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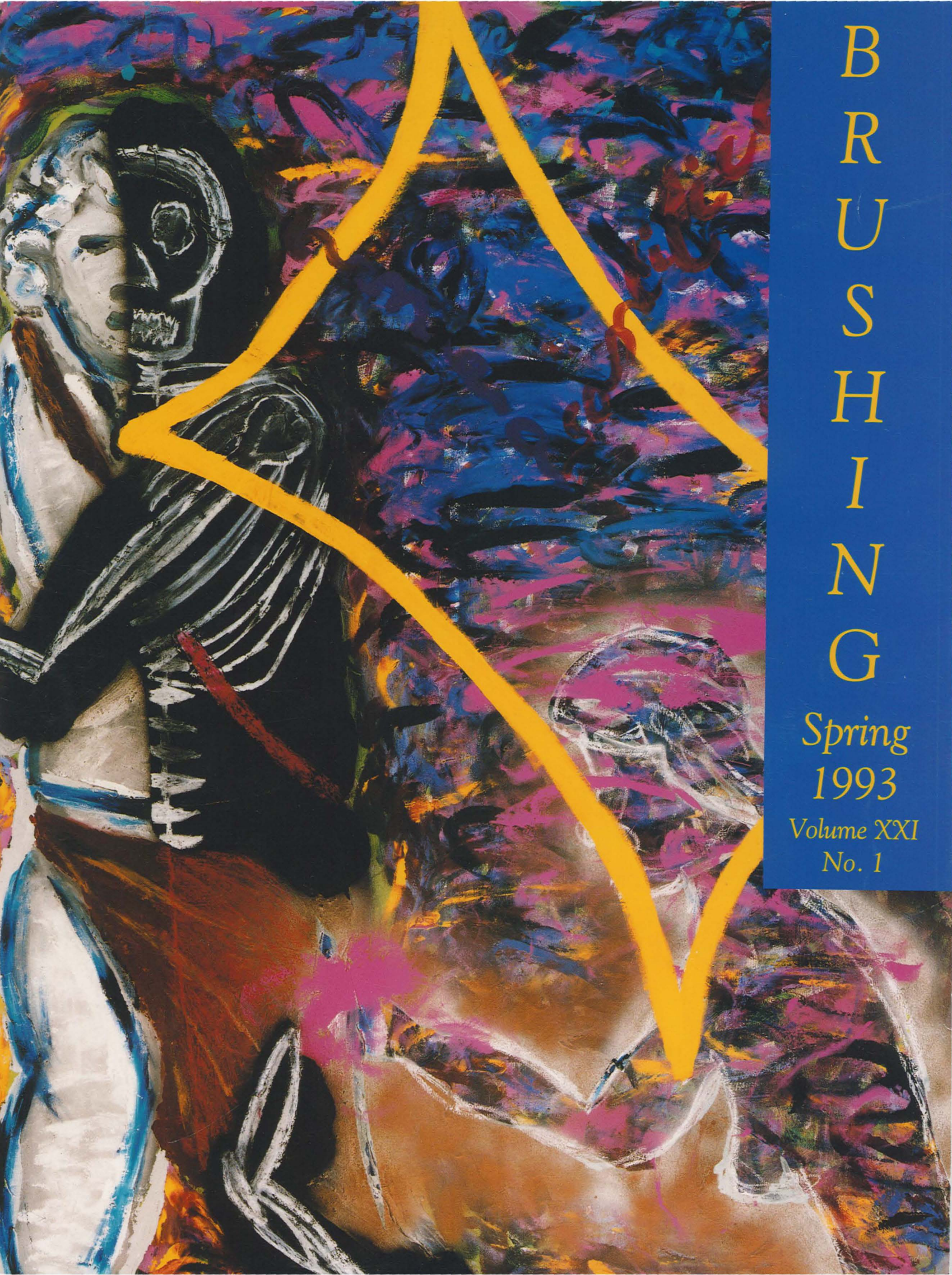
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Spring  
1993

Volume XXI  
No. 1





*Untitled*  
Mike Porco

# Brushing

Rollins College  
Literary & Fine Arts  
Magazine  
Vol. XXI, No. 1  
Spring 1993

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Charlie Roller's illustrations appear on pages 21, 25, 28, 64, 76, and 90.

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## Editor's Note

It is a pleasure to introduce this exciting volume to the Rollins community. *Brushing* now begins its third decade as the Rollins College Literary & Fine Arts Magazine, after several decades of the *Flamingo*; looking through many of these issues, I am consistently impressed with the quality and ingenuity of the Rollins creative artist past and present. With these high standards in mind, the Editorial Board made a careful selection of pieces that we hope is representative and powerful. *Brushing* is fortunate to have space this year for all the student pieces approved by the Board, as well as some by several guest contributors. My special thanks to Charlie Roller, guest illustrator; his pen-and-ink drawings may be found accompanying several poems within. I extend gratitude also to Roy Blatchford, who made a personal effort to collect work from the many talented students in his Winter Term class, including the delightful mini-sagas. Thanks also to Tanja Softic, who helped make the process of judging large artworks easier than ever before by allocating the Board temporary storage space in a studio room.

Art is an investigation of personality in its methods, whether from the standpoint of the creator who mines and crystallizes her own ideas, or that of the observer who tries to obtain from them something of the greatest value. Each of these pieces is a precious sculpting in its own right, cut and polished by our artists. The pieces bear the mark of their makers: note the wonderful crossed diagonals of Andrea Stockton, the sober humor of Jennifer Trono, the soundplay of Nghi Tran, the urban concern of Kathy Aziz, and the cthonism of cLOVER iOEDYN, to mention only a few.

An editor's responsibility is to take these gloriously diverse personalities and fit them into some kind of harmonious exchange with the least possible damage to any individual. The process is like assembling a puzzle in which the shape of every piece changes when any piece moves. Once the smoke clears, what should be left is a work of strange jewelry- every gem showing off to its greatest advantage in an unobtrusive but equally rich setting. This setting reflects our collective personality. *Brushing* should be a fitting crown for the Rollins community at large and the artists who supplied its treasures. I hope you will find that the staff and I have succeeded in the present volume, and suffer gladly the weight of its beauties.

David Nall  
Editor



## Sunrise

It was four o'clock in the morning when Jonathan Grier, the head butler at the Tabbas house, awoke. He would be at the kitchen by five, and deliver Mr. Tabbas' coffee before sunrise. This had been his daily routine since he began working for Tabbas eight years ago.

Working for the wealthiest man in history was not easy. Tabbas expected perfection from his employees, and that was what he received from Jonathan.

"Hello, Peter," Jonathan greeted as he entered the kitchen.

"Hi, John. Coffee's ready. It's over there," he motioned to a small table on the far end of the room.

This was one of four kitchens in the house of two hundred rooms. It contained every item that a chef might need and then some. Cooking utensils, pots, and pans all hung from the walls. They were arranged in some special order which only Peter de Lona, the head chef, understood. He was compulsively meticulous. If a toothpick was out of place, Peter demanded an explanation. The center of the room had an island of stoves, sinks, and cutting boards. Small tables sat along the walls, wherever space was not taken up by the hanging kitchen supplies.

Jonathan paced across the room towards the coffee tray. Two cups sat on the large silver dish - one was gold, the other ceramic. He chose the ceramic one, drank from it, and looked at his watch.

"What time is it, Peter?" Jonathan asked.

Peter paced near the walls, apparently looking for a cooking tool.

"Peter. What time do you have?" Jonathan realized he had been ignored.

"Oh. Sorry, John, can't find the tongs. It's," He held up his arm, slid his arm back, and looked at his watch. "It's five-thirty. The same time you ask every day. You know, John, you should get rid of that Rolex garbage and buy a real watch. Just because it costs more, doesn't mean it's better."

"Perhaps." He finished the cup of coffee. "But then again, I'd rather have a five thousand dollar watch that doesn't work than a twenty dollar clump of metal on my wrist. It says something." He placed the empty cup on the table and carried the tray towards the door.

"Alas! There it is," Jonathan heard as he left the kitchen. Peter had obviously found the tongs.

He walked down the long corridor of the mansion, greeting maids and security guards, as he went by. The library, where Tabbas was waiting for his morning cup of coffee, was just at the end of the hall. It would take him fifteen minutes to reach it.

This wing of the building looked as if it had come out of the Elizabethan era, with its authentic paintings of kings and queens hung along the walls: the members of the royal family from whom Tabbas had acquired jewels. Jonathan now passed the room which contained the famed crown jewels of England. He nodded at the guard posted outside of the room, who quickly returned the gesture.

There was one table outside of every one of the eight rooms in this area, and each had an antique lamp on it. The light produced by these lamps was little, but one did not need much light to notice the wealth around him. Every one of the objects in the house had an enormous price attached to it, and most had interesting stories. The maroon carpet, for instance, had been torn right out of Buckingham Palace. A ring, which sat encased in a glass box on one of the tables, was bought from the now deceased King of England. Tabbas had paid a reported five hundred million dollars for the King to be unearthed and the ring to be torn from his maggot-ridden hands. Most of the items in the house were priceless, but that was a word which Tabbas did not like to use. In his words, "Everything and everyone has a price."

Two large wooden double-doors stood at the end of the corridor. Across both doors was a solid platinum letter 'T' outlined with diamonds. The doors were ten feet in height and made of solid oak.

Tabbas' own personal body guard stood outside. He looked much like the secret service men who protect the President - nicely clothed with a suit and tie, but under that jacket was a cannon of a gun. The guard nodded at Jonathan, grabbed on to one of the gold handles, and pulled the door open for him. When he entered, the guard closed the door.



"Your coffee, Mr. Tabbas," Jonathan paced across the room and laid the silver tray on the table before his employer.

"Thank you, Jonathan," Jefferson Tabbas replied. "I imagine it's cold."

"Just how you like it, Sir."

Jefferson Tabbas sat on one of the two mink-covered couches at the center of the room. The couches were semi-circular, and could fit about ten people in each. They rested over an ornate Persian rug. Shelves full of books covered the walls from the floor to the twenty foot ceiling. A "wheel around" ladder sat at the far end of this room near the only window in the room. Beyond that, was a view of Tabbas' over-olympic sized swimming pool, and twenty acre backyard.

Tabbas grabbed the gold cup and drank from it.

"Have a seat, Jonathan."

"Thank you, Sir." Jonathan sat on the couch opposite to Tabbas.

"Sometimes I wonder if this is right, Jonathan." He paused. "All of this money has a way of driving people insane."

Jefferson drank from the cup, again, and looked through the window at the far end of the room. The Sun was beginning to rise in the horizon, but was not yet in sight. Purple, pink, red, and yellow filled the sky. It was a prelude to the beauty of the sun.

"You are very fortunate, Sir, to have all of this."

"Maybe so, but then again, what is all of this? Money's brought me fame, power and virtually any thing I need, but still I know I'm missing something in my life that can't be bought."

"Something that can't be bought? What do you mean, Sir? Love?"

"Love... No, I have no need for love. It's inner peace that I want, and somehow I feel that money has taken that away from me." Tabbas stood and walked over to the window. "I remember when I was once considered 'blue collar.' I sure as hell didn't have the money I have now, but I was at least happy. Now, I have to live in a house full of armed guards, servants that cater to my every want, and business partners that come around to tell me about a good investment opportunity, which usually means they want to make money off of me. 'Blue collar' is a dirty word for those people."

"You have everything a man could possibly imagine, and more. How could you say that all of this doesn't make you happy? Think of the accomplishments you've made since those days when you were sweating for your money. Sure, there are some bad things about being rich, but overall I'd rather be in your shoes than my own." Jonathan stood, and joined Tabbas at the window. "Maybe all you need is a vacation to get away from this for a while."

"Vacation," he mumbled.

Both men stood quietly looking at the Sun rise on the horizon. The top third of it could be seen, now. Some light trickled into the room and began to cast shadows.

"Have you ever wondered, Jonathan, why it is I wake up so early in the morning, sit in this dark room, and wait for the Sun to come up?" he said with his eyes still locked on the Sun.

"No, Sir. It's been that way ever since I starting working for you."

"It's the Sun, Jonathan. The sight of the Sun is the only thing that makes me feel good anymore. It has more power than any man will ever have. No amount of money can give the power to start a new day and bring light to the world. It lets me see that money means nothing. It's something that was created by humans to control other humans. That's why you work for me, Jonathan. I have more money than you do: paper that has the strength to corrupt and destroy people and families. I never had much of a family to begin with, but once people found out about my wealth, I had more friends and family members than I thought possible."

The Sun was now half-showing over the horizon. It sprayed light over the yard, pool, and then the room. Tabbas did not remove his eyes from it for a second. The sight seemed to overwhelm him.

"I have a ticket to Hawaii, and a few hundred dollars in my wallet. I plan to leave right away. You'll be glad to hear that I left all my money and property in your name. I know how you feel about money, and it's about time you get that crappy watch fixed."

Jonathan pulled his eyes away from the Sun and turned to Tabbas in awe. He felt as if though some higher power had made him God. He stood speechless and motionless.

"You seem to like money more than I, and you are the closest thing I have to a friend." He walked back to the couches and placed the cup on the table.

Jonathan still stood with voice or motion. His eyes were huge and seemed as if though they would pop out.

"B..B.. But, Sir, you can't be serious. How long do you plan to stay there?" The words appeared to have taken hours to form in Jonathan's head and many more hours to blurt out.

"I won't be back." He paused. "Ever. The most beautiful sight I've seen of the Sun is in Hawaii." He calmly walked towards the door. "I just hope I haven't cursed you like I cursed myself with this money. Oh, well- if I have, then I'll see you in Hawaii." He pushed the door open and left the room.

Jonathan stood staring at his former employer walk down the long corridor. He looked back and forth at the Sun and then Tabbas, until Tabbas was out of view. He was left alone in the room, finally, staring at the sun.

Roy Russo

### Inheritance

Diamonds glisten in my hands  
as I pluck them from the sands  
and steal them from their native lands.

Gold weighs heavy in my arms  
with its precious golden charms  
and slow but sure my fever warms.

In mines and streams I seek reward  
that mother earth so shrewdly stored  
and with the gifts such quests afford  
I find myself extremely bored.

I sought the life that wealth could buy  
but now I'm left to wonder why  
for still I live and still must die  
to join the earth where treasures lie,  
and find perhaps that fate is cruel  
as I become a fossil fuel.

Bill Phillips





*Fruit Basket Surreal*  
Gar Willard

## Soliloquy

The honey-suckled bumble-boy  
buzzes off to find employ  
beyond the hive where he alone  
refuses to become a drone.

He seeks a world at peace and free  
where life is more than just to be.

Bill Phillips





*Baseball Junkie*  
*Dennis Moore*





*Seated Nude*  
Roderick Davidson





*Trouble Spirits--Breathe Out--New Life*  
Katie Ottaviani



The pieces on the following two pages are examples of the *mini-saga*, a prose-poetic form recently popular in England. The rules for a mini-saga are fairly simple: each piece is supposed to be exactly 50 words, including the title, which may use up to 14 of the 50.

### **They Used to Call Him Boomer**

Jake stared at his reflection and groaned.  
The years had been cruel to him. Three inches shorter, forty pounds heavier, and half-bald (only his ears and nose still sprouted hair). Everyone at the reunion would laugh at him... until they saw the bundle of ignited dynamite strapped to his chest.

Heather Garrett

### **Peggy's Dead**

Peggy's family stood weeping over her dead body  
peacefully placed in the coffin.  
She was so young, so innocent.  
It was ashame—her death.  
Her poor brother took it the worst.  
He was the one who found her body  
in the mud that night.  
Cow tipping is a dangerous sport.

Jennifer Harris

### **Star-crossed Lovers**

They knew it was love when  
their eyes met across the crowded room  
of masked dancers.  
Mom and Dad disapproved but  
that just intensified their passion.  
They consecrated their love  
with a secret marriage.  
My parents would've killed me.  
Theirs didn't have to.  
Romeo and Juliet killed themselves!

Heather Garrett

### **Freed from Her Burden**

She always complained  
that their house was not big enough,  
their car was not new enough,  
and her clothes were not nice enough.  
Nothing he could give her made her happy.  
She hated all of it, so when he left her,  
he made sure he took it all with him.

Tara Abels

### **Early Retirement**

Mikail waited in line  
to purchase whatever was at the end.  
He had worked all of his life  
farming and saving.  
His rubles represented his entire life.  
Now his rubles were worth as much as  
democracy in Russia.  
Shoes!  
A whole day of waiting for shoes  
that are too small.

Jennifer Harris



### **Foiled**

He stood among the debris of overturned tables, bookshelves, and drawers in a state of despair. After months of intricate planning, his escape was foiled. He saw the white-coated men sauntering towards the door.

“Damn! Can’t find my car keys!”

His wife stared at him. “You don’t have a car.”

Heather Garrett

### **Paying Her Dues**

He had beat her, and in turn, she gave him four beautiful children. He had criticized and humiliated her. She had suffered it all in silence. On the day he died, not a tear fell from her eyes. She had bided her time. It was worth it. She was a millionaire.

Jennifer Trono

### **A Meeting**

The girl had not forgotten the day she was stopped outside the lingerie boutique by the man asking for a dollar. She had looked down and walked away, but not before she glimpsed the glittering contempt that saw right through her and all the way down to the fancy underwear.

Jennifer Trono

### **Land of Rising Sun Takes Grave Look at Moon**

On a clear December night, Fukio looked up toward the moon and gave a silent prayer for the ancestors that found their final rest there. As in Tokyo, space to bury the dead there had long run out. Finishing, Fukio then went to cry over the contents of her refrigerator.

Jennifer Trono



Gus  
Blair Beach

### Evening

I sit by my window as nightfall descends.  
The world is a different place after dark;  
The trees are silhouetted against a darkening sky,  
A few scattered lights throw shadows  
    into various corners,  
The full moon hangs over the still campus.  
Everything is peaceful and quiet,  
If you listen closely,  
    you can almost hear the emptiness;  
I feel lonely and isolated without anyone else nearby.  
This day, like all others, must come to an end.

Jennifer Schaefer

## Nightfall

As the sun goes down  
My dreams become intangible.  
I remember the day we had  
like it was yesterday...

With each passing minute  
My dreams slip away,  
Further and further until I begin  
to wonder if they were ever real.

Looking back I realize  
How far away my hopes are—  
Soon it will be dark and  
there will be no sunlight to brighten my path.

How can I hold onto something  
That refuses to be constrained?  
The ensuing darkness envelopes  
what is left of my hopes and dreams.

Jennifer Schaefer

## Morning

The sun pours its golden rays  
over the still water of the lake.

At this time of morning everything  
is peaceful and silent.

It is almost as if Nature realizes  
that this is the time for quiet  
contemplation.

In a few short hours the world  
will come to life

And all of this serenity will be gone.

Jennifer Schaefer



## Objections from Ophelia

My Lord,

I know that this will all come as a shock to you. Until now, I have been the obedient daughter. Quite frankly, I have of late been reconsidering it all, and I have decided that I can't take it anymore.

Don't think that I haven't noticed that I've been playing second fiddle to Laertes all my life. Really, Father, you make it quite obvious that he is the golden child. Why is it that you give him leave to go to France and beseeched the king on his part to grant permission for this leave while I sit away here and rot, surrounded by old people like that horrid, loudmouth king and his fickle shrew for a wife. It's simply not fair!

And as far as this nasty business with that looney Hamlet, well, I shall see whomever I want to see whenever I so desire. I am no longer a child and can certainly see through any false tenders thrown my way. But it might please you to know that I haven't chosen silly little Hamy. Really, if I hear one more word about this metaphysical ghost stuff, I swear he'll be joining his father!

Anyway, Father dear, do not try to worry too much. I assure you that I am safe and well. This court life is just not for me. I've met a man. He's truly wonderful, and I know that you'll look down your noble nose at his profession, but there's quite a lot of potential in a circus clown. Oh dear, I guess I've said it. It's true. I've run away with the circus.

Anyway, it's all done. I do wish that you'd be happy for me. I'm truly tired of being cosseted and fussed over. I'd simply go insane if I stayed.

Oh, do be a dear and hand the enclosed letter to Hamlet. I hope he won't be too broken-hearted.

Your loving Ophelia

P.S. Father, I've borrowed a few shillings from your money pouch. I hope you won't mind terribly. It'll certainly cost you less than a dowry.

My Dear Hamlet,

I'm sure you've heard through the kingdom grapevine by now that I've gone and run away. Well, it's all true. Really, Hamlet, you know how awfully fond I am of you, but I'm simply tired of waiting around with my biological clock ticking while you go traipsing around after ghosts and trying to make up your mind. Besides, don't think I haven't heard those awful rumors about you and your mother. A bit of advice, don't be such a Mama's boy.

It's all for the best, Hamlet. I simply couldn't marry you now anyway. Father hasn't quite forgiven you for that incident in Gertrude's room. Really, Hamlet! You ought to be more careful where you bare that bodkin of yours. Father didn't much appreciate the flesh wound. And waking up in the dungeon didn't lift his spirits any, either. What's gotten into you of late? The whole castle is simply abuzz with whispers and gossip.

Oh, and I've decided to keep the jewels you gave me after all. No sense letting precious gems go to waste. And you know as well as I do that you DID give them to me. I've got quite a few handmaidens to attest to the fact. Oh, they really are quite lovely. Diamonds are, indeed, a girl's best friend.

Take care dear Hamlet.

Ophelia

Jennifer Trono

### **“Father and Son”: A Spiritual Moment**

I always knew you looked up to me, Hamlet, but I never thought my death would have this effect on you. Yes, I know my murder was most foul; and yes, Gertrude is now my brother's wife, but therein lies the silver lining.

Get a hold of yourself, Hamlet. No, don't hurt the Queen. If she dies, God forbid she will be with me for eternity and the only thing worse than enduring life with ol' Gert is spending my afterlife with her, especially when there is no possibility of escape.

Yes, it's true that Claudius screwed me over. I was bit perturbed- being murdered by my brother and all (I guess blood really isn't that thick) but when you look at it from a different perspective you see my brother actually did me a favor. After suffering countless years of marriage to that beast you call mother and I call, well, “Beast”, Claudius put me out of my misery.

By the way, Hamlet, you shouldn't have killed Polonius. Hey, hey, don't get upset. Come to think of it, there's no great loss. He was senseless to begin with, and after spending so much time with Gertrude I guess being run through with a sword can't be too painful.

Hamlet, I must say I am honored by your praise of me- Hyperion's curls, etc., etc. I seem more spectacular in death and memory than I ever was in life. I wouldn't get so worked up about your mother's disloyalty to me, though. First of all, I wasn't loyal to her...Oh, please. No speeches of fidelity or moral lessons. I had to get myself drunk just to conceive an heir- I certainly wouldn't have touched her sober. God, Hamlet. Get a grip. Secondly, I'm GLAD Claudius is with that shrew. Now HE can suffer for a while. Soon he will be down on his knees, not begging God for forgiveness for his sins against me. No, he will be pleading for mercy and peace- two things absent during the unbearable years I spent married to that woman.

Settle down, Hamlet. Boy, you are a wild fellow, aren't you? Anyway, I want nonsense out of your head. I really don't want revenge- that was just a whim you blew out of proportion. I was just hanging around the material plane to see Gertrude drive another man to madness.

Sorry it happened to be you, my son.

Angela Sucich



## To be loved by Me

I laughed in my heart when you cried on my shoulders. Your tender touches angered my Being. Your warm soft kisses were as ice to my skin, chilling my thoughts. I promised myself never to love someone as beautiful as you again. If you had only known how much time my thoughts were preoccupied with you. My biggest fear was that you would exit my world without giving notice. My biggest anxiety was securing you beside me in order to hate you longer. If I could have captured all of your smiles and have them cripple at my hate of you Time would have seemed more pleasant. Did I love you? Only if hating is love—then I loved you most of all.

Mims Rouse

### Dragonfly

Fabled flyer    silent    swift  
    acrobat unrivaled  
Unwary prey caught on the wing  
    Dracula unbridled  
  
Nemesis of butterfly  
    anathema of moth  
Voracious *darner* on rampage  
    Omega      battle lost  
  
Merciless the lip and claw  
    elegant the snare  
Wings many-veined and gossamer  
    cruel dragon of the air

Louise Uden Witzenburg

### Flower of Luck

The flower of luck  
    Lost all its magic,  
The flower of love  
    Lost all its charm,  
The flower of life  
    Lost all its petals,  
Fallen 'way  
    Thrown 'way  
    Gone.

Gregory R. Mullins

## N=N-O

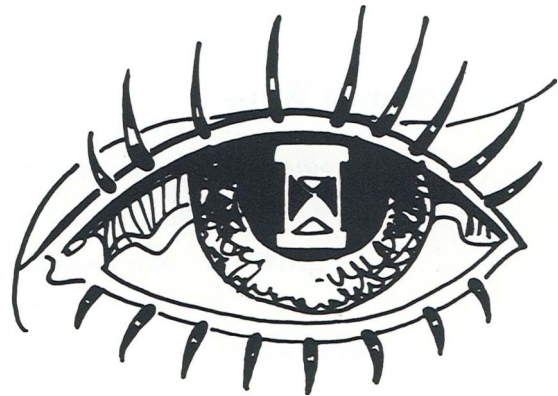
Inconceivable the narrowness of your mind  
My memories floating on a sea of disillusion  
As you sink lower under the pressure of assimilation  
Destiny is knocking, but you won't let it in  
Another 24 hours pass, another wasted day  
You're an idealist, without any ideals  
Try tuning in, instead of getting turned on  
Recognize, please, the potential in me  
I have had enough of your negativity  
Purple haze clouds your vision of what can be  
Psilocybin is your friend, but not your only friend  
Examine everything, not just the moon and the stars  
Realization is the key to thought: the key to life

Natasha McGrath

### Glance

Crying he grabbed needle  
A glance of trust into her eyes  
But he found vacancy  
No card in hand though he began  
Tear caressing grey lip  
Down beside her he lay half covered by sheets  
Temptation his thief  
He could not turn his back  
With her touch all sense fled  
He felt her needle  
Twitching with excited gloom  
His act committed he moved up passing stomach and breast  
She told her secret with tear in eye  
"No one has luxury of choice," she said  
Apologetic sneer of satisfaction  
He was torn with pleasurable dread  
Nothing could keep her from her needle  
He was a rung of pleasure, sacrificed for one night.

Jordan Pouzzner





Immaturity is your front to hide who you are.  
And that, along with the walls you have built around yourself  
keep you locked within your prison cell.  
And the security you once felt is now replaced by claustrophobia—  
The feeling that who you really are is locked within yourself  
and even you don't have a key.

You once gave all the keys out and your door always remained  
open but you got hurt  
And the love you felt, not for others, but for yourself,  
Soon fell out of your grasp as the door to your cell closed  
And you changed the locks.

But I know who you are,  
Not because I have a key but because I am in the cell next to  
yours.  
Only a peephole in the wall lets me have a glimpse of who you  
truly are.

Johanna Weiss

### The Cast (of Life)

Drums beat wildly behind the walls  
Whoops and shouts follow  
A rehearsal —  
For which show I do not know  
I sit here alone — not a part of the cast.

I've been called "The Spectre" by one of the actors  
Because I pop up now and then  
I may as well be one of the ghosts of this place  
I sit here alone — not a part of the cast.

That I've never tried out has nothing to do with it;  
That is not the issue at hand  
They all know me to a certain extent  
But those that know me best virtually ignore me, just the same  
I sit here alone — not a part of the cast.

Severine Bennett

## Breasts

Breasts in a song,  
Sigh  
Incredulous...  
Fatty deposits for love and babies  
Not good-byes.  
But why the questions  
As such -  
The inflection as practiced as a heart beat.

And the  
Sigh  
Leaving in the air...  
Molecules less  
Molecules more/  
Disturbingly the same  
In a waiver.  
Nothing changed beneath woman.

They tingle  
Like the tickle of flower breezes  
Knowing at least...  
Knowing they are the final voice of good-bye,  
While pressed against the softness  
The whiteness  
Of her night-time protector...  
The shroud which falls so easily  
When the lover leaves.

Nora Bingenheimer

## Before You Went Away

Scarlet ribbons at midnight  
Coaxing our moonlight walk

Sea shells and sandcastle  
Washing back into the sea

Wild violets edging our pathway  
At morning  
Lily pads floating atop  
our summer pond

Poppies waving  
Over fields and meadows  
at mid-day  
Dandelion silk blowing  
In evening breeze  
Butterflies and a basketful  
of warm nostalgia  
Before you went away

One rose  
Now pressed into your bible

Ada Johnson



In response to Louis Comfort Tiffany's stained glass masterpiece  
"A Peaceful Valley" in the Morse Gallery Museum

### WAITING FOR MY LOVER AT THE BRIDGE

I await my lover by the bridge.  
Its sturdy marbled arch  
Is where I make my stay,  
Between lily and vine,  
And I trail my fingers  
Feeling hard cool earth  
Against my stomach and breast.  
The flowers smile  
For they feel my love for you  
And help ease anxiety  
For my wait is so long.

Slender white columns  
Wind themselves round  
Morning glory stem and bloom.  
Our bridge stands firm  
Thanks to these flowers'  
Choice of home.

And the brook pirouettes 'neath  
Ever changing, ever flowing.  
As I wait your call to brush my ear,  
I select a lily to place  
In my hair.  
Its last droplets of moisture  
Trickle down an eager neck.  
They make me imagine  
Your wandering lips  
On ear and cheek.

Perhaps I'll walk towards your land  
For I lose myself here, in this place.  
Its delicate charm causes a craving  
Too strong for my control.  
I am sure only one can hold my heart  
As this bridge holds our souls.

Carrie Tucker

## THE WAY OF GRACE

"Don't bother seeking for your 'perfect niche,'" My college counselor said. "There's no such place, No one career to thrive, succeed, be rich, No certain way to win the human race."

I listened and believed but dimly knew  
We both were wrong, and only now can say  
What is eternally and deeply true:  
That seeking is exactly the right way.

The soul is ever seeking after light,  
Not after riches and success, but wealth  
And high achievement that by keener sight  
Mean joy and clarity and spirit's health.

Our perfect niche and sure predestined place  
Is sought and found along the Way of Grace.

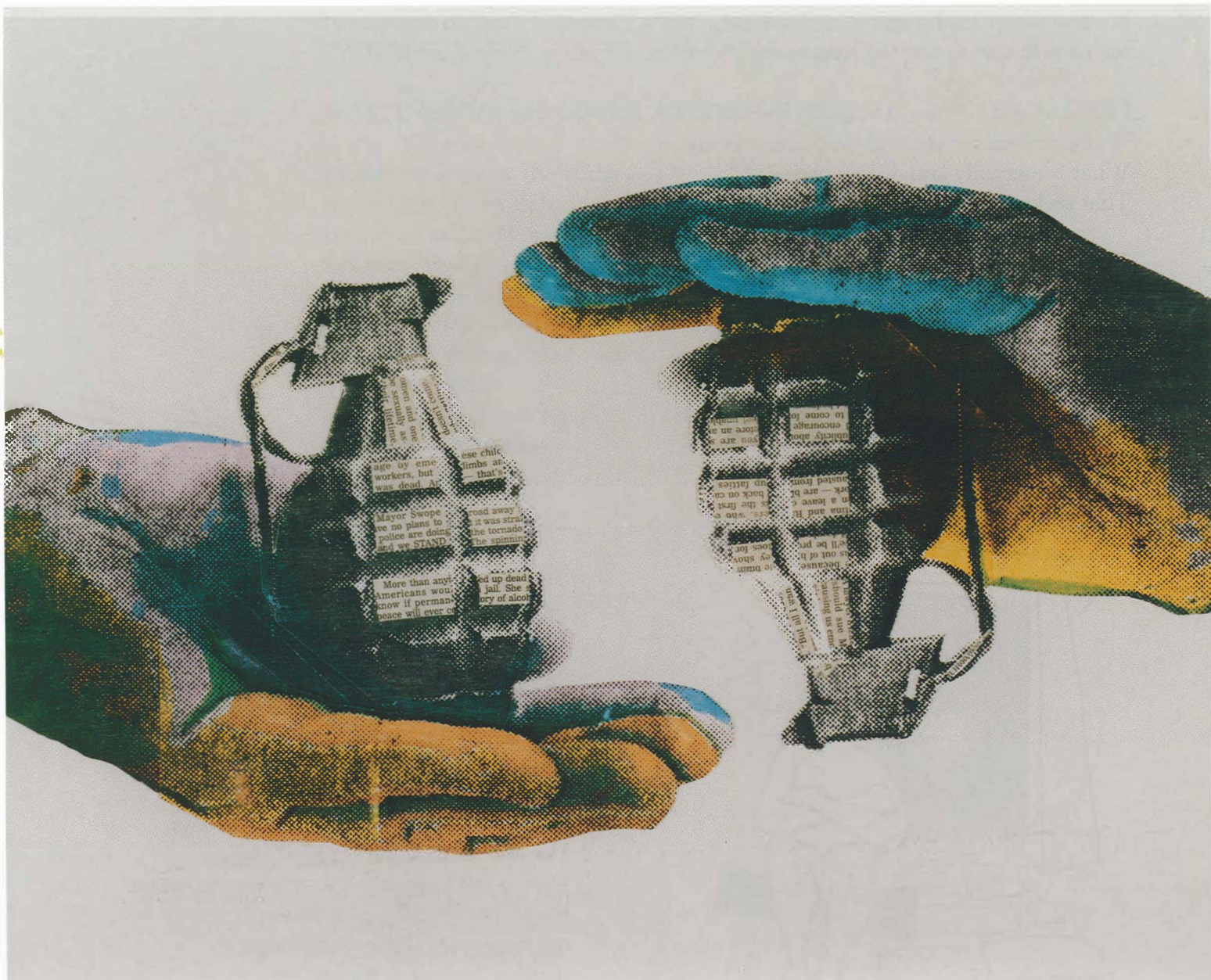
Alan Nordstrom



## Escape From Many Mad Masters

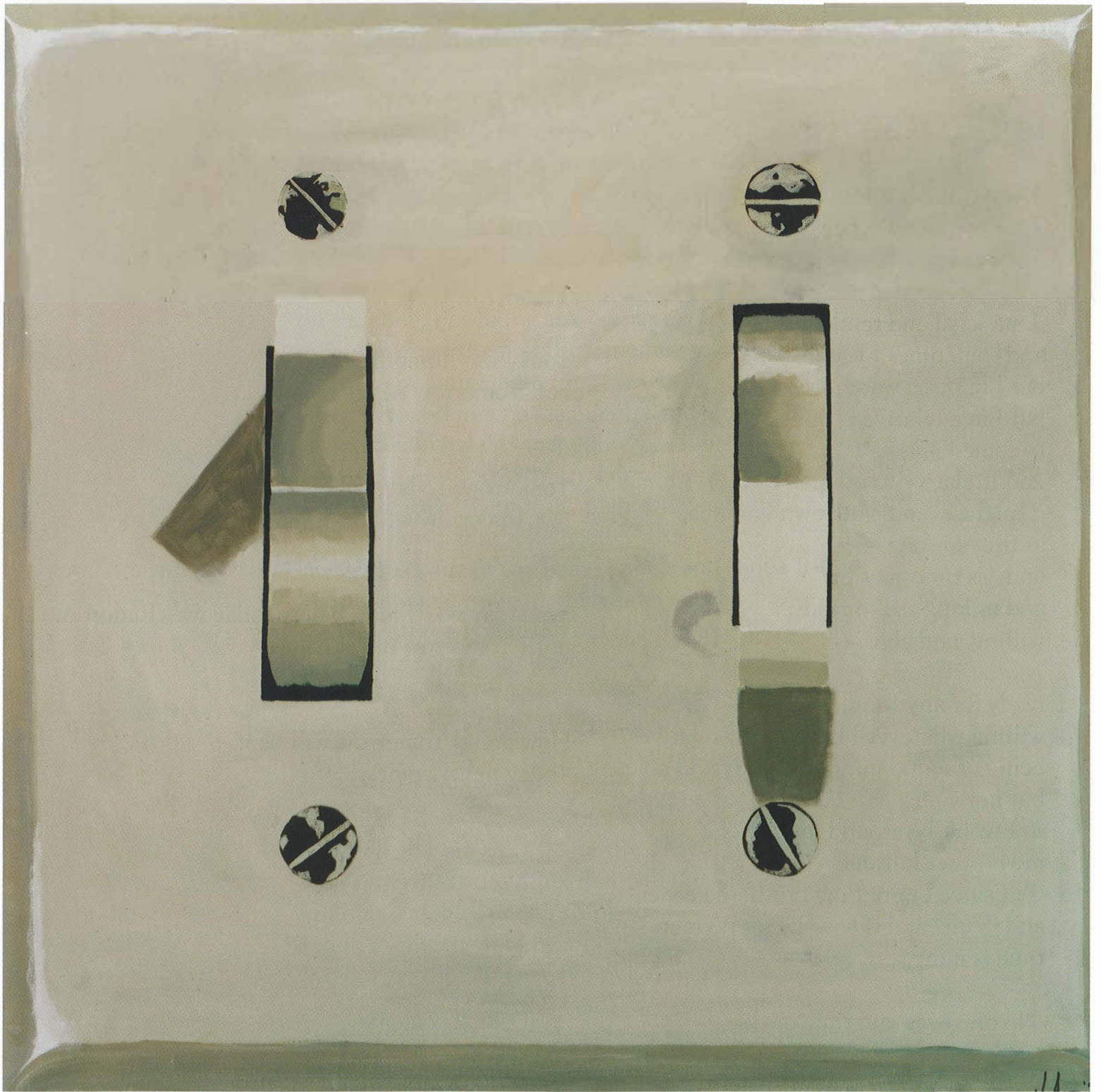
The bench is hard and cozy  
in a chilly sunny park.  
The pigeons throng around it,  
busy with their little pigeon lives  
at the feet of shattered strangers,  
caring nothing for secrets shared  
even when they flutter to the ground.  
He offers her a paper bag; she declines.  
I have no head for intoxicants, she says.  
I believe in moderation in all things,  
having tried just about everything to excess:  
booze, pot, valium, painkillers.  
marriage, men, little yappy dogs,  
sleeping, eating, crapping, sex,  
reading, manicures, bingo, home shopping,  
and nasal spray.  
He sniffs sympathetically  
and observes a brief pause in his sipping  
out of respect for her tough but interesting life;  
the pigeons ignore them both.  
But I finally figured out, she says, that Plato was right,  
so I have let the rational aspect  
of my soul take control. Or maybe, she  
muses, I just happened to last long enough  
to get tired of trying to get off the ground.  
Saluting the truth, he hoists the bag high;  
the scattering pigeons flap into the sky.

Kathy Aziz



Continuation  
Linka Odom





RM 112 Cornell  
Jeff Abar

## **I Think I Understand**

Everything is relative, "they" say.  
Time is money, "they" say.  
So, a watch is legal tender perhaps.

I am legal and tender sometimes  
and sometimes I watch  
but I'm not a watch  
but I'm a relative  
to some  
and irrelative to others.  
I might even be my own grandpa,  
as the old song goes,  
and "as time goes by,"  
and as long as I'm ready,  
willing, and able —

ready for anything,  
willing whatever I have to my relatives,  
being of sound mind and body and able,  
but not Cain,  
so I won't be around long after  
my brother kills me.  
But since I'm not my brother's keeper,  
and "Time and tide waits for no man,"  
time is mine.

No one ever said time or tide  
won't wait for a woman.

Laura Lee Morgan

## **Tomorrow**

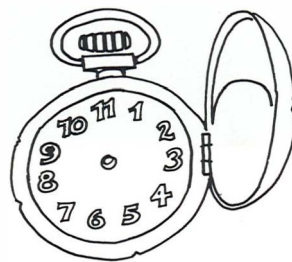
Today was Tomorrow  
but, Tomorrow never came.

Tomorrow, Today will be Yesterday,  
but Tomorrow will be Today

Yesterday was Today, when Today was Tomorrow  
until Tomorrow never came.

How grand Tomorrow will be if  
Today never comes!

Chris Hagy



### Next time make a list

She wakes up tense, pinned to earth  
by a needle skewer that feels like  
fearful regret, from a nightmare in which she  
realized that she forgot to pack any  
religion in the children's lunches. She  
told them to wait while she drove to the store  
and stared desperately at the popular brands  
on the shelf, not liking any but afraid  
to look behind them at the darkened recesses  
where something might bite.

They (the children) had empathy and values  
and respect for the planet and each other  
and an interest in the truth, but without  
that other ingredient they might look healthy

while developing a deficiency disease...  
she grabbed one of the name brands and shook it  
but it was empty; she scrabbled frantically  
through all the boxes and out fell the free gifts:  
intolerance and compliance, conformity and the  
Mega Cool Mind Vise in Neon Colors  
(collect all three), but she couldn't  
find the mystery, the stuff you could not  
name or hold, the *possibility*.

What do I do now? she whimpered  
and a voice from the back of the shelf asked softly  
Don't they have anything that will do?  
and she said, No, I don't think so.  
I didn't want them to be afraid.

We did get the Disney Channel, though.

Never mind, said the voice. We can wait.  
Now she shivers at the thought of her children  
scurrying over the surface of the world like  
beetles, busily oblivious to the molten core  
and the span of blue-black skies and the space  
in their souls, and she goes on with her life.

Kathy Aziz





*Doomsday*  
Alexa Motley

Facing Page:  
Screw  
Tammy Rejimbai







## To Follow Strange Voices

A young man slept in a big city. In the cold silent hours of night, his chest rose and fell with heavy breath. Buried beneath several layers of sleep the young man suddenly felt a voice calling him. Snapping himself out of a dream, the young man fought his way through his heavy eyelids and sat up. He was alone, and peering around the room he began to ponder. He knew he had heard a voice, not so much with his eardrums, but with his stomach and his brain. Even so he knew he was a sane human being, and in the 90's sane human beings are not summoned out of sleep by strange voices. Well, he was already awake, and curiosity won the struggle between reality and insanity, so he put on his clothes and down onto the street began walking. This was one of those things his friends wouldn't need to know about.

Despite the harsh wind and cruel hour he knew that if he were to find this "voice" he would have to look outside of his empty apartment, so he made his way to the growing skyline. Into darkness, under street-lights and into darkness again he walked, looking at his feet the whole while, until the road going by began to look like a treadmill and he had to look up to make sure he was still traveling forward. He was, of course, and so he walked with utter uncertainty; whispers bidding him onto one street, and the wind blowing him down another. Bright lights and people, no lights and no people, birds, and fluttering paper all giving directions, until he stood in front of a dark alley in the outskirts of the city. Dwarfed by cliffs of skyscrapers on all sides he slipped quietly into the alley. Dark and damp the alley engulfed him as he stood, steam rising and rolling out into the street. As his eyes adjusted to the dark, the young man saw that the alley was empty except for a rusty dumpster at its far end, a nice collection of rain puddles, a turned over milk crate and a snow-drift of garbage. The young man marvelled at the scene, for despite its foreboding appearance he felt a security and assurance that this was where he was meant to be. He did not yet see anything particularly unusual, but he had walked rather briskly and was, perhaps, a little early. He was a bit of a romantic, anyway, and strange voices were probably not used to getting such a quick response from people in big cities. He walked over to the milk crate and set it up straight, kicking a beer can out of the way. As soon as he sat down, as if on cue, two silhouettes appeared out of the steam. One, a large mountainous figure, and the other, a smaller mountain- a foot-hill maybe- started into the alley and approached quickly. So suddenly were the two black-clad men upon the young man that his mind hardly registered half of what they uttered. Something about trespassing... something about turf... punk... a gunshot, and silence. The two figures turned and faded away with the fog as the young man fell back, cold and limp onto a bed of damp newspapers.

Far away the voice was heard whining through the city, rustling leaves, blowing along the street, finally rushing into the alley as a gust of wind, pushing across the hollow face of the young man; and up into the sky, whispering out into the night, until the voice was heard no more.

Wells Rutland



## Aubrey

It's unusual when four walls can encompass someone's life so fully. The years are practically pasted, hung, thrown over, and wrinkled in one instant, like a frozen picture, where the edges are weakening.

The last time that I saw Aubrey was about a week ago. We go to a local college and I pick her up on Mondays and Wednesdays for classes. She lives in this absolutely crazy apartment. I swear, it's wild. The first thing that you see is a huge, pure white room with a single lamp and pillows thrown everywhere. She's hung pictures of Andy Warhol and his celebrity guests on the walls. It must have taken years to collect these pictures, especially the one with Edie Sedgwick. Warhol sits like a buttercup in a huge chair and Edie is next to him, with a fried-out look on her face. The intensity in their eyes is strange. Next to some of the pictures, Aubrey is painting hieroglyphics. She tops it off with beaded curtains. The next room is a shrine to Ravi Shankar, with candles and incense. She's also drawing sitars on the floor for a cultivated Indian look. The decorating is not complete yet, but I think that she likes it this way.

This morning I went to pick her up, but she didn't come out. So, I circled around for a few and then parked in front of the apartment. Nothing. I had to leave. I couldn't stop worrying about her in class. The minute I got out I gave her a call. All that I reached was her answering machine. Within the next hour and a half I called three more times. Luckily, I didn't have any more classes, so I drove back over. I had to do something. She never answered. I talked to a couple of her other friends and one said that he had seen her an hour ago. I figured that I could wait at the apartment for a while and flipped on my radio. I couldn't get any clear station, only garbled voices. Garbled voices. Nothing happened. I drove back to my dorm for the rest of the day and tried to call her every hour. It was about 12:00 p.m.. I was extremely tired and must have fallen asleep before 12:30.

I woke up 15 minutes ago. 2:37 a.m. on the alarm clock. My machine has no messages but voices are coming out of it. These voices. These voices are speaking Indian. I can't... I can't tell what they're saying. And they're getting louder. I remember turning my desk light off. But it's on and the door's unlocked. O.K. Everything else is in place. But I don't remember this light being on. But the door is unlocked. I'll get up and close...close the door. And the lights are on. But the door is locked. The door is locked. The lights are off. My hands are cold and my pills on are on the floor. I need water. Please. Water. These voices are getting loud. They hate me. All that I need is some water. My eyes hurt and this...not...this...this

I have three calls on my machine. Everything's in place.

Love,

AUBREY

Tracy Wilson

## spilling coffee

she sits at the window  
cupping a black cup of black coffee  
her name has changed five times  
her mate has changed  
out of pajamas into  
a giant praying mantis

(chapter two)  
he devours  
the scrambled young  
leaves the newspaper  
laughing at its own tiny letters  
and rolling in the wind  
she thinks it will always  
(it will it will it will...)  
turning her slow pretty head  
from window to door

spilling coffee

Noel Haynes

## Pepsi

Flickering flickering dicker while flickering in mists enveloped because  
shrouded is dead in avalon of yesterday and times bugs are eating at my  
eyes while arthur grabs at my sword thrown in fits of caffeine-free con-  
sciousness

whining whining and dying in restaurants eating frog brains and octopus  
tentacles, what's the use they're too small like me and a world crushing  
down on the atlas hopeless to fearless to nonetheless worthless babble  
which must stop

and dye in fits of color whirling about in washing machines I don't have  
time to attend because of meetings upstairs where god is supposed to live  
which isn't everywhere because then I god would have to live in me and I  
would be god

and the tide would roll in and out of unoppressed ears because I live in a  
democratic society spin dried 'til dead but which still has the uh-huh

Nghi Tran

## Shoed

Shoes go by end to end  
Going to sidewalks and streets  
Unseen by mine. Tossed into  
Monster-ridden closets  
Overstretched with stench  
Incomparable. Living with  
Another twin, worn out  
On opposite sides, to last  
Twice as long together.  
Lucky shoes have two soles  
While mine is waiting  
To be found after I die and  
My shoes no longer fit.

Nghi Tran

## Untitled

Rush away, hush today  
Silent now, deadly vows  
Grey to green, never seen  
Green to ash, smoking hash  
Infidels raising hell  
God is good, all is right  
Worlds of joy, I'm a boy  
And I want light.

Nghi Tran

## Weather or Not

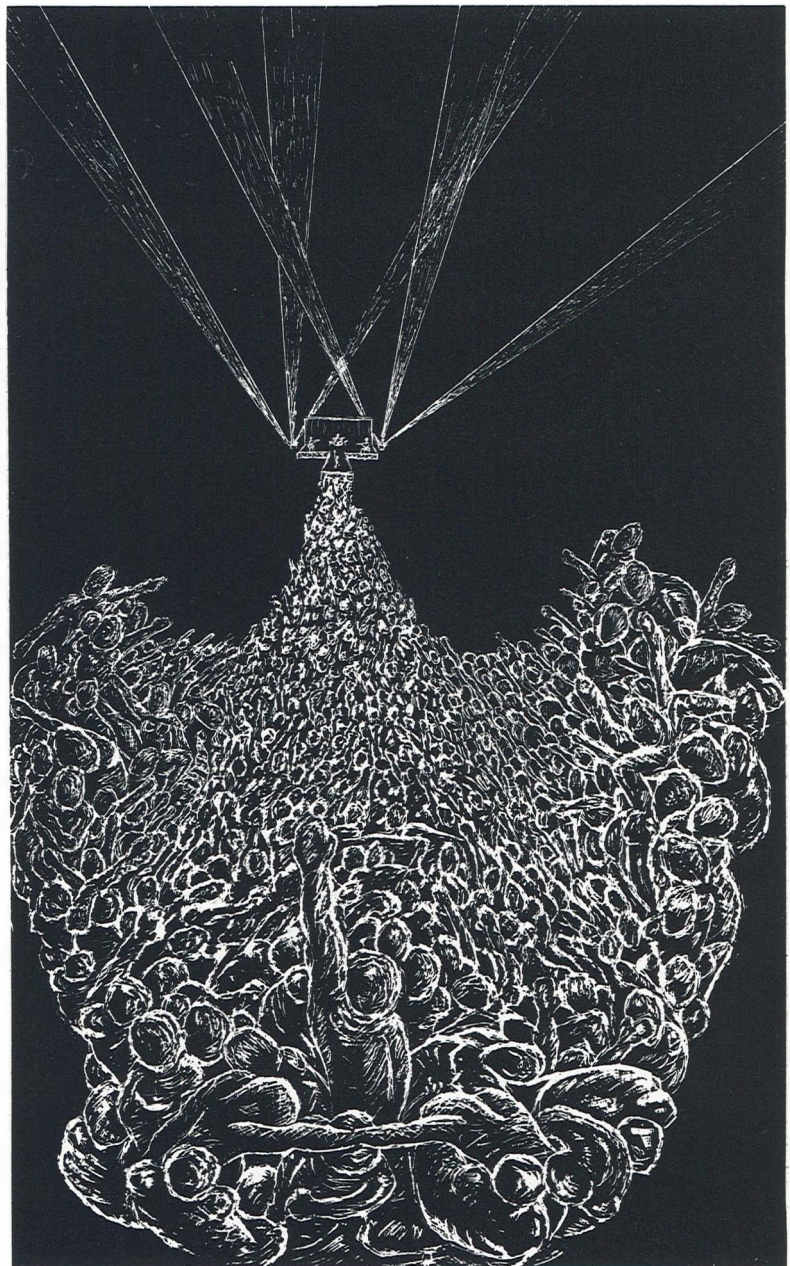
Listen to lightning  
tripping on  
tripling on itself ripping  
rippling shuddering  
studdering  
thunder tumbles  
bumbling by  
rumbling  
crumbling weather conditions  
'less you're a duck.

Laura Lee Morgan

## Inversion

Flipping sounds fly nearer  
To earlike racquet and  
Bounce away, rippling  
Into a stasis which lasts  
'til star crash. Reflected  
Reflexively surging and  
Bounding and dropping,  
Suddenly, into the naught  
From whence it came.

Nghi Tran



*The Concert*  
Gar Willard



## Stitch and Bitch

All too soon they meet  
Stooped shouldered  
each week to stitch and bitch  
the uneasy rhythm of their pulse  
into a synchronize dance of fingers  
accompanied by an angry chorus  
of voices blending in and out  
with the steady tension of threads  
pushing and pulling the fabric  
of their lives from static cling  
into a smooth but prosaic tapestry.

S. Grey Brewer

## Volcano

Is there a type of life  
with neither pleasures  
nor pains?

Where everything is O.K.  
and there are no losses,  
neither any gains.

Satisfaction is what you have, want, and need.  
To the people and events around,  
you pay no heed.

A semi-sentient, calm island  
in a violent sea of emotions  
that is trying to erode you into itself.

You know that your father, Volcano,  
pushed you up here, and continues to push.  
So, you sit calmly on your shelf.

Vernon Judkins

## Frozen Trees

One of my earliest memories  
Was that of a tree  
Too wet to survive  
The cold winter's night.  
Its branches were crystal  
Its leaves were diamonds  
Frozen in ice  
And in time

Maturity teaches us to forget  
These superficial things  
And live for the present.  
We cannot decide  
Whether it is right or wrong  
To look among these images  
And see this frozen tree.

The question of fate  
Is in us all  
Subtly confusing us  
But when it came to me  
I looked upon the icy branches  
And saw the answer  
Staring back.

Brendan O'Sullivan

## Dying in the Last War

New phase, new edge:  
we're teetering toes to void, a last  
grapple with gravity along

the scythe's smooth arc, our smiles  
silver beneath the moon, a bright  
spot of nothing. We wish it were

a mirror with which to see the details  
that remind us we're alive: freckles,  
a day's growth of beard, and the soft

light of our eyes. But the moon reflects  
only the sun's incandescent hand-  
me-downs, a pale shroud to wrap

the sky crowded with stars. They're no audience,  
they give no applause. Still, they're the eyes  
we left behind: legacies, reasons.

When no curtain rises we shuffle through  
our war dance with partners as  
unpracticed as ourselves, stumbling

ghosts without death to make  
us real. Soon enough. The desert  
hisses invitations to no one,

but will accept our bones, small  
sacrifices to be tugged  
under earth by sand's gentle

suck, only to be recovered  
after the moon has chalked the sky  
a thousand times with indifferent light.

Daniel Stewart

Golden Leaves  
*for my twenty-seventh birthday*

These familiar woods used to be big as the sky—  
now the creeks are shrunken strings, more idea than water.  
Branches wave, blackbirds dance,  
their motions punctuated in the sky.

This place is little changed after so many years.  
It's I who's new, tripping over stones last placed here  
by some prankster of memory,  
but the hush, muted sound is still the same,  
as well its reminders.

This old summer is ending.  
It's been long since the smell of June last filled the air.  
The sun slides into  
& out of clouds, a blind nose to my changed presence.  
But curiosity leads my ponderous footsteps.  
A crayon-blue wagon  
—broken, abandoned for trash—  
more resembles a focus set in these roamings.  
Buckeye leaves settle piece by piece, each leaf  
a hand upon the fragile toy . . .

The sun is cool, sneaking down its path.  
A wind smarts tanned petals from splayed boughs.  
Naked trees pray, their bald heads stretched skyward  
into the cotton of late day.  
Outside these woods, on the clean shorn earth,  
reside the snow-capped houses of ten years my age,  
shields of winter, weary sentinels of so many years,  
those doors my threshold of safety,  
warm, dry, & deaf,

winter nudging the cold windowpanes,  
lurking through bared trees,  
breathing into foyers at the door's opening—  
the way it sometimes inhabits me:  
winter is predatory season. Cold wrings out the warmth.  
I stepped out into it, a prediction.  
Snow doesn't flutter; it is cold & deathly precise.  
And it strikes the forgetful.

I remember its strike.  
I grew up friendless.

And now, quite near the center of my life,  
my list of expectations mostly unchecked,  
I realize I've repudiated that lonely child, his sigh in my  
memory.



But I realize  
the more I shiver

the more I need to grasp a hold,

and I remember many of them:  
the snowpetals & imaginary tundra trees,  
& the dragging school years of compositions & fractions,

Aprils seeping into murmuring classrooms,  
pink flames of dogwood blossoms,  
& playing in the October snow,

watching fireworks from the front porch,  
lights spraying across the woods,  
& my first communion, its spiritual preparation months long,  
ceremony lavish as marriage,

and leaving Ohio (and Youngstown) for the last time,  
no qualms of leaving my birthplace behind,

looking out the gray airplane window & seeing  
the familiar shortcuts through the shrinking woods . . .

I breathe these in, one at a time. I exhale flashes, glimpses.  
The chilled air has made them visible, vaporous,  
thawed.

What I had left behind so long ago was quite motionless,  
a congealed strand of sticks, pebbles, dead leaves,  
& muck-ambered insects—  
solid pieces of memory, the woods of memory  
as real as the one I ran through.

I wash my hands in the creek,  
water ice-brown to the touch.  
The trees reflect,  
they're markers. The shortcuts are still there,  
far. Not forgotten.  
The evergreens cascade, the fingertips gleaming  
in the dim sunlight.  
I see it from here, frozen music recovering  
from the cloudy tyranny of December.

And so I've kept that broken wagon,  
the one with winter dropping upon  
its shattered back.

Manny Arocho

## To Remember You By

I don't even remember  
what you looked like  
that last night  
Us in the dark  
hiding like faithless  
lovers or spies  
Pictures of you All  
I have are old  
and faded  
Not the kind of  
sight one expects  
to remember you  
by And yet  
they do more than  
my mind's eye  
All distorted with  
time And you  
looking more my  
old boyfriend than  
half my gene pool  
You lifted weights then  
raised an alligator and  
smoked winston lights  
That made you cool  
Cool perfect To a  
mind all of six and  
awed by those grey  
Yes grey eyes  
I remember you  
hard and smooth  
impenetrable Like  
Angelo's David with an  
excuse almost as  
old and yet  
You do get by  
two girls  
short your due  
All distorted with  
time and you  
looking more an  
old boyfriend than  
half a gene pool

And oh had we been  
daughters out of Sodom  
and taken a piece of you  
at a time and left  
your pillar of salt  
behind to season  
soles  
Our cities lay  
in ruin from time  
to time and none so  
gracious as Lot to  
plead our case

Not at all the sights  
one expects to  
remember you by  
and yet  
they do.

Roselyn D. Anderson



*Serpent Mist*  
Aaron Reed

## The Artist at Work

I am to be silent.

If the wind speaks  
it speaks around me. My hands  
are too thick to grasp its small

secrets: love. God. You.  
And poetry, what is it?  
It is not my hands.

My eyes gather light  
like the hand gathers blossoms, yet can't  
hold  
their own hue. I'm stunned  
by the absence colors complete.

My eyes are not my hands.

The old ache thuds and thuds.  
I'm alone with it, all breath, whistle  
and wheeze. Such tyranny.  
I can't forsake it.

Mother, father, where are you now?  
You primary colors are facile  
rainbows tugged  
to earth from rain grey clouds.  
You melt through to stone. And you

are not my hands. Together  
we can touch nothing. We're bodiless,  
pure soul.

It's black, the voice  
that was never the wind. Listen,

I believed you even when I knew you were  
lying.

Daniel Stewart



## To Remember You By

I don't even remember  
what you looked like  
that last night  
Us in the dark  
hiding like faithless  
lovers or spies  
Pictures of you All  
I have are old  
and faded  
Not the kind of  
sight one expects  
to remember you  
by And yet  
they do more than  
my mind's eye  
All distorted with  
time And you  
looking more my  
old boyfriend than  
half my gene pool  
You lifted weights then  
raised an alligator and  
smoked winston lights  
That made you cool  
Cool perfect To a  
mind all of six and  
awed by those grey  
Yes grey eyes  
I remember you  
hard and smooth  
impenetrable Like  
Angelo's David with an  
excuse almost as  
old and yet  
You do get by  
two girls  
short your due  
All distorted with  
time and you  
looking more an  
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Our cities lay  
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we can touch nothing. We're bodiless,  
pure soul.

It's black, the voice  
that was never the wind. Listen,

I believed you even when I knew you were  
lying.

Daniel Stewart





*Staircase II*  
David Nall





Untitled  
Mary Fournier

## Code 129

President Clinton had been fast asleep for four hours when the Secret Service awoke him.

"Sir, sir...sorry to wake you, sir. Top brass from the pentagon have declared a code 129. You've got to get to Bunker One, sir."

"Hmmm? Oh, yes.. code 129. C'mon Hillary. Let's go."

"He had to be President, didn't he?" Hillary thought to herself. "Couldn't have been happy with Governor." Well, the publicity was great, especially as she looked so good on television, but this was the third time she'd been woken this week in the early hours of the morning. And always for a stupid code. Code this and code that. The first time it turned out to be something in Somalia, and the second time for something in Iraq. "Who cares what those turban-wearing, camel-riding Arabs are doing anyway?" She just wanted to sleep a whole night through. And of course, as if the stupid codes weren't enough, Bill was always in the mood.

"This way Mr. President, " an S.S. man said as he lead the President and his wife to the Presidential helicopter. "Great, another ride in the Presidential kumquat of the sky," she thought.

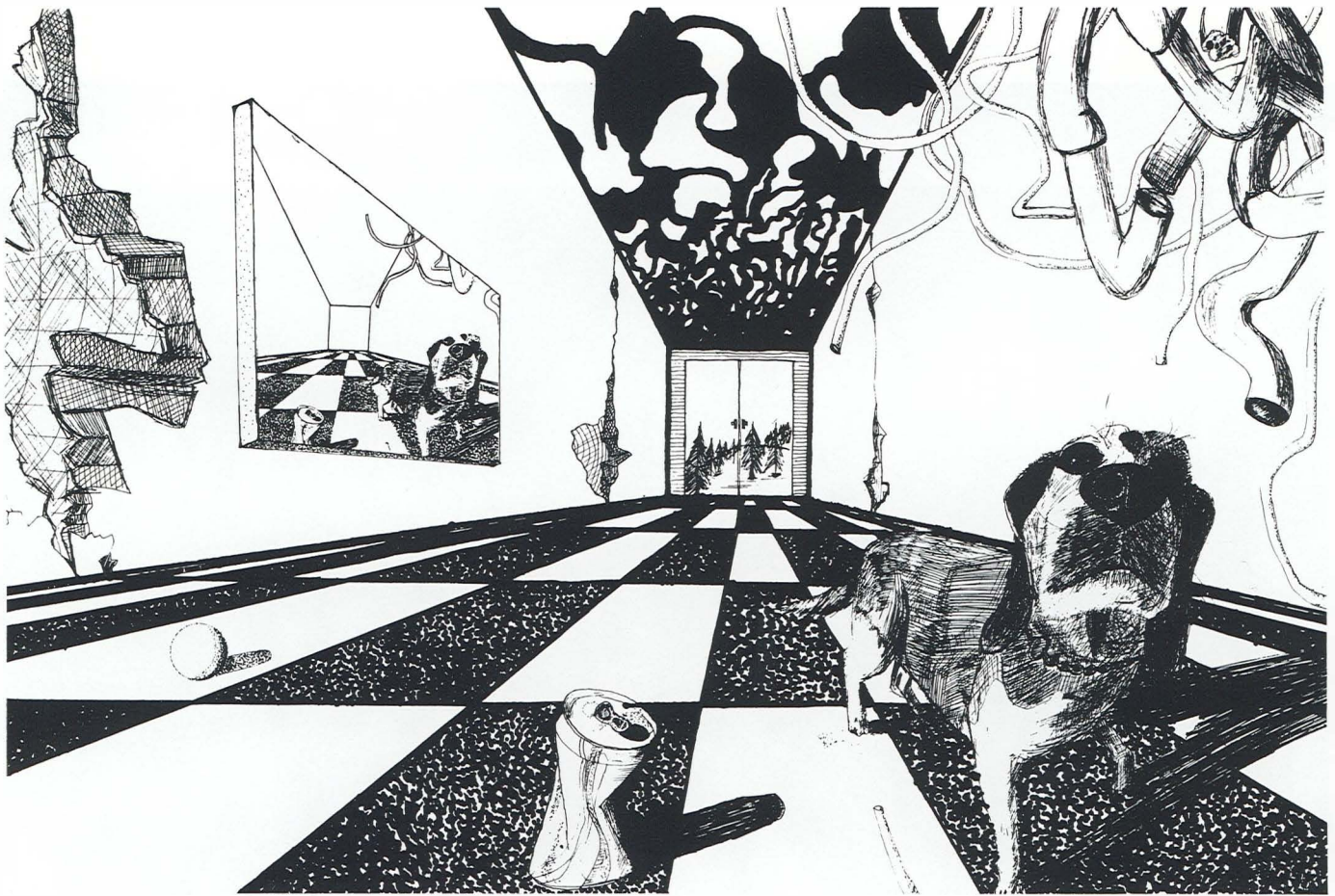
The trip took about an hour and a half, and immediately upon landing they were hurried into the bunker housing the President's fallout shelter and nuclear arms control. Waiting for them inside were all the pentagon's top brass from each service, and they all looked unnerved. Finally, General Rightwing of the Air Force stepped forward to speak.

"Sir, we've encountered an object of unknown configuration heading in from deep space. All attempts to communicate have failed. We sent out two F-18's and two F-16's, none of which can keep up with it. It was heading towards here from the West Coast. Assuming its speed remains constant, whatever it is will be here in less that two minutes."

Hillary could take no more. "Had to be President, didn't you Bill? Weren't satisfied with Governor, huh? Decided you needed support from special interest groups. Well, I hope you didn't make THEM too many campaign promises."

Chris Hagy





Nosey  
Jesse Fortner

### The Yewnited States of 'Merica

Your hatred burns the soul  
 I may not be like you, but who are you to judge the  
                     quality of me?  
 You use your morals as a deceitful mask that you  
                     wear when you look at me.  
 Your refuge is a mountain of lies that you created  
 A valley of sorrows lay at your blackened feet  
 The face behind the false front is scarred with ugly  
                     lines of anger and bitterness  
 You cut the free and drain the blood of uniqueness out  
                     of them like a vile mosquito  
 "Praise me!" "Cover your heart when I'm near!" you cry.  
 You truly represent "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Beth Hoffman





Untitled  
Mary Fournier





*Steer Skull*  
Roderick Davidson

*Overleaf:*  
*The Dunes*  
Andrea Stockton











## Shasta

\*\*\*\*\*

When I looked up  
the clouds were foreign

continents in disguise

they move in waves  
and sky becomes ocean  
suspended valleys

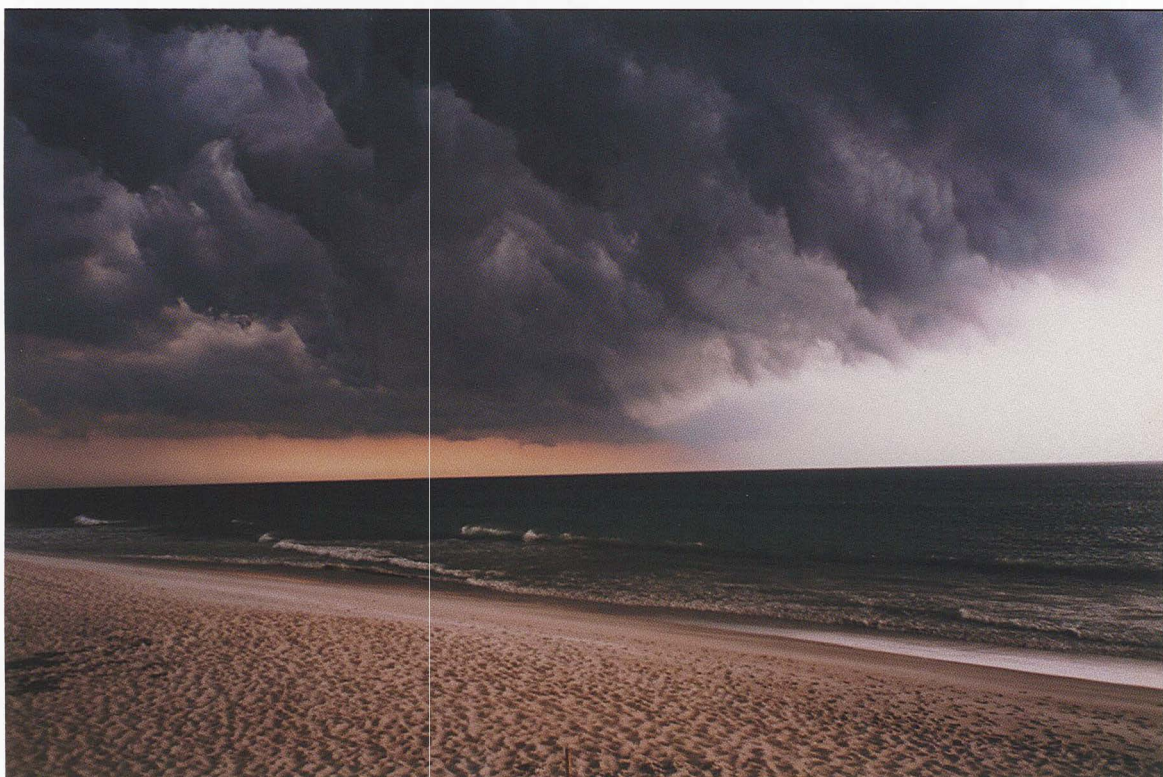
shifting  
shifting

then  
the clouds fall together  
tied like stems on the water  
spirits spinning over  
gardens

lifting the sundial  
into color

lifting the sundial on flowers  
leaving shadows  
breathing into trees

Tracy Wilson







*Violet Now at Rest*  
Brett Freeman



NOTES FROM A SACRED JOURNAL  
All text and illustrations by cLOVER iOËDYN

ON THE ROAD 8-92  
SOMEWHERE wESTERN tURTLE iSLAND

ON THE ROAD AGAIN WITH CAPTAIN REDBEARD AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPAN-  
ION RADAR RAMBLE GRACED, LOVED, AND ALWAYS ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS  
RADIANT ROSE...

cLOVER

PASSED ON 81292  
iGNEHAHEH  
CARTOON



MOTHER EARTH KICKING A COSMIAN TECHNO BABBLE BACK TO ITS GIANT  
ENERGY BATTERY IN SPACE. (THAT'S WHEN WE GET OUR ACT TOGETHER AND BAN-  
ISH THE POLLUTING, GREEDY AND GENERALLY OBNOXIOUS TECHNOCRATS INTO  
SPACE)

FRAGILE LIFE WILL HAVE TO BE SPIRITUAL AS MOVEMENT BEGINS IN THE  
CEASELESS WAY...

cLOVER

PASSED ON 81292  
iGNEHAHEH  
kAYA



THINGS TO DO/PLACES TO GO WITH rOSE, FAMILY, AND FELLOW FRIENDS/ADVEN-  
TURERS

- WALK THRU THE HIMALAYAS AND TAKE A NAP AT THE BASE OF MT. EVEREST
- REASON WITH MY rASTA BROTHERS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA
- WATCH A DAY GO BY ON BARBADOS
- WALK A PILGRIMAGE WITH THE HUICHOL
- OFFER A PRAYER TO THE ANCIENTS ON MACHU PICHU
- MEDITATE FOR A WEEK ON TOP OF uLHURU
- DANCE A SACRED DANCE AT THE BASE OF kILMANJARO
- CLIMB TO THE SNOWLINE ON dENALI AND BUILD A SHRINE FOR PLANETARY PEACE
- LIVE ON AN OLD MOUNTAIN AND BUILD AN ASHRAM FOR ANY AND ALL TO SEEK  
TRUTH AND SPIRIT

- TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE AGAIN FOR THE SEVENTH GENERATION TO WALK UPON THE EARTH UNAFRAID, TO RESEED OUR PLANET SO THAT IT WILL CONTINUE TO PROSPER IN ITS NATURAL STATE
- TO START OR BE PART OF A GLOBAL SCHOOL SYSTEM THAT TEACHES ANY WHO SEEK TRUTH THE WISDOM THEY SEEK, SO THAT WISDOM AND COMPASSION BECOME THE VIRTUES THAT MOVE ALL SOCIETIES
- TO TEACH ANYONE WHO ASKS AND ENCOURAGE THEM TO BECOME TRUE TO THEMSELVES, THEIR CULTURE, AND TO gAIA, THE GREAT MOTHER OF US ALL
- TO LIVE THE TWELVE STAGES OF PHYSICAL EXISTENCE WITH MY SOULMATE, rOSE, AND PASS ON AS ONE INTO UNIVERSAL SPIRIT CONSCIOUSNESS
- TO LIVE EVERYDAY HUMBLE AND HAPPY

cLOVER

LATE AFTERNOON  
 LIGHT CLOUDS  
 CLEAR BLAZING SUN  
 HANGING LOW IN THE  
 WESTERN SKY  
 91292  
 LC to follow

DEAREST ROSE,

tHIS IS THE FIRST OF MANY LETTERS I PLAN TO WRITE YOU FROM TIME TO TIME ALONG OUR JOURNEY TOGETHER- tHE THINGS WE HAVE SEEN AND THE ACTIONS WE HAVE TAKEN TOGETHER ARE SO WONDERFUL- eVERY TIME I HIT A SHORT PHASE OF BEING SCARED (UNKNOWN INSANITY) WE BURST UPON ANOTHER PLATEAU TOGETHER OF OUR ETERNAL HIGHER SELF- tHAT IS THE PLACE AND STATE OF EXISTENCE THAT WE ARE HEADED FOR... A CONSCIOUSNESS OF LOVE AND BONDING WHERE OUR INDIVIDUALITY WILL MERGE TOGETHER- aT THAT POINT WE BEGIN A NEW LIFE FREE AND AT PEACE WITH ALL THE UNIVERSE- iN MANY WAYS WE ARE ALREADY AT THAT POINT AND ARE NOW MERELY TUNING OUR SKILLS AND LOVE FOR THE TIME OF THE MEETING WITH THE ELDERS- oF THIS YOU HAVE ALREADY SEEN THE STRONGEST... SUREST... COMPASSIONATE REALIZATION THAT EITHER OF US HAVE HAD TO THIS POINT-

i LOVE EVERY MOMENT THAT WE ARE TOGETHER AND HOPE  
 TO ACHIEVE A POINT OF ETERNAL SHARING THE ALL OF  
 EVERYTHING WITH YOU

aLWAYS AND fOREVER  
 uLTIMATE  
 lOVE

cLOVER

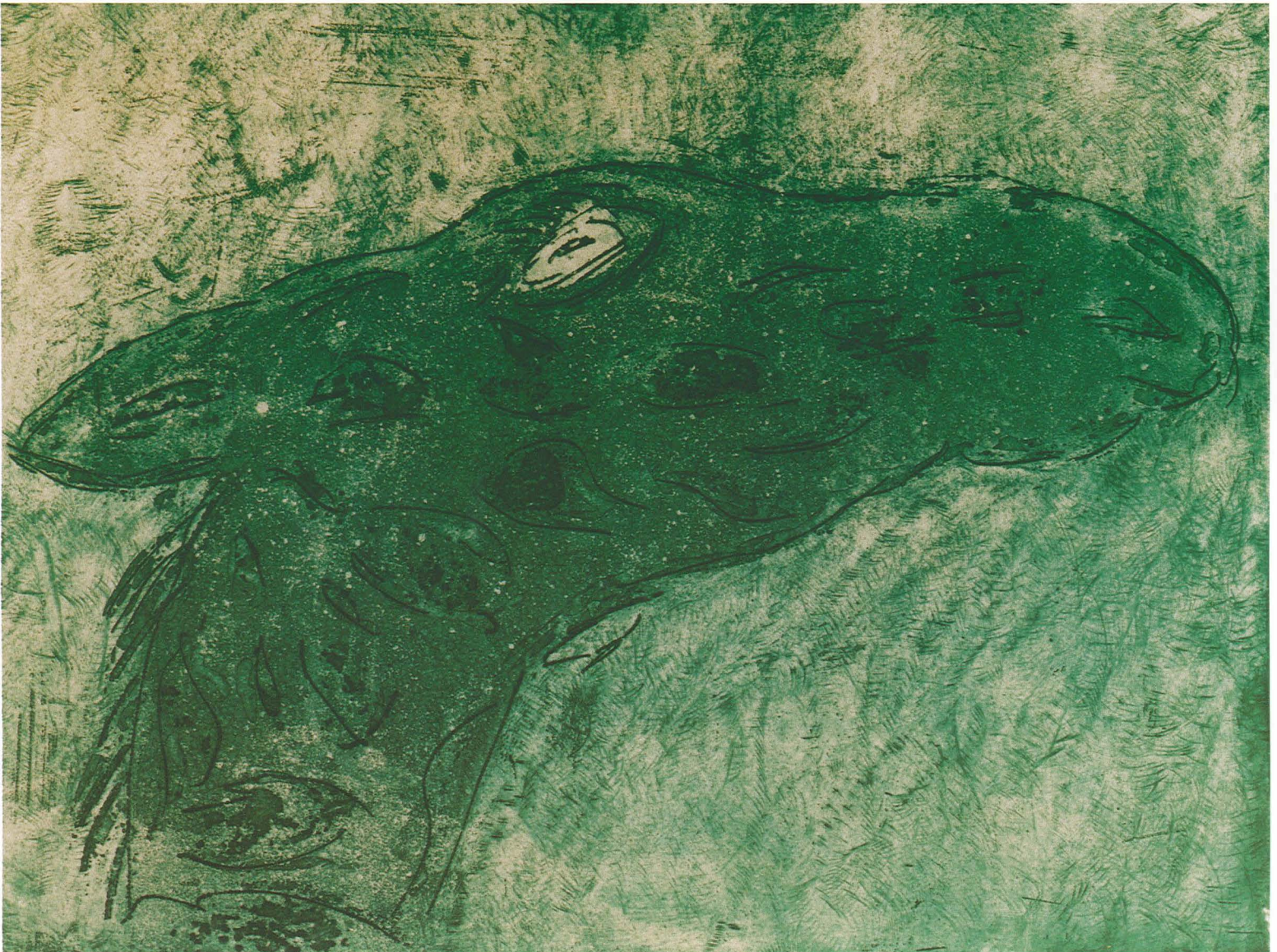




FOR ALL THOSE HERE AND NOW  
AND THOSE WHO WILL COME  
THIS SPEAKS TO ALL OF US  
BECAUSE IT IS A PART OF OUR COLLECTIVE  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
THE STRUGGLE IS UNENDING  
A PROCESS GREATER THAN US ALL  
REMEMBER WHERE YOU CAME FROM  
HONOR THE LESSONS YOU HAVE LEARNED  
LOVE THE NOW  
RESPECT THE FUTURE  
TREAT OUR gAIA WELL

RELIGION IS BUT AN INTERPRETATION OF SPIRIT  
MEANT ONLY TO GIVE SUPPORT TO THE INDIVIDUAL  
THE MESSAGE IS ALWAYS THE SAME  
IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY

cLOVER iOEDYN







*Moon, Sky, Seed*  
David Nall

PASNATEH RAH  
(OKTUL RAH)

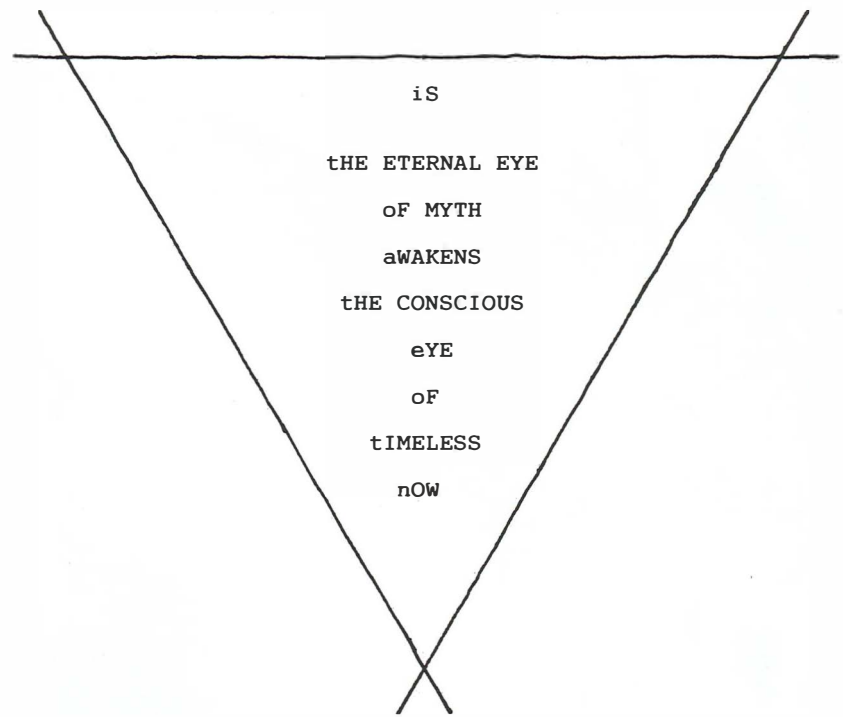
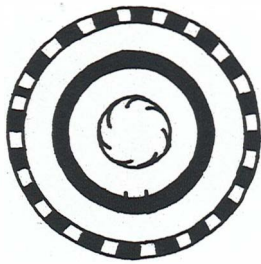
oNTA HAHEY NAHO

oNTA NAHEY NAHO  
ONTA NAHEY NAHO

oNTA SINGA NAEH-HEH  
sINTA SONA NOME HEYTEH  
iNGA PICA LAHEYTEH

iNSINA/NAMEHO

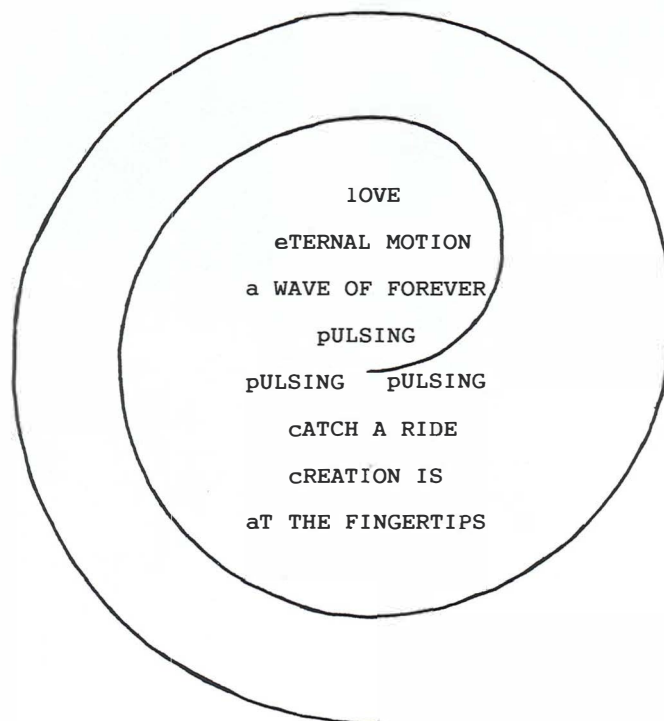
cLOVER iOëDYN



IISTEN

oF ALL THINGS i AM SURE  
oF ALL THE UNIVERSAL POWER AT THEIR GRASP  
gREAT sPIRIT IS THE HUMBLEST OF ALL  
LOVE EVERYTHING AND  
gREAT sPIRIT WILL WALK WITH YOU  
wHERE EVER YOU MAY GO

cLOVER iOëDYN





## RUMBLES OF THE FUTURE

"The Quest and the Revolution started on the same day. Once you start a quest or a revolution there can be no going back. It's like dropping a whole hit of acid for the first time; not just the mild hallucinations of a half or the little adventures of three quarters. There exists a moment of initial illumination for everyone lucky enough to at one point in their lives decide the system is a complete load of toxic bullshit. It would be tough to say if it's sad or not that these days more sparks fly out of drug experiences than pure spiritual soil revelation. For the power tools that keep our junk heap of society functioning, or rather devouring itself, the cocaine induced euphoric speed is a means to escape a nightmare they subconsciously know that they are devoting their life's energy to maintain. They know they are going nowhere, but are too afraid to jump off the burning ship into an unknown ocean. Their brain is what scares them most, they are afraid that these demons that lurk behind them late at night will come and eat them. Some get out of the rat race, some learn to play it well, becoming power pawns or power keepers for our model industrial world. It seems that some drugs actually can help you on your way, but you still have to come up with your own ideas. That's when concepts like creativity and imagination come in handy, and whoosh you're off on a journey across the galaxy. Of course there are still those who have problems adjusting to an alternative state of reality. Either their imagination got stifled as a child or they have some definitely unresolved failures. The point is that if people looked in their own eyes; yes look into the mirror and simply realize, there is a better way of life that sits there for the picking."

"This is not your story so don't get confused." He couldn't help but smirk at his own self-righteousness. That was his last line for the night. Sighing, he filed away one last thought creeping into his emotional tirade on the human spirit. It was probably dawn by now. The humid Florida air could not even retreat in the early morning pre-dawn. 'What a concept, my declaration of peace and love, an attempt to redefine the terms with which we fight each other.' A smirk crossed his face again only to pucker up wondering if Jefferson, Lenin, or some other crazy visionary of the ages would somehow get a good chuckle out of his writing wherever they hung out these days. 'Dumbasses ..., do people want another rebel with a cause these days.. I suppose.. Enough is enough, I will not let the bastards destroy my planet, dear mother Gaia, without a fight anyway. nothing worse than... The brain drain has to stop.' he hated the hum of the computer, but he was drawn to keep writing.. it was like giving birth to an idea... nothing really new, he could admit that to himself easily.

Actually it was a declaration of war, war against all the ignorant bastards who kept wars going so people might someday be happy and live peacefully. You don't need a war to do that after all, nothing a little education can't fix up.

cLOVER iOEDYN

1993

SOCIETY IS SCREAMING

LIKE IT'S BEEN PUT ON MUTE

SO IT'S NOT TO BE HEARD

I HEARD THE TELEPHONE RINGING

BUT IT WAS THE TELEVISION

I PUT MY FRIEND ON HOLD

cLOVER iOEDYN

## Winter

The trees seem  
to sway like  
tall white skeletons

The wind seems to  
whisper throughout  
their veins

Whiteness fills  
the environment like  
a blanket

Sounds of rushing  
wind hiss by my face  
whispering to myself alone

Derek Boorn

## AND THAT'S COMMENTARY

WHY DO WE STAY UP ALL NIGHT  
ESPECIALLY LISTENING TO RADIO SHOWS  
THAT PUT A FEW HARDY SOULS TO BED  
IT'S THE ONLY TIME TRUTHFUL ADS ARE RUN  
NEVERMIND THE REST OF THEM  
THEY'D NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

IT'S A BURST TO STUMBLE ACROSS  
A HALF DECENT IDEA AT THREE IN THE MORNING  
TRUDGING HOME WITH COLD AIR BITING  
THE BACK OF YOUR NECK  
A SPARK OF ILLUMINATION  
IS SPECTACULAR TO WATCH

cLOVER iOEDYN



## ANOTHER DAY GONE

STARING AT ALUMINUM PLUGS  
PULSES TELL IF A HEARTBEAT WILL PROSPER  
FRAILTY PRINTS ACROSS GRAPH PAPER

SO MANY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PLACE THEIR TOES  
DELICATELY UPON THE GROUND  
STOMP AT THE PAIN  
KICK THE WALLS THAT SWALLOW UNCHALLENGED GRIEF

SOME YELL AT A DOG SHITTING ON GRASS  
EVEN IF IT IS CURBSIDE PUBLIC PROPERTY  
WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY DROPPING CIGARETTE BUTTS  
THE LOGIC ESCAPES A SIMPLE BRAIN WAVE

SHALL THE TRAMMELED HOPES OF BITTER LIVES  
DRIVE US TO SPIKE EACH OTHERS' THROATS  
A FEAR OF ABILITY IN SILENT ANGUISH  
SITS ON A CONCRETE STEP

cLOVER iOEDYN



Lyman Hall  
Kenneth Rhea







## The Iowa Sky

She wakes knowing it is Sunday,  
the deadliest day in Des Moines, thick  
with omens: slim-shouldered Protestant  
ministers willing souls to rise  
from coffins and clog the sky  
like geese, collies pacing flat Iowa  
lawns like corralled horses who fret then rage  
before earthquake or lightning. Lightning,  
she knows, seeks airplanes like lovers.

Wednesday he taxies to the airport, calls  
from Akron or Columbus with meeting  
minutes, tells their son a joke  
and says see you

Sunday, quiet Protestant Sunday  
when she reads newspapers like tea leaves:  
the new orphanage opened on Jefferson,  
a Methodist minister addressed unwed  
mothers at the YMCA, and one man  
fell from a hot air balloon  
at the county fair, so close to the crowd,  
said the ferris wheel operator,  
you could see the surprise  
in his twisted mouth.

Kerri Webster

## PREGNANT

I mask my fear with an air of confidence for my own sake. Sometimes the veil slips, though, and I am rudely exposed to my own feelings. I am not a serene Madonna with child. Did Mary ever feel like Jesus was trying to pry her cervix open? "The son of God pummels Mother's Privates." - read all about it. Did she calmly endure itchy red welts over her entire body? Did the singing of angels hide her moans of pain as she brought him into the world? We are taught to be content, calm, secure in our role as pregnant mothers. Michaelangelo and Raphael had obviously never spent too much time talking to pregnant women. They painted the pictures of lovely serenity and doomed the rest of us to try and live up to the most famous Mother of all time. (Besides Eve of course - and she does not really count - after all, she is the one that made it hurt, right?) I think I sound too cynical; she obviously did something right to deserve the son of God. I just find it hard to believe that a fifteen year old girl, who thought she was a virgin, could bring a child into the world and do it with such finesse and placidity. But then I remember that history was written by men. The truth is, sometimes I do feel that confidence. After all, birth is the most natural thing in the world - the link between life and death as we know it.

rOSE iOËDYN



## Window Pain

Papa sayin' I got a world view  
And Mama she sayin' that's a lie  
I jus' be pressin my face 'gainst this glass so hard  
Gramma say I gonna smother and die

I been livin' in this 'partment  
Since the day they be sayin' I'z live  
But Brother he say they ain't no livin' around here  
Cuz we all be jus' tryin' to survive

My sister she stay downtown now  
Got a boy a baby and a belly  
Look like they all be big nuff to go around  
Left here cuz she say it was smelly

I don't care none for a world view  
I ain't listenin' long to a lie  
And as long as my breath's foggin' up this window  
I'm the last fool in this room gonna die

I've served my time at this window  
And I ain't too far from bein' free  
I'll be makin' one track to them dancin' daisies  
What they say then ain't nothin' to me

Papa's toil ain't been on rich soil  
Can't see no creeks flowin' and no trees growin'  
And I'll die here waitin' for a sunny day  
I heard what folks been sayin'  
'Bout a place where the grass is swayin'  
But I can't see it through this  
Window pain

Whitney C. Pitts



*Window of Opportunity*  
Dennis Moore

## Ever After

Another VCR has turned up gone  
She can't keep them long  
But she knows where to find them  
They've got a shelf of their own down at Jack's EZ Pawn  
So she grabs her bundle of joy  
Swearin' this will be the last time she makes the trip  
She begs that old broker to have mercy on her boy  
Believing without him she's unworthy of it

She knows how she got here  
But she doesn't know how to get out  
This isn't the ever after  
That those fairy tales talked about  
Girlhood dreams of dragon slayers  
Didn't prepare her for a junkie prince  
He swore he'd save her  
The only gift he gave her  
Was a baby  
Her only defense

She was sixteen when she met him  
By eighteen she'd given birth  
Her only true love  
Conceived in desperate passion  
Love that kept her bound to Earth  
Passion plays the worst tricks on us  
Not showing us both its faces  
First it promises to lift us up  
Then without warning it drops and breaks us  
She'd blame the world  
'Till it went to Hell  
If it wasn't for her son  
So she blames herself  
Clings to him  
And begs for the story to be done

Night after nightmare  
Her tears reflect the darkness  
In solitaire  
She asks truth or dare  
And prays for some brightness  
The truth is what she's living  
At sixteen she chased the dare  
She's not interested in winning  
She just wants her fair share  
How many more hits  
Will she be able to take?  
How many more "I'm sorry's"  
Will she be have to fake?  
She's tired of makin' up  
Too broken for breakin' up

Someday when her son  
Is old enough to run  
She'll take his hand  
And lead him to a faraway land...

She doesn't know how she'll get there  
She won't ever want to get out  
It will finally be  
The ever after  
Those fairy tales lied about

Whitney C. Pitts





## 68 Mustang Convertible for B.J.M.

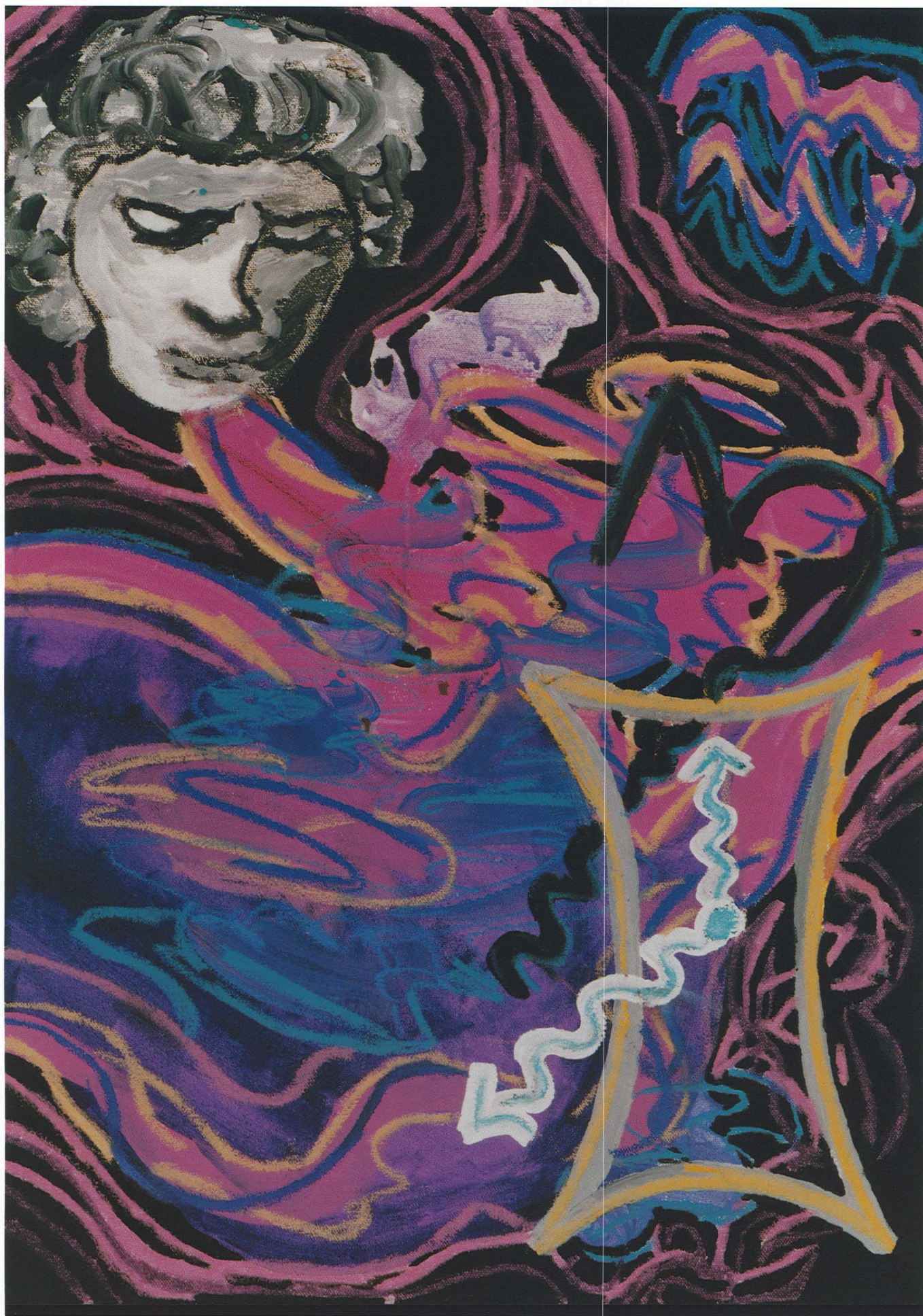
Years ago we parked  
your 68 Mustang convertible  
at the drive-in to  
see the double feature  
to eat popcorn and  
red licorice when  
less than halfway  
through the movie you  
pulled me to the back seat  
and apologized for not  
having a condom but  
we couldn't stop then,  
you said, you had needs  
that had to be met.  
So I closed my eyes  
and let it happen.

Eventually that sort of thing  
became typical for me,  
my body pressed against  
the vinyl seats. The first  
time became many times,  
even when the home  
pregnancy test came back  
positive it didn't  
phase me. All it meant  
was an afternoon at  
the abortion clinic  
after borrowing the  
two-hundred dollars  
from friends and  
squeezing my way past  
the line of pro-life  
demonstrators. Until  
I slipped my feet  
into the stirrups  
I held to the belief  
that in a few hours the  
problem would be solved.

It was at that moment  
that I knew what it was  
like to grasp at straws,  
to know the heaviness of  
age and responsibility.  
When the memory of that  
night came back to me,  
of the steamed up windows,  
of the sharp scent of vinyl,  
of my clothes on the car floor,  
I knew for certain that  
someone like me had no  
business having a child,  
so I closed my eyes  
and let it happen.

Kathy Eaton





Untitled  
Triesta E. Hall





Untitled  
Tammy Rejimbál

## Stood Up

That bitch and me, we had a *date*.

I met her in the magazine aisle.  
God she looked good,  
great tits, sexy smile-  
Looked me right in the eye.  
She wanted it from me,  
I could tell, no lie.  
This bitch was *perfect*, man:  
never talked, just smiled, and get this:  
all she wanted was to get laid.

I'm tellin' you, man:  
there was nothin' for me to do,  
not one goddammed thing, except  
screw her whenever I wanted to.

I'm watchin all these hags go by  
and they're *nothing*, man.  
Too fat. Too short. Too old. No class.  
Wouldn't screw 'em drunk.  
And I hate a bitch that talks too much,  
always whinin' about herself, what *she* wants.  
Great big pain in the ass.

Where the hell is she?  
That *bitch*. She said we had a date.  
I'm gettin' *mad*, man.  
It's gettin' *late*.

Kathy Aziz

Facing Page:  
Untitled  
Tammy Rejimbai









*Initiation*  
Kim Hart





*The Limb*  
Tanja Softic

## **“Black and Blue”**

The room spins  
like a child's pinwheel  
My head turns to red,  
fire orange, stoplight yellow

Fumbling for the floor  
I find it.  
Hold on tight til  
the pinwheel stops.

No sounds except  
the pounding  
in my skull.

Listen quietly  
quietly.  
Breathe silently  
silently.

Smoke floats from the pillow  
his blue message  
to the ceiling.

The bed moves.  
My hand closes  
on black metal.

Never clean it up.  
Never.  
Never.  
ever again.

Dawn E. Reno



## S.K.O.W.

I'm looking for some  
Kind of wonderful  
Electric touch  
Eyes that see  
Right through me  
Words that  
I just Can't resist

I wake  
Board my faithful  
Machine  
Work eat wait  
Sleep walk  
Around corners  
Expectantly Anxiously

I plan my life  
Career car college  
Can't shake this  
Desire  
Some Kind of  
Wonderful  
Right around some  
Corner hidden in  
Some crevice  
Eating at my day  
And nights  
Like some kind  
Of cancer

I called to  
Have my  
Subscription  
Canceled  
Some sweet southern  
Thang says  
"Sorry, Can't"

I wrote  
"That was not  
What I meant  
At all"

Ladies came and went  
Speaking of  
Mel Gibson  
Screens are just  
Too cold  
Scenes have no  
Pulse

Settling for non-  
Human entity  
Powered by a  
Battery  
This just won't  
Do but I paid  
Shipping and handling  
This is some kind  
Of joke  
Makes me laugh  
At myself  
Ludicrous Audacious  
No kind of  
Sensuous

This was not what  
I meant at all  
Some Kind of  
Wonderful  
Not some kind of  
Mechanized  
Cucumber

Ladies come and go  
Speaking of  
Peaceful slumber  
In this some kind  
Of dream through this  
Some kind of hazy  
Cancer  
Some Kind of  
Wonderful  
Could get lost  
In this some kind  
Of lonely.

Roselyn D. Anderson

"The Czech Inn"  
Montgomery Center, 1990

1 - "Poolroom"

A single bulb illuminates green felt  
as blue dust flies and  
    the cue ball splits the vee of plain and striped  
While Bruce Springsteen sings of innocence and best defenses  
    and a lone couple twirls on the parquet floor.

As the trumpet splits the smoke-filled atmosphere  
    and baseball-capped farmers stand under neon Bud signs,  
I watch your tight-assed stance and think  
    of being home in bed sliding against your slim back  
Of riding your muscled thighs, tasting your  
    mustachioed lips against my face.

Between the burgundy bottles, you smile at me  
    alone in the blue chalk mist,  
And I no longer worry about who will take  
    my many-veined hand to lead me home.

II. - "Just a pen and a piece of paper"

Just a pen and a piece of paper,  
    a crowded dance floor,  
        loud smoke in the air,  
        a beer in my hand

And the urge to write  
    about deer hunts and  
        men in red plaid jackets  
    about women in convertibles  
        rehearsing their first love scene  
    about the river in winter  
        freezing into flowers.

The urge to write about  
    rotating lights  
        red, yellow and blue  
            rock 'n roll harbingers  
    beating time to  
        video music.

And you  
    in your virginal  
        chef's uniform  
ignoring the sounds   the smells   the personalities  
    to concentrate on the black 8  
sinking in the far right corner.



### III. - "The Ride Home"

Three dead skunks by the side of the road  
And one alive  
    under the front porch.

"I'm not getting out,"  
    a blurred voice says.  
"Ain't goin' no further."

The rain falls softly  
    against my grey hood  
        as the black-and-white stripes  
            disappear into the back yard.

Wrinkling our noses  
    we laugh  
The dark-haired boy  
    with foxfire eyes  
        wants to melt my soul  
            and turn me into  
                a citified rodeo queen.

When I really  
    only want to be alone  
Even if skunk piss  
    is the only smell  
        to lift into my air.

### IV. - "The Blondes"

Three blondes  
    strut into  
the smoke and blue chalk  
    to claim a hole on the table.

A night at Zack's,  
    a few cognacs,  
and they're eighteen  
    again.

Non-celibacy  
    in the single  
100-watt bulb  
    above the green felt.

Grinding hips,  
    shrugging shoulders,  
they fill the dance floor  
    with grinning farmers.

Forty-year-olds  
    wiping Oil of Olay  
on tomorrow's faces

but, tonight,

claiming their teenage pasts,  
    betting on their ability  
to hold the pool cue in the  
    right position  
to admit entry.

Dawn E. Reno

## The Glad Hour

Summer months are best. Then magazines such as Seventeen fill her with stories of Camp Red Pine counsellors or the brother's friend who suddenly became attentive at the swimming pool, and in those nights she's awake with the advice column, Sarah in Memphis or Rachel in Seattle asking of their changing topography.

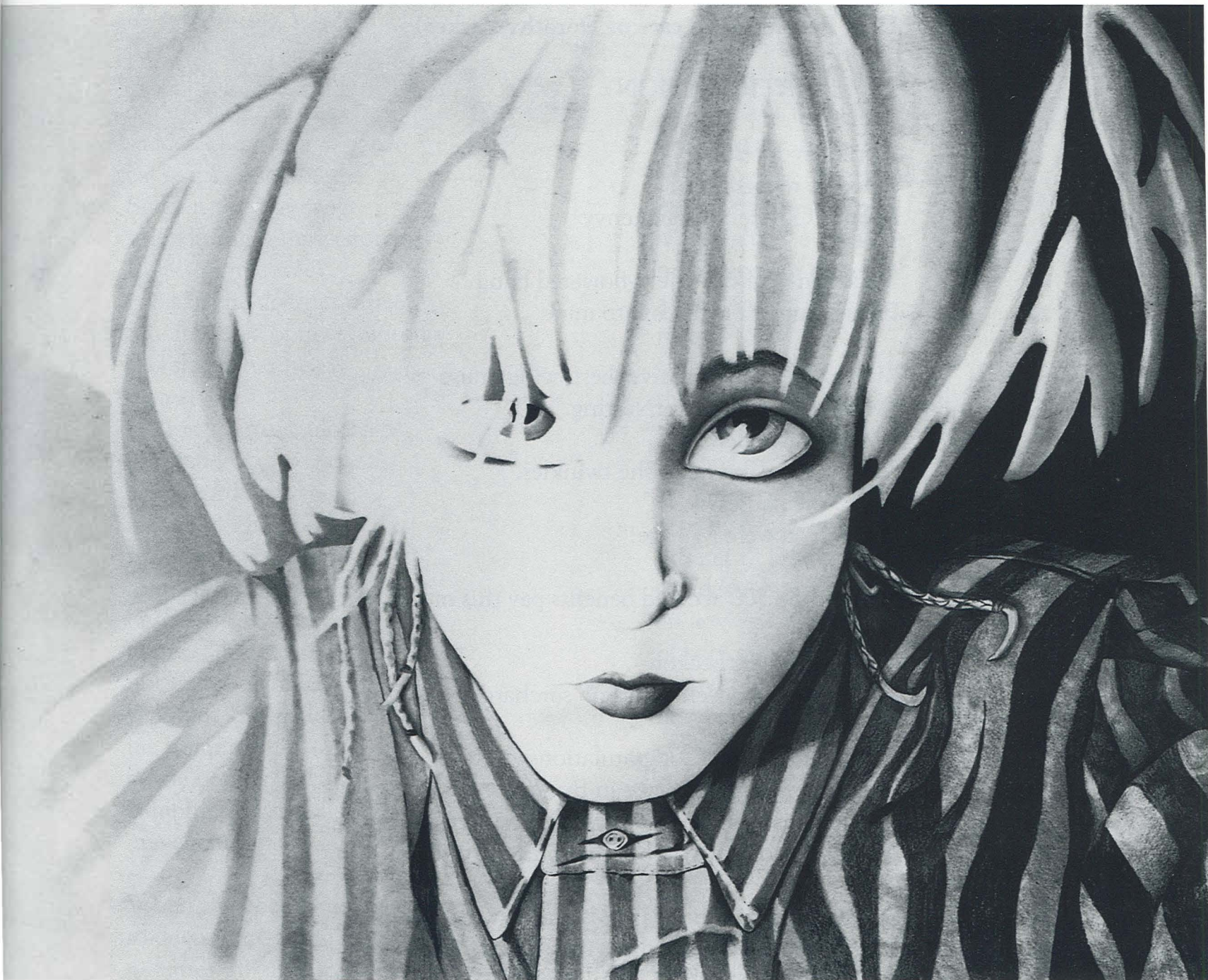
For certain luck, walk to her lawn one day at dusk and begin easy, reminding her you sat across the aisle in sixth grade. Then walk away. Continue such methods until the high heat of June, and, in those solstice hours, take her someplace cool—

closet, basement, attic guest room. Remove blanket from old dresser drawer. Talk of summer movies as she sits with knees to her chest, until you're familiar as a brother's friend, and her legs relax. In the dangerous, glad hour of midnight, together gather all evidence: tortoise shell barrette, white sock. Fold blanket and leave the room spotless, as though nothing beautiful had happened there.

Kerri Webster







Untitled  
Tammy Rejimbai

Dear Penelope, (in care of Dorothy Parker)

## PARTICIPATION

April Day 1992,  
I receive recognition.  
Awards Odysseus should envy.

My seven-year-old's field-flowered hand  
Presses purple proceeds into mine.

My four-year-old, pensive, bestowing praise-  
"Mom, you are so interNesting."  
"Why?" I wonder.  
"Because you are fun!" she twinkles.  
And," she pauses—  
"I wish you were MY age!"

No Fortune 500 accrued benefits pay this much.

Telephone bells beckon-  
My kitchen counseling has no surcharge.

The mail arrives, "Congratulations-  
Your poem won first place in *Brushing*.  
The Rollins College Literary and Fine Arts Magazine."  
Awards bestowed: a T-shirt and pizza certificates.

My husband wins high awards and we fly to Denver.  
I win an award and we drive for pizza.  
Kindly he commends, "Today pizza,  
Tomorrow the Pulitzer!"  
The 90's. My life is countercultural here.

Phil's soft smile breezes through the doorway. Golden  
Arms hug away  
Our eleven-year-old's piano practice frustrations.  
Then,  
This tender man turns to me.  
And stays.

Kathryn Kimbro



## Verses for my Ulcers

When the bees came  
to devour me it was  
sudden-the way a  
cat leaps on a mouse.  
Sudden the way twigs  
snap during thunderstorms.  
In less than a week  
I was in the doctor's office.  
She inquired of my symptoms  
and shook her head  
plaintively.

Colitis, gastritis, ulcers.  
Ulcers.

That word stood out  
most of all because  
that is a word reserved  
for forty year old  
businessmen, for  
battered housewives,  
not for an eighteen  
year old. She sent  
me home with a  
bottle of pills and a  
pamphlet on stress  
management.

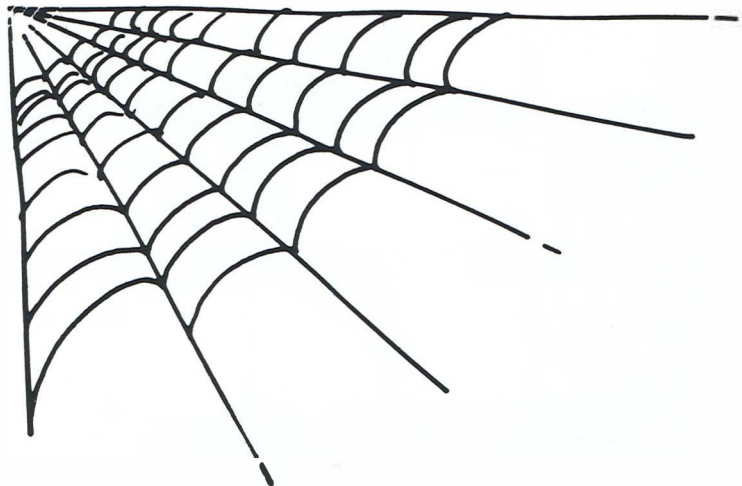
When the bees came  
to devour me I swallowed  
pill after pill after pill  
to stop them. I tried  
to squash them with my  
stack of self help books.  
I held my insides inside  
with my hands, I stopped  
talking to people because  
people can be frustrating.

When the bees came  
to devour me I  
fought them, it was  
all useless, of course.

Knowing solitude could  
not stop the nights  
spent awake in bed,  
clutching the sheets and  
pounding the mattress  
with my fists until I had  
no choice but to fall  
asleep and let the  
insects roam.

Chemistry is not the same  
thing as biology and not  
the same thing as psychology,  
therapy isn't supposed to  
be able to neutralize acid,  
but the doctor tells me  
different. From behind  
the desk she insists there's  
an answer on my shelf  
of books and medicine bottles,  
a way to mend my river  
of organs that has  
ceased to function.  
A way to charm bees.

Kathy Eaton



## Night Flying Over Atlanta

nothing special first,  
then blackness,  
as we climbed.

At altitude  
we turned, and saw  
the beast:

great glowing mass of  
pseudopods, lights  
blinking,  
moving  
phosphorescence

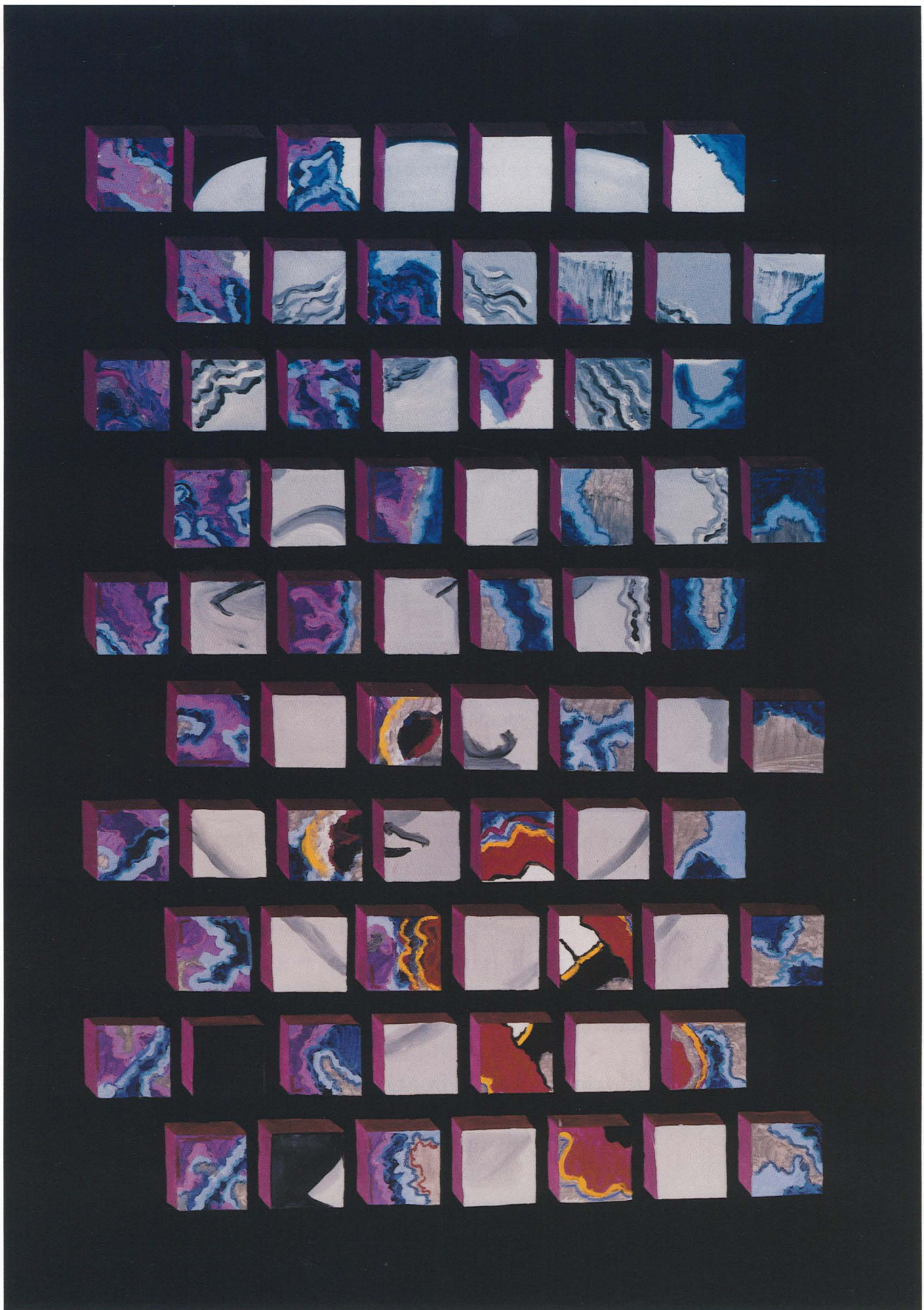
red and yellow cells;  
arms flowing  
body looming by  
the glass

nocturnal starfish  
in the stars, regarding  
us serenely

with an alien  
indifference

David Nall





*Permis de Nonconstruire*  
Triesta E. Hall

## Obsessions

I see the shiny smooth coat of a true warrior

The warrior belongs to a strong family

The color is everything I need

A Doberman pincher gleaming

My dream alters slightly as the wind picks up

I see a ring that seduces me

The black coral darkens my pupils.

The power is a mountain

So smooth and flowing like the deep dark sea itself

How deep would you go to find such a color

My dream seems to change course

My sheets of black satin scream at me

Suddenly a stallion glowing, screaming at me

I see his eyes like pearls that match his blackness

My dream seems to thrash as my sheets wrap around my body

Suddenly I feel the deep dark sea again

the ring flickers in front of my face

As the Doberman barks at me

His ribs flexing, his coat shrieking



Black

Where's the stallion

I feel the satin tighter, tighter

The ring again

Black

Deep, and deeper

I'm thrashing

Black

Pearls, the stallion

Coral

Black

Shiny

Glowing

Black

The stallion jumping, into the sea sinking

Doberman watching, wearing the coral I desperately seek

Black

My sheets

Suddenly nothing, I'm alone

Dreaming?

I'm in complete blackness

Derek Boorn



*Backwards Up the Mossy Glen Turned and Trooped the Goblin Men*  
Ginger Bryant





*Rhythm*  
Jennifer Madigan

## Solar Nights

On solar nights,  
I sink to my ankles  
in the asphalt, footpadding  
around the park. My, how  
bright and full the moon is.

My midnight shadow  
is burnt in the sidewalk  
where I have been,  
leaving a trail like  
some charcoal slug  
dragging through the night.

Poor wolves got cataracts  
from howling at the wrong  
orb. Perhaps the pack  
was only trying to blow out  
the candle of the sky.

On solar nights I walk,  
same as any other: lost  
in my obscure thoughts, wondering,  
brooding why the sun  
must come again.

Aaron Reed

## Blue Moon

Blue Moon  
Epicyclic One  
Icicle Eye

In Tow  
around Clouds; Star  
Circumscribed; your

Bright Child  
here Below shall  
Always hold you Firm

your Gaze  
indigenous Glow  
siDereal

Nearer  
to Us than the  
Life-giving Sun

David Nall



Hidden from a sky blackened  
by the storm's quick thievery of clouds,  
we huddled inside like rich refugees,  
around glasses of wine, and brief,

blinking candle light, though the power  
had not been lost. Not yet: we wove  
this fabric choice by choice: the shadows,  
the t.v.'s blue inanity, each other.

The world outside was stuttered by camera  
flashes, strobed instants curtained  
by thunder's omnipotent cough and wind's  
rattling breath. We wanted this violence,

apart from us but there, a wish  
to dissolve into darkness, to glimpse  
moments hovered between seconds.  
We listened: rain drummed on the roof

like fists. Our hearts tried to keep beat.  
Soon, each knock became a voice  
calling us; we knew we had to follow,  
stripped and screaming like infants, outside.

Daniel Stewart





*Untitled*  
*Lisa Deconinck*



## River Work

Gone north with a prospector's  
itch, you work the canneries  
all summer. Scales pile  
and shine like coin, your passport  
off the banks of the Yukon  
to better headwaters.

Memories of November  
foothills prop your eyes open  
long hours. In grandmother Isis' gold  
coat you bend over cat tails, saw  
at stalks with blue fingers and track  
the milky down back home, where it levitates  
for months, catching light. You sweep  
often but the fuzz retreats to dark  
places you didn't know existed. Beaten,  
you make a wish as each propeller  
floats by, name them Euphrates,  
Yangtze, Congo.

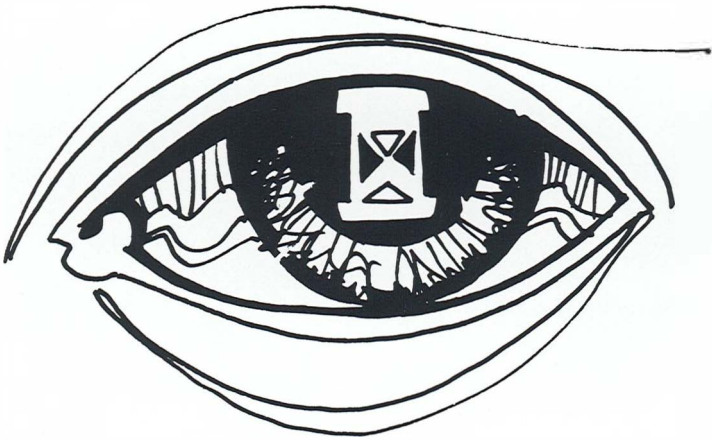
Roused each morning by the thick  
smell of fish, you promise postcards  
home and forget them by night, coax  
sleep chanting Nile,  
Tigris, Amazon. You dream of the hooked  
mouths of tunas, of scales  
floating past the oil  
lamp, bending light.

Kerri Webster

## A Room

The door is open. A light is on.  
Inside, dust hovers  
where no shadows stir.  
The white  
walls breathe their bareness  
into nothing. Listen: the dust  
settles like a wish.

Daniel Stewart



## Such A Vision

smoke in my eyes I had such a vision  
oh my god it was beautiful  
man in brother's lap  
sister's arm caressing either  
it didn't matter you see  
comfort of any shapely colour  
an arm is an arm or so they say  
and no one noticed - no one complained  
and no one cared - or so they say  
this comfort is selective though  
some are left so cold; abandoned, so empty  
cycle of leprosy like beast to prince  
all i need is a kind hand, brother or sister  
it doesn't matter you see  
rather be filled with trash than cold and empty  
smoke in my eyes now they should be burning  
but remain so empty and cold.

Jordan Pouzzner

Distorted shadows of the light.  
Each looking to find their sight.

Oh, what bright the night beholds them.  
Chagrin.

Scholarly one might add;  
but innocently they bite their bit.

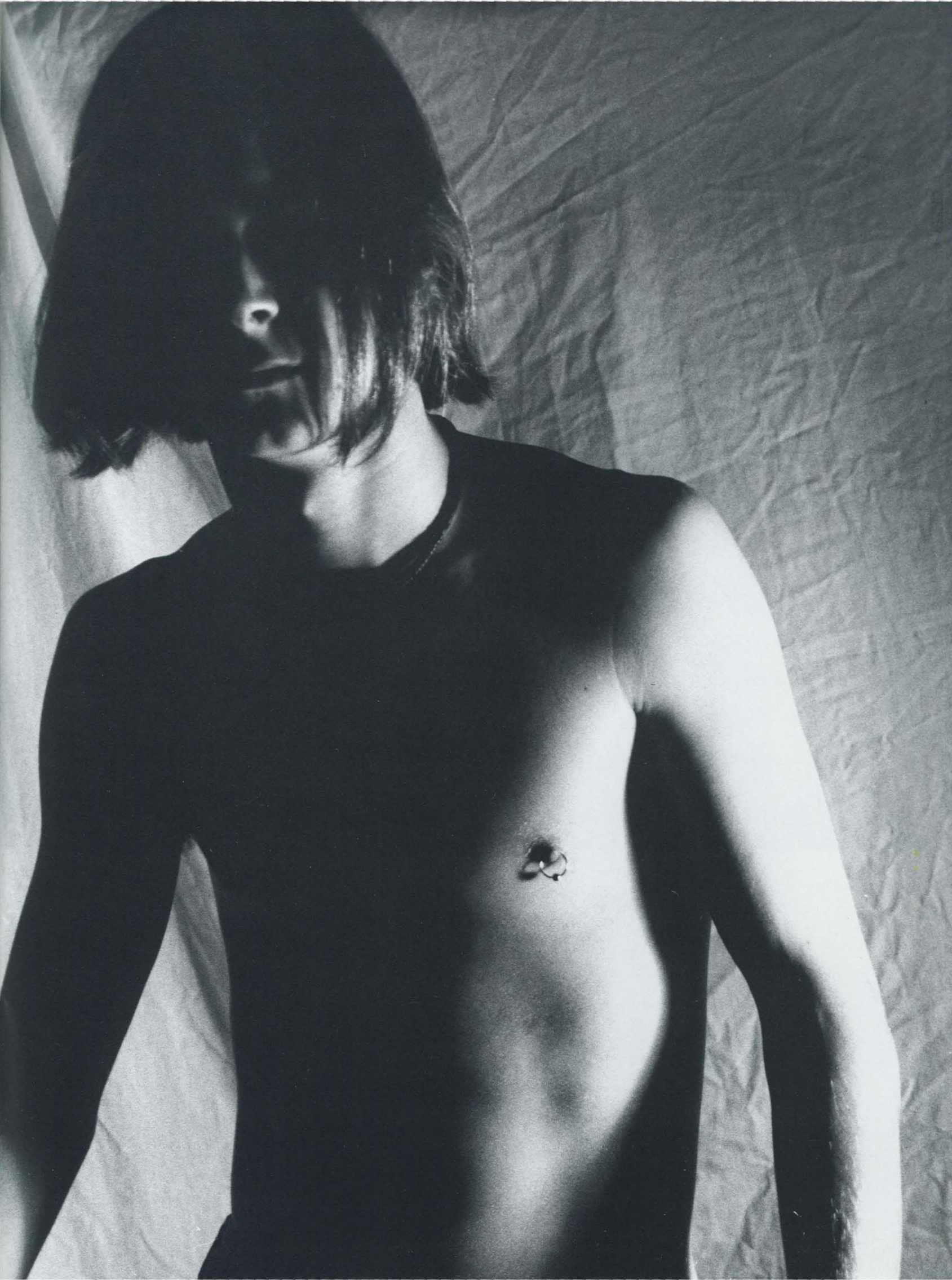
Keep sound ear and withhold judgement for me.  
For it is I, in whom I judge

Keep.

vonn

*Facing Page:*  
*Jordan*  
*Andrea Stockton*

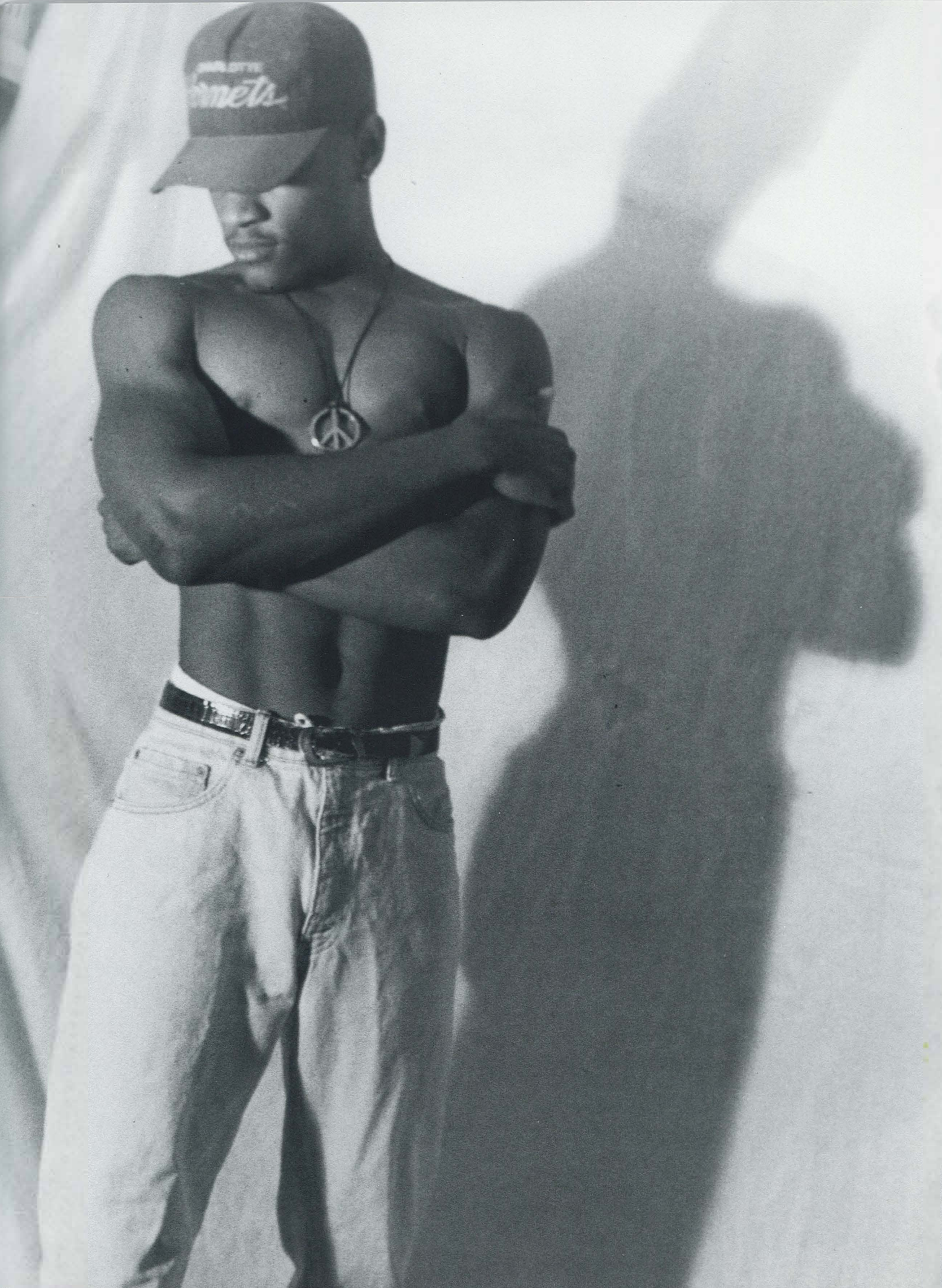




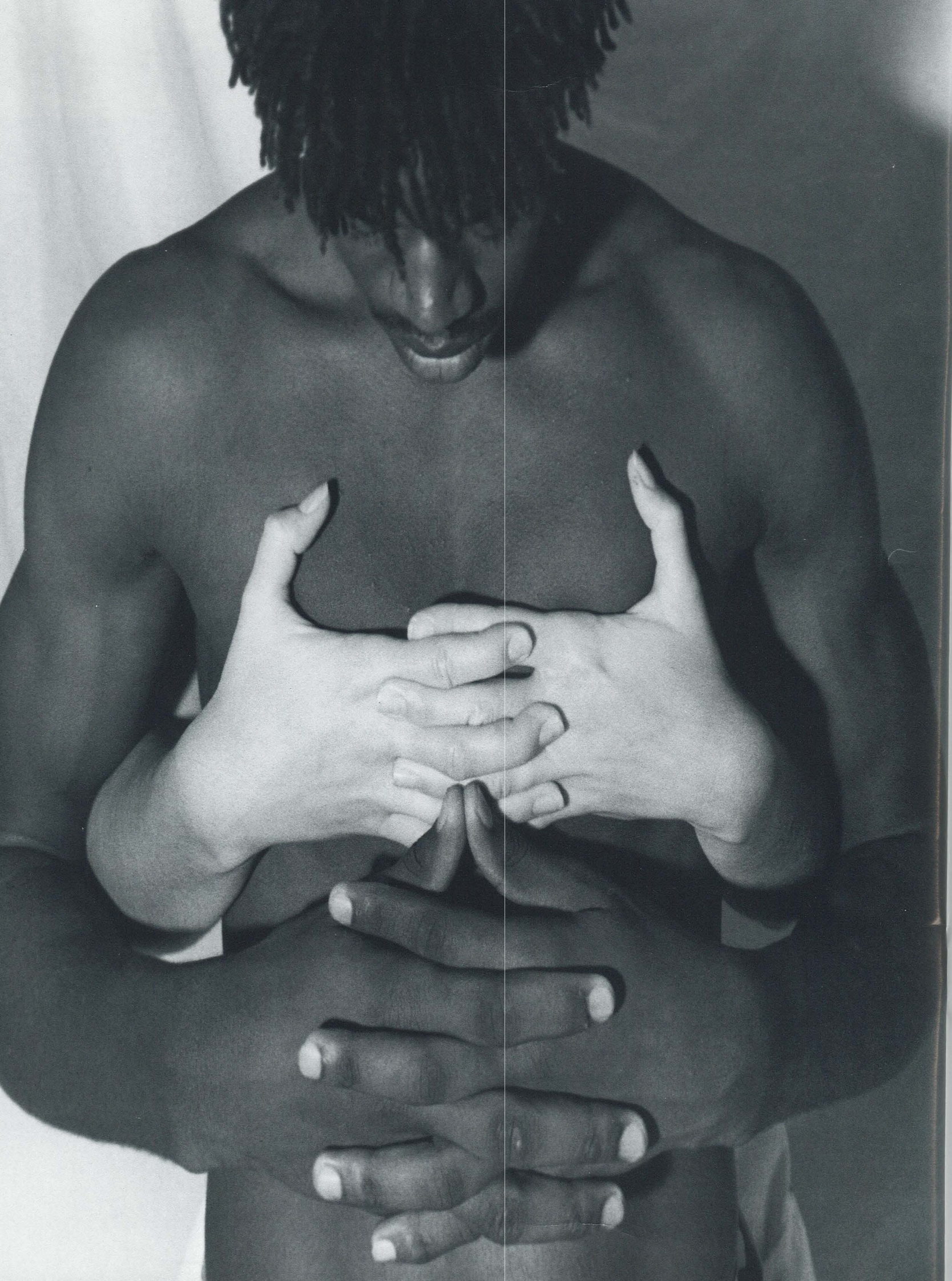














**Brushing**  
**the Rollins College Fine Arts Magazine**  
**is now accepting submissions**  
**in art, photography, and writing**  
**for the Spring 1994 issue**

Guidelines and conditions for contribution:

1. Submissions must be accompanied by a sheet listing the titles of the works, the artist's name, address, and phone number, and short bio. The artist's name should not appear on any written work. If you are not a Rollins student, please include a SASE for the return of your work. Deadline for non-Rollins submissions is November 1, 1993. Deadline for Rollins submissions is January 1, 1994. Please limit your submissions in one medium to 10 items. Publication is scheduled for late March 1994.
2. Photographs and artwork of all sizes may be submitted; negatives will be required for accepted color photographs.
3. Written works may include short stories, poetry, essays, or other short creative pieces. Written submissions must be typed. There is no set size limit, but size limitations on the magazine prevent inclusion of very large works. A 1500 word limit on prose submissions is suggested as a guideline.
4. Works will be judged by the appropriate **Brushing** staff and editor. Works that are accepted will be retained until publication of the magazine. Copyright is retained by contributor; **Brushing** retains the right to reproduce written and visual contributions in appropriate productions. Payment is 1 copy.

**Brushing** is a non-profit creative forum intended for both beginning and accomplished artists in written and visual arts. While a large portion of the magazine is reserved for student publication, we welcome submissions from other universities and the artistic community at large. Simultaneous submissions and previously published works are accepted. Experimental poetry is accepted, though not the focus of the magazine.

**Brushing** is an open, liberal magazine; however, our goal is to present the most creative, artful work possible. Submissions of an extreme or pointlessly offensive or dogmatic nature are discouraged.

Send submissions to: **Brushing**  
**1000 Holt Avenue - 2536**  
**Winter Park, FL 32789-4499**

Any comments or questions please address to the attention of Editors, at the same address, or call at 407-646-2171. It may take several days for us to return your call, and an evening phone number is helpful.

**General Deadline: November 1, 1993**  
**Rollins Deadline: January 1, 1993**



Facing Page:  
Untitled  
Andrea Stockton

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Special thanks to all those Rollins organizations and offices which helped us on our way this year, including SGA (our kind sponsor), Student Activities, and Physical Plant. A special thank you to Ruth Jackson, who endured our business with her unusually good sense of humor (quite possibly the only way to endure us)- also thanks to Mike Mullens and Pacific Printing for their fine work on our second year with them-

and a thank you to Wells Rutland for an impromptu ride with me on the Van of Art Hell, on which, however, we failed to get arrested-

and, finally, good luck to next year's prospective editors: Kathy Eaton, Natasha McGrath, and Elizabeth Nguy, whom I will be joining as consultant editor.



