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BRUSHING

1990



Rollins College

Brushing 1990

Rollins College Winter Park, Florida



Holy Candles

Jonathan Chisdes

Editors: Michelle Hedda Steinbach
Mary Brent Watson

Cover photo by Mary Brent Watson

Earth

Do you ever
wander
in the woods
on a summer day
enjoying
the cool company
of the trees

Then
wonder
how much longer
they'll be there
before asphalt strips
encroach?

Or stand
enraptured
by the roar and might
of a mountain stream
tumbling
through its boulders
sluicing
towards the sea

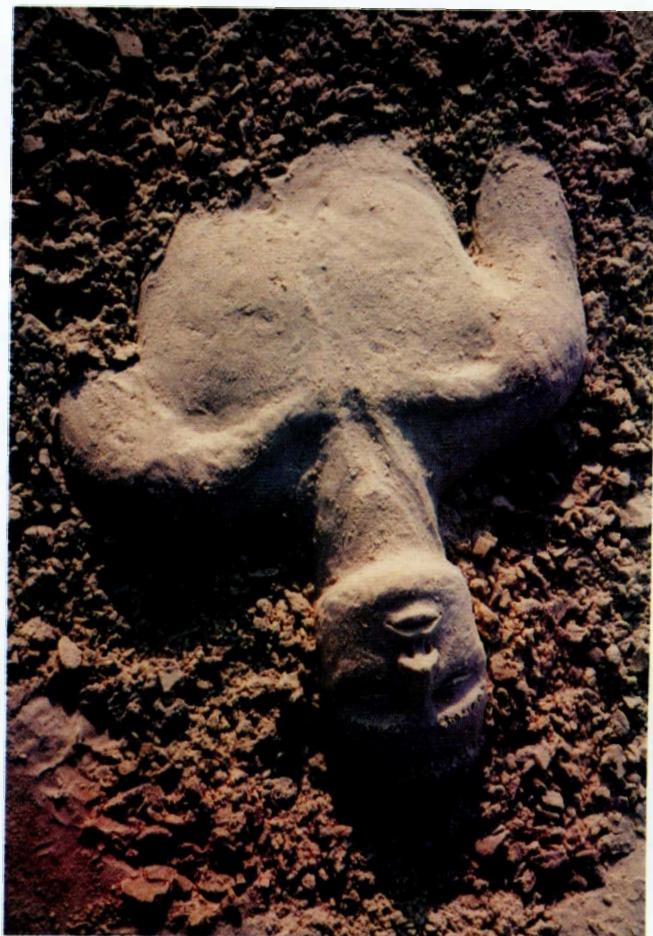
And think
that you can't
even take
a refreshing
drink
of it?

Or walk
along a sun-blest beach
gladdened
by shells and sea
until you see
a once-sparkling gull
dulled
by sludge and oil?

Do you ever
wonder
when
oh when
we'll ever learn
to live
with this Earth
and not just
on it?

Alexandra Skidmore





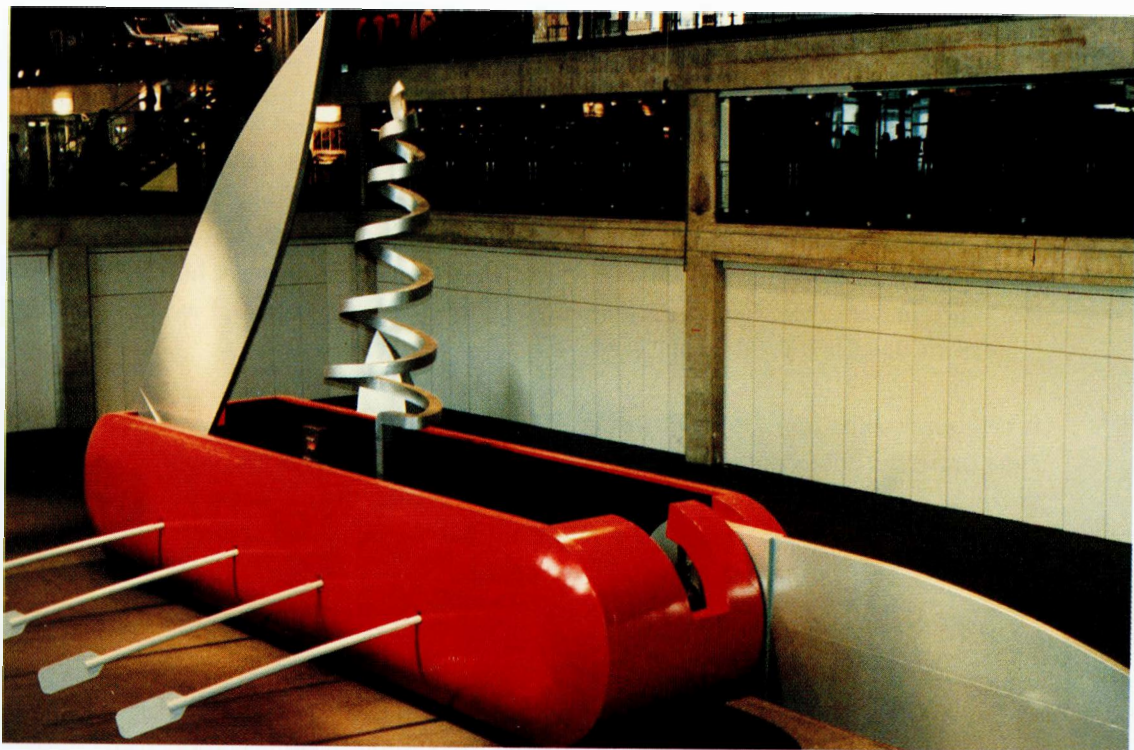
Michael Metcalf

Shields

You raped my soul
and left me bleeding,
and I cut deeper
searching how I was wrong.

But as reason floats in tears
it heals wounds tightly,
and hidden scars shield us
from losing our soul.

Michelle Hoyda



Maria C. Gonzalez

Duel

I'm sitting here staring at the phone like it's going to bite me if I touch it, or worse, like *she's* going to bite me over the line. OK, here I go, no, she's not there, she's in class, isn't she? Maybe I'll play a little music for a while. Ah, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, yeah, get the adrenalin going, yeah, I won an award yesterday, dammit, I can pick up that goddamn phone and ask her out, no problem! Yes!! Here I go, no, I'd better not, what if she says no, what if she's really not interested, then what do I do? More music, yeah, how about the Police? Yeah, Sting, "So Lonely," story of my life, no, stop that, check the number one more time, no, it hasn't changed in the last ten minutes, I memorized it the first time I saw it. Oh my God I've picked up the receiver, oh my God I'm dialing her number, oh my God she's answered . . .

She said yes.

Richard Dickson

Duel II

Allright, allright, I've been sitting up here for twenty minutes now . . . when the hell is he coming back? I don't think it takes a person twenty minutes to change a cassette . . . even if he got a drink it wouldn't take him twenty minutes. Ho hum . . . Oh, hey! Here he is (Hi, you're back), should I give him a bad time? (It sure is a great party) I wonder what I should say (no, I'm not thirsty) . . . I don't want to scare him off . . . (yes, it is warm in here). Hey, he's sitting next to me . . . cool, I guess (no, I wouldn't mind) . . . OF COURSE I WOULDN'T MIND, what are you, crazy?

(Well?)

Is he going to kiss me? He's just sort of sitting there . . . maybe he's really smashed and can't move his lips or something . . . no . . . he's leaning towards me . . . he's not doing anything . . . it's been ten seconds now and this is getting old . . . come on . . . come on . . . no, he's not going to budge. I might as well do it . . . ok, here it goes . . .

(smooch)

"You might want to close the door."

Jennifer Goblisch

Black Is . . .

Black is . . .

The absorption of all light

Ugly

Evil

Death

Nothing

A nigger

Who Told You That? A White Man

A people proud of their African heritage

Everything

Life

Strength

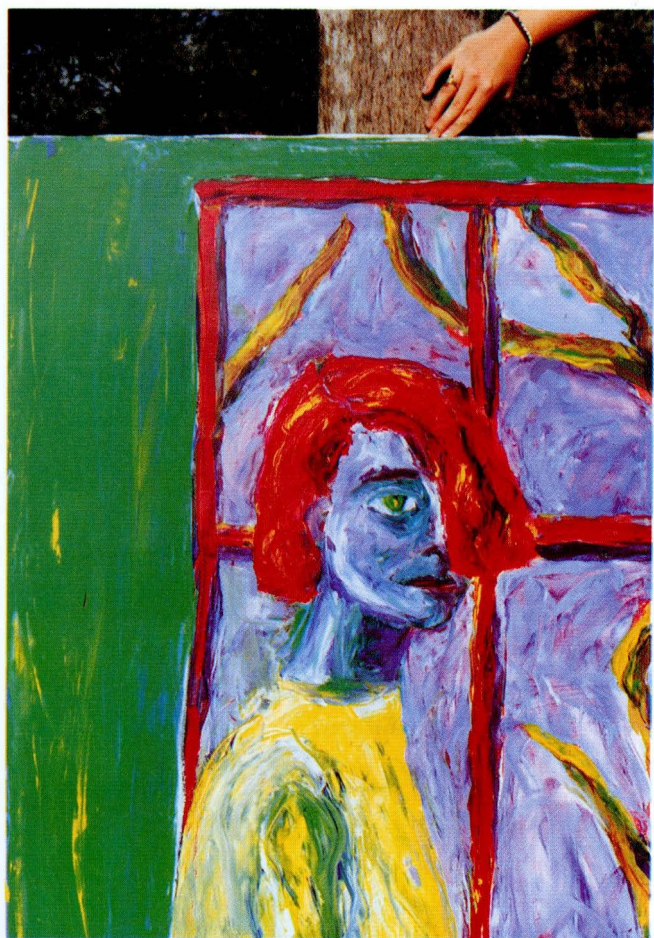
Power

Beautiful

Who Told You That? ME!

Chan Ta M. Galloway





Christina Cappel

So, You Think You Know Death?

So, you think you know death.
Did you slowly savor it? Or

Did you run into it like a car
Runs into a child dashing across the road and
Did it first take your strength or did it
destroy your appearance so swiftly you did
not notice and could you see any part of you
staring back at you in the mirror and did
people send you flowers and touch your heart
and make you cry and then hate them for
wasting their lives and pitying you but having
the nerve to send you flowers because you
pity you and know that this won't really take
away pain, and ugliness, and time that never
can be bought back no matter how hard you try
to quickly, quickly do everything and be
everything and prove to yourself that you lost
nothing but you know you did because you can
wonder what you would have been life if this
wouldn't have caught you and maybe if you
keep racing, keep busy, keep achieving, keep
winning, it won't catch up to you again and
you can beat this too and just win one more
time?

Amber Werny

Memoirs of a Quasi-peacenik

I stand alone on the stage.
Sweat
running
down the back of
my neck.
The intensely hot lights of customary
thought
expose me for other's
inspection.
Protruding
in isolation, I stick out like the
one burnt cornflake
in a bowl of thousands.
Blinded by these lights, and yet
my vision
has never been clearer.
I know who is in the audience.
Faceless.
Sisters and brothers in chains . . .
Protected by the glaring light
which keeps them
bound in darkness.

I open my mouth and the winds of
change
urge forth
with no restraint.
Black out . . . Come to . . .
Black out again.
Where am I during all of this?
Deep
inside making order out of
chaos.
Who am I to say?
Better still, who are they not to listen?

Foreigner

Against steel surfaces,
she drops eight francs.
Beyond lips suck tea
viciously. Searing April air.

Lashes salute fellow Parisians.
Effortlessly sheets of auburn flow.
Infectiously grinning, they snuggle.
A ringlet of glamour.

Outside leather satchels, kicking
shadows into a frothy milkshake.
Glares slip between unconnected tables.
She slumps.

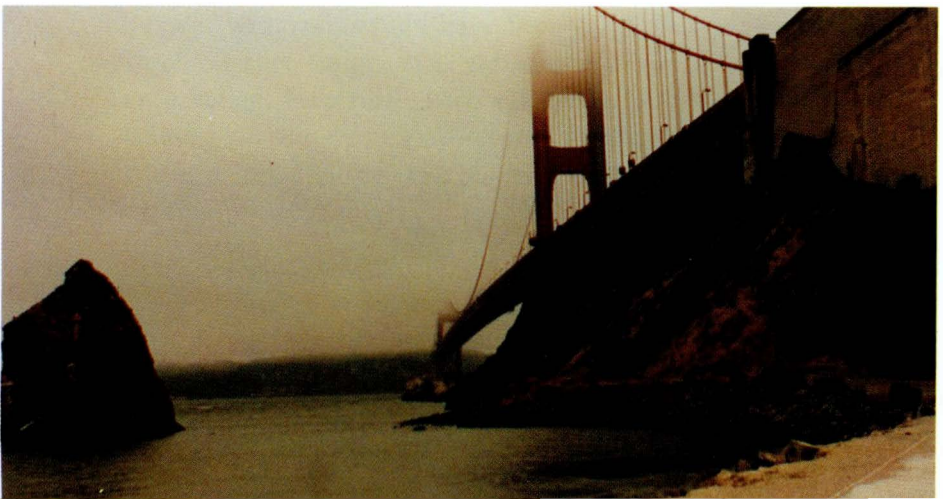
Mixing thick suds create waves.
The waiter nods and frowns,
crossing his natty eyebrows.
Nausea ensues.

Clasping the docket, she spills
as "Liberte, Egalite and Fraternite"
stare upward until twenty oval pills crumble.

A heavy stench remains.
Casual sighs dot their accents.
Eyes closed, joining their
circle of appearances.

Carol Kostick

Kendra Lasher





Judith L. Chisdes

The Covenant

Do not shower us with the soft summer rains of a new testament,
Lulling us with the softness of self-fulfillment, authenticity,
and personal happiness.

Envelop us instead with thunderous jeremiads of an ancient
covenant,

Charging us to knit together as sisters and brothers,
"Abridging ourselves of superfluities for the supply of others,"
Beckoning us to "rejoice together, mourn together, labor and
suffer together,

Always having before our eyes our community."

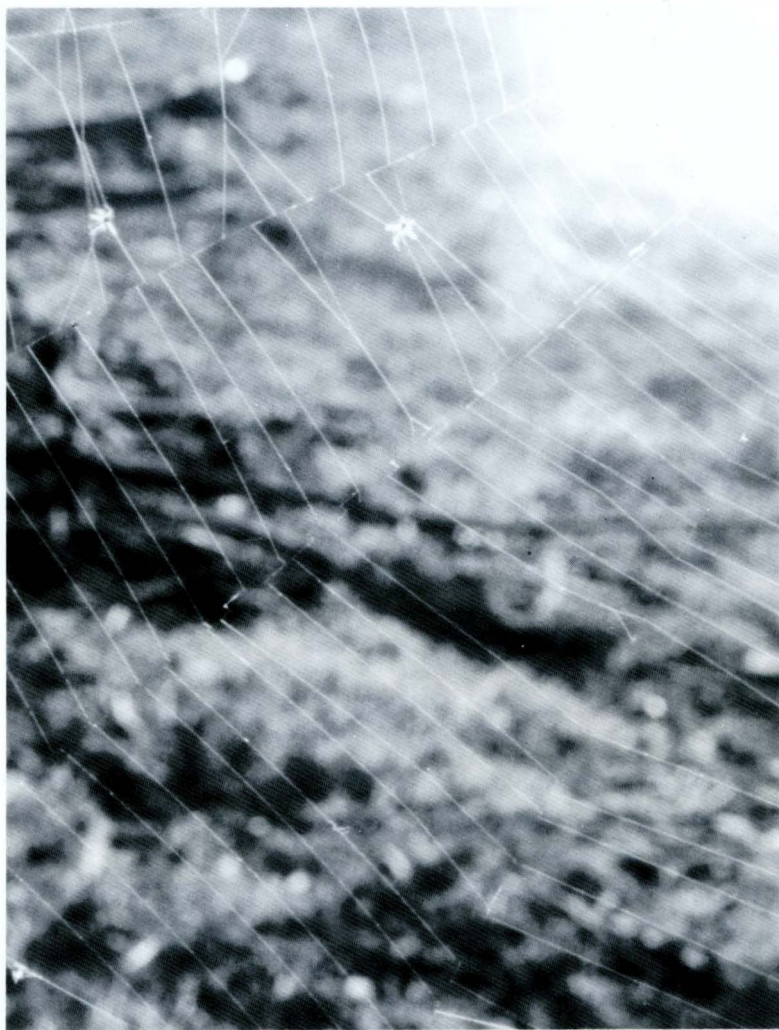
Speak to us not of rights but of responsibilities,

Not of competition but of communion,

Not of the self, but of the soul.

And then let us discover the true meaning of moral freedom.

Jack C. Lane



John Dukes

THE RESERVATION
THE NAKEDNESS OF NATURE
EAGLES SOAR WITH MIGHT.

OPEN SKY AND SEA
BLUENESS, GREENNESS LIGHT MY WAY
BREATH-TAKING SUNSETS.

RIDDLES AND LAUGHTER
FLOW TO THE BEAT OF THE LAKE
ACROSS MANY STREAMS.

WATER'S REFLECTION
ONTO BLACK PAVEMENT OF ROAD
INTERPRETS NATURE.

Melquida Maria Mulroe



Erin Sweeney



Judith L. Chisdes

Child of the Sea

But a wee child —
I was called
from my mid-day
slumber by
magical mermaids
and wise old sea urchins.
The tone I
awoke to was
as soft and fresh
as the tide's foaming smile.
I arose and
followed a path
of sun dried seaweed
to the yellow sands.
There,
I let each grain
slip through my fingers
until they formed a huge mound —
a castle of sorts,
that became my shrine
to the mermaids and urchins.
I gathered all
the forgotten pieces
of broken shells I could find
and carefully placed them
on the top of the mound
in the shape of a star.
Soon a mysterious mermaid
with long bronzed arms
and sparkling green eyes
flipped
out of the sea
and sat beside me.
She spoke very softly —
in almost a whisper.
And she prophesied
that I was a
child of the sea.

Then, as suddenly as
she came, the mermaid
was gone.
All alone I looked at
my shrine of sand,
the star of broken shells
was shimmering and shining
as bright as the sun.
It was on that day
that I discovered
I would always be welcome
by the sea.

Tamara Lilienthal

In Pursuit

my dream is a panther resting silent
and so graceful under the brush
this jungle seems without life so quiet
as I do while I sleep
but the powerful motion of the lion's paws
is my distraction
like the beating of my heart during a nightmare
but I concentrate for he is mine and I move on
slowly sliding each foot over the crisp and fallen leaves
without a sound the panther sleeps still
closer and closer
I stride over and under in pursuit
searching for my thoughts
then his eyes
jolt open as I hide
my rifle is drawn and my heart stands
pounding with excitement
wondering that maybe I don't want to know my ideas
I hear the panther rustle as the scene of life is released
I can't stop now for I am too close
the panther lifts his head with wonder
turns and stares toward me but
I remain motionless he doesn't know
or discover my scent because
he is too sly
as is my dream
I sleep still
the panther eyes once more
before he rests and
secretly I set my rifle to focus on my game
ready to shoot his eyes close
and capture this vision ending my pursuit
a resounding shot
my alarm clock rings
waking the panther and waking me
frightening my hunt
and from my faded sight
escapes

Lauren Feher

FOR LOVE OR MONEY: TWO POEMS FOR THE '80s

I. How Dreams Change

Her dreams all danced with passionate romance:
She schemed among her confidantes to entrance
A handsome lover with an ardent glance
Alluring him to chance a bold advance;

But him she lanced, a wizard of finance,
On balance looks on ardor all askance;
Yet since he wears the pants, she now recants
Romance, accepting in its stead a cash advance.

II. To Lucresta

On Going to Work

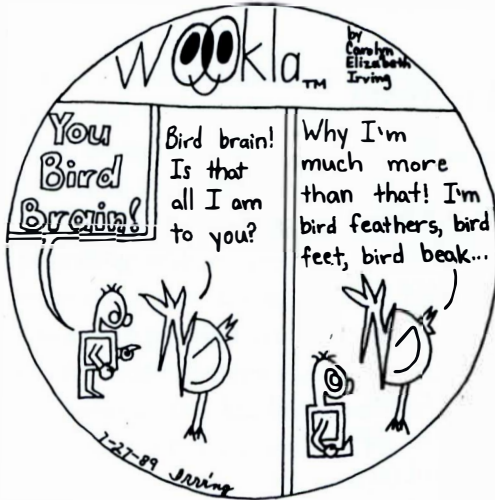
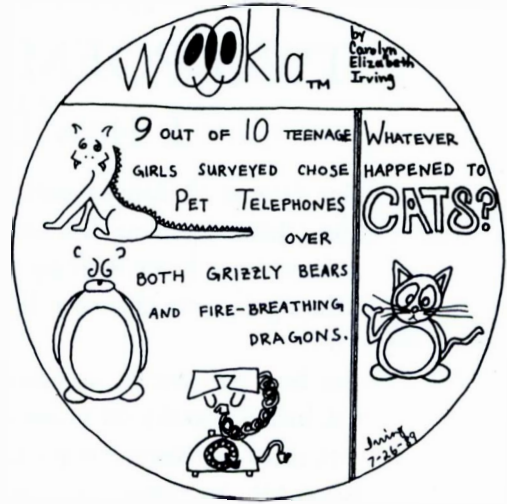
Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the lullaby
Of thy warm breast and ardent mind
To business I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first deal of the day,
And with a stronger faith embrace
My car phone on the motorway.

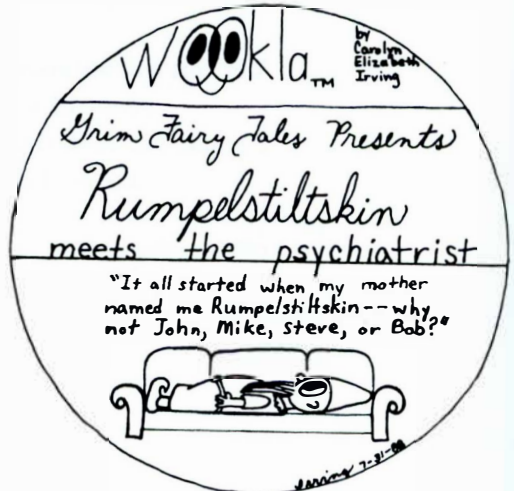
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Money more.

(With apologies from Donald Trump to Richard Lovelace.)

Alan Nordstrom



Carolyn Elizabeth Irving



Dead Weight

A poem in response to the desperate lament
From those editors, tried and true,
My good friends Michelle and Mary Brent,
Who cried to me, "What shall we do?"
For it seems that their **Brushing** was looking a tad
On the down side of being quite thin.
And while this may not seem to be all that bad,
It was still quite a spot they were in.
Poems had been submitted, photography snapped,
And artwork slipped under their door.
But despite all this effort the pair was still trapped:
They had lots, but they needed some more.
So when this dilemma became known to me
I asked was there aught I could do?
Maybe a story, a drawing by me,
Or maybe the odd poem or two?
When lo! The idea came to me like a bell,
And I dashed to find a computer.
The idea was hastily passed by Michelle,
And I wasn't one to dispute her.
And here's the result of the time that I've spent,
A simple straight-forward old poem.
It won't rank with verse of more weighty content,
Or find its place in some great tome.
But don't think of this poet as wasting your time,
Don't color him base or corrupt.
For while this may not be the most beautiful rhyme,
It's great for the space it takes up.

Richard Dickson

Boathouse

slanted ceiling

floor boards

wet

creaking

ocean

salt

splashing

old red buoys

and

rusted motor engines

Tamara Lilienthal



Erin Sweeney

He Died For Us



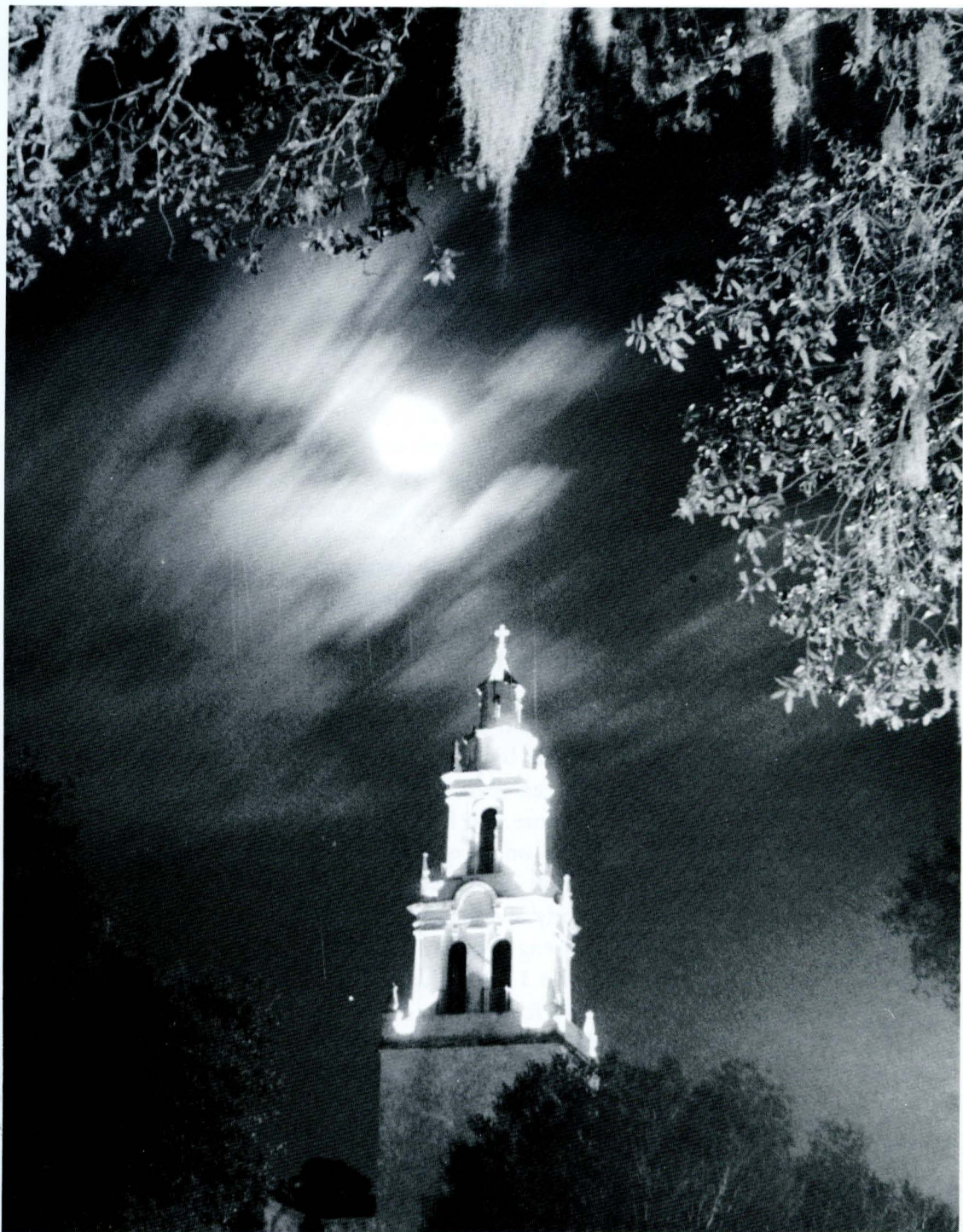
Brian Fallon Crowley

My Second Part

Each day I search for you,
My second part.
Once ripped flesh from flesh
Before consciousness.
Thousands of times
I have been tricked
By imposters
Who held me close
And take away my body
I always think it's you
And press my body
Close trying to get
Inside your own.
That's why I taste
Their tongues and teeth.
I know it's not you
After it's over because
We part. We stay apart, and
When I find you I know
I'll never leave.

Michelle Steinbach





Judith L. Chisdes

Papillon

She rises sleepily
 from her dew-embroidered blanket
And lightly tip-toes
 across the fragile white branch.
The glow of the morning dawn kisses the edges
 of her brightly colored garment
As she slowly spreads the wrinkled gown,
Shaking the sands of slumber
 from its delicate folds.
Then, with a somnolent stretch,
She softly flutters into the warm haze
 of the golden sun.

H.T.N.

The Sparrow

The sparrow is free of all restraints
It comes and goes as it pleases
Without concern for anything.
Some disregard the bird as trivial
But I admire the freedom that it owns,
In jealousy I too shall have part
And capture the bird to suit my art.
The simile can spark its interest
As a metaphore will lead him in,
An endstop on its quick beak
Will finish its elusiveness,
Bind his body and wings together
With the strength of my imagery,
Finally when I catch this fellow
I'll encage it and keep it safe
Within the limits of my lineation.
But the beast is smarter than I
Breaks free from my formed constrains
And escapes my hopeful grasps
Leaving me just feathers to hold.
I should have known before
That written language is far too sly
To be used as a slave by just any guy.

Thomas Curran

From Under it All

Backwards forwards inside-out
stretched and twisted and poked at
Self-inflicted pain the search for reality
dirty fingernails desire to cause pain
the taste of blood won't come to my mouth
the way things are going they're gonna crucify me
pulling negative energy from that glorious ball
lured to the water consoled by buzzing mosquitoes
the yellow light burning into me
the sounds of the water trying to get me
the mental search for escape
weakness of will causes unfulfillment
logic and reason stomping everything in the way

ah . . . for whom does the bell toll?
arise in hope — for me?
anguish, concern, worry — for me?
No
the ring is a golden band
the chatter, giggles, reminiscing
a general buzz of superficiality
"Who's playing tonight?" "Alabama."
Have a nice life, it'll be hell.
depressed morbid miserable
"life after college?"
will there be one?

a shriveled heart cold and empty
but,
"i must not think bad thoughts"

Beth Blakely

Rain

The rain could be
A tear alone
As I wait,
By the clouded window
Looking out.

Usual silence is broken
As the storm
Rattles the gutters,
Shaking my body
For the house is empty.

There is no sun in the sky
And the twinkle in my eye
Has now become a cloud,
While I stand
Only in expectation.

As each drop of rain
Jumps into a puddle,
It is overcome
With the love
Of all the rest.

In the distance
I see my brother,
And as he runs
Closer and closer
I hear his footsteps splash.

Oh how thankful
That the rain
Speeded his trip,
I hurry to hug him
As the twinkle returns.

Lauren Feher

Silence

I light a cigarette to break the monotony
My mind drifts to you
Special moments we shared
seem foggier these days
As if the time we spent together
was just another one of my fantasies
Proof that it was real
lies in the photograph beside my bed
And in the ceramic feline on my desk
Wearing it's heart on it's sleeve
with the words "Je t'aime"
Do you feel the same now
or are your memories fading as well
Time goes on
Frustration goes deeper
The ocean spreads wider
Yet I long to be by your side
There's so much I could sacrifice
and would sacrifice if I knew it would work
But the question runs too deep
And I know I should live for myself
At least I can keep my foggy memories
and your photograph beside my bed.

Silence

Tears

Melanie A. Biggar

The Cycle

Yesterday

It was created.
it ate,
it drank,
it lived.

Then

it was delivered.
it still ate,
it still drank,
it survived.

Now

it communicates.
it eats,
it drinks,
it lives.

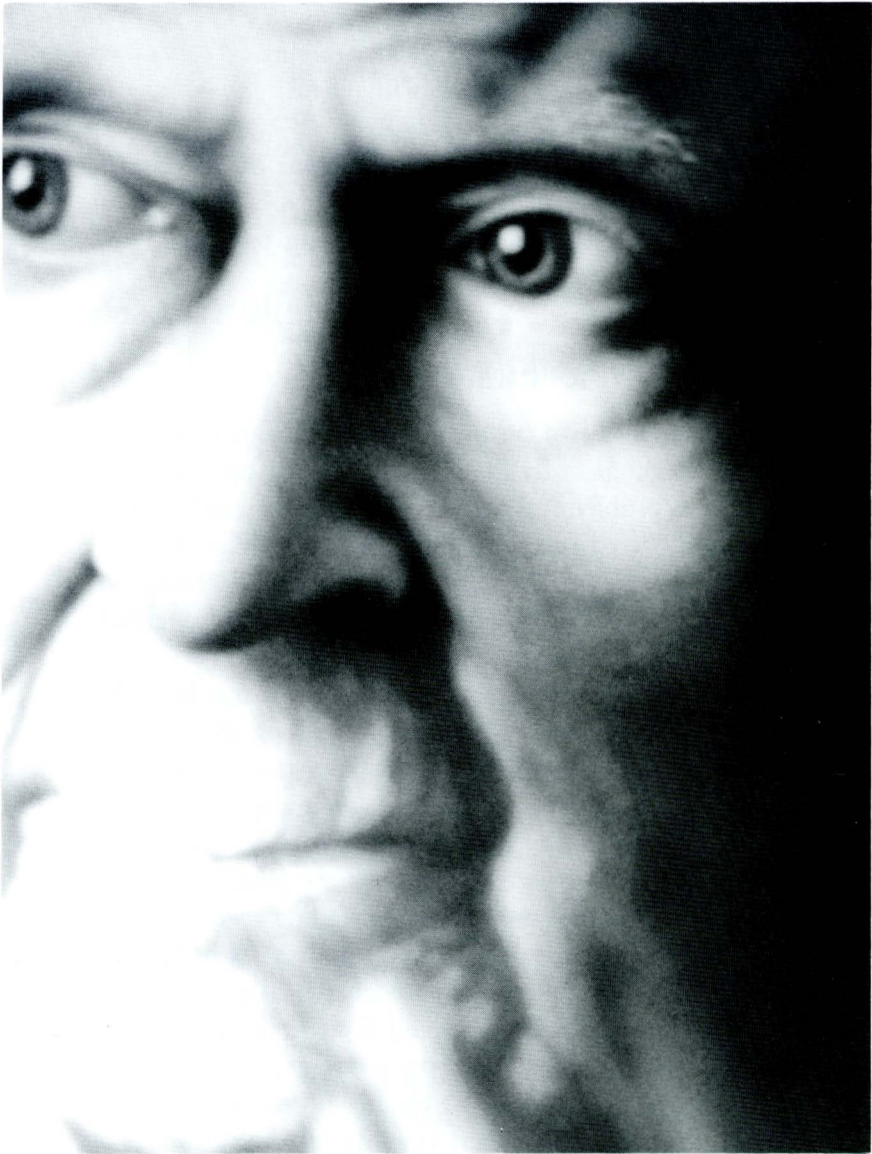
Tomorrow

it will sleep.
it won't eat,
it won't drink,
it can't live.

Then

it was quiet.
it did nothing.

Valerie Norfleet



Michael Metcalf

Exuberance

I have known the incomparable thrill of making love
Amidst the chilled waves of foam and the teeming earth;
All the rapture of looking behind his playful eyes
And falling endlessly into his soul.
Loving mind, body, being —
The uncontainable joy in a kiss and a caress.
Blending of lives, hearts, bodies,
Incessant exhilaration on clear, heated nights.
And I have felt the ecstasy from fingertips
More gentle than a moistened whisper
Moving, unnoticeably, through rainy dawns of affection
Leaving a warm radiance upon bared limbs.
Emblazoned with emotion, the unremitting passion.

Danielle Farese

The First Journey

The frost clamped down on the corn raped fields. "Now listen son. When those ganglers fly in, just take a bead on one and . . . "O.k. no problem," I assured dad, pushing aside a couple reed stalks that covered our pit, submerged six feet in this farmer's land. I popped my head out ground level, sighting down the frozen aisles. "Hey boy, git down." Jake, our guide, rattled in his camouflage a lung-wrenched whisper.

"Awonk, Gwonk" he played on the call. The Earth lay still as I knelt next to my gun, fingers thumping along the smooth steel bore. Jake was perched, his eyes tracking through a sun-dusted hole. "Alright, Now," he ordered, swinging open the brush covering. They pitched into our decoys 50 yards out, floating down like silent ghosts. I gazed, then fired the Francotta, tracing through billowing gun smoke, the falling feathered clump. "You better git your bird boy. He ain't dead yet." I hopped out and squished ahead, my father's old trenchcoat, flapping around my mudsoaked ankles. So I loaded and fired again, reeling the bird backwards. A wing splayed in the reddening water. The bird watched me with soft black-pearls. Having no more shells, I grabbed and savagely wrenched its head amidst innumerable, desperate honks. A frantic wing beat against my body. Then, the sinewy neck hung limp in my hand, its carcass drumming a feathery thud on my leg as I marched back.

Bart Potter

My Dad (1908-1973)

my Dad was an immigrant,
came to Ellis Island
when he was twelve,
Saw Liberty
and embraced Her.

He worked hard,
my Dad did,
on the B & O,
selling life insurance
during Depression years,
doing factory work
during War years,
learning a trade
during Other years.

Raising kids.
my Dad saw Liberty
and embraced Her,
Her freedoms,
Her responsibilities,
Her education-for-all.

My, he was proud.
He worked hard,
my Dad did,
at his English,
at his learning,
at his painting,
at educating his kids.
My, he was gently, tenderly proud.
then,
the Kennedys happened,
and King happened,
Viet Nam and Selma and Kent State
happened.
My gentle, tender, sad Dad died.

Alexandra Skidmore

We stand alone by the river.
Water dancing over rocks sings songs (in our ears.)
Birds float over the island.
It stands amidst the river, solitary and strong.
We whisper quietly,
 wanting to keep the serenity of the forest.
The wind blows and leaves rustle on the earth.
Smelling holy, the air cleanses our souls.
He takes my hand.
Both my lips and eyes smile.
We walk slowly out of our secret, peaceful togetherness,
 on to a stage of deceit.

Deborah K. Johnson



Sandy Bitman



Maria C. Gonzalez

Dream Beasts

Sleep tight tonight
the beasts won't come.
Just as there held at bay
by the light of day
The light at night
is from my love
to keep the beasts away.
As you lay in my arms
don't be afraid
because I will keep
the beasts at bay
The dreams you dream
will be of peace
of love and life.
There will be
no risk tonight so
Sleep tight

Denise Anaskevich

Who Cares?

Who cares
what the world thinks.
for I
am I,
and you
are you,
and what will be
will be,
and maybe
we
is what should be
even if
the world disagrees.

Denise Anaskevich

Rhapsody

A world alone it stands in solitude as hollows evolve out of fallen trees. A man walks alone, so far and beyond as a tear is heard and falls from his eye. Remorse to this world, so deaf and decaying, destroying deliberately a cause of sands so shrill to oceans lost of man and animals unfound vast . . . as all of life may be the Gaelia — felt in chants — morgues black of roses fallen dead as man passed on again bells so ring, shrill as before enlightening a final hour.

Kelli Marie Cayley

Quintessence

A departed baby boy lies motionless on the shores, his heart ceases to beat. His cold blood dries hard inside him. Surrounded by darkness, his form blends well in the black as his eyes, forced open, reflect a macabre twinkle from the stars above — moonlight is cast upon him. The tide washes in caressing his sweet corpse as his soul is cast out to sea.

Kelli Marie Cayley

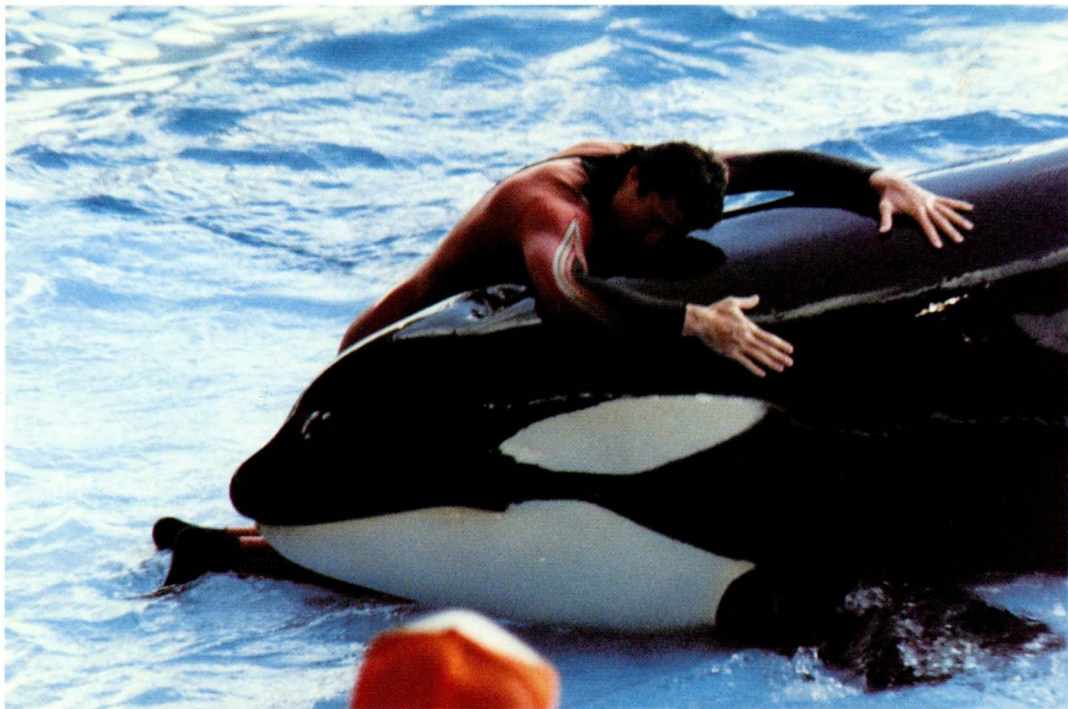
Despondency

Birds sing in the distance as the man slowly walks to his death. How ironic life can be as he falls crying to his knees and the sun glimmers and warms the world around him. All is silent as the cruel earth turns and leaves him hanging on for a breath of a starving life. His eyes sit intently on the world as he peers into years past, recalling companionship, his blessing from above, as it trickled from his palm and through his fingers — the gods beg insanity. While this man

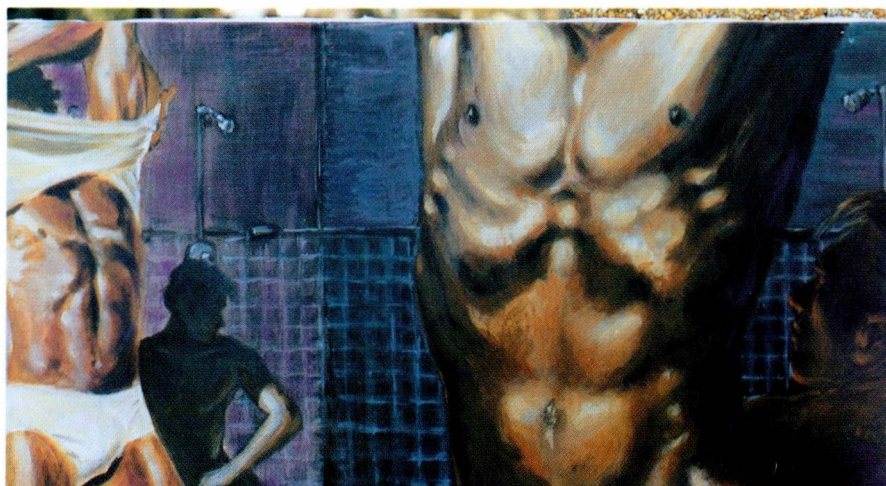
Kelli Marie Cayley

The stars dance playfully
in the sky.
The moon hangs sullenly overhead
protecting her precious Earth.
I sit in the soft green grass.
Gentle spring breezes flow
quietly through the meadow.
Peace is so comforting
to an aching soul.
It fills the veins with
reassuring warmth.
And I sit in the velvet dandelions.
All is quiet within the clover.
I close my eyes.
Heaven.

Deborah K. Johnson



Jonathan Chisdes



Michael Metcalf



Michael Metcalf



Troy Fisher

blue illusions of the moon

in the still of the night
quietly
you steal into my dreams
pulling me into your thoughts
you touch my mind with memories
 without hesitation
 without question

we surrender to the illusion

suddenly we concede to reality
and
wake to find disappointment
you see only what is before you
i wish for what can never be
be there just one moment
when we can be separate
one
from the other
the guilt we share
is too much to bear

we tear our hearts
into fragmented pieces
leaving
whispers
of loneliness.

G. J. Hines

A. Bartlett Giamatti

1938-1989

"Untimely death," they'll say, "at fifty-one."
So much to give and so much left undone.
We had large hopes of him. Who knows but what
He might have been our President or sought
His "free and ordered space" some other place
Than academe or baseball's field of dreams.
Lord knows, this nation's in disgrace,
And native wisdom such as his, it seems,
Now rarely shows its face in public life
Or lends its service to negotiate
For justice, find out truth, and settle strife,
Or leads us towards a vision of the Great.
We've lost a mind both keen and generous,
A. Bartlett Giamatti — one of us.

Alan Nordstrom





Jonathan Chisdes

A Rose To Care

Which of you remember the truth
spoken that Leslie spoke
A long time ago about me?

That I was a senseless pervert
Or so I thought to myself
But she didn't love me any less.

It was sweet sunshine
That day of her anniversary
Of her birth at the church.

She told all her friends to
Dress appropriately but I
Wore my sweater over slacks

And Jeff Gardner wore a sweater too
And I knew it because he was
going to be famous like me;

And somehow a longing rose
When I felt like a sweated pervert
That Jeff was too but famous

But it was my anniversary too
My anniversary of love,
The first of its kind.

And we gave our gifts to Leslie
Continuous love was there.
I gave her a rose to care.

John Bajak

Troubled Seas

I yearn for the gentle breeze
through which I could sail with ease
the troubled seas of my heart

I yearn for the light of the sun
to warm my weary back
and give me strength to adjust my tack
that I might sail true

I yearn for a break in the storm
to rest my tired bones
and see the many tones of blue and gold
from the skies fleeting rays

I yearn to feel the reason why
I fight in the endless storms
to keep my boat afloat
when to drown in loves water
seems the only way

I yearn to see
beyond the cloudy horizon
to the storms end
and know that I will once again
Sail in calm seas

Chris Port



Maria C. Gonzalez



Christina Cappel

Intimacy

Tuxedoed chest and dark bow tie.

We are ready now.

Me, in my rose-pink dress,
flowered and perfumed
hair.

The lights of the city-forest beckoned.
Champagne dinners and dancing clubs.

Then home
again.

Here, we slowly shed the skins
Of our responsibilities,
Of our cool mannerisms,
Of our calm reserves.

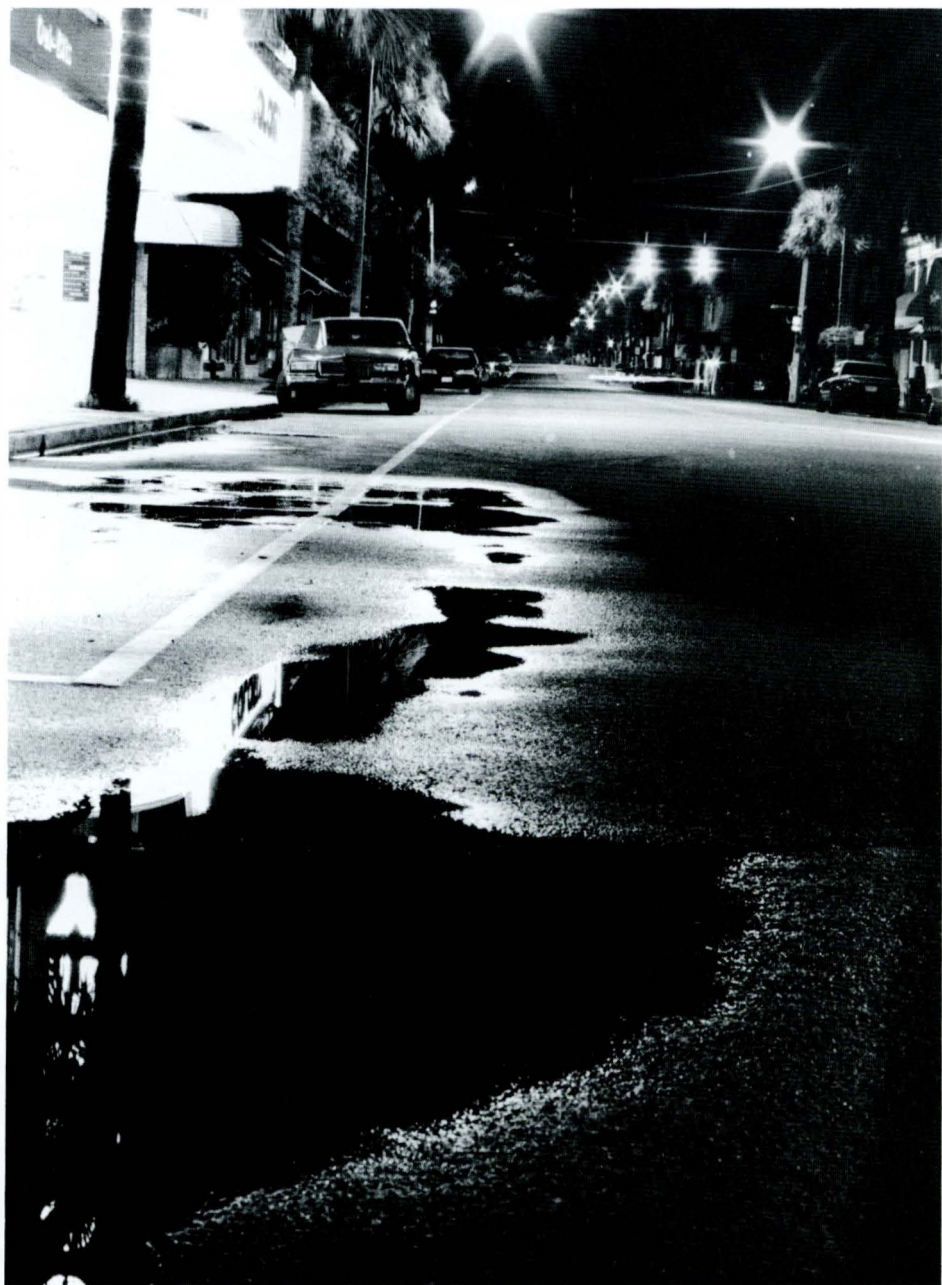
And you take me into your arms —
Naked of the
world that I
was clothed
in.
Gently, you wrap me in your masculine scent
And your unconscious strength.

Silently
You fill my soul with your guidance —
with your
compassion.
And I,

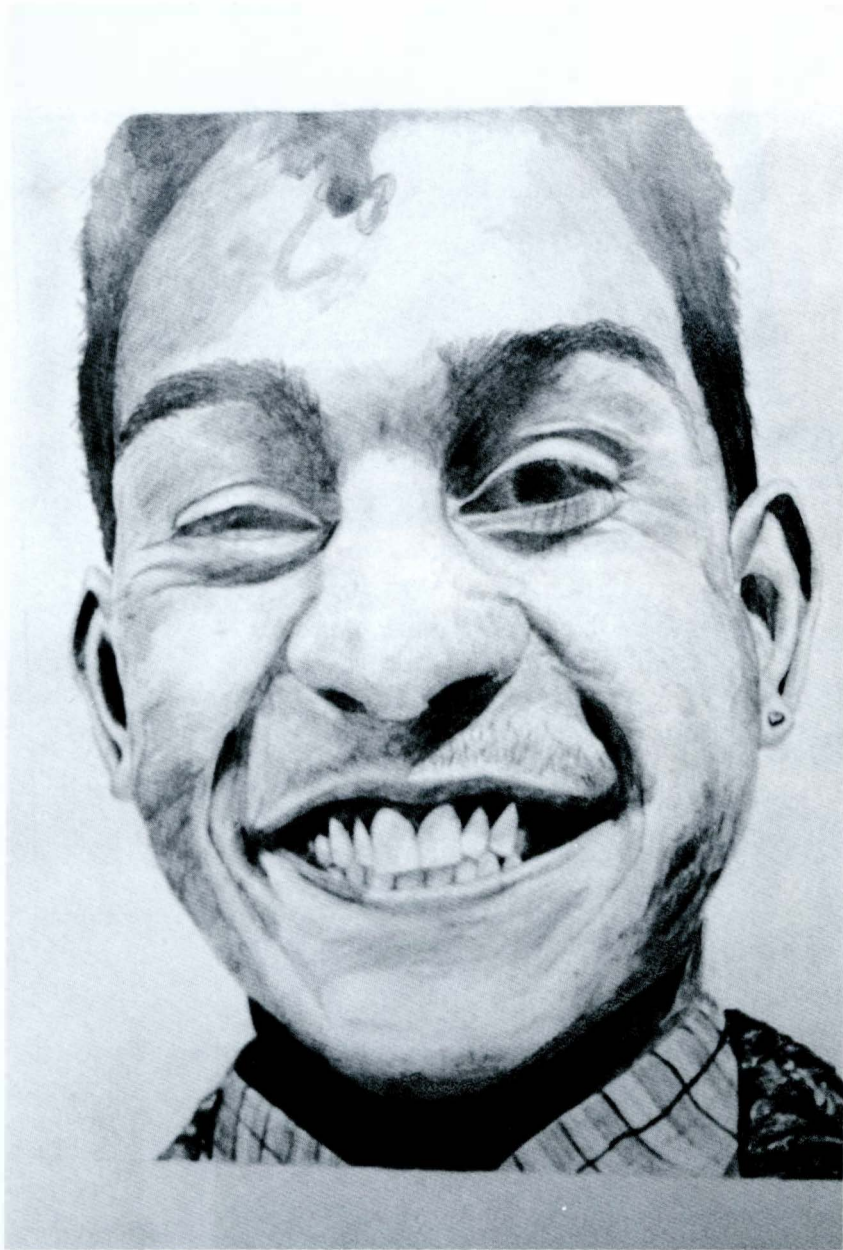
I awaken to the husky whisper of the morning dawn,
And find you . . .
clutching to me like a small, lost boy.

H. T. N.

Evening On The Ave



Brian Fallon Crowley



Mary Brent Watson

Pacific Delusion

Not winding the cut sail,
she paws voraciously until
the tear reaches my soul.
We forgot the adhesive.

You guard the bow, I see
streams of grey waves.
Pivoting our craft
as each buoy fades.

From Tasmania to Queensland
destinations filter down the galley.
A rusty recorder drags my American melody.
Yet with your country twang it sounds new.

Orion throws a cosmic spear
landing inches from us.
Our compass points west.
rhythmic swaying above

salty junctures. My watch broke
yet the spyglass works. Four days
until Sydney's harbour appears. She's
not an invited guest. Then, our oceans

meet in their own courses. Trying to
resist the tide, the sail flaps. Instantly,
sixteen million strangers hold hands
inside blue life rings.

Carol Kostick

Raising my head I match my gaze
as lines of conformity hold my eyes.
The intrusion surprises me but already
the lines have hardened.

As they begin to fade deeper
their impression burns my face.
The sting wakes my heart but soundly
my conscience feigns sleep.

My eyes fight the lines with
piercing awareness,
but my mouth feeds on fear and
refuses aid.

Soon the lines casually retreat
knowing again that they have won,
while my mind curses the traitors
and vows vengeance on the lines.

Another battle lost I can now look away,
facing them now with only traces of the lines.

Michelle Hoyda

Future/Past

I'm looking forward/backward through the foggy mists of time,
And I see what is to come/has been, and it weighs upon my mind.
Because I see before me what man will do/what man has done.
Should I close my eyes to what he was/what he'll become?

Richard Dickson

The Sun

Through my long lonely life
I have walked blinded
ever looking through a cold dense fog
seeing only one path, forever one choice

That path I walked like the dead
with shoulder hunched
bowing to the weight of my burdens
holding up my life with cold sore muscles

Yet one day my sight perceived a glow
soft and orange, it grew brighter
so bright it grew that I had to avert my eyes
only to see it was the sun

I basked in its warmth
feeling the warm flow through my limbs
feeling the light fingers touch my face
like a whirlwind the sun swept the fog away

At last I could see;
the path I walked lead to anywhere I wished
and so I ran
ever feeling the sun on my back

When alas, I saw the sun was about to set
There I stopped and cried,
for who would guide me through the night

Yet I drew strength from the sun's last glow
and again I walked alone
For how long the would last
I did not know
But then I saw the moon
in its light I saw the sun's reflected face
And knew that the sun still lead my way

Round Pond in a Garden

It was grim when the swans arched their necks
Then bellowed horror to the stars and waited
And the worst of it came when an ice chilled
all the swan children who, feathers backward, drowned.
"That was some night," was your only comment
and so concrete I had no chance to change
That which is once spoken is so many times replayed.

So it was not so rhythmically exciting as I wanted
More stuttered verse, like a city, in my soul.

I can't deny my own blindness to a scene
where ever before I too had dovetailed and died.
"I can't say really" when you ask for my thoughts.
Without you, there were no swans.
No orange feet and deeper green through which to see.
White feathers are not so interesting if they smell of shit
and withered dreams
from trying to fly too close to each other
Such efforts left me dry.
No sex could save us then.

I recall a scenario where we all danced on waves
blue rage graces quietly hailed
and simple graces raised us to heaven
One blue hand held us in place
One storm intelligible through a wall.
I recall a swan like mine we perpetrated on our will
but I can't be abstracted from my past
No expatriation of my heart.

These swans don't breathe so tonight.
These swans wish stars'd never spoken.

Laura M. Hope-Gill

In the Bedroom

And who can cry for the free
Who once willingly crawled into a cage
No tears if I should choose
As perspiration pours through iron tubes of flesh

That no man can be calmed
And no woman can be contained
is the one truth
society overlooked

One heart beats twice each time for a purpose —
Once for love and with full desire
for love; completions
And one backbeat of jazzed independence.

Let no tears fall for deafness to the second
And no joy
be withheld from those
attempting to serve the first.

Laura M. Hope-Gill



The Bottle

I've slumbered into this land
And I never wanna go
A handful slowly dissipating
Like the wind sifting sand
Floats my dying self
Have I lost control
The worshipping tempts me
down this hollow bottle
found in this land
Just don't make me go.

John Dukes

A Blur of Pain

A blur of pain.

Vaguely remembering the promise
Never to waste life because
Death almost wasted me.

Occasionally talking about the brave
Child who fought battles until

Finally, the battles ended and the
Scars faded.

Now, the promise
Has faded and the adult
Waits patiently in the
Shell of presently eased
Pain until it's awakened with regrets and
More promises.

Amber Werny

Wind

The desolate wind
Whispering murmurs amidst the gnarled forest of life
Breathing, Pulsating
Shivering, afraid of its own chilling effect
Screeching, Howling
Piercing through the forgotten attic of time
Searching, Wimping
An abandoned child, numb to the world's isolation.
The insecure wind
Longing for safety and warmth among the bleak skies
Shaking, Vacillating
Existing, maintaining a forced facade in nature
Sobbing, Screaming
Moving invisibly through the broken windows of eternity
Wanting, Yearning
The lost child settles down for another lonely night.

Danielle Farese

Old Friends

Peddling faster and faster —
my heart pounding,
blond bangs in my eyes.
All I can focus on
is the bike strapped
on the back
of the old brown station wagon.
My best friend.
My Big Wheel,
mud pie,
Tonka truck
buddy —
waving good-bye
out the back
window.

The big yellow moving van
stopped at the bottom
of the hill.
I peddled faster and faster —
thinking
my huffy bike
with the plastic gas tank
could follow him
forever.

I wasn't allowed to ride
past the red mailbox.
I saw the yellow truck
and brown car
drive past the stop sign
and towards a new life.
Without me.
or my Tonka trucks.

I peddled slowly home.
Alone.

Tamara Lilienthal



Judith L. Chisdes

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