

Spring 2006

Zephyr: The Seventh Issue

Zephyr Faculty Advisor
University of New England

Jamie Thompson
University of New England

Emma Bouthillette
University of New England

Brittany Campbell
University of New England

Alissa Ehmke
University of New England

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dune.une.edu/zephyr>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Interdisciplinary Arts and Media Commons](#), and the [Photography Commons](#)

Preferred Citation

Faculty Advisor, Zephyr; Thompson, Jamie; Bouthillette, Emma; Campbell, Brittany; Ehmke, Alissa; Elliott, Abby; Hartelius, Courtney; and Potter, Brady, "Zephyr: The Seventh Issue" (2006). *Zephyr*. 7.
<http://dune.une.edu/zephyr/7>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Works at DUNE: DigitalUNE. It has been accepted for inclusion in Zephyr by an authorized administrator of DUNE: DigitalUNE. For more information, please contact bkenyon@une.edu.

Creator

Zephyr Faculty Advisor, Jamie Thompson, Emma Bouthillette, Brittany Campbell, Alissa Ehmke, Abby Elliott, Courtney Hartelius, and Brady Potter



ZEPHYR

the seventh issue
spring 2006

the university of
new england's

journal of artistic
expression

ZEPHYR

the seventh issue · spring 2006

STAFF

editor-in-chief Jamie Thompson
faculty advisor Susan McHugh, PhD
clerical assistant Elaine Brouillette

EDITORIAL BOARD

Emma Bouthillette · Brittany Campbell · Alissa Ehmke
Abby Elliott · Courtney Hartelius · Brady Potter · Jamie Thompson

design & typography Jamie Thompson
printed by Penmor Lithographers, Lewiston
cover photograph by Sarah Tuttle, *Path of River Sky*



This magazine is printed entirely on recycled paper.

Zephyr has been published since 1999 by an organization of students at the University of New England in Maine. If you should like information about the magazine, including details on how to submit your artwork, please e-mail Dr Susan McHugh at smchugh@pipeline.une.edu or write to her in care of the University of New England, 11 Hills Beach Road, Biddeford, Maine 04005.

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

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ZEPHYR

THE SEVENTH ISSUE / SPRING 2006

the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

Letter from the Editor 5

WORDS

| | | |
|---------------------|----|---|
| Erin Kenney | 6 | <i>Mourned Morning</i> |
| Leslie Ricker | 7 | <i>Prowling the Periphery</i> |
| Brittany Campbell | 12 | <i>Into the Moonlight</i> |
| Catherine Giaquinto | 16 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Jamie Thompson | 19 | <i>Awakening</i> |
| Benjamin Lavertu | 21 | <i>Impressions of an August Morning</i> |
| Adam Powers | 26 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Catherine Giaquinto | 29 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Erin Kenney | 30 | <i>A Summer Creek</i> |
| Brittany Campbell | 32 | <i>A Year and A Month Ago</i> |
| Catherine Giaquinto | 35 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Erin Kenney | 38 | <i>Mirror Mirror</i> |
| Erin Kenney | 40 | <i>Snowbound</i> |
| Catherine Giaquinto | 43 | <i>This Country</i> |

IMAGES

| | | |
|--------------------|----|--------------------------------|
| Cheryl L. Miller | 11 | <i>Approaching the End</i> |
| Jamie Thompson | 13 | <i>St. Patrick's</i> |
| Sarah Tuttle | 14 | <i>After the Rain</i> |
| Lindsay Wood | 15 | <i>Johnny Depp</i> |
| Joy Guerrieri-Bang | 17 | <i>Tarpon Springs Sunset</i> |
| Jonathan M. Kyne | 18 | <i>In Flight</i> |
| Cheryl L. Miller | 20 | <i>Summer Forest</i> |
| Lindsey Cole | 24 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Joy Guerrieri-Bang | 25 | <i>Desert Oasis</i> |
| Michael Kyle | 27 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Michael Kyle | 28 | <i>Amber Night</i> |
| Jonathan M. Kyne | 31 | <i>Golden Eye</i> |
| Cheryl L. Miller | 33 | <i>Leaf and Seed of Autumn</i> |
| Michael Kyle | 34 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Cheryl L. Miller | 36 | <i>Stages of Poppies</i> |
| Joy Guerrieri-Bang | 37 | <i>In the White Mountains</i> |
| Cheryl L. Miller | 39 | <i>Reflection of Winter</i> |
| Cheryl L. Miller | 41 | <i>Back Bay Winter</i> |
| Lindsey Cole | 42 | <i>Untitled</i> |
| Joy Guerrieri-Bang | 44 | <i>Inside Getty</i> |
| Joy Guerrieri-Bang | 45 | <i>Outside Getty</i> |

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Jamie Thompson

Welcome, readers, to the seventh issue of Zephyr! Do not be fooled by the slimness of this volume, as we have compiled the very best that our community has to offer. We have a wide array of submissions this year, from poetry and prose to watercolor and photography. It is yet another stunning year for the university's artistic outlet, and I am honored to participate in its history.

So please enjoy, and let this be a testament to the beautiful things that happen when people put their imaginations to work.

MOURNED MORNING

Erin Kenney

Tangled limbs I see
Warmth of fatigue
overpowering me.
I won't leave.

Melded to this place.
Wrapped in your embrace.
Synchronize this time
your heart and mine.

Don't sit this one out
dance with me now.
Patterns laid in the sand.
Come take my hand.

You tire with my vivacity.
Time sought for tranquility.
This moment of unrelenting time
watch as it passes by.

Drifting now apart.
Shards of my heart
cut me and I bleed
over these fallow memories.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.

PROWLING THE PERIPHERY (A GOODBYE TO ONE)

Leslie Ricker

from dreams come
ingredients and things that matter:

“from a garden emerges
an empty lot,
we were not
what we thought,
as hours of neglect come
and seeds scatter”

new shoots rise
from undug stumps,
stones protrude
from humps
left by last year’s plow;
amazing how
the day’s clay hardens
to my shoes,
the sun drops from view,
and birds begin to chatter:

“I listened more intently
to the evening chickadee
and he, like me,
seems to be,
to some degree,
bridging the gaps between
song and poetry”

from dreams come:
the green worm that penetrates
my sweet broccoli,
and onions that grow
above the ground,
gardens that surround,
and fragrant airs that abound
with the tatters
of waking and of dream,
of edges that seem
to be the bounds
of endless platters:

“in the soil
 is something new,
 something that, from the
 depths,
 somehow grew

and the rain don't fall
 it splatters”

(prowling the periphery)

sunshine lightning,
 burning eyes,
 cloudless rains realize
 they have no backing,
 are moisture lacking
 as their make-up dries;
 fingers fumbled bootblack laces
 tied in darkened spaces,
 though shallow sleep was
 abandoned
 the depth of feet
 somehow landed
 in daylight's proper places

‘love as star’
 the fist line went,
 ‘outshining
 god or government’,
 ‘managing
 with lack of management’;
 without light,
 in necessity, I invent
 a margin,
 a path gone out around:

“some love's standing,
 some love's falling down”

along boundary lines,
 along hedges, hedges, and woven
 walls
 the larger confusion calls
 the edges to entwine
 with the fences for secluding,
 for the prevention of intruding:

“behind me lives
 a world so fair
 it seems unlikely
 I was
 ever there”

there are clouds in distant air,
 a grayness hovers where
 the garden meets the skies,
 where goodness and growth arise
 as clones of the same cutting,
 as flowers from the same stem,
 but if even love and butterflies
 can devour them

“what kind of predators
 are we
 prowling the periphery”

(crops)

“gray is my favorite color”

long skies shine blue
 but on the slender horizon
 is a line of cloud
 or mind,
 and gray is its color:

the day's hard thoughts
 and shadows wed
 the sun sets
 down into its bed,

angels of evening
 begin to prow, l,
 the neighbor's dog
 begins to howl
 at the working wings
 of the garden bat,
 at the wanderings
 of our charcoal cat
 as he roams the breaks
 between the growing rows
 left wide enough for filling
 for softening the soil for hilling:

“I keep an eye
 on my seed potatoes
 hoping I can make them
 go an extra row,
 harvest half-a-bushel more,
 if I cut them right

I'll dream of crops tonight”

the warm days
 melt to snow,
 summer gives no kiss
 before it goes,

no whisper of explaining;
no cursing or complaining
comes from the voice of wind
as it begins to blow:

“the last burst paraded
a path across the snow,
the heavy cloud debated
then turned to east to go,
I was caught still and staring
at a kind of ‘calendar
despairing’
that a season shouldn’t show

that was my last time
out to heaven
where it stares out
to the sea,
heaven as a place
I could want to be
trapped by education,
groping for its light,
trapped with wild delight
in spite of me

the years make their circles
tight

I’ll dream of crops tonight”



APPROACHING THE END
Cheryl L. Miller

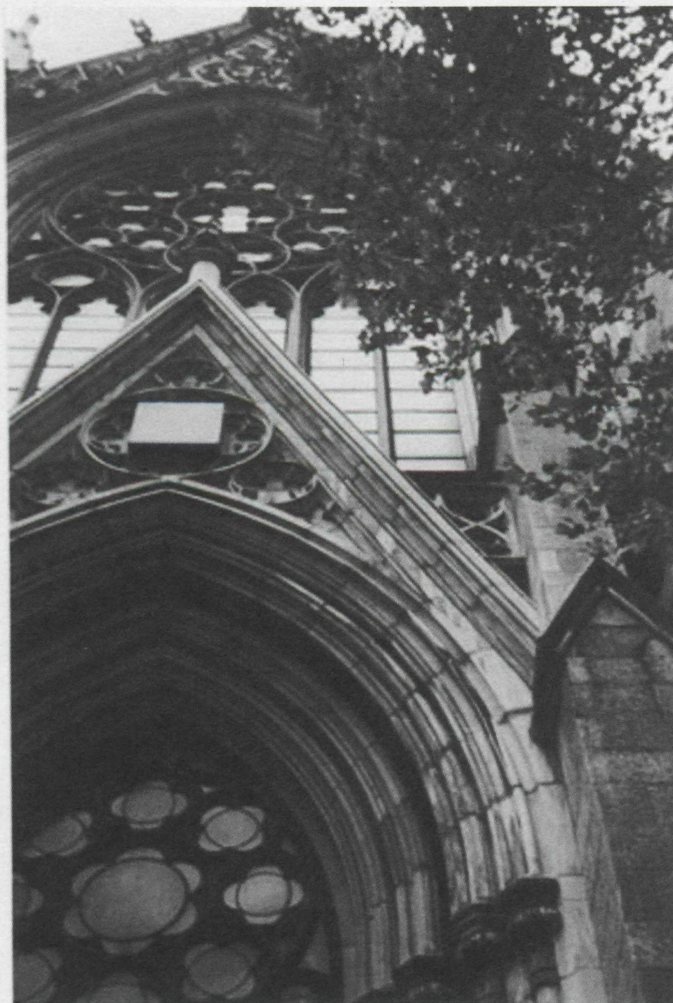
The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.

INTO THE MOONLIGHT

Brittany Campbell

Run away with me
Into the moonlight
And we'll be all right
Up there in the sky
We'll never know 'til we try
Cover ourselves in a blanket of stars
Lying in the crescent's cradle
Keep close, our skin's so warm
Our breath white fog in the blue sky
The heavens will protect us
In our midnight adventure
Across the horizon
Just so long as you stay with me
Until the sun rises
So run away with me
Into the moonlight
And we'll be alright
Up there in the sky
Yeah, we'll never know 'til we try

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.



ST. PATRICK'S
Jamie Thompson

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English. She is the Editor in Chief of Zephyr.



AFTER THE RAIN

Sarah Tuttle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with degrees in English and Environmental Studies.



JOHNNY DEPP
Lindsay Wood

The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Marine Biology.

UNTITLED

Catherine Giaquinto

12/14/02

12:05 am

Finally, an evening
of you and me. The sun
has already set, the cold
wind moved in to steal the night.

Inside, the warmth melts us,
you and me are us. Walking
in socks, music as background,
dancing, face against your back,

arms around your waist,
smells of garlic bring me home.
Chop, chop, back to the bed
I sit.

You move as if I wasn't watching,
steps of grace, moments
of indecision - in goes the parsley,
Out comes...

She never thanks you when you
cook. My gratitude comes in waves -
of water as I wash the dishes.
The cook never cleans.

And I will learn in the most painful
of ways that you still feel
for another, not me,
The way you feel for her.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with degrees in English and Secondary Education. She is a former Editor in Chief of Zephyr.



TARPON SPRINGS SUNSET
Joy Guerrieri-Bang

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.



IN FLIGHT

Jonathan M. Kyne

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

AWAKENING

Jamie Thompson

She stands on the threshold,
her feet touching freedom.
As she looks at the water
melting into sky, the world
opens like the wings of a gull.
She mirrors its cry; caught
in her throat are the words she never
spoke. Fingers of anticipation make
their way around her heart
like seaweed clinging to a rock.
The water surrounds her now,
the only escape is in the surrender.
And it feels like falling
into the most beautiful reverie.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English. She is the Editor in Chief of Zephyr.



SUMMER FOREST

Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUGUST MORNING (MY DROWNING, A CLANDESTINE TRIP)

Benjamin Lavertu

Part A:

It's because so much concentrated (condensed) nature.

All the time (repeat). An August morning does not do much for me (nothing new).

Days, like these, are oh so casually painful.

Briefly, being overly constant and repeating.

Although. I'm not pathetically apathetic...

I can appreciate the air of being exclusive (sometimes elusive). In nature.

And on this stunning morning.

The description is like trying to make my words worth a thousand photographs.

I do say though. Contrast (variables) is (are) interesting.

Between: people & nature, old & new things.

Like these: Bricks (unsalvageable wreckage) lining the interior of a stream.

It's not special. And not easy to explain.

But it's something that caught my attention.

Still breathing? Good, I'll go on...

I know it's crazy.

Under fleeting water. The bricks stay the same. Their constitution is dottily daft.

But.

I can understand also why the bricks would be unappealing, appalling.
 They don't really belong. Not really. They're so informal.
 Cobble imposters loitering. Not that it makes a difference.
 Who can say what stays? And what should go?
 Who can really, really say?
 Not. Me.

As stated, conflicting and contrasting, you've done me a favor. I bend a bow in gratitude.

Especially on this morning (not mourning).

Even though these affairs and adventures are without context.

I'll take the smallest detail possibly available to me, and focus on that.

From a minimalist point of view, the wind, the flies, the clouds, even everything...

Is too much. My eyes are sore.

In a moment, I'll need a moment, for a moment, just one moment, once upon a moment,

Bricks & streams, insects & things, plants & pebbles,

Were (are) really (very) important (insignificant), especially on an August morning.

Constant and Repeating, might be misleading.

Part B:

Flowers and trees are splitting seeds.

Like a pomegranate explosion.

Covering the sky at night, every night.

The moon's face is full and rouged.

Matching to the face of a sunflower.

You can't see though, your eye's on the wrong end of the telescope. Quel conundrum.

Dark seeds are distracting, and forgetting...
 For the sun. Time to begin again.
 With uncommon grace. It's time for morning,
 (This time, for mourning too).
 Bye summer!
 You can wave too! Go on.
 Go. On.

August shakes hands with September.

Curiously, how young was I in August?

Quick (Cryptic) Answer: Compose (fully composed, of course) a list of events & experiences of poignantly distressing moments that rigidly forced you to grow up. Forgetting your birthday cake, just because I've woken up 6938 times, I feel older. I know it's crazy, I know. But someone is going to have to remind you that the shortest distance between two points is a full circle. And I hope you never understand the ending to this poem. If you do just please leave me the illusion that you don't, please do. (Such an actor)

Part Z:

Back in August I dropped my foot on the ground. My balance went too. I fell in the stream, but like a pair of angels, these bricks caught my fall. I'm (so very) glad they got to stay. I am all shook up. Under the shadows of floating leaves and in a tomb of (bitterly) cold water. I'm wondering if maybe I may have made an impression on the stream, at least as much as it has done on me. (Here comes on ironic plot twist, get ready...) I'm not sure, but if I fell down in the middle of this stream, right now, and nobody was around, would I make a sound?

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with degrees in English and Education.



UNTITLED
Lindsey Cole

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Marine Biology.



DESERT OASIS
Joy Guerrieri-Bang

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.

UNTITLED

Adam Powers

It is very late, or maybe very early, and the dust of the road comes floating in through the window, and in the bed he cannot close his eyes. He tries not to wake her as he stands, the covers roaring in the quiet room. In the dark, past the teeming banks of peepers and past the damp smell of spring, the bones of a desert reach out for him.

She reaches for him, too. She finds his place cold, and knows he is standing at the window. He doesn't hear her tired shuffle on the floor, but she wraps her arms around his waist, and brings him back. The smell of her sleep brings him back. Her cold nose and warm lips on his neck bring him back, almost.

Almost.

Lying beside her again, he listens to the tiny snores of her breathing, and after a long time he lets the dream flow over him. It is deep, and dark, and maybe tonight it will finally wash him clean. He drowns in it until the rising sun slants through the blinds and dries it away, and he wakes with a start, surprised to be holding her tight in soft linens. The steel and the dirt vanish, but the fear does not. It is not fooled by the lacy dried flowers at the bedside. Under the bed, a scorpion clatters back into darkness. He swallows, and begins to think about his coffee.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2002 with a degree in English



UNTITLED
Michael Kyle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.



AMBER NIGHT
Michael Kyle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.

UNTITLED

Catherine Giaquinto

11/08/02

12:33am

The desperation leaked
out of my eyes, fingers,
feet, as I made every attempt
to quell my need to reach him.

To just touch his hand,
run my tips over his knuckles
feel the hair resting
there, on its perch.

My feet jiggled, my fingers
perspired, my eyes swam,
over his figure; my attempt
was successful and I will end

another day knowing,
or at least hoping,
he has no idea of the thoughts
in my head.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with degrees in English and Secondary Education. She is a former Editor in Chief of Zephyr.

A SUMMER CREEK

Erin Kenney

Water trickles and flows
tumbles lightly.
Muddy toes.

Shivering cold
walk among the ripples.
Feeling ten years old.

Stones skip.
Leaves canopy above.
Stubbed toe trip.

Heat sweltering drips.
Tongue tasting salt
from my lips.

If rain should come
debating options.
Let me run.

Through the fields,
chasing memories.
If only time would yield.

If the day should end now.
Falling stars.
watch from the ground.

Days of perfection can't exist.
So I state and
then insist.

Feeling too bereaved
with the wreck less abandon
I feel as I leave.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.



GOLDEN EYE
Jonathan M. Kyne

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

A YEAR AND A MONTH AGO

Brittany Campbell

One year and a month ago
When I first started loving you
Autumn is our favorite season
But now I am alone
The leaves are changing
However they aren't as bright
As the day we hiked up the hill
That claims to be a mountain
The leaves were so vibrant
Orange, red, yellow
Or maybe it was electricity
Pulsating from your hand to mine
That made them so beautiful in my eyes
And sitting on the doorstep
In the crisp, cool October air
You let me wear your sweatshirt
But now the pumpkin's grin is not so wide
Without you
And cider doesn't have that rich, tart flavor
When I can't share it with you
One year and a month ago
When I first started loving you
Autumn was our favorite season
But now I am alone.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.



LEAF AND SEED OF AUTUMN

Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.



UNTITLED
Michael Kyle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.

UNTITLED

Catherine Giaquinto

10/26/02

12:58am

Charcoal gray, winter
at its trophy;
eggplant silhouette
singed into your side,
a solitary hair languishes
on the pillow, I
laugh at the maudlin effect.

My thrashing does nothing
to quiet my fears,
they've crept in under
the door, soaking my
heart with the travesty
of what we've become;

a banana lays unpeeled on the
counter.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with degrees in English and Secondary Education. She is a former Editor in Chief of Zephyr.



STAGES OF POPPIES

Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.



IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS
Joy Guerrieri-Bang

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.

MIRROR MIRROR

Erin Kenney

Ties that bind me down.
Serpents of my soul
the glass which pattern shattered.
Framed memories of old.

Refracted lines of delusion
mirrored common place.
Seeking then confusion
the shapes of my face.

What am I without purpose,
the mirage of sanded time?
My taste is wet with verses
the terror of my eyes.

And if perchance I whisper
upon this waking dream.
Nightmares are less sinister.
The ends preempt the means.

The glass becomes the dust
which silts my clouded eyes.
The ties which chain in rust
reflect my own demise.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.



REFLECTION OF WINTER
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.

SNOWBOUND

Erin Kenney

I feel the sound
soft falling snow.
Frost painted tapestry
on my window.

Sunlight streaks.
A crystal lattice.
A silent testament
to overwhelming sadness.

The inches thick
covers, a blanket make-shift.
Swiftly woven frozen cotton.
Warmth and memories forgotten.

And if this moment
I should tire.
Lay my head
upon frozen fire.

And sleep, if only
for dreams it brings.
Wishing, hoping
for finer things.

I feel the sound
of fallen snow.
Drifting, blowing
outside my window.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.



BACK BAY WINTER
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.



UNTITLED
Lindsey Cole

The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Marine Biology.

THIS COUNTRY

Catherine Giaquinto

10/25/02

12:17am

I believe in yellow rubber duckies,
 in Will and Grace's baby,
 in the fall of Saddam.
 I believe in the land of the free,
 the home of the cowards,
 the weak and the lame.
 I believe in sheltering all
 or none,
 using a condom,
 and melting down all guns.
 I believe this country prays
 too much,
 does too little, and lives
 life through celebrities.
 I believe in babysitters,
 family nights with pizza,
 cats sleeping on beds, but
 no dogs in the house.
 I believe in compliments
 from everyone, but criticism

only from yourself.
 I believe this world is too small
 and yet larger than we can appreciate.
 I believe TV rots our minds
 but opens them just the same.
 I believe in lust at first glance,
 love at first night,
 and passion forever.
 I believe in hard work
 and sacrifice.
 I believe in the power of music
 and my water with cubed ice.
 I believe in the weak helping the
 strong,
 And in the educational system for
 what its worth.
 I believe most of all,
 In the power of the written word.
 The importance of the spoken word.
 And the strength of my resolve.
 Together we can make anything
 Happen, the challenge
 Is to keep believing.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with degrees in English and Secondary Education. She is a former Editor in Chief of Zephyr.



INSIDE GETTY
Joy Guerrieri-Bang

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.



OUTSIDE GETTY
Joy Guerrieri-Bang

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.

THANKS TO OUR PATRONS

Zephyr would not exist were it not for the generous contributions of its friends. Those who contributed financially to this issue are listed on the following pages.

DISTINGUISHED DONORS

ADMINISTRATORS

Dr Ellen Beaulieu, Dean of the College of Health Professions
Dr. Paul Burlin, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences
Dr. Boyd Buser, Dean of the College of Medicine
Dr Jacque Carter, Vice President for Academic Affairs
Barbara Hazard, Dean of Students

DEPARTMENTS

Department of Biological Sciences
Department of Creative and Fine Arts
Department of Education
Department of English
Department of History
Department of Mathematics
Department of Psychology
Women's Studies

INDIVIDUAL AND BUSINESS DONORS

Bellad!o, Biddeford

Cole Road Cafe, Biddeford

Dr. Jaime Hylton

PWB Electric, Inc., Biddeford

Reilly's Bakery, Biddeford

Dr. Jennifer Tuttle

The Wayfarer Restaurant, Cape Porpoise

Youland's Jewelers, Biddeford

The *Zephyr* staff also wishes to extend its gratitude to the following:

·our anonymous donors.

·John O'Regan and Rita Marie Lore in Information Technology Services.

·Undergraduate Student Government and John Cooper, Sheila Godbout, Brandon Tarbet and Cheryl Woolley in the uc and wcc bookstores for their continued support.

ZEPHYR

the seventh issue · spring 2006



www.une.edu/zephyr