

Spring 2004

Zephyr: The Fifth Issue

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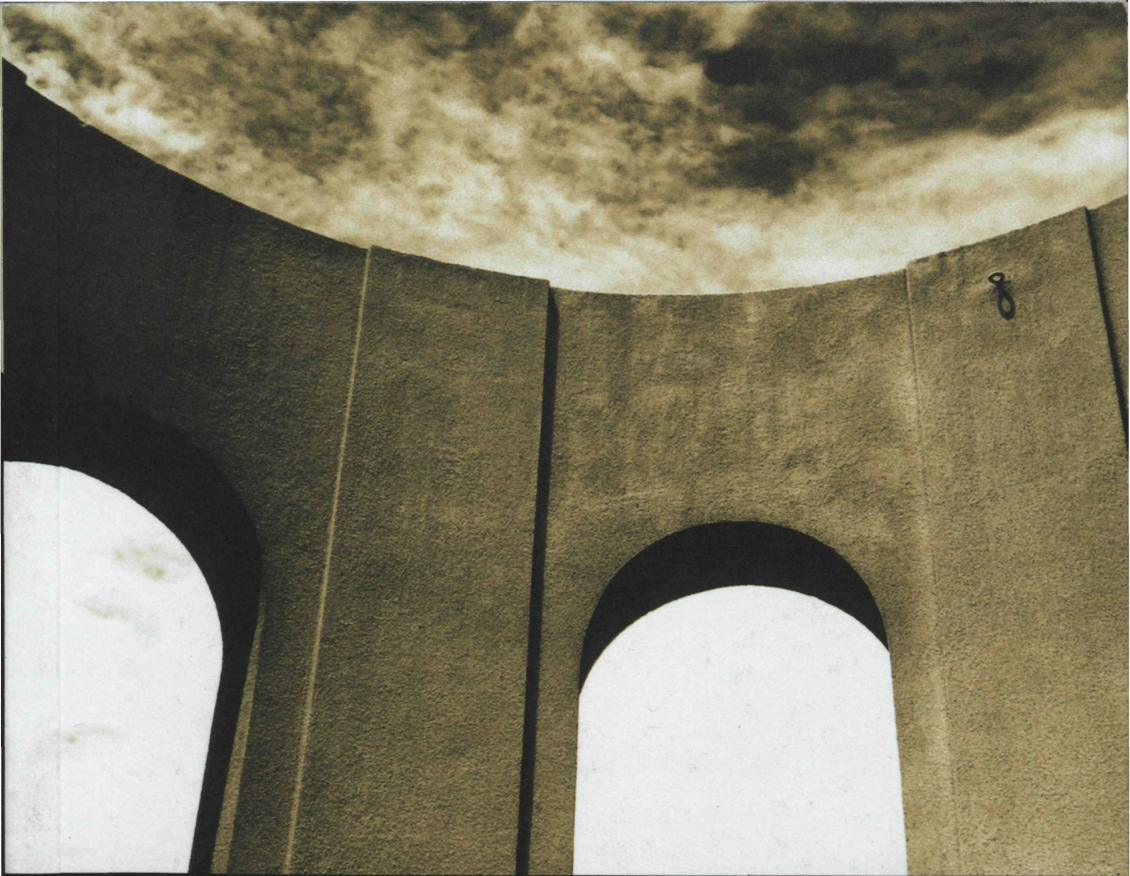
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ZEPHYR

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the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

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Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every Zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ZEPHYR

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boredom of traditionalism

andy ray

Numbers and Functions,
Limits and derivatives,
Manipulation and multiplication
Applied Algebra.
Essential are the numbers solved,
By addition, and subtraction

With formulas and functions,
You arrive at your answer.
But, do you know
What your solutions say?

I know not
While applying these numbers.
To find my results
I push away my pen,
My books, and the problems of paper.

I step away to see
Numbers in the trees
Solutions lulling placidly.
This place of peace is my class.

I have learned and discovered
With . . . and without the pen.

treasures

kirsten ruppel

Polished gems of the heart
Adorn the blackness in me.
The hot desires of the flesh
Are reflected in the garnets
Flowing through my veins.
Cold, glittering diamonds
Bedeck my soul.
Deep amethysts burn under my eyelids
And my tongue is slicked with silver.
My fingertips are arrayed with black opals.
Woven into my golden tresses
Are glowing topaz and amber.
The world sees a beautiful being,
But I am weighed down
With the glittering treasures of the earth. ■

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in psychobiology.

falling

jonathan hardingham

they are falling,
the domino effect of our rights
one by one they are toppled,
our freedoms are falling.
pushed aside,
human rights,
civil liberties,
the right to life,
why?
replaced by big oil and bigger wallets,
our tissue scarred,
our minds confused,
our planet raped:
the few control the many
the few control the money. ☒

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005
with a degree in environmental studies.*

country of mine

jeffrey beau winner

We the people of the United States!
Do we really decide our own fates?
We stand proud in the hardest of times.
However we are punishable for the littlest of crimes.
Our speech is censored, our rights abolished.
Our hearts torn apart, our spiritualism demolished.
As we try to live the American Dream.
With fancy cars, loads of money and taking the kids out for ice cream.
We search for the answers and get something instead.
We get fancy notions locked up in our heads.
Times will change and the working man will get ahead.
But we watch him work desperately to the day he is dead.
Blue collars fantasize to make into a white collar life.
Just trying to make it is a big enough strife.
Freedom too is ours, but we have to gain it with hard labor.
But just living is what some of us should savor.
In our nation, some do not even eat.
No clothes on their backs, no shoes on their feet.
No place to find shelter, no job to help.
American dreams have to be put up on the shelf.

While one man cries of no “freedoms,” the other struggles for his being.
It is a conflict of interest is what I am seeing.

What about the blue collar workers and the unemployed?

Do we take sides?

One man fights, the other fights harder.

But who becomes the martyr?

I wish the United States were safe and fine.

But we're a-having troubles in this “Country of mine.” ■

farewell

s. judith greene

I sit here and watch as people pass by,
In this place I now live, this home that's not mine.
My eyes speak my sadness, my joy and my sorrow.
All I have is this moment, it will be forgotten tomorrow.

Kind smiles greet me, I know not who they are.
They feed me, they bathe me, they visit me from afar.
I am losing my balance, both in body and mind.
Confined to this chair, my past I can't find.

I wish to go home now, for my mother I yearn.
I am told she will be here soon with a voice of concern.
I try so hard to speak, but my words make no sense.
I go backwards in time to my age of young innocence.

Though I have now become silent, my smile is still sincere.
My heart still can feel joy, yet my family is holding back tears.
I am no longer the person whom they so yearn to see.
I remember not who they are, though they seem to know me.

I lie here in my bed now, my body is dying,
My past life is a blur, those around me are crying.
I close my eyes slowly and move towards peaceful sleep.
I have found rest with no suffering, please do not weep. ☒

the ocean

amanda walker

It was where I met you
Where I visited you
Where I loved you
Where I lost you
Where I now yearn for you

It is where all of our memories lie
Where I will someday bring my children
and tell them about you
Where I will teach them what you taught me,
to live fully, to be thankful
to always have faith, and to love wholeheartedly

It is where I will remember you at your best
and at your happiest
Where I will thank the heavens
for being given the chance
to have had you in my life ☑

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2004
with a degree in English and secondary teacher certification.*

make a decision

anonymous

I get it.
 I get it!
 I *know* what you are going through /
 dealing with / living through.
 Your decision will suck, I GET it.
 But I don't get the way
 you make Me feel.
 I don't *get* the way you turn me on.
 I don't GET why you can't be what I
 Need
 Want
 Crave
 Desire
 To the fullest extent
 Of the words.

So FUCK YOU
 FUCK YOU
 FUCK YOU
 FUCK YOU
 For FUCKING her
 And Fucking me
 And then acting like I should
 Be grateful because you took the time
 To love me.

NO, it is you who should be
 Hungry for me. You
 Who should be great-full
 Because I loved (love) you even
 Though you won't put up my pictures,
 My cards to you, my poems of you,
 My heart, on your fridge.

Yet her picture with the bent head
And the blond curls on the floor
That you so adore,
Was right there,
Where I could see it.

Hand me a straight pin,
It would feel the same way,
Maybe better.
Almost 11 months of my life
Lost to you,
To your pious indifference,
The way you made me laugh.

I can't anymore,
FUCK YOU. ☒

learning to dance again

lindsay ann roth


She slowly opened the music box and ran her fingers along the red satin. She watched the perfectly sculpted ballerina hold her arms over her head effortlessly. The music echoed inside of her like a dream sequence as she closed her eyes. Her mother's hand was on her shoulder. She brought hers up to meet it and began crying before touching her own shoulder.

When the music stopped, the ballerina was facing the small mirror, waiting for her spring to be rewound. But Ashley carefully closed the box and spun her mother's ring around her finger with her thumb. Everyday she seems to feel slightly better, yet worse at the same time. Better because she now has the strength to smile, and worse out of fear that she is disappearing.

Everyone wants to help her, they want her back, but she just wants to curl up in her mother's side of the bed and be done with the world. She's lost in her emotions and has neither the desire nor the energy to crawl out of the muck. What she really wants to do is feel sorry for herself, mad at her mother, and jealous of every other complete family.

Life's little tasks feel like grueling hikes up an unforgiving mountain. She can't envision a day when all this has faded. She takes a shower and begins humming a song that her mother used to sing. She goes to dress, and her jeans are still folded by her mother, and she can't remove them from the drawer.

Ashley and her father wonder what things will be like a year from now, when new plans have been made and the furniture has been moved around. Will it still

feel like the house is missing something? The sad part is . . . the house will probably always feel empty, but it's true that time is a wonderful tool for healing. Although it's hard to believe this when there's so much pain running through your body, the hurting will eventually weaken. Fond memories will bring a smile, not a tear, and Ashley will open her music box, place her treasures inside, and dance alongside her perfect ballerina. 

The author is the granddaughter of Glen Ellen Roth, Administrative Assistant in the College of Health Professions' Department of Occupational Therapy.

a passion for mathematics, perhaps?

robert steven chance

When life is like the answer that's produced
by zero divided by the loves I've sought,
when I subtract friends by whom I'm reduced
to the blue shadow of an afterthought,
when doorscreens wet with rain on pale evenings
trickle down the day's computer printouts,
I ponder physicists' theory of strings
to finally dispel their latest doubts,
or calculate the length in days and hours
to the nearest planet-circled stars
and count how many robot craft may scour
for new ancient life on Mars:
Pythagoras, Newton, Einstein, Heisenberg?
At last passion for math becomes absurd. ■

The author is Staff Assistant in the College of Health Professions' School of Social Work.

waiting

vicky fredericks

I am not waiting for you
Only lying on the porch swing,
The world to my back
Atlas, bearing the weight of Route 40.
I hear a car slowing near the driveway
And my pulse canters along childishly.
The jeering Suburban races by
And unwelcome disappointment ripples through me
Like wind over water.
Looking over my shoulder
I find the sun perched on the tops of the trees
The unruly grass tanned by tired light
Greedy shadows swelling to engulf the yard.
The fireflies begin their vanity show
And I am lost. ☒

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2004 with a degree in marine biology.

leaving home

lindsay ann roth

She slammed the door into the already battered wall and did the same to her closet. “I just can’t,” she said aloud. She struggled with the broken zipper on her suitcase, which still had a tube of toothpaste in the front pocket from last year’s family getaway. But she doesn’t remember getting away from anything. All Moira remembers is the snobby waiters and potent complimentary soaps.

Peter wasn’t a *bad* father, but he wasn’t a good one, either. He was quite distant and, an old-fashioned businessman at heart, made a point never to wear his emotions on his sleeve, but he was tolerable. Nancy was a focused woman of the twenty-first century first and a mom second. Brian was a mistake and Moira a regret, but nobody that mattered knew that; reputation was, and always will be, vital.

The household Moira stopped calling “home” a long time ago has a permanent tense aura. This tension is masked by the warm smell of cigars and expensive wines. The children were given a special room upstairs in order to keep them away from the dinner parties and other activities. Brian spent his quiet hours playing video games and then, after those got boring, he began to play music. He taught himself how to play the guitar relatively well and, when he wasn’t in the way, he was able to practice songs he had written on the beautiful grand piano in the parlor. Moira spent her time watching movies. She would sit with her eyes closed, wishing to be wherever the characters were and to be doing whatever they were doing.

The night she left, she went tearing through the movie room, took some of her favorites, and shoved them into a duffel bag. Her head wasn’t clear, and she was

grabbing things that would later make little sense. The fact that she had no real plan didn't sink in; she was so filled with adrenaline that she found it difficult to deal with all the anger she had inside of her. She thought about leaving a note, but eventually decided that they didn't deserve an explanation and that they still owed her many.

She stuffed her most treasured belongings and clothes she thought she would need, although she had no idea where she was going and what she was going to do. She packed some things that she couldn't go without, with disgust because she knew that her parents had bought them out of obligation, not because they ever enjoyed providing for their children.

Everything felt cold in the house up until the very moment Moira walked out the door. The maid had just vacuumed the carpets, and Moira's heavy footsteps became lost in the patterns.

She had plenty of time; her parents were at a party, and Brian wouldn't dream of trying to stop her, since he was close to leaving himself. She placed a poem she had quickly written tied with a pink satin bow on his pillow and headed for the front door. A sense of calm came over her as she stepped outside. As the door closed, she smiled at the sensation of the cold air biting at her face.

Peter and Nancy came home and lazily called for their children. Neither answered, and the house was still. They stood in the entryway; they didn't have to say anything to know what the other one knew. Nancy slipped her stilettos off, and the echo of them hitting the Italian marble was deafening.

Weeks later, the well-respected couple sit at the dining room table . . . in hiding, drinking through their wine reserve, wondering why they were cursed with such irrational and ungrateful children. ❑

sludge

lindsay ann roth

Freefalling into a hole
Full of your fears.
Tears pouring down on you
Like a stinging winter rain.
You reach out
And the pink polish
Glow
On the dark walls,
They whisper to you
On your way down.
You have no voice,
Just the shuddering of your insides
As they twist around each other.
Then you hit,

Your feet slowly sink
Socks soaked, slipping
In between on your toes.
Don't move — you're digging in
D e e p e r
Until you're completely covered,
In the anxious thoughts
That jolt you awake in the middle of the night.
A bead of sweat crawls over your brow,
As proof —
That you too are afraid,
And need,
And WANT. ☒

The author is the granddaughter of Glen Ellen Roth, Administrative Assistant in the College of Health Professions' Department of Occupational Therapy.

spellbound

lindsay ann roth

*The warmth of his touch
caresses my back,
as if a small bird were walking along it.*

Spirits shriek sorrows
haunting the insides of my timbers.
Darker meanings and forbidden ideas
seep into the streets —
I'm confined to these tortured walls
and still,
my Soul yearns for solitude

I dance in circles
my blood pounding
flooding my veins
— crying out words that become lost in the silence.

Tonight begins —
the moon chants

luring me closer,
His beam outlines my body
His pale fingers
soothe my tattered skin

We dance naked together,
His incandescence flowing through me
I am a prism —
my body cutting the light into fragments
that jump off the ground
and illuminate the lines that reveal my existence.

My body becomes His shell,
I find myself drawn away
from all that I know.
His song reveals the Spirit inside of me
and finally,
I am *alive*. ☑

sorcerer's apprentice

william croninger

Memory suggests that George Fournier's garage was cavernous. In 1982, fate decreed that I would be lucky enough to visit it repeatedly and meet the magician who dwelled within.

The story actually begins approximately two years before in Leadville, Colorado. My old vw station wagon had wheezed its way up its final mountain, and I was definitely in the market for a "man's" car. You know, something with a *real* engine in it. One day, I spied this banana-yellow International Harvester Scout, circa the late seventies. My friends warned me about the dealer, called "Black Bart" by all who had dealt with him. Alas, I was in the early days of my counseling career and believed that all men and women were basically good. Shortly after purchasing the vehicle, I learned that ol' Bart might actually be an exception to my theory.

Months and a considerable pile of money later, the vehicle was actually running pretty well. It continued to have, however, one rather strange and vexing problem. Evening forays around Leadville had revealed that when one turned left, the lights would brighten considerably, the radio would begin to play louder, and the heater motor would run faster. As soon as you straightened the wheels, the problem would disappear. A right-hand turn would not evoke the systems; only the mysterious left turn could bring it on.

I most certainly did not take the vehicle back to Bart; I'd already assured that his retirement would be comfortable. I did visit pretty much all the garages in the Leadville area, but try as they might, no mechanics could discern the source of the problem.

In 1982, homemade trailer in tow, I moved east to Van Buren, Maine. At least the Maine mechanics were honest; they would take no money for a problem they could not fix. Finally one mechanic suggested I take the vehicle to "Mr Fournier," a gentleman who was reputed by the locals to be able to fix my car.

The garage was right on the way during my daily walks to the Van Buren high school where I worked. My first visit happened to take place at a moment when George Fournier was standing outside the shop with friends, admiring his new Honda Goldwing motorcycle. At age seventy, George and his wife had just taken up motorcycling. The mutual love of things two-wheeled quickly cemented our new friendship.

When you entered the shop, you were immediately struck by the size and nature of the things that dwelled therein. A small amount of natural light filtered through murky windows. The major light source was a single bulb, encased in a fixture that looked like it had once resided over a table in some gambling hall. Against the walls, row after row of tools gleamed in the shadows, while the sorcerer stood under the light, gazing at some seriously ill automobile.

The shop had but one visible electronic test machine. All the diagnostic equipment necessary was locked within this man's brain. He was not a mechanic who simply pulled out parts of your car until he discovered the errant one. He stood, sometimes motionless for minutes, listening to the sounds each vehicle made. On occasion, he would reach out and pick up a large screwdriver. That screwdriver was a mechanic's stethoscope. By placing the blade at various points on the engine, with ear against the handgrip, he could hear the various whirs, clicks, and hums within. Finally, he would stand up, smile, and beckon me to come listen. If cars have souls, George Fournier could touch them.

My schedule now included daily stops by his garage, yet I had never asked him to work on my haunted Scout. One afternoon, I arrived in the Scout and proceeded to tell him the story. Would he work on it, I asked, and was shocked when he looked at me and said, "No."

"Bill, you like this stuff, so I will not fix your car; but I will tell you things, and we will see if you can put it all together to fix it yourself." Over the following weeks,

George would occasionally dangle a piece of the puzzle in front of me. One lecture was on how automobiles were built. He talked about the various historical techniques, such as how metals age and the causes and effects of corrosion. A final topic was automotive electrical systems: voltages, current, grounds, fuses, and the like.

Slowly a thought began to form. "George, could it be that as this vehicle aged, the electrical ground went bad as the connections between engine, frame, and cab corroded, and what I see when I turn left is a good ground, not a problem?" The sorcerer smiled. "Do you know what to do about it?" A visit to the local auto parts store and less than five dollars provided me with wire and connectors. A short piece of wire connected engine to frame, another, frame to a point on the body. That night I had my answer, as the headlights were brighter, the radio needed to be turned down, and the heater motor could run just fine at a lower setting.

The magician standing under that light in that barn-like shop knew at the moment I asked what the answer would be. He could have fixed the problem, and I would have learned nothing. In choosing to make me struggle towards the answer, he allowed me to apprentice, if for a brief time, in his world. ☒

joy

joseph b. wodjenski

I sit quietly writing
My poems of joy
My love and passion
Hunger for expression
The sweet love affair
Of mind and heart
Graces my world
With rich soulful Art
I feel the childlike awe
Of a new place to play

I slide down the curves
Of my slippery words
Expressing my emotions
Healing my wounds
Creatively accepting
My pain and my moods
Embracing my sunshine
My storms and my rain
Allowing this soft silky part of me
To come out and play ☑

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005
with a degrees in marine biology and psychobiology.*

if

dave kinsella

If Death stared you in the eyes
Would you start to cry?
Wishing life had been better
Regretting all you had missed?

When summer blessed us with beatific sunshine
and you stayed in the cold gray office to make
more money.

When our parents aged with immense wisdom
and you rather sought out the latest
fashion craze!

When love descended with her angelic wings
and you picked up the
remote control.

When children ran wild-eyed through
piles of leaves
and you just
shrugged.

When snow silently trickled in soft moonlight
and you started the

snowblower.

When music began to play as river rapids
and you slammed the door to watch
the news.

What will you do when Death really stares you in the eyes?
I'm sure it will be a surprise
to all of us. ☒

dear stan

andy young

I'm not really sure what motivated me to write you this morning, except that you've been on my mind lately and it's been quite some time since we've spoken.

Quite some time? My word, I just did the math, and it's been *eighteen years!!* It's hard to believe how the time goes by. Who would have thought that two people like you and me could allow that much time to go by between chats, particularly given how close we were, geographically, mentally, and emotionally, in the eight months or so starting in the fall of 1979. It seems odd, but because I haven't seen you for so long, you're frozen in my mind at twenty-two years old. I suppose that some would say it would be great if we really *could* suspend the aging process like that.

My life has changed radically several times over since we were last neighbors. I have a two-year-old son who rarely stops smiling and a beautiful daughter who is just five weeks old. I eagerly look forward to each day with them, even with the certain knowledge that spare moments for my wife and myself will occur about as frequently as Red Sox World Series' celebrations since 1918.

I have to laugh when I think about how our friendship began. I was a directionless fifth-year senior majoring in socializing and intramurals. You were a serious agriculture major, getting ready for grad school. I was six feet tall; you were four or five inches shorter and probably outweighed me by a fleshy fifty pounds or so. I played basketball, baseball, football, soccer, and just about every other team sport that involved a ball that was available to me. The only sport you ever played, to my knowledge, was polo. I went to see one of those games, once. And to think I used to think that *locker rooms*

smelled bad! I ran five miles (or more) every day; the only thing you ran for was the cafeteria, and even then it was only when you thought that it might be closing. You were a casual smoker; I was more intolerant of tobacco users than any other rational human being on the planet. We were total opposites with little in common, until the fates (dressed up as administrators in the University of Connecticut Office of Residential Life) conspired to make us next-door neighbors, or, more specifically, resident assistants in adjoining dormitories in the Towers Quadrangle.

It's hard to say exactly why we hit it off so well so quickly; I just remember that we did. Maybe it was those couple of days early on when we crossed paths at 4:30 a.m. I was coming back from an evening of nocturnal wanderings, while you were headed out to the horse barns. Maybe what clued me in to the possibility that you might be a kindred spirit was the first time I ever saw your room (or the first time that you saw mine). You were the first person (besides myself) I ever met that eschewed buying a rug, preferring instead to use your own dirty laundry as a floor covering. We may have been an odd couple, but in our case there wasn't any question about which one was Oscar Madison and which was Felix Unger. We were both Oscars! I remember that morning you showed up for a visit after cleaning the stables without wiping your feet or removing the boots you had been wearing. You looked pretty relaxed, sitting there in my comfy chair, your pants covered with what I thought was just ordinary hay. I even forgave you later on, although those were two of my favorite shirts that you were resting your feet on. Besides, you found that moldy old t-shirt I tossed behind your desk about three weeks after I left it there following a late-night basketball game, and *you* didn't hold a grudge; why, then, should I have?

I was from the southwestern part of a small state; you hailed from the northeast corner of that same state, from one of the few towns I had never visited or even heard of. I bought my first car from a friend of yours and got my money's worth, too. You helped me solve a few of my perceived problems, and I'd like to think I helped you with a few of yours, too.

We both had great experiences in 1979–80. I don't think that there's any question that I grew significantly, both academically and socially, during those eight months. You gave me some valuable insights on how best to coexist with some folks in my

dorm that you knew well, and I defused at least one volatile situation in your dorm using some locker-room psychology of my own. Perhaps more importantly, though, I *knew* that I could call you, knock on your door, or just barge right on in at any hour of the day or night, and you knew that you could do the same with me. The only thing better than time well spent is *enjoyable* time well spent, and that's what my time was with you that year.

Of course time, then as now, marched on, and things changed. The following year, we each ran a dormitory, but at opposite ends of the campus. You were finishing off your undergraduate degree; I was putting off reality for a few months by working at the campus radio station, writing for a couple of newspapers, and throwing myself into yet another intramural sport (this time it was hockey). We remained close friends, but our spontaneous visits were less frequent, owing to the fact that we were no longer a thirty-second walk away from one another's living quarters. By the following fall, I was substitute teaching and coaching basketball, while you were starting graduate studies at a major university campus halfway across the country.

When Jeff and I drove out to see you the following summer, it was as though just a day (rather than a year) had gone by. We all talked, laughed, and enjoyed one another's company as though we were all still living in the same neighborhood. I enjoyed catching up on events of the previous year: the trip to Wrigley Field, sleeping amid your roommate's suspicious-looking plants, and cooking dinner for you and Jeff, even if you did pick out every single pea that I had painstakingly shelled in preparing my famous (at least in my house) "campfire stew." It took us three days to drive out to see you, which seemed like seventy-two hours, but the three days we spent with you passed in what seemed like five minutes. I don't remember formally saying goodbye, but I do remember thinking that we needed to do things like that a lot more often.

Circumstances change some things, but not others. I wish that I could have written you from Guatemala when I was training for the Peace Corps. I wish you could have had me out to Wisconsin for your graduation. I wish I could have been there for your wedding, and I wish you could have been here in Maine (along with Jeff, Missy, and Tony) for mine. I wish that you could be here to hug my children, and I'd love to be able to hug yours. But what I really wish, more than anything else, is that

you hadn't lost control of your car that evening in the spring of 1985. There's a big difference, I've found, between not having seen a good friend for a long time (which is tough but bearable) and *knowing* that you'll not see that friend again, ever, regardless of how many years go by.

I still haven't figured out what's going to happen after my Earthly existence is terminated. I'm not sure I buy the reincarnation thing, and I'm not totally sold on Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory either, though I'm certainly not ruling anything out. I don't see myself being cryogenically frozen at the time of my demise, though stranger things have happened. I do need to tell you, though, that I thoroughly enjoyed our limited time together, and that I would love to get the chance to see you again in the future. I feel fortunate to have known you, and should science (or some other powerful force) allow it, I would be privileged to renew our friendship right where it left off.

In closing, I am very much looking forward to seeing you again someday. I do have one modest request, though. If you do, indeed, show up to surprise me at some point in the future, please remember to wipe your feet before entering my humble abode. Or, better yet, remove those boots entirely.

Your friend always,
Andy



untitled

beth e. bongiolatti

He aches
 Long breaking I see him tire of clawing at need
 His eyes meet mine
 I recognize within him the truth our countless hours of conversation
 moments of confidence and of revelation
 He does not regret being here I see it now
 he longs for warmth of touch
 for softening
 His eyes grasp at me as he takes another drag of his newspaper cigarette
 Casually he comments on the lack of disdain in my eyes
 the ease of my smile
 the effortlessness of my laugh He asks me to love him
 shyly jumping to his feet to pass between two others
 in a passionately boyish scuffle

 the chaotic hum
 a formerly unfamiliar scent of life envelops my senses

 Our eyes briefly meet from across the room
 He smiles

and returns his attentions to the boys before him
the broken teeth and bloodied lips
of one speaking to a particularly foul disposition
My eyes meet with those of the boy with the bloodied mouth
from across the room eyes brimming with tears
as rage gives way to mourning



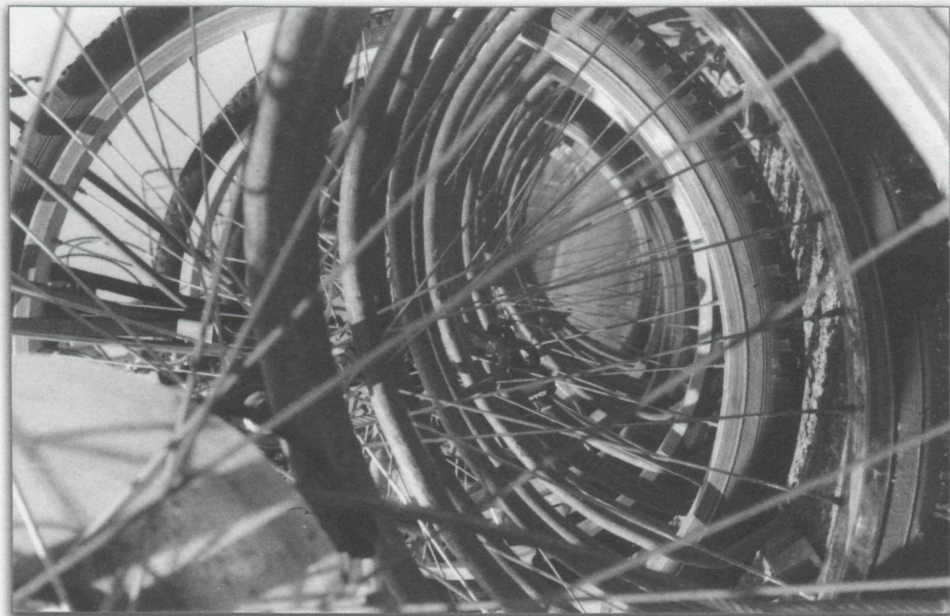
love lost

michael nataupsky

this well of sorrow will not subside
 it lives in me, 'n does not hide
 lost in my mind, i live in pain
 my soul is gone, nothing to gain
 my world is blurry
 from tears to my eyes
 i try to hurry
 but all hope dies
 staring through walls,
 walking on coal
 to survive these halls
 is my silent goal

sitting in silence
 is the curse to break
 some try to speak
 mere sound for their sake
 many will try, but I shall succeed
 living forever is my fate indeed
 longing to love, yearning to die
 truth is the answer, i cannot lie
 my life is young, my fate is sealed
 this is my confession, all will yield
 my skin is dry, pale and peeled
 for love has beaten me with its fatal shield ■

The author is the son of Judi Nataupsky, Administrative Assistant to the departments of Mathematics, Psychology, and Sociology in the College of Arts and Sciences.



Margaret Cbabot

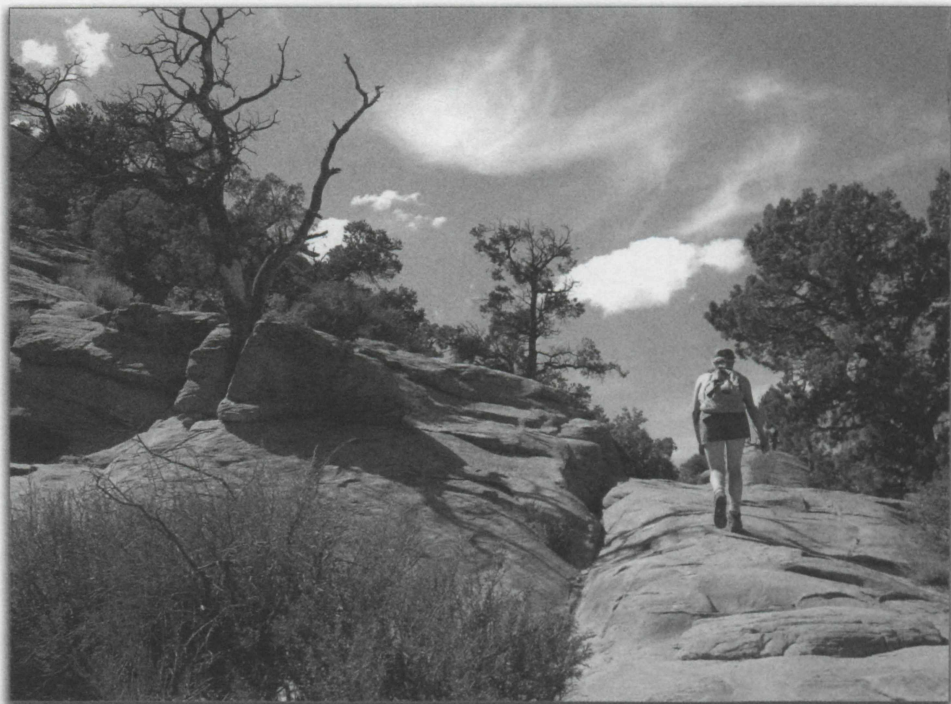
*The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006
with a degree in environmental science.*



BELLER IN PROVENCE

Kirsten Ruppel

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in psychobiology.



Matthew Bibeau

The photographer graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2003 with a degree in environmental studies. He was Zephyr's first editor.



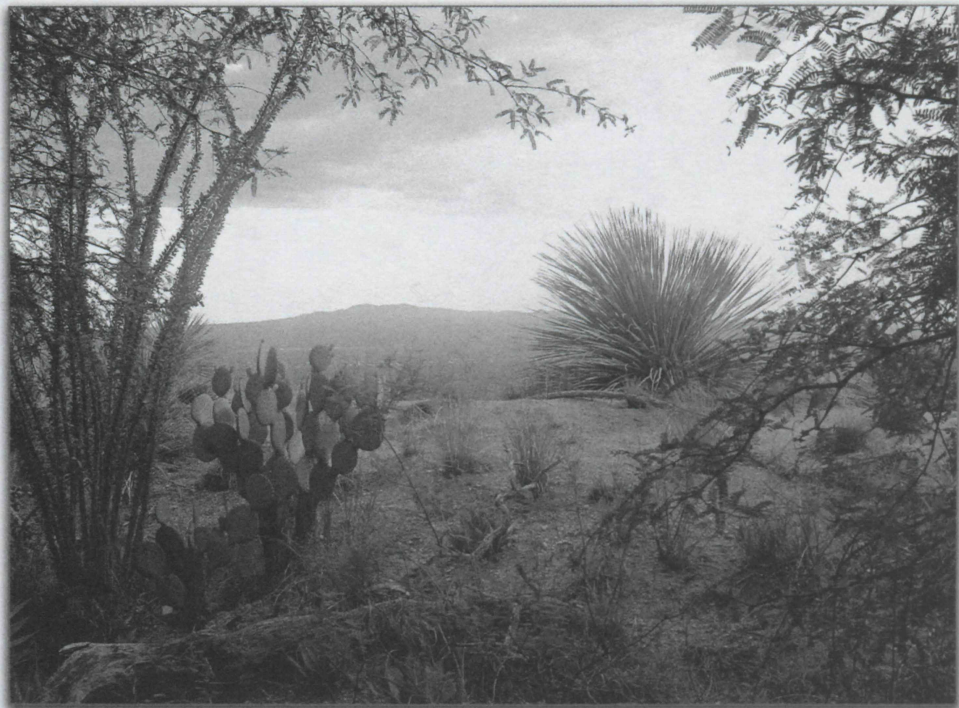
Matthew Bibeau



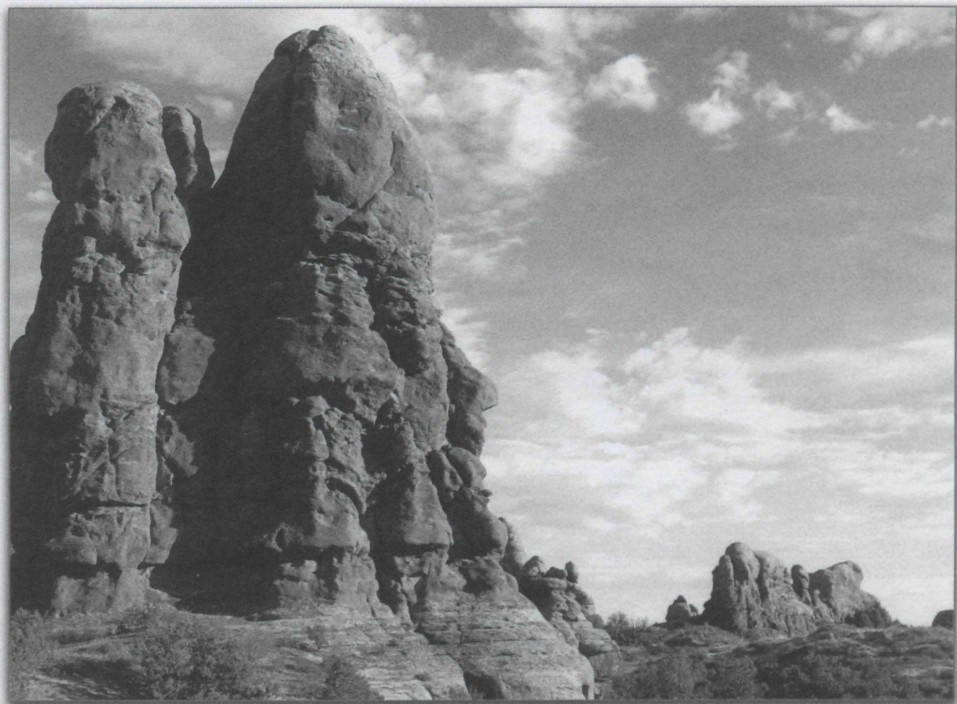
Matthew Bibeau



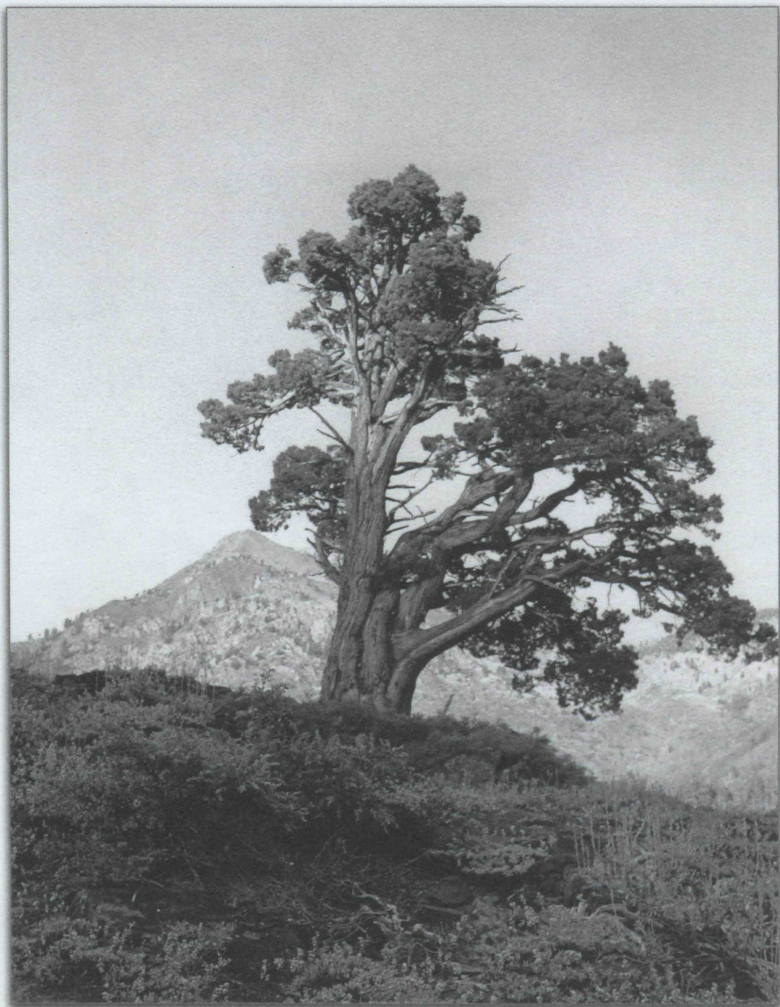
Matthew Bibeau



Matthew Bibeau



Matthew Bibeau



Matthew Bibeau



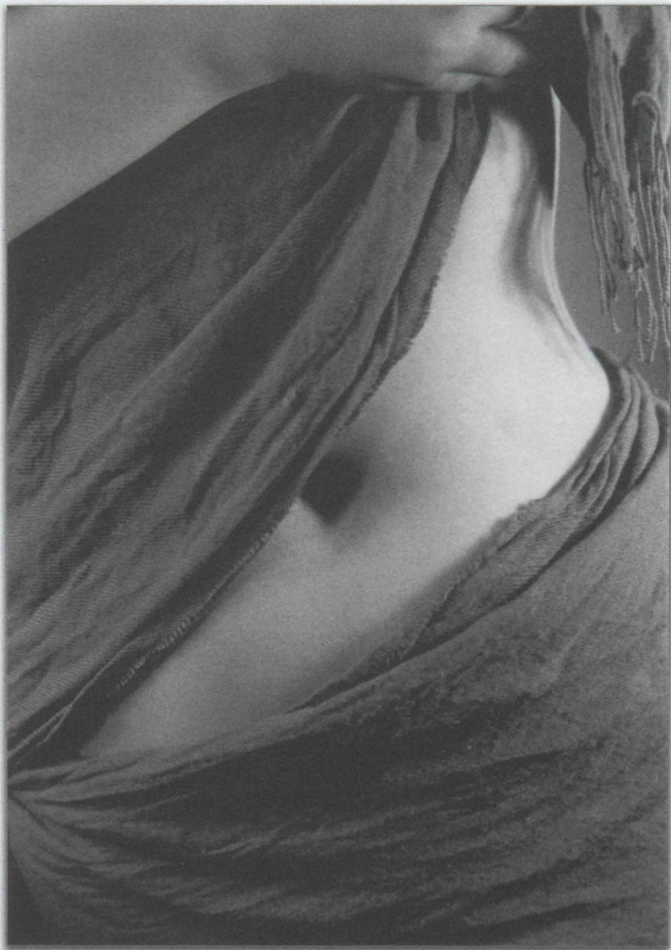
TRANQUILITY
William Croninger

The photographer is an associate professor in the College of Health Professions' Department of Occupational Therapy.



THE LOOK

William Croninger



Cecelia M. Duchano

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with a degree in sociology.



UNDER THE BOARDWALK

Christina Michele Sites

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with a degree in marine biology.



CALDERA CAT

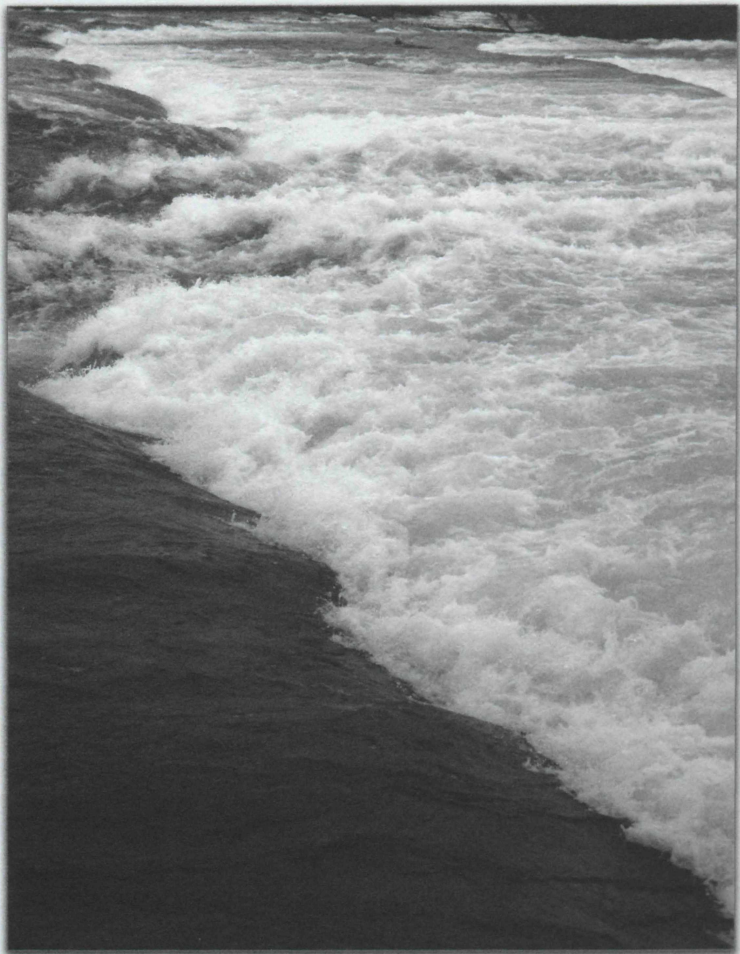
Richard S. Kenney

The photographer is the husband of Jaime Hylton, Professor of English and Education in the College of Arts and Sciences.



BORA BORA SUNSET

Richard S. Kenney



Tang Dong Ping

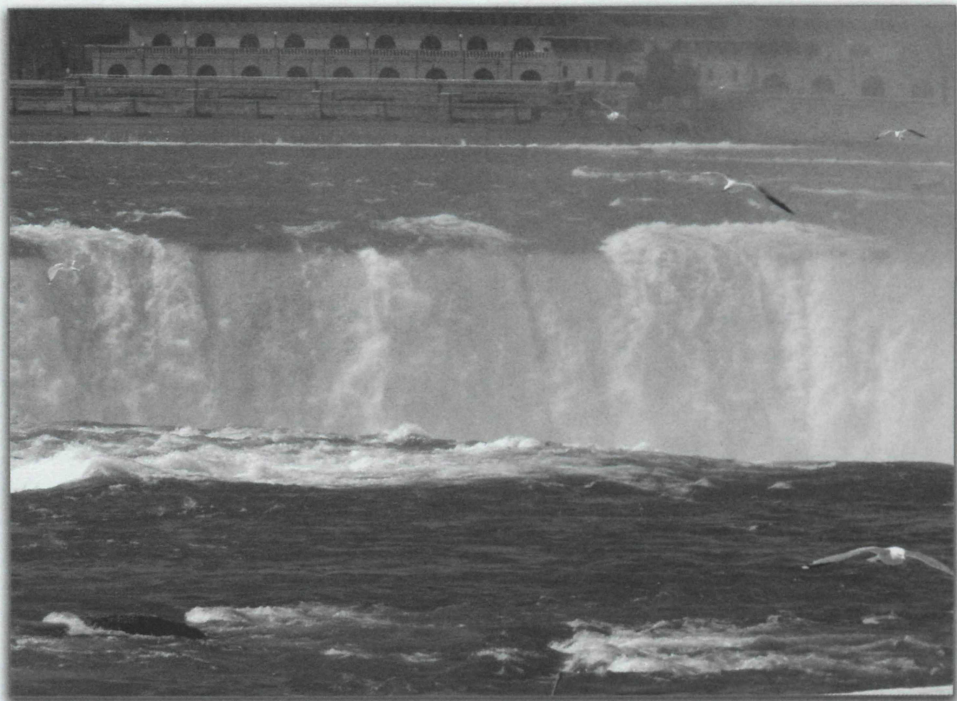
The photographer was a 2003 visiting scholar from the Beijing Film Academy.



Tang Dong Ping



Tang Dong Ping



Tang Dong Ping



Andrea Weiss

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in marine biology.



Eric Cutter

The photographer graduated in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in psychology.



SHADOWS IN THE STREETS

Julia M. Powers-Langella

The artist graduated in 2003 from the College of Health Professions with a Master's of Social Work.



JULY

Maiyan Orvis

The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in art.



Elizabeth Baird

The artist was the Assistant Director of the Maine Printmaking Workshop on the Westbrook College Campus for fifteen years.



Elizabeth Baird



Elizabeth Baird



Elizabeth Baird

**FEMME**

Katherine Williams

The artist plans to graduate in 2004 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in marine biology.

dark nights

ashley renée d'entremont

have you ever been so lost
so that you're standing all alone,
looking up into the night sky
wondering if you should call?
then a tear rolls down your cheek
as you realize there will be no one to answer.
no one is there;
you're all alone
in a dark, starless night.
once you've seen them,
sparkling bright against their mysterious background,
you can never settle for less.
but you somehow become imprisoned
to the nights bearing star-raped skies.
another tear falls . . .
you wipe it away
then look up again

in your endless search for the stars.
you know they will answer.
yes, you will receive a reply.
no more crying tonight. ☒

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007
with a double major in liberal studies and psychology.*

sorry (?) (!)

maryann caret

Sorry, but I can't make it today.

uh, huh, so sorry.

Wish I had something more to say

but I won't be in today — sorry.

So the games are beginning to get you down

That's too bad — so sorry.

When you don't like it, you don't hang around

go someplace where you're hard to be found — keep running.

Another heart has been taken away

so sorry.

Looks like this one is gone to stay

as each day takes us further away — bet he's sorry.

I've often felt like I don't belong

It's scary.

The others seem to roll, but I just bounce along

blasting off from Earth, singing a different song — am I wrong?

Many eyes have touched my own
can't linger on — goodbye
Most were strangers, souls I've never known
but for a brief second we shared something that might have grown — just fantasy.

Goodbye, dreamer, as you continue your own way
we could have been friends — so sorry.
Maybe our eyes will meet again another day
at a time when we can stop and play
I won't be unhappy 'til you have to go away
when you wink at me and say, "So sorry." ☑

sheep in wolves' clothing

julie m. powers-langella

Sheep in wolves' clothing
 feel their pain!
 Sheep in wolves' clothing
 fight the power!
 Sheep in wolves' clothing
 free the prisoners!
 But a pack of wolves will only devour.

Choose your side.
 There's no middle line.
 Blacks in white skins,
 Or just a pack of white lies.

Freedom now!
 Change takes time.
Freedom Now!
 Get in line.
Freedom NOW!
 Be patient and wait!
FREEDOM NOW!
 Don't you know it's a sin to *bate*?

remember

amanda walker

Do you remember the time
you took me to see your mother
and she was sleeping
I wish I could have met her
Do you remember the time
we stood in the hospital
not knowing what tomorrow would bring
I wish I had your strength
Do you remember the time
we played with the kids
who were still in diapers
I wish life didn't fly by so fast
Do you remember the time
you stood outside with me while I cried
and told me life wasn't always easy
I wish I never had to find that out
Do you remember the times
I have come to you, confused and upset
You always listened and handled things so well
I wish I had your grace
Do you remember the time

I wrote you a silly poem
To let you know how much you mean to me
And how much you've impacted my life. ☑

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2004
with a degree in English and secondary teacher certification..*

dig a ditch

sara croninger

Why are you still here?
Why havent you left
Its been so long
So rough
Here alone
I must have been blind
To not see you
Lurking in the shadows
Of my heart
Why are you still here?
Cant you just leave?
Leave me alone
To heal
And get along
With the life I dont have
Because of you
Now I see you
Ive opened my eyes
And discovered I have been living a lie

Why dont you go dig a ditch
Wide and long
Deep and wide
With enough room
For you to die
Why dont you go dig a ditch
Tear up the ground
Like you tore up my heart
Rip the roots from their home
Like you ripped mine from the soil
Why dont you go dig a ditch
And bury yourself inside

I thought I didnt care anymore
I thought you had left my mind
My thoughts
and my heart
And here you come back for more
Like you just expect me to open the door
And forget all you did

All that's been done
I thought I didn't care anymore
You didn't matter
You were just a freckle
On the body of mine
Now you're the birthmark
That shows what a failure I am

Why don't you go dig a ditch
Wide and long
Deep and wide
With enough room
For you to die
Why don't you go dig a ditch
Tear up the ground
Like you tore up my heart
Rip the roots from their home
Like you ripped mine from the soil
Why don't you go dig a ditch
And bury yourself inside

Why don't you be honest
And act the way you do when you love me
Push me away
Why do you keep coming back
To run away
Leave me alone
And let me be
I can't stand this
You've moved on
I haven't
Face it,
we are going nowhere
in the moments we waste together

Why don't you go dig a ditch
Wide and long
Deep and wide
With enough room
For you to die
Why don't you go dig a ditch
Tear up the ground
Like you tore up my heart
Rip the roots from their home
Like you ripped mine from the soil
Why don't you go dig a ditch
And bury yourself inside

Cause I dont want to see you
I dont want to know you
I dont want to be near you
So leave
Leave me be
And I cant stand you
I cant stand loving you

Why dont you go dig a ditch
Wide and long
Deep and wide
With enough room
For you to die
Why dont you go dig a ditch
Tear up the ground
Like you tore up my heart
Rip the roots from their home
Like you ripped mine from the soil
Why dont you go dig a ditch
And bury yourself inside ☒

The author is the daughter of William Croninger, Associate Professor in the College of Health Professions' Department of Occupational Therapy, and Ellen Parsons, Staff Assistant in the office of the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

'b' poetry

leslie ricker

(in distraction)

the chickadee, in distraction,
calls from the red sumac

cold fronts dwell
upon the paradox of pilgrimage,
the putting of distance
between hive and heart,
fleeing known heavens
in hopes
the heavy rain won't start

in the stretching of shadow
each flight must be
taken alone
for the cultivated to,
in their ripeness, see
the vast amount of poetry

in the flight
of the younger tree
to escape the shade
of cousin or brother,
then to,
in its turn,
block out
another

(in expanded evening)

darkened oaks lean
 against the expanded evening

a farmhouse and peeling paint,
 a sagging porch
 with an angel on it,
 waiting
 in her garden dress
 with the lily on the pocket,
 in her quiet shoes,
 and her workday bonnet;

she watches
 the bees float
 across the slender light,
 looks
 for something country
 out beyond her sight,
 or in her stillness
 seeks
 to slow relentless night

luminescence
 leaves the rooms,
 luster
 leaves the blooms,
 will the next sun
 set
 others in their place,

or reveal
 grace
 in a girl
 or a garden?

long night
 and large silence
 close
 over the raspberry
 and the rose

(in the new row)

planters
were thickly seeding
knowing
a few carrots would die
in the weeding

“ I gave my concerns
the best of my care ”

fair words falling
unaware
of a reliable tomorrow

the future frets,
then, fuels a heart
melted out

of a thousand year freeze
to color the flowers,
to empower the trees,
to bring the garden
back to the bees

the clay crumbles
from the cornice
of the new row

(in bloom)

bees among cucumber vines
make the green leaves dance,
both benefit
from this rapid romance;
carpets of motion
are woven by the leaping,
flower to flower,
of fat bodies bathed in pollen;
wafer-wings whisper as they work;
summer dress sweeps
the zinnias aside;
the search for sweetness
bonds the bumble
and the bloom;
purple-clover perfume
across the swarming air

if it could
would the flower
follow the bee
in its flight,
or stay
stuck tight
to its stem?
on a seat
bounded by marigolds
i gauge the clouds ☒

memorial day

lucinda vakas

We all have memories
we shan't forget,
of terrific times,
of love and devotion.

We too have memories
we might regret,
of angry words
and misplaced emotion.

With smiles and laughter,
we shall rejoice.
With tears and sadness,
we'll hear your voice.

The memories are easy,
it's the goodbyes that are hard,
for when memories flow,
thoughts catch us off guard.

But "good-bye" seems so final,
"see you later" makes it okay,
that along in the future,
we'll join you someday. ☒

*The author works at the Jack S. Ketchum Memorial Library
as the Assistant to the Vice President for Information Resources.*

portland harbor

sage s. hylton

I sit on a fortress
Overlooking the water
Salty, fishy, fresh ocean breeze
Gazing across a bay
Overtaken by boats
Islands and people
Clouds, pendulous and intimidating
Waves of water flowing
Moving sleekly
Calm and chaotic
Never-ending depths
Waves pushing against
My only direction
As if I were hypnotized
By these betraying waves
Telling me
Telling me, to leave this place. ☒

The author is the son of Jaime Hylton and John Lemons, Professors in the College of Arts and Sciences' Departments of Education and Environmental Studies, respectively.

we were merely freshmen

anonymous

Honestly, why must we capture the awkwardness of freshman year in a photograph? Even now, years later, just looking at the picture makes her shudder. Hanging on the wall next to her younger brother's, mocking her. Forcing her to remember things she'd rather forget. Reminding her of the things she cannot change.

PICTURE DAY

She stood in front of the mirror trying to coax her hair into behaving just for a few more minutes. She nervously watched as his reflection crept up behind her. He had a kind of dark, dangerous look to him. The black clothing, long black hair, dark eyes, all made him sort of mysterious . . . yet appealing. He stared at her reflection with a scowl on his face that made her anxious, and then he stuck his tongue out at her. She laughed out loud. He smirked at her and simply said, "You're in my homeroom," before walking away. He was right, she was in his homeroom, but she was shocked that he would even notice her. They were both freshmen, but he was older. Older by several years.

And that's how it began. In homeroom each morning, he would abandon his assigned seat, glaring as if to dare her to protest, and pull up a desk right behind hers. He teased her relentlessly and smirked at her in the hallways.

Her friends warned her. They had heard rumors that he wasn't a very nice guy, but she didn't care.

As they headed to the busses while the school emptied for Christmas break, she found a little courage. She scribbled her phone number onto a crumpled scrap of paper. On the bus, she thrust the paper at him and mumbled, "Call me," before getting off at her stop.

A week went by with no phone call; she wondered why she had bothered. Why would anyone be interested in her? Why did she make a fool of herself by even suggesting to him that he should call her?

On New Year's Eve, the call came. "I'm having a party tonight. Do you want to come?" he said. "Umm . . . I don't think my parents will let me," she told him. "Well, are you at least going to go ask them?" he replied. "I guess it couldn't hurt. Hold on, I'll be right back."

She went to ask her mother, but she knew she didn't have a chance. Her parents were extremely strict. They would never let her go without meeting him (and probably talking to one of his parents, too), and if she had them meet him, they would judge from his appearance that he would be a "bad influence on her."

"Sorry, they said no. I have to go with my family to my aunt's house," she told him disappointedly. "That's okay. Maybe we can catch a movie or something tomorrow instead?" he asked. "Umm . . . sure, that would be cool. Call me tomorrow?" She could barely get the words out. She was so excited that he still wanted to hang out with her! "Yeah, well, I gotta go. Talk to you later," he said before hanging up.

Things went quickly from there. They saw a movie the next day. By the end of the movie, he was holding her hand. After the movie, she convinced her parents to let her go get dinner at a sub shop right down the street from her house. That's when they realized how close to each other they lived. He was only one street over! The sub shop was closed because it was New Year's Day, so he convinced her to walk over to his house before going home. They stood quietly on his porch. They had run out of things to say. He reached over and pulled her toward him. He bent his head down to hers and kissed her on the lips, gently at first, but then harder. Millions of thoughts raced through her mind, but mostly she was just amazed that anyone liked her enough to kiss her. What in god's name did he see in her? But then she thought, Does it really matter? Just be happy that he likes you and enjoy the moment in case he changes his

mind and doesn't want anything to do with you tomorrow.

But the next day, he sat down next to her on the bus.

Her friends all warned her again, but she just brushed it off.

He was nice and he liked her, and she liked that he liked her. After school that day, she went over to his house, and they made out on the couch in the living room. His hand slid under her shirt, and he felt her tense up a bit. He mumbled, "Is this too fast?" She didn't know what to do, so she said no. She told him it was fine, and she tried to relax.

They fell into a routine. Some days she would get off at his stop, and they would hang out for about half an hour. She would then dash home and slip in the door minutes before her mother got home from work. Other days, he would come to her house, and they would keep careful watch from her bedroom window for her mother's car. When it appeared at the top of the street, they would stand in the front porch. As her mother came in the back door, he would slip out the front.

About a week after that first trip to the movies, while they were lying on her bed, he reached down and unbuttoned her jeans. She started to panic, and he asked, "Is this too fast?" But she didn't want him to think she was too young and inexperienced, so she lied and said, "No, it's okay, your hand was just cold." She knew at some point she was going to have to draw the line, but she wasn't sure where or how to draw it.

They spent hours talking on the phone each night. She would sneak the cordless into her room so that her parents wouldn't hear. He would eventually just fall asleep, and she would listen to his even breathing and wonder what it was he saw in her.

Her friends warned her, and her grades were starting to slip.

One night, while both her parents went to watch her brother's hockey game, she invited him to come over for a little while. Her parents would kill her if they knew a boy was in the house while they weren't home, but they wouldn't return from her brother's game for at least two hours. They sat cuddling on the couch when something happened. This time he didn't ask her if it was okay. He unzipped his pants and pushed her head in that direction. She protested, "What if my parents come home?" He told her not to worry; he would watch for headlights. She didn't know what to do. She didn't want to make him mad at her. She didn't want to lose him. She blinked

back the tears welling in her eyes and did what he wanted. When it was over, they stood silently in the front porch. He could see that she was upset, so he pulled her toward him and said, "I love you. You know that, right?" They caught her off guard, those three little words. She never expected to hear them – especially not from him – so she said them back because that's what you're supposed to do, right? He said, "Good," and rambled on about how someday, when they were both out of school, they would get married. They would buy a big house and have a maid and a cook. They would have kids and give them cool names. As her parents pulled in the driveway, he slipped out the front door, and she scurried upstairs to make it look like she had been doing homework.

From a distance, they looked like the perfect couple. They never argued over anything, they never fought. They spent as much time together as they could. They found a big storage closet in the gym, where the wrestling mats were kept. It smelled like sweat, and dust swirled in the air, but the mats were foamy and comfortable to sit on. They would skip class and meet in the closet, carefully making sure no one saw them entering or leaving.

Her friends warned her, but she didn't listen. She told them she was happy and that he was sweet; there was no need for them to worry about her! They said okay, and she ignored the doubt in their eyes, the same way she ignored the doubt in her own heart. He loved her, and she loved that he loved her.

It was exactly three weeks after they went to the movies together for that first time on New Year's Day. They had midterms at school, which meant for the whole week they would get out of school two hours earlier than usual. It was cold and rainy out, and she shivered when they got off the bus at his stop. They walked arm in arm to his house, excited about all the time they would be able to spend together this week without having to worry about being discovered by her parents. When they got inside, they dropped their book bags on the ground and shed their winter jackets. He leaned over and kissed her neck, and she giggled because his beard tickled her throat. He whispered in her ear, "I love you; I love you more than words can fully express." She sighed and said, "Oh, Andy, I love you too. I love you so much." She wasn't lying; she was happy, and she really did think she loved him. It wouldn't be until years later

that she realized that what she felt couldn't possibly be love, and if it was, she didn't want to love anyone ever again.

He suggested that they take a hot shower together. It would be fun, he said, and if her mother asked why her hair was wet, well, it was raining out! She wasn't sure about the idea, her modesty getting the best of her. He pouted, and she gave in. She didn't want to disappoint him, and since when did a shower hurt anyone? They laughed and fought over the towel when they got out. He scooped her up and carried her to his room, leaving a path of damp footprints across the rug. He dropped her on his bed and jokingly said, "I've got you now! You can't escape!" She laughed and said, "Oh, no you don't!" and pretended to try to get away. They wrestled and giggled and play-fought under the covers. He ended up on top of her. Looking down into her eyes, he was silent for a moment. She got a worried feeling deep in her stomach. "I love you. I want to show you how much I love you. I want to make love to you," he said. She knew she had found the place to draw the line.

She smiled up at him. She kissed him and said, "I love you too, but I'm not ready for that. I'm too young." "No," he said, "you're not. You're amazing and years more mature than your actual age." She just shook her head and quietly said, "No, not yet." But he ignored her and began kissing her and mumbling, "I love you," over and over again. That worried feeling in her stomach began to grow. She pushed him away, but he was heavy, and it was useless to even try. It hurt, a sharp physical pain like a knife cutting into her, but also a deeper pain that she could not explain. This time she cried openly, not bothering to hide the tears. She trembled, and he whispered, "Shh. . . . It's okay baby, it's okay. I love you, baby." She tried to stay calm and relax, but she couldn't. When it was over, she got dressed quickly, and he gazed at her and told her how beautiful she was and how much he loved her. She mumbled, "I love you too," and ran from the room. She ran all the way home and up the stairs to her room. She broke down and sobbed. She had no idea what to do, so she turned on the radio and did her homework. When her mother came home, she told her she didn't feel well and took a nap.

That night she lied to her parents and told them that she had a group project due tomorrow for school, so she had to go work on it with her best friend. She told her

friend on the phone that she needed to talk, but when she got there, she couldn't find the words. She fidgeted and stared at her feet. She finally managed to get out, "We, umm. . . . We, well, umm. . . . You know?" Her friend stared at her, shocked, and asked, "Did you sleep with him?" She said, "Well, umm, kind of. . . . Well, yeah, I guess I did," but she couldn't bring herself to say anything else. She realized that if she couldn't bring herself to tell her best friend, she would never bring herself to tell anyone. And what was there to tell, anyway? He loved her, and that's what mattered the most, right? If you're in love, then it's not wrong, and he said he wanted to marry her someday. And her friend asked what it was like, and all she said was that it hurt.

After that first time, she figured it didn't matter much anymore if they continued. She still went to his house, or he would come to hers, everyday after school. She never protested it again. She never cried about it again. She just relaxed and thought of something else until it was over. Word spread quickly through her group of friends, and they all had questions. They all looked at her in amazement. She didn't want to disappoint them, so she made up stories about what she thought it should be like. They believed her. The more you tell a lie, the more it starts to feel like the truth. Soon she started believing her own stories.


Then it happened: she was late. She told him, and he got angry at her. She wondered if this could possibly be her fault alone; did he not play a role in it, too? He told her to get rid of *it*; he didn't want to deal with it. She wasn't sure she believed in doing *that*. He yelled, "What do you want to do? Get married? You're too young; you'd have to get permission from your parents to get married this young! If you tell them what we've been doing, they'll throw me in jail! Is that what you want? Is it!!" She started to cry. "No, no, I don't want you to go to jail," she mumbled through her tears. He calmed down and held her. "Shh. . . . It's okay, baby, I love you, it's okay," he whispered. "We'll get married someday. Maybe even have kids when the time is right, but not now. You don't need permission from your parents to get rid of it. I'll pay for it. I'll find you a ride there. You just think of something to tell your parents. Tell them you're staying at a friend's for the weekend or something." So she nodded and agreed that's what they'd do.

A week or so went by, and they hardly talked. He was always busy when she called,

and he stopped taking the bus home. She was a mess. She couldn't focus at school, and she wasn't interested in hanging out with her friends. She was afraid she might break down and tell them the truth about it all, and she didn't want anyone to know. She was ashamed and scared. Finally, one day, when no one was home, she opened the closet and pulled out the Yellow Pages. It was as heavy as a stack of bricks as she carried it to the table. In the background, playing softly, was a song by The Verve Pipe that was popular that year: "*When I was young I knew everything / And she a punk who rarely ever took advice / Now I'm guilt stricken, sobbing with my head on the floor. . . .*"

Her friends had warned her. They warned her repeatedly.

Why didn't she listen? She should have listened.

She sung along softly with the chorus. It brought tears to her eyes as she flipped the book open. It took every ounce of strength she had to turn to the "A" section. She wondered if she would be able to do this alone, but she knew she had no other choice. This was her secret, a secret shame that she could never tell anyone. "*For the life of me I cannot remember / What made us think that we were wise and / We'd never compromise / For the life of me I cannot believe / We'd ever die for these sins / We were merely freshmen.*" 

greyhound to boston

katherine williams

Greyhound homeward bound
Static on the radio
Snippets of songs assault my ears
As the steady rocking of the bus wheels
On the highway at high speed
Rocks me into fitful sleep

Each time I peek out the window
A new scene awaits my eyes
Different enough to disorient me
As to where I am
And how long I indulged in dreams

It feels like I have been on this bus for days
I could have easily slept through
My South Station stop
I could be halfway to Florida
For all I know

There is no one looking out for me
To wake me if I fall asleep at the wrong time
But I have no pressing obligations tomorrow
And Florida would be a nice change
Especially if their radio stations come through
On my headphones
The ones around here sure don't

So perhaps I'll take this moment
To just
Doze
Off
☒

darcy lane

dan rothermel

I mean
She was a majorette
and good looking.
A Rah-rah
Golden blond hair
Untouchable

I was hurting
Oh I did make the tennis team,
but horned-rimmed glasses,
chinos, and Boy Scout shoes
was not a pretty picture.
Did I tell you,
I was the principal's son to boot?

And then I hear
She wants *me* to take *her*
to the Senior Prom

Well of course I will
And I do and she accepts
And we sit at a table in the gym
listening to Ruby and the Romantics

And then she's gone
gone a lot.

At the post-prom bowling alley party
she's no where to be seen
and I end up talking to Jilly Knight
about life til 3 A. M.

I think
At least we both got what we wanted.
She got a date
And I got part of a night
with a really hot girl. ☑

westward

katherine williams

the sunset tonight blazes in my imagination
it was not big, not flashy
as the red orb quietly slipped behind a cloud
but in its quiet understatement it was beautiful
turning the seas into liquid fire
the sails into brilliant tufts of white in the vast blue world
westward with an egret on the bowsprit
here then gone in a gangly graceful way
all neck and feet,
all sails and rigging
the sun watches us
urges us up from our stifling confines
slowly marks the passing of time
days run together
time is only for when the sun becomes shaded
mathematically kissing the horizon at precisely noon
burning for complacency or carelessness
ambivalent to human-sized struggles of wind direction,
position plotting
weather predicting
illuminating

the impulse that brought us to the sea
and the egrets on the bowsprit
sails streaming in sun shafts, billow
as saltier and saltier we become
darkened in the sun's gaze
travelling toward a distant horizon the sun eventually sets
so someday we too will reach the horizon with the sun ☒

a study

anonymous

Encope emarginata.

Common name: Five-Notched Sand Dollar.

FACT

Encope emarginata has five grooves, or “notches,” around its disk, centered about a single oval hole in its body.

*Five gasbes smile garishly from my arm
Centered around one
Whole hole in me
Hole that grows Broader with time
Or some days shrinks to manageable.*

FACT

Encope emarginata burrow beneath the sand during the day and occasionally come out by night.

*Burrowed beneath my life diurnally
When the moon rises
And darkness bows*

*I emerge from my hassle
To pore over my what's here
And what isn't*

FACT

When sand dollars die,
the broken remains of their shells
often find their way to shore
bleached white by the sun.

And it's already too late. ☒

we the one

jonathan hardingham

he who takes ownership of me,
the cold, uncaring nature,
though there is nothing natural about him.

the blank, emotionless face,
as though he has forgotten happiness.
blackness from afar,
immensely powerful, yet strangely weak.

mutiny is on his mind,
as it has been on ours too.
muttering behind his back.
authority hangs by a thread
that is being scoured by time.

he yells mumbled instructions,
when we ask "what?" he is annoyed,
he insults when we do wrong,
he condescends when we know not,

he curses us when he does wrong,
but it is not his fault — always ours,
he is a temperamental, impatient infant,

but he knows no other way.

he tells the minions to do the impossible,
always referring to “we.”
From above,
in the deep accented tone,
mumbled directions
and crystal clear insults flow forth,
his ignorance of the situation apparent to all.

He tells me “we” should get it done,
for that would be best,
yet I know better from the past.
“we” has lost its plural meaning,
he means me.
Always me.
He nary lifts a finger,
that lazy, fat man.
he is indulgent and wasteful,
the worst kind of human.
he thinks he works hard,
I know the truth.

Cruel to other living things,
a being without compassion
I no longer see him as human.



But in the end
I am glad the story is told,
yet somewhere inside
I fear this prose makes me,
worst of all,
like him. ☒

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005
with a degree in environmental studies.*

unveiled

kelsy jean cloutier

You are becoming unveiled before me
I draw you close and you allow me to peek in
My lips want to feel you against them
They are doubtful of my ears and seek refuge in
the green ivy of Night's dream.
Soft skin and driveling desires invite me to
place my finger in the clenching jaws
of who you are. I would lose no more than a
finger but that's a lie I keep chanting.
Many curtsies do I breathe into you, pardoning
your waves to drown me like the others.
You're nurturing a plump peach. You are drunk
off its power. I want to grip the peach between
my teeth making you plead for mercy . . . so
vulnerable. The juicy pleasure runs down my chin,
trespassing into a land that belongs not to you.
Then you'll bleed, and you'll feel the pain of
wanting me. Wrapped in cloth spun for your body,
I'm waiting to see more. Then I'll paint a
picture with my tongue so you can see it too. ☒

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in medical biology.

a walk in the woods

andy ray

Gurgling, boiling, rolling,
 A quick step and hop,
 A stream is left lulling.

Woods pass me by,
 Or do I pass them?
 Each tree lies
 In a place reserved for him; or her?

Legs flexing freely each stride;
 Arms flowing forward
 A third and fourth leg glide.

Rocks, Roots, Trails pass by
 A lean-to here, a tent there,
 Next to a pond, hill, or boulder.
 Each the same; uniquely different.

A picture, a memory
 For each day gained,
 In a time without impact.

Merely a part to the whole.
 No longer separate and bound away.
 Reaching arms and hands,
 I grasp the circle stretching round. ☒

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with a degree in medical biology.

a glimpse of green

katherine williams

A glimpse of green
Sparkles in her brown eyes
Modesty turned down hiding the fire
That flashes as her lashes raise
Torrents of images flow from the depths
A centrifuge of swirling color
For only a second I am in her world
So very different from my own
The world is real for both of us
Lived, shared and only imagined for a second
Reality in her eyes
Her mind
Her torment
For a second becomes my reality
Sent on a glimpse of green. ☒

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2004 with a degree in marine biology.

quod erat demonstrandum

catherine giaquinto

Quod erat demonstrandum

“Which is the thing that was going to be proved”: Thus it is proven.

Time was less me,
more you.
Leftover seconds,
minutes into hours,
of you,
alone.

Moss floats in the cup.
231½ days since.
Open, empty packs of
Marlboros lie like tombs.
No fire
for my match.


No mi, No mi. ☒

The author plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Arts and Sciences' Teacher Certification Program with a focus in English.

briefly back in decary hugh hennedy

Glancing into classrooms and labs
 He walks a carpeted hallway
 Until he realizes he's
 On the wrong floor of the place

On the floor above he treads
 The carpeted hallway looking
 Into offices
 One of them being his

Once a while ago
 When standing at a window
 His back to the plane of a desk
 He saw field and courts river and ocean 

The author is Professor Emeritus of English, having taught for Saint Francis College and the University from 1955 to 1991. In 1956, at Saint Francis College, he began a literary magazine, The Canticle, named for Saint Francis's ode to the sun. The Canticle featured students' poetry, fiction, essays, and photography for more than a decade.

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