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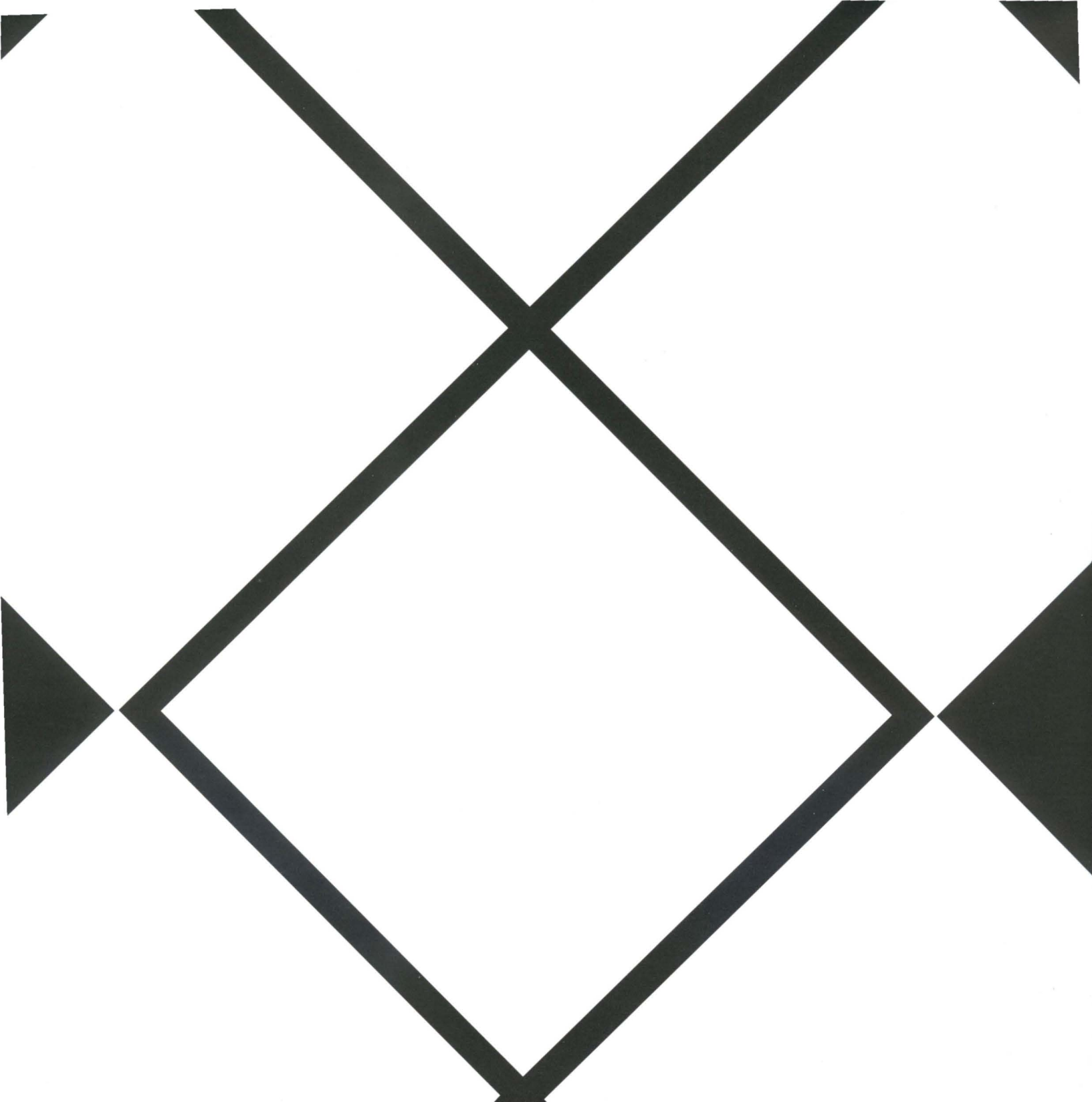
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# BRUSHING

ROLLINS COLLEGE  
ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE  
VOLUME XXVI, 1998





Cover Art: Zofia Nowicki and Lara Hadrys

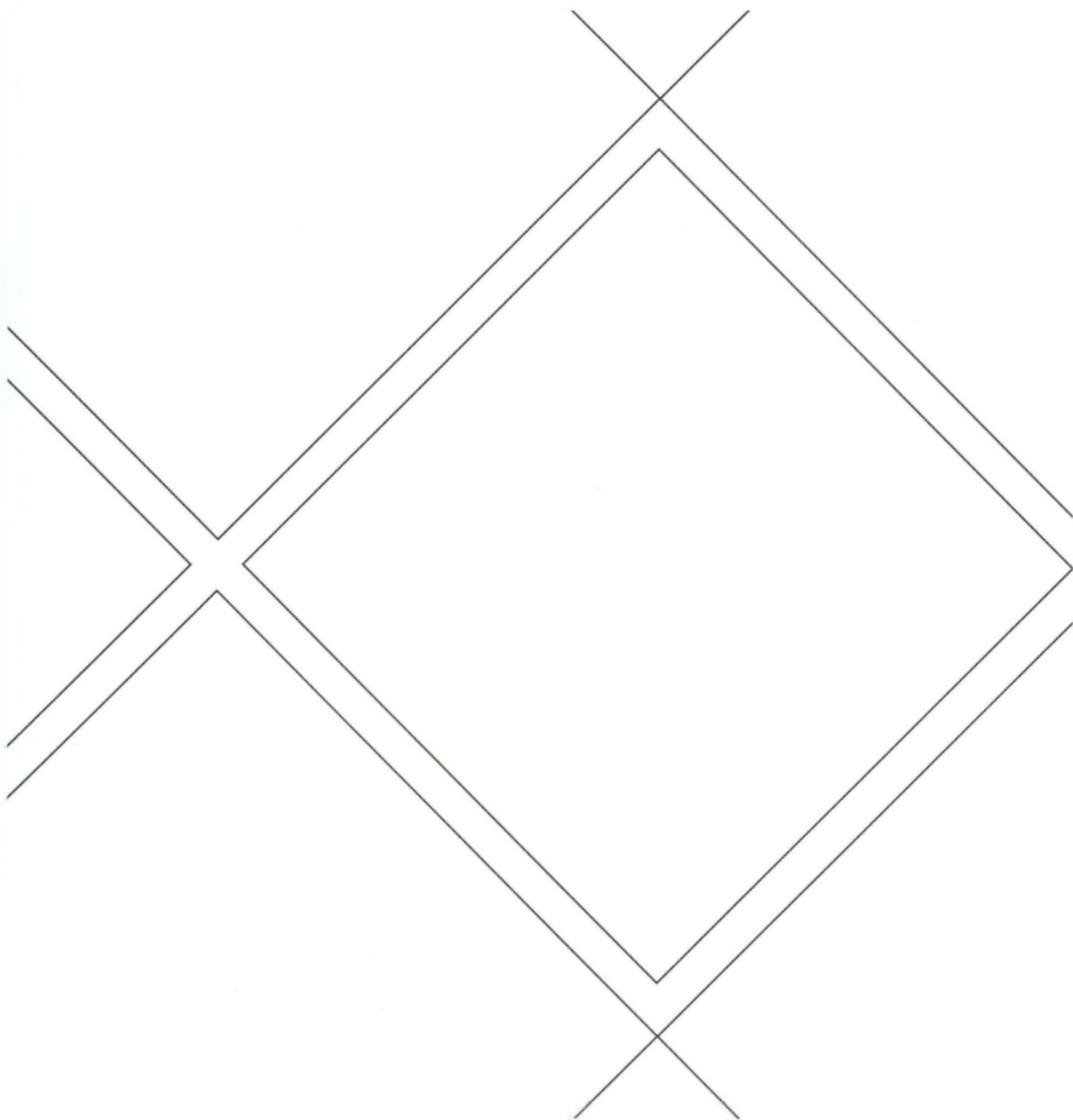
Artworks: *Zofia Nowicki* page 12

*Yuko Noda* page 31

*Lara Hadrys* page 13

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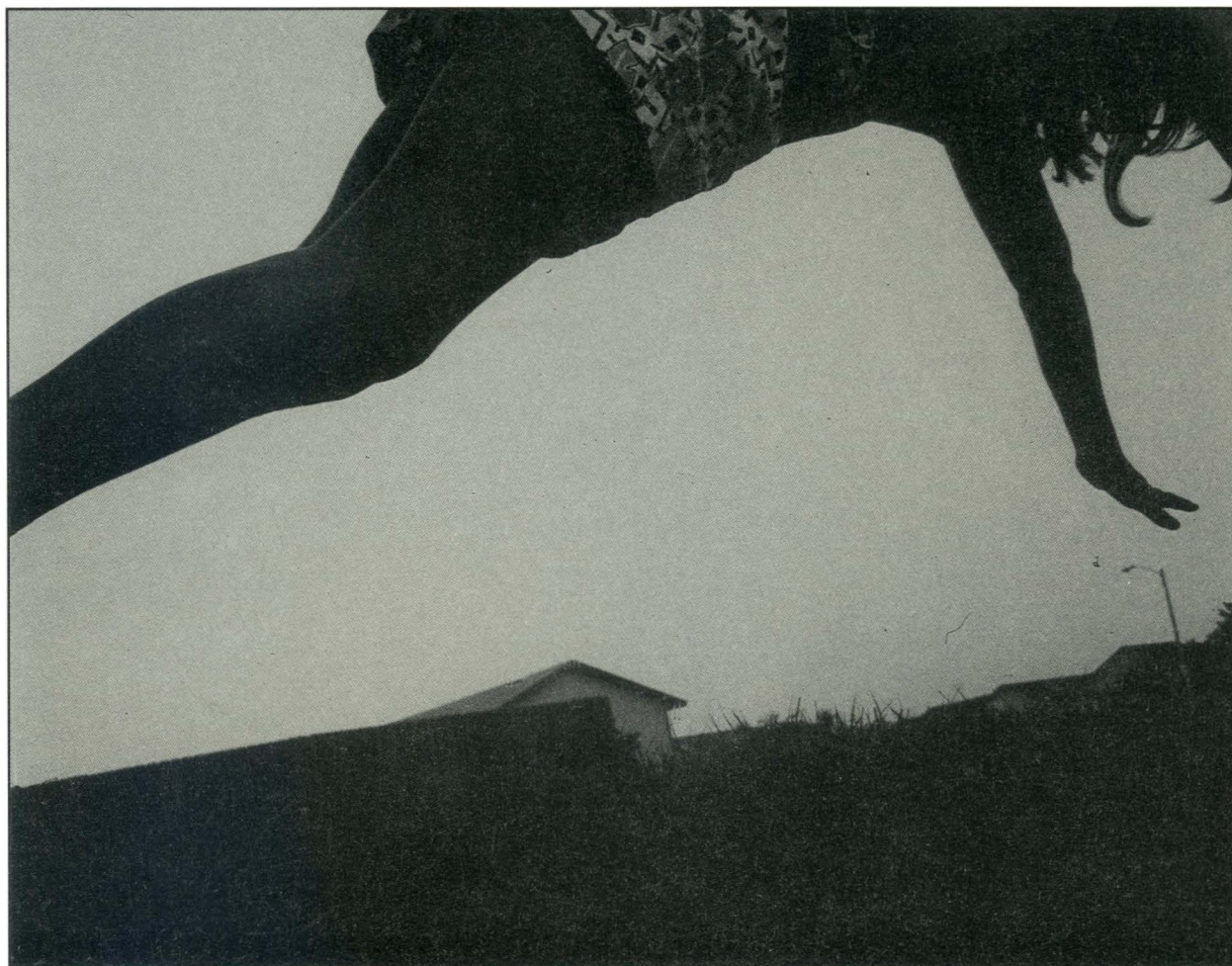
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***Floating Girl***

*-Mary Dunn*

Photograph  
7.5" x 9.5"

## Ready

*-Kim Vang*

At eighty-nine she counted her nicotined teeth  
in some language not even she can recall.

At sixty-five she locked herself in her youngest son's house,  
peering out the blinds at the world that sped too quickly by her.

Thirty-two found her with her precious newborn, desiring  
but not wanting to suffocate it.

Then twenty-eight years brought her to  
accepting a rock on her finger  
as a token of love  
and bread as the body of her Saviour.

Now she's eighteen.  
Things are looking pretty new  
But word has it she's still waiting,  
counting her footsteps,  
holding out for the red sun of her birth.



## Blood

*-Jonathan Olgeirson*

There was a crash...

The scars on her wrists	The bottle in his hand
The black and blue	The brown belt
The softness of her voice	The last time he raised his
Whimper when the ice goes on	Shouts coming with every lash

The soft hands	The calluses
The blue eyes	The hundred yard stare
The red blood	The red blood
The blood	The blood
Blood	Blood
	Blood

... and there was silence.



## Altar Boy

*-Stephanie Tolander*

Photograph  
9.5" x 13.5"



## Chasing the Light

~Melissa Goslin

Lisa had a way of catching the light in her eyes, creating a sparkle so intense that I wonder now why she hadn't run away sooner. She had more freckles than anyone I had ever seen and when she laughed they would flush her face with the color of warm sand. In third grade, we would have to walk home from school everyday, the sweat collecting under our loaded book bags and our stomachs churning with hunger. I'd complain about how it felt like there was some kind of rock rolling around in the toe of my sandal and she'd just smile, refusing to pull her gaze away from the soft wisps of clouds that followed us. Sometimes she'd start a game of tag with a punch to my arm, her giggles echoing behind her as she turned to jump off the cracked sidewalk. Then she would disappear down the hill towards the creek that wound its way through the woods surrounding our small town. I never hesitated before chasing after her.

I'd try so hard to keep up with her tangled chestnut ponytail, streaked with rusty highlights. Her thin arms would reach out and whack every branch that tried to slow her down and I'd think about how the sun looked as if it was running right there beside her. The wet grass that lined the trickling water was always slippery and Lisa's feet would often slide, planting her knees into the soaked weeds. She'd let out a laugh, scramble back up to the trees, and run even faster. Mud would splatter on the back of her legs and water dripped from her checkered skirt but she would just keep on running. I would sprint until my lungs burned with fire but it was never fast enough and her footsteps would always fade as I'd finally slow to a walk, gulping in the cool air that hovered above the water's edge.

The woods felt empty when she was not there and I can remember the feeling of loss that would creep into my stomach, telling me that I'd failed to keep up with something beautiful. The trees would shift as I walked by, their branches looking frail as I made my way home alone.

Even though she left long ago, I still think about her sometimes when the florescent lights are humming and the walls seem too white, and I wonder where she would have taken me if I had only run faster.

## So Fine

-Sabrina Anico

Eyes closed, lips parted.  
Dream to end  
what never started.  
All he does is tease,  
When I could please  
Like cool summer breeze kisses  
On a sweat slick body.

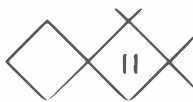
In those tearing green eyes,  
It shows  
He knows.  
He knows  
my sighs,  
late night cries,  
sliding fingers that go wet  
between my thighs.  
He's just much too fly.

Some night we'll groove,  
In a soft-flowing smooth  
Love Touch,  
where too much  
Think could defeat the heat  
and clean pristine  
the triple-x scene  
playing deep enough inside.  
But my thoughts are mine-  
And why should I lie  
if my body whines  
"He's so fine,  
He's so fine"

So what can I do,  
But giggle at his grade school-  
so cool-  
Little boy toys and taunts?

Maybe I'll just flaunt  
my legs, my breasts, all the rest.  
Slip him slides to fantasize,  
During midnight tries.  
A sweet tasting,  
staining  
lullaby between he and I.

Instead,  
I'll sit pretty and pine.  
Re-cross my legs, adjust my dress,  
slowly bide my time.  
And gently bite back each sigh  
When my body whines,  
"He's so fine,  
He's so fine."





## *First Impression*

*-Zofia Nowicki*

Oil on Canvas  
30" x 24"





## *Growth*

*-Lara Hadrys*

Alabaster

7.25" x 12.5" x 6"



## Broken Glass

~Seth Brown

When,  
we were as beautiful as each other,  
then.

AFTER the broken glass  
shimmered under your feet,  
amber eyes lay staring fast-  
slashes of city sky,  
and you beneath.

Those eyes:  
Ocean sad,  
lit by streets.

New York sends  
hollowed ribs of light  
from an enfolding maw  
like a bonecast night  
over the men of straw  
and the surly throng's delight

*But you must remember the dew  
in wonder's dawn  
when longing was new?*

When,  
we were as beautiful as each other,  
then.

You know how I see your cradle-shaped eyes . . .  
colored vermouth, demure, smooth and pure?

NOW, primally sincere,  
Your face is moonlight smooth  
with blue-tinted tears.  
So I seek your truth,

and hear the clothes  
amidst the covers  
speak of losing lovers.

When,  
we were as beautiful as each other,  
then.

BEFORE the wanton nightmare  
where you cut his flesh,  
then run from your brother  
strangely longing for death.

And I am lost in mindless twirls of your hair . . .  
amber . . . saffron . . . auburn . . . fair.

The bittersweet vodka breathes  
the hidden stories  
that deep within you seethe.

And you so young, awkward, worried  
and yet old, graceful, hurried.  
The marble-soft voice is lurid.

Your once aborted belly-blurred-  
time always marching.  
I am longing to be heard.

*Jill, remember the green place,  
that brief confluence of brow  
in the dream face?*

When,  
we were as beautiful as each other,  
then.

Published, writer,

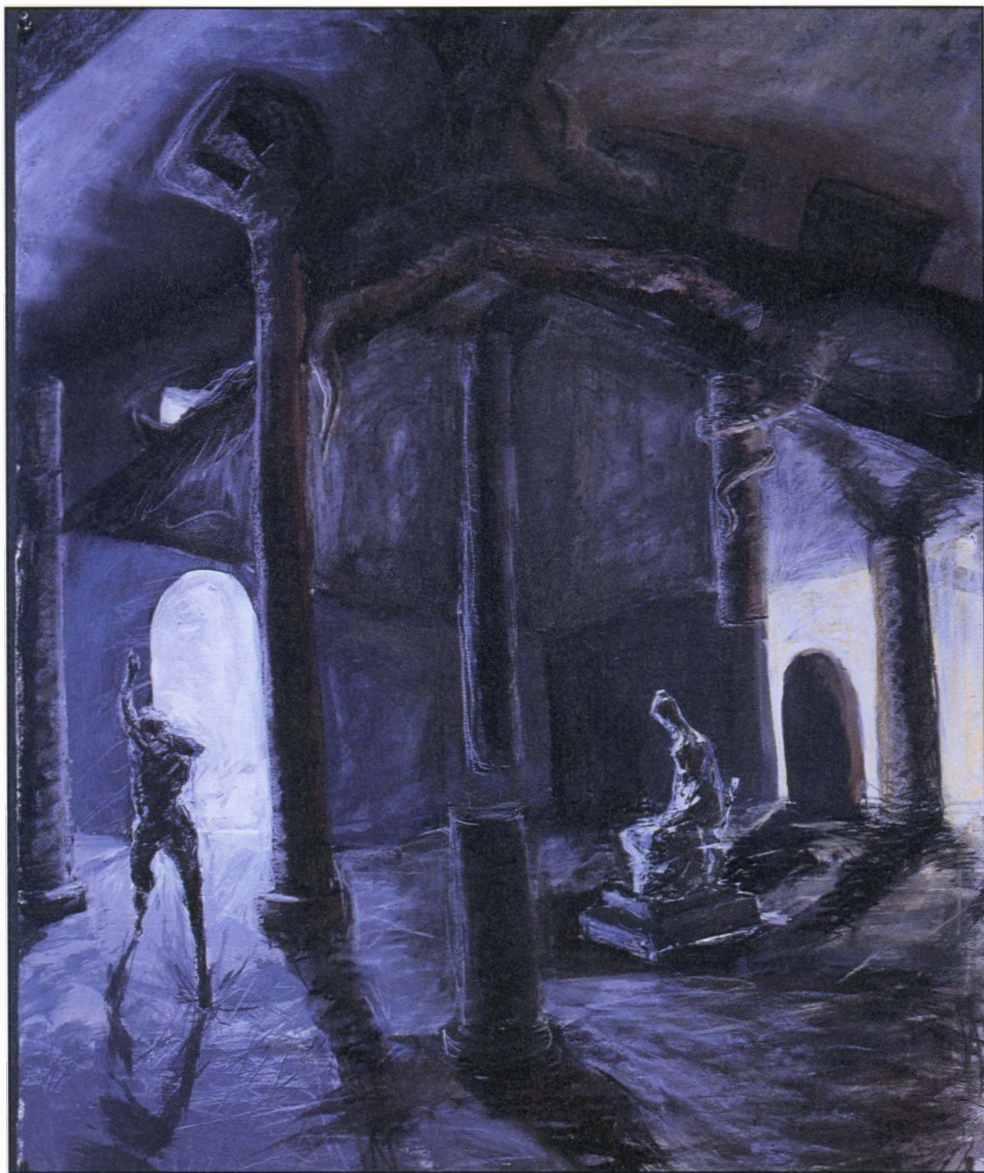
in black New York dream clothes-  
the silk lines pull your dress tighter.  
*Jill, remember the forgotten roads?*

Your heart no longer trembles and shimmers  
in the misty sun grove  
where the green Aspen coins glimmer.  
That little girl heart's been stove.

When,  
we were as beautiful as each other,  
then.

As I fall asleep . . .  
The geometries of your words endure:  
like many-sided circles of night  
that hang and lure  
a cupola of stars above my flight.

And on the plane  
the following night . . .  
as the sky passed  
inexorably vast . . .  
Still I thought of you . . .  
Of your marmoreal sight,  
blue-tinted in the night dark.  
And wondered how you could think  
of taking your own life.



## *Mourning*

*- Stephanie Tolander*

Charcoal  
36" x 24"

## **Acquiesce**

*-Alexis Bohrnstedt*

The smoke-filled barroom is my  
soul.

Still I see him lucidly;  
a master of chords and  
words.

Every breath touches  
every inch of my fluttering  
body.

And every note reverberates through my  
veins,

always a distant wave  
helping me to escape mundanity.  
(and still he plays...)

So pure, so beautiful is  
he.

Erotic eyes for a moment lock with  
mine

and I fumble for expressions  
though they spill easily from his  
lips.

I imbibe them all.  
(this love is going to kill me...)

This love is going to kill me  
delicately, without distress  
except to my molested  
heart.

(and still he plays...)

With every elation that encounters his  
face

I am weak.

He is blind to how gracefully

I am falling,  
melting

like in a dream.

I am bemused with this  
nakedness

and the echoings inside of only  
him.

(And still he plays

this love is going to kill me...)

This love is going to kill me one of these days.





*Banana Blossom*

*-Zofia Nowicki*

Photograph  
4" x 6"



## *Grand Canal*

*- Zofia Nowicki*

Oil on Canvas  
36" x 24"

## *Melody*

*-Kim Vang*

Yeah, well, I wear my hair long and I kinda' like men I like the way they pick up the tab the way they grab at your ass. I love skirts that skim and fairytale slippers jewelry too and geez, I'm not afraid of the glamour & glitter & I don't feel guilty about red lipstick. I'm not blonde but even if I were those dumb blonde jokes just wouldn't couldn't faze me I like the scent of roses I dab it behind my ears and I'd appreciate a dozen red ones delivered especially for me I take care to take care of myself but don't mind if you fancy pampering a girl like me (all things fine are fine to me) and hey, I revel in my period giggle as it oozes thru me love the way the moon steers me like the tide I feel the glee of myself surging through me I play cute I play coy I play whatever silly you needs to see b/c I'm strong I'm weak I stand tall I weep but only ever wear happy string bikinis like the way they cling to a wet body I can't lie I know the way they tease, you see, I give I take I use & am used and it's all part & parcel of me All this Me now can't you love how we seep femininity?

## Invoked by Delta

~ Kelly Clement

I sit here passively  
on this struggling plane  
as it thrusts   thrusts   thrusts  
into the air  
followed quickly by the intrusive scent  
of scorched fear

I crave this question  
*do you smell something?*

But I'm afraid to appear  
irrational and paranoid  
so I hush my childishness  
and think quickly:

Should I reach for that Airfone  
call and say a trembling goodbye.  
Should I offer conversation  
to this stranger in 5D  
so that we don't die   alone.  
or should I take comfort  
in the appropriateness of my last words  
being spoken to my mother.

Should I reach for those often ignored safety instructions?  
(I'm so typically drunk in my sense of invincibility.)  
should I write?  
So when they find me,  
they will find next to me  
my shaken words of fear  
will my writing survive me?

I try to hold these thoughts --  
as many as possible  
so that I don't have to choose  
I don't want to have to decide  
which thought should be on my lips  
when they part to take their very last breath.





*Owl*

*-Lara Hadrys*

Woodcut  
4" x 5"





## Genesis

*-Katherine Hughes*

Oil on Paper  
32" x 22"

## Sunday Night

-Samantha Hoekstra

A Confucius kiss lingers on my cheek  
Buddha's laugh hovers like the smoke  
as the solemn figures of Mohammed and Christ  
quietly converse in the corner,  
"No, I believe it's *my* turn to select a song on the jukebox."  
*Sympathy for the devil* plays lazily

Disentangling myself from Taoism  
"It's truly fascinating Lau Tzu, but the pope is waiting for  
his pretzels..."  
I stride past mother Theresa and Ghandi dancing wildly on  
the tables.  
I set my tray down and hand the catholic man-of-the-hour  
his food  
"I still say I liked it better the old way."  
Nodding sympathetically at his non-coherent mumbles  
I move towards the bar

Leaning on the ivory counter I sigh wearily  
to the serving Angel (Michael? Peter? Who can tell at this  
hour...)  
"Makes you wonder if there is a god..."

Silence lingers shockingly  
As all the lost faiths  
the wandering religions  
the misguided messiahs  
the deluded prophets  
the forgotten saints  
and ill-conceived notions turn to me and ask,  
"Would we be here in the middle of nowhere  
if there was?"

"Probably!" The drunken Buddha shouts  
Laughter echoes and the music resumes.

Shaking my head I bring a drink to the grinning Satan.

"Lu, is this your doing?"  
Grinning wider, "Now baby, you know there never was a  
need for me in the first place.  
I was just a scapegoat."  
Slapping his flaming thighs he laughs maniacally,  
inquiring if I got his joke and practically shooting his  
Shirley Temple out of his nose  
Yeah, I get it  
It's all just a question of when the hang-over's due  
and what dog we'll get the hair from this time...





## Perpetual Greed

~ Rob Beck

Lithograph  
26" x 20"



## *The Magic Mountain*

*-Alexander Boguslawski*

Oil on Canvas  
48" x 36"





detail of *The Magic Mountain*  
-Alexander Boguslawski

Oil on Canvas  
48" x 36"



## Bedding

*-Nathaniel Eberle*

I've found sweetness on the sleep sofa  
I'm thirty feet from her room we shared  
I've counted the steps—one, two, three and  
I don't know how she  
Sleeps on a bed of nails

In the silence of the night  
When once our lust screams pierced  
Our room, our house, our hearts  
I listen at her door.      Nothing  
No whisper of "I miss you"  
The floor creaks, I retreat

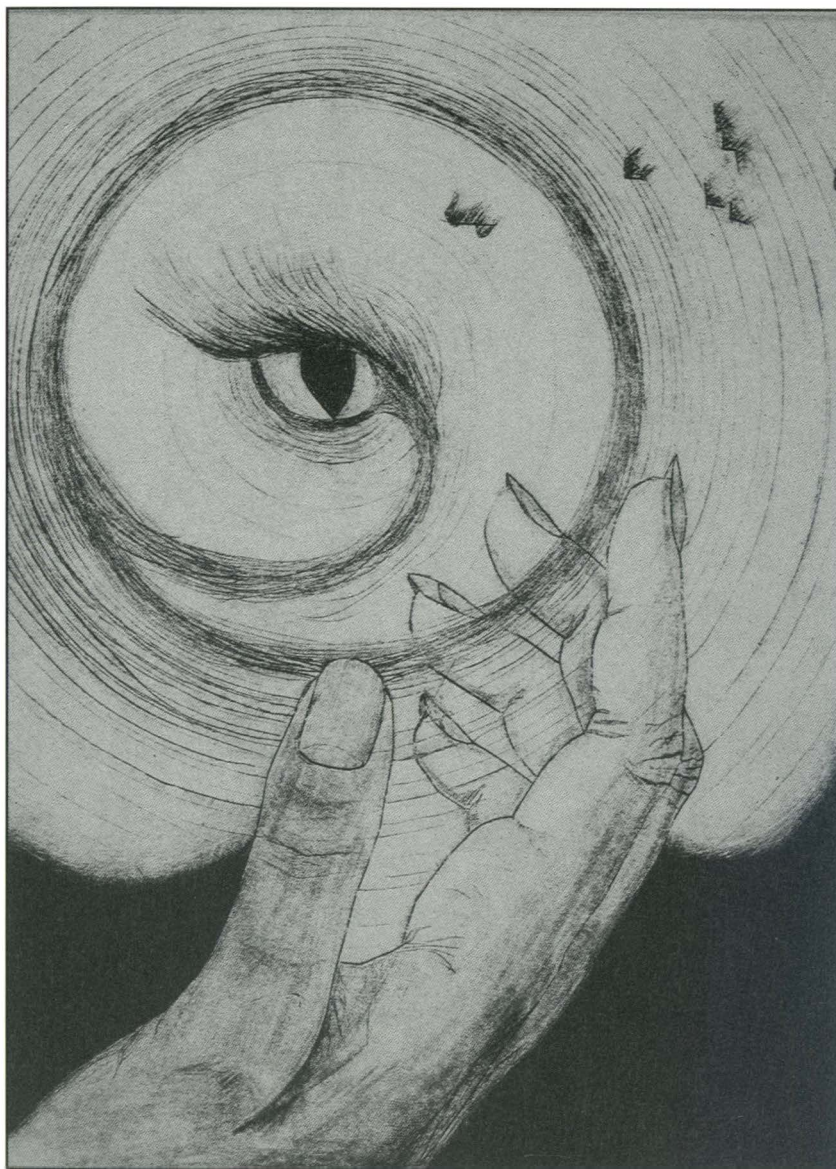
I don't so much mind the solitaire  
I'm tired of waiting this out  
This couch conforms to my body and  
I don't know how she  
Sleeps on a bed of nails

In the silence of the night  
When once our sweet dreams calmed  
Our minds, our souls, our hearts  
I softly open her door.      Sleeping  
No whisper of "I love you"  
The bed squeaks, I retreat

I've found sadness on the sleep sofa  
I'm thirty feet from her room we shared  
I count the steps—one, two, three and  
I don't know how she  
Sleeps on a bed of nails

In the silence of the night  
When once the moonbeams lit  
Our love, our life, our hearts  
I softly open her door.      Staring  
No whisper of "I know you"  
My heart breaks, I retreat

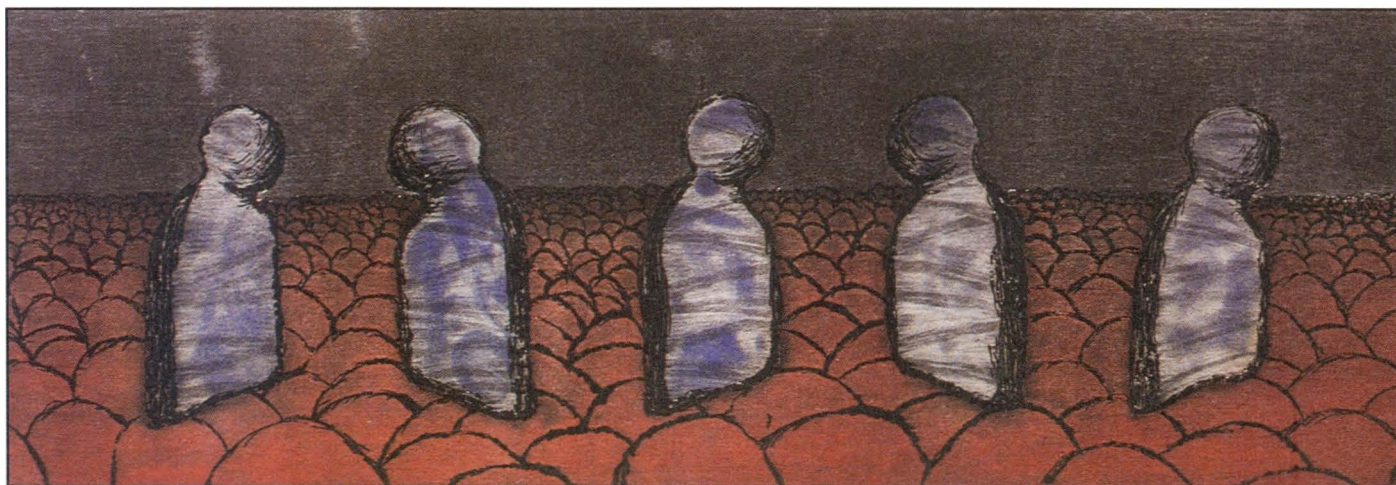
To a bed of nails, while she slides  
softly into sleep



## *Aura*

*-Lara Hadrys*

Intaglio  
7" x 5"



## Stareware

*- Leo Spooner*

Intaglio  
4" x 13"





*Untitled*

*- Yuko Noda*

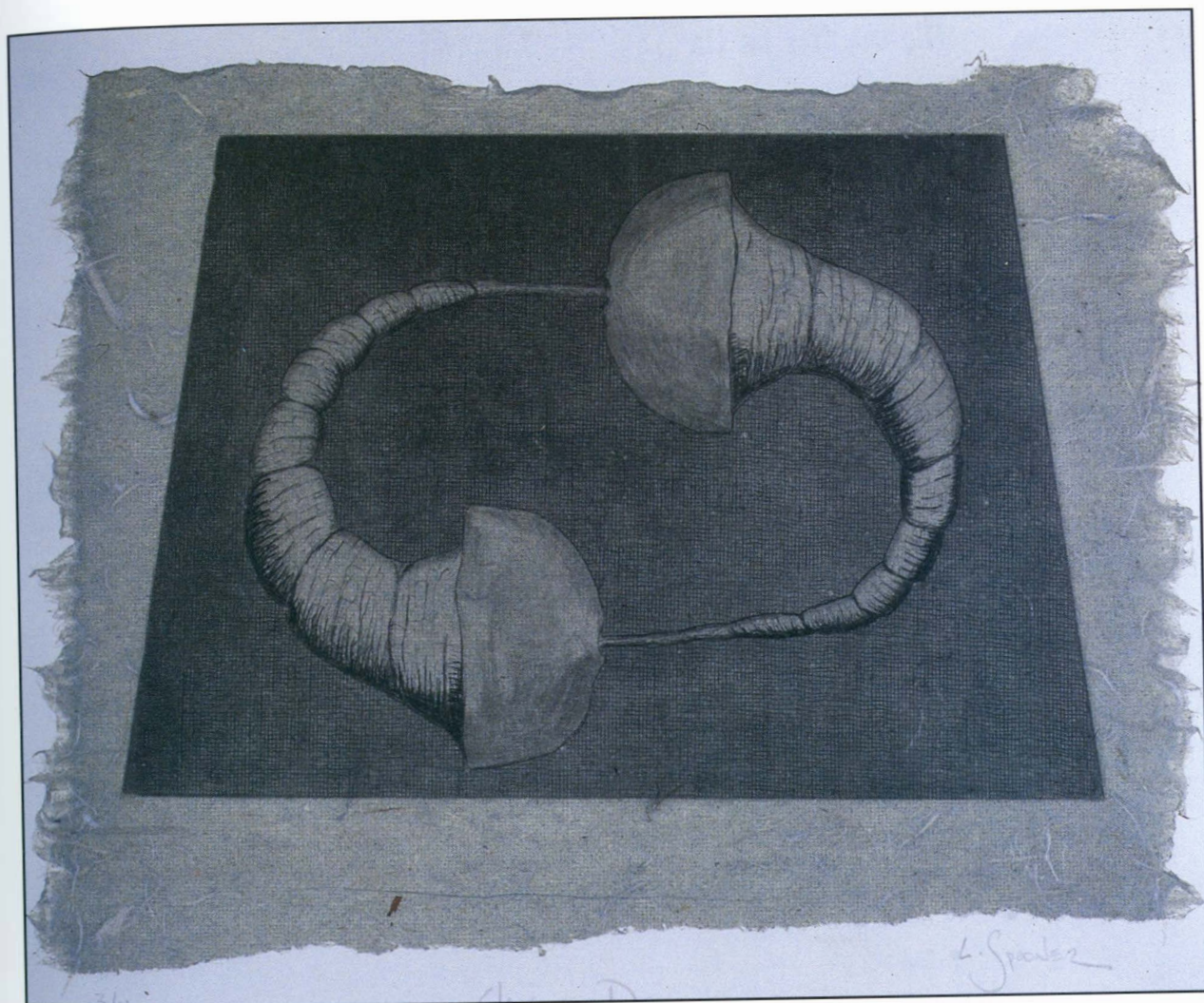
Oil on Paper  
21" x 28.5"

## ***Rotation***

*-Kiesha Flanigan*

Millions of intricate lights flicker on and off  
In the moonlit atmosphere. Constellations  
Derived from mythological stories illuminate  
With brilliance. The lazy sun has retired...  
It wants for the moon to collect all of its  
Belongings and depart. The sky, a delicate  
Stillness untouched by human hands, remains  
Filled with wishes waiting to be granted.  
Strands of connecting jewels glisten upon the  
Dark universe. With each passing minute,  
The oblique, satin moonlight helplessly falls  
Out of unconsciousness beginning to see dawn.  
Tiny whispers emerge from the clouds hoping to  
Make twilight disappear. Sunlight pokes  
Through thick, white vapor chasing away all  
Darkness with limited energy. All of  
Nature's night watchmen finally vanish without  
A single trace of their existence. The stars  
Sleep deep in the light of the sky burning  
With desire to awaken





## *Gladius Dei*

*- Leo Spooner*

Intaglio with Chine Collé  
9.5" x 12"

## *We are Not an Us*

*-Kim Vang*

Me

Today I noticed my nails were painted Cabernet  
Maybe I thought you'd pause for a moment  
if my right hand happened to flutter in flustering  
to find refuge on the fuzz on the back of my neck  
as I half-smile,  
reassuring you that I feel fine, calm, at ease, really Jack.  
Maybe I hoped the red would catch your eyes  
and lure them to linger on my neck.

You

Today, this afternoon  
I noticed you smelled, don't worry,  
today you smelled like a man  
Like a man I didn't think you were.  
I thought you were a Lever 2000/ Tide kind of guy  
But today, this afternoon  
you smelled of cologne.  
Maybe you thought I'd pause for a moment,  
waiting to catch my breath  
from the oh-so-dizzying sexiness of  
your man-scent.  
Maybe you didn't know I'm a soap/ detergent kind of guy kind of girl.

But that's ok  
because I did find myself pausing  
almost dizzy  
not only a natural kind of guy kind of girl.  
Finding this because,  
with the terms you say we have to be on,  
nothing, nothing could be wrong  
could go wrong  
with not-us.

## Michael

-Kim Vang

My sweetest, dearest little brother,  
today you sauntered out of your room,  
beaming,  
and held out your arms and hugged me  
for no apparent reason, and  
I asked you, "What? Did you just talk to a girl or something?"  
You said no,  
that you're just happy;  
This  
only a few days after you  
punched the fake wood of  
our fake door  
to our mothball lined closet,  
This  
after I hit you for the first time  
in what must be ten years,  
and  
This  
when I'm feeling pretty low,  
so desperate I bought a bottle of St. John's Wort tonight,  
hoping this miracle herb will miracle me,  
save me years and dollars of therapy,  
so damn nonhappy  
like our dog at night, throwing herself at the door, barking,  
And now I hear you through my plastic bedroom door,  
through your door,  
and above our dog's nocturnal misery,  
playing what sounds like a video game,  
and I picture you at 7, 8, 9 years old  
lying on the living room carpet doing the same, and  
I can't help but love how  
you can still be so  
purely  
my baby brother at  
16.

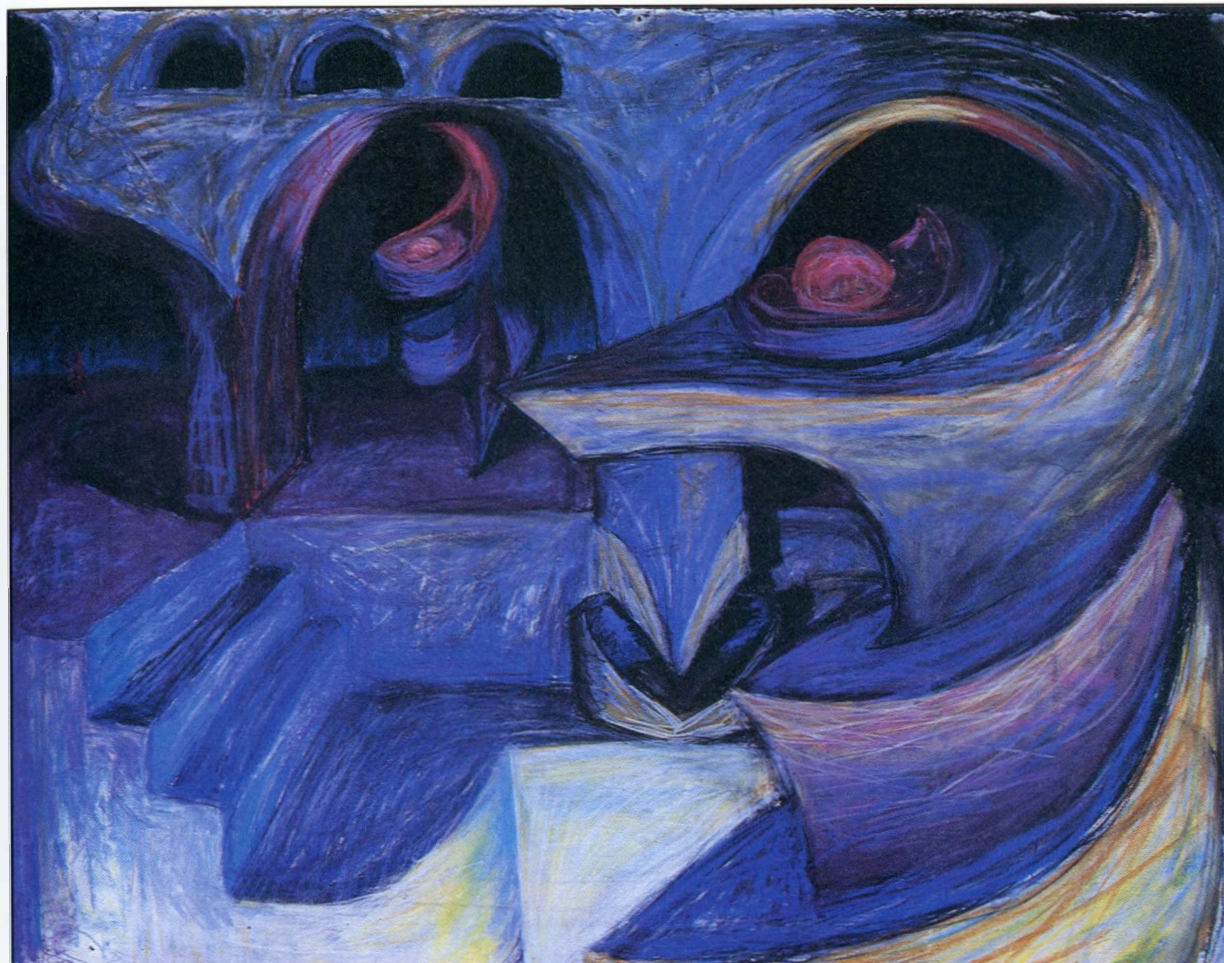




*Aspirations*

*- Stephanie Tolander*

Photograph  
13.5" x 10.5"



*Untitled*

*~ Stephanie Tolander*

Pastel

36" x 72"



## Truth Came Stalking

*-Samantha Hoekstra*

One day the truth came to me clothed in its shroud of lies  
I impudently threw the rags aside  
only to gasp at the naked truth  
Its pure light freezing me  
Its cold fact burning me

I screamed and threw the shroud of lies onto my body  
Its blackness calming me  
Its falseness killing me

One day I came to you clothed in my shroud of lies  
You impudently asked what was hidden beneath  
And screamed at my nakedness...  
Taking my shroud you ran away

## Single Book Lover's Club

*-Kathy Bailey*

She goes to bed with things --  
a snack, a kitten, papers from work,  
and always a book --  
comforting totems  
that pronounce her occupied  
during the stripped-down time  
between life and sleep.  
The decorative shams are  
ritually arranged  
on the other side of her bed,  
assuming his role,  
lumps she can count on  
to be there, familiarly silent  
and preoccupied with themselves.

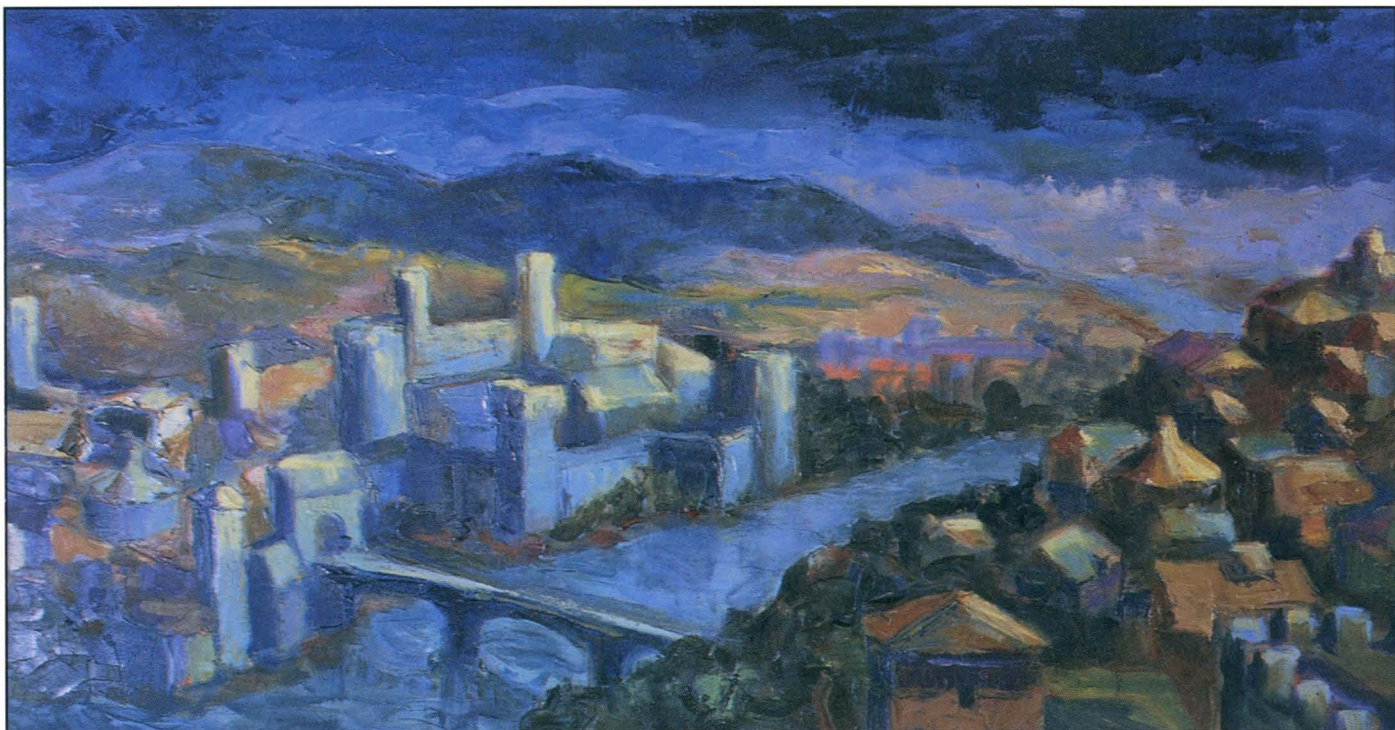
She reads,

the printed words  
her guard dogs

keeping thoughts  
at bay  
until

she sleeps  
and her hands  
relax  
as if in death,

releasing  
the book  
in a silent  
open palmed  
benediction  
for the dead



**Sienna Dream**

*-Zofia Nowicki*

Oil on Canvas  
18" x 36"

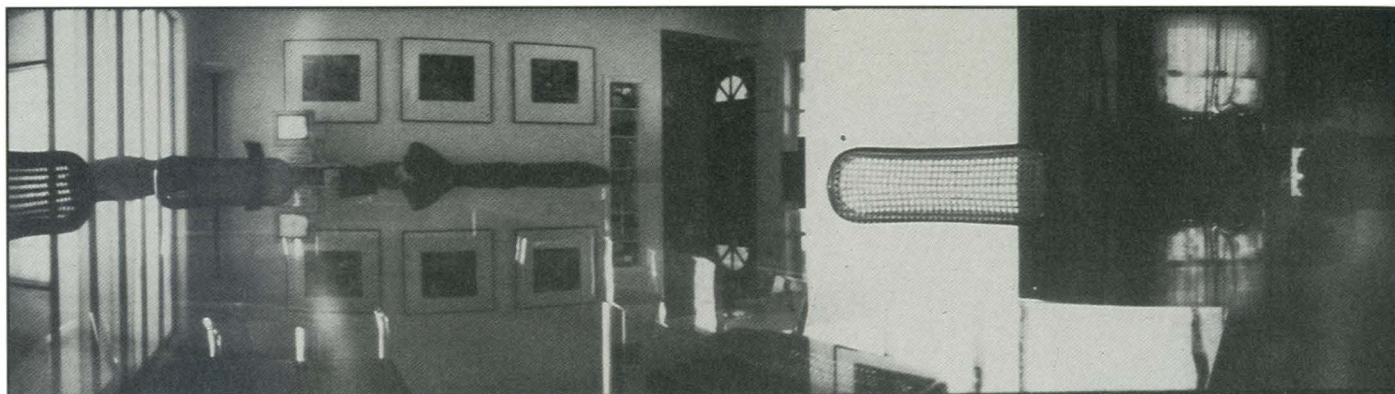


**Untitled**

*-Jennifer Jamrog*

Photograph  
4.4" x 9"

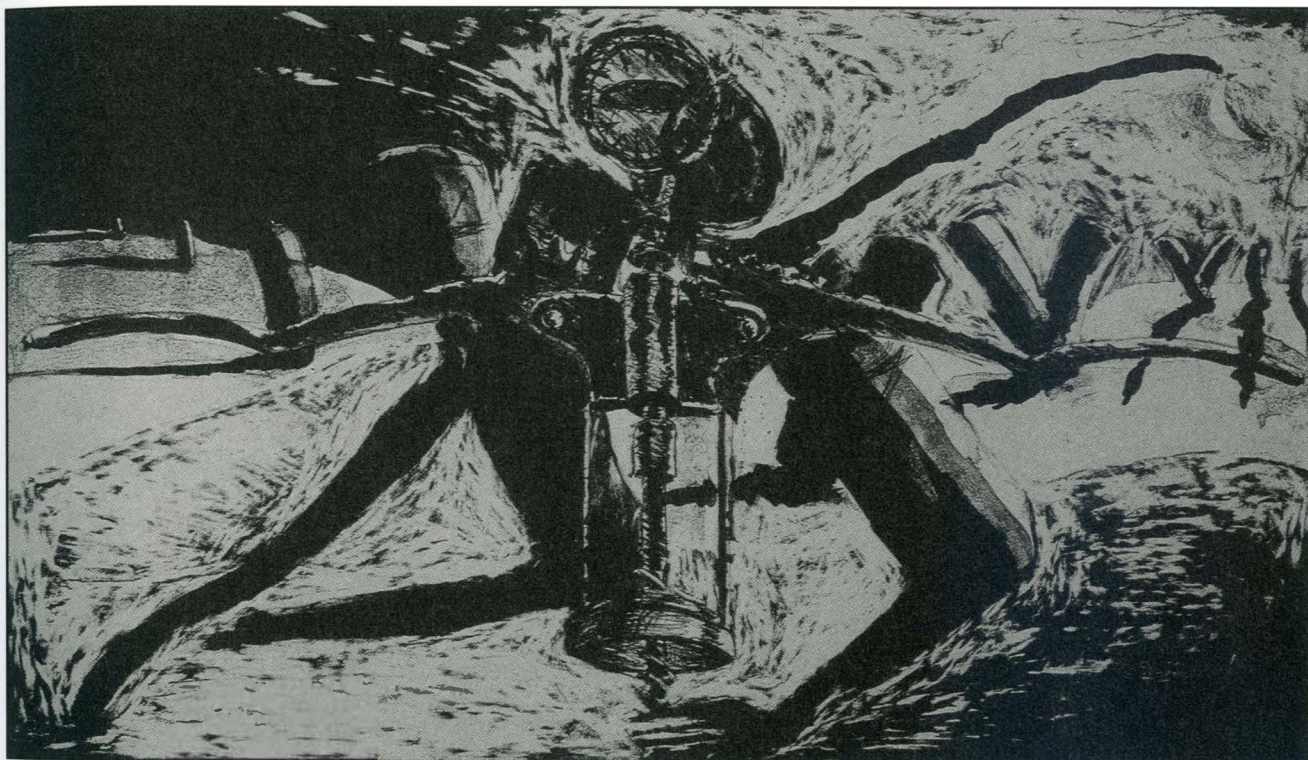




## *Room With Two Faces*

*- Mary Dunn*

Pinhole Photograph  
2.25" x 8.5"



## ***The Vampire***

*-Stephanie Tolander*

Lithograph  
9" x 16"

lyrics



Sometimes I feel like I'm spinning my wheels with our come here just stay away

organ



bass



guitar



trumpet



trumpet

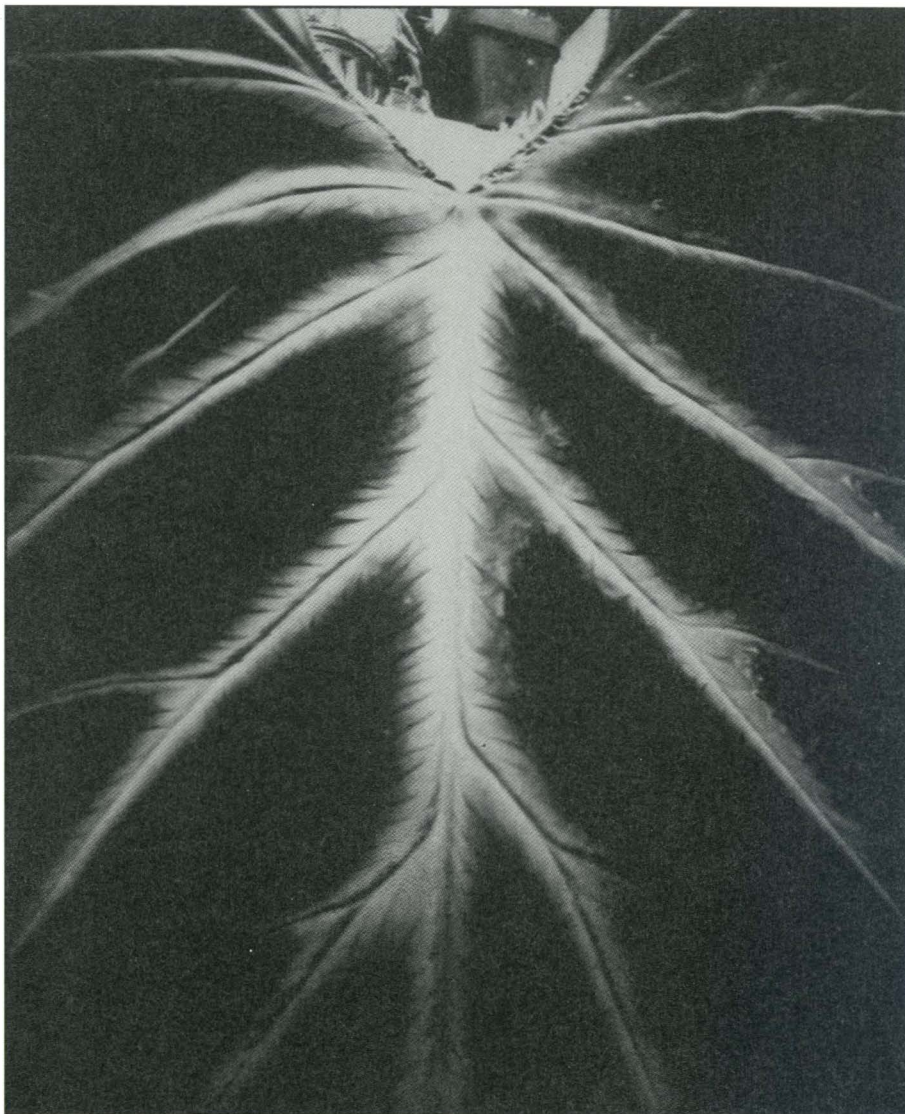


trombone



An excerpt from **Come Here, Just Stay Away**  
~ Keith Sweeney





## *Veins*

*- Rob Beck*

Photograph  
9" x 7.5"



## *Numb and Alive*

*-Jennifer Barczak*

So you say you're not alive  
Well, that's not what I think  
I think you choose not to live.  
You lock yourself up  
In your Tallahassee prison  
Playing your guitar  
Waiting for life to take you far  
You keep your distance  
From the one that loves you  
You keep your distance  
From the one who'd never hurt you  
You keep your distance...  
From me.

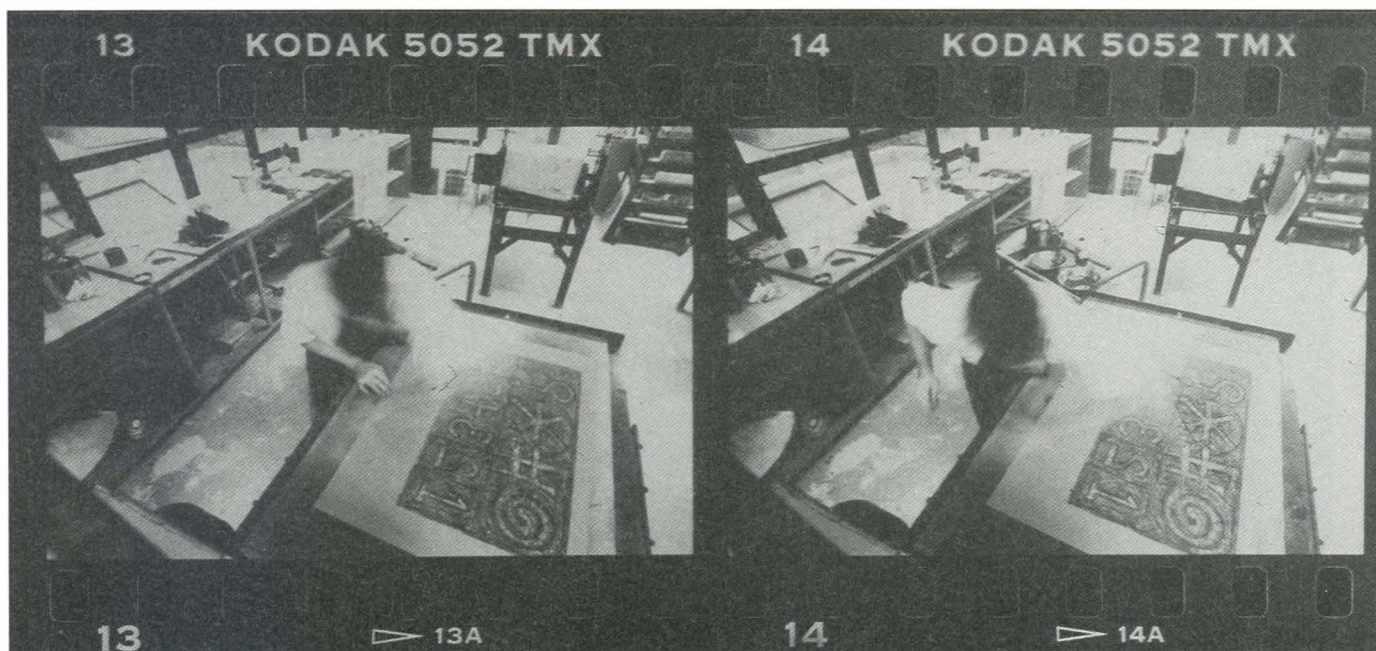
So you say you're numb to it all  
Well, that's not what I think  
I think you're just afraid to fall  
From your voluntary, solitary throne  
Made of broken guitar strings  
And old issues of Rolling Stone  
You keep your distance  
From the one that loves you  
You keep your distance  
From the one who'd never hurt you  
You keep your distance...  
From me.



**Untitled**

*-Jennifer Jamrog*

Photograph  
5.75" x 8.5"



## Press Bed

*-Rob Beck*

Photograph  
8" x 16"

## Untitled

- Mark Simos

they gather round sucking Budweiser from ceremonial beg  
another drink from their gracious boast  
about the play they made in the last football name  
of the girl forgotten, though he tried his breasts  
filling his drunk little kind  
sweet girl a shame she won't get stayed  
too long, have to go, got something else to blew

## Untitled

- Mark Simos

bent woman  
aged woman  
walks along broken sidewalk  
rustling up ashes and dust  
gripping a cane in one hand  
a black dove cradled in the other





*Unearthed*

*~Lara Hadrys*

Oil on Paper  
38" x 32"



## Patience

*-Lara Hadrys*

Intaglio  
7" x 5"

## Sidelines

-Sabrina Anico

Dropped Docks  
Daddy's shirt,  
Black Nike cap  
Turned all backward.  
Looking fly phat  
But I won't get hurt.

Got a body that won't stop  
Nicest ass on the block  
Give a shout out to that  
Rough nigga' who won't stop  
Beepin' a Pretty Girl,  
Like me.

Got long black hair  
Lips outlined dark  
Drink 40's, smoke beedies  
At night in the park  
With boys who deal,  
And got my back.  
Don't worry, Daddy  
I ain't goin' out like that.  
That scene's too whack,  
For a Pretty Girl,  
Like me.

Saw a brother get sliced  
Another got glocked  
But I'm sitting on sidelines,  
Pants all dropped.  
Smoke that test,  
Ace the rest  
Only Honor Girl best  
For a Pretty Girl  
Like Me.

Bitch looks at me hard  
I'll take her shit out.  
In your face, hard-laced,  
Living life at a faster pace.  
I just want to taste  
The hard hips of a B-boy,  
Who's just a toy,  
To a Pretty Girl,  
Like me.

Cops at my door  
Pops all pissed  
'Fraid of the bullet  
That just barely missed me  
But hit,  
A brother instead.  
Popped in the head.  
Flesh in my hair  
Blood on my shirt.  
Don't worry, Daddy,  
I ain't too hurt.  
Just lost all that's worth  
To a pretty girl  
Like me.



**eight a.m.**

*-Melodie Malfa*

I wake up to coffee and the light still on,  
to forgotten sleep,

and

you beneath my chin  
and inside my elbows  
and between my legs.  
you here, curled up inside of me.

one long hour (sixty minutes/too many seconds)  
till you are in my eyes and on my lips again.

but dear I reject the notion of time:  
void of nature,  
ticking from man-made.

so dear you are just  
a bit more of the sun away  
a bit less of the dark away and

I will see you before  
they cut down the trees  
or dam the rivers  
or open the sky,  
I will see you before  
the rainforests go  
the old trees fall  
the oceans drown,

I will see you before  
long/far/spring ends





## San Gimignano

- Zofia Nowicki

Oil on Canvas  
20" x 16"

## Two Views from a Window

*-Jorge Melendez*

Veo que amanece en tu hogar.  
De tus almohadas despegas tus labios  
Levantas tu cabeza y abres los ojos al sol; a un nuevo día.  
Mientras tanto yo despido otro día más  
Miro a las estrellas y a la luna llena

(Por mi ventana las veo, aunque no te veo a tí)

Recuesto mi cuerpo sobre mi cama  
Descanso mi cabeza en las almohadas  
Cierro mis ojos para sonar aún.  
Y tú sigues en el día, viviendo,  
Mientras yo duermo, en el olvido  
Sin compartir contigo la vida que sigue,  
La mía que termina en la noche,  
En tu día.  
Detente en tu camino por un segundo,  
Y piensa en mí.  
Ven, llega a mis sueños solo un instante,  
Y así podremos compartir  
Un día a la misma vez una noche.

I see the dawn rises on your brow.  
From your pillows you unglue your lips,  
Lift your head, open your eyes to the sun; to the day.  
Meanwhile, I wave farewell to my fine day,  
I look at the stars and a full moon,  
(From my window I see them, though I do not see you).

I lay my body gently on my bed,  
I rest my head upon the pillows  
Close my eyes to dream...still.  
And you go ahead in day, living  
While I sleep, all in forgetfulness  
Without sharing the life that follows  
My own which dies in the night, in your day.  
Stop your path one moment; yet think of me.  
Come, materialize in dreams for an instant,  
And then we shall share  
One day, all the same one night.

# Pacific

~Kathy Bailey

I felt like the last left alive—  
high somewhere in an endless sky  
over an endless sea, so lonely.  
Around me others were silent in the dark,  
lost in slumber without regret, but I

huddled against a gray cold window  
unable to see the end of the sky or water,  
thinking of my child  
with a terrible unconfined longing  
so strong and boundless it threatened to  
pull me apart. I wished beyond my might  
that I had been able to give her  
a world as beautiful as herself—

a home in a country cottage,  
with a secret hiding place in a wooded glen,  
a silvery lake to swim in and skate on,  
blue skies, bright clouds, soft rain,  
a warm spicy kitchen, walls of books,  
and stories told before a welcoming fire  
by beloved people who would never leave...

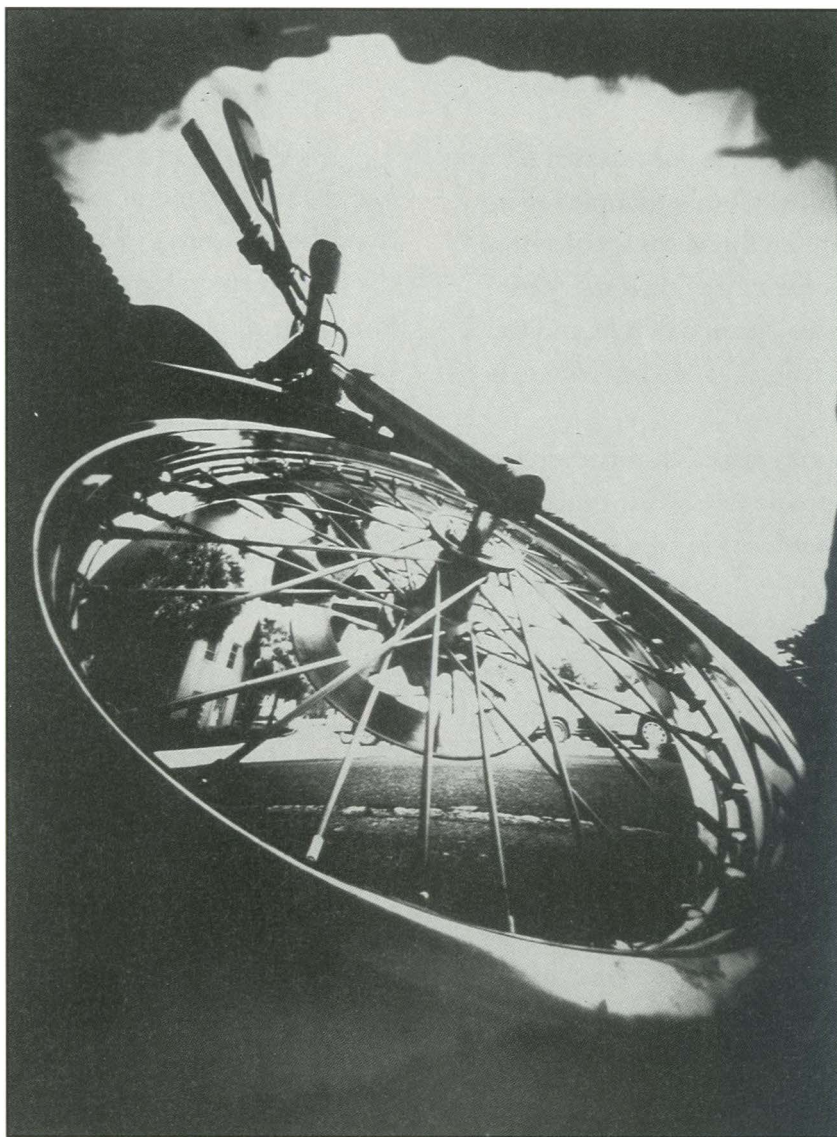
But nothing, anywhere, was beautiful as she;  
I tasted the ocean I could not see.  
All around me still shapes sat  
cocooned in dreams without regret.  
My despair spread out to the ends of the sky  
and melted in infinite space; I spun away with it,  
molecules speeding apart, and became mostly

emptiness.

In the space of the nascent silence  
I grew calm enough to know:

when she looks into my eyes,  
she can see her self.  
All questions and fears come back to that,  
calm and infinite.

I sank sighing down to the depths  
with the other sleeping souls,  
wrapping myself in the comfort of entropy,  
setting myself adrift on its tide  
to dream of all the children ever.  
Calm and infinite.



## Spokes

*-Perrin Berkey*

Photograph  
7.5" x 9.5"



## A Tranquil Descent

-Kelly Clement

The dark cellar steps were not reserved for my childhood vigil, though I religiously occupied them while visiting grandpa in the the summers. I was so easily delighted by stairs because of their rarity in Florida. I figured that this pleasure of hills and stairs was native to Pennsylvania just as Mickey Mouse lived in Florida.

The cold, stone gray slats that descended into the cellar were the culmination of two antithetic worlds. My small nose squinted in confusion over which scent to inhale deeper: the smell of coconut marzipans would crawl from the kitchen through the space that the ajar cellar door allowed; and creeping from where grandpa rolled his own cigarettes traveled the boldness of sweet, fresh tobacco.

The girls upstairs would toss gossip playfully until it erupted into slightly devilish laughter. My cousins and aunts would giggle childishly while grandma would sit with a wise smile and a slow nod. I preferred the stability of grandpa's low hum as he systematically laid out the thin-white papers that would eventually kill him.

January beckoned the family to fly in from separate ends of the country to mourn grandfather's death. As surely as the new year began, grandpa's life ended. His lungs had been growing weak and his body agreed to submit. Five calendar pages later, the family reunited once again -- this time to say farewell to grandma.

All seven of my mother's brothers and sisters had the same brand of humor, which offered a respite from the mourning. We reminisced about some of the more memorable stories: the one about grandma losing her falsies in the Atlantic ocean; the chickies that the boys tossed off the balcony to see if they were old enough to fly (they weren't), and the time my uncle fell in a can of paint.

My aunt Carrie and I made pizza in the middle of the night before the morning of the funeral. She was my favorite because she seemed so young.

"I preferred the stability of grandpa's low hum as he systematically laid out the thin-white papers that would eventually kill him."

Having seven siblings to look up to, she developed her own theory on being the youngest child. She declared that her parents had finally stopped having children when they had her because she was the perfect child that they had been trying for. As the youngest child myself, I also took on her playful theory.

As we scampered about the kitchen as quietly as we could, she proved just as young and playful as I had frozen her in my memory. The next morning would be the only time in my life that I would see her cry. We traveled through Maple Hill, a small de-

pressed town 45 minutes west of Pittsburgh. We were going to the most lucrative business in town: a funeral home.

Everyone took their turn at the casket side. I went with my mother to say the final goodbye. Appropriately in the middle of the two of us, my mother placed one hand gently over my grandmother's cold, wrinkled skin, and the other in my strong, patient hand. As I looked at my grandmother, forever still, I tried to remember her the year prior, when I had last seen her. Mother and I lived far enough away to be absent from watching her health grow stale. Last time we had seen her she was well, although I couldn't seem to reassemble that picture of her.

As the cars lined up at the church, the large bells rang. Each loud, hollow sound became more habitual. I counted 12 and the bell continued to resound, ruling out the idea that the bell was keeping time. I wondered if we would be there when the bell stopped ringing.

The silence that followed sounded even louder and more hollow. It took a short while to realize it wasn't going to ring anymore, and by that time, I couldn't even reconstruct the sound in my mind.



**Dogberry**

*-Stephanie Tolander*

Photograph  
9.5"x 7.5"





## *Neil at the Wheel*

*- Chris Addison*

Oil on Canvas  
40" x 40"



## ***Thank You***

*~ Kim Vang*

My mother,  
my mother saviour,  
with her angel touch,  
brushes the sand off my crusted knee  
and smoothes away the turmoil that  
stains my days and  
wrinkles my sheer April dress.

## **The Cape**

*- Haley Ortega*

There was magic there, in New England  
The small, long-roofed houses  
And the constant breath of salty air.  
The feeling of fresh timelessness  
And high, shrill cries of gulls above us  
There was always light, in New England,  
You woke up damp and cool,  
And you showered so cleanly.  
Meanwhile, the musty smell  
Of ancient things gathered around you.  
And outside, outside the grass was green  
And you could see past the fog  
To the bay and then the sea.  
The sea is grey, in New England-  
A lovely clamshell grey that hits the sky  
And compliments it perfectly  
And it is quiet and sure, in New England.

We drive to the shore and fetch a bucket  
Of ice-cold, grey seawater  
To use when we cook our huge  
Two-pound lobsters  
That cost next to nothing, in New England.  
The salt water juice in the claws and tail  
Makes your throat sigh.  
The butter in tiny porcelain bowls  
Is the sweetest anywhere,  
And the lemon gets your eyes to sparkle.

And the rows of shops  
All smelling of promise and invitation  
Looking like grandmothers, their doors  
Open, always open to you.  
In New England the earth speaks for itself  
And pride and truth come up  
Through the cool, smooth grass into your feet.  
This place holds your heart.  
This place is moist and good.  
And there is no place on earth  
That can open your heart  
Like New England.



*Untitled*

*-Jill Speranza*

Monoprint  
11.5" x 24"

# Panic

-Lisa Silker

Your period is late but you don't panic.  
Not yet.  
Give it a few more days.  
Maybe it's stress.  
Check the calendar. Check your supplies.  
Try to figure out if your dates are right.  
Try to remember when you had the last one.  
Check the calendar again.  
Realize your dates are correct.  
Now panic.  
Go to the store to purchase the test.  
There are so many.  
How do you know which one is the most accurate.  
Pick the one that looks easy to follow.  
Pray you don't bump into anyone you know.  
Read the directions.  
Take the test.  
Wait three minutes.  
What are you supposed to do for three minutes.  
Panic.  
It hasn't been three minutes yet.  
Dare to look at the results anyway. Pray they're negative.  
You see two blue lines. What does that mean.  
Fumble through the directions again.  
Oh shit.  
Two blue lines equals positive equals you really are  
pregnant equals how in the hell are you  
going to tell him.  
Panic.  
You had discussed this.  
You had agreed that now was not the time.  
That later was better than sooner.  
In a daze. Go through the motions.  
Cook. Eat. Watch TV. Look for the right moment.  
Panic.

What are the right words. Where are the words.  
Go to bed.  
Silence.  
He leans over to kiss goodnight.  
You blurt it out, avoiding his lips.  
You think to yourself, that was smooth.  
Silence.  
You ask if he heard you.  
He did.  
Silence.  
Panic.  
He rolls over to hold you.  
He says it's OK.  
Now you're together forever he says. Truly committed,  
he says, curling his body around yours.  
Oh shit.  
You hadn't thought of it that way.  
Oh shit.  
Panic.



***park ave. apprentice***

*~Sara Feldman*

in the slanted sunlight  
of the afternoon,  
palms mingled with  
northern growth  
wallow in the breeze.

no one comes in.  
i work alone, so  
i listen  
to the wet  
muffled  
curt commands  
of shoppers,  
sweating costs  
they can't afford

my place,  
air at sixty-five  
degrees of cool  
opened at ten  
but closes soon

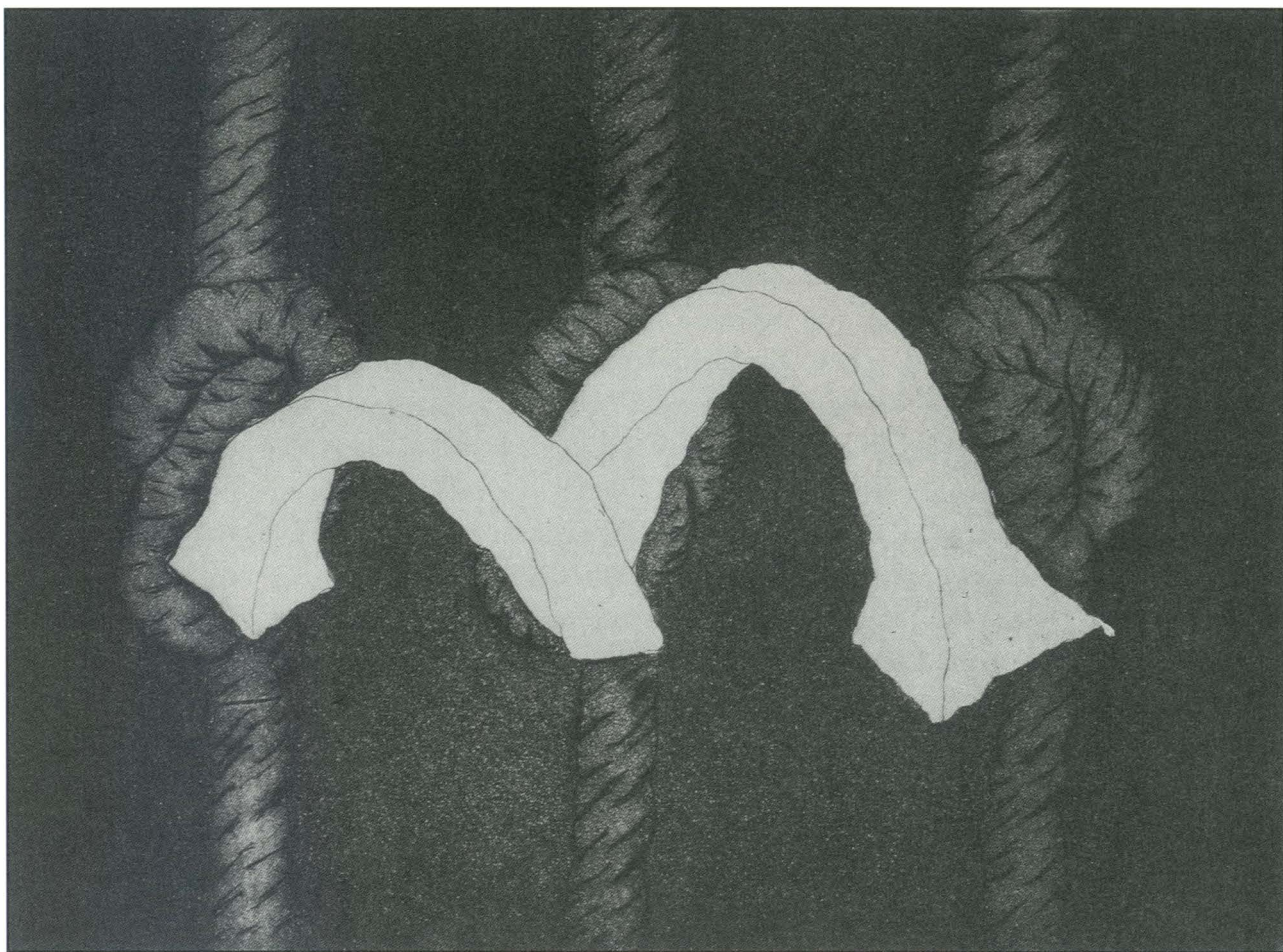
so hurry  
i think  
they'll dry in here.  
Blood-dry.

## **You're Dead, Baby**

*-Sabrina Anico*

I killed you again. Remember how you'd said you'd hate being dead? 'Boring waiting around for that five-thirty train to eternity', you whispered, smiling, sliding your hand under my breast. Well, you walked right by me like countless other times. Later you said you'd seen me, but don't take too much notice, happier playing the "I-don't-see-you-but-I'm-staring" game. I'm invisible to you it seems, although it always slips my mind. You approached that blond angelic sin instead, who cocked her hips invitingly and batted her rolling plastic eyes. I held my breath and warmed frosty thoughts with your shocked expression, knowing you'd never expect me. That's one movie I've got to return; it's so long overdue. But I'm not bitter, anymore; I killed you. Stepped out from my hiding spot and gave you the long, cold, sweet kiss of death and that second felt so good, so good; you were mine again, devout again, dead again. Fled away on adrenaline caked wings to the neighborhood pick up bar and soaked up the smoke clogged, alcohol fogged atmosphere. Sat sexy for a few then tumbled to the nearest smash party, where I could get so drugged, so high, that nothing could touch me, not even your grave-stained fingers. But you showed up, ready to rock and torture a touch more. You never heed my cautions, so I ended up stalking you all night. You were real clever, pretending to be too busy, too drunk, too smooth to care and then stealing glances of my scantily clad curves. Looked tasty, didn't I? But it doesn't really matter how good my butt looked in those black satin shorts, you save creamy sighs of satisfaction for your pink playmates and reserve gagging bitter treats for me. At least my legs distracted you long enough for me to strike. You always seem surprised right before I send you to the station, but I always try to act swift and cold, a damn snake you can feed mice to. Go ahead and squeeze up against the tank, eyes bulging from fear; I'll have you gobbled halfway down my throat before you react. Left the commotion, crying 'cause you'd ruined another good time. I could have hooked up with that sweet brown-eyed honey if you hadn't flashed your baby blues. I'm sick of you tailing me, trailing me. Stay dead, baby, and stay cold.





**Is It My Turn?**

*-Leo Spooner*

Intaglio  
5"x 7"

## **Sustained**

*in memory of Dr. Levin*

*- Kelly Clement*

He proudly shows me his hiking boots  
“an anniversary present,” he tells me

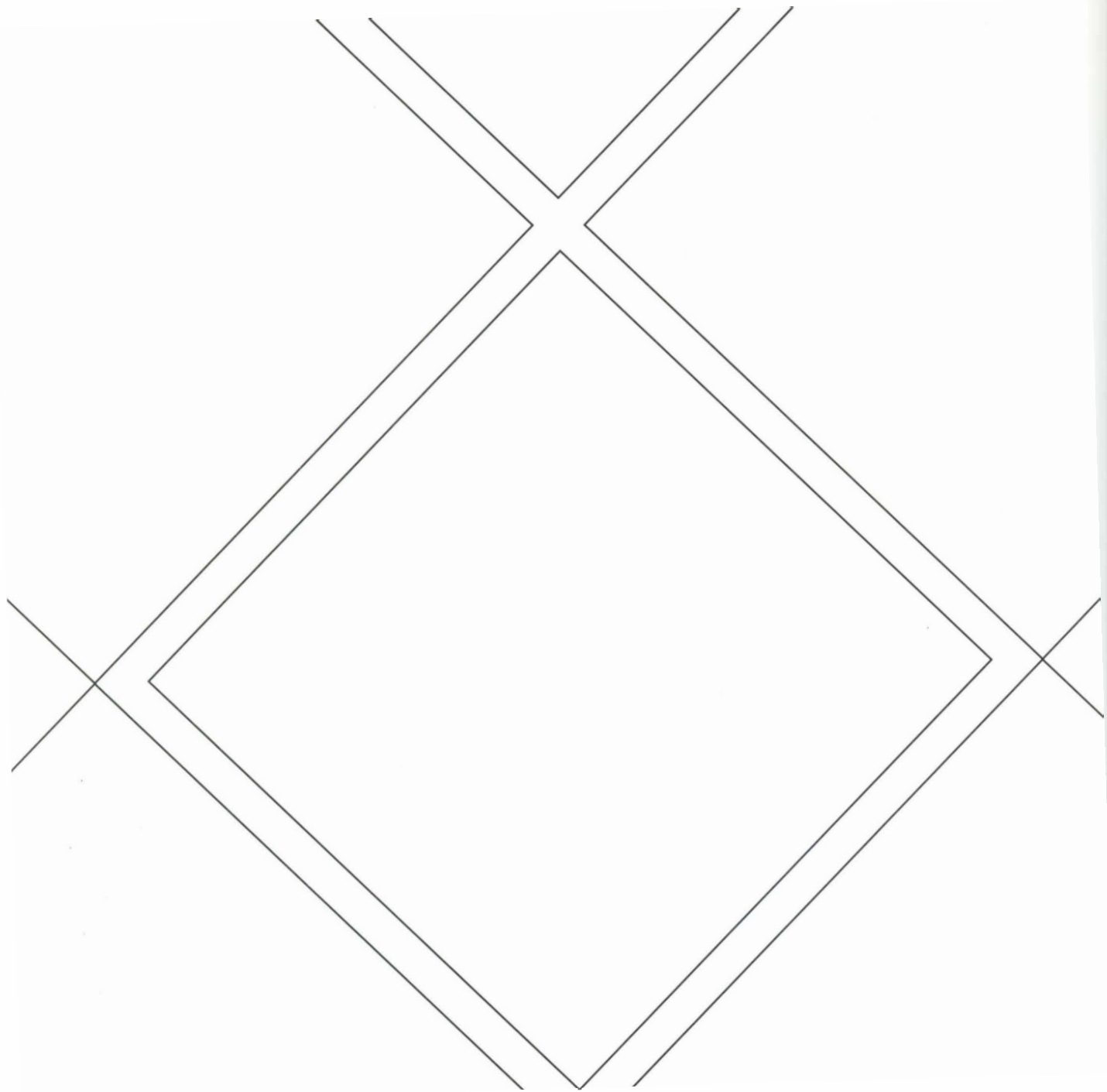
they carved 30 years together  
and are taking to the mountains in celebration  
the music -- jazz -- smooth and evening

I ask her, “why don’t the two of you dance?”  
she smiles, parently  
“because he’s wearing those big hiking boots.”  
A little embarrassed, but mostly proud of he who,

like a child  
couldn’t wait to show off his new gift.

She, still here  
he, temporarily separated from this world  
but I imagine them together still  
dancing  
climbing





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