

Spring 2008

## Zephyr: The Ninth Issue

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spring 2008

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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

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# BARE

~ Marissa Simoes

Her black dress slid off her body  
as she walked toward the ebbing tide.  
*She was*

confident before the moon and stars,  
*Completely.*

Storm clouds descended, shrouding the heavens.  
Leaving her  
*Alone.*

Raindrops began to fall,  
licking her mist soaked skin.  
*It was*

the perfect way to leave  
such a wonderful,  
*Beautiful*

Life...

# SUMMER IN ME

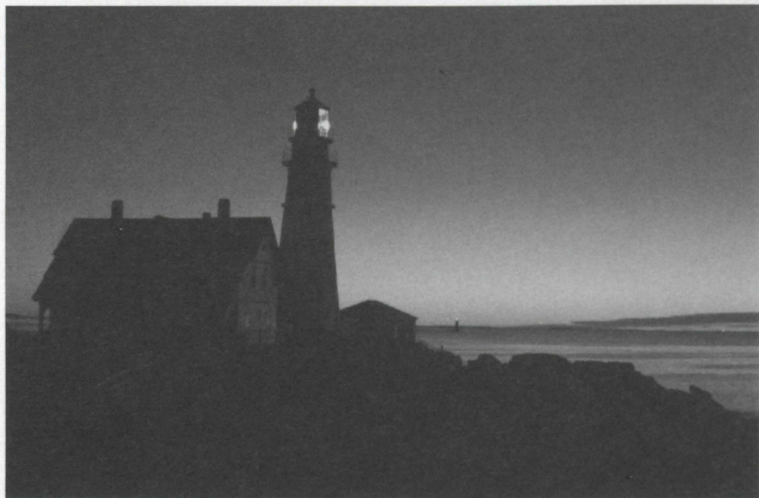
~ Camille Smalley

Throbbing of lobster boats,  
churning of the tide.  
Adoring fans bring their totes,  
as the Sun reflects the beauty seaside.

Buffleheads riding waves,  
ducking in and out of caves.  
Surfers abound, as quick as a mouse,  
trying to get into the Greenhouse.

The salty sea air invading,  
families abound parading.  
Lifeguards waiting in their tower  
for a hint of nature's power.

The Lighthouse stands in supreme legacy,  
a beacon of shining light.  
A sailor's hope in the night,  
a source of strength in celibacy.  
All people come and flock  
enjoying warmth, ignoring the ticking clock.  
They all love the summer plane,  
Here it is, The Season in Maine.



# MACBETH: THE POEM

A Tribute to William Shakespeare  
~ Konrad Kross

So it was that Scotland,  
Was in a big war,  
No thanks to a traitor,  
The Thane of Cawdor.

But mighty Macbeth,  
Soon settled the score,  
He turned in that traitor,  
Who would cause pain no more.

The good King Duncan,  
Had a message to tell,  
Macbeth, the Thane of Glamis,  
Would become Thane of Cawdor  
as well.

Macbeth and Commander Banquo,  
Met three witches while riding,  
The three then revealed,  
Dark secrets they were hiding.

"Hail Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor,  
Soon king we shall see,  
And Banquo, father of future  
kings, He shall be."

And Macbeth was aghast,  
for Thane of Cawdor he became,  
He quickly told his Lady wife,  
a somewhat crazy dame.

"Let's kill King Duncan!"  
She exclaimed without fright,  
"His throne soon will be ours,  
When Duncan stays here tonight!"

They killed the King and framed  
his guards,  
Who had been shamelessly drinking,  
"We might be killed next,"  
His sons Malcolm and Donalbain  
were thinking.

They feared for their lives,  
So from Scotland they fled,  
Macbeth became King,  
But more blood would be shed.

Banquo knew the prophecy,  
Of kingship for Macbeth,  
And suspected him as the cause,  
Of Duncan's untimely death.

Macbeth sent murderers,  
To kill Banquo and Fleance his son,  
Kill Banquo they did,  
But Fleance managed to run.

Later at a banquet,  
Where Macbeth was the host,  
he was suddenly visited,  
By the dead Banquo's ghost.

This drove Macbeth,  
 Into mindless fury,  
 So he left to consult,  
 The witches in a hurry.

The apparitions he saw,  
 From the witches' strange brew,  
 Came to him one by one,  
 And told him what to do.

The first apparition  
 Was an armed head,  
 "Beware noble Macduff,"  
 Was all the thing said.

A small bloody child,  
 Was the next to appear,  
 It said, "No man born of woman,  
 Does Macbeth need to fear."

A child with a tree,  
 Was the last one,  
 "When Birnam Wood marches,  
 Your reign will be done."

So Macbeth sent murderers,  
 To kill Macduff and his son,  
 And his wife and his servants,  
 Every last one.

But Macduff was in England,  
 To bring Malcolm back,  
 They brought ten thousand soldiers,  
 To help with the attack.

Macbeth's crazy wife,  
 Sorry for the blood she helped spill,  
 Then committed suicide,  
 For it was Duncan she helped kill.

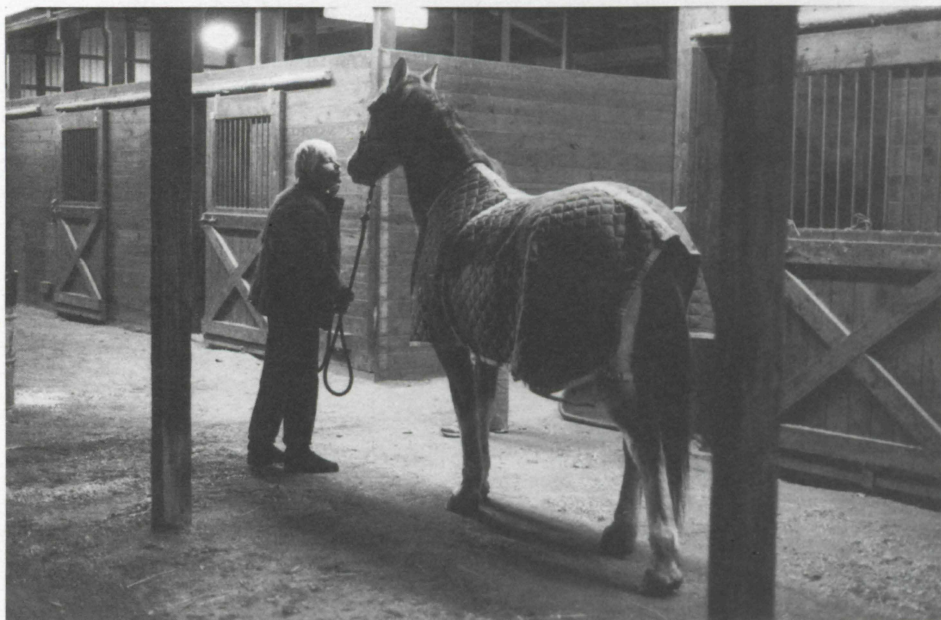
Macbeth's army carried,  
 Trees of Birnam wood,  
 To hide their great numbers,  
 As best they could.

Macbeth and Macduff,  
 Fought a one-on-one duel,  
 Macbeth in his confidence,  
 Had become a fool.

For Macduff was not born,  
 He was ripped from the womb,  
 And with a mighty vengeance,  
 Sent Macbeth to his tomb.

For never was there,  
 A tale of more woe,  
 Than that which began,  
 With Macbeth and Banquo.









# DRIFT AWAY

~ Jen DuVall

My smile fades as you drift away.  
Watching you vanish in the darkness tortures my thoughts.  
All my warmth has left my toes as I stand planted  
Waiting for you.  
I know you have much to tell, but I must explain  
When you leave me, it will not matter.  
My feet and legs are tingling as I lose all feeling.  
Frozen, but not in time  
My heart was of the thinnest glass, so brittle,  
    I feared it breaking.  
I thought you could never take it, but alas you did.

Now you have it, you clutch it close  
In tiny pieces it tears your skin. You realize don't you?  
I am broken. You cannot fix me.  
Like those lucid pieces cut your palms, the blood trickles down your arms  
As my tears trail down my neck.  
The tears have stopped.  
There is nothing.  
You cannot fix what is already broken.

# TYGER SYMMETRY

~ Ben Lavertu

The two Bengals stuck together just like the conjoined twins who rode in a bus a few cars up. Rain falls through the vents of their trailer splashing them. They lick each droplet across the other's fur, cleaning with their rough tongues.

Across the vehicle is another tiger, separated by wood beams. The Bengals can barely see their costar, just his blue eyes, burning bright. Segregation of the tigers is important. The smallest of distinction between the tigers catalyzes their carnal quest for dominance to be the supreme cat.

Earlier that night, interrupting a show of balance, the Bengal tigers ambushed their white counterpart. The attack only grew in intensity with the encouraging roar of paying onlookers. The ringleader smiled for his work to see as the two smaller tigers heaved their bodies, claws leading the way, onto the snowy tiger. Contrast in size and color made the event into a spectacle, pleasing the crowd in countless ways.

Intoxicated by the cheers, the ringleader seized his fiery whip, inciting the match even further. That is until the pale tiger rose up on his hind legs, looking like a vengeful ghost, and used his paws like hammers, striking down the two other tigers. The ringleader feigned security and control with a chuckle and a snap of his whip. The white tiger warned him with a snarl not to use the whip again. He did not.

For now, a train of vans and trailers are traveling to their next destination—to the next fair ground where they will perform for a new crowd of different faces—where a host of freaks will have their anomalies exploited. A man the size of a thumb sits on a stack of phonebooks gripping the wheel as a fire-eater swishes saltwater next to man combing his flowing hair with delicate fingers. A woman is stuffing stale bread in her beard, laughing as her best friend pulls out the pieces with his arm-like trunk of a nose. Dr. Moreau would be proud.

The trek between terminals is quiet, except for the occasional showy roars amongst the animals. In the wild these creatures might have avoided each other, but the situation here demands hostility. Going from city to city was like a journey—a journey that lacked a cursory method of completion and whose purpose had no simple explanation either.

The life of a performer allowed for very few moments to pause, but driving is one of them. And so everyone rests. Some of the oddities sleep, trying to ignore each disruptive bump and crack in the road. Some read books about strangers, perhaps looking for a momentary escape or perhaps for some insight applicable to their own lives. Some chat quietly and some drive.

Now, with just a few cosmic circumstances in play, a collision occurs. The stars throw down their spears and water heaven with their tears. Brakes can fail when you need them the most. Taking only a second, the vehicles clash and reshape each other into messes. Those vans without seatbelts sickly hurl bodies out through broken glass thresholds. The trailer carrying the tigers hit a telephone pole, fragmenting both the pole and the wooden barrier inside the cart to an explosion of splinters.

Within seconds the vehicles grind to a halt, pulled down by gravity and slowed by friction. The fireworks die quickly and it is silent, save for the pelting drops of rain. Very few are still breathing. Soon though, the harsh sound of another's claws against metal reanimate the two Bengals. There is fear in the air that the fires, created by gasoline and diesel, will spread. This hurries the unsullied tiger's work.

The Bengals watch dizzily as the escape avenue opens in the back of the trailer by the white tiger's will. As it does, the moon shines through the expanding break. This is the last thing the bleached saw as he fell like an anvil to the trailer floor. The Bengals pounce and sever his spine with their jaws, teeth sharp as nails. They leap past the body and out the fire escape.

And outside this gate, a woman lays unconscious amongst live, dancing wires. Her soft and delicate face makes the coarse hairs that grow from her jaw startling. Her face is outlined with flecks of broken skin from the impact and the thorn bush she had just tumbled through.

She is not able to recapture her composure in time to see the wide and clawed feet tear into and ruin her body. The tigers make no effort to avoid her in their exit. Had the circumstance given her the opportunity to witness their escape, the horror of their physical and aesthetic achievement would have ended her just the same.

They run towards the mountains. Rain washes their bodies clean of the crime. The claws of the animals dig into the earth pushing them forward and away. They leave imprints of diluted blood in the ground, which are quickly absorbed by the terrain—their debt swept under the rug of time.

*Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright in the forests of the night, what immortal hand or eye dare frame thy fearful symmetry?*



# TO MY CHILDREN

~ Nancy Duncan-Nicholls Giguere

Please do not weep for me. I am not of this life now.  
But in all of nature, and beauty you see within it.  
I'm part of my mighty Oak that so often  
bent down its loving limbs, to cradle me and  
lift my spirits when I was so down of the soul.  
And who will now share its strong limbs  
to shade the ground to give you refuge from the sun.  
The out stretched arms that will give you the  
glorious colorful blanket to sit upon  
on a clear fall day as you look at the beauty that is around you.  
That will give you softness to lay upon as  
you watch the sun go down and listen  
quietly to the cooing of the birds to each other.  
I'm now the laughter of my babbling brook  
that had taken so much woe from my heart to set me free.  
And as I cascade over multi colored stones  
I'll churn the sands of time that will enable  
you to follow your dreams.  
And I am the bank of my stream that will  
hold all of your sadness if you ever need  
a place to leave your sorrows.  
I'll be the slow moving current that will hold  
all your memories or carry away the heaviness of your heart.  
I'm now the gentle blowing breeze that  
whisper to you softly as you walk your favorite paths.  
The tender stirrings of the grasses, reeds and flowers.  
That will calm your mind in certain times of turmoil.  
And who will whisper all is fine and that to  
shed a tear to ease the burdened heart is okay.  
I'm the quiet murmur that will hold your  
pain so no one else will know.  
I'll be the strength of the eagle that soars the heaven skies.  
So majestically and with wisdom that only you will see and feel.

I'll be the flitting of the splendid butterfly  
as it lowers its tiny head to kiss the eternal rose.  
The sleek softness of a cat as it nestles close  
to you to give warmth and harmony  
of a gentle and tender kind.  
Of the sad brown eyes of a dog that awaits  
its master's return with the wagging of its tail.  
And as each star comes out at night  
I'll be the brightness that will give you light  
in which to open your mind to the inner beauty  
of yourself as you sit quietly thinking.  
I'll be the brightest star the one you will  
make a wish upon some night when for a  
split second you become a child again.  
And in the sun I'll be when you awake to the  
crimson beauty of dawn and to another day of living your life to the fullest.  
In each raindrop that you will feel upon you.  
I'll be there and will mix with any tear if  
ever any are shed to gently and tenderly carry them from you.  
I'm of the moon and as you go to sleep I'll  
filter through to lull you into a quiet gentle  
sleep of hope and a fuller brighter tomorrow.  
And of dreams that will enlighten the heart  
and soul allowing you all that is needed to carry on. So my children even  
though I'm not of this life mortally, I'll be near you all to touch, see, feel and talk to.  
Able to enjoy each of your endeavors and all your joys.  
Follow your paths and dreams live your life to the fullest.  
Show your love and be loved. Cherish all that has and will be given to you. Learn  
from your trials and tribulations. Stay always true to yourself.  
Don't let your mind travel to yesteryear  
unless it's a memory of peace and joy to your heart.  
And if by chance I come to mind remember me in nature.  
Shed not a tear but smile as you see all my beauty around you.  
Each color of green, brown, yellow, red, All you can hold in your hand  
For the smallest things will bring to you the most of your heart. Be ever  
strong, loyal and true to yourself and all your paths will lead you to a lifetime  
of wealth in all things.

Love Mom.

# SAMHAIN

~ Brittany Campbell

All Hallow's Eve  
The moon it shines bright  
This is the pagan new year  
And the fires alight

Create the circle  
Invoke the Goddess  
Tonight's the night  
We work the hardest

Dancing skyclad  
We move widdershins  
Ghouls and goblins we rouse  
The wall between worlds is thin

Cool, crisp October air  
Sends a slithering shiver down our backs  
It's Samhain tonight  
On this night nothing lacks

In modern time we dress up  
Tricks and treats are given  
Children imitate the old ways  
Celebrate the dead and the living

Remember traditions  
Remember the past  
They show up in the future  
They always will last







# SNOWFLAKES

~ Caryn Howard

Snowflakes fall on ground so cold  
I look up to watch them fall  
I close my eyes  
And I let the world slip away  
As snowflakes fall silently on my face  
I can hardly feel them  
As they melt on my skin  
I stand there and wonder  
How I got so cold  
So numb to the world around me  
And to the feelings inside me  
At long last I open my eyes  
And through the snowflakes  
I see you smiling in your window  
And suddenly I feel a glow of warmth surround me

# PICKING APPLES

~ Sarah Tuttle

I understand now  
why Eve was tempted by the apple,  
why Atalanta paused in her race  
and Atlas' daughters were so vigorous in their guardianship.  
There, inches from my outstretched fingertips,  
hangs the fruit of dreams.  
I have already wended through the orchard,  
plucking here and there the choice fruit  
and twisted stems so they fell weighted  
    into my cupped palm.  
I have placed them gently in my bag  
and dreamt of apple pie,  
bitten into three varieties—the sticky-sweet juice  
coursing over my tongue as I discovered  
the textures and granules of my selected bits of Fall.  
But that is the apple I want now.  
No hidden green spots—the sun  
has reddened its circumference all 'round.  
It gleams, a beacon of temptation...  
the one nature will keep for herself.  
First, my fingertips droop...my arm fades down.  
Let her keep this one, I convince myself  
only after my palm brushes the cloth of my jeans.  
For I, I still have the juice sticky-sweet drying on my lips,  
and the scent of the year's last glory heady in my nostrils,  
and the sight of the orchard fading to  
    wild orange-streaked forest,  
and my bag, heavy at hand.



# OF THE SEA

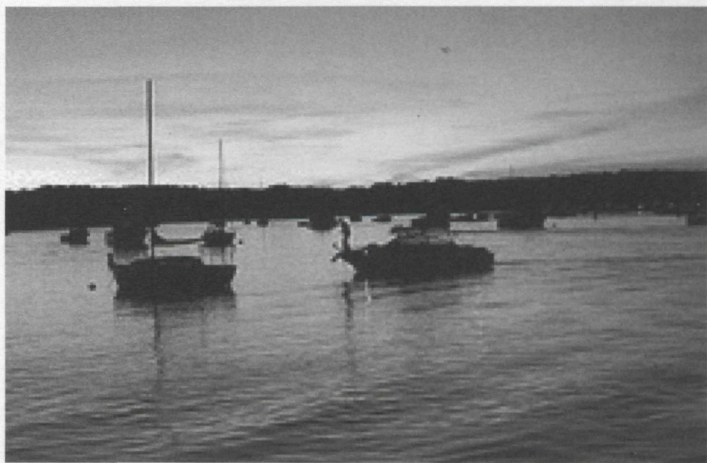
~ Marissa Simoes

Her hand cut through the wind as she sped down the interstate. Her manicured fingers played with the rain as it dripped off her arm and into the air. The night was black and the headlights seared through the darkness. The road was lonely and dismal; as late as it was it seemed everyone, except for her, was tucked away dreaming of better things. The rain awakened her insides, the scent of the approaching ocean drove her to the brink of sanity. She was alive.

Inside her head she was screaming. Down the long pier she ran, dressed in her long black gown. Her curly hair fell out of the neatly pinned style she wore with such grace. Barefoot, she stopped. The end. There were people, noises, stale air everywhere. Her toes hung over the edge of the wooden planks. Below her, the ocean churned in the night. White clouds of foam floated atop a deep, wan body of water. She could feel it. She looked up, above her the moon seemed so distant. The sky was unfathomable, unattainable. A drop of rain fell from the ever so distant sky and landed on her cheek. It soothed her, it brought her mind to an ease which nothing else could manage. She was alive.

She dove into the waves, the water enveloped her. She felt the cool water caressing every inch of her skin. Her dark hair floated around her face as her arms and legs treaded beneath the surface. The salt stung as it touched her open eyes. She whirled around, embracing the weightlessness of her own body. Her chest tightened as she held her breath within her lungs. She was surrounded by the purity of something she had never felt before, pure silence. Her heart raced. The world went dark as a single gasp exited her body. This was better than being alive.







# SHIPWRECKED

~ Stephanie Lynne Schmidt

You're a shipwreck,  
And you're dragging me under.  
The only downfall in sight,  
Is that I'm not trying to fight the tide.

If you were a car crash,  
A thunderstorm,  
Something I had the hopes of surviving,  
This would be so much different.

If you were a cancer,  
Any other disease,  
Something I could catch,  
Then I would not succumb.

I wouldn't be trying to jump ship,  
Finding I'm being washed away,  
And the only thing that keeps me afloat,  
Are the planks from you, the ship.

You're a shipwreck,  
And I'm being washed ashore,  
But by the time they find me,  
I won't fighting be anymore.

# A COLD BOSTON MORNING

~ Dan Rothermel

I don't tip.

Well, I tip waitresses

Fact is, I like to over tip the good ones.

At Biddeford's Twin City Café

Mary is quick with the de-café,

Unfailing with a smile and

Always thanking us for coming.

You can see,

Leaving a ten for a six-dollar breakfast isn't hard.

But I never tip the skycaps at the airport

Or the van driver who takes us, what, two miles

To Logan Airport

Until this morning

Should we tip? my wife Hannah leans over to ask.

What? We never tip? I whisper back.

We fly Frugal Airlines to Florida

Cheap online coach seats,

Share a condo with friends,

By our meals at Publix Super Market.

We bare bones it all the way.

But sure I say. What's a dollar, maybe two.  
I mean all he did was just lift her suitcase into the van,  
Smiled, and oh by the way,  
It was six degrees this dark morning.

His accent of the Caribbean  
Makes me pause  
I imagine this tip would go back home  
or pay for a third story flat in Somerville or Dorchester.  
Easy to guess, his life doesn't have the ease mine does.  
My justifications crumble.

Hannah says I was thinking five dollars.  
Whoa I think.  
We're first timers at this airport tipping business,  
Let's go slow I think but don't say.  
But her generous heart says five dollars,  
Let's make a statement.  
Wiser, I lift a five from my wallet  
All on a January Boston morning.





# DARKNESS

~ Marissa Simoes

His cold, limp hand twitched as the fear began to set in.

Eyelids fused together, muscles flaccid and incapable of being controlled, mind clouded over, he knew nothing but the panic. The air would have been stifling, although for him, air was a thing of the past, a vague and frantic memory. Breathing was only a memory he had now. He knew nothing more than the tasteless, scentless oxygen forced into his chest by machines and wires and tubes. He saw nothing but the inside of his eyelids. His body was motionless.

His skin, tinged with blue, was off set by the overall whiteness of the room; The white walls, the harsh white lights and the white sheet draped over his body washed him away like the scent of bleach that filled the room. A fluorescent light flickered in the hallway outside intensive care room 102 where he lay teetering on the edge of consciousness.

There was no pain. Only darkness. Darkness and confusion. Sounds of quietus resonated in his ears. The incessant beeping, the hacking coughs in the distance and the panicked footsteps of those rushing to fight off the angels of death. He knew not where he lay nor how he had come into such a lifeless and vegetative current existence.

His mind was racing in a million directions. However, nothing he turned over in his mind led him to an answer of what had become of him. The feeling of immobility and paralysis terrified him. He was screaming inside his head, begging for someone to hear his desperate pleas for help. 'Please, God, please. Help. Where am I?' he pushed the words out yet they were silent, his mouth still shut.

For what must have been hours, he lay there in his own dreadful abyss, contemplating, panicking and pleading with reality for it to all be some kind of morose macabre. With only thoughts and his heightened hearing, his inner dialogue tore at him, 'Who was I before I became this creature of immobility? How did I become this? Why did this happen to me? God, Why me? Was I a bad person before and did I deserve this? Why can't I move, why can't I breathe? Am I dying?'

As his thoughts continued on, two strange new voices became clear. Men. Educated. They spoke in hushed yet hostile tones. 'Severe hematoma. Trauma to the head. Did not even have a chance. Poor woman.' 'So the cars hit head on?' 'That's what I've been told. That lucky son of a--.' 'Hey, come on. He's still our patient. We have to keep him alive and that's it, we're not here to judge. What about him, what condition is he in?' 'He's in a persistent vegetative state. Can't feel a thing, can't move, can't hear. Currently, he cannot even breathe on his own.'

A car accident. He felt the words run through his body like liquid fire, scorching his insides and searing his soul. He knew, somehow deep down, that he had something to do with it. He scoffed inwardly, 'Can't feel or hear. I feel more now than anyone shall ever feel and I can hear so keenly I can hear their wicked hearts beating.'

With one thought, a vision flashed before the darkness in his eyes. It became so real he could smell the wet asphalt and the blood in the air. Blinding lights and the sound of glass shattering, metal compacting and a distant, harrowing scream. An agonizing pain shot throughout his entire body. He strained trying to move, trying to scream yet he was paralyzed.

A loud, flat ringing reverberated and suddenly a strange calm crashed over him.

'He's crashing, he's crashing!' The two men he had heard previously, accompanied by a young female nurse, were standing over him, working their magic, bringing him back, giving him back his life. They struggled mercilessly. He felt their presence yet, his mind was finally clear and tranquil. It mattered not where he was nor if he survived. All was silent.

Silence. Silent all but for the voice of that woman. He heard her, he felt her close proximity and it soothed him and enticed him all the same. The way she smelled expelled the stench of death and bleach that had lodged itself so deep into his nostrils. Despite the fact that he could not see her, he felt her. He felt her warm, soft hand on his arm. He imagined the face and body of a goddess, his Aphrodite, his Venus; his angel of mercy there to rescue him from his darkness. She surrounded him and he was encased by his desire for her. He wanted to reach out for her, to touch her skin, to feel her pressed against him.

The ringing ceased. The noises of the hospital flooded back, the screams, the feet, the sickness. Her scent evaporated and he was left with the filthy, white scents. He was left with his fear, with his questions.

The night passed away. The moon recoiled into the sun's light and he was left still in the dark. He lay there in his weakened state without waking, without sleep, without peace.

Footsteps. Delicate, maliciously beautiful footsteps. His Venus had returned to him. She seemed to bring with her a pugnacious quality, hostile but even so, desirous. For the first time, she spoke. She spoke to him. Her voice was curiously familiar. Her words were uttered not to be heard but simply to be said. Her words tasted of anger, they stung him with confused brutality. Yet her brutality only roused his passion for the woman.

'You lie there. Dying. Running away. She's dead. Dead. And soon you will be too. And no one is here to stand beside your deathbed. No one to drop a tear. Not a brother, not a cousin, not a friend.

I hope it hurts and I wish you could hear every word of this I say to you.' She continued on, damning him for his lack of culpability, 'She's dead. And a man, a man like you gets off clean. Your name will not exist long enough for it to even be tarnished.'



He heard her words, her incensed speech only made his longing for her more poignant. He felt the fire in her voice and he felt ravished by the cruelty falling from her mouth. He was under her control, subservient, submissive. She spoke and he had nothing to do but to listen and to crave her.

She spoke to him one last time, 'It should have been you to die in that car accident. It should have been you.'

Car accident. With the words the vision once again flashed before his eyes. He saw, more clearly than before, the silver car, the rain soaked wind shields, the woman with her head pressed against her window smeared with blood. Then darkness. The pain, stronger still, coursed through his veins. Piercing his innards, destroying him. Then calm.

'Coward!' the nurse shouted, 'He's crashing, he's crashing!'

He drifted into his blissful peace once again. The two men rushed to him, to save him from his state of serenity. As they worked diligently to sustain him, he searched for her. Her scent, her touch on his skin, her presence all evaporated. His Venus had abandoned him, betrayed him. Her harsh tongue had done him no damage, he needed her. He was dependent on her. A woman who desired his suffering. He desired nothing but the most intimate realms of her body.

Once again, he reentered reality, his reality of muteness, immobility and worthlessness.

The guilt of what he had learnt thus far weighed upon him heavily. Doctors fought to save his life did so only out of duty, not of reverence. A nurse condemned him to cowardice and a vile existence. Yet with all he had learned, he had so little understanding and even less ability to rectify what was happening. He knew not if he was guilty, he knew not if he were innocent and either way, he was damned to a deafening silence.

For him, time continued this way. Minutes seemed like hours, hours like days. He was alone, completely alone with nothing but the racing and chaotic thoughts floating around in his otherwise empty brain. He felt as if he had become a hollow shell, stuck between something and nothing without any idea as to which side of the spectrum he belonged. He had become a useless vessel consumed entirely by his selfish introspection and carnal desires.

Footsteps. This time they were harsh, quick but hidden footsteps. The footsteps of a man. The sound of the man's feet indicated that he was a large man, a man in control of his extremities and even further a man in control of everything around him. He sparked a fear in the bedridden patient.

The large man took the liberty of approaching the bed where he lay. He stood before him in quiet perturbation. The silence between them was painful, horrifying. He could feel the large man's eyes on his rigid, immobile body. His eyes burned his skin. The man said not a word. The silence, the darkness and the fear of the impending doom became worse than any word he could have uttered. It was torture.

When the man finally spoke, the voice sent a wave of panic over the dying man's body. Every cell in his body quivered.

'Looks like you're getting exactly what you deserve. Lie there and rot you selfish son of a bitch. You took her from me!' He started to overwhelm himself. A few moments passed before he spoke again, 'You know, she wouldn't like the fact that I'm here right now. She would probably have told me to forgive you, to move on. And I thought to myself, 'maybe once I see him- you- suffering, I will be able to take it as good enough.' But I can still see her. I can still see her lying there dead on the side of the fucking road. I can't let you go back to your life. You lived your life the same way you will die, alone and uncaring. You broke people down. You are a waste.' He gritted his teeth to keep him from lashing out. 'I can still see you in your car, dying, alcohol on what breath you had left. You took her from me. I hate you. I can't let you lie there in your quiet bliss, your worthless little world of darkness.'

I hope you have to suffer until the last figment of your imagination fades into black. My wife deserves justice. You took her from me. I will take you.'

He felt every word the large man said to him. With every image the man described he remembered. He remembered that bottle he had to drink that night. He remembered driving his truck recklessly, incoherently and then into that small silver car. He remembered how worthless he had been. He used people. He broke people down. He killed her.

As he was waiting for the end to come he heard the nurse join his large aggressor. 'Hurry up,' she said, 'Before someone comes.'

The nurse. He knew she had been familiar. He knew her voice, her smell. She was his past. He had broken her. There she was, his Angel of mercy. Saving him from his life of waste, sending him into the hell he was fit for. He deserved to perish.

The large man reached over and pulled the plug on the machine that was forcing the oxygen into his wife's killer's lungs.

He felt himself gasp. The darkness subsided and a vision of that woman in the silver car flashed brightly before his eyes. She was beautiful, he could see why her husband would be so distressed.

His heart rate slowed. The sounds of the hospital, the pleading from the dying, the screams of the injured, the prayers of the families once again faded into oblivion. His body seemed to disintegrate.





# AMIDST CHAOS

~ marissa simoes

I am safe in a beautiful balance between  
the disaster within me and the calamity  
of the world just outside.

behind Your crying eyes i can [hide]  
from the fears that I know matter  
so little  
when I stare into Your

hollow face

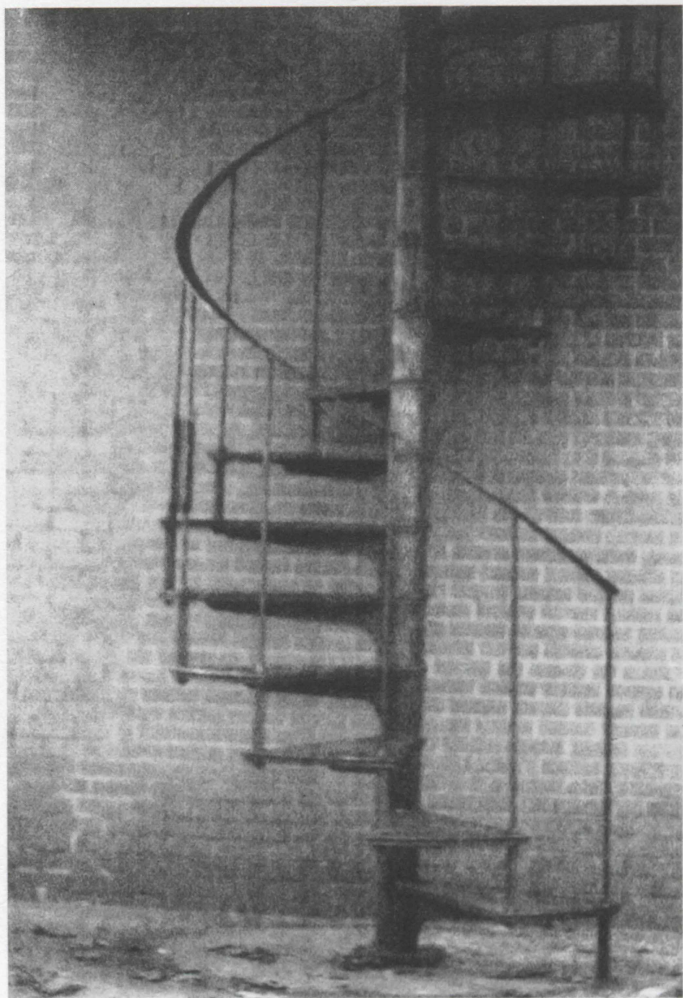
death.

i have tasted what you can never savor

And i have felt the pulse of a heart that never bleed

Yet it is You that will have saved me...







## SLIPPING BETWEEN SLEEPING...

~ Paul Manoff

She slumbers in another world,  
Present but absent in darkness,  
Her naked being vulnerable,  
As it rises and falls, unaware,  
Like a dozing panther in dark shade.

Late again  
I try to evade detection  
both by sound and touch.  
I lie down beside her,  
Match her breath for breath,  
Enter into a parallel universe.

She stirs, murmurs, rolls over,  
Utters a grunt from our private code  
Galaxies away and far from awake,  
Her body knows I've returned

My left leg moves toward hers.  
From habit her thighs open.  
My leg passes between them,  
I enter her dreamland.

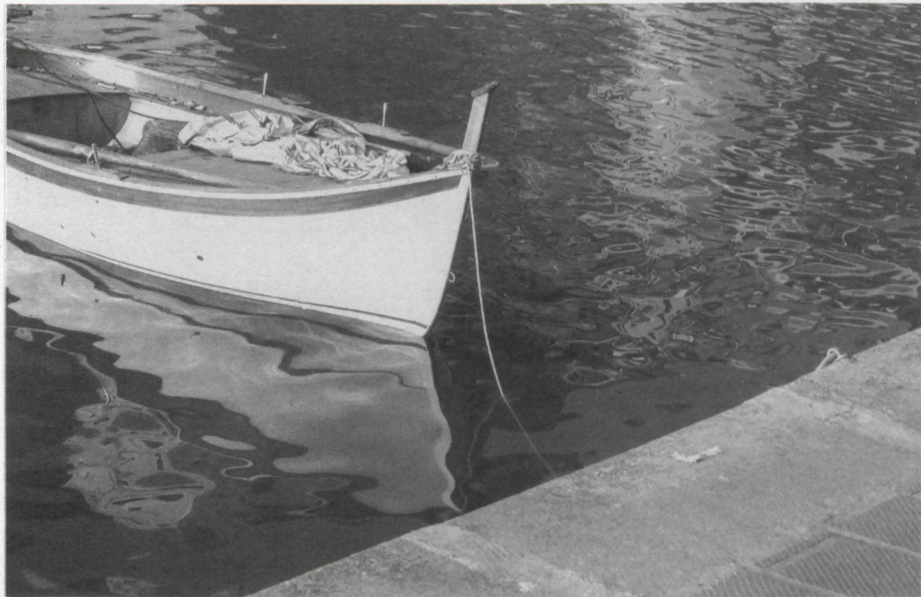
Next morning her eyes blink open.  
She smiles to find her mate beside her.

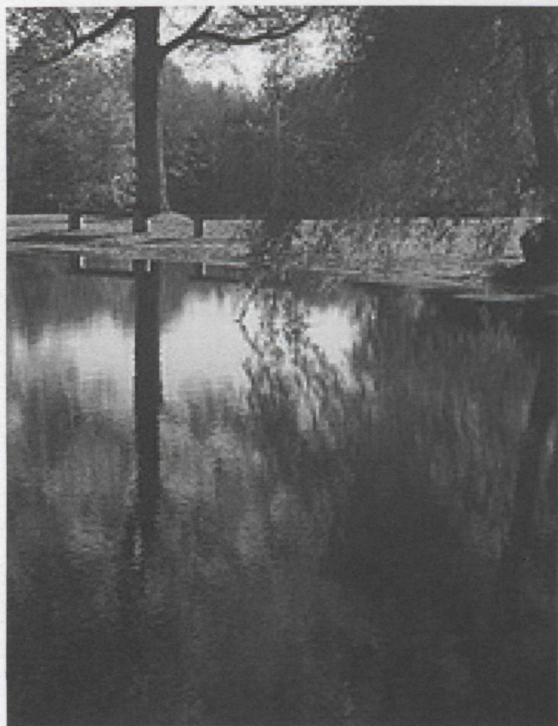
*"I never heard you come to bed last night."*

# SAILING ON LOVE'S SEA

~ Camille Smalley

Slowly sailing to the setting light  
birds off, high in flight.  
Calming waves of blue,  
flashing the sky's brilliant hue –  
lapping the sides of the boat to  
gently stay afloat.  
The Commodore stands tall,  
Guiding the ship through the wall.  
She leans against the side,  
seeing her reflecting pride.  
“We shall see land soon,  
preferably no later than tomorrow afternoon”  
The Commodore's voice said aloud.  
“Good as long as the sky stays without a cloud”  
She replied happily to him.  
The Princess turned, her hands left the rim.  
The Commodore took her hand...  
she blushed at the moment unplanned.  
He pulled her close in a moment of bliss,  
a slow open-lipped kiss.  
He squeezed her wedding ring finger,  
in hopes a wedding band will soon linger.  
The Princess cuddled into him tight,  
his large arms holding her with his might.  
With one hand he pushed the wheel to the right,  
sailing deep into the night.





# PUDDLE

~ Jen DuVall

While living in the moment, you try to look at me.  
You're not the little drip of water but  
The puddle growing on the floor.  
I watched it from the bath while it fell off my finger,  
Your eyes locked upon the water Dropping from my hand.

Your gaze met the puddle that has formed on the floor.

But how the water got there was  
What you did not notice, so just wallow  
In the puddle that dripped from my heart.  
All the love that I had for you has perspired from my body So just soak up what is left  
in the puddle,  
for the tub has dripped dry.

# MY PLACE OF COMFORT

~ Nancy Duncan-Nicholls Giguere

Oh Country Road, you are so welcomed to this mind.

I see, Dear Oak, you've grown a few new limbs, to caress me, if in my time of need,  
loneliness and despair.

My Stream, your banks are no more swollen from  
my tears of yesterday.

And Time Sands, you've taken on a new glow,  
since the last trip of heartaches to the sea.

I hear that roaring breeze is now at a whisper since tranquility has entered our  
domain.

And I guess all of you have noticed  
how much brighter are the skies.

Thank you Dear Oak, for the blanket you spread to cradle me as I fell, and for gently  
spreading those loving limbs to hide my hurt, from the one that took, but couldn't  
return. Mr. Stream, may your banks be filled with the richness of nature growing,  
holding you together, for allowing me  
to put my hurt and sorrow upon you.

And my darling Time Sands, to whom I owe so much, for taking the time to grasp my  
heartaches, lost dreams and emptiness to your bosom, and taking them adrift,  
where only you know, and I cannot find.

And very special thanks to Breeze, who is now a whisper, for keeping all the agony of  
memories moving farther  
from the life of this being.

And here's hoping that when we meet again, it will be as before. When the stars were  
so rippling of

Mr. Stream and the gentle rustle of Dear Oak.

And as a Whisper played his tune in sync with  
he gaiety of my heart.

To you all, may the sky always be blue,  
and the sun shine upon you, my children of the soul.

Enabling you, if the call comes, to be able to once again take the burden of the beaten  
soul

that entrusts itself to you.



## SECOND WATCH

~ Adam Powers

"Finn Hunter, you son of a bitch!" came her muffled voice from below. Finn laughed out loud, glad she had finally woken, delighted by the intensity of her exasperation. "There she is!" he called back, "Sleeping Beauty's up & at 'em! Full moon sailing, Babe!" There was no reply from the closed boards of the companionway, and he knew by her silence that she was leaned over the chart table in the glow of the cabin lights, hand on the GPS, plotting exactly how far past Newport he had sailed. Rubicon slid along on a hissing broad reach, boiling wake fluorescent under the searchlight moon. The sharp edge of horizon, black ocean meeting moonlit sky, circled unbroken except for a thin constellation of Rhode Island lights disappearing off their starboard quarter. The hatch slid back, spreading a rhomboid yellow glow from the cabin up onto the slanting face of the mainsail.

A wool hat appeared over the weatherboards, followed by Isabelle's face. It was not a happy face. "But we had a date! You promised! Three days in Newport, we agreed! I haven't slept in days, I leave you alone for a quick nap, and you keep right on going! I was going to wake up to harbor lights! What happened to dinner out?" She groaned, and the face disappeared.

"Isabelle, wait!" he laughed. "I'm sorry! We have a full moon! Tide's behind us! Wind's fifteen out of the Northwest! Will you come out here a minute? It's gorgeous!"

Water gurgled along in the cockpit drains, and he peered back in the direction of Block Island, over a triangular slice of the roiling wake painted white by the stern light. From the cabin came the sounds of muttering, and then, shades of silver blue in the moonlight, two gloved hands re-emerged above the companionway. In one fist hung the neck of a wine bottle. In the other a stemmed glass clunked roughly against the teak-grab rail.

"Fucking shocker. Full moon! Full Moon!" she ranted, ignoring him as she stepped over the weatherboards without removing them, sliding the hatch shut behind her with her elbow. "There's a surprise. You'd think we'd notice a pattern here. Is it just me, or does a full moon come along every, single, month! Big deal!" She spit out the blowing ends of her hair and, bottle swinging, thumbed the rogue wisps back up under her hat. "Doesn't sound like an emergency to me..."



She sat opposite Finn, looking out across the hard, pan-flat surface of the sea, moonlight wriggling like the scaly skin of a great fish. "Well, if I can't have a date, I am sure as hell going to have a decent glass of wine." The bottle had been a gift from her best friend on the day they left, and she had been carefully saving it. She held it out toward the lifelines with a flourish, the bottom of the bottle crooked in her wrist. Her voice dropped an octave: "Is this the bottle you had in mind, Madame?" and then, "Yes, indeed it is, thank you. I'll do the tasting-- pay no attention to that boorish churl. He is my idiot lover. A charity case, you understand, and he won't be drinking one drop."

He coughed, suppressing a chuckle, and bit his lip. He listened for a moment to the noises of the opener: the claw of the tiny blade against glass, the sparkle of foil, the clack Clack of folding and unfolding implements, the squirming complaint of the helix, her gloved hands conspicuously silent against the bottle. Under his own hand the cold polish of the wheel drew up a back-and-forth groaning from the steering quadrant below-deck, the bow soft-charging up and starboard, down and port through the swell, Rubicon scribing her own spiral southward.

In the dark the wine swung ink-black around the bowl of the glass, and she pondered the smell and then the taste, boat surging with a roar and then settling in a lull before being lifted again. She nodded with a sniff, "Excellent, Farnsworth. Proceed," and filled the glass.

His laughter carried out over the water, and she glared at him, all the venom she could summon. He leaned over and kissed the back of her neck. "I'm sorry, Rascal. It was too perfect a night. We'll be in Cape May in twenty... one hours. Forgive me?" She sipped her wine, and the boat seethed on ahead. The chill of the freshening breeze blew the dark curls on her shoulders and made their eyes tear. She readjusted herself against the coaming, sending up great clouds of disgust.

A moment passed, and the last throes of her fury gave way to a secret pardon, but she held her iron gaze, searching out on the waves for some last piece of crumbling wall behind which to stand her ground. Only the round face of the moon stared back, sliding along, keeping pace. Finally, she looked up at him.

"It is a beautiful night," she smiled, squinting out one final glare as she offered him the glass.



## LESS ORDINARY...

~ Camille Smalley

Broken glass glitters across the stone floor.  
Shards embedded deep into my heart, forevermore.  
The snarled visage lurks in the corner.  
I feel the cold breath of ages past...  
...a history of death, a spell cast.  
The reflected light, opaque, as  
the liquid glaciates.  
The quest for death has come  
to the final fray.  
"I have been waiting, dear friend," I say.  
Peering into the darkness,  
I receive no reply, but the steady tap  
of the rain against the windowpane.  
The cloaked stranger stood still,  
as a bronze figure upon a hill.  
Lightning began to punish the  
natural realm around us.  
With another bolt, a bright reflection  
seared from the algid corner.  
Curious, I crawled toward my fear...  
A bright aqua eye leered.  
I recognized the pearly countenance –  
laughing sweetly at my limn.

# CONVERSATION

~ Sarah Tuttle

Words weave into cloth patches for a quilt made of  
a lover's whisper... or quarrel,  
promises to an infant's closed eyes...  
her first sentence,  
Christmas carols and Santa's laugh,  
tears after the prom,  
hellos and goodbyes that linger... linger...  
the pleasantries exchanged over tea  
and telephone talks into early hours,  
the what-if-maybes breathed to the first star each night  
(those are the silk shapes scattered here...  
and here... over everything),  
scraps sewn together to pattern the quilt  
'round my shoulders,  
keeping me cozy, staving off  
the chill of those long pauses,  
the silences that nip my nose.

# FIXING THE BROKEN

~ Stephanie Lynne Schmidt

I promise I'll fix you,  
I'll mend you in anyway you need.  
You're not broken,  
At least you aren't to me.

I'll put you back together,  
All those pieces that fell,  
I'll patch you up,  
So no one could even tell.

I can sew the rough spots,  
And repair the tears between,  
I can make you new,  
Like no one's ever seen.

If you just let me,  
I promise I'll fix you,  
I'll put you back together,  
And you'll make it through.



# IN THE CANYON

(where river meets the sea)

~ Leslie Ricker

private is the stream

the mist of its rainbows  
colors the environment inside me

I see conjunction with the river  
(it's still distant)

solvency as life's reason?

the soul's a little waterlogged  
as river meets the sea,  
as mudded earth meets  
its salted season

what fluid power this that establishes  
itself so quickly, completely?

late autumn:

I shiver in my draughty blind,  
lean back against windtorn pine,  
its pitch leaves dark  
marks upon my back;  
my mind delights at the myriad  
of my impossibilities –  
I've dust upon my shirt,  
stains upon my pants,  
my hands are clean

merganser beats the water  
with the tips of its wings,  
one hardblown leaf leaves the oaks  
lands in the river,  
spins out to sea;

tides change;  
the river, upstream, flows,  
sun pours through falling snow;

winter,  
and two of the  
calendar gospels

swell to three  
in the canyon,  
in the chasm between  
what is felt and what is seen,  
my universe pours out its life;  
built with light and stardust  
it's scooped away in  
radiation and rust –

"and my god dwells there,  
somewhere in-between  
what I've felt  
and what I've seen"

thus goes the progression of my  
thought –  
one from dream column A  
straight into the heart of conscious  
column B –  
what I feel  
what I see

are no single commodity

# REBEL IN FLIGHT

~ Sarah Tuttle

Icarus' body was never found.

Now let me ask you:

If you, as a teenager,  
had been stuck for your entire life  
in a tower with your father,  
had watched from your window  
as a man escaped from the prison he designed...  
and seen the evil practice that prison sustained,  
if your father had offered you freedom  
on the condition you remained tethered to his side  
though you had command of the skies,  
if your father – so long bent over inventions in dim light –  
was easily blinded by the sun  
whereas you had done nothing  
but stare at the sky for years...

If you were this boy  
and observed far below  
the splash of a breaching whale  
while your father flew on ahead,  
unmindful of your actions,  
trusting of your obedience...

would you not take advantage?







# OPERATION FREEDOM QUELL

~ Camille Smalley

I have heard a rumor about democracy.

Is that really true?

No; we aren't really "free."

Trapped under Big Brother's unrelenting view,  
telling us how to live...to just buy it new!

Just consume some more and the safer we'll be.

(Just ignore the lead poisoning,

Red Dye #5, and that starving family)

Thankfully, just one more year of this tyrannous tragedy.

# FINDING OUT

~ Hannah B. Rothermel

Her four years will end. It took her nearly one year just to qualify, and about as long for her to tell us, her mom and dad, that she was going. First, a stint at boot camp, sweating as one only can in the summer of South Carolina.

Then, a bout with advanced training, performed under Louisiana's late-summer sun. Forward, on to Watertown, (NY), where winter arrives early – sometimes in October, special delivery from somewhere beyond the Northwest Territories: lake effect snow amounts to a foot or two at a time; 6' of the stuff is just "moisture off the Lake."

All, the package – summers in SC and LA; winters in NY – should be good preparation for just about anything.

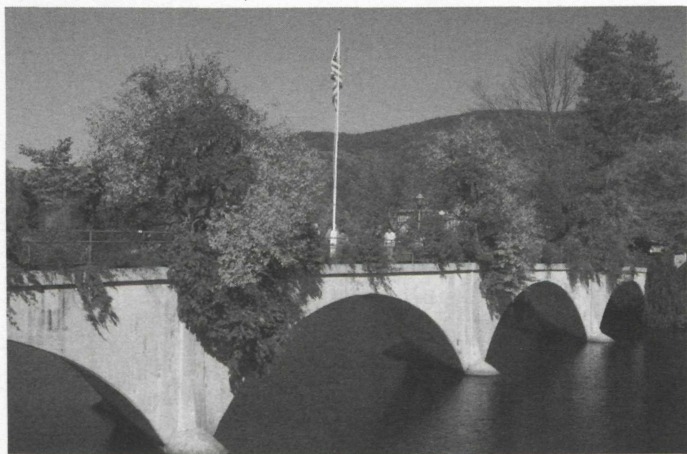
Then, Afghanistan. Even summers in LA and SC suddenly sound pretty sweet. Winter in Watertown? Piece of cake. Doesn't matter what the weather is in Afghanistan... none of it's good if you're a U.S. soldier.

At least it's not Iraq. And, she's not on the front lines. Doesn't matter. Some kids are.

Those kids belong at home, whatever the weather, being kids or raising their own – or helping to raise others'. Out of Harm's way. Not harming others' kids.

But, back to her. Now she's getting out. How is she different? What will she do? Where will she do it? What will the weather be where she does it? Doesn't matter. She'll be Home.

Home, Sweet Home.





11

# TOMORROW'S COMPOST IS TODAY

~ Paul Manoff

I

We're all in it together  
But many ignore the links  
Between you and me, us and them.  
One and all,  
Life and, in death, afterlife  
Indivisible.

II

Don Juan said  
He hovers over our left shoulder  
Never hurrying to take us,  
Confident we're always available Ready or  
not.

III

Birth opens a stage  
Of both living and dying,  
Life preceding death.  
Yet winter breeds spring.  
Death lives within the Lifecycle.

IV

We're all harvested,  
All recycled,  
No exceptions,  
Guaranteed.

V

We run, we hide, we cover up  
As if we could escape  
The shoulder tap,

VI

Next time you sense him behind you,  
Smile  
And turn around  
If you're ready  
Or not.

# SHOPPING AT LOWE'S

~ Sarah Tuttle

Sharp dusty scent  
of 30-pine boards  
sold down lumber aisle.  
They lean against the walls

lining a path...

in the woods

where white pines  
stretch skyward,  
sunlight sparkling off dust  
in the heavy summer air

breathed deep by...

a hiker

stepping rubber-soled  
across quarry-cut rocks  
ensnared by pine roots  
and berried vines crawling over

the foundation of...

a home

to rest

where a brown-haired boy  
sits by the front door  
whittling pine blocks  
into a chair for his gray-haired self

to rest

and watch the years go by.





# SAVING SEA TURTLES

~ Amanda Noble

It is 2:27 am as I briskly walk the beach. My counterpart, Bryan Wallace, grabs my arm to hold me back. He points at our feet to indicate what I am being held from. It looks like a one-wheeled tractor has drove down the beach! We follow the track from the ocean's edge and up, over the berm. At the end of the track lay a leatherback sea turtle, "las baulas."

My heart races. I feel many forms of anxiety all at once. I am excited and nervous. I am frightened and awed. My eyes fix on the dark blob that is slowly progressing up the beach. This is what I am here for. It is only my first night on Playa Grande, Costa Rica, and I get to participate in something huge. I am helping to save the critically endangered leatherback sea turtles!

Bryan and I are very focused, now. We have about 20 minutes to wait until the female starts laying eggs. We prance jovially down the beach in celebration of the arrival of our turtle, then we start power-walking. We have to make one lap of the south end of Playa Grande (1 km) in 20 minutes, or we'll miss the eggs drop.

The Parque Nacional Las Baulas rangers keep us informed on the turtle's status as we pass them. Sometimes, they radio. Bryan answers in fluent Spanish. I wait patiently for his English interpretation of what is going on.

We barely have a chance to rest at the end of our trek. Bryan checks his watch. They Playa Grande crew have got the process timed down to a science. The leather back sea turtle digs for 20 minutes, and than takes 10 minutes to lay her eggs.

"Time to go," he says. "She's almost done digging."

Again, we sprint down the beach. Bryan says our pace is 100 meters per minute, which is how he's deciphering our whereabouts in the dark. There are painted pieces of drift wood to direct us in the daylight, but at night, we have to be able to recognize natural markers, or count our steps.

Bryan has been pointing to distinct trees or large pieces of drift wood and corresponding each with a marker number. I test my skills.

There is one grouping of drift wood that looks like a giant turtle. It reminds me of the elusive snail in Doctor Doolittle. I think, maybe, we're at marker number 27.

"See that drift wood mass?" Bryan asks me, "That's how you can tell we're at 29."

So, I'm wrong.

I think, "Good thing I'm not a group leader. We'd all be lost."

I wonder how long it took the staff to associate natural markers to painted markers. One thing is for sure, you'd walk a lot more than 4-5 kilometers a night if you didn't know where you were.

Progress Report: "The turtle is laying!"

We turn our red-filtered head lamps on and proceed towards the large form moving above the berm.

Bryan directs me through a crowd of tourists who pay to watch. I help him measure the female's carapace. She's a big lady, 157 cm in length and about half that for width!

We scan her shoulders with a device that detects "pit" tags, which are a means of giving each turtle a personal identification number. From scanning her, we will be able to determine how many times and how often this particular female has nested on Playa Grande. We can expect her to return about 8 times during the October to February breeding season.

My next task is to count this big mama's eggs as they fall out of her cloaca. Bryan assembles the tourists so that they are not in my way. I lay down with my face merely a foot from the turtle's rear end. She is still digging her nest.

I notice how dexterous she truly is. I reach out to feel her skin. Her carapace feels like rubber, and her flippers feel like the soft spot under my grandmother's chin.

The female puts one flipper over the nest opening.

Bryan says softly to me, "She's ready."

I silently question, "Am I?"

I push the turtle's flipper aside and watch as billiard ball sized eggs plop into a sandy cave. One, two, four... seven...

I press the lever on a ticker as the eggs fall, either one at a time or in groups. When she is finished laying, this female will have 60-80 eggs in her clutch.

Eggs that are slightly smaller than pool balls fall from her cloaca as well. These are shell albumen globs (SAGs). They are not fertile. Bryan tells me that scientists believe the SAGs have no function. One analogy he uses is that the SAGs are a product similar to cake made without a key ingredient. I don't count SAGs because they won't give us any information about the number of prospective hatchlings for this nest.

Ten minutes is a very short period of time when you've been waiting all night. It feels like this lady just hauled out, and soon she'll be swimming on sand back to the ocean. Another "one wheeled tractor" will mark her return to the sea.

The tension in her right flipper subsides. Bryan tells me that she has finished. She is covering her eggs gently, at first, patting small amounts of sand onto her precious investments. In a few minutes, she'll be tossing sand with her front flippers. All of us will have to clear out of her way or we'll become human sand castles.

With the excitement over, Bryan and I resolved it was time to start patrolling again. We were to have lapped the beach once each hour for approximately 6 hours. Turtles come up to nest around the high tide each night. They're reproductive cycles coincide with lunar cycles.

On our second to last lap, Bryan and I watch mesmerized as the female hauls her heavy body back to the ocean.

Bryan says, "This is the best part."

At that time, I agreed. However in the week to come I witnessed adult females, hatchlings, live embryos, and unhatched eggs at various stages of development. I concluded that the best part is witnessing the hatchlings clobber down the beach and enter their aquatic home for the very first time.



# FROZEN BEATS

~ Camille Smalley

To my bitter cold heart,  
Why be so cold?  
To ignore the crocuses  
and remain alone.  
To ignore Ophelia's cry  
And drink Juliet's poison.  
To my bitter heart  
Sleeping at the bottom of a bottle...  
Please awaken to the warmth,  
Embrace the sea breeze-  
Oh to bask again in Helios' light.

## MERCEDES AND BLACK PRINT

~ Michael L. Nataupsky

Cool tones cascade through the room  
I enter the long narrow corridor  
Pictures jump from the walls  
Walking toward the brightly light kitchen  
The smell of English muffins and jelly explodes  
    into my nostrils  
The kitchen is barely used, but the room seems  
    like a day spa  
Soothing my soul each step I take  
The tile feels brand new, but it's been there for three years  
The sounds of crinkling newspaper echo from  
    around the corner  
Optimism flows from the walls here  
I can feel it like a rushing current against my legs  
My grandfather's darkly tanned face brightens  
    when he sees me  
He doesn't have to say a word, he's already greeted me  
My grandmother, always moving, always helping  
Turns the corner down the long side hallway off the kitchen  
Immediately offering me anything to eat, asking how I slept  
Words are merely small talk here  
There are bigger meanings behind them  
Comforting  
The sense of safety overwhelms me









# THE GUARDIAN OF THE NIGHT

~ Camille Smalley

The sun sinks,  
leaving the sky a deeper hue.  
The icy ocean, an untamed shrew.  
The dome shrouds all in midnight's dew;  
piercing through, a towering light.  
The rhythmic call-  
beckons safety for all.  
A white washed tower,  
visible in the night,  
pacifies the preternatural land of night  
until the morning's halcyon light.

# BIG AND EASY

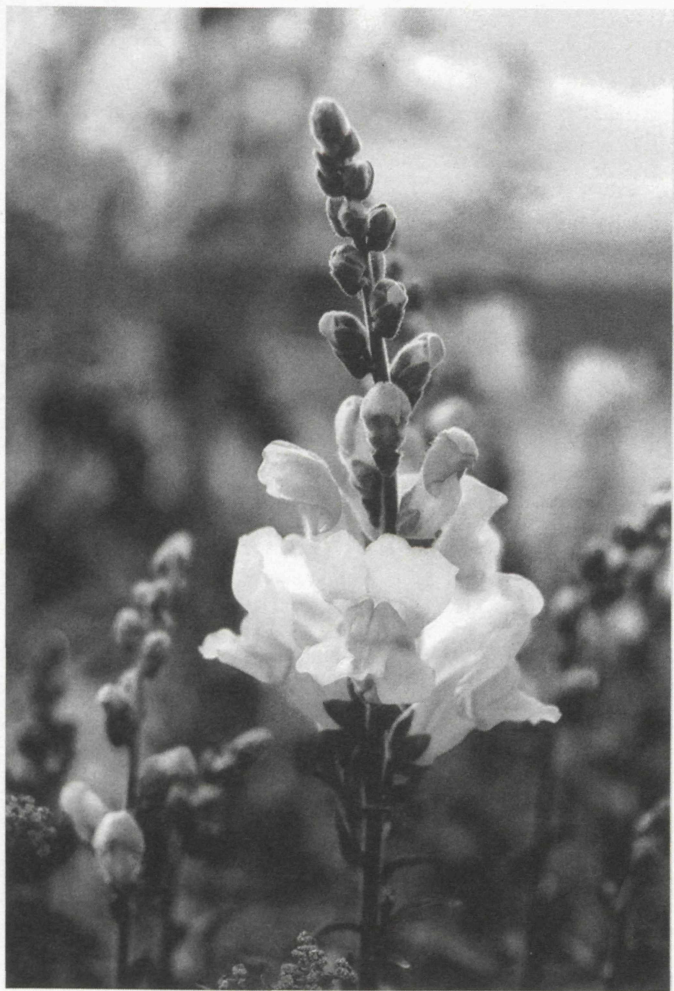
~ Paul Manoff

Lady bisected by a fickle river  
Your charms arouse my soul.

My ears dance  
My taste buds explode  
My eyes bulge.

How was it we never met before?  
Your sullied reputation beckoned from afar  
But I feared your sins could be contagious.

Now that I've had my way with you just once,  
I want you  
again.



# THE GIRL FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF IPANEMA

~ Daniela Bassani Moraes

Look at that terrible thing  
I laugh when she passes and she sees  
She is avid and she comes to me  
She is not beautiful  
Neither full of grace  
She is hungry and she comes to me  
She walks so flaccid and  
She is not going to the beach  
She is witty and she comes to me  
I'm not so sad and  
I don't want her here  
There exists no beauty  
I don't care if she walks alone  
Ah! If she knew that when she passes  
I try to contain my masculine instinct  
(And my wallet)  
Because she is on sale and comes to me

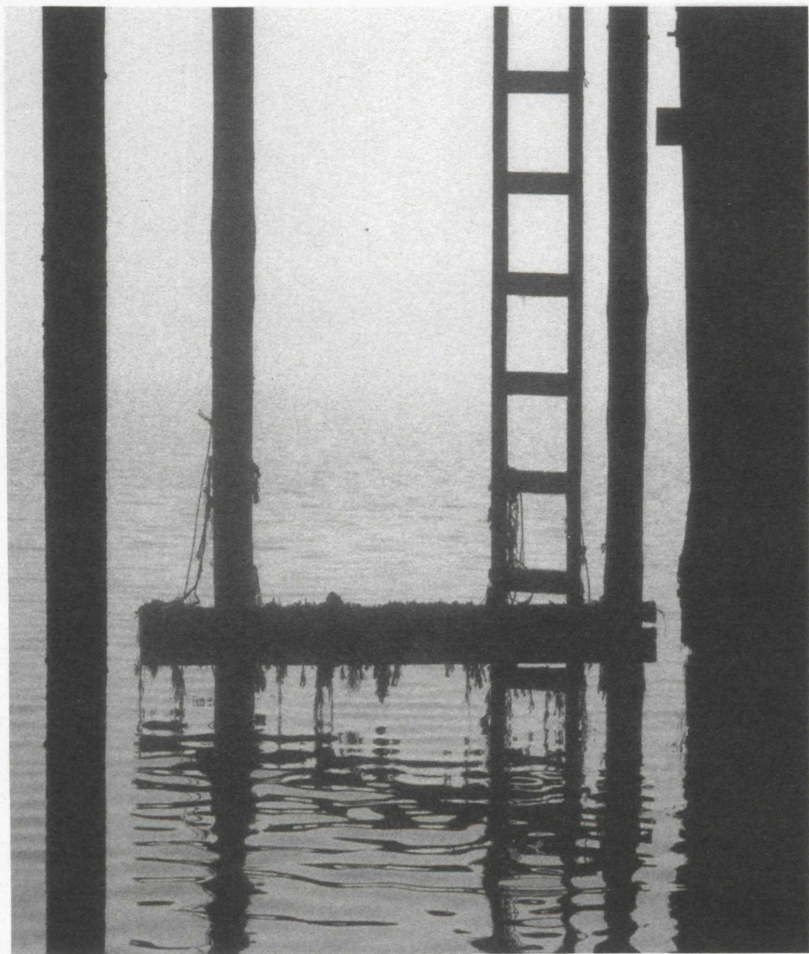
# ONE'S TRASH ONE'S TREASURE

~ Michael L. Nataupsky

He wears a scarf,  
Lightly dangled around his neck  
Somehow keeping himself from sweating  
Greasy hair protrudes from a grey beret  
Long and uneven seemingly on purpose  
As if he took a knife to his hair the night before  
His tight dark blue jeans hug his thighs  
Burn marks from late nights and cigarettes  
Cover his pants from hip to toe  
Black is the color of choice  
Mid-July and he's dressed like the dead of winter  
A cigarette rests between a moustache  
And tightly pursed bottom lip  
The black sweater contrasting the pale skin  
Giving a black and white appearance to a colorful person  
Worn and discolored boots cover his feet  
He approached me with a hint of respect  
Mostly a hint of resent  
"Your poems suck. You're close-minded  
And you're short sighted." Retorting angrily  
He throws my book at my feet  
He's already crossed the street  
Heading in the opposite direction  
When I gently lean down  
And sign the cover  
Leaving it lying lifeless but still living  
I think 'One person's trash is another's treasure'  
As my first of many readers leaves his mark







# LOVE UNTRUE

~ Camille Smalley

The moon illuminates the rocks and waves  
all that can be seen from the little white cave.  
A personal connection found  
notions of romance sound  
unfelt the icy cold.  
A warming embrace enfold-  
But even the stirring of the ocean  
could not create this love potion  
Two hearts remain separate, unable to mate  
Their time will never come, it wasn't their fate.

# RENDEZVOUZ

~ Marissa Simoes

He had barely enough time to pull off his socks before she had taken his hand and dragged him onto the rain soaked beach. He followed her lead toward an abandoned lifeguard tower that stood alone watching the ocean. There, they cowered for protection against the wind and rain. They were all that was in sight. The winds whirled around them, forcing their goose-bumped bodies closer together. Not a single star could steal a glimpse of the two as they drifted into a world of their own, a world consisting of only the other.

A flash of lightning brought him back to reality. There he stood in the same room they had once shared some time ago. Returning to the window he watched, he waited, wishing that she were down below waiting for him to come out and dance with her beneath the darkened sky. He could almost see her pleading smile. He scoffed for he knew it was impossible for her to be there. She was gone.

She slid her arms into his sleeves as they pressed together for warmth. They began to shiver rhythmically from the rain that soaked their clothing down to their skin. Freezing yet, neither could stand to end such a perfect moment. A dream could never happen so perfectly, there was no need nor desire to wake from this reality. He kissed her and they simply watched the sky.

"The rain was beautiful that night," he whispered to himself, "not like this. This is cold, dead rain. How could I keep her warm?" He absent-mindedly slid on his sweat shirt, the one he was wearing that night. He imagined what it felt like for her to run her ice cold little fingers down the inside of his arms. For a second, he was sure he could feel them once again touching his skin. One tear, the one he swore he'd never let get away, fell. He ran to the door and flew down the three flights of stairs that led to his past and possibly his future. Out on to the beach he ran, this time not pausing to remove his socks. He huddled near the same old lifeguard tower, the lifeguard tower she saw as the perfect place to steal a kiss so long ago. He closed his eyes.

There she stood. He felt her kiss, smelled her sweet fragrant skin and the salt water that had dried in her hair. She smiled as she pecked his nose sweetly. He wrapped his arms around her little body so tightly that he feared she would never catch her breath. Instead, he was the one gasping for air. "No," he begged, "No. Not this time. Please." This moment had to last forever. He couldn't ever let it get away for if he did, it would mean she was really gone.

He opened his eyes pleading with reality for it to be real. Once again, she was gone, never to hold him beneath a tear drenched sky again. He fell to the sand. There, he vowed he would not, for he could not go on. His reason to breathe in that mist filled air was gone. By morning...  
So Was He.





## TEACHER GONE

~ L.R.

they make memorial for a teacher gone,  
 coming together in the way  
     of men and women in human loss,  
 in shadow where his sun once shone  
 they plant a tree,  
     they say a prayer,  
     they set a stone  
 a man brings food, moves tables, places chairs,  
 I work on the stains  
     in the Memorial Room rug,  
 we ready the background for his photos  
     of alpine flowers and dogs  
     and the love he caught  
     with his camera,  
 his friends collect the photos,  
     frame them, create video collage,  
     show snapshots of his life,  
     his art,  
     his vision;  
 they whisper as they work,  
     perhaps afraid to awaken the tears

in truth, I knew but glances of his face,  
     an occasional stairwell "good morning,"  
     a random "hello,"  
     a casual connection;  
 but surely, for someone, somewhere, there is no one  
     who will ever take his place;  
 I scrub a little harder –  
     a quiet memorial of my own

plant a tree, say a prayer, set a stone

couples and small groups stroll toward  
     the freshly-planted spruce,



meet in ceremony where the river meets the sea,  
 where rollercoaster rafts of ducks  
     explode skyward  
     in reverse tornadoes,  
 where a brilliant sun carves  
     its yellow road from the jetty's end  
     to the open ocean,  
 where sharp cliffs line the route down  
     to his final water;  
 sea below, sky above,  
 living his love,  
 paddling toward that last wave,  
     the last irresistible wave  
     that's always met alone

plant a tree, say a prayer, set a stone

they bow their heads and turn their backs  
     to the evergreen,  
     to the piece of granite with his name carved deep;  
 a subdued group leaves the riverside,  
     moves back toward the memorial room,  
     taking their time  
     and their tears –  
 rock and wood and silent sermon left  
     to mark the years

the surf splashes sadness onto Hills Beach,

the edge of sky goes out of reach

tides travel on

a single leaf spins down the lawn

teacher gone  
     and the world is lesser taught

*In Memory of Tim Gutmann  
 1966-2007*

## ~ A DEDICATION ~

Last year, University of New England's Tim Gutmann, associate professor of mathematics, died in a kayaking accident about a mile off the coast.

In the wake of this tragedy, the community mourned the loss of a passionate and dedicated professor.

His presence on campus is greatly missed.

The staff of Zephyr would like to dedicate this year's publication in memory of Tim Gutmann.



# ~ THANK YOU PATRONS ~

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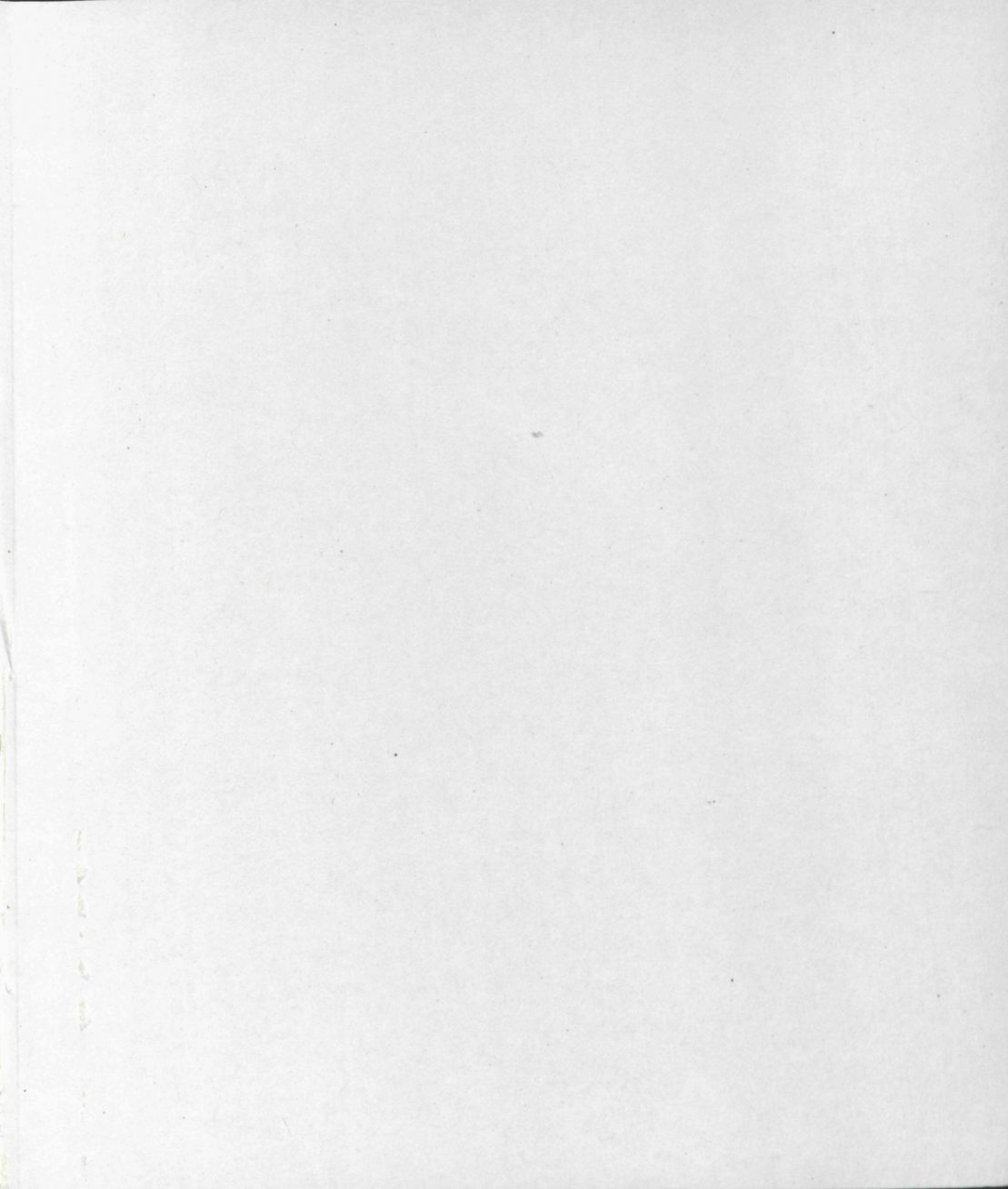
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