

Spring 2005

Zephyr: The Sixth Issue

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Zephyr Faculty Advisor, Catherine Giaquinto, Liz Andrews, Christine Felser, Jessica Lemire, Jamie Thompson, and Rebecca Wood



ZEPHYR

the sixth issue · spring 2005

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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

THE SIXTH ISSUE / SPRING 2005

the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

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Dedication

This issue of is dedicated to Jaime Hylton, PhD.

We Zephyristas are inspired by her to continue the tradition of providing a forum for artistic expression in our community.

Editor's Letter

Spring 2005

THIS YEAR WE'VE HAD AN ENTIRELY NEW STAFF (SANS ME) INCLUDING A NEW ADVISOR WHO HAS RISEN TO THE CHALLENGE OF MAKING *ZEPHYR* GREAT. WE HAVE WORKED HARD FOR YOU, DEAR READER, TO MAKE SURE THAT *ZEPHYR* IS WHAT IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN, DESPITE OUR GREEN KNOWLEDGE. *ZEPHYR* IS, FOR ANOTHER YEAR, A TRIBUTE TO THE ARTS, A CREATIVE ARRAY OF THE COMMUNITY'S TALENTS, AND A TOUCHSTONE FOR OUR HEARTS. I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR READ, AND ADMIRE THE MANY GRAPHIC ARTISTS THAT HAVE BEEN INCLUDED THIS YEAR. WE HAD MANY, MANY PHOTOGRAPHIC SUBMISSIONS AND WE ARE GLAD TO SHARE THE EVER-EVOLVING TASTES AND TALENTS OF UNE'S ENCOMPASSING COMMUNITY. WE HOPE THAT YOU WILL BE INSPIRED TO CONTRIBUTE YOUR OWN WORK, NEXT YEAR – OR BETTER YET – JOIN *ZEPHYR*'S STAFF OF STUDENTS! ENJOY, DEAR READER, ANOTHER SPRING OF *ZEPHYR*!

Catherine E. Giaquinto

Electricity

ZINAIDA HIPPIUS (1869-1945)

translated from Russian by George M. Young

Two wires are wrapped together,
The loose ends naked, exposed
A yes and no, not united,
Not united, but juxtaposed.
A dark, dark juxtaposition—
So close together, dead.
But resurrection awaits them;
And they await what is ahead.
End will meet end in touching
Yes—no, left and right,
The yes and no awakening,
Inseparably uniting
And their death will be—Light.

Exist

Rebecca Wood

I am a painter who doesn't use paints,
An author only when I daydream.
And when I watch you thinking
I'm hiding in your shadows, wondering your wonder.
They are shadows only an artist would notice,
Of angles only a professional could tell.
But I know you like you are my own.
Memorized.
And I suppose the sun rises and sets regardless,
Even if I wanted it to stay away forever, and leave me in the shadows.
I turn nothing, I mold nothing,
And the world spins 'round.
And I spin in circles under a sun that might not set.
But I am here, and you are here,
And, together, we exist.

*The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology in 2008.
The author is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.*

Self-Preservation (a song)_{VR}

There's a girl
 On the hill
 And she answers to my name
 There's a smile
 On her face
 Before sadness could stake a claim
 And I'm trying to climb
 But my feet start to slip
 And I'm trying to hold on
 But my hands cannot grip
 And I feel a great need
 A fire great and free
 I need to get to her
 Or I'll lose a piece of me.

There's a girl
 In the tree
 And she has features like mine
 Except her lips are curved upward
 And her eyes have a shine
 I try to climb up to her
 But this branch I'm on breaks
 And I lay curled up on the ground

Defeated by my mistakes
 But I feel a great need
 Like a fire great and free
 I need to get to her
 Or I'll lose a piece of me.

There's a girl
 On the bed
 And her bracelet says she's me
 She's been here for years
 Dying of apathy
 I try to run from this hospital
 But slip on sanitized tiles
 What once seemed like only yards
 Now feels like miles
 And I feel a great need
 Like a fire great and free
 I need to get away from her
 Or I'll lose
 I'll lose the rest of me.

Words

Joy Guerrieri

I resolve to love you
but refuse to bare my deepest soul –
not because I cannot forgive.
It is that my words are too easily misunderstood.

Like women before me,
I will learn the uncommon grace of illusion,
creating reality where none existed.
And you will enjoy the change.

Like a lawyer,
You build a tight case –
against which no one can prove innocence.
That interface creates my sin before I ever commit one.

For you
I am too strong or too willful –
'never wrong' and ever skillful
at the craft of arguing.

You say I will never change,
but you are the master of speech.

How the Moon Shone Full: A Children's Oral Creation Story

Cynthia Simon

Once upon a time, a long time ago
the sky had no starlight in it;
and the moon had no moonlight in it.

Far off, upon the sun lived a great being.
This great being spent all time walking along the sun's edge
looking out upon the horizon.

But always the great being
saw only blackness,
And in the far distance,
reflected off the sun's dim light,
the shadowy outline of the moon.

As time passed the great being
fell in love with the moon,
and grew restless.
The great being wanted to go to the moon
and offer a gift of light.

The great being asked the sun for a little sunlight
to take on a journey across the dark sky
as an offering to the moon.

The sun thought for a very long time;
it knew this journey would change the universe—
change the way things have always been.
But the sun finally agreed.

The great being left the sun
and began to travel across the sky
toward the moon.

En route however
each footstep that the great being took
burned a hole of sunlight into the dark sky;
the great being was delighted to see this,
and called each footstep a star.

After a while,
pained from the creation of so many stars,
the sky began to cry.
The great being asked the sky for patience
and continued the journey toward the moon.
But the sky continued to shed tears,
so the great being honored the tears
and named them rain.

As the great being came closer to the moon,
the sunlight the great being carried in its hands
reflected off of the moon's shadowy surface
causing part of the moon to glow bright.
The great being called this moon waxing.

Finally the great being
reached the moon and
offered the gift of sunlight.
In complete happiness, the moon shone full.

But the great being did not have
an infinite source of light,
and had to once again cross the sky
to ask for more light from the sun.

As the great being left, the moon became darker
And the great being called this moon waning.

While walking back across the sky
toward the sun,
the great being created more footprints of stars
and more tears of rain fell from the sky.

That was very long ago, but to this day the great being makes this journey
back and forth
across the horizon
Between the sun and the beloved moon.

With each pass
the moon becomes brighter, waxing
as the great being approaches;

And shines full
when the great being
arrives with a gift of light.

Then the moon becomes darker, waning
as the great being returns to the sun.

Meanwhile, new stars are made
filling the sky
with each footstep
the great being takes,
and raindrops fall
with each teardrop shed by the sky.

If you are lucky and you look up to the sky
You may see a star being made,
Or if a raindrop falls upon you
You know the great being is just there
Taking a step just above you
From home, the sun, to the beloved moon.

The author is the Internship Coordinator for the College of Arts and Sciences' Departments of Environmental Studies and Biological Sciences. She is also an adjunct professor in the Department of Environmental Studies.

Cry Consideration (Consider Me)

Erin M. Kenney

Winter's breath wind taken
 Knocking upon my door
 I stand before you naked
 Veracious in my silent woe
 And I cry consideration, consider me
 A touch could take you upward
 Carry you home
 And I cry, consider me

A sumptuous temptation
 Give in to desperation
 Ebb and flow with me
 Cry consideration, endlessly
 In tantalizing torment of your touch
 Seduced by the veiled lids of my love
 Surrender

And I know I'm not fit
 Leaves cast upon the wind
 Wishes caught in cyclic drifts
 And I beg of you
 Cry consideration, consider me
 Consider the broken, twisted
 Shapes of being
 Violent in torment questioning

My strength before you failing
 Flounders on crimson shores
 Sunset will leave me haunted
 Stranded alone and in the stars
 I whisper consider me
 I leave you not to fleeting
 Fallow memories resigned
 To the design of what is to be
 And in this moment
 I surrender
 Considering

Sparks

Rebecca Wood

Blue sky and white light
The wind works, the time's right
And all of these words you said and
I can see you in the sky.
Rain like fire falls
Too afraid to be alone
I'm too afraid to see
The clouds move too fast
The world spins with you
And the sky begins to fade
And you begin to disappear
All of these words you said and
I can see you in the sky.
You disappear and fade away
Like the clouds on a windy day.
I can see you in the white and blue.
Until your sparks fade to gray.

The Worker

NIKOLAI GUMILEV (1886-1921)

translated from Russian by George M. Young

He's standing there, beside the glowing furnace,
A small man, probably older than you'd think.
His gaze is peaceful, seems almost submissive
From the way his reddened eyelids blink.

All his workmates have knocked off—they're sleeping
But he's still working, showing what he's worth,
Devoted to his task—casting the bullet
That soon will separate me from the earth.

He's finished. Now his eyes get back their twinkle.
He's going home. A bright moon shines ahead.
A house is waiting for him, warm and toasty
A sleepy wife, blankets, a big bed.

And the bullet he has cast now whistles
Over the Dvina's gray rippling spray
Homeward toward the heart it has been seeking,
And the bullet he has cast has found its way.

And I am falling, dazed by my own dying,
Watching a lifetime of moments pass,
And my blood, as from a fountain, now starts gushing
On the dusty, dry, flat trodden grass.

And the good Lord will repay me in full measure
For a life too brief to toast, too bitter to drink.
And he was wearing a gray shirt when he made it—
That small man, probably older than you'd think.

Vintage

Rebecca Wood

Swallows of dust and sand
Make singing tunes twist and curl until
They swallow themselves and
Devour a death so inhumane
The martyred, if not, would envy
In awed sight.

November Morning

Joy Guerrieri

You will never let me forget who I was –
And color the reflection of what I am.

In some way,
I should have lived my life as every man's lover at least believing I had something to give.
Instead, I chose love; thinking it would change the shape of time.
Now I know better.

You want something more.
You want someone more.
You like me too –
But maybe better if there were three or four?
And as I fade, what do I have to give?
The sidewalks burn of stories past, chances missed, and bitter tears too easily wept.

To you, my hope is the toy inside a cereal box.
My last chance is radical change –
To embrace what remains of my life with passion and zeal –
Fearless of reproach.

For then, at least,
My toy hope may have spared some bitter tears.

A Plea_{VR}

Written May 2002

Sleep with me. Lie beside me under the blankets, and wrap your arms around me. Let me breathe you in. Tell me bedtime stories about dragons and princesses and everything ending with a kiss from a prince. Then they ride off into the sunset just like you and me in our dreams of sunlight and rainbows because everything will be alright if you just lay here with me.

Let me fall asleep with my hand on your chest and my tears in the past. Let me sing to you while we're waiting for sleep, all the love songs in the world written just for you and me.

Sleep with me. Let me be the girl that saves you from the dragons in your dreams. Because everything is perfect when we share the happily-ever-after kiss, and we're breathing the same air, and I can breathe through you.

Let me leave my worries at the door, so for this one night I won't fall asleep drowning on my tears, strangled by the weight of the world on my shoulders entwining its icy fingers around my neck, squeezing out my tears, choking off my cries of help.

Sleep with me. Just sleep. I don't need your intimate touch. I don't really want that from you. From anyone. I want the after-feeling. The relaxed true self that takes shape in this after-feeling. I tried to bottle this feeling once, but someone opened it and let my after-feeling out.

Let me be the one to tuck you in at night. Let me kiss your eyelids and put your hand over my heart and I pledge allegiance to this very moment, this moment when I can see who you are, and you can see who I am. We are both vulnerable. We both want this.

Sleep with me. Just hold me close, let me breathe you in. Let me put my hand on your stomach, and by lulled to sleep by the rise and fall of your breath, sure and steady, the lullaby dedicated to me.

Let me in.

Letter to a Friend

Rebecca Wood

It's been a long time of tangled webs we've woven for each other.
A long time of anger, hope and happiness sitting in the stars.
Months of me thinking, dreaming, and holding how I've felt for you as far away
as I possibly could, and months of you holding your heart out to me in your
hands. I'm sorry I didn't reach out to you sooner, sorry I hurt you over and over
again in the same way. That night, I asked you to talk to me so I could fall
asleep easier, I turned over because you told the story of us growing old together,
dying together, and it made me cry. I was crying because I loved you and still
do. So, here it is. My heart, for you.

It Doesn't Have to Be Love_{VR}

Written 9 February 2003

Smiles and kisses are my sustenance
I live off your breath
Your hugs give me the strength to move my legs
toward oncoming obstacles
I can face them with you at my side
even if you are not at my side
Because at night, in the dark
breathing you in
(kiss me here, touch you there)
we can pretend
That I love you as you love me
and that, together, we'll be complete.
(I don't know who I am around you.
I don't care if I am without you.
Oops...I lied)
But in the dark you can't see the pause in my smile
and I can't see the doubt in your eyes
So turn down the lights
set the music on low
so I can't hear the thoughts running through your head
(we.shouldn't.be.here.we.shouldn't.be.here)
and you can't hear the catch in my throat crying
(I.don't.love.you.I.don't.love.you)
Poison the needle
Ready the vein

Dilate my pupils
Call out my name
As long as the lights are down low
And the music is louder than words can cover
No talking just kiss me so words can't come out
The doubts can't spill out
The blankets can smother our thoughts
Just go through the motions of love and be loved
If we can pretend maybe we can be happy
So kiss me here and I'll touch you there
and we can be happy together
No one has to know it's not real.
No one has to know we can't feel.
As long as the lights are low
And the music is blaring

Him and Mine

Kim Prestridge

“You write?”

I presume
of mysterious encounters and avid readers' desires.

I explained myself very well, thought I.

I think.

and I am certain that I was never so
uncertain that he understood.
My wish was to gain a strengthening,
a notion of character, his character, in that
solitary moment of the September evening
after breakfast.

He was impeccably unaware of my search for
inclusion. (He did not even regard caring.) Yet
I believed he knew.

Knowing he knew only continued my heartache,
allowed me my suffering.

I chose it and crafted it and
wrote and
re-wrote it until it was mine. Perfect for
me. Nothing that anyone else could
design or desire.

Many times I could have returned it,
dissolved it, rid my sinless self of it

But I kept it, my one beloved
my death sentence.
and he never knew. He never had a—
I never let him know.

The author is Assistant Director of Financial Aid on the University Campus.

Respuestas

Erin M. Kenney

Si estuvieras frete a ti este día,
Me verias?
Si de pronto me elevara de las sombras,
Te importaria?
Si brillase como estrella en el cielo de
medianoche
Sentirias mi presencia?

Preguntas

Vivimos en un mundo de vanas esperanzas
Y recuerdos perdidos
Sumergidos en dolor como nubes
Del ocaso
Y si vivimos para morir, morimos para vivir
Entonces, estamos muertos o vivos?

Preguntas

Sit te llevara al lugar predilecto,
Me oirias?
O se ahogarias mi voz en el ruido
Del camino?
Si revelara mi mas profundo secreto,
Apagaria la risa mis sinceridad?
Sit e dijera que tea mo
Te avergonzarias?

Preguntas

Si todos tenemos un destino,
Por que no esta claro el mio?
Si tenemos todos un proposito,
Por que no es claro el mio?
Pero no me destaco ni tampoco quepo
Que soy? Quien soy?

Preguntas

Kim Prestridge

She always makes me smile
And across many a mile
Sends her love steadfast

Like a cup of tea

Maine Spring_{VR}

Written 3 April 2004

I think that
When it's nice out
I'm going to lie out on the beach
All by myself
In the hot
And roast
Because it makes me happy

I'm going to skip school and drive to Popham
And play in the forts like I used to do
And watch the seals
And look for sand dollars
And eat in that little restaurant
And have Gifford's cappuccino ice cream because it's my favorite

I'm going to paint my toenails and fingernails
And let my hair down
Because the sun makes it pretty and light
I'm going to walk in the part protected by the sandbar
And do flips in the cove with the drop-off
It's always really cold over there
But not as cold as the rest of the ocean

I'm going to walk out on the island when the tide comes in
With a book and a blanket
And stay until it goes back out again
And I can walk back without getting my things wet

I'm going to stay away from the little reef
Because the cross tide is tiring
And sometimes deadly

And then I'm going to climb the hill up to the fort
The one with three or four stories and lots of graffiti
Stand up at the top and look down
Getting dizzy
And climb back down again
I'll point out
Look—that's where the cannons went
You can almost see the ships coming in

It rained all day today
And I could smell the ocean where I was
The slightly rank smell of low tide
And I was so excited to feel the mist on my face
And hear those damned dump ducks

A Thicket of My Own

Leslie Ricker

fog, from a distant ocean drawn,
 wets the wild onions,
 surrounds the small tomatoes
 that grow, unplanted,
 in an old pigpen;
 vapors curl
 around rotting boards and braces
 rubbed raw in places
 by mud on heavy bodies –
 ‘way back when’;
 tall grasses, on a far field’s edge,
 ripple in a south wind,
 lightly shed moisture
 and increase the fog’s effect;
 the greens and browns
 fade into restless white,
 turn a raw evening
 into a woodstove night,
 and settle the oppression
 such heavy clouds
 continually collect
 distance and daylight, dripping and alone,
 disappear
 into fogs and dreams
 and thickets of their own

* * *

fog, from distant childhood drawn,
 the thoughts themselves
 so self-impaired
 that age-scattered siblings
 see no semblance between
 the family in faded photo
 and the memories of moments
 they once so simply shared;
 confusion heard
 a seismic voice within
 speak of love and blindness
 as if the two were twin;
 unable to separate words
 from the actions buried in
 the residues, the temporal ghosts
 the traces of ones ‘loved the most’,
 lost assurance turned to
 a new recall and its spin
 which had not
 the clarity to win
 the battles of a fevered brain
 within its protective bone
 tightly stringing its’ emotions
 as a buffer zone

'a wall around a wall'
 around a thicket of its own

"biscuits!" she cried,
 I was shocked,
 what was this new profanity?
 what devil did she see?
 I had missed the obvious,
 hadn't seen the central issue
 quietly unfold;
 this new profanity
 turned out to be
 something very old

enticing as the dew,
 the sun's second hue
 radiated through
 all the levels of love,
 yet stood stolidly in conflict
 with the shadows,
 the shades that parade
 in comedy or in drama
 along her remembrance avenues;
 she knew them as transparent,

invented or consented to,
 but what and why and where
 was she to do?

"pack-up the paranoia, depression
 and any missing chromosomes,
 fill all your prescriptions
 and take them home,
 where memory can dwell on
 dwelling alone
 in thickets of its own"

alderbrush
 bends to touch
 the stream
 thick fingers carving
 long lines
 in the foam;
 small life is busy
 in the leaves,
 a spider
 wrestles with its weave

a fat fox
 spends the noontime heat at ease
 in this thick empire
 enfolding their home

“never was I much at noticing
 the small gods that rule my space,
 but when they do appear
 it’s as perfect portraits
 of a perfect place:

there is a beauty
 no view of earth or cloud
 can clone,
 the kind of shine
 even the sun
 has seldom known
 is in the actual and the image
 of this finest forest
 ever grown”

the fog recedes
 as I squeeze
 between twisted trees
 along the paths
 my memories
 can condone,
 in silence
 and in search of
 a thicket of my own

13 Haiku

Catherine E. Giaquinto

I sat lonely there.
You came, you were home. Weeee! Us.
Home. Home. Heart is. Home.

Then you went. By your
self and left home, me, to go
on your journey. No.

Then again I sat.
No more home, lonely. Alone.
My home is gone.

I thought to myself
if I ever love someone
else, it would be you.

Have you ever known
someone to love you so much?
Me, I do, I do.

What do you see when
you look at me? Is it me?
Or what you see? Me.

I love you. I love
you. I love you. I love you.
I love you. I love.

You love me not. You
love me not. You love me not.
You love me not. You.

Your new path does not
include me as your lover.
Who will it be now?

Is my place no more?
What now? I have no place to
call home. No *I do*.

You are my home. You
are my future. I am done.
Alone. Left. No more.

My loss. Your gain. Why?
I do not understand. Why?
Why us? Why me? Why?

No. Me.You. Us. You.
No. You.Me. Us. Me. You. Us.
No. Me.You. Us. You.



The artist is the sister of Becky Buttiglieri.

Allison Buttiglieri



FENCE- BIDDEFORD POOL, MAINE

Raymond DuDevoir

The photographer is the husband of Deborah DuDevoir, PhD, Lab Instructor in the Biological Sciences Department of the College of Arts and Sciences.



EMMA

Margaret Chabot

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



Margaret Chabot



RIVER NITH, DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND

Nancy Rankin

The photographer is an assistant professor of Sociology from the College of Arts and Sciences.



MY BACKYARD

Amber L. Beitler

The photographer will graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in Marine Biology in 2005.



ROARING BROOK FALLS, CHESHIRE, CT

Amber L. Beitler



LONDON FROM ABOVE

Chris Newton

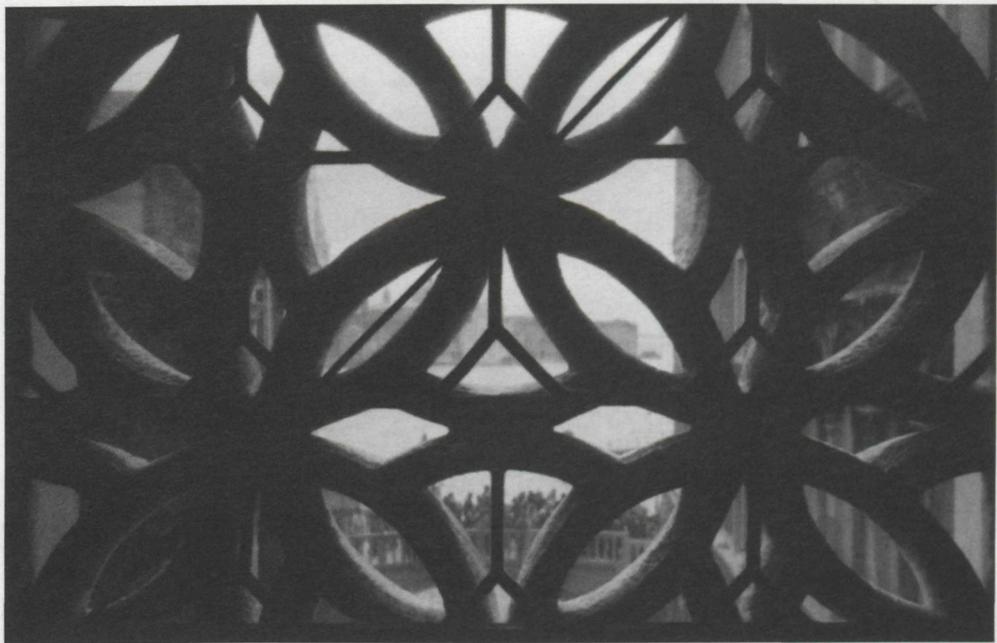
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in Political Science in 2007.



CANAL GRANDE, VENICE, ITALY

Rebecca Buttiglieri

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Health Professions with a degree in Occupational Therapy in 2008.

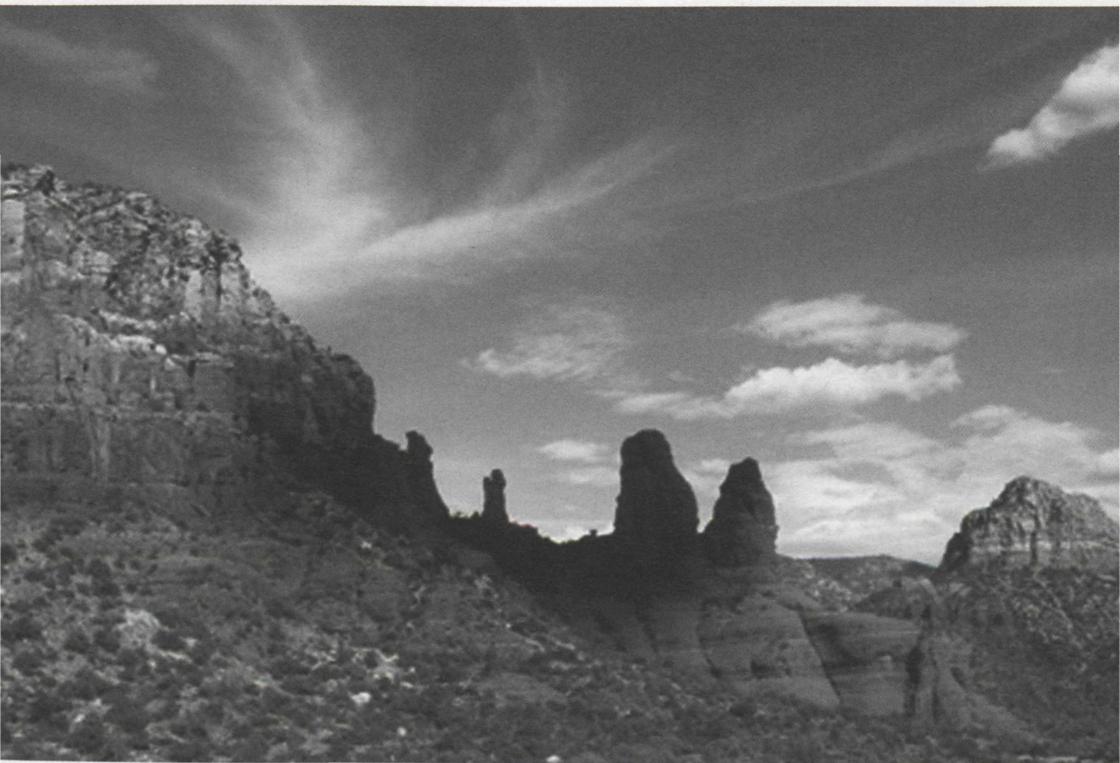


LAST GLIMPSE OF LIGHT
DUOMO, FLORENCE, ITALY
Rebecca Buttiglieri

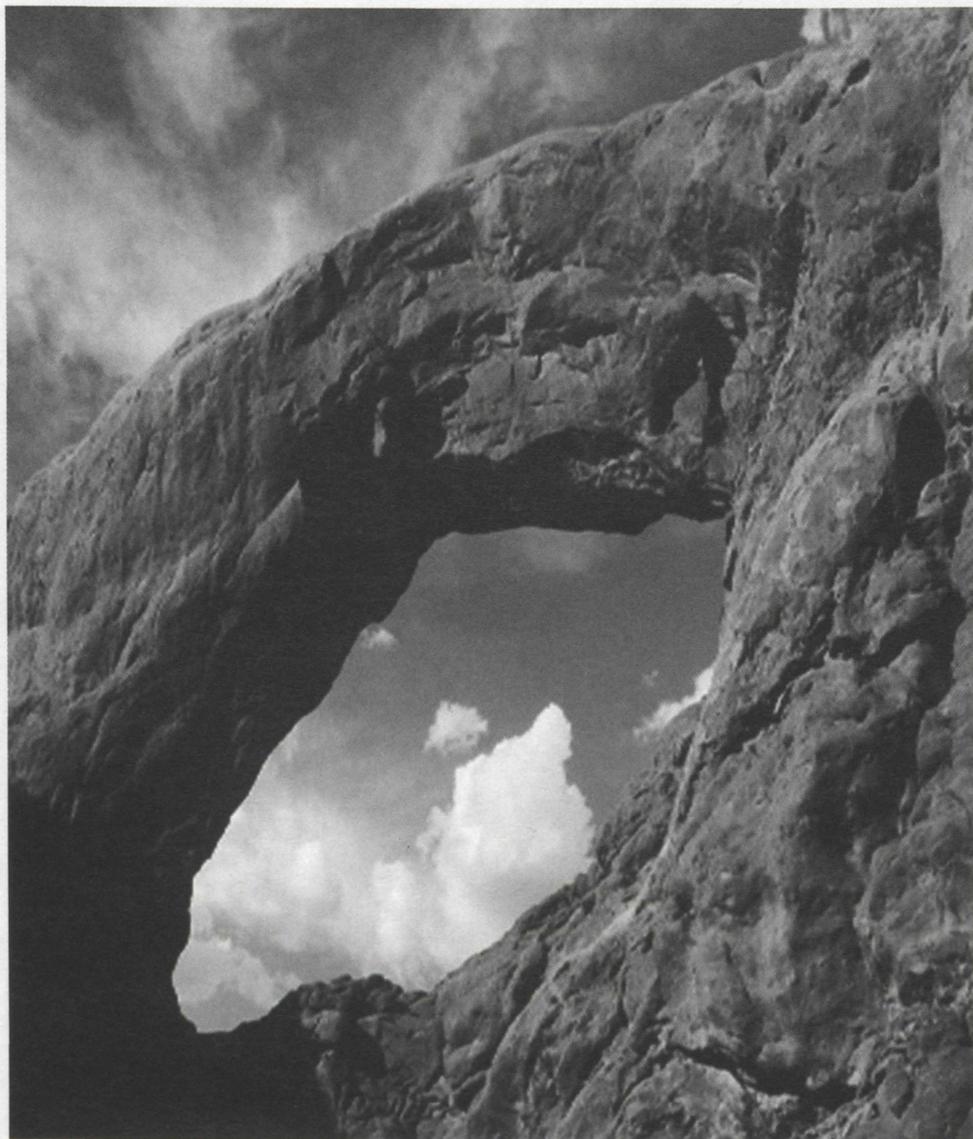


Matthew Bibeau

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



Matthew Bibeau



Matthew Bibeau



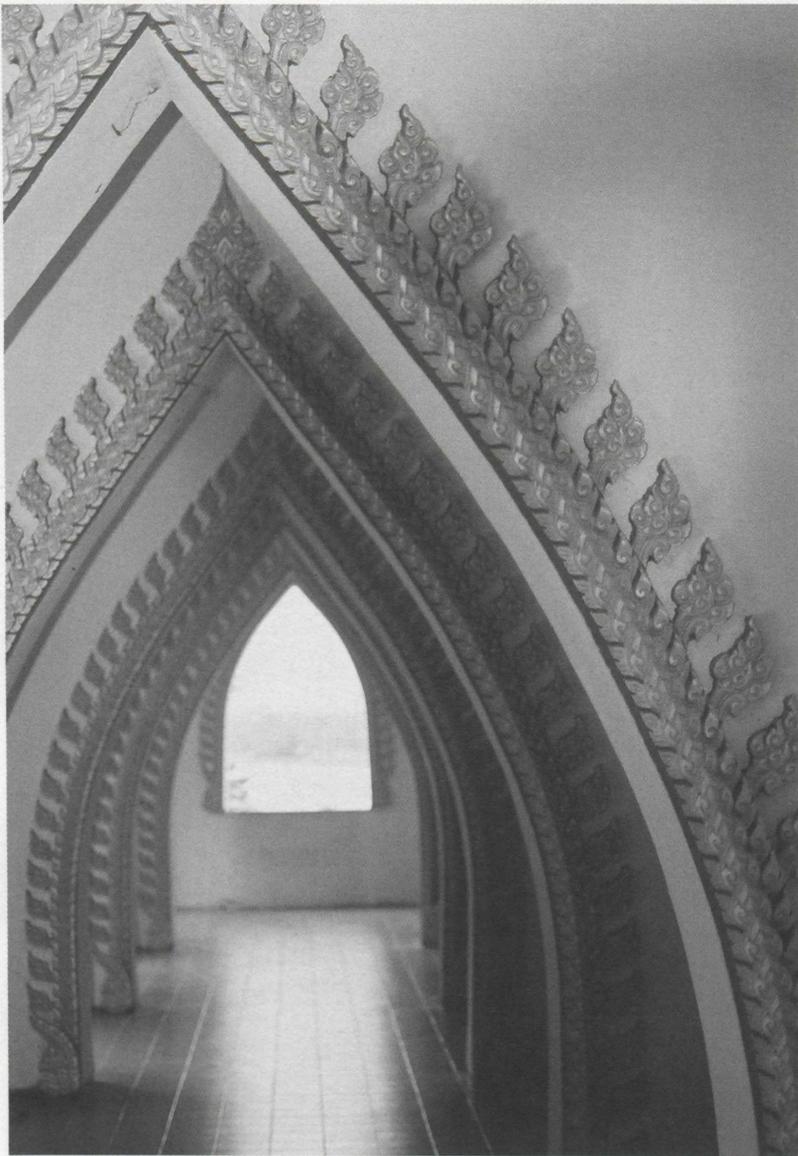
Matthew Bibeau



FLIGHT

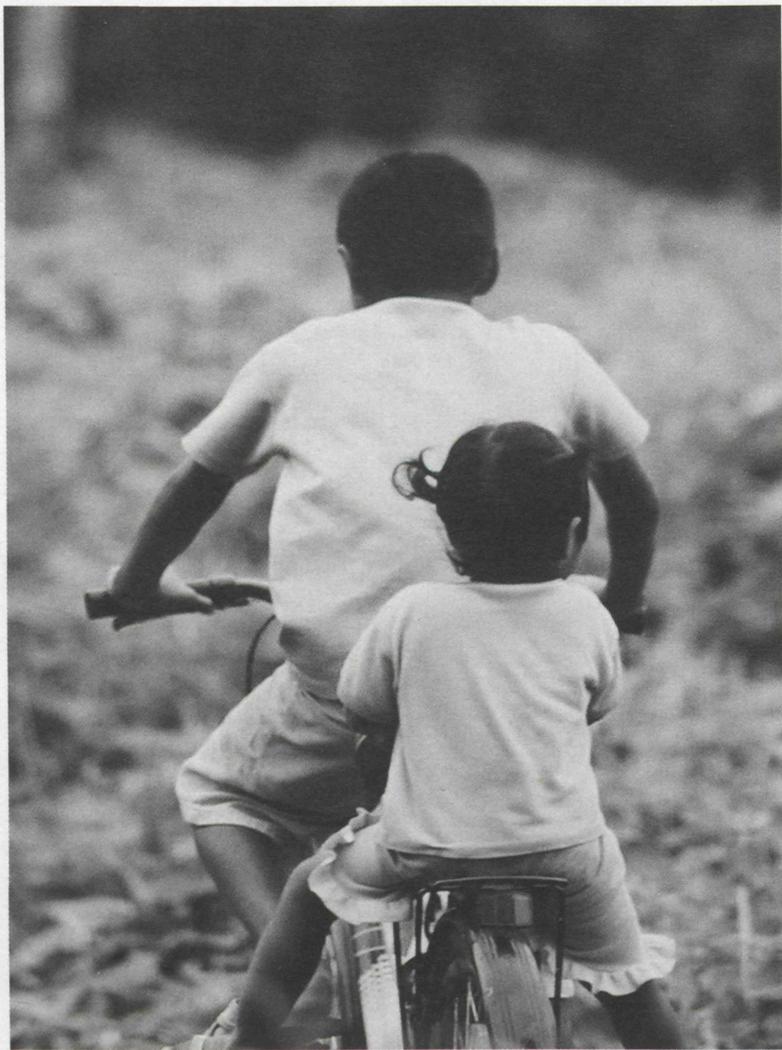
Randall C. Thomas Jr.

The photographer graduates from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in Psychology and a minor in Chemistry in 2005.

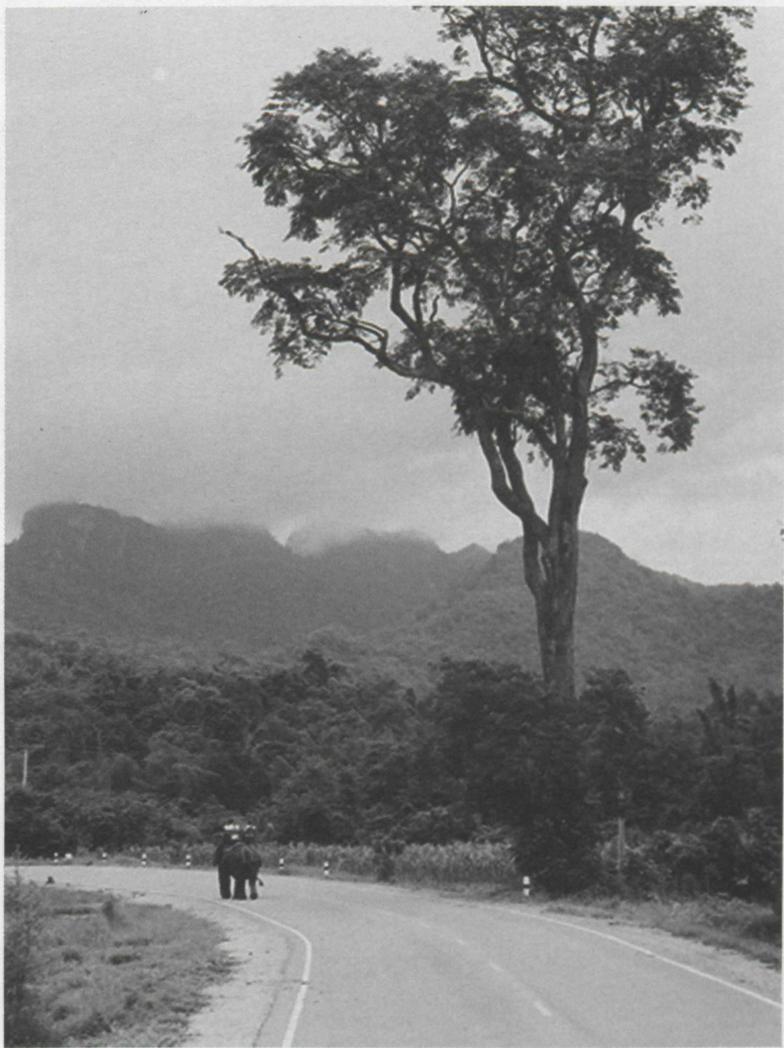


Kathryn Dalton

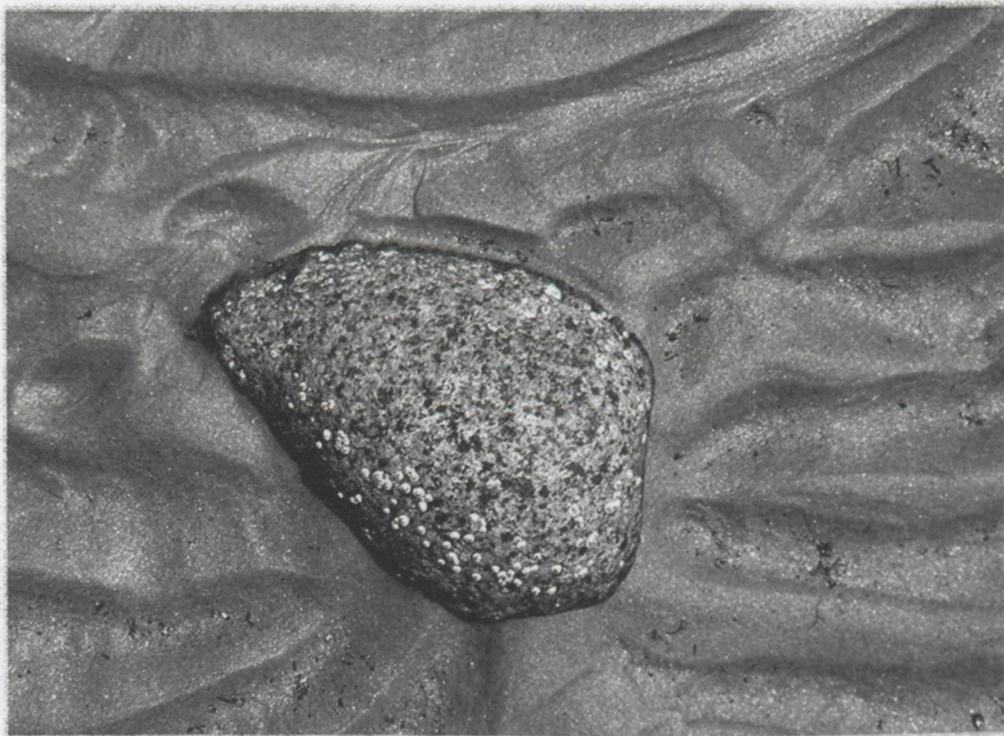
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2007.



Katbryn Dalton



Kathryn Dalton



SNOWSTONE

Brenda Jaye Johnson

The photographer graduates from the College of Arts and Sciences' Teacher Certification Program in 2005.



BARN LADDER
Brenda Jaye Johnson



CAIRN, LOCHNAGER, SCOTLAND

Nancy Rankin

Aline in Her Alice Blue Gown...

Joseph Mahoney

Such a soldier
wrapped in vulnerability

a hospital jonny reb

Glowing with courage . . .
Paradoxically beautiful in
this least flattering chamber.

You smile faintly
and in my direction
I am more than impressed . . .
Taken with your strength.

As never before I know how you feel
feel with you . . . both of us
so capable of love . . .
Even in this prelude, in this moment
where silent hope springs to
a flame of longing.

Amid these metal gadgets, these harsh lights,
above tiled floors and im-personell . . .
In this clinical space
You ask for not so much
. . . Just a kiss . . . For later
and it's given from the bottom of my soul.

(for my wife February 20, 1998)

The author is a professor in the College of Arts and Sciences' Department of English.

Everything Beautiful

Jessica A. Lemire

Saturday mornings,
The horizon calls,
Hair and smiles full of sleep,
We drive without destination.
The tank is full,
The leaves are changing.

It was a year ago this past autumn
That we drove,
With headaches and sour stomachs.
We drifted after that.

But before,
Chocolate town called us
Pennsylvania knew our names.
It called us twins.
And we wrote words on a napkin,
And we jumped on beds,
And you played the piano
In a lobby.
You may have gotten an applause.

And before,
Therapy Billy you read as a lullaby,
Your voice and his words late at night
As I closed my sore eyes

And now, still
Aristotle souls
With a box of memories
That should be elaborated on
And I do remember those flowers.
They were lilies
And they were beautiful
And they sat quietly in a vase
On a table,
Bragging to the paper whites.

And the distance
Was necessary.
It took some adjusting
But I grew back my right hip
And you grew back your left
And our balance is back

And we picked up new habits:
Cigarettes and hair dye and bottle caps
and pad thai
And I grew to love you all over again
In a different section of my heart

So Aristotle souls and therapy Billy and
Beautiful lilies and distance
All lie in our minds,
Sleeping and waking just as we do
As we turn the pages
Of our lives.

The author plans to graduate in 2008 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in English and she is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.

For the Passion of Life and Self

Jeffrey Beau Winner

If I have not lived for passion I desire to not love.
In doing so, I do not love myself and I become dormant,
Retreating to place that brings me comfort when it truly does not.
In the cyclic sea of passion no water is added nor is any taken.

Passion begins within for it is what our spirits crave.
As we want to be beloved and have a beloved.
Heading back to that uncomfortable place is necessary and leads to this passion.
This is a desire to swim in the passionate sea, to be added to and also to supply.

Nonattachment is necessary to realize what "we" are attached to.
It allows the spirit to open up and talk about the wounds.
Attachment comes when there is true passion.
To become nonattached lets you see the wounds and realize your spirit is passionate, but not full.

If I live for passion, I desire to love and be loved.
In doing so, I do love who I am and I become alive.
I accept the place that brings me passion when it truly does so.
In the cyclic sea of passion waters flow in and out freely.

Passion begins within for love is our spirit and we crave to share bliss.
The "beloved" becomes a part of us that we know exists because we are passionate.
We notice the uncomfortable places that were necessary and lead to where passion was blocked,
Swimming without restraint in a free flowing sea to where passion grows and passion is saved.

An attachment is needed to come to realize what can be nonattached.

It allows seeing why the spirit has closed itself to passion and feeling those continual sufferings.

Nonattachment comes when true passion cannot be felt.

To become attached lets you see suffering and know the spirit is unmoved, but craves to be encouraged again.

For the passion of life and self, let us recognize where waters have stopped and where they may flow again.

Blockage of self allows for nonattachment, which awareness of a passionless self acknowledges, the craving that cannot be craved.

The hunger builds to become passionate and receive passion; recognition to attachments becomes visible—the vision of passion.

For where the sea is full of passion let us know where life continues as the self comes to the surface.

August 30, 2004

Dedicated to the people who are passionate about life and self.

The author plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a master's degree in Education.

Sweet Summer

Liz Andrews

Summer is a slow riser to the morning, wiping her misty eyes in the foggy morn to watch the sun itself arise. Her hair is craftily braided into a golden crown upon her head. As the sun slowly climbs its way up over the hills, Summer's slender fingers unwind her honey-hued mane. Softly the strands caress her shoulders; radiating her in velvety warmth. Her eyes shimmer with glee as the bright blue heavens reflect in her azure eyes, with not a cloud in the sky to dampen their brilliance.

Summer's dress lightly clings to her body, subtly hinting at her voluptuous curves. The silky dress seemingly changes color with passing of each day, reflecting the earthly pastels of the nature around her. Her emotions are artfully embroidered into flowers on her dress. The flowers hide in sadness, or bloom in contentment with the ever-varying mood of the weather.

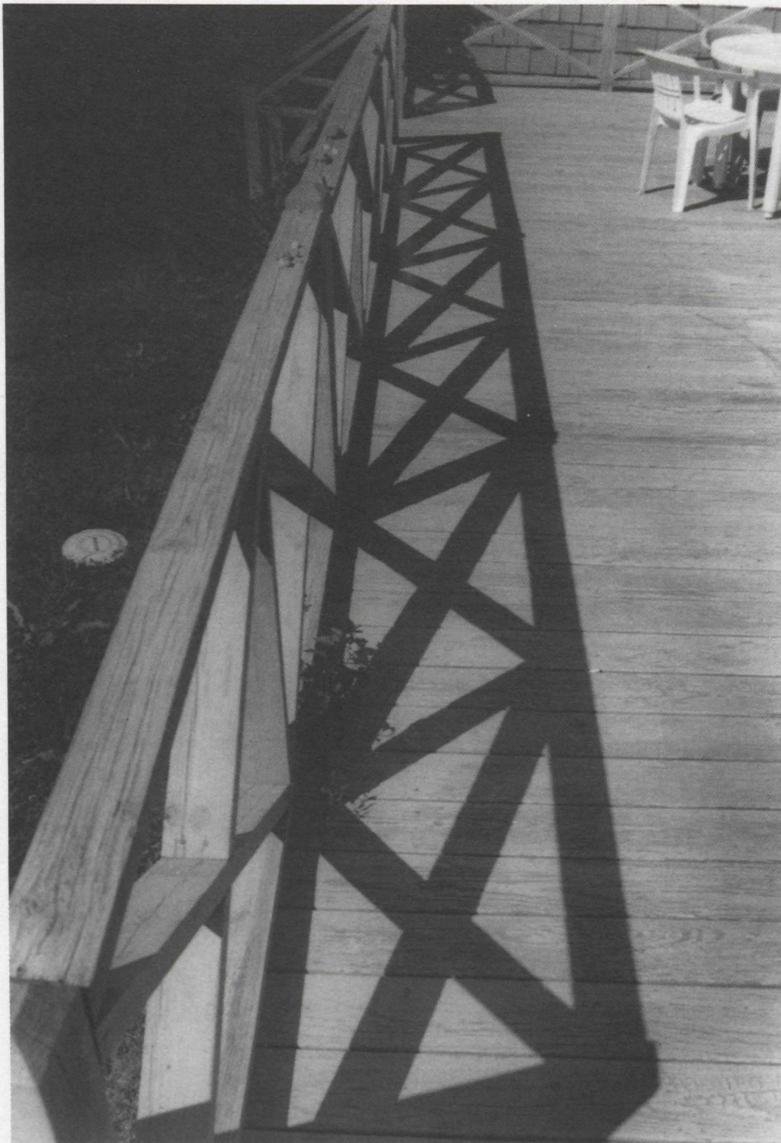
Summer softly breathes as a calm, cooling breeze meets the air. She whispers sweet, melodious words of love to the sleepy-eyed flowers, for them to awaken and greet the day. Summer tends the fields of the wild flowers that dance with joy for her very presence. Her perfume lingers wherever she has been; the sweet aromas of balsam, honey suckle, and water lily wafting lazily through the air toward unsuspecting strangers mesmerizing them with her wiles.

When she tires of the blazing sun, she takes a running dive into the cool, clear water to refresh her bubbly spirit. Her long slender legs gracefully skim over the waves, her heart beating with every breath she takes. The soft pitter-patter of raindrops is heard upon the leaves and ground below, as she splashes and plays with the ducks. A light mist can be seen as she wades out of the water and the sky softens above.

As daylight wanes, one would think Summer would mellow out, but not this free spirited child. She blushes her cheeks to the vibrant tones of an ice cream sherbet and a little strawberry ice cream too. She twists and curls her hair into a loose bun then places a white water lily behind her ear. Vivaciously, she strikes out to her favorite club, The Marshland Cub, with her fiddle and flute in hand.

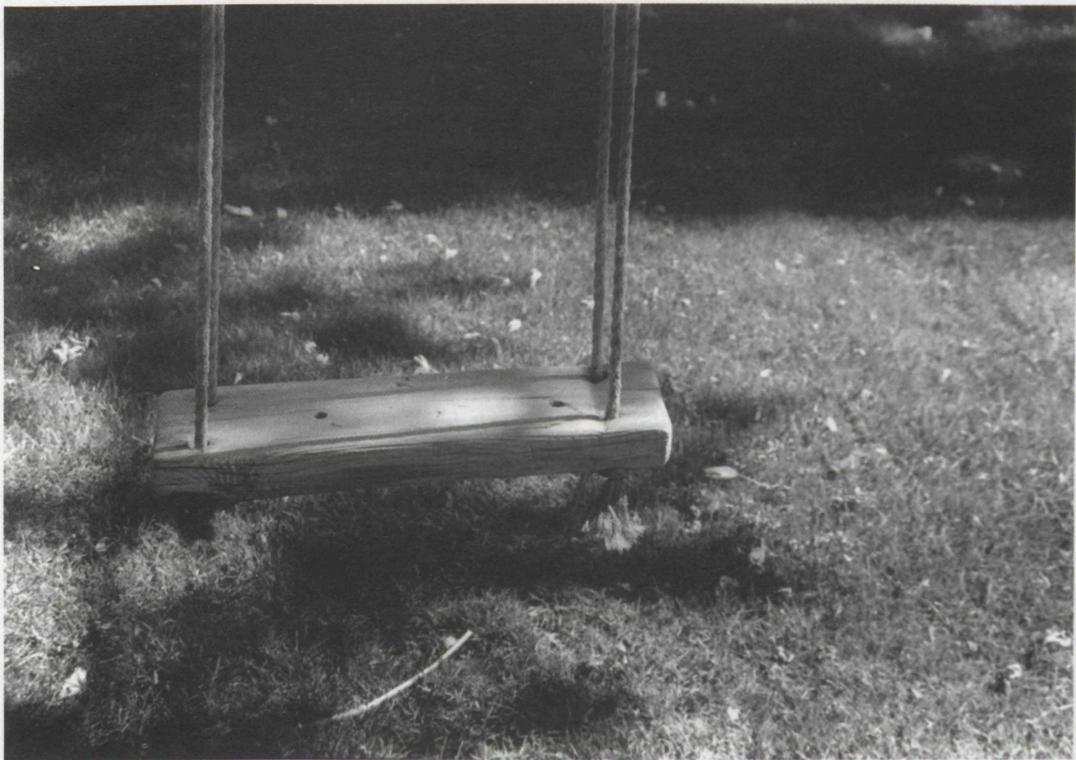
Summer walks in and a short murmur of glee erupts from the regulars. She starts off by singing, her tone reverberating with joy, sorrow, lust and compassion all flowing from her seductive voice. The cattails gently drum the lily pads in rhythm with her melody. She then picks up the fiddle and sings of the owls and the stars above. As the moon tiptoes over the treetops, peeking onto the world, Summer pulls out her flute and plays the somber harmony of the loons with the crickets as her orchestra.

The moon swims high in the sky as all life below begins to fall asleep. Summer slowly drifts into a peaceful slumber, with the crickets humming in their sleep to the bob and weave of the fireflies.



Michelle Clark

The photographer graduates from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in Psychology and Social Relations and a minor in Art Education in 2005.



Michelle Clark



Michelle Clark

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