

The Idol

Spring 1993

65th Anniversary Edition



The Idol

Spring 1993

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THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE SINCE 1928



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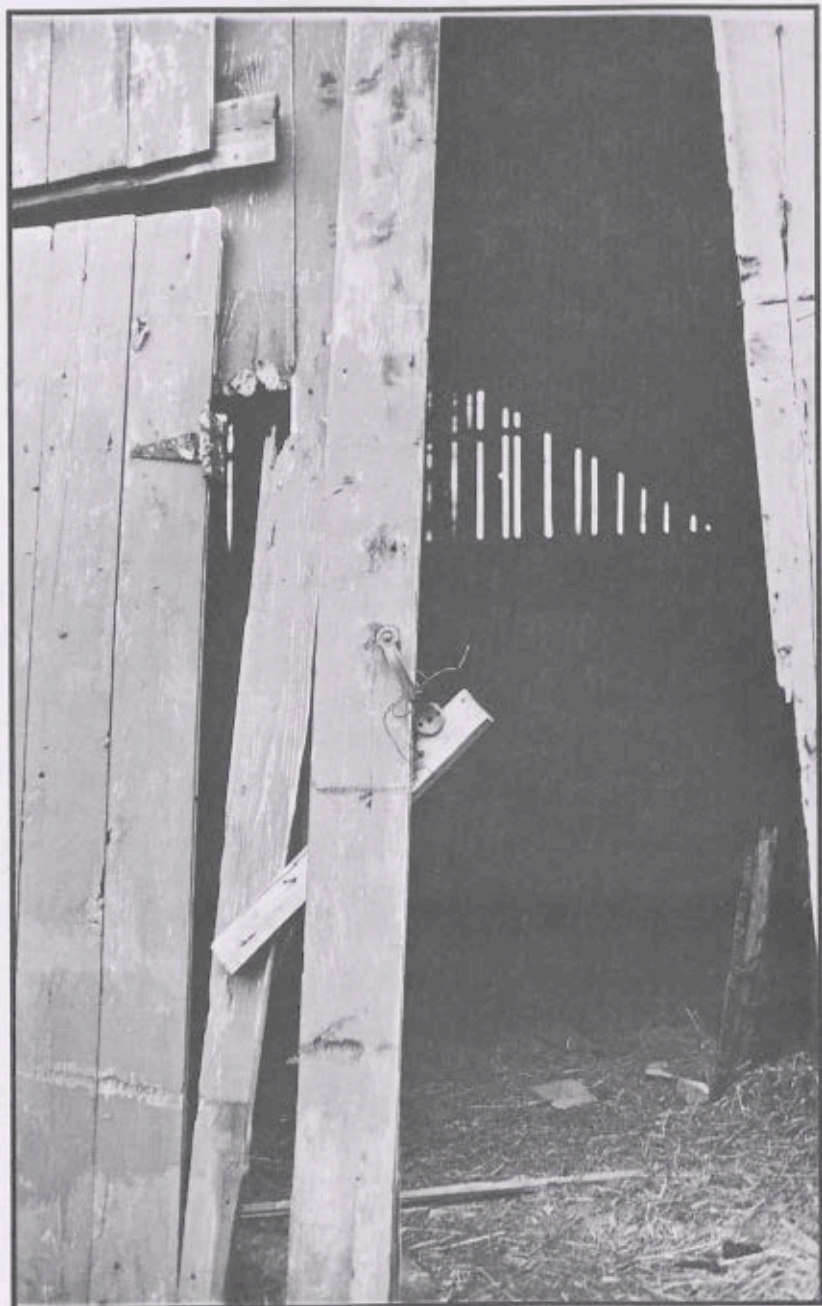


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SPECIAL THANKS TO
LEIF ZURMUHLEN

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MEREDITH MELZER

A Note From the Editor . . .

One facet of Union College's esteemed past is the Union College Idol. Its purposes, quoted from the Idol's constitution, are "1) to encourage creative endeavors by students in literary and visual arts, and 2) to promote an awareness and appreciation of the literary and visual arts by methods and means not ordinarily available in the classroom setting . . ."

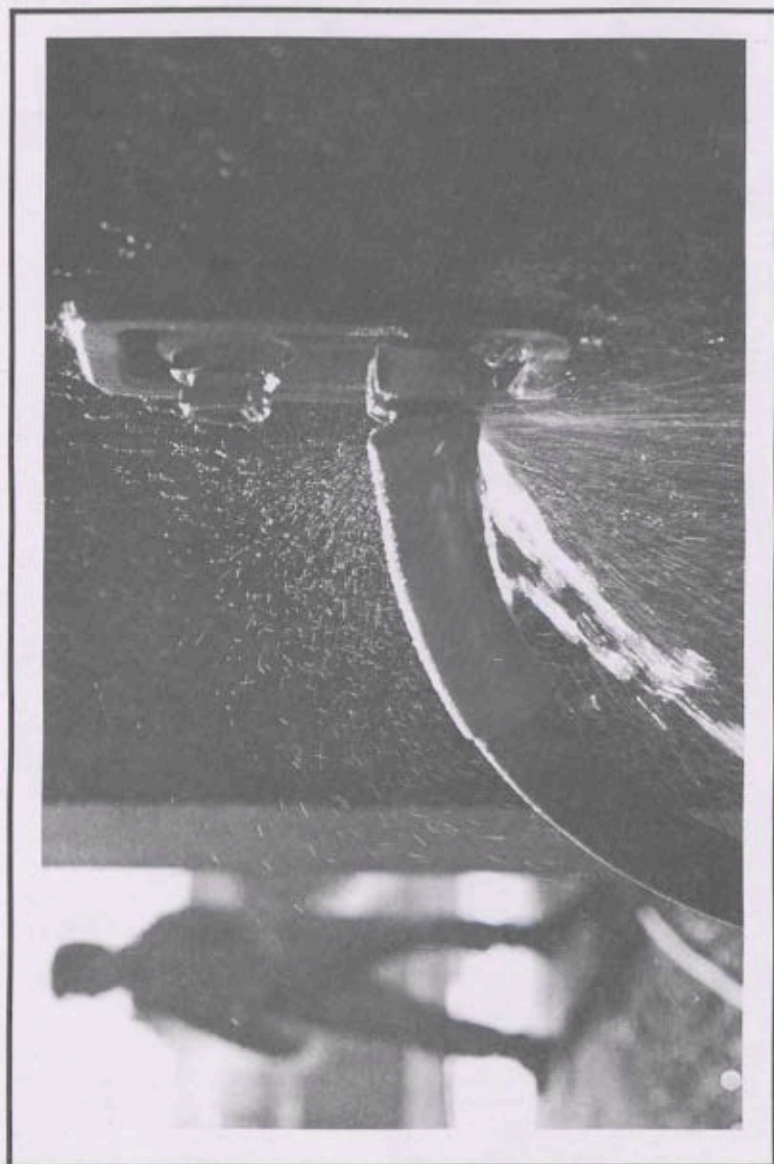
The Idol has become a tradition at Union, one begun in 1928. At that time William J. Gelsleichter was Editor-In-Chief and the subscription was \$1.00 per semester. Both the Idol and the college have changed drastically — the only constant is their strive for excellence.

Therefore, to commemorate 65 years of the Idol, a poem by John Luskin, Class of 1929, has been included in this issue. This poem, "Simplicity," appeared in the first issue of the Idol on February 17, 1928.

Thank-you to all who contributed and made this issue possible.

GLENN T. KONOPASKE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KASHA LEWIS



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BOY

ALLI HIRSCHMAN

INNOCENCE

Innocence
is like the wind-
it can blow for days at a time
silently, making everything lively
then quickly it disappears
sometimes unnoticed,
until one day you look out at the
storming rain and cracking branches
and wonder where life went.

KATHY L. WALTER



NOTHING

"it's not you it's me" she said
silence, looming like a grey cloud
please understand.

she wished it could be different.
grasping for words that don't exist.
uncertainty. emptiness. guilt.

his eyes spoke to her.
not much to say,
but nothing.

SARA FINNERTY



BRET J. GOLDIN

PORTRAIT

ROCKY POINT

Is it true that your mom taught you how to play pool
in the bar?

You told me once that she was a bartender.

I'm sorry if I didn't believe you,
but you're always joking with me.

It's like the time when you told me
that you couldn't read.

I believed you.

I even offered you help.

But, it was a joke.

(I can't tell when you're serious.)

We figured you out;
knew your life-style, your family rituals,
and what your favorite meal is.
By the way, don't tell us that you love shrimp
when we know its meat and potatoes
you crave.

You, driving that powder blue pick-up truck,
smile.

You just got a tattoo of a fly on your thigh.

You already have a dragon.

Why do you need another?

Are we really a brother?

But, I'm not the one who sat at the
blank computer screen
all night long
typing,
I love you I love you.

LAUREN A. MOUZAKES



SCOTT B. PHILLIPS

NINA AND JORGE

"Taxi!!!, Taxi !!!"

"Where to lady?"

"La Guardia, and make it fast!"

Stepping gingerly into the checker cab so as not to wrinkle her skirt, Nina Wilson checked the name card of the cabbie.

"Jorge Liebman? Only in America, only in America, would a person be named Jorge Liebman. Hispanic and Jewish, right? I'm surprised they don't have a game show called 'Guess that Nationality,' if they did you'd confuse the shit out of everyone." As she spoke, Nina released the clasp on her barret and let her long brown hair fall around her face. She took off her heels, and massaged the callouses on her feet.

"Actually," Jorge turned around at a red light and spoke, "I'm Irish, my father's last name is O'Malley. Mom and Dad thought they could instill acceptance of diverse peoples on the world if they named their Irish-Catholic son Jorge Liebman. I'm sort of a walking irony, I'm a great conversation starter at cocktail parties."

Nina looked at Jorge's fair skin and sandy hair. He wore glasses that were too big for his face and it was obvious that he'd had an acne problem as a teen. She wondered if he had tried the new acne medication that was advertised on T.V. at one in the morning. She noticed the gold band on the ring finger of his left hand and envisioned his wife. Mrs. Liebman was sure to be thin — for no particular reason — Nina was just positive that Jorge would marry a thin woman. She'd also be an amazing cook, probably specializing in Thai food or? Nina was sure the couple had a son maybe a ten year old named Valsuez Smith or something. Though she was merely speculating, she imagined that Valsuez might dance the lead role in "The Nutcracker" for the Bolshoi Ballet before he was twenty.

"Hey, Jorge, my name's Nina, it's nice to meet you." She reached over the seat and tried to shake his hand. Because of the odd angle, and the fact that Jorge was driving, Nina's wrist went limp, and her fingers just grazed the top of Jorge's hand. The attempt looked more like she was petting a dog than shaking hands. "I don't mean to be rude, but could you step on it, I don't want to be late." Settling back down onto the black vinyl that sticks to your skin in the summer like Spider man to the side of a building, Nina reached to the top of her thigh and undid the garter that was holding her stockings up. She did

the same with the other leg and then rolled her thigh-highs down her leg, over her foot and off the tip of her toes. She noticed Jorge looking up at her through his rear view mirror.

"Long day, you know." She took a pair of jeans from her oversized handbag, slid them up her legs as far as they would go, unzipped her skirt, pulled the jeans up all the way, zipped them, buttoned them, and slid her skirt over her jeans and off.

"So Nina — it is Nina isn't it? — what do you do for work that you've had such a hard day." He wondered what else she was going to take off.

Caught off guard, Nina stammered "Uh well, this and that, you know?"

"Oh, so you do free-lance work?"

"Well, not really that way I'm not a hooker or anything." Nina blushed, and hoped Jorge believed her. She liked Jorge. He was personable, and nice to talk to. She wondered if she'd ever get to ride in his cab again. "I don't usually do the same job for very long, I get bored easily. I'm not really the career type."

Jorge nodded, "I know what you mean."

"I've never driven a cab though, Hmmm. Maybe I'll give it a whirl next week."

Not really knowing what to say, Jorge nodded again. Secretly he hoped Nina wouldn't ever have to drive a cab. He thought she was a nice lady.

"Awww, being a cabbie's overrated."

Nina looked into her large leather handbag — the kind you could lose a small child in if you're not careful — for her monthly trust fund check. The bag — she had named it Jane — momentarily enveloped her head, but when she emerged, a paper clip stuck in her hair, and a gum wrapper stuck to her earring Nina was triumphant. Actually she found the check from two Augusts ago too. She was a little embarrassed, but figured Jorge was a good guy, so she asked, "Hey Jorge, how long after a check is written can it be cashed? Do you think we could stop at a bank?"

Yet again, Jorge wasn't sure what to say. "I thought you had a flight to catch," he began, "what time is your flight anyway?" Jorge looked into the back seat just in time to see Nina slipping a somewhat wrinkled button-down over her head. Jorge had wondered why Nina didn't have any luggage if she was going on a trip, but after witnessing

the features of Jane the bottomless bag, he even thought about trading in his set of American Tourister for a leather hand bag of his own.

Nina smiled, adjusted her shirt, smoothed her hair and tightened her bra strap. "Oh forget about it, you're right, we should hurry, I have plastic."

Pulling up to the curb with airline gates ranging from Lufthansa to Joe and Bob's Express, Jorge was finally convinced that Nina had gone loco. "You've got to be kidding me — you don't have a ticket yet?? Where the hell are you going??!" He pulled up at the continental Airlines gate — National Flights and turned around in his seat. For the first time he really looked at Nina. She was young — he guessed about twenty-seven — and actually quite pretty, her hair fell around her face some inside the collar of her shirt and some outside. "I bet it says 'Nina' next to sexy in the dictionary," thought Jorge, then felt guilty thinking about such things when he should have been thinking about his skinny wife. Nina already had the door open and was reaching into her purse for the toll. "Honestly lady, where are you going?" Out of the corner of his eye, Jorge saw the Trust fund check from two Augusts ago, raised his eyebrows in surprise, but managed not to show his complete astonishment.

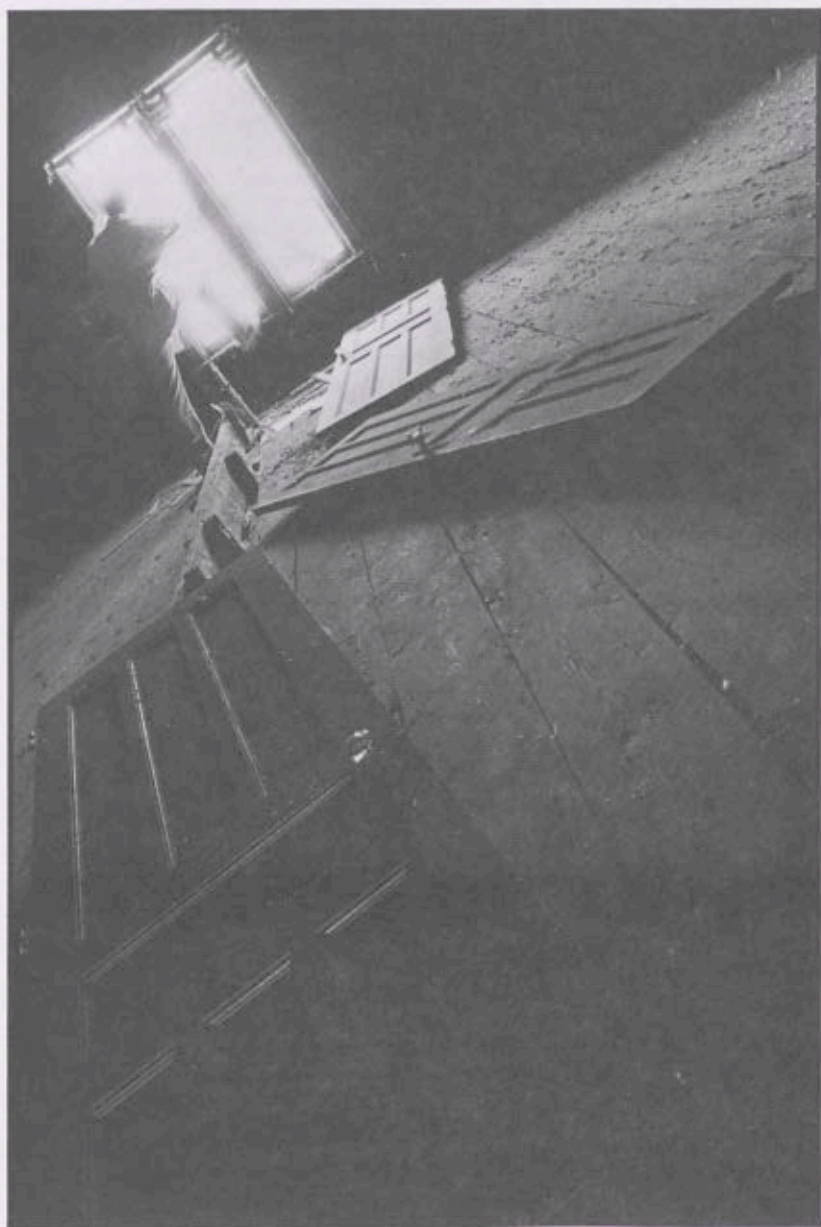
"Happy hour at the Sky-Crossings Bar. It started ten minutes ago, gotta go."

She handed him the fare, and her usual tip: a Hershey's Kiss and a glow-in-the-dark condom. "Here's to you!!" She slammed the door and began to walk away.

"Hey Nina, you don't have any shoes on!" Jorge called, but it was too late, shoeless, the paper clip still in her hair, and the gum wrapper still stuck to her earring, Nina was already gone.

REBECCA GERGELY





GREGG LAVINE

YELLOW WALLS

Like looking into the sun at
high noon, because you Know
you shouldn't, because when
everything is there, nothing is.
And you can stare me so far down
here, so I collapse my eyes a
moment, and open to your yellow walls.

Your yellow walls, an antique glow,
and the things within them,
so much your's;
your bookcase full of laughter,
your bleeding Persian rug,
your useless hat collection,
your cigarettes,
your northbound voice,
your favorite thought,
your writing desk, all covered in
tiny purple flowers,

And me, bathed in the yellow
light, reflected three times
from your lighthouse smile,
illuminated, like waking up in heaven or at home.

And life is but a dream,
on the outside, where it is
raining on the lowlit road,
so I will never leave, for now,
and for always never leave, for now.

JEREMY D. COUNTRYMAN



TULIPS

ALEX VALLEE

PRESERVES

You were only sixty-nine,
Hardly old enough to die
Considering
Today's technology.

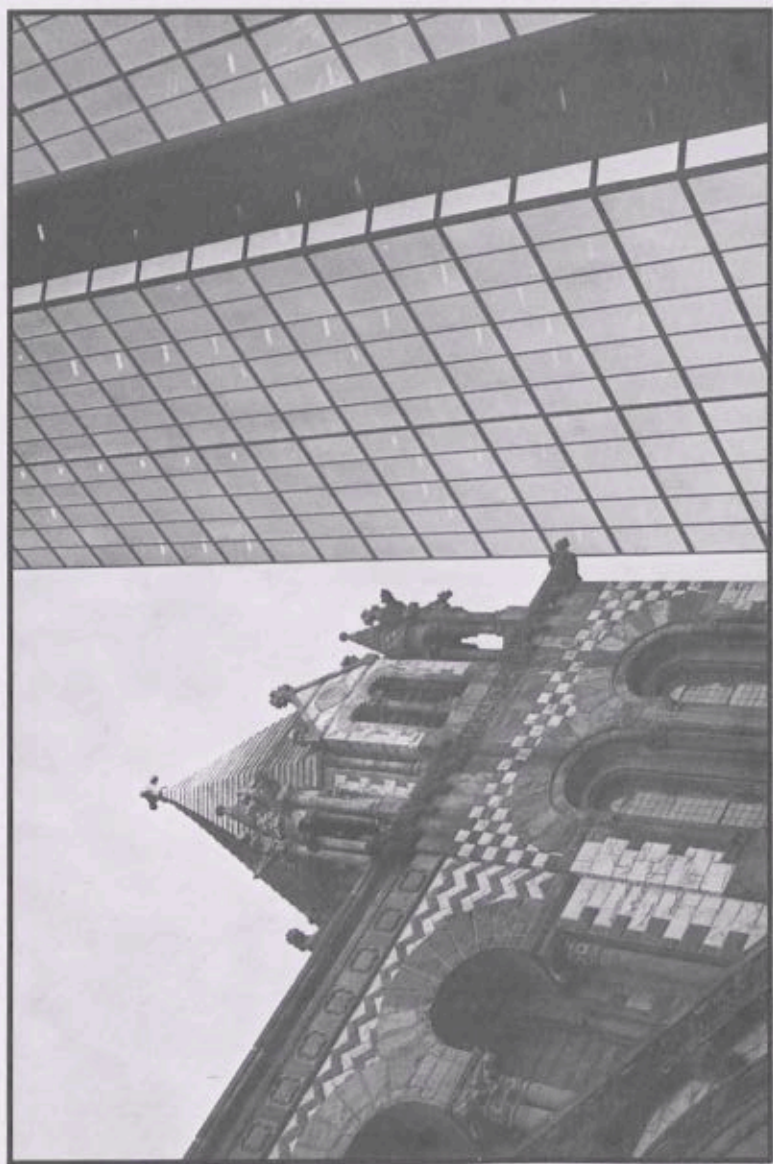
Just last summer, you were
Standing over the stove,
Hands stained with berries,
Scraping the inside of the pot
So that the fruit
Would stay smooth and sweet.

Tiny glass jars,
Lined in neat rows
Their caps tight
So that none
Would spoil.
But they went quickly,
Eaten away until
There was nothing
Except a small amount of
Sweetness left
Inside each one.

And then you were sick,
Lying in bed,
Your hands still
At your sides,
Your eyes shut tight,
And I could tell
By the way you took you're air
That breathing was a burden.
Your skin was warm,
But its color had run
Out, down long tubes.

And as I leaned over you,
Whispering softly,
It seemed you smelled more like
Morphine than berries.

DAVID HOPSON



SARA FINNERTY

TRINITY CHURCH AND JOHN HANCOCK TOWER

CHINESE PAPER CUTTING

Scissors slice paper like strong dancers
conquer the air around themselves, sweep
downward to the left, and push
forward in a single stroke.

The cut grows wider, the ground separates,
Bits and pieces fall to the floor
like sweat-soaked costumes coming undone.

With each incision I'm gaining
some culture lost as I was born –
A slanted cut, a syllable, another,
and a third. Now a triangle, and a new word.

Each twist of blades, each flex of muscle
fills an unknown and latent place.
And then the words come
easily and the strokes of pen flow smooth.

Every time the steel shaves
paper, my flesh touches
water; the dance commences, and I am
alive.

JULIA LEE



YESTERDAY

ALEX VALLEE

A SONG OF LIFE IN THE SUBWAY

1.

The room was a converted garage,
Done completely by Uncle Bert
And one of the friends
He had made at one of his jobs.
There had been so many jobs —

We were lucky to find Aunt Lucille
Awake when we stopped by.
The room was now a hospital and she
Was the patient. Lucille, once beautiful —

Government Center, Boston.
We sat together on the
Subway bench and watched
Our breath struggle against
The hardened air.

I shifted to face Melissa.
We had been to the Aquarium.
We joined a school of children
Petting rays, but we shied away.

Up the ramp, past the penguins
Who were getting sprayed.
Up the ramp, to the tropical fish.
The spiny leather jacket was dead.

2.

There was a tall stack of pictures
On the table, left of her bed.
This is what it had come to.
This is all it would ever be.

I sat on her right, not sure what to say,
It had been so long since I had last
Seen her. She was able to walk then,
Not bed ridden and asleep half the time,
Her left eye swollen shut,
The right half closed, half open.

Up the spiral ramp, to the top
Of the tank. A father held
His son on the ledge.
The boy laughed and looked down.
I was the only one watching when he
Almost wiggled from his father's grasp.

We saw the tortoise swim in circles
And the sharks push their way through
The large cat fish. Down the ramp,
Past the tropical fish . . .
The spiny leather jacket was dead.
Other fish were eating its tail.

3.
What was worse, what the cancer did,
Or how the chemotherapy had left her?
She was so frail, bones lying
Underneath the brown quilt.
The bed pan sat on the floor.

Their only daughter, Judy was a lesbian
Who lived with a woman in Colorado.
She'd been artificially inseminated
And her daughter's strawberry blond
Hair was the same as her father's.
She adored him.

I turned my head from her.
People began to walk toward
The edge and look left for
The train. Three men approached:

They had been here before.
That's the way it seemed when
They walked off the escalator;
As if it was their escalator.

4.
"I think that she should have another.
She is so good with her, and so happy -"

"Don't be crazy Lucille, she's too
Damn old. It would kill her."

David, their only son, had almost died.
His blue van was totaled as he made
A U-turn at one of the 'No U-Turn' signs.
One friend died, two others were hurt,
He broke his leg, cracked his face,
And split his Coors. The pot was ruined.

I shifted my position.
Between my feet
Were three crushed suckers.
With my head down, I could see their

Black, metal-tipped boots turn
Toward us. I shifted again to see
What they were looking at,
They were smiling; my arm hair stood:

5.
Soon Bert and mom left the room and Lucille
And I struggled with school and writing:
I, with what to say, she, with saying.
(But as we struggled, I knew that this
Would be written about, but how?)
"You're going to have to excuse me,
But I am falling asleep. Go get your mother
So I can say good-bye."

How could I be enjoying the Coke when Bert
Was telling me how he broke down and cried
On the phone to his brother? how the
The hole in her side wouldn't close
Wouldn't close wouldn't close?

She carried a bag from
Noah's filled with wrapped
Gifts and one brown teddy bear.
She wore a clear cover on her head.

She was in the process
Of shrinking, menopause

In her fully remembered past;
It was yesterday that was trouble.

I watched her walk through the turnstile
Making sure that each step
Was planted correctly, so as
Not to fall. Step. Step.

6.
The garage was no longer a hospital.
Bert was concerned with how to part his hair
And whether or not people were staring at him.
"What am I going to do without her?
What are all these people crying for?
She's *my* wife! *My* wife!"

Bert moaned and rocked in the pew.
Grandpa was trying to get Bert into his Tallit
Grandma was trying to remain composed
I was trying to think of how I could
Express myself without tears.

She rested on a bench.
They moved closer.
With the sound of the train,
She got up and carefully

Moved over to the edge.
Step. Step. Step.
Others moved to the edge.
They moved with her:

Slothly. When she
Reached the edge,
They expertly pushed
Through the crowd.

7.
We were the third car to arrive at the cemetery.
The dirt turned white with snow.
Bert stood under a yellow tarp, dazed.
Lucille was taken from the Hearse was set
Down in front of the rabbi and Bert.

*We recall with affection those who no longer
Walk this earth, Lucille!
Bert's face sank as Lucille was lowered.
May He be praised throughout all time.*

The shovel was handed to Bert.
Held up by my father, he drove the shovel
Into the mound of dirt. He lifted it
*Master of Mercy, remember all her worthy deeds in
Over the hole over Lucille over himself.
The land of the living. May her soul be bound . . .
The dirt smacked against the plywood. Lucille!
And let us say: Amen.*

The woman stepped closer to
The edge as the train
Turned its last turn.
They split apart.

The spiny leather jacket was dead.

He pushed one last
Man aside, and
Nudged her off the edge,
Onto the tracks.

Other fish were eating its tail.

Someone reached to lift her,
But then, the train.
I was the only one
Who saw them slip away:

The spiny leather jacket was dead.

The spiny leather jacket
Other fish
The spiny leather jacket was

WILLIAM I. WOLFF

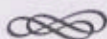


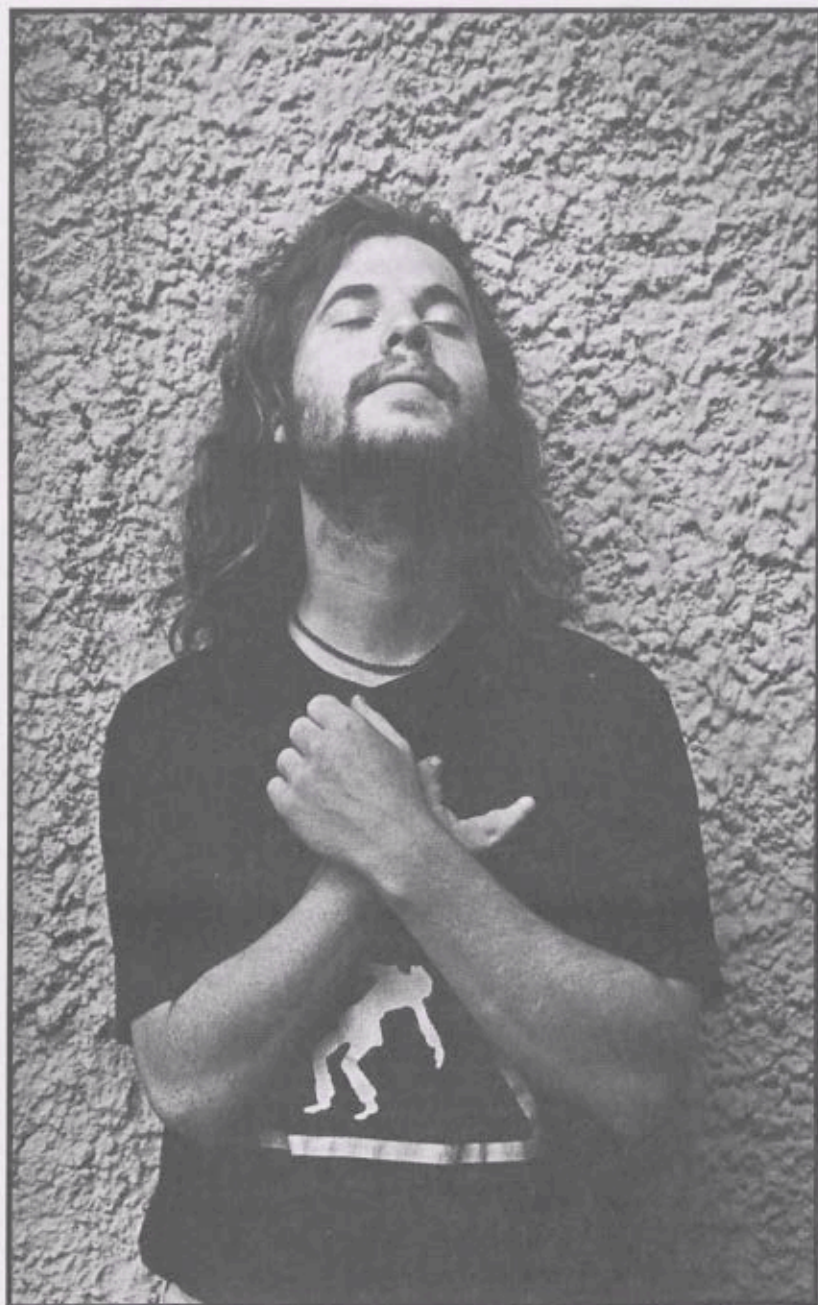
GENTLY

There is an elderly woman,
who bakes pancakes for the sea-gulls.
Every night she bakes her cakes
And walks deep into her garden
And begins to lay them gently
On the ground. First she takes
The cake out of her wicker basket,
The same one that held her husband's
Tools for the cherry tomatoes and marigolds,
And brings it right up to her
Face and checks to see if it
Has any traces of unmixed powder,
Burns or tares. The bad ones
She places in plastic,
Muttering, "You'll hurt my
Little gulls. They eat only the best."
When she is satisfied, she
Lowers the cake, bends at
The knees and gets close to the
Ground. With the cake perfectly
Placed on top of her open plam,
She smooths the ground
Brushing away the hard pieces of soil.
She then places the cake
Directly on top of the ground.
Satisfied, she continues, but
Gently, very gently.

Every night, after I am finished
With my cherry tomatoes and marigolds,
After I have washed my hoe and spade,
After I have set the sprinkler to go
On in the middle of the night so my
Corn gets the right amount of water,
After I put my gloves back on the
Wooden shelf in the garage,
After I have eaten the dinner which
I prepared and cleaned and dried the dishes,
After I again convince myself that
It wasn't my fault that she had been
Driving when the Ford Explorer ran
The red light and killed her instantly,
That fate has no sympathy for love or age,
I toast her memory with three
Shots of Absolute Citron,
And walk down the streets of my
Little housing development;
A right on Maple and left on Oak
Another right on Cedar and a left
Right after the Dairy Queen,
And, across from her garden
Sit under the white birch
And watch her gently place the cakes
On the ground and listen as the
Gulls come in.

WILLIAM I. WOLFF





ERIC 1992

LEIF ZURMUHLEN

EULOGY

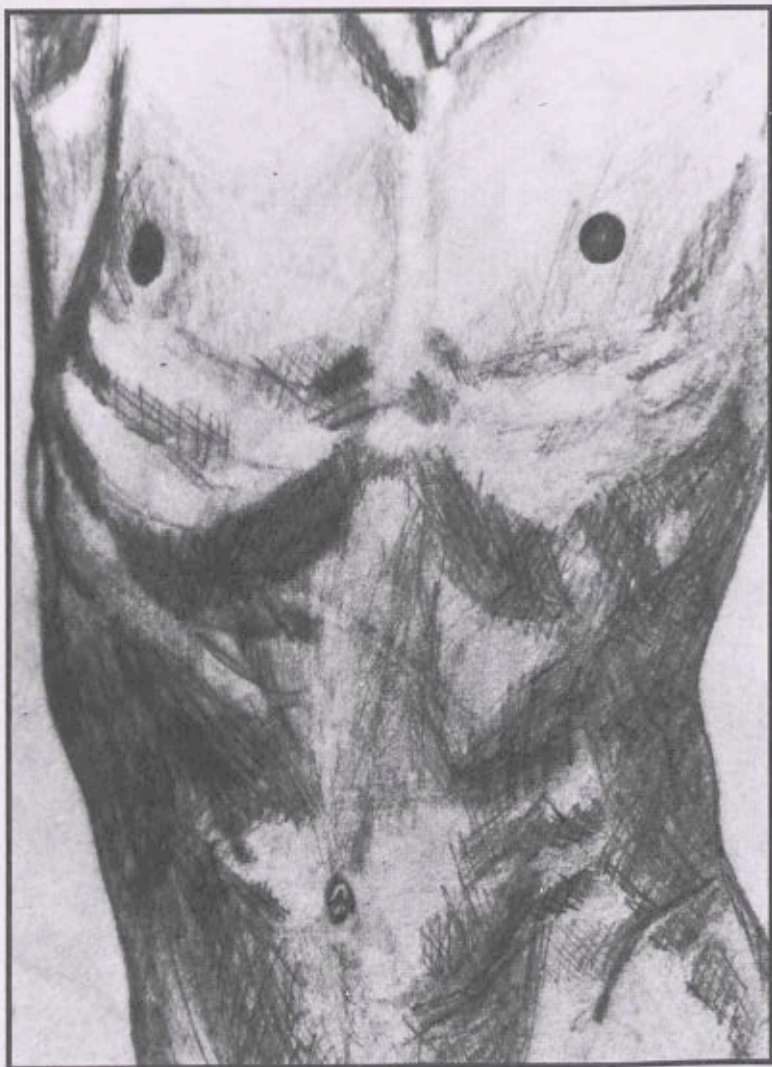
Night has taken nature's son past the grave
and beyond,
Night has taken our hearts with it;
Our smiles are overturned.

Shadows will envelop our lives
Unless the sparrow returns to us,
Unless the wisdom can forgive our souls.

We dance in the wind swirling,
We are bound to the earth in tattered sheets.

Our God left us to our own devices,
And we lost the war.

GLENN T. KONOPASKE



MALE TORSO

SCOTT B. PHILLIPS

EMOTIONS

Four grey walls dressed in stylish posters:
Picasso, Miro, Dali and accessories from
 photos of the world
Light cuts a square in one of the walls;
It outlines the figure of a man
A chair
A desk
Memories fail to cast shadows
Memories are not filed
They are etched in sentences
They glister through a sheet of tears
A storm rages and paints his nature
Emotions become pebbles,
Become sand.
Waves of confusion carry the particles away
From their origin to a far away shore.
Sediments of sands will take their time
Times walks slowly along the shoreline
The grains cluster into pebbles
The pebbles into rocks
And the rage of emotions shape the shoreline
Once more:
The light cuts through the window
It outlines the figure of a man
A chair . . .
A table . . .
The walls embrace the man in stylish clothes:
Dressed in Dalis', Miros', and Picassos'.

JOON KEUM



LEIF ZURMUHLEN

TRINH

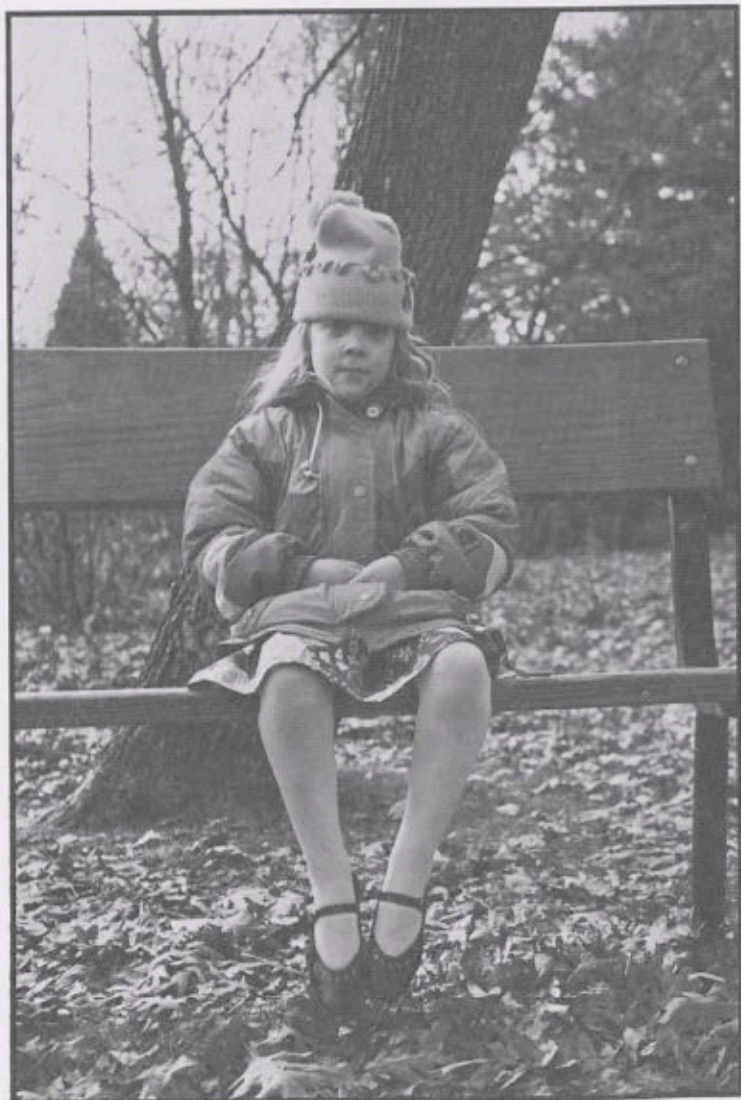
EQUAL COMPARISONS

Two male Japanese fighting fish
circle the fish bowl like sharks
before they attack an innocent child.
Their rainbow-oiled tails fan the water
like flags blowing in the distance.
With their eyes fixed on each other,
they hold their position in the crystallized
water like an American soldier come face to face
with a Viet-Cong.

Silence – the water lies still
except for the few air bubbles
that rise to the top and disappear.
The fish begin to edge near as do the two men.
The water begins to boil and splash.
When the water settles, one body floats to the surface
mangled with tail separated.
The war that continues in the jungle
leaves men scattered in pools of their enemies' blood.

The fish continues to circle its bowl
waiting for the next contender to invade its space,
like young men on the front line waiting for the enemy.

KATHERINE UHLMANN



SARA C. M. OLSON

MY BROTHER

Life can pick you up
Like a big fist in your clothes,
Pulling you up and up, toward that
Big shiny face, sweaty with the
Heat and grime of toil,
And then Life can punch
you down again, with another
Big hairy fist,
Pick you up, punch you down,
up, down, up, down,
And yet each time
we clutch at Life's shirt sleeves
as he grabs our shirt fronts,
our fingers feel the wads of cloth,
The pinch of sleeve buttons,
The rough, muscular arms.
We look Life straight in the eye
Knowing what's coming,
Knowing, yet never looking away
Because who knows what will happen
If we look away.
And each time we hold
Life's gaze even though
we can see the fist clenching
and recoiling,
The shoulder tightens,
Life's Face hardens and he gets
a fierce glint in his eye
and wham!

ANNE DANTZ

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD PARTS

The horror of Bosnia is infinite. The Serbs attack the Bosnian body like a corrosive disease of the blood. This war runs through us, we inhale hatred, our lungs suffocate with violence. The very liquid of our bodies is infected with the foul taint of this man-made murder, the murder of Bosnian women, men and children. We are attacked from within, the murderers walk among us. We are slain in our homes; we are swallowed whole; our streets run thick with blood. My body aches with this war, Bosnia aches, we are all just waiting for the final silence in absolute defeat, absolute destruction.

I am only fourteen but when the Serbian soldiers entered my house, I was judged as a woman. Their eyes moved over my body, calculating the relative worth of my breasts and thighs. I was prodded, probed, they held my face in their dirty, callused hands, hands which then killed my father. I was taken to a truck, to a darkened room. I was thrown upon the floor. I was kicked. I was slapped. Only the sound of the slamming door, the dead-bolt lock awoke me from my hallucination of death. Violent motion struck my body. I vomited upon the floor.

I could not see the four walls of my prison but I knew that I was captive in a hotel, a rape hotel where female Bosnian bodies are tortured and mutilated. I knew that I was a Bosnian girl, a small symbol of the entire Bosnian people. In this room, with my feet shackled, I could not resist. I could not defend my self against the Serbian soldier who heaved like an angry tempest upon me. Bosnian women are the butt of Serbian anger, we are attacked deep inside our bodies. The Serbs can silence me. I can bleed. It is as though the rape of my small body is the defeat of the entire Bosnian people. To the Serbian soldier who rapes me, my pain and death are normal.

The only object in the hotel room was a bed. It stretched before me like the sea, an infinite sea which can never be breached or cheated or survived. This bed stood before me like a mountain. Its stinking covers were rumpled masses, still pulsating with the breath of the girls who died before me. In these sheets I could hear their

muffled cries. The linen quivered with the memory of violence. The room hung with these ghosts. I breathed them.

I looked with hysteria for some escape, for some place to hide, but the windows had all been sealed by bricks and the only object in the room was the bed. So I leaned my weight against it, I heaved, kicked, fought the bed. I pressed it to save me, to protect me, to stand between men and the Serbs. It reached the door with a thud and then stood helpless like me. Wanting only darkness and warmth, I crawled beneath it.

I hung in a state of semi-consciousness for hours, I lay like a sentry. I listened for the sound of a key. Heavy footsteps would approach, hover about my door, and then move on. My heart would race with their approach, I could feel the organ rise in my throat, it threatened to choke me.

Finally, the clack of black boots lingered at the number on my door. The shadow of those evil objects, black killer boots, engulfed my door, slid beneath the crack. The edges of the shadow slit my throat, spilled my blood. The turning key felt like poison in my belly. The door was poised to open, the force of the soldier behind it leaned, but hard wood crashed into the bed with the loud crack of thunder. For an instant, the world was silent — but my shaking head lifted to the sound of footsteps pedaling toward me, the clamor of angry voices, threats in a foreign tongue, and finally the rise of rifle butts against the poor wooden door. The door was thrown from its hinges. The bed was struck again and again, it was splintered by a thousand angry jabs until we both lay upon the floor, exposed and in tiny broken pieces. My last human cry was crushed from above, my last cry fell down upon me like pieces of a broken sky.

They kicked the rubble aside and found me there, shaking beneath the mass of springs and exposed nails. They pummeled me with the broken frame of the bed, they threw me upon the splintered wood and they cut my skin with the rusty nails. It took several soldiers to hold me; one throttled my neck with the length of his gun. My whole body tightened with the threat of asphyxiation, I could not

control the spasms of my legs and arms. Three soldiers were upon me at once, each one driving his fists and palms into my face and ribs and knees as though I, this fourteen year old conglomeration of female parts could represent the whole of hated Bosnia. They wrestled with each other for a piece of me to claw, rip, violate. They thieved upon me, looted me, they bit me with the tenacity of lions feeding upon long-dead prey.

The pain was excruciating, burning knives stabbed every cell of my body. My insides were struck, my whole being stung. My blood flowed across the sheets, I stained soldier skin with its color. My body reverberated with pain, my poor pile of parts, invaded by them. Their weapons and their bodies became one, their thrusting arms, legs and penises drove into me with the cruelty of bullets. Guns and human bodies, they each murdered me.

I lost consciousness but I know that they left me for dead because I awoke unguarded, the door still crippled off its hinges. I escaped during a siege, while all of my attackers were arming themselves for further atrocity. I found my house destroyed, my parents murdered and my body a disjointed pile of foreign and mangled parts. I was a spoil of war, part of the defeated Bosnian loot. My body is a shell of skin and muscle and blood, it is no longer my own, I do not recognize the remains of this perversion. My body will never heal from the acts of violence which these monsters waged against it. I am stripped and maimed, no longer human. The Serbian hatred has driven human beings beyond this boundary of humanity. Soldiers rape, cut, strangle. Our soft skin bleeds, our fragile bones snap. We are defenseless against this black cloud of hatred. The rape, murder, the destruction of the Bosnian people is not a human act. Your silence is not human, to ignore this cry is not human. It is not human. It is not human.

JULIE SHANEBROOK



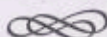
MISTY ACHE

Fog
settles
I can't see
past the mist
you've given me

A blur
clouding
my vision
an overused
but descriptive
phrase, said again

When
was the
sand castle
built and was
it you that took
the bucket of water

LAUREN A. MOUZAKES



And how life rushes down upon one.

Before the teeth have a chance to exist,
There is knowledge of want and fear,

Before the knuckles have a chance to bump,
Evil and greed instill their easy essence,

Before the mind has found its equilibrium,
Internal hormones push the body toward sex,

Would the whole city be saved today?
Yet, it is said we were made in the image.
Just how far does forgiveness fall?

ANNE DANTZ

SIMPLICITY

You wear when you are alone with me
A golden cloak, simplicity,
Your perfect raiment, burnished bright
As the kind full moon of an Autumn night.
When others come and join us two
Your perfect garment falls from you.
The world and I must gaze upon
That counterfeit, pretension.
Often, too, when the others go
The glitter stays. You cannot know
How cruel thin fangs of fickle light
Pierce my eyes and induce a fright
That tortures the very soul in me.
Oh woo her, pursue her, simplicity.

JOHN LUSKIN
UNION COLLEGE
CLASS OF 1929

