists between my fingers
still I think of you

smile beaming on me from the sky
proud and confident in my successes,
voice that assembled sweet words of love
in the presence of my failures,
the ground is unrelenting to my call
it abides by an energy greater than mine
still I think of you

consternation — will I forget you?
ice fills my veins
I rise to stand on the cobbled walk
taking note of my watch
I envision it having stopped
no time has journeyed past you
I will miss you

ME

She felt like she could move the stars
and blow away the clouds
the moon would only talk to her
only she could hear the sounds
She awakened everything
when she stepped outside
But she was too quick
too young and free
to stay forever
in this world
I lost her in the darkness
I couldn't find her hand
I always wanted to say good-bye
but I hope she will return
One night when the moon is full
I will see her running down the street
I will cage her inside of me
and I will never let her go
for if she escapes again
I will lose everything
that is me

MUSEUM

Two visions in white
Wore holes through the streets
That day
In pale windy grey

Met a man
Not skin and bone
But stone
Pomegranite in hand

Time and one shadow
Behind us
To the 86th floor
Not one could find us

Among maps
And roses in wraps
Timing walk don't walk
Such delicate silver
Window shop talk

Fed the soft melting
Two tongues
Two spoons in one bowl
One soul

Met a girl
All blackness and dust
Her eyes on the five dollar bill
Honey thighed plastic smile
Just lust
No trust

What about Anastasia
What about her I cried
I was told a thousand men hung from her name
Felt her kisses and rages
Metaphorical
Like pressed leaves in pages

Her breath upon us
You saw it blowing
That flag in a side street glimpse
Saw it with homesick eyes
Caressed it with sighs

But I felt it
Felt it in blood
And in the white of that day
In the pale windy grey

SEPARATION

To once have loved
and dreamt of a lifetime,
spent in sync
with thought of no other.

To once have believed
dreams do not vanish,
time, an enabler
not a deterrent.

To once have promised
meant every word spoken,
feeling elated
the path unobstructed.

To once have awoken
peeled the heart open,
only to realize
nothing is permanent.

To once have loved
and felt the loss,
time appears as the enemy
when separation cuts its off.

WRISTS

So there they were. She on her stomach and he on his back. Laying in tussled white sheets that once were tight with hospital corners. In that room that looked like so many others in that hotel, something had happened.

They both lay awake, eyes open, but neither looked at each ocher. He on the left margin of the bed, she at the right. Each careful not to touch the other, save what had already been. His left arm, bent; like a broken arrow, crossed hers at the wrist. They touched there and only there. Their bodies aware of the warmth of the nexus. First his pulse, then hers. A steady undulating rhythm. His then hers. His then hers.

His thoughts left him with only her pulse. Her heart beat was all he could hear. Not the wind at the glass pane, the cars on the street below, nor the maid vacuuming in the hall; all sound knelt mute to this pulse.

First her pulse then his. She felt it too. Her wrist then his. That rhythm. The rhythm that has been, and is distinctly human. The flowing of her blood crossing his; held apart by a thin layer of skin. Hers then his. Hers then his.

Separate, but locked at the wrist, they lay past morning, through lunch, oblivious to the maid's knock, dinner came and went. Day darkened to night. There they were neither moving, neither needing to. The city outside the window opened its night smile, illuminating the room. First his, then hers. First his then hers.

His pulse pushed against the flesh of his wrist with every contraction of his heart. The flesh of her wrist pushed back in opposing concert to his; back and forth, see-sawing. Then it happened.

Their hearts, their wrists, their blood ebbing and flowing together. The distinction of pulse, of wrist, of self; slipping from awareness. Soon neither knew the borders of their own body. All they heard was the pulse.

They lay in that once sanitized bed, locked at the wrist, neither speaking a word; both knowing.

MOVEMENT

Devoid of all care I rushed out of Eden;
Through the ashes of my past,
Through the oblivion of memory.
You stood in the corner with Pindar, grinning,
He composed a lyric that forced you into mad dance.
Envious of your rhythm I submerged in motion,
If it was to be done right you wouldn't last.
I picked you apart with blazing forceps ruining symmetry,
You disregarded this blatant sinning;
Erase my mind's latency, while I continue to prance.

RUSH HOUR!

A morning train to nowhere.
A man seeking answers not found
in each sip of his caffeinated brew.
No cure for the woman's loneliness
as her sole companion is the reflection in her

Passengers flesh burning with hidden desires,
of loveless lust and thoughtless decision
An unfulfilled American dream clouding their heads,
with delusionary triumph.

The pleasures of life dissipate with each stop.
Desolate havens of tragedy haunt their consciences.
A brief voice of reason muzzled by a necktie.
Fleeting thoughts of success exit with no direction.

Changing expressions of anguish,
wrinkles bury the hope deep within.
The doors open to burning souls
only to close on their exhausted faith.

It's face ticks, freeing the youth
only to cage an eternity of regret.
A token to hell given as the severance pay of life.
Damned to an eternity of reruns!

The cup is empty, it's energy now
fueling the monotony.
The man will prosper in his generic endeavors.
A woman's face complete,
her company is closed and put away.

PRISON OF PARADISE

a protected girl in parochial dress
beaten with saintly morality
behind the walls of reality
a father's arm and a mother's kiss
act their parts of a perfect family

day after day in a tight wound cocoon
the t.v. blares intangible news
a harbor of utopian ideology
she grows in beauty each day
her wandering mind begins to play

in a prison of paradise
a diamond safely locked away
in a prison of paradise

she's fantasizing of her promenade
tasting visionary fruit of Eden
she's keeping it locked away
a concealed chest of chivalry
buried in a barren repository

in a prison of paradise
a shadow of candlelight
in a prison of paradise

the dancing lights, the music's height
beckon from curious frat house nights
a sincere smile leads her tonight
intro walk the garden border for hours
timid eyes slip through iron bars

the parallel of ivy walls
and distant plebeian walks
has bent today in a familiar face
the night trembles under naiveté
he traces a virgin breast
through a fire's filtered blaze
the pretense of love leaves heaven stained

in a prison of paradise
or is it innocence lost
in a prison of paradise

an unanswered phone dangling
a puppeteer of a lifeless marionette
of still another evasion
and she knows she's just another
in a line that never matters
left for some other occasion

in a prison of paradise
they look away, ashamed to stay
in a prison of paradise
a falling butterfly in the wind
in a prison of paradise

"ON YOUR LOVE FOR RACHEL"

I hung up the phone and
then knew that you had died,

choked by the hands of the
one who has another.

Thinking of the dream from
two nights ago when I

woke from sweat of your death
and winds stirred a lurking

of your essence in the
stale sheets of my small bed.

I knew then that I missed

you more than the one I
waited for, although you've
turned towards your own demise,

too fast to finish the
last sip you left behind.

SCRIBBLES

I entered this world pure
untouched by thoughts, motives, intentions of others
Drawing pictures with crayons
I saw a whole world in each drawing
scribbles

They said my pictures were scribbles
not you though
You saw the beauty of my waterfalls
scribbles

They only saw scribbles
Laughing and teasing they tried to change me
I was easily molded
You encouraged my thoughts
never imposed your own
when school was wearing me down
life got to be too much
you made me smile
made light of my dilemmas
guided when asked
and loved me always
scribbles

They never let go
trying to make me see it their way
but not you
Grow, you said, grow
counter their simple ways
learn from the inside
you wanted me to be better

the very best I could be
I listened to
you
learned from you
my pictures grew
I grew
years passed and still
scribbles

They drew neatly
stayed inside their precious lines
conformity was all that they knew
but not me
I knew better
not realizing
you had taught me
you made me stronger than most
love from my father was all I needed
We were different than most
just you and me
mother was gone
I grew
I learned
it did not matter
being different
you knew that
different was better
scribbles

Next when they mock me
teasing
"Scribbles, Scribbles!"
I will laugh
Now I understand, dad,
scribbles are better than lines.

THEFT

Old Mr. Capitalist Fuck
guess who just ran out o' luck
I stole your daughter
your fat bank roll
your smoking jacket
and remote control
Call your lawyer, your analyst
tell 'em how you're really pissed
— how bad I'll treat her
— how father knows best
how all my life has been a mess
you've given her travels, wardrobes, a car
I'm nothing for — I'll never go far
You might have the acres that border the sea
but you don't own her and you can't buy me

THE ODE

In his eyes are reflected
the brown and green shades
that surround the earth
as he naturally flies
with a graceful glide
down the mountainside
He is one with the motion
He defies the wind
the wetness and the coldness
of the snowstorm
causes icy drops
to fall down his face
like tears
He has a determination
to swish past everything
as fast as he can
He is structured and firm
his path unchangeable
There is no fear
no pain
only satisfaction
that he is immersed
and soaked
in his joy
and freedom

30 MINUTE POETRY

It's those half hour time spans that kill you. That's boredom. When there's a half hour until the next show; then the TV will take care of you, or the Phone call you're waiting on, or until you've got to *get ready* to go.

Those silent thirty minute spans where it's just you and your thoughts
and your boredom.

Those half hour instances where there's nothing to look back on, and nothing to look forward to. You're just there with out purpose, wasting away, staring at digital numbers that don't move.

Those moments in life where you think, "I could be doing something good for myself, but I'm not." That time where you could be looking that up, making that phone call, or writing that letter. Those half hours where it's just you and your guilt and your apathy and your lazy out of shape body.

It's those times in life, those multitudes of half hour increments that add up. Those half hour windows of opportunity that shrink to twenty minutes —
which seems like less time to accomplish anything.

Those fifteen minutes.

Those ten minutes before you've got to get ready to leave, those five minutes before your show; that you use to watch commercials, flip channels, or call an answering machine hoping only to leave a message.

It's those wasted half hours that crush people, that
chain them to their jobs.

Those minutes that are scoffed at like penny change — that are thrown aside for others to use. Those moments are all the Universe gives you to change —

to become certain,
to become what you want.

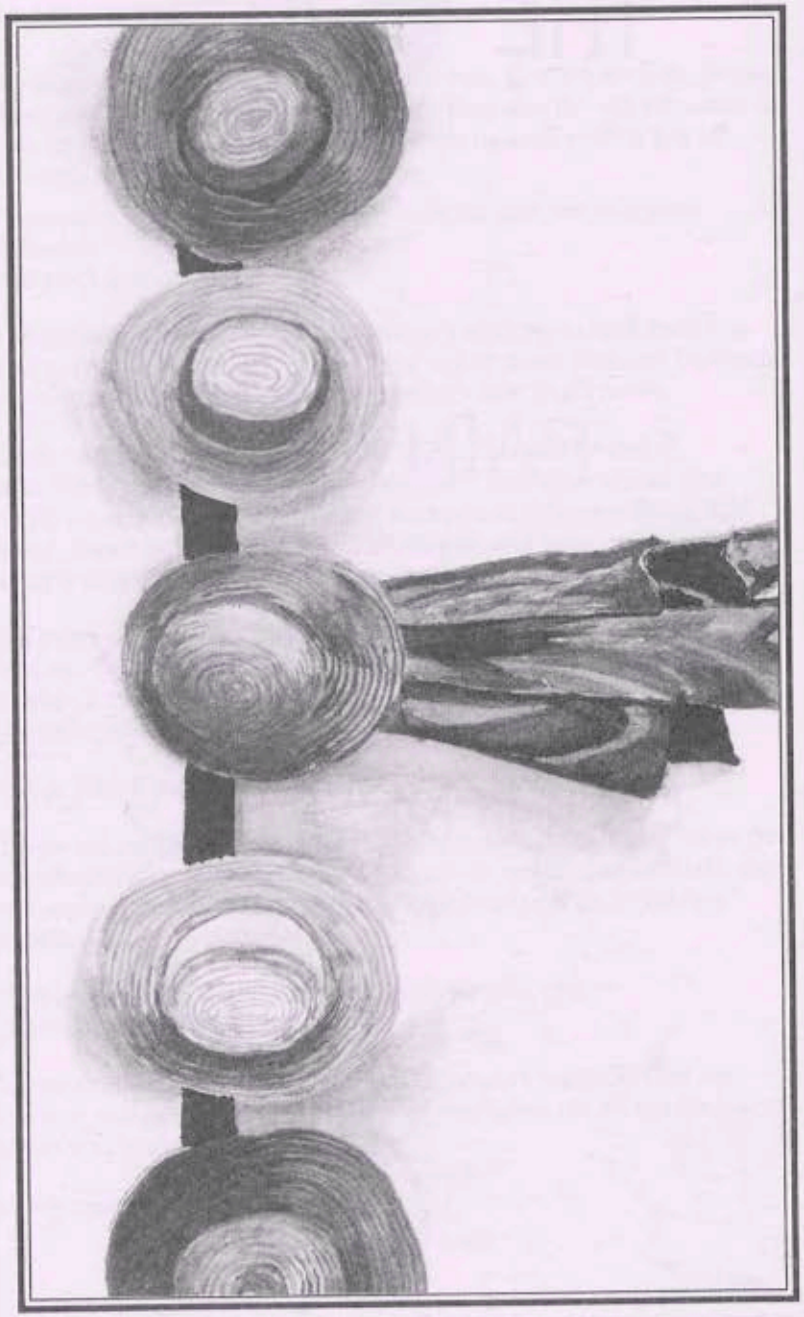
THE IDOL

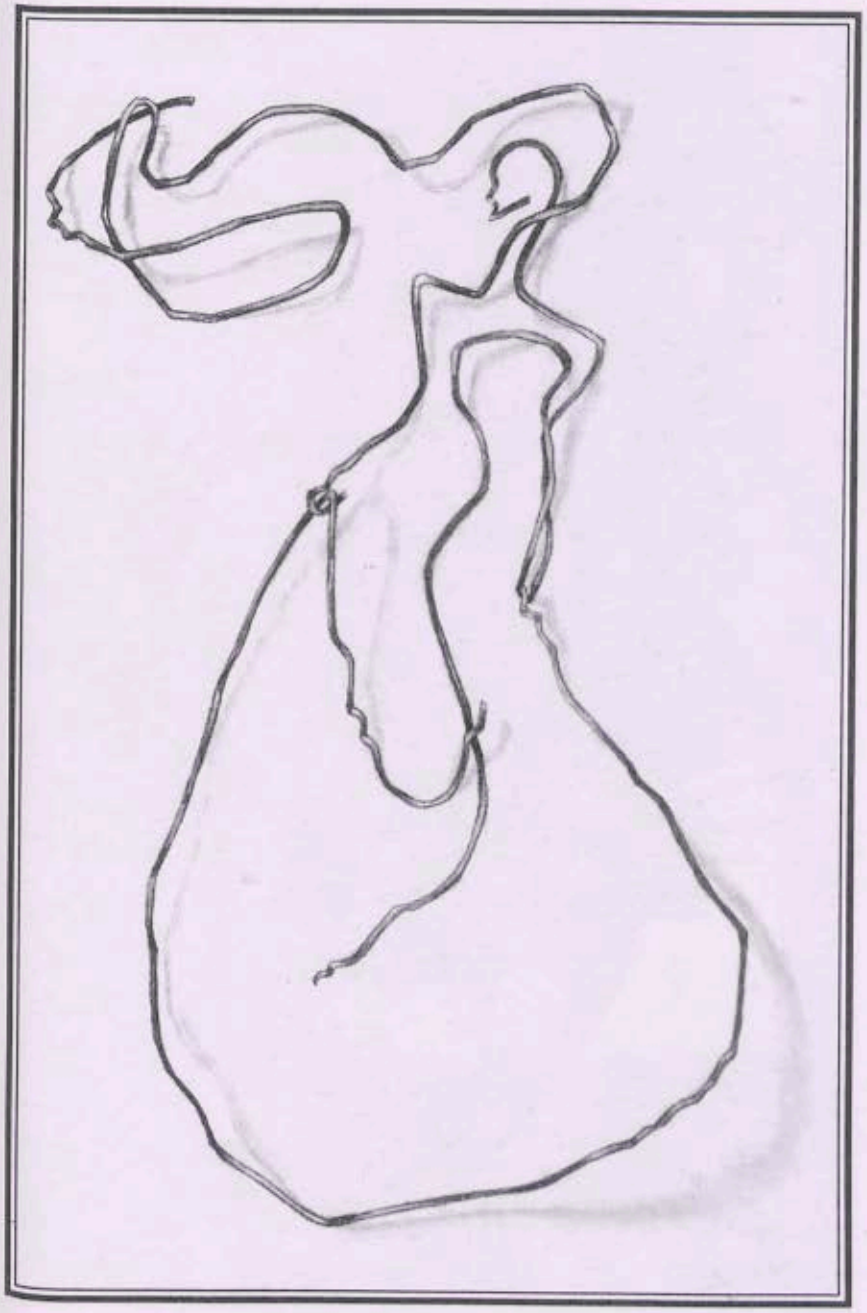
1996

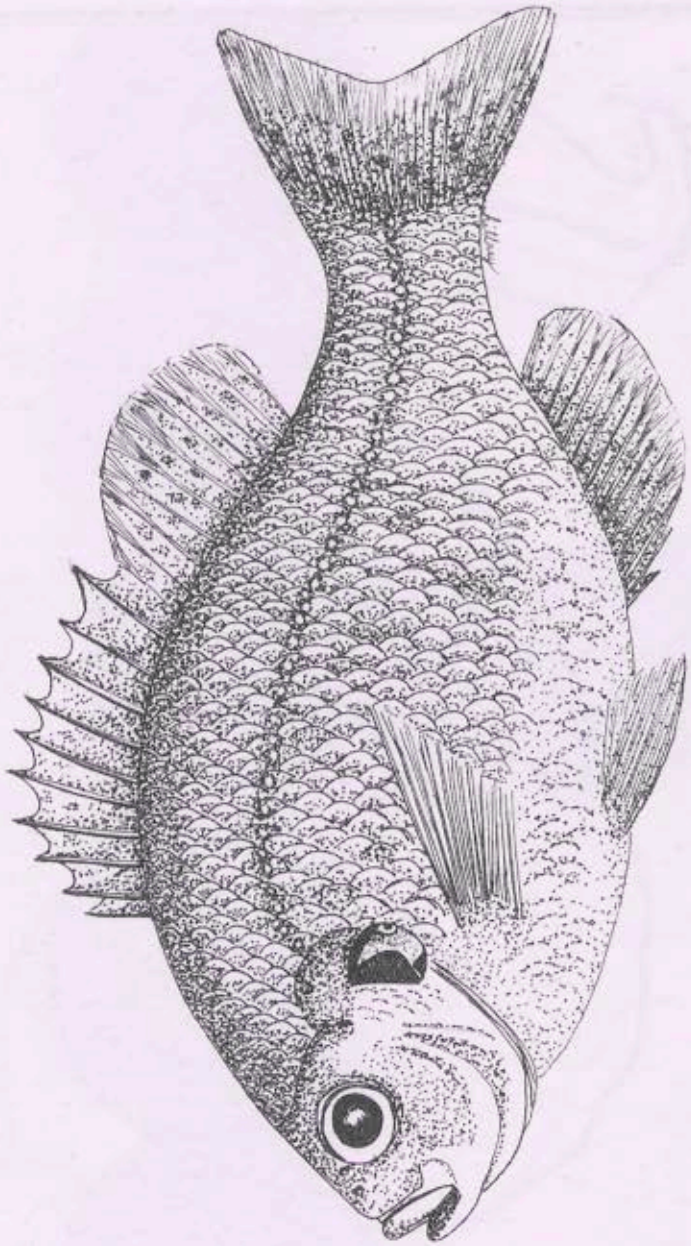
PAINTING

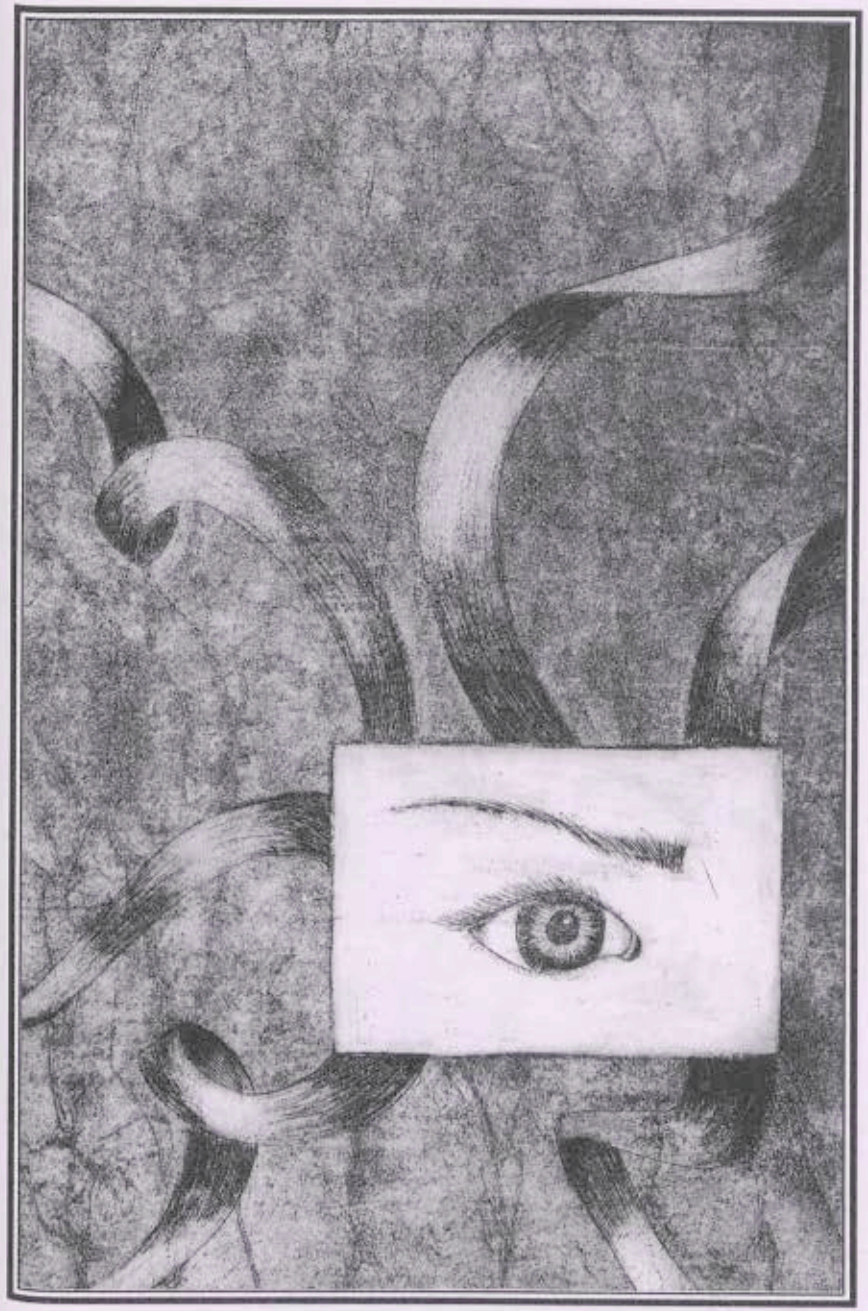
DRAWING

PRINTMAKING









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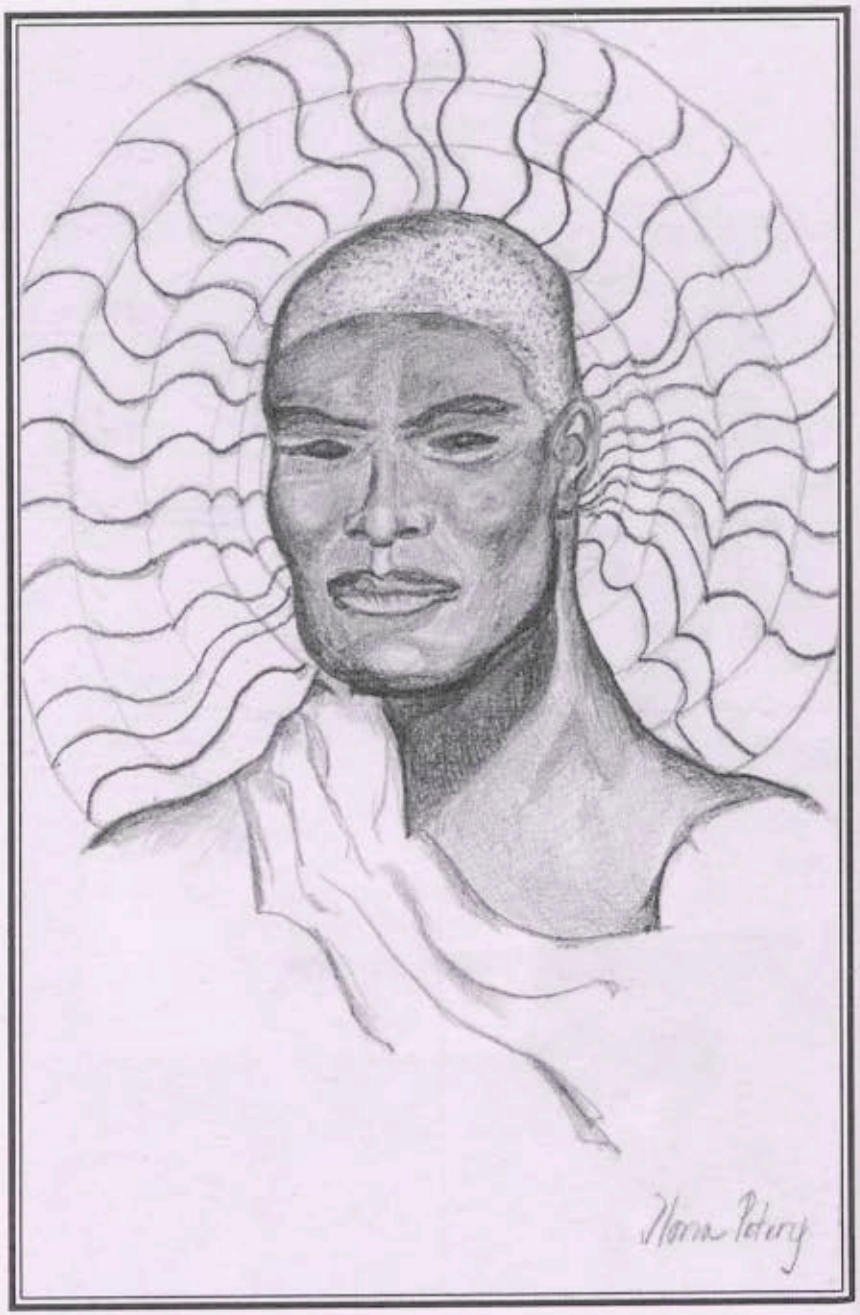
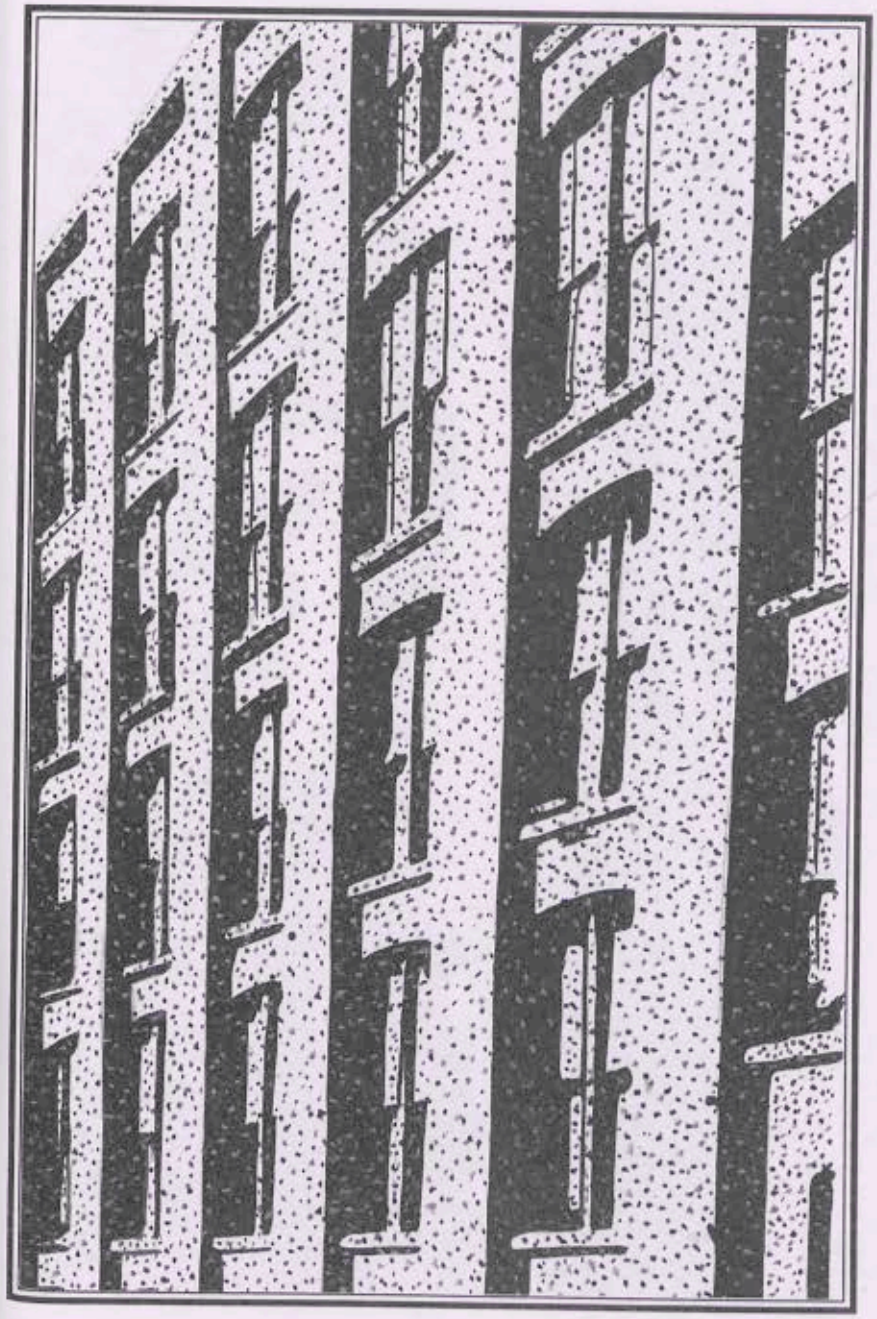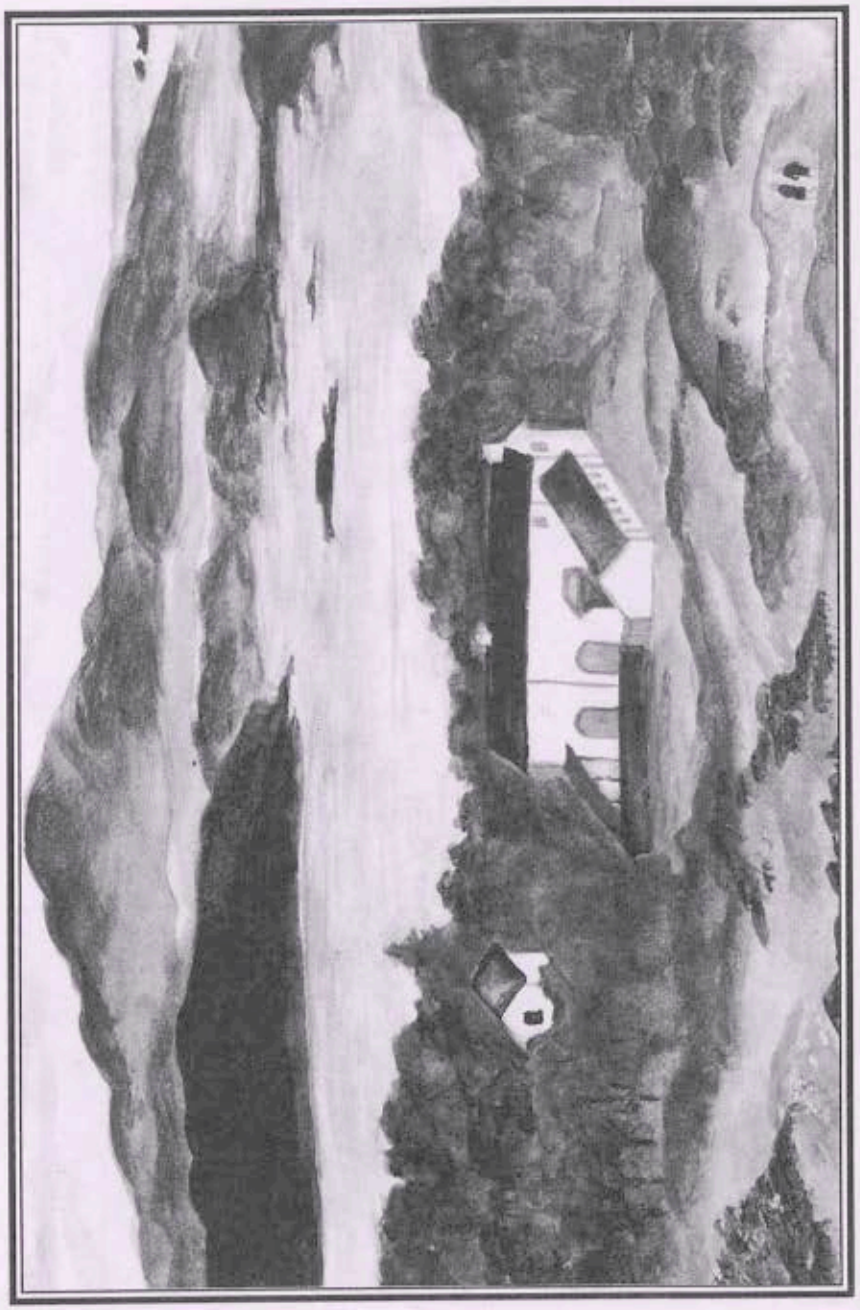
Emily Schrier