

Spring 2005

## Zephyr: The Sixth Issue

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**ZEPHYR**

the sixth issue · spring 2005

# **ZEPHYR**

the sixth issue · spring 2005

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)<sub>VR</sub>

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<sub>VR</sub>

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<sup>VR</sup>

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<sub>VR</sub>

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**

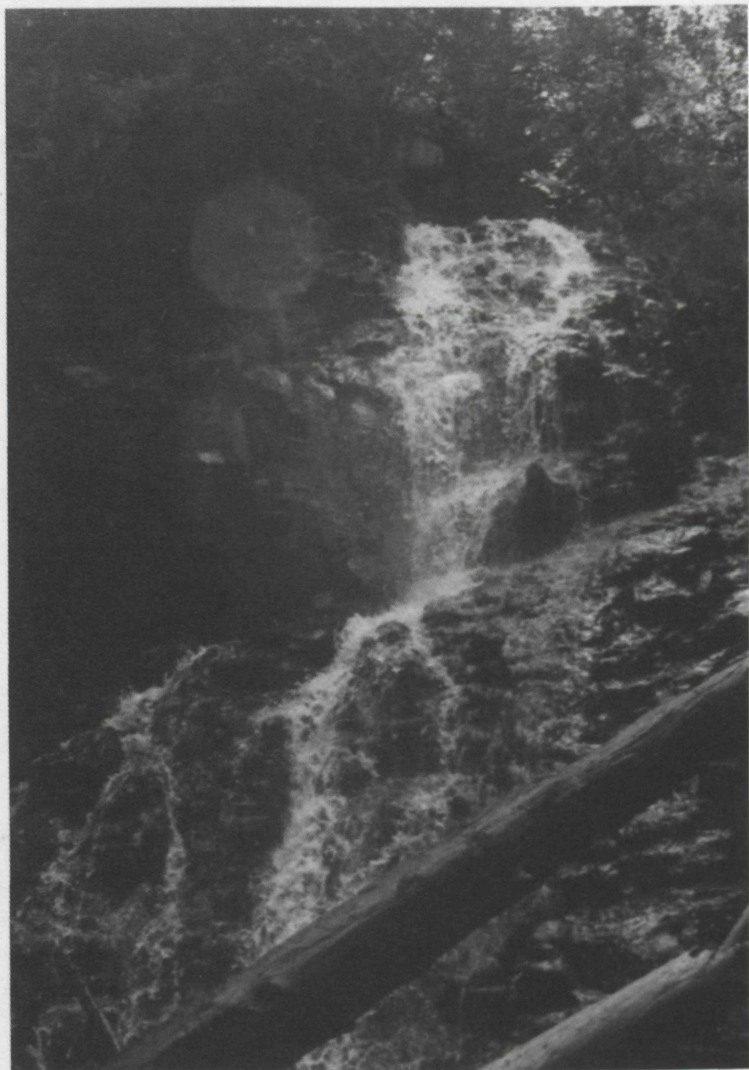
*Nancy Rankin*

*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*

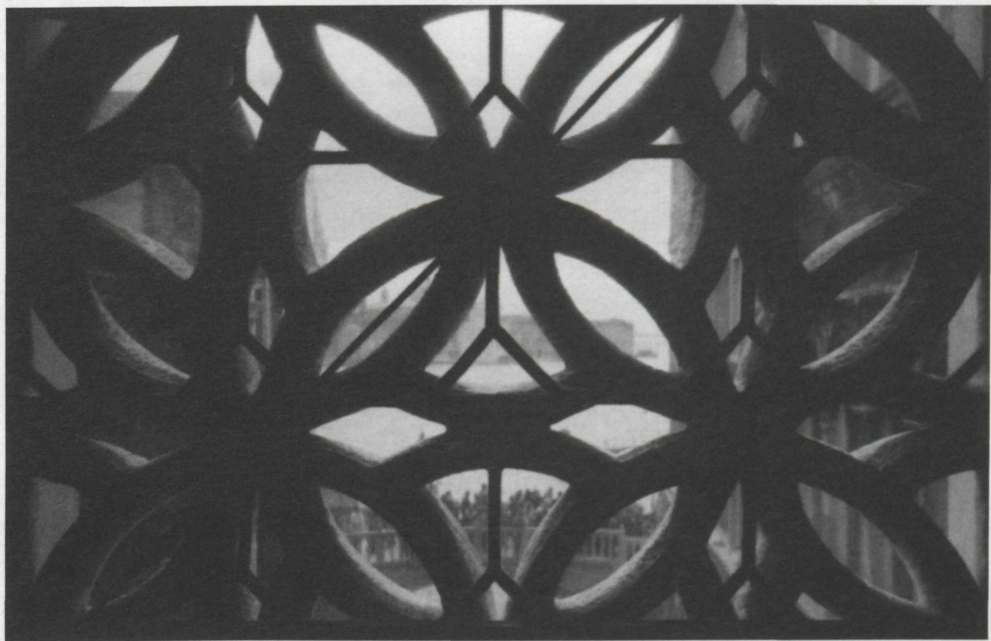
*The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in Political Science in 2007.*



**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*



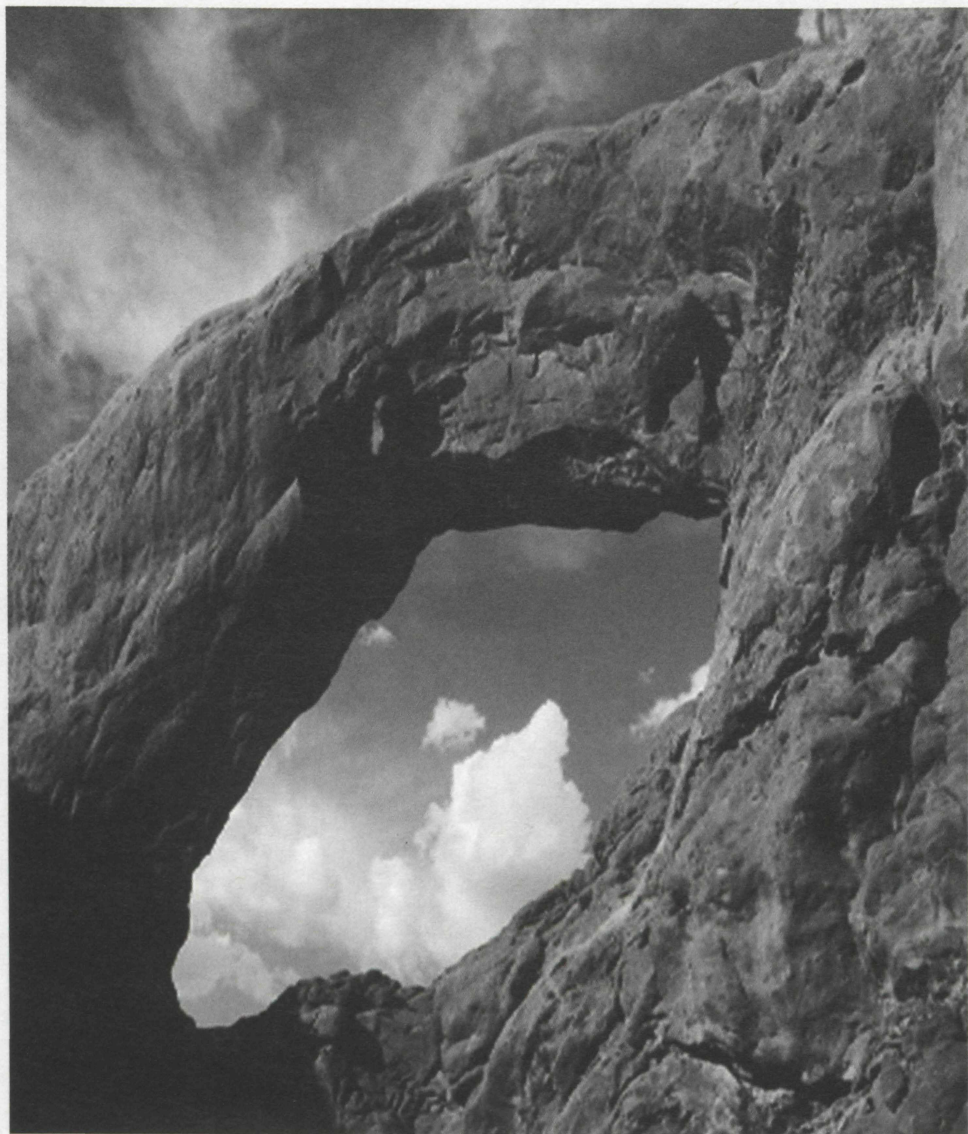
*Matthew Bibeau*

*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**

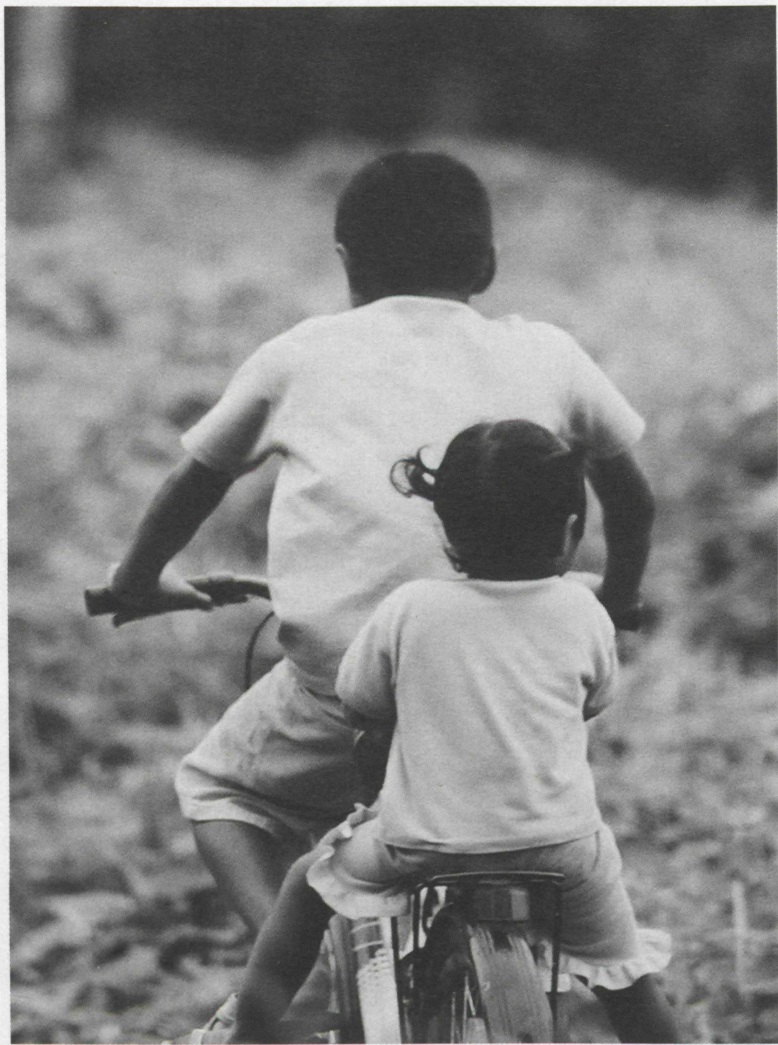
*Randall C. Thomas Jr.*

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

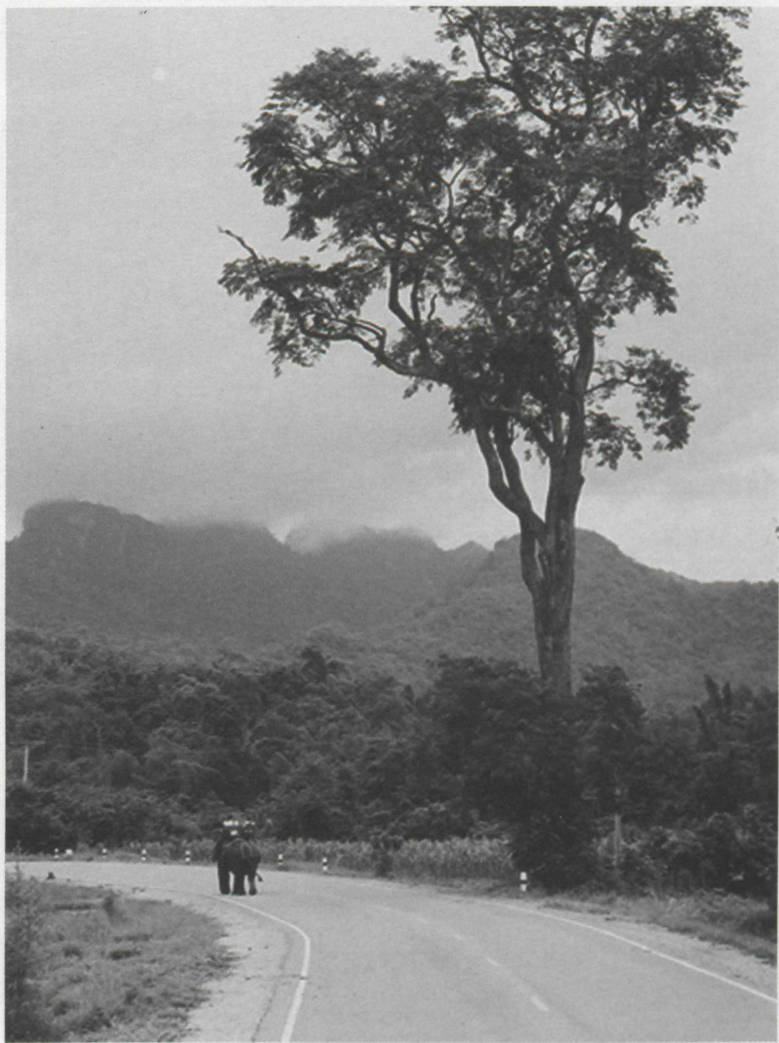


*Kathryn Dalton*

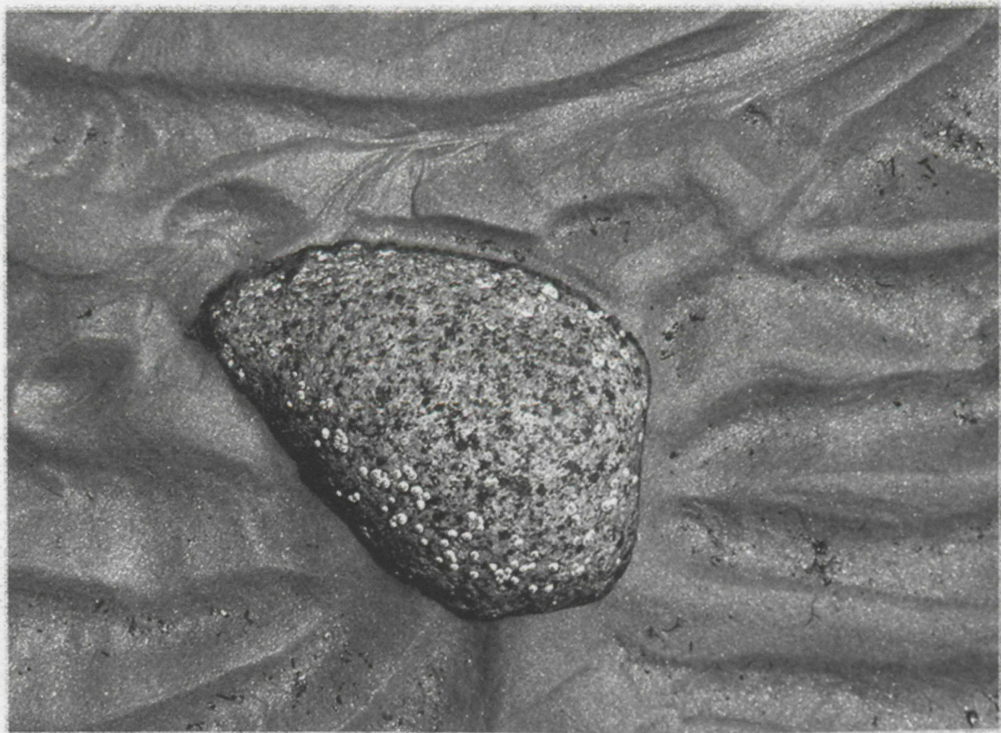
*The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2007.*



*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.

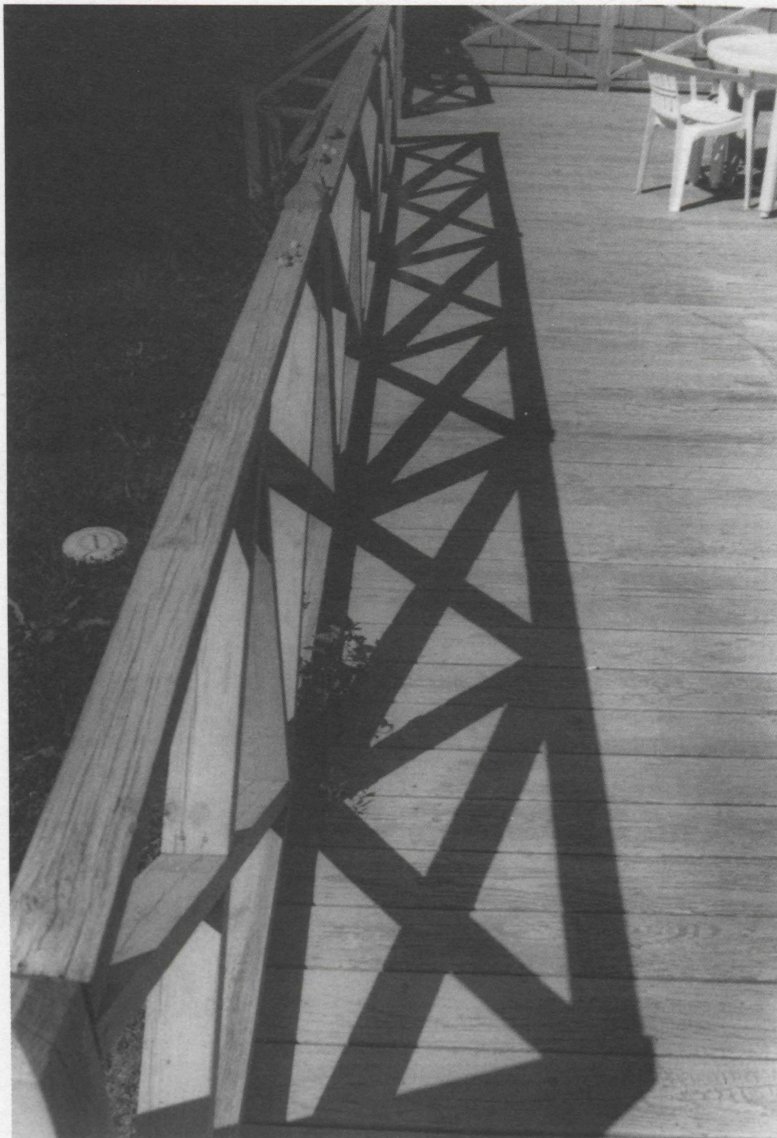
When she tires of the blazing sun, she takes a running dive into the cool, clear water to refresh her bubbly spirit. Her long slender legs gracefully skim over the waves, her heart beating with every breath she takes. The soft pitter-patter of raindrops is heard upon the leaves and ground below, as she 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.



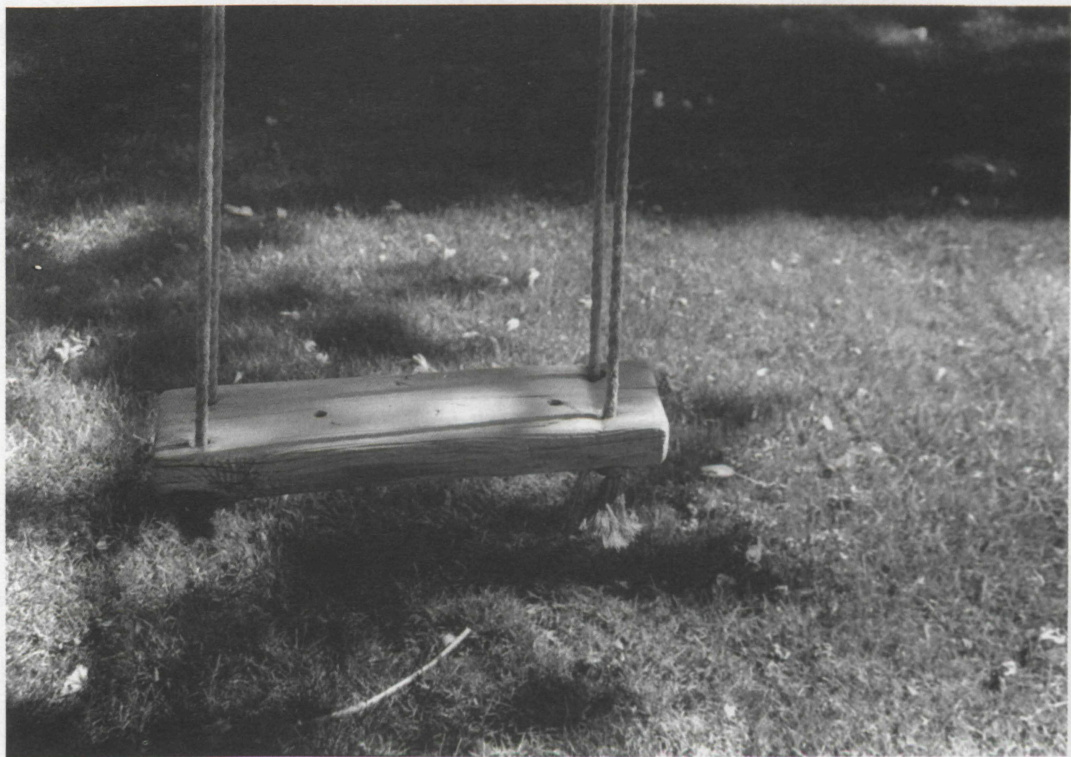
Summer walks in and a short murmur of glee erupts from the regulars. She starts off by singing, her tone reverberating with joy, sorrow, lust and compassion all flowing from her seductive voice. The cattails gently drum the lily pads in rhythm with her melody. She then picks up the fiddle and sings of 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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