

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

Brushing - Historical

Brushing

1989

Brushing, 1989, Vol. 18

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.rollins.edu/historical_brushing



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Brushing



BRUSHING 1989

A Literary Magazine

Rollins College



Jonathon Chisdes

CONTENTS OF CREATIONS

WRITING

Intimacy	4	I Dance in the Rain	50
Barrio Brothers	5	Collon Notion	50
The Horizon's Response	6	Untitled	51
Sandcastle	7	Invitation to Dawn	52
Peaceful Pirate	9	Monsters	53
Happy Boy	10	Sea, Sun, Sand, and Sparkling Eyes	54
Sometimes I Talk Too Much	12	Untitled	56
Soul Motions	13	Untitled	58
Silky	14	Steel Pointed Sky	60
While We Were Canoeing	15	Pneumothorax	61
Water	16	Face of Reality	62
Beauty of Suspense	17	Reconstruct the Dandelion	63
The Have and Have Nots	19	Concentration	63
Tears	22	Max's Room	65
Nightmare	23	The Piano Heart	66
Lines	24	Untitled	68
My Pretty Rose Tree	25	Hiding	69
Take Me	26	Now That You're Gone	70
To my Surprise	27	The Song	71
His Love	28	Wookla	71
Weirdness	30	Home	73
Singing	31	The Encounter	74
Insomnia in Paris, Girl Sleeping	33	Jenesis	74
To Win	35	At First Glance	75
Eternity	36	Free Flow	77
Making Love	37	Hannibal	78
Dry	41	Final Songs	82
Untitled	43	Donatello	84
Labyrinth	43	Love Gone	86
Shaky Rope Bridge	47	Untitled	87
Villier le Bel	49	Voices	87
		I'm Just Visiting With Idle Curiosity	90
		The Children Are Afraid of Me	92

Gothic	94
Swimming Horse	96
Karen	97
Listening	98
Hanging	98
Insomnia	99
Darling Mathilda	99
Evergreen	100
Concentration	101
A Symbol of Freedom	102
Brave New World	103
Trees in a Row	103
His First Painting	104
Silent Voices	105
Garden Verse	106
Notes From River Bend	107
The Shepherd's Reply	111

PHOTOGRAPHY

Walking on Sand	7
Caribbean Evening	8
All Hands on Deck	11
Heron II	12
Four Trees	15
Frozen Fountain	16
17th Century Chat	24
Dance in Smoke	29
Dusk	32
Feel the Heat	34
Storm Over Shore	36
Autumn Blue	40
The Fifer's Poem	44
Fiat Lux	45

$Y = mx + b$	46
Golden Breeze	48
Marching Toothbrushes	52
Forest Shower	57
Bondage Loop	60
Steel Blue	61
Belltower Silent	64
Smokey Shadow	67
Golden Fury	68
Dead	73
Mist and Shag	75
Perpetual Rain	76
Blinded by the Grass	79
Reflections in the Wall	80
Monument	81
Columns of Washington	85
Stone as Ice	86
Which Way Did I Go	95
Alfond Pool	101
City and Sky	107
A.R.T. and Palm	108
Stone to stars	109

ARTWORK

Woman	18
Untitled	20
Untitled	21
Untitled	42
Untitled	88
Untitled	89
Untitled	93
The Woman and the Wind	110

INTIMACY

*If you want to see behind my
eyes
You should try
talking back to the
wind
waltzing with the
waves
photographing a cloud-
free sky
Imitating the expression on the
moon's face
as it
tip-toes
through
my window*

Claudia Tapiu

A photograph of a body of water, likely a lake or a wide river, with a forested shoreline in the background. The water is a deep blue, and the sky is a lighter blue. The text is overlaid on the upper portion of the image.

BARRIO BROTHERS

*the swans have never come over to me
call it white-feathered, web-footed swan vanity
to watch as I take up my seat on the ground
it seems that it's always the other way 'round*

Phil Zeis

THE HORIZON'S RESPONSE

*When we were new, we looked to the horizon
And it turned away
Seemingly unable to balk us with reality.
The world was a sea of opportunity
Upon which we floated most eagerly
Partaking of all we could
Consumed by love
Which bound us painfully together
With chains of tenderness.*

*Then the horizon stared at us
And forced a glimpse of reality.
The sea covered with storm,
Rocked us amidst waves of turmoil.
The chains, they tore at our flesh
And the firm hands of love
Loosened their grasp.*

*Yet within the calm of the storm,
We faced one another
And there lay the key for which we searched
The bond was strengthened
The chains dissolved
And now we looked to the horizon . . .
And it looked back.*

D. Farese

SANDCASTLE

*Sand sifts through my fingers
memories escape from my mind
I grab a piece of the earth
only to drop it
and pick it up again . . .*

*Cold foamy water
teases my feet as it tickles me
running away quickly
returning just as fast
a little warmer*

*When I walked away
the water chased after me
but I was too
far far away.*

Stacey Maio



WALKING ON SAND

Jonathan Chisdes

CARIBBEAN EVENING



Jonathan Chisdes

PEACE-FULL PIRATE

*In the ways of water rising, I'd find small boat on which to sail
into gentle night from harbour, propelled by seaward gale.
I'd cross the darkened oceans at the closing of the day.
I would laugh at far behind me as I'd silent sail away.*

*I'd become a peace-full pirate with a hat upon my head.
I'd invite you on my journey — we could forget all that they said.
And on our seaward journey, we could gather a whole tribe
Of lovers, wishers, sailors, as we'd run on free and jibe.*

*You can hold the crow's nest, a watchglass to your eye —
Seek a quiet island, sleep'ly waiting under sky.
And we, Peace-full pirates all of us, "To the Galley, Seize an Oar!"
We would row the final moments, jump off, and swim to shore.*

*Bring your music and your poems, some Whitman and some wine
We will revel in our Selves again, no longer fearing time.
We'll be a little tribe of dreamers, swim in oceans, making love
Of magic souls and gentleness — catching beauty from above.*

*In the ways of water rising, I'd find small boat on which to sail
into gentle night from harbour, propelled by seaward gale.
But today I'm at the harbour, my feet inside the sea.
My hair is salty moistened, my shoes beside of me.*

*I watch ways of water rising, sun setting brings the tide,
And I feel a breath of longing, somewhere in me deep inside
Cause all the little sailboats are chained to dying wood,
Not floating in the harbour, as I think all small boats should.*

*So tonight I will not sail away — a silent wish that you could see,
And become a peace-full pirate, like the one who sails in me . . .*

Laura Hope-Gill

HAPPY BOY

*Geranium confetti flew
from that front lawn fast-ball.
The game ended shortly after, before
Mother noticed red-spotted cement.*

*No matter — I thought. Me and Dad
would soon be off to the
cottage on the lake —
surrounded by tall pines
and
clear cold spring-water.*

*The big beach-wagon was loaded —
with the small Sony
black and white
and me . . . and Dad.*

*Soda, milk and Rice Krispies we bought — at least I recall.
Up and down back roads we went
with one brown bag, the Sony
and me . . . and Dad.*

*A skiers spray luggishly lifted above the water
as we descended
the steep cottage drive.*

*We both sat on the wooden deck as the Sun
hovered above the beach across the lake.
I imagined
drinking what Dad was . . .
though orange soda tasted better anyway.*

*I remember how I loved Dad that night.
A human being was changing into a monster
on the small
black and white.*

*We both went to sleep soon after.
It was peaceful
and
quiet.
Dad loved me too.*

Brian Fallon Crowley

A black and white photograph of three young women sitting on a wooden deck. The woman on the left is wearing a t-shirt with a pixelated character design and has her arms crossed. The woman in the middle is wearing a light-colored t-shirt and jeans, leaning forward. The woman on the right is wearing a t-shirt with a graphic design and glasses, looking upwards. The background shows trees and foliage.

ALL HANDS ON DECK

Linda Deputy

SOMETIMES I TALK TOO MUCH

*I've dream't about being the one who was chased
but it's always been my bait no fish would dare taste
my hook is so rusty, my line is so old
that the only fish I catch are fish that are cold
when along came a sunfish who nibbled my bait
and took hook and line at a startling rate
and all I could do with her pulling me so
was pull out my buck knife and let the girl go*

Phil Zeis



HERON

Jonathan Chisdes

SOUL MOTIONS

*The soul has but two motions, out and in.
By turning inward, locking up its gate,
It bars as strangers all who should be kin,
Replacing charity with fear and hate.
But when the soul turns outward, opening
Its doors to light and warmth, greeting the day
With gladness unrestrained, it makes all sing
And dance, enjoining the jocund Muse to play.
Such is our choice, to shrivel in despair,
Grow calloused armor to defend our smart,
Or bellow gracefully in love and care,
Filled with all otherness, one mutual heart.
Out, then, cast out the coldness and the dark:
In, now, call in the joyful, dawning lark.*

— Alan Nordstrom

SILKY

*Not having written in a while
I touch keys tenderly.
I think of the life of your smile;
I think of the love we could be.*

*Every move caresses me;
The groove seems much too much.
It's just reality;
The silkiness of your touch.*

*When you dance for me right there
I glance and see your eyes.
The way the chance of your raven hair;
I just have to sigh.*

*Every time overwhelms
I know this time must end.
But leave genius at the helm;
We want love to be our friend.*

*Every move caresses me;
The groove seems much too much.
It's just reality;
The silkiness of your touch.*

John Bajak

*Out of a cypress top beside the lake
a cache of crows exploded softly like
the seeds of a blown dandelion, waking
their neighbor crows, who likewise burst obliquely
skyward till the shoreline skyline bristled
with black birds in raucus caucus, swarming
lazily lakeward, not a flock of missiles
aimed anywhere, but sky sailors, harmless,
on a holiday outing, coasting the currents of air,
raggedly wafting like banners against the blue
until at a secret signal they repaired
to their cypress perches by the shore renewed.*

Alan Nordstrom

WHILE WE WERE CANOEING



FOUR CYPRESS TREES

Jonathan Chisdes

WATER

*The faucet
Is gleaming.
Metallic
And bright.*

*Turned on,
It's streaming;
Refreshing
Delight.*

*Cold water
reviving
My senses
Unslaked.*

*Turned off,
Contriving
Drops drip down
And break.*

Deborah H. Ralton

FROZEN FOUNTAIN



Jonathan Chisdes

THE BEAUTY OF SUSPENSE

I didn't expect him to break through the unspoken bubble as soon as he did. I turned my face. He was ashamed. He thought that he had done something wrong.

"I'm sorry. It's just . . . I can't kiss you unless I would sleep with you. And I can't sleep with you unless I know you. Otherwise I would be using you for my own pleasure. Doing everything the way I know. Not knowing if that's the way that would make you happy.

"I know. Most people don't think like this but my body . . . if you kissed me . . . if I was kissing you, my body would become so wrapped in you, I wouldn't be able to stop. And I can't sleep with you. Not until I know your body with my eyes. You don't know mine with yours. How would our hands know the lines to follow? The shadows created by skin falling into the flesh, off of bone. How would our lips know when to be powerful and when to just brush? When to surprise with passion, enchant with playfulness. Our tongues aren't salivating for the tastes. Our noses aren't sensitive to the smell. I haven't been able to stare at YOU. Everytime I look, you capture me with your eyes. I fall into the blackness like Alice in Wonderland falling into the tunnel. And what is passion without the satisfaction of pleasing someone else?"

"Come on. Come ON."

We stepped out of the car. He turned on the lights. The ground engulfed my feet making soft, suction cup sounds between my toes. My fingers left two lines on the dusty car. We stopped in front of the lights. I put my hands on the invisible wall between us. They were flexed and I could see his eyes in between my fingers.

"Put your hands up."

He let my eyes go and followed his glance to my hands. He raised his fingers to mine; both of us letting the wall hold us up. His head tilted as he began to massage me. His eyelids rose slowly as the eyes traveled up my arm. Teasing me as they hung on each hair, each crevice. He caught my eyes again and then continued down the other side, completing the circle.

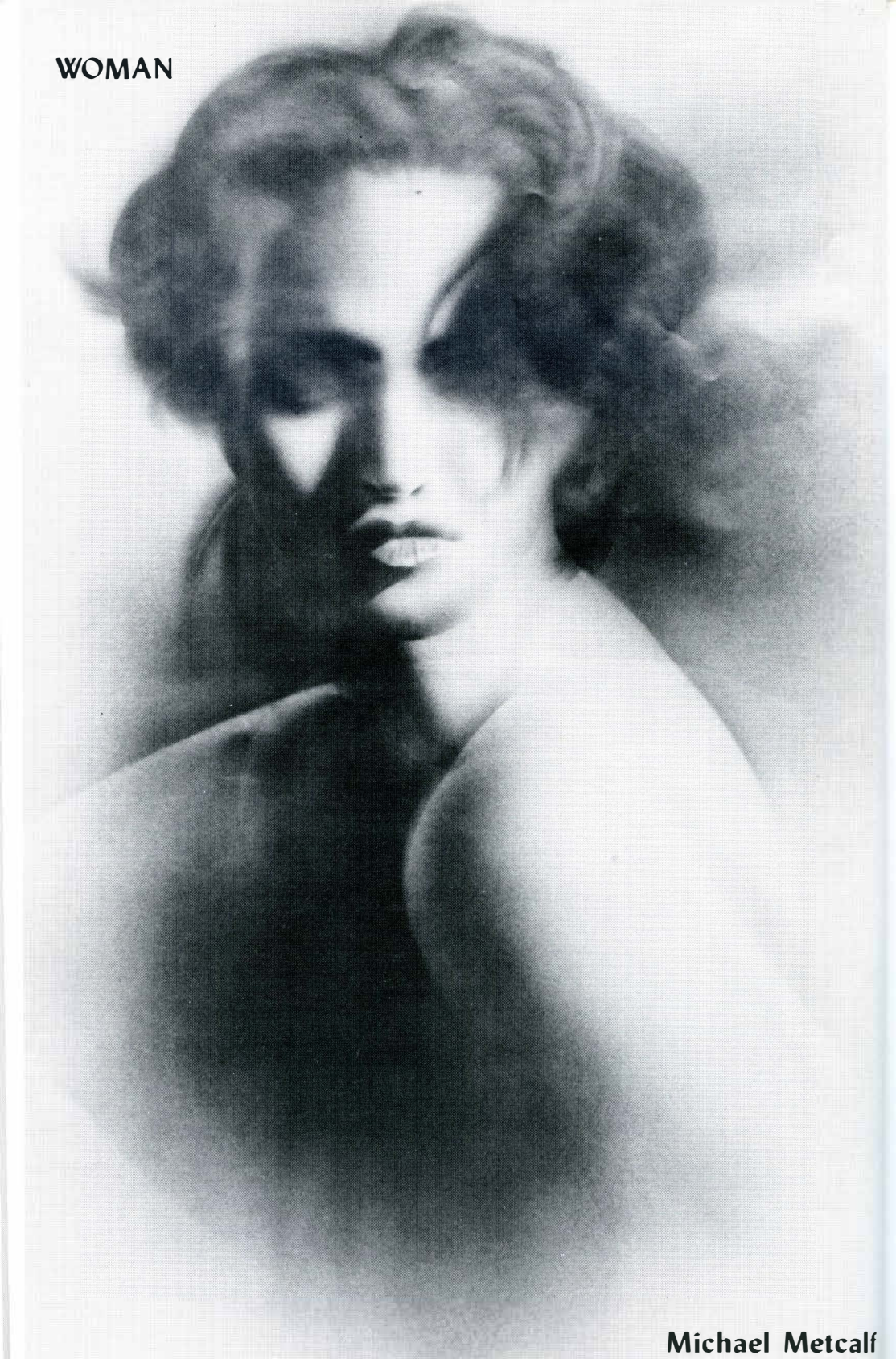
I looked at his face etched with a thin brush that added the soft shadows. His chin didn't fall into his neck. It didn't slope up like a steep cliff. It was flowing like a wave is to the ocean. All so different and yet so smooth and graceful. He had soft hands. Inquisitive fingers. The wall began to dissolve into the air that joined us together. I was learning. Using each sense independently so as to make them more sensitive.

We were breathing together. Rushing deeper with every exhale. Our arms began to melt together. Our tongues licked our lips. My pores opened up to the water inside of them. On my back, On my arms. In my mouth.

We began to dance.

Constancia Ferenhaut

WOMAN



Michael Metcalf

HAVE AND HAVE NOTS

*The two of them,
They look good to me.
It makes a beautiful sense
And makes my better nature race*

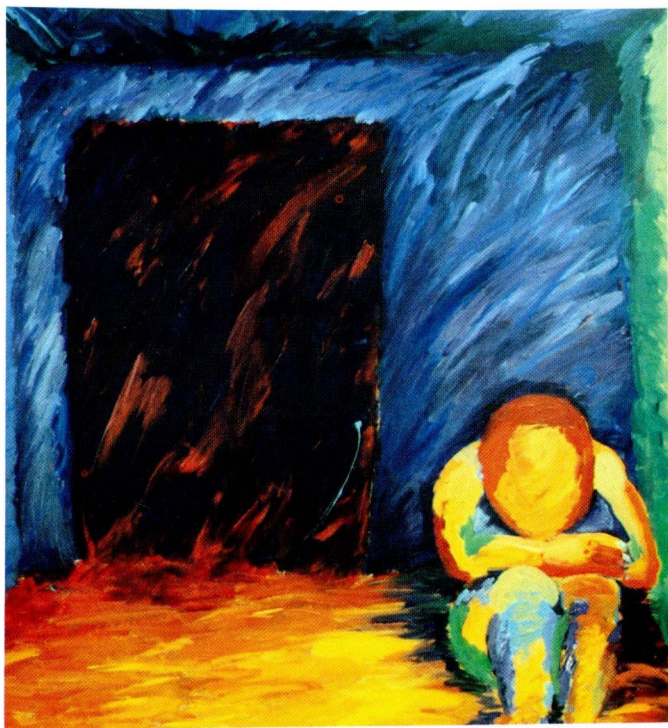
*He, on the street corner,
A bit James Dean, and clothing
Fashionably faded
A smile that wins
Or dies trying*

*She, in the arena
Of his attention,
She performs
Searching for a provocative groove
To distinguish her
The jagged cut
Of the dress
Stiletto heels,
I can find no malice
In this play in flight
The kindness of the effort
Or the cruelty of the act
Waiting behind closed doors*

*The intent swims blindly
As they find their interests
And explain themselves
Right out of the way*

It looks pretty to me today

Christopher Cloud



Monica Posse



Monica Posse

NIGHTMARE

*the tears are inside
they keep swelling
and they are making
me look
puffy . . .*

*But I can't help it.
I'm stuck
frozen
I think I can find a
crack
or a
tear
somewhere —
maybe then I'll
ooze out.*

Claudia Tapiu

TEARDROP

*The
perfect
shape of a
teardrop curves
and twists like the
neck of a swan. A sin-
gle tear is deeper than
the ocean and its meaning
more vast than the evening sky
over the desert. A thousand words
could be placed inside a teardrop —
memories of past and future are all
held hostage in the offspring of the
eye. A tear is the finger of a nee-
dy hand — REACHING out
or touching a loved one
passionately.*

Catherine Gouge

LINES

*have you ever caught sight of your shadow and cried?
have you cried for the rib that was ripped from your side?
did you notice the birds circling over your head
when she smiled at your nonsense and jumped into your bed?
when she added her shadow to yours, in your mind,
and you thought she would ask for your shadow in kind;
had you any idea she'd capture far more
when you turned off the light and she bolted the door?
did you know then she'd leave you and never return?
could she know that she'd touch you and leave you to yearn?
when she smiled and she left you alone in your room
did she know that she'd stolen a babe from its womb?*

Phil Zeis



17th CENTURY CHAT

Jonathan Chisdes

MY PRETTY ROSE TREE

*Confusion, confusion, confusion galore,
Sometimes all present, sometimes no more.
With each passing fancy, the mem'ry revived
With each spoken word, the future contrived.
My pretty rose tree, so stable indeed.
My pretty rose tree, its thorns I don't heed.
As I caress its petals I choke its frail stem
As I smell its sweet fragrance myself I condemn.
I tend to its garden while seeking new ground
To grow a new flower from a seed I have found.
One day my rose tree was unwilling to bloom,
So my fancy did a new love assume.
Ere my rose tree had chance to show its remorse
The love for my new seed had taken its course.
A steady root within my eager heart,
Leaving my rose tree nothing but smart.
Its hastened bloss'ring was simply too late,
Its sudden flow'ring could not accommodate
For the pain it had brought me in the past.
Clouds of this mem'ry made its brilliance o'ercast.
Ne'erless I continue to tend to its garden,
But my fingers to its touch did harden.
Though I still love its fragrance and adore
Its form, the spell is broken and is no more.
Yet of this change o'heart my rose tree's not aware,
Revels in my attention and devoted care.
Still, somewhere is a bud, growing stronger each day.
Cared for an aspiring — a nubile bouquet?*

Deborah H. Ralton

TAKE ME

*I'm going to my agency
To see what I can do.
She packed my lunch this morning
She even shined my shoes
She does so much emotion
It's hard to tell this much
That what ever as I'm working
I look forward to my lunch.*

*And I work on through the afternoon
Making daily bread
And I think all this is needed
If I'm to get ahead.
But the whistle blows all too soon
And I get in my car
And she hears my voice whistling this tune
Before I get too far —*

*Take me to the bedroom
Take me to your sex
Take me any way you'll have me
Before I get complex.
I may not get a headache;
If you ask you'll see
That the best of life is touching
And touching tenderly.*

*I'm going to get an axenardle
And prop up the kitchen sink.
I've lost all of my underwear
And my golden cufflinks.
If I ask me what I'm doing,
I'd have to say I curse,
All day and when I'm losing,
I sing this final verse —*

*Take me to the bedroom
Take me to your sex
Take me anyway you'll have me
Before I get complex
I may not get a headache
If you ask, you'll see
That the best of life is touching
And touching tenderly.*

John Bajak

TO MY SURPRISE

*To my surprise last night I heard
A sound outside my door.
So faint a noise with not one word
And listening brought no more.*

*I thought it might be you out there
The way you used to be,
With faithful smile and captured stare
Before I set you free.*

*To my surprise last night I found
My heart had cried for two.
And falling tears had made that sound
That I had hoped was you.*

Amber Werny

DANCE IN SMOKE



Jonathan Chisdes

HIS LOVE

*the ground moved softly underfoot as through the moonlit garden he,
with anxious heart and faith in fate did move, his dearest love to see
and passed by each small flower there and noticed not its gentle grace
for ever was his only care the beauty of his true love's face*

*the earth beneath his feet did turn and give him to an open door
a single star in silence shone its light upon the naked floor
his left hand trembled at his side. the other to his breast did leap
as in the starlit room he spied his precious love in fastest sleep*

*in tortured silence every step, across the moonlit room stole he
until beside his lover's bed and on his knees he came to be
and with a moments pause he took the tender hand from where it lay
and placed it soft against his cheek and squeezed it in the slightest way
then put it back into its place. then wondered he, should he dare steal
a kiss from that most sacred face the ache in his own heart to heal
and this he did, and moonlight shone, and his one love did take his hand
and each bright star became his own and all the seas and every land*

*his kisses lingered in the air as kiss for kiss his love replied
he breathed the soft and perfumed hair and lay down at his lover's side
and as in sumptuous sweet repose within the silent bedroom they
did share their hearts and touch their souls they did a moment longer stay*

*then too soon did he leave the heart and lips and soul he found in sleep
and closed the door behind him fast, his precious love to safely keep.
he passed by each small flower then, and blessed each one as he passed by
he held his memories fast within and gave the stars back to the sky*

Michael Metcalf

WEIRDNESS

*carbonated brain fluid rain
calls me names . . .
I answer vaguely
so as to throw them off*

*Purple streams of banana scented men
dance for me
they tickle and tease my itching fingers*

*Aluminum foil sparkles blue
and wraps itself ever warmer
and tighter
around my head*

*Weirdness whirling in my brain
I awake in a rustling panic
Only to find
Balloons.*

Corey Edwards

SINGING

*Tripping children, barefoot in
the shallow pool, our hair blowing
in the salt-scented breeze.*

*We laughed amid our singing,
splashing with each unsteady step
collecting dripping treasures
wringing dripping sleeves.*

*Wet hands wipe the hair from
our faces, groping to the shore,
we continue our song, struggling
against the water's hold.*

*Licking the salt taste from our lips.
Gripping our spoils in knuckled fists
We crawl over rocks slippery with seaweed,
away from the sound and spray of
the breakwater.*

*Tripping children, we tumble to the sand
letting it cover our wet hands and feet
lying on our backs, staring at the
dappled sky, we clutch gray rocks
and broken shells, dreaming
of a day when we needed not words to sing.*

Wendy S. Richards

DUSK



Jonathan Chisdes

INSOMNIA IN PARIS, GIRL SLEEPING

*While the ghosts of garbage collectors tipped milk bottles
And the bed lay askew in lamplight
I rubbed your dipping temple*

*While the spike-eared dogs roamed the fencelines
And sleeping breath bloated the mattresses
I circled your ear with my fingers*

*While the pasted windows regarded the draperies
And huddled city pigeons stowed away
I stroked your ravaged hair*

*While the last of villains found their bower
In the dawn-encroached, black and riddled skyline
I pulled the blanket to your chin*

*And while the martians played their sambas
Over a butter moon
I guarded the evening through for you*

Christopher Cloud

TO WIN

*to win your love he must not dwell
upon your beauty night and day
he must not share his secret dreams
he must not ask you softly, "stay"
he must not know your heart and thoughts
or stay beside you when you tire
he must not take you gently in
his arms and tell you his desire
he must not cherish every precious
word that leaves your tender lips
or gather up his very soul and
place it at your fingertips
and if, by chance, i find him with
your image mirrored in his eyes
and thinking of your gentle smile
and sighing heartfelt sighs
i'll tell him how he's gone astray
and tell him what he must not do
and once i've sent him on his way
i'll do these things for you*

Michael Metcalf



FEEL THE HEAT DON'T RETREAT

Linda Deputy 35

THE ETERNITY

*Once awakened,
Wounded and alone,
Palely embalmed amongst mountains of blue*

*Grey beads of sorrow
Descend from the murky heavens above
Lightly moistening the path ahead*

*Hopeful reflections pierce the dampened haze,
Etching glimpses of light in the distance
As time hesitates
And painfully lingers on the horizon.*

— Ted Bezemer



STORM OVER SHORE

Jonathan Chisdes

MAKING LOVE

to a voice, a vision
Love
You
Low
Slow pages
worn words
Caress
I undress
you
Love
you
Low
Fast
Past
Envelopes me
satanic
saviours
sighs
I close
I open
Thighs
Eyes
And I
Love
You
Low

I am caught
underneath
Writhing in ecstasy
Abolished chastity
I Love You Low.

Lead Keys
Unlock deities
Hear Lamia sizzle
Moan
Their serpent
seeds sown
I
Love
You
Low
Come
Spread
my wings
while
an unsullied
cherub sings
Of how
I shall
Love
You
Low
My mind's eye
your words
Carnify
The mere thought
You
An aphrodisiac

C.R.L.

LOVE OUTSIDE OF MOVIES

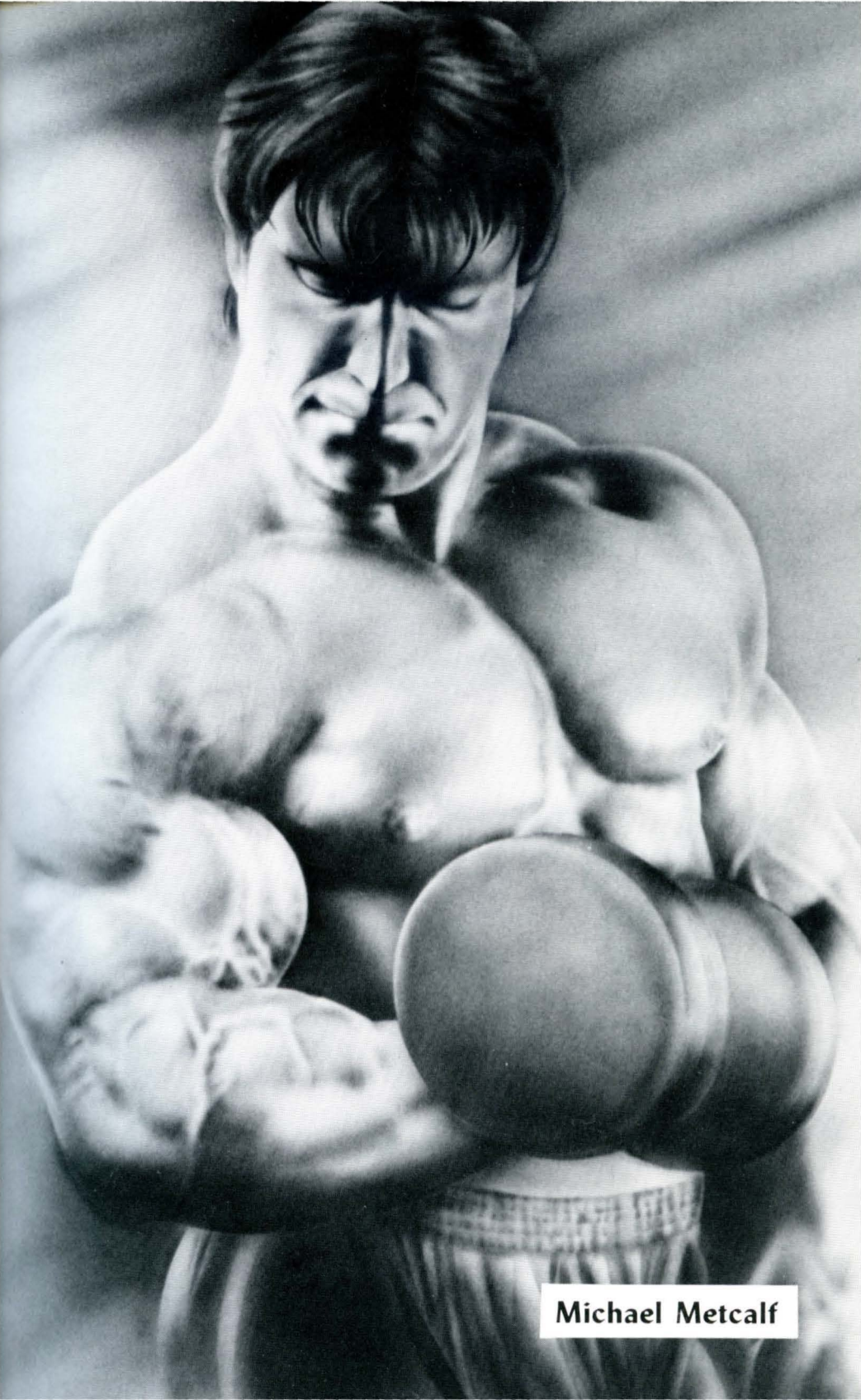
*I was so little
Standing there, enraged
Mad as a pistol
Feet stomping in my brain
Left hand holding a burlap fist
Right hand, finger ready
To drive any
Loose accusations home*

*If you let her get that close
That she stands inside you
All it takes
Is a little mischief
And she's folding you
Up against yourself
Making you the stammering pedant,
"Our bond!"
"We had a BOND between us!"
SLAP the back of your hand*

*You'll never enforce treaty
At that close range*

*An autopsy of your blind side
Reveals nothing*

Christopher Cloud



Michael Metcalf

AUTUMN BLUE



Jonathan Chisdes

DRY

*Dry with numbness
I feel like a leaf
In the desert — only it's cold here.*

*The sharp bite of winter air
Picks at my fingertips
Only I feel no pain.*

*I struggle to open my eyes — still
I see black nothingness
A shivering darkness.*

*I am in an igloo
The icy walls are slowly
Caving in.*

*In the distance I hear —
Life.*

*I sense the growing presence of existence
Outside my shelter of thick, suffocating
Ice.*

*I open my mouth to scream
I have no voice.*

*I grasp for air
I find nothing to breathe but loneliness.*

*I open my eyes
I am blind.*

*So I sit — waiting. Rocking
Back and forth.*

*Time passes.
Could be days, months.*

*My temperature rises
The snowy earth beneath me — melts
Disappears.*

*I fall
And
Fall . . .*

*Drenched in fear
My heart aches.*

*Faster and
Faster — I pick up speed
Then I
Hit — MORNING.*



AFTER LEAVING THE LABYRINTH OF LIFE

*After leaving the labyrinth of life
I dropped into the dark, damp, density of death.
It was simply solid solitude.
I was separated until soley sole.
I slowly stepped up to the swirl of spirits.
I wandered into the waves.
I was enveloped into the incorporeal embodiment.
I became one with many.
Mine was mixed with a magnitude of mortal men's.
Finally formed, I was filled out of my confine.
I was disembroiled from the dark dungeons of death,
And reset into the range and realm of life.*

Michelle Steinbach

(UNTITLED)

*The wind,
It scratches me.
Paws at my
heart
To come out.
But it won't.
It's too full
and it might
Pop
ever so slightly*

Claudia Tapiu

THE FIFER'S POEM

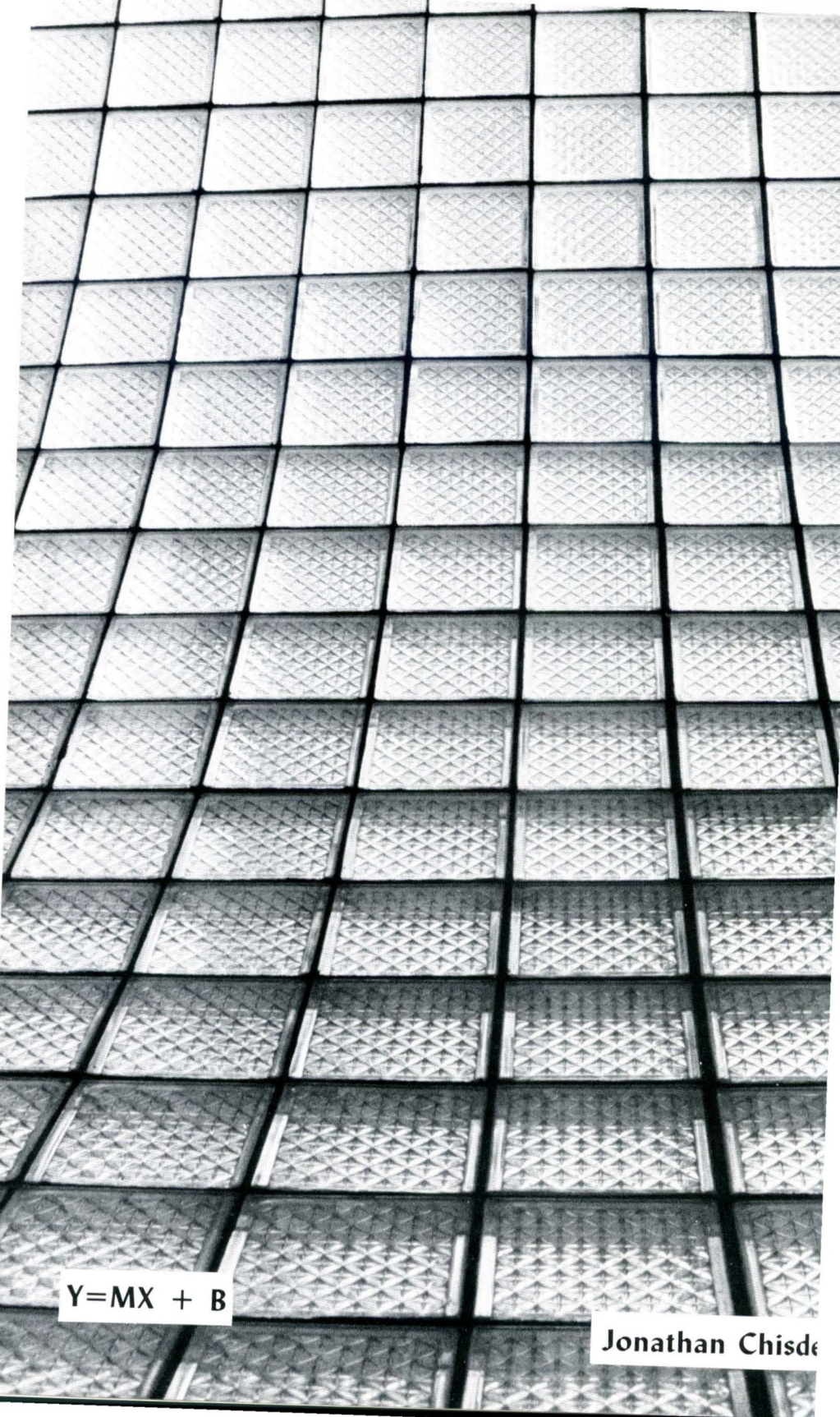


Jonathan Chisdés

FIAT LUX



Jonathan Chisdes



$$Y=MX + B$$

Jonathan Chisde

SHAKY ROPE BRIDGE

*Sometimes I feel like
this place is one of those
Shaky
rope
bridges
and the people are just
w
h p s
i s of smoke
Toxic gas,
or white PUFFS of clouds
It can feel so deadly
so smothering
You can hardly feel yourself
s t r u g g l i n g to push through
the foggy darkness
into
COLOR!
and LIGHT!
When they're not enclosing in on you
they are still only distant images
you can see through
that
blow
with the wind
They may appear soft and inviting
and so real
Yet, reaching out
to — grasp — them
you will catch only empty air
As you stand
alone
on your
shaky
rope
bridge.*

Kriya Lenzion

GOLDEN BREEZE



Jonathan Chisdes

"VILLIERS LE BEL"

*Peach blossoms
so bright
and eager to please
my wandering eyes,
tell me your secrets.*

*How can you
dance so freely
with the cadence
of the wind
and rest so peacefully
on the surface
of the lawn?*

*I have leaped
towards the sun
hoping to dance
about the sunbeams.
I have slept
lonely nights
on twisted crab grasses
trying to lose myself
among magical dreams.*

*Both efforts have failed.
I tripped instead of danced —
I had nightmares instead of dreams —
So tell me carefree
Peach blossoms,
tell me your secrets.*

**Tamara Lilienthal
In Response to Peach Blossoms —
Villiers Le Bel By Childe Hassam**

I DANCE IN THE MORNING

*I dance in the morning,
My spirits soar sky high.
I sing great songs of joy,
They ring throughout the sky.*

*I dance in the morning,
Upon grass fresh with dew.
Gay birds provide my tune,
Melodies sweet and new.*

*I dance in the morning
The sun shines warm and bright.
Flowers burst with colour
And shimmer in delight.*

*I dance in the morning
And praise my Lord above.
Through Him all live and grow
To revel in His love.*

Deborah H. Ralton

COLLON NOTION

"... from dead men to their king"

— Wm. Wordsworth

*what is the message, unrefined,
that's breathed from dead men to their kind
all lying in their shallow graves
the blessed with those still not saved*

*are tales of Hell and Heaven told
while round them all the grows cold
or do they pine for pleasures lost
before they did their lives exhaust*

*Or is there any talk at all
'twixt those who've stiffened up like dolls
does any thought escape the lips
of one who's made the final dip.*

Phil Zeis

UNTITLED

*Traveling the tenebrous road
Feelings of emptiness and loneliness
spawn melancholy thoughts
at night.*

*Darkness beseiges me as my
visage pales.
Quietly, I fade into oblivion —
an ebony cosmos.*

*Insatiable desire compels me
to propel myself further
into the depths
of darkness.*

*Suddenly, darkness no longer exists —
only nothingness
no light,
no color,
not even a breath.*

*Consciousness escapes narrowly
by a faint heartbeat —
beating,
throbbing,
struggling to pump life.*

*Spiraling to the core —
the center of life.
Ironically, life is nonexistent.*

*A soul comprised of nothingness abounds,
free of form
and bondage,
on a dark, desolate road.*

Marlynn Cone

INVITATION TO DAWN

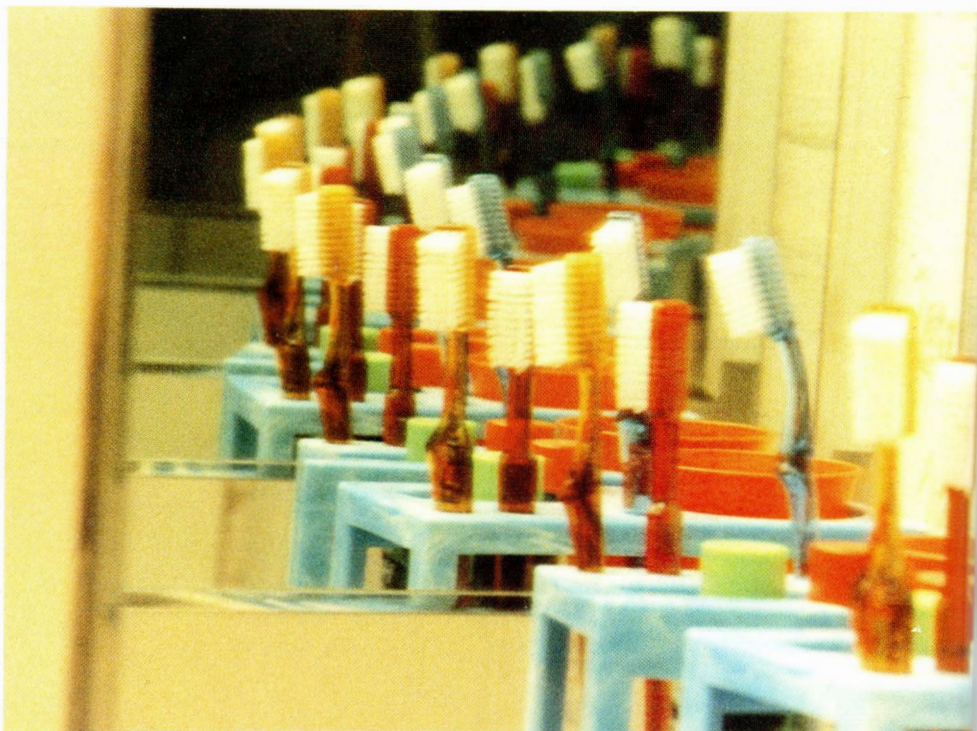
*Would you lie with me some morning
While leopard light sneaks in through the blinds
We could lie absolutely silently
and let Cat Stevens usher in a new day
Would you lay your head on my chest
While I trap my fingers in your knotty curls
I could smell your soft breath in its gasps
Or in your melodies of words too big
for your tiny mouth*

*Just keep hitting the snooze bar
And put the world on hold
The day can wait for us
The last few minutes of silent meditation are so important
You absorb my thoughts right through my chest as you lie there*

*Keep them
and take them out whenever you need them . . .*

D.B.

MARCHING TOOTHBRUSHES



MONSTERS

*Must I believe some 'thing of darkness' mine,
Some 'monster undermining all within,'
As Shakespeare says; or may I now incline
To modern views that rationalize our 'sin'?
No devils, demons, goblins, spirits lurk
Inside or near about to lure our souls
To wickedness; when we go wrong some quirk
Of chemistry's to blame, just slipped controls.
And yet I'm not convinced smug Science can
Dismiss the Mystery of Iniquity
Or capture in clear theories and then ban
The Caliban within, entirely,
A black cat in a dark room still may creep
Just out of reach, leering crouched to leap.*

— Alan Nordstrom

SEA, SUN, SAND, AND SPARKLING EYES

Topless, in only my pink polka-dotted bikini bottom, my little tan feet patter across the beach. Something catches my eye and I come to a split-second halt, digging my toes into the wet sand. I pick up the smooth white disc carefully with both hands, examining the pretty indented pattern on its top and running my fingers slowly over the ridged texture underneath. As the tingle of excitement rushes through my body, I use all my self-restraint to keep from skipping back up the beach, instead, carrying my newfound treasure so carefully to where my grandmother is standing watching me. She's in her cut-off jean shorts with all the strings hanging from it, her red beach shirt tied in a knot at her stomach, and her straw hat — and that wonderful sparkle she has in her eyes sometimes when she's been watching me.

"Nana, Nana — look what I found!!" The joy — unable to hold it back — comes bursting from every part of me as I place my precious discovery in her hand.

"Oh, Sweetheart, this is beautiful."

I beam with delight and pride. In her eyes — her wonderfully sparkling eyes — I could never produce anything that wasn't.

"Sand dollars are magical, ya know." She sings matter-o-factly.

"They *are*?" I whisper with bright eyes.

"Yup. You get to make a big wish and it will make sure it comes true."

"You get to make one too," I declare.

I scrunch my eyes together really tightly and make a secret wish. If you say it out loud, it won't come true. "I wish that when I get old, me and my Nana will live on our own island forever and ever." We open our eyes at the same time and she winks at me. We both know that we wished for the same thing — but we can't tell each other, or it won't come true.

She takes a bandanna from her pocket and carefully wraps my new jewel in it, placing it gently into "the treasure bag" among all of my other finds of the day — but nothing nearly as precious.

"You know what I think it's time for?" She asks, looking into the sky. I follow her eyes.

"Seagulls!!" I shout.

Out of nowhere — grandmothers are so magical — she produces a loaf of bread. That great kind that mom won't let me eat and that you can squoosh into super ball size. I break off a piece, smoosh it up into a little wad, and with my killer underhand, send it over my head. There are suddenly 10 more gulls hovering above me, squeeling for attention. I keep tossing my wonderbread wads into the air, trying to please the growing crowd that has soon surrounded me in a chaos of gray and white. I aim for the prettiest ones and the ones who look the nicest, that fly shyly around the more aggressive mob, or walk calmly alone on the beach beneath them. A long reach into the bread bag discovers it empty. There's never enough. I look sadly at Nana and she shrugs with a smile. I apologize to the seagulls for having no more bread, and return to my grand mother's comforting side.

Slowly walking back down the beach, I play my favorite game. As the fingers of water reach out to tickle my toes, I run away, then chase them as they retreat back into the ocean. I don't turn back fast enough and the foamy water splashes all around my legs. I look up at Nana, giggling in defeat. She has that wonderful sparkle in her eyes again — I just want to run up and hug her. So I do. She envelopes me cozily in her warm arms. I could stay here forever and ever — on this beach with my Nana.

In the setting sun, I gently slip my hand into hers as we continue our walk home.

"Nana?"

"Yes, Sweetheart."

"Do you love me?" My favorite question because I love the response.

"Sure do . . . *THIIIIIS* much." Outstretching one arm to the side and looking in the other direction, she puts the other hand over her eyes and squints way off into the distance, as if the end was nowhere in sight.

I grin with reassured pleasure.

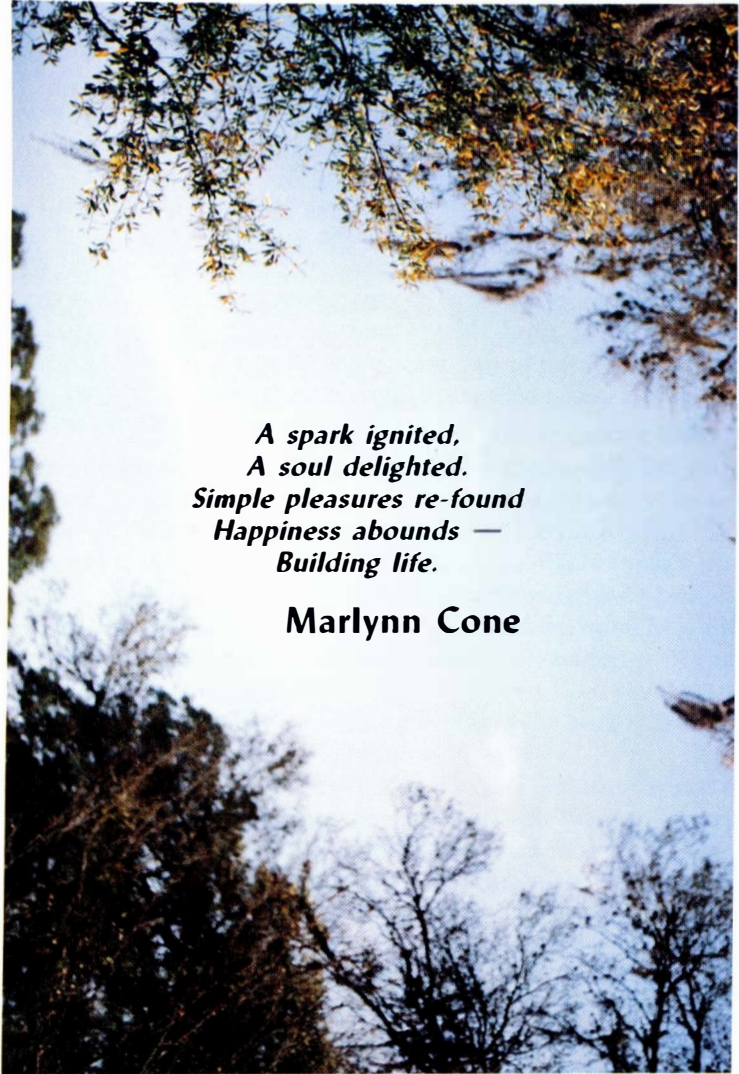
"Nana?"

"Yes, Sweetheart."

"Am I still your best friend?"

"My bestest friend in the whole wide world — always and forever." And as she smiles there's a wonderful sparkle in her eyes.

Kriya Lendzion



*A spark ignited,
A soul delighted.
Simple pleasures re-found
Happiness abounds —
Building life.*

Marlynn Cone

FOREST SHOWERS



Jonathan Chisdes

UNTITLED

It was already muggy when my grandfather and I set out for Sterling Lake to do a little fishing. The heat never seemed to bother us on our previous outings, but today didn't feel like a regular day. It felt like something heavy was in the air; ominous, yet invisible. Somehow, we were chosen to experience this today.

As we drove up the long road to the lakehouse, I watched the dust the car kicked up settle back to the ground as if to cover our tracks. Gramps pulled the car into its spot beneath the gnarled oak that had grown up with me. He planted it on the day I was born and that tree was as much a part of me, as it was a part of nature. It made the lake another home.

George startled me as he called out for help in readying the canoe for the day's fishing. He sounded far away, as if his voice came to me from underwater. It didn't sound right, but I paid no attention. I ran down and dragged the canoe from under the porch with him, and we both remarked how long the boat had been in its resting place. We washed it down and spruced it up. It was much cleaner, but still looked very old. With Grandpa in back and me in front, we pushed the canoe to the water's edge.

I hopped in and began to load it with the items we had packed: tackle boxes, rods, reels, a picnic basket, and a radio. It seemed funny to me that we always brought a radio, yet never listened to it. Usually, we got off on a subject and our conversation was the music we fished by. We talked about everything that came into our minds, as if we were experts on life.

Over the course of the day, we caught our usual fish: sunnies, perch, pickerel, and bass. The day seemed to disappear. As we paddled back toward shore, my grandfather stopped abruptly. I turned around to see what he was up to. He often played little practical jokes on me, but they made me laugh more than they upset me. But this time it was different. I shielded my eyes from the sun and saw a tear in his eye. It was the first time I had ever seen him cry. It frightened me at first, and my grandpa sensed it. I recognized the look he had; I had seen it before. His expression changed and I felt a wave of calm wash over me. A calm that brought back memories of sitting with him on the shore when I was young, when he used to take my pail, fill it with the water and slowly pour it over my head. Finally, he spoke. "I must go now." I didn't know what he was talking about, yet I couldn't help but realize what he was saying. I replied, "I know."

"Do you have anything to say before I leave?"

"I love you. Goodbye."

He got up, shook my hand with a palm warmer and softer than any other I had ever felt, and was gone.

I awoke and realized that I was crying. The warm, salty tears running out of my eyes onto the pillow that caressed my head the way my grandfather had held me as a child. As I turned my head to see the time, a breeze blew through my window. A gentle wind that held me the way the wind often did when I lay on the rocks opposite the lakehouse. We were together again.

Robert A. Feher

'NEATH A STEEL POINTED SKY

*My window looks out on a brick wall horizon
A small metal balcony, six stories high
Encloses my kingdom of reckless abandon
One in a million domains neath a steel pointed sky.*

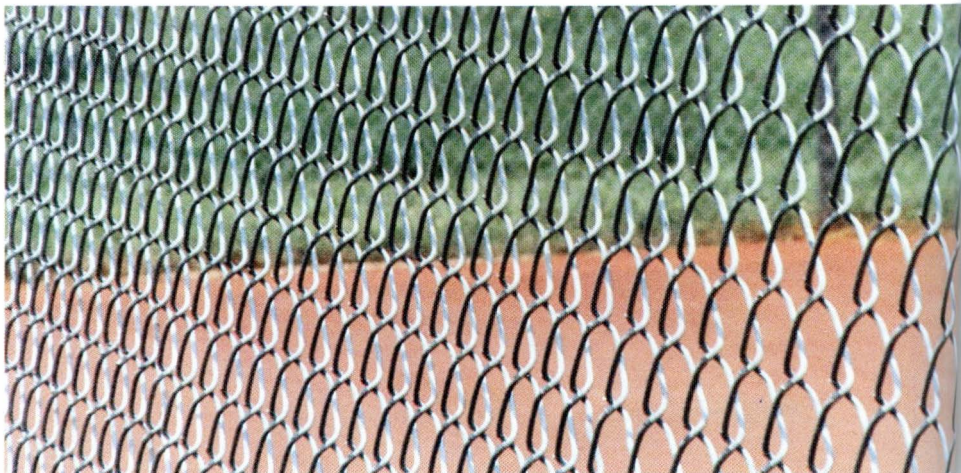
*Children below me, enclosed by a wire
protecting your youth from the power-tie dragons
Their innocence blooms, as they swing on a tire,
while they carry their dreams piled high in their wagons
of red, that they're pulling, like memories behind them,
around in a circle that's leading them nowhere,
but leaving them happy, if just for the moment,
it's better than never, a smile to remember,*

*when the wire's behind them, and they're in the world,
with the power-tie dragons,
but all that comes later
we live in the present
the past is behind us in wagons of red
to pull in a circle, that leads us to nowhere,
but still leaves us happy, behind our own wire,
beneath our small balcony, six stories high,
that encloses our kingdom of reckless abandon*

we're lost, but content with ourselves

neath a steel-pointed sky

Jesse Wolfe



BONDAGE LOOP

Jonathan Chis



STEEL BLUE

Jonathan Chisdes

PNEUMOTHORAX

*I popped a lung the other day
and what most people stopped me to say
were things like "how'd it happen to you?"
and "isn't there anything that they can do?"*

*a few people asked me if I had been scared
and I told them how I stood there and stared
at my watch as I felt for the pulse on my neck
and about having felt like I'd crawled from a wreck*

*and I told them it happened because I was thin
and I joked about buying a lung made of tin
but I doubt I was able to really convey
all I felt on that glorious lung-popping day*

Phil Zeis

THE FACE OF REALITY

AS A CHILD YOU BELIEVE IN YOUR SUGAR COATED WORLD FULL
OF FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE. YOU BELIEVE THAT LIFE EXISTS
ONLY FOR YOU.

BUT EVERYDAY AS YOU GROW LIFE TEACHES YOU A LESSON
AND YOU BEGIN TO LEARN ABOUT REALITY.

YOU REALIZE YOUR PARENTS WHO MENDED YOUR WOUNDS
CAN'T CURE A BROKEN HEART.

YOU LEARN HONESTY CAUSES PAIN.

YOU LEARN INTENTIONS ARE IMPORTANT BUT IT'S RESULTS THAT
REALLY MATTER.

YOU LEARN TO SWALLOW YOUR PRIDE TO ATTAIN YOUR GOALS.

YOU LEARN THE INNOCENT ARE OFTEN CONDEMNED, YET EVIL
RUNS FREE.

YOU LEARN LOVE CAN HURT, AND YOU WILL HURT THOSE YOU
LOVE MOST.

YOU LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING ALONE AND BEING
LONELY.

YOU LEARN NOT TO JUDGE OTHERS, SOON YOU MAY MAKE THE
SAME DECISIONS.

YOU LEARN FEELINGS CHANGE AND PEOPLE DO TOO.

YOU LEARN COMMITMENTS ARE BROKEN AND RELATIONSHIPS
ARE HARD WORK.

YOU LEARN THE THINGS YOU LEAN ON CAN CRUMBLE SO YOU
MUST STAND ON YOUR OWN.

YOU LEARN LIFE IS UNCERTAIN.

YOU LEARN THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A SECRET.

YOU LEARN NOT EVERYONE CAN BE TRUSTED.

YOU REALIZE PEOPLE WOULD RATHER HEAR ABOUT YOUR
FAILURES THAN DEFEATS.

YOU LEARN YOU ARE JUDGED BY YOUR COLOR AND
APPEARANCE.

YOU LEARN MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND BUT
WITHOUT ANYONE TO SHARE IT WITH, IT IS WORTHLESS.

YOU LEARN FRIENDS CAN DECEIVE YOU.

AND YOU LEARN YOU MUST LOVE YOURSELF BEFORE LOVING
ANYONE ELSE.

AND WHEN WE FINALLY THINK WE ARE OMNISCIANT AND WE'VE
FOUND THE MEANING OF LIFE, OUR WORLDS ARE TURNED
UPSIDE DOWN AND WE LEARN LIFE IS UNPREDICTABLE.

Evelyn Miranda

CONCENTRATION

*embracing, like concentration suffocates
you wrap your arms around her
and with the strength of a single man
you crush the life that was hers
all you want is rest
all you want is warmth
all you want is her
and you kill her on the spot
she is your pillow, your mother
She will help you forget your feelings
and you squeeze all the feeling out of her
was it good for you, too?*

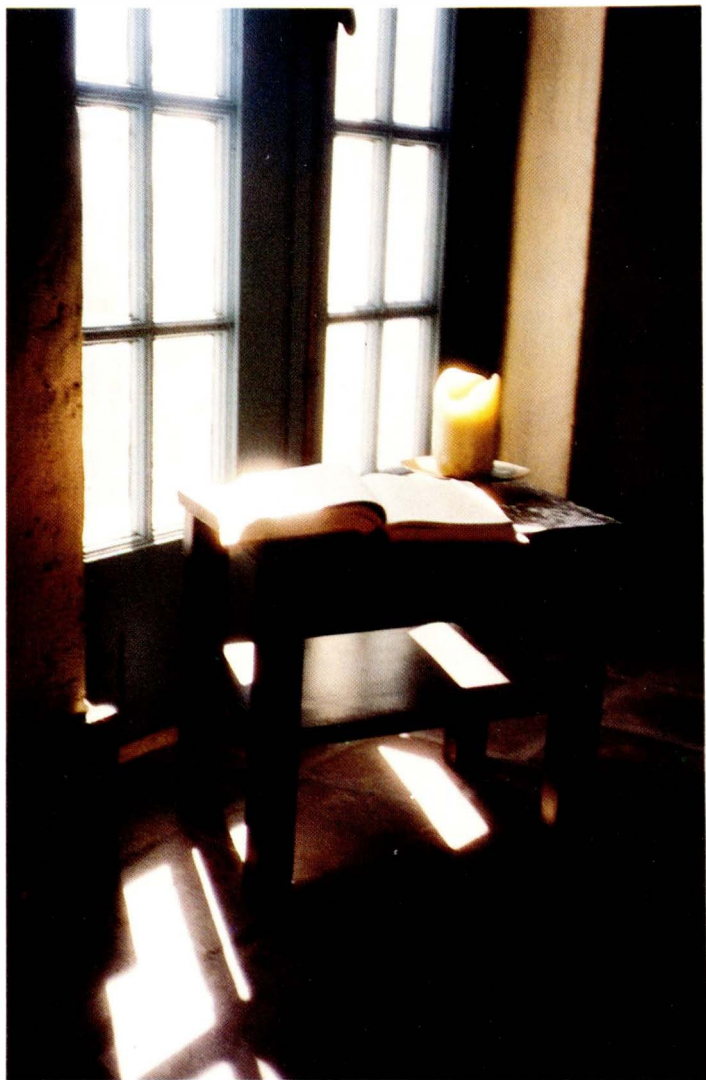
Phil Zeis

RECONSTRUCT THE DANDELION

*My sweat runs
on the sun-cracked wood
perfectly spaced
to push pebbles over the edge
into the water
of gasoline kaleidoscopes
blue plastic bottles
and a sick fishy haunt
I always remember
the water beautiful
with remains of exploded dandelions
touching ripples of wishes
that burn my eyes shut*

Aurora Gonzalez

BELLTOWER SILENT



Richard Lorenzo

"MAX'S ROOM"

*my crinkled old shade
flaps against the window pane
as the afternoon breeze
rushes away from the sea
and into my son's room.
The musty curtains fly away
from their familiar home
and celebrate
their new found freedom.
tears in the shade
let in streams of light
that highlight the dust
now settled on the abandoned floor.
I remember when the
colorful curtains were brand new
and when the shade was first drawn.
I can smell the fresh white paint
that mixed in my mind
with scents of seaweed and diapers
when Max was a baby.
Now, when the shade bangs
and the tide is low,
I can open this old window
and escape into the past
humbly I dance with the curtains
and stoop to pick
soiled white paint chips
off of the floor.*

Tamara Lilienthal

THE PIANO HEART

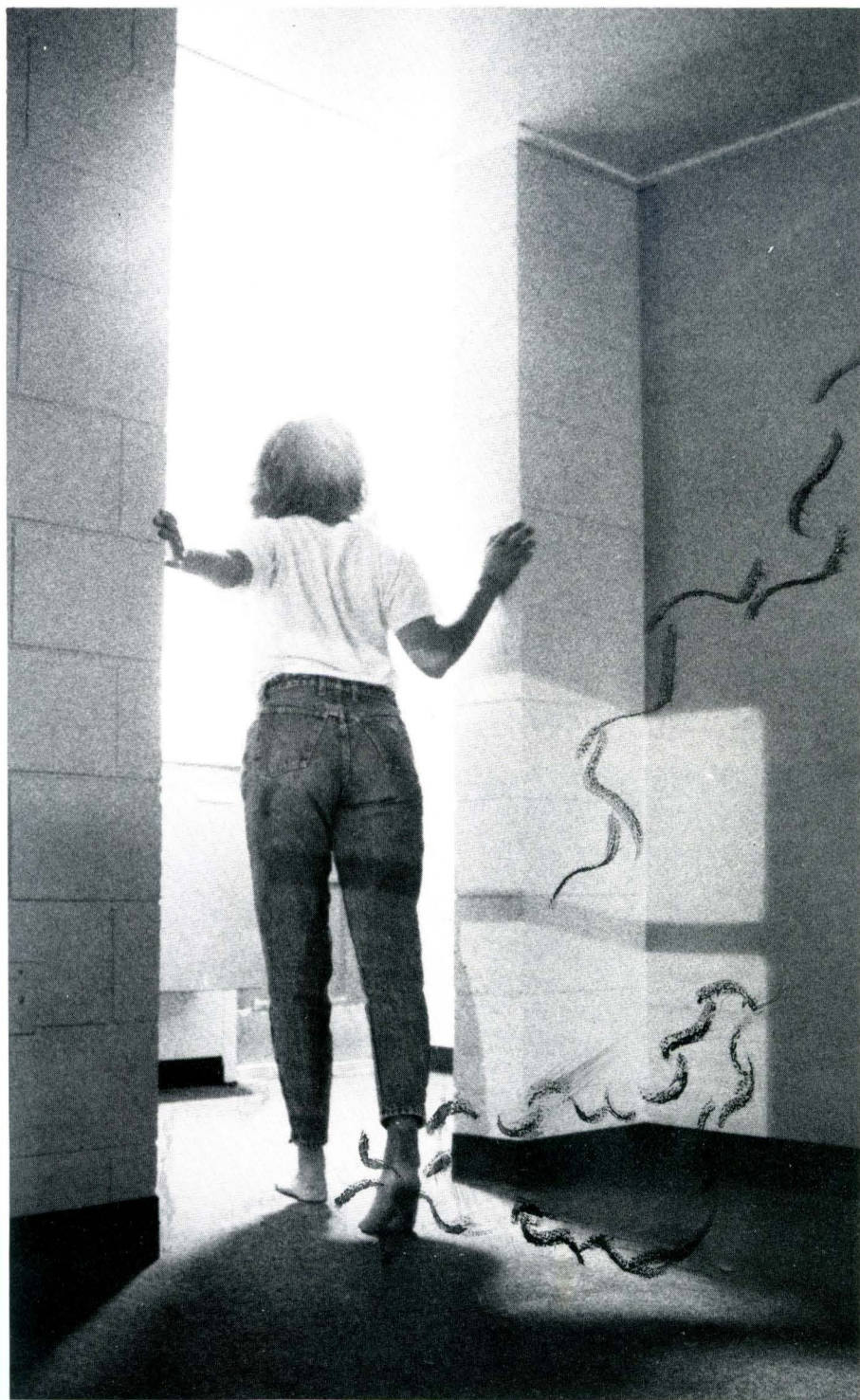
*Is there a piano
in the center
of your white heart?*

*a pine bench
I could sit on
white curtains
letting the sun in
Fresh air I can breathe
Sheet music I could fill
A promise you'd listen
A chance that you'd sing*

*Is there a piano
in the center
of your white heart?
or is there
just a drum
beating
red?*

Laura Hope-Gill

SMOKEY SHADOW AND BRIGHT LIGHT



*Night time prevails.
Along the horizon
a smudged stain
of explosive anger
erupted by the creator
smears the black backdrop.*

*Frightened children,
brothers and sisters
leap from their pedestals,
drop their flashy facades
and fall to a
patch of terra cotta safety.*

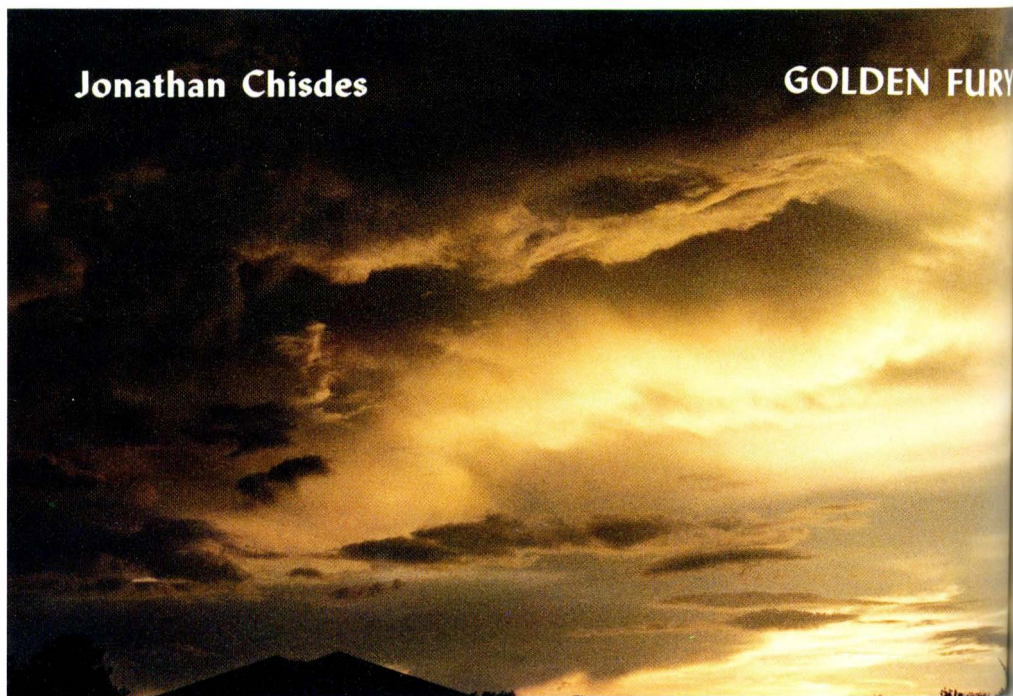
*Alone — they are anxious,
tender skin still smooth
but souls smitten
with selfishness.
Their edges are rough,
in need of cleansing.*

*Together — they shine.
The almighty creator
radiates harmony
and purity
to each unique
fallen child and
gives them strength
to climb again.*

Tamara Lilienthal

Jonathan Chisdes

GOLDEN FURY



HIDING

*It's very difficult to hide
The urges, the feelings
To be innocent yet guilty
Not to be, neither to see
It does hurt most definitely*

*Why must it be like this
Can I go through with blinders
It's cold and lonely, almost froze
Dark and damp, wind blows
No one, Nowhere here, knows*

*It's a test of my character
a sense of psychological strength
to want, need, desire
Yet nothing be exposed
Less, I be disposed*

*Fire burns within my soul
Cannot put the embers out
The cheap sadistic talk and chatter
Malicious, disturbing, untrue
Chatter of unintelligence makes me blue
Too much to swallow, nothing to chew*

*My heart blanked by secret shadows
Not a being, close to unveil
Hot, steamy passion, cloaked again
Snuffed before revealing begins
nothing gained, no prize to win
I don't see it as a sin*

C.Q.S.

NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE

If I
liquid in light,
would you

were a poetess

trust

I now feel

the words

but can't write? ...

It's funny, how

twisted

words get —

It's funny, how tonguey

and yet

dialoguing was easy

until I went

dumb

(you watched yourself leaving

'til

silence

seemed young) ...

It's funny, this

blindness

so new —

discovering

"endless"

and "through"

(You left as all clouds float)

As I

echoed.

"Yes,

why don't you

move in?"

your eyes

drew cold questions

where smiling had been.

(I saw) winter-grown

mirrors

uncertain of why

Nature's

reflections

don't see

eye to

eye

You left as all clouds go:

altering strays —

possibly protean

(and shameless that way)

Where

are you now?

(now that you're gone) —

Where am I?

now you are gone —

I'm waiting for April

'til then ...

still waiting

for then

to be when

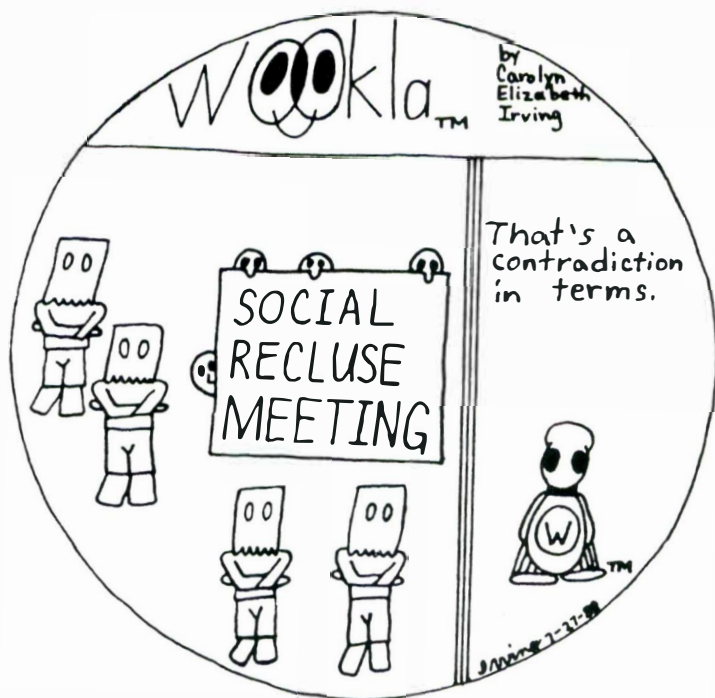
you're here

H.L.H.

THE SONG

*Sweet and Liltng
Her voice sings to him
Of the life they've shared
Of the life they've given
Caressing
Soothing
Melting their world
Flows toward the future.*

Kathleen Gawlik



HOME

*Where you come from, deep inside;
Where you can cry, by and by.
Child runs deeper to the wide open sky.
You say hello and you say goodbye.*

*On the ground, a roof and four walls.
Somehow, it's not as small.
It's the place you played as a kid
And when you grew up, you still did.*

*It's the place you go to when you die.
It's what you wanted and why
You'll never say "good-bye". Where you can cry
And no one hurts you, by and by.*

*On the ground, a roof and four walls.
Somehow, it's not as small.
It's the place you played as a kid
And when you grew up, you still did.*

John Bajak

DEAD



Jonathan Chisder

EARLY ROMANCE

*A thousand apologies
We traded
Nudged and pulled each other
Testing stature within
Our world without
Anyone but us*

*Candles and perfume
Rushing lunch
To curl up like a "Q"
One leg loose*

*Pull a cork
To celebrate exclusive*

*Testing the calm
And open waters
Like children
Learning the taste of rain*

Christopher Cloud

POST-LOVE

*Scorching stabs
through my soul
Sift sharp jagged edges through my memory
Passion of love and of desire
Seen through a throbbing infrared
Passion of anger and jealousy and hate
Confined by spiked misunderstanding
Unable to grow or be
Crumbling and shrinking
in the cold of a shadow*

*The shadow was once connected to mine
In the warm radiance of sunshine*

*Suddenly shocks of chill
Writhing inner screams
Tearing shreds of my flesh and feelings*

*I long for the sun
But it is too late*

Kriya Lendzion

THE ENCOUNTER

*The tranquil water presents itself,
So clear.
A unity of all forms, both great and small.
A water spider glides over the glaze,
Defenseless.
Water lilies withhold,
Downunder,
Like the clothes on a precious mortal.
Imagination: a warm isolation.
Undiscovered, the world beneath reveals.
Flourishing in its own being.
All is left in peace.
Unconscious, slowly trudging forth,
Step by step in diversion.
A stage,
Quenching my longing
For an uncommon hour.
Intent unearthed, but purpose led astray.
Until the reflection restores,
I dream of this day.*

R.W.C.

JENESIS

*Reclined, gazing towards space,
Motion stumbles as a flash of heat
Strikes from beyond
Like a novel idea*

*Sudden purity encompasses loneliness
While time impatiently waits to continue*

*The aspiration is settled
Ardorous passion captures good fortune
Leaving no desire
For a naive and futile escape*

— Ted Bezemer



MIST AND SHAG

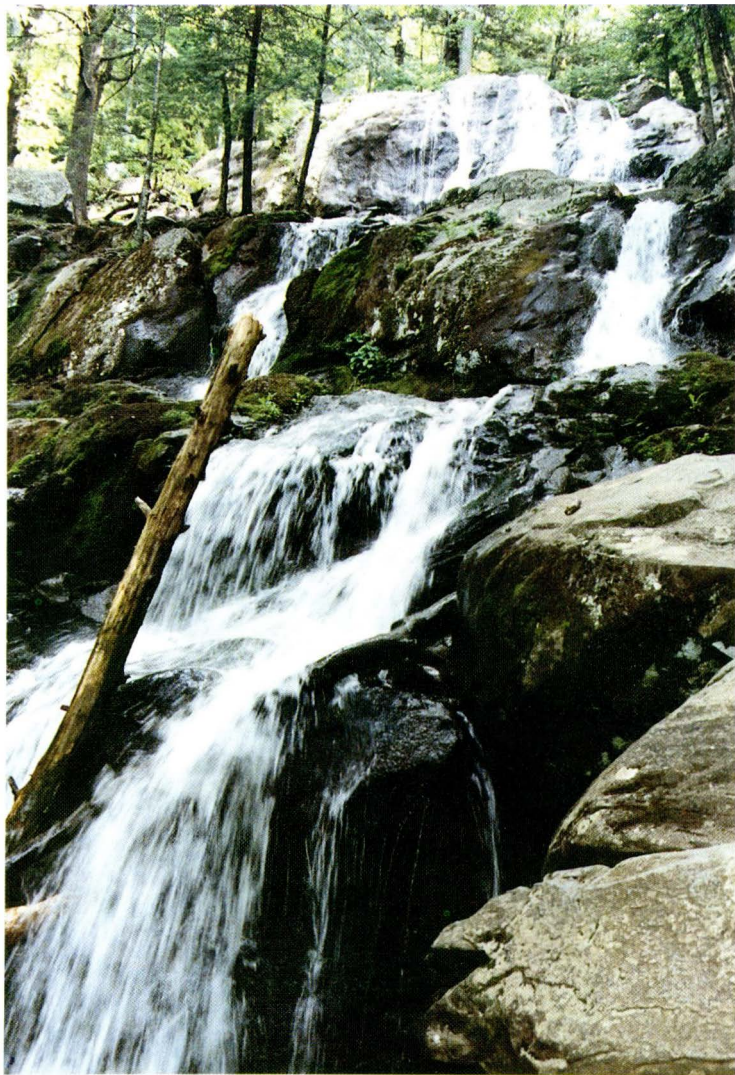
Jonathan Chisdes

AT FIRST GLANCE

*An untravelled road holds the weight
Lonely, a smile appears.
Life is abound,
yet not all are aware.
Some disregard,
others, no conception.
Nature knows the answers, but no one ever asks.*

R.W.C.

PERPETUAL RAIN



Jonathan Chisdes

FREE FLOW

*As naturally as a stream
Flows down a mountainside,
Touching earth, then rock,
And then itself again,*

*So love flows
Between you, and me,
And every one of us.
Sometimes gently; then
Rushing, clinging, grasping.
Oh, the power it creates!*

*In time, with equal ease,
It will unfurl, release itself,
And once again free flow.*

*So it is with human love.
But what of love divine?
Beneath, around, above?*

*God's love holds each of us
Steadfast in its embrace.
As softly as a dove,
It touches us. Yet,
So powerful are its wings,
That when we feel its flow,
We are uplifted. We can fly!*

R.C.

BLINDED BY THE GRASS



Linda Deputy

VIETNAM VETERAN'S MEMORIAL



Jonathan Chisdes

MONUMENT



Jonathan Chisdes

LOST SOULS . . .

FINAL SONGS

. . . OVER THERE

"Over there — over there — send the word, send the word . . ."

The word? What word?

That southern-fried chicken still sizzles on the front burner of radar-ranges in Heartland, U.S.A.? . . . that Springsteen no longer croaks his tunes on the street corners of Asbury Park, but now sells out in Chicago, L.A., and London . . . and the Beatles still blare on the disc-fed stereos? . . . that Ford and Chevys are gasping and choking to keep pace with Toyotas and Mitsubishis . . . and good old Harleys are left in the dust as Suzukis and Kawasakis roar over America and apple pie? . . . that videos are replacing "The Big Silver," creating marble-eyed zombies who expound on "Dire Straits" and IBM, Apple IIe, and WANG; but to whom "Vietnam" could just as easily mean another car on the littered high-ways of this country?

Hey guys — you getting the word?

Whadd'ya hear? "America the Beautiful?"

Whadd'ya say? "God bless America?" . . . or are you saying:

" . . . Fuck you for forgetting! For forgetting that we fought YOUR war and spilled YOUR blood, and died YOUR deaths!"

Whadd'ya do, guys?

Do you sit in your Saigon saloons sipping rot-gut brew, or does your

flesh decompose in a rat-infested cell while you wish your souls home again?

But I sense the soul never comes home again. I say it stays in the jungles and rice paddies with waters still fertilized by the blood of those babes who learned to kill before they learned to live — and who died screaming passionate pleas for “home.” Or, it stays frozen in the guts of those wasted, nightmared warriors walking the concrete streets with their heads and their hearts still choking on the dust of napalmed villages. Or, the lost souls fly free at last for those thousands of war-sick, heart-sick heroes who finally made it home to a scornful, ungrateful nation who helped to pull the final triggers they couldn’t pull in *Nam*.

“Over there — over there — send the word, send the word . . . !”

Send the word that there are still countrymen, somewhere, . . . walking through crimson tulips and dodging monster raindrops and robbing through working days and drifting through sleepless nights. Those of us who stayed here . . . (safe because YOU were there) . . . crying your tears, suffering your pains, and agonizing for your loneliness. Those of us who HAVE not, WILL not, and CAN not forget you, and whose souls will not rest until YOU come home again!

Dedicated to you . . . my friend . . .

You, whose mind is still lost in the midnight of your soul and whose heart still wanders through the jungles of your existence.

And because I have come to know you . . . and to love you. My soul will not be at peace until YOU find a peace within your own.

“Send the word, send the word — Over there”

C.Q.S.

DONATELLO

*You never sang about the angels
You'd carved of glass and sand
You never whispered gentle curses
as you waved your crystal hand
You spoke words and concealed them
at the same time shedding lies
wrapped around the daybreak
where the honest spirit dies
And I saw your angel beauty
Your wings of silver thread
I dream of cathedral ceilings
asking Are those angels dead?
How I loved you in the darkness
of a crystal thunder night
just to die as rage of darkness
gave brittle way to light
And I've kissed that shield of darkness
inside your breath of fire
Learning only heaven
Allows the rages I transpire
To wither in the shelter
of an ancient marble heart
Where my lover who carved angels
molds my soul into his art.*

Laura Hope-Gill

COLUMNS OF WASHINGTON



Jonathan Chisdes



LOVE GONE

*No feeling left.
Time carried it off.
Like a dead body laced with flowers.
But the soul never dies.*

*Or so I've been told.
But this could be false,
To protect the frightened
And comfort the lonely.*

Amber Werny

STONE AS ICE

Linda Deputy

UNTITLED

*If I could move fast enough,
I could catch up with
the past.
Trees I grew up with.
Calm, Warm, Water.
A baptism of life.
A dream.
Death.
Dust settles back to cover my tracks.*

*The present.
Held by pillow, not by the hand.
A breeze.
Gentle. Warm. Unseen.*

Robert A. Feher

VOICES

*'ello love
so new and exciting
you've changed
a look or a smile
you're so distant
Understand, what this means;
how could You do this to me
Sing to Me . . .
you cold-hearted bitch
Show Me . . .
i gave and gave and gave
I want to share with you
i was only good to you
what do We do now?*

*what do I do now?
WHAT DO I DO NOW?
I'm so confused*

*I want to be with You
"I do too"
good night Darling*

Erica J. Hirschman



Michael Metcalf



Michael Metcalf

I'M JUST VISITING WITH IDLE CURIOSITY

Gazing from the intangible astral realms, I caught a glimpse of what my friends were conversing about. From my point of view, the earthly sphere was dark, murky, and dreary. I'm told that its colors are displayed more brilliantly in the third dimension, where its blues, greens, and occasional splashes of white take over.

Curiosity overwhelmed my entire being and was definitely urging me on to investigate that which I have just glimpsed. So I gathered up thoughts and chose reluctantly to dive deep within this third dimensional, murky sphere.

As I reassembled myself, I turned to my immediate right to find, much to my surprise, a dark, mechanical beast charging me on its four rubber wheels. Because of my non-physical nature in this plane, it passed right through me, but left in its wake large masses of gray and black clouds that seemed to contaminate the area. Why would they use such awful machines that damage their Mother Earth?

I glanced close by to find hundreds of souls trapped in their dark-filled shells, scurrying around as if they were late to pressing appointments. I felt terribly sorry, for I found that their life lights appeared very dim. Their bodies of learning were all declining in their performance due to all the negative, mortal beliefs of their present range of thought. If only they could sense that lower vibration they were presently existing on.

The mortals' places of residence were squeezed into enormous, bleak buildings of gray stone or steel. I frowned to see such colors taking over their homes and clothing too! Did these dark colors represent their state of mind and emotions? I knew these people lacked one single thing, but I yearned to search further for proof.

After a thought or two, I disassembled and reappeared among a herd of white cows. Far off I heard the delightful, pure sound of a flute. A short walk led me to a most glorious performance of music and dance, full of the purest joy ever imaginable! I shared in their spontaneous laughter, and I was quick to join in their devotional singing, but wondered who played the music that filled my ears. It sprang forth from a golden flute divinely embraced by a short, boyish, blue-skinned youth with flowing black hair.

The music that was born between the red lips of this enlightened being captivated me in sheer ecstasy as it did the dancing souls. His eternal love poured into my being, suspended in the vastness of eternity, and filled my soul until I thought I would burst! I quickly decided that the time for me to leave was nearing, so I gathered up my thoughts and transported myself to my next destination.

I found myself gracefully floating above an extremely frail, but attractive, tree that seemed to be supported by the sitting man beneath it. As I

swooped over his curly head of pitch black hair, I was drawn in by this being's intense loving nature and his always present smile. This peaceful man's unconditional love flooded into my being as it did the entire crowd that was gathered around the Bodhi Tree. The light surrounding his human shell shone like a hundred stars gathered into one brilliant eternal sun, whose light could never be extinguished. The extremely warm rays of His light were definitely astounding, but my inner voice told me to move on to the next scene.

Out of the bowels of the shifting universe, I came to appear on rocky ground that was recently stained with fresh blood. I looked above to view from where the fresh blood was being born. The bright blood poured from this man's side, nailed hands and feet, and from his head, crowned with vicious thorns.

Sorrow erupted out of my being, not for the bleeding man on the worn, wooden cross, but for all the grief-stricken people beneath him. I knew not why their faces were gorged with tears and their eyes, red and swollen from grief. Why did these crushed mortals mourn so when such happiness was sprouting into glorious being?!

Even though the man's physical being seemed to be suffering, the man appeared to be in a limitless amount of joy. I think I even detected a smile upon his face. How could one not smile while in such a state of divine joy and love? This high soul's grand love unlocked all doors of evil, depression, and hate to give birth to good, joy, and happiness of self! His light poured forth unto me in complete understanding from a source so close yet so far away, I thanked him dearly for it. How that being's soul shone suspended around that ailing body! I knew its life continued forever, and I also knew that the time was right for me to complete my journey.

I couldn't help but conveniently stop at one of my favorite temples in Egypt before I ascended to my plane of residence. As I passed between the age-stricken columns of the glorious temple of Ammon-Ra, visions of my Egyptian pharaoh life flashed before me, reminding me of what was inscribed in a piece of limestone nearby. I read once again, "The soul is veiled light. Neglect it, and it will dim and die. Fuel it with the sacred oil of love, and it will burn with an immortal flame," (Sung at the temples of Ammon-Ra).

How these words captured my heart! These simple phrases contained within them the entire reason of my quest through all the diverse time phases of that earth's history.

Why couldn't I recall these meaningful words when I glimpsed the souls trapped in their shells? Surely the souls caught in that gray world of materialism needed to know these words. Perhaps they could learn from the three loving beings that shared themselves with me and the universe.

Sasha Bogdanowitsch



Monica Posse

THE CHILDREN ARE AFRAID OF ME

*All the little white children are afraid of me.
Little man, what has your mamma been telling you?
You look at me with curiosity in your eyes.
You want to touch my chocolate skin.
I am the Milky Way.
The Three Musketeers of your dreams.
But mamma told you not to eat sweets.
Maybe you shouldn't, little man.
My skin is sugary sweet. Bite me, and your teeth fall out.
But look; Mamma is hiding away her petit-fours.
She don't want to give you none. Your trick or treat
chaperone craves the very same sweet sensation.
Look at her skin almost as dark as me.
How did she get that way.
Bite her, and do your teeth still rot?
No? I guess not.
Her taste is not sweet, her skin not so real.*

*Oh, my little one; Her skin — Our skin must be fed by the
Mother Blood. Her blood cannot change like the chameleon
in the desert. Look into that great melting pot.
What is it that you see? Blood? One Red Blood.
Taste it my man and I'll bet you can't tell the difference
Between sugar and saccahrin.*

Ken Averett

GOTHIC

*There's a land in the past whose name I forgot
And which cancerous progress still has to rot.
As a castaway dreamer lies on the sand
He can see a hill where an old castle stands.*

*There's a man in the castle who lives all alone
Protected by distance and thick walls of stone.
The rooms are all furnished, though he lives by himself;
There are maps on the floor, countless books on the shelves
Where he looks for some answers to the doubts in his mind;
More answers he needs than he can ever find.
When the black night rides in and the sun runs to hide,
All his doubts awake and they burn him inside.
But the fire within him is never enough
To fight off the cold or to cancel the draughts,
And the fire in the hearth cannot fend off the murk
Where the gentleman's ghosts and memories lurk.
All night he stays up exploring new worlds;
As his fancy toils the stories unfurl,
And his dreams let him fly to a much warmer nest,
As foreign wars soothe domestic unrest.
When the sun takes his triumph and the black night falls dead,
He tries to forget as he lays down his head.*

*There's a man in his head who lives all alone
Protected by shyness and a thin wall of bone.
He is all scarred and bruised by things people have said,
Like a growing crustacean whose armour is shed.
Sometimes when he looks out the gentleman's eyes
More chaos he sees than he can organise
Into neat little patterns that make enough sense;
The progress is slow, the puzzle immense.
Though his memory is worn and has started to fray,
He remembers a time and a place far away
Where he looked for a friend in other people's eyes
And his face was seen but was not recognised.
Now he sits in the back of the gentleman's head
And he watches the show as reality melts.
And a bittersweet pain embraces him soon
As he lets melancholy take him into her swoon.
When he opens the cage his scarred reason flies
And he looks out the window and waves her goodbye.*

Auturo Diaz-Berrio

WHICH WAY DID I GO?



Linda Deputy



SWIMMING HORSE

*My thought is a seahorse
nodding steadily through
emerald dark waters
that close over my head
as I follow its prancing
curves twisted in seaweed
forests that catch my
bubbles like bursting fruit.
The swimming horse springs right
then hovers hummingbird in a
shallow clearing, its tail dangled
in sand like bobbing mangrove shoot.
I slowly reach out a finger
to touch it brown and barnacled
but the sideways eyes turn and
the sea creature darts away
in a swirling water cloud of sand.
I pop to air with a rush of salt
and bury a mangrove seed in
the sliding earth beneath my feet.*

Aurora Gonzalez

KAREN

*Eyes as blue as the midnight sky
Cheeks as crimson as a rose
Such a charming face was never seen before
Chestnut brown locks encircled
Her face like a wreath.*

*Although lovely features, it matters not
The outside but the beauty within
Shown to this friend by a kind look
through caring eyes or a warm hug
In the middle of a tiring day.*

*The gentle voice, so calming,
Never uttering a reproach —
Unless one was needed
The heart filled with sincerity and care
To share herself with all is a sacrifice
She'd gladly bear.*

*To me all this is clearly shown
Through each day as it be
And no one can replace this close friend
Who means so much to me.*

Jo Ann Defiore

HANGING

*My body hangs like the arms of a willow tree
Cheek smeared on the cold, bare floor
And I have scars on my fingertips . . .*

Catherine Gouge

LISTENING

*Listening to the stanza
Inside the bells and clumsy
Whistling a tune you danced to
I ran to the doorway and cried.
I was happy.*

*But you danced still.
What am I to do with this craziness?
I cough when I light my pipe,
Some kind of trouble, some kind of flight.*

*But you don't cry when you dance
Inside a nice romance.
Not to be confused with me at all.
I am listening to you.*

John Bajak

MY DARLING MATHILDA

*These arms are lonely, these arms recommend
The passing fancy of an ev'ning well spent.
My Darling Mathilda, a lady so fair.
Your kiss did set this man's heart aflare.*

*Sublime was the magic found in your touch.
The embrace of your love, I desp'ratly clutch.
For your devotion is lost and desire led astray.
Oh, Darling Mathilda, your love's gone away.*

Deborah H. Ralton

INSOMNIA

*Restless between cool sheets
I rise and turn to the window.
My fingers trail the black of night
Across the frosted glass.
Through these wet scars
I see trees writhing in the storm,
Wind-whipped branches
That roar like crashing waves.*

*Whose leaves are these?
Whose cold breath stirs them
From rustling whisper
To frenzied hiss?
Blows green to brown?
Tears them from branches
Like skin from bones?
Scatters them to swirling, brittle deaths?
Leaves snow-shrouded trees,
Gnarled skeletal fingers
Clutching at the pale moonlight.*

Steve Smith

EVERGREEN

The old man sat on his porch, bathed in the sleepy glow of sunset, his face as red and wrinkled as the autumn horizon. His hair was long and dark, as his father's had been until they had buried him beyond the hill that was, even now, swallowing the sun. The old man's eyes, vibrant and moist, shone with the pride of his tribe, like lively meadows in a sun-cracked desert.

As the sun sank behind the hill, shadows stretched out to shadows, laying a darkening latticework as thick as the whiskers on the old man's face. Over the hill before him, obscured by darkness, lay the woods, miles of tree-lined hills and streams flowing to the rivers and seas. These streams and trees had grown and flowed around the old man since his youth, and now, in autumn winds, the forest shed its summer glory.

The old man peered out at the first faint stars and their earthly brothers, the fireflies. He remembered a night when, as a boy, he had filled a jar with fireflies and ran to show his grandfather who, smiling, had told the boy to let them go. He said that the stars were the souls of people long gone, and that fireflies were the souls of babies not yet born. The boy had run out into the night, crouched down, and solemnly unscrewed the top of the jar. Like a handful of pebbles tossed into a lake, the fireflies sank into the darkness.

Steve Smith

CONCENTRATION

*"think think think!"
My impatient fingers
gnawed at my brain*

SplaT! SplaT!

"how could anyone

THINK

*around here (splat)
with that stupid (splat)
Sprinkler ppitpitt — (splat)
puttering around? (splat)"*

my brain bellowed back.

quickly and deftly my fingers reached up and shut the window

Claudia Tapiu



Jonathan Chisdes

A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM

*Many were crying around me;
Some were silent.
I fell among the noiseless few;
My tongue motionless and unreliable.*

*For I had not found the words
To speak of such honorable men,
Whose names were placed upon a stone
Never to be forgotten.*

*Tears formed in my eyes as I thought:
A tombstone for them all —
Those who died in Vietnam,
Only glorified by a wall.*

*Then I thought of their loved ones —
Those left behind in grief.
Why do they have to suffer?
Can they be offered no relief?*

*I looked around at the others —
To let them know I understand,
When I spotted a woman smiling,
As a rose went from her hand.*

*She lay it near her husband's name —
On the third column from the right.
I watched and waited for an explanation
For the smile she wore that night.*

*She placed her hand upon The Wall;
Its coldness showing on her face.
Then I touched The Wall also —
Though to do so was not my place.*

*Her husband had escaped this world
Of confusion and of strife.
His freedom was initiated early
When he sacrificed his life.*

*As she walked away, smile and all,
I began to finally comprehend.
She would someday achieve her own freedom
By joining him in the end.*

*I wiped the tears from my eyes —
Knowing that relief had always been there;
For everyone to realize,
The freedom we will someday share.*

— Chan Ta M. Galloway

BRAVE NEW WORLD

*Hush,
the worst is over, now we must collect our memories
Some
of them believe, and some forbid their eyes to see
Amidst
the cold remains, she spied a fractured porcelain doll
My fundamental equities lay burned and buried at my feet.*

*Bold and Blind
They entered lands transcending our humanity
Proclaiming
peace and liberty to feed their hungry vanity
Though
thousands died for causes half the victims could not know
They gave them each a lightning bolt
and then they made them
Go.*

*Hush,
the worst is over, now we must find our sanity
Though
methods to our madness won't substantiate our fantasy
We stand upon the ledges of our lives cannot push away
Except for one or two who find the strength to leap into the void*

Jesse Wolfe

TREES IN A ROW

*Planted by man all in a row,
Soldiers be, their gallantry to show.*

*The forest a random pick, none can debate
Whose hand was it to cultivate?*

*Soldiers in a row aspire to be?
Or stand alone beside each other tree?*

*Come say, don't hesitate —
To which can you relate?*

R.C.

HIS FIRST PAINTING

*Swirls of color;
Drawn by my little brother.
There is a sun at the top,
and some grass at the bottom;
I think it is the month of Autumn.*

*Swirls of color;
Drawn by my little brother.
There is a house in the middle,
and a chimney up top,
and looking through the window is dear ol' pop.*

*Swirls of color;
Drawn by my little brother.
In the back is a tree,
and there are lots of leaves on it,
but most of them do not fit.*

*Swirls of color;
Drawn by my little brother.
Johnny's only four,
and he tries very hard,
but when he paints most of it gets on the floor!*

Valerie Norfleet

SILENT VOICES

*Silent voices whispering a song,
Listen . . . can you hear?
Is the message clear?
Silent voices transcend the ear.
Voices hushed, oratory lost.
Silenced peoples and cultures glossed.
Human freedom, what is the cost?
Acculturate, the red man resists.
Freedom cries, Listen! The black man insists,
And still the human spirit alive, persists.
Sadness pervades our understanding of
Potential unfulfilled, so many voices stilled.
Voices silenced forever; but the spirit retains
The sound sustained by the heart.
The pulse of humanity shouts Life,
when we meet and part.*

R.C.

GARDEN VARIETY VERSE

*While neighbor Bob clears out his garden patch,
Shaking the husks and roots of his last crop,
Readying the soil for still another batch
Of vegetables, I glance at him and stop.
I'm sitting on my back porch, trying to write,
Pondering if cucumbers and sonnets weigh
Equally as produce when the blight
We're born for roots us up, some fatal day.
His snow peas, onions, peppers, tomatoes;
His broccoli, kohlrabi, roma beans —
Can my sparse crop of words, set down in rows,
Nourish as well as what my neighbor gleans?
"Men cannot live by vegetables alone;
The soul requires a diet of its own."*

— Alan Nordstrom

CITY AND SKY



Audrey Steele

NOTES FROM THE RIVER BEND VEGGIE-GARDEN

*I shuck small green peas from cellulose pod
I worship each morsel as a ceramic god
their return unsudden from winter retreat
how they slept so sweetly 'neath snow's white feet*

*And now sweet pea splendid rests still in my hand
As I child-like in grandmother's garden stand
I pop springtime's offspring onto my tongue
And for moment, I, Nature, and Sweet Pea are one.*

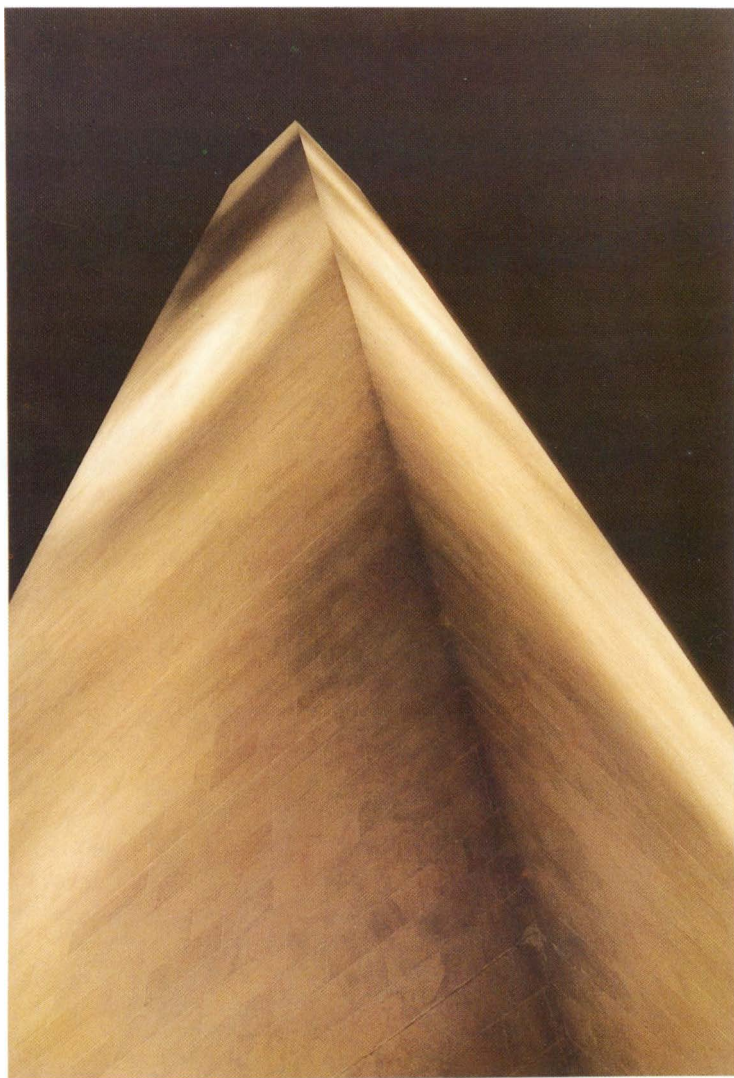
Laura Hope-Gill

A.R.T. AND PALM



Jonathan Chisdes

STONE TO STARS



Jonathan Chisdes

THE WIND AND THE WOMAN



Michael Metcalf

THE SHEPHERD'S REPLY TO THE YOUTH

*O, boyish youth, you wish to follow me?
Why I'm only a shepard with no shelter or mate.
Surely you don't crave the simple life of this?
What? You wish to converse with the frairies?
And commune with the sheep??
Ah, but it takes years and years to achieve such a feat.
But come, I will teach ye in three beats.*

*Here now is the pipes of my good friend, Pan,
Be only still and joyful when you play upon these.
With joy comes the herd, with joy comes the light of your soul.*

*So care not about worldly matters now,
Place yourself within this pastoral life,
Become one with the mountains,
the Mother Earth,
The Father Land.*

*When courage, faith, and joy rule your heart, then will
The King of the Fairies appear to converse,
And they shall follow you and sometimes sing in verse!*

*Enough of this now, come, just follow me!
Pick up thy sandals and stick, and soak your hands
In the North River above.
Here watch the sheep, watch them in God's land.
Ask not your purpose, you're here for God's purpose.*

*Say now, what do you think?
Are you tired of the itchy bugs that crawl on your feet?
Or are you content with the life of the sheep?
You see, you are as they, and they now as you,
You a bit smarter, they a bit dumber,
But knowledgeable, lovable, and peaceful as they.
Something within us that we must obey.*

*So within the beating heart of this land you now reside,
Here, come with me, walk with steady beat,
Let's keep up with the pace of the white-clad sheep.*

Sasha Bogdanowitsch

EDITOR'S NOTE

No creation — be it visual, verbal, or musical — can be accepted as a mutually exclusive entity unto itself. All that is created by human souls and hands is Beauty. All-connected. All born of a similar source. All-encompassing. Read the words in this book, and look at the pictures. Find in *Brushing* a photo album of all your own existences, a mirror of all your illusions, and a barometer of your emotions. Experience these creations. Let them wash over you, and realize your senses. One last word to those who feel . . .

May your thoughts forever roam within the absent bounds of your imagination. And when they collide with the brutal walls of the physical world, may the spark which is released be sensed by all those who have feared to think such thoughts

For somewhere, in a small square inch of that cold brutal wall, between two bricks, there exists an opening.

It is through this that the mad thoughts might pass and inject into the empirical and often blind world a bit of the insanity for which it so piercingly cries . . .

For laughter,
Laura Margaret Hope-Gill
Editor-in-Chief

Special Thank-You's to

Tamara Lilienthal and Kriya Lendzion for reading works and editing.

Steve Smith for finding my mistakes and helping in high stress moments.

Rob Campbell for addressing things.

Kathi Rhoads and Monica Posse for their photographic genius.

Dave Spraker for energy, wisdom, and humour (and for reading and editing).

And to Linda Deputy for spiritual caffeine.

Brushing, an SGA subsidiary, is published by Josten's Corp. with special guidance from Jerry Gladstein. All submissions for next year's issues can be mailed to *Brushing* c/o Rollins College. We welcome praise and critique.

Copyright 1989 © *Brushing* (Volume XVIII)

