

Spring 2010

Zephyr: The Eleventh Issue

Zephyr Faculty Advisor
University of New England

Angelena Pepe
University of New England

Ian Guite
University of New England

April Mroz
University of New England

Brianna Pierce
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; Pepe, Angelena; Guite, Ian; Mroz, April; Pierce, Brianna; Proulx, Jackie; MacLeod, Courtney; Benoit, Amber; Britton, Cassandra; Christman, Jennifer; and Ziemba, Elisabeth, "Zephyr: The Eleventh Issue" (2010). *Zephyr*. 11.
<http://dune.une.edu/zephyr/11>

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, Angelena Pepe, Ian Guite, April Mroz, Brianna Pierce, Jackie Proulx, Courtney MacLeod, Amber Benoit, Cassandra Britton, Jennifer Christman, and Elisabeth Ziemba

ZEPHYR

11th issue
spring 2010

the university
of new england's
journal of
artistic
expression



ZEPHYR

the eleventh issue · spring 2010

STAFF

editor-in-chief Angelena Pepe
faculty advisor Susan McHugh, PhD
clerical assistant Elaine Brouillette

EDITORIAL BOARD

Ian Guite - April Mroz - Courtney MacLeod
Brianna Pierce - Jackie Proulx - Cassandra Britton - Elisabeth Ziemba
Amber Benoit - Jennifer Christman

design & typography Angelena Pepe
printed by Penmor Lithographers, Lewiston
cover photograph by Chloe Crettien - Day Dream
crettien@une.edu



This journal 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 journal, including details on how to submit your artwork, please e-mail Dr Susan McHugh at smchugh@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 ELEVENTH ISSUE / SPRING 2010

the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

Letter from the Editor - 7

WRITING

Nancy Rankin	9	<i>3rd Floor Blues</i>
Travis Smith	10	<i>Analyze this Poem like Scientific Theory</i>
Hannah Rothermel	14	<i>I Don't Believe in God</i>
Travis Smith	15	<i>A Letter from the Grave</i>
Geneva Guinee	20	<i>Grandma's Hands</i>
Michael Thompson	24	<i>In the Eyes of Mr. Blinky</i>
Janet Malcolm	28	<i>Presence</i>
Travis Smith	32	<i>Mother Nature's Majesty</i>
Travis Smith	37	<i>Ode to a Starling</i>
Michael Thompson	40	<i>The Rain</i>
Judi Brewer	42	<i>What Will I Become</i>
Laura Carter	47	<i>Untitled</i>
Michael Nataupsky	50	<i>Life (Continuous Poem)</i>
Cheikh Saad Bouh Sidi Haiba	56	<i>I Didn't Know</i>
Travis Smith	61	<i>When We were Young</i>
Stephanie Schmidt	67	<i>Singing to the Radio</i>
Travis Smith	69	<i>Copperfield Conundrum</i>
Travis Smith	72	<i>Metaphor</i>
Michael Nataupsky	76	<i>The Poetics of Perception</i>
Hugh Sadlier	79	<i>Transcendence</i>
Michael Thompson	80	<i>The Mind</i>

- Leslie Ricker 82 *Down Back*
Leslie Ricker 83 *The Fall*
Ashley Plante 85 *Short Story*
Laura Carter 89 *No Title*
Laura Carter 94 *I Do this to Myself*
Michael Thompson 98 *Fighting Smile*
Michael Thompson 101 *Fairy Tale*
Janet Malcolm 102 *More than a Yearning*
Janet Malcolm 105 *Faces Fading*
Brittany Mantha 106 *Abandonment*
Janet Malcolm 110 *No Titles Here*
John Daugherty 113 *The Ants of Texas are upon You*
Courtney Macleod 119 *Amended Perception*
Courtney Macleod 120 *American Beauty*
Courtney Macleod 122 *There's No Place like Home*

IMAGES

Mik Morrisey	12	<i>Sun Soaked Fur</i>
Mik Morrisey	13	<i>Team</i>
Ian Guite	17	<i>Tiny Puffy Dog</i>
Carol MacLeod	18	<i>Rowing in the Fog</i>
Ian Guite	19	<i>Hunter in the Fog</i>
Ron Ramsey	21	<i>Untitled</i>
Heather Sadlier	22	<i>Big Sur</i>
Carol MacLeod	23	<i>Umbrellas</i>
Theresa Robitaille	26	<i>Feather Star</i>
Carol MacLeod	27	<i>Fish</i>
Carol MacLeod	29	<i>Beach Glare</i>
Theresa Robitaille	30	<i>The Navy Pier</i>
Carol MacLeod	31	<i>Sand Ripples</i>
Steve Lutterman	35	<i>Gray Canyon</i>
Carol MacLeod	36	<i>Egrets</i>
Chloe Crettien	39	<i>Morning Preen</i>
Ian Guite	41	<i>Storm Clouds</i>
Allen Walski	44	<i>Deep Cove</i>
Mik Morrisey	45	<i>South Freeport Wharf</i>
Ian Guite	46	<i>Rocks, Ocean, and Fog</i>
Allen Walski	48	<i>Beach Meadows</i>
Mik Morrisey	49	<i>Chesterfield Gorge, MA</i>
Allen Walski	54	<i>Belliveau Cove Light</i>
Allen Walski	55	<i>Annisquam Light</i>
Steve Lutterman	58	<i>Grand Gulch Arch</i>
Carol MacLeod	59	<i>Chalupa</i>

Christina Guidoboni	60	<i>4th of July</i>
Dolores Wallpaperpaste	66	<i>Sydney Opera House</i>
Mik Morrisey	68	<i>Hulbert's Pond</i>
Ian Guite	71	<i>The Path Continues</i>
Jenna Corvo	74	<i>A. Saxahlis</i>
Jenna Corvo	75	<i>Nurse Shark, San Salvador</i>
Mik Morrisey	78	<i>Still Waters at the Confluence</i>
Jenna Corvo	81	<i>Bahamian Horizon</i>
Mik Morrisey	84	<i>Cow's Eye</i>
Mik Morrisey	88	<i>Great Falls and Mills</i>
Allen Walski	92	<i>Northfield, MA</i>
Allen Walski	93	<i>New Salem, MA</i>
Theresa Robitaille	96	<i>Under the Sea - Great Barrier Reef</i>
Theresa Robitaille	97	<i>Sea Turtle - Great Barrier Reef</i>
Heather Sadlier	100	<i>Points of Contact</i>
Dolores Wallpaperpaste	103	<i>Pemaquid Light</i>
Chloe Crettien	104	<i>A Day in the Life</i>
Theresa Robitaille	108	<i>The Great Barrier Reef</i>
Ian Guite	109	<i>Upside Down Jellies</i>
Dolores Wallpaperpaste	112	<i>Burnt Tree - Outback</i>
Ron Ramsey	118	<i>Untitled</i>
Allen Walski	121	<i>Jordan Branch</i>
Allen Walski	123	<i>Beach Meadows Beach</i>
Carol MacLeod	124	<i>Surfer</i>

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Angelena Pepe

When the Zephyr comes out, it can only mean one thing – springtime! I am so honored to be producing Zephyr for another year. It always seems to be a crazy time, but it is well worth it.

This year has a lot of great poetry that I hope you enjoy. We have some really creative short stories and, of course, some awesome photos.

As always, I hope the Zephyr inspires you to submit your creativity next year!

Until next year, UNE...

3rd Floor Blues

By Nancy Rankin

At the start of the year
We could see through the door
That rooms had been emptied
On the third floor.

The lights were turned off
The signs were removed
Because Chem. and Physics
And Bio. had moved.

Off to Morgane
With little fanfare
To occupy new offices
Way over there.

With growth comes some loss
At U-N-E
The colleagues and friends
Now we'll rarely see.

No more hallway chats,
No commiserating,
But at least for copying
There'll be less waiting!

So good-bye to Marcus,
Greg, Mark, and Jamie
John and David
Frank and Amy.

Mary and Paul,
Isabel and Dan,
We wish you all well
Visit when you can!

Analyze This Poem Like the Scientific Theory

By Travis Smith

What's in a poem? I should know.
I've written some myself.
What's in my poems? Let me see.
I'll take them from my shelf.

I want you to enjoy my poem
And chuckle at its pun.
I want to make you think and grin.
I want it to be fun.

So search my poem left and right.
Search it up and down.
Read my poem all through the night,
And tell me what you've found.

Search for syntax. Scan for proof
Of depth and truth abound.
Use your skills from English class,
And tell me what you've found.

The metaphor you're searching for,
Internal rhyme and tone ...
Are all above alliteration;
The theme will soon be shown.

I hope you spot the assonance.
Moronic irony
Is that the very title has
Deceptive simile.

The symbolism of the work
Is something you will find
When connotations are made clear,
So look beyond slant rhyme.

The meter may be hard to follow
As syllables do change,
And so its relevance is hollow,
And my readers I estrange.

You'll find pathetic fallacy,
Unearth it, and, what's worse,
You'll say my meaning lies within
Each image-laden verse.

So go ahead, dissect this thing,
And ruin all the fun.
Remove the cat from out the bag.
And please excuse my pun.

What's in my poem? You should know.
You've read its repetition.
What was this poem? You don't know?
Satire: My admission.

I hope that you've enjoyed my poem
And chuckled at its pun.
I hope it made you think and grin.
I hope that it was fun.

Sun Soaked Fur



Mik Morrisey

Team



Mik Morrisey

I Don't Believe in God

By Hannah Rothermel

I don't believe in God.

Or do I?

If God is Love,

If God is patient,

generous,

kind,

without judgment,

If God is Peace,

If God is acceptance,

goodness,

compassion,

understanding,

Then, yes:

I *do* believe in God.

A Letter From the Grave

By Travis Smith

You were my best friend for nine long years;
You could ease my pain and quell my fears;
Your gentle touch could melt my heart,
But then it all just fell apart.

I still remember how we met:
We both were cold and dripping wet
I took you confidently in my arms,
A stranger, shielding you from harm.
I brought you home where it was dry
To soothe your shivers and your cries.
I somehow knew the pain you'd borne;
You seemed so hurt, subdued, forlorn.
Without regret, I held you near
And whispered solace in your ear.
That night you slept beneath my sheets,
Your cold, wet nose against my feet.

We fell into a fine routine;
I was smitten; you were keen.
I've never known a friend or guest
Who greeted me with such great zest.
I'd read a book, you in my lap;
I'd pull you close to take a nap;
I'd buy you toys and snacks to eat,
And you would nudge and paw my feet;

We understood each other well;
When you were needy, I could tell;
And when my mother bumped your head,
You ran and hid beneath my bed,
And, though it was reluctantly,
You were coaxed by only me.

I was your best friend, and you were mine,
And though I know things fade with time,
It doesn't ease the pain I see
That you've endured because of me.
I passed in sleep and know you felt
My pulse conclude against your pelt.
Your ears perked up and eyes got wide;
You crawled up, whimpered by my side,
And nudged my hand with your graying paw;
From far away, I watched it all,
And now I'm cursed for all of time,
Existing here with conscious mind.
What hurts me most is not your pain,
But the love I gave then took away.

Tiny Puffy Dog



Ian Guite

Rowing in the Fog



Carol MacLeod

Hunter in the Fog



Ian Guite

Grandma's Hands

Wrinkled, Warm, Soft and Comfort -ing.....
Remembering, those good times with soup and soul-
Food that was made with love but never spared,
the discipline.

INTRICATE maps of a long past
That saved me from time to time
As I looked at her hands, I saw that
woven band which kept our family together.

luscious brooding novelties, such as stories, Preserved in a flavorful
 tongue-for

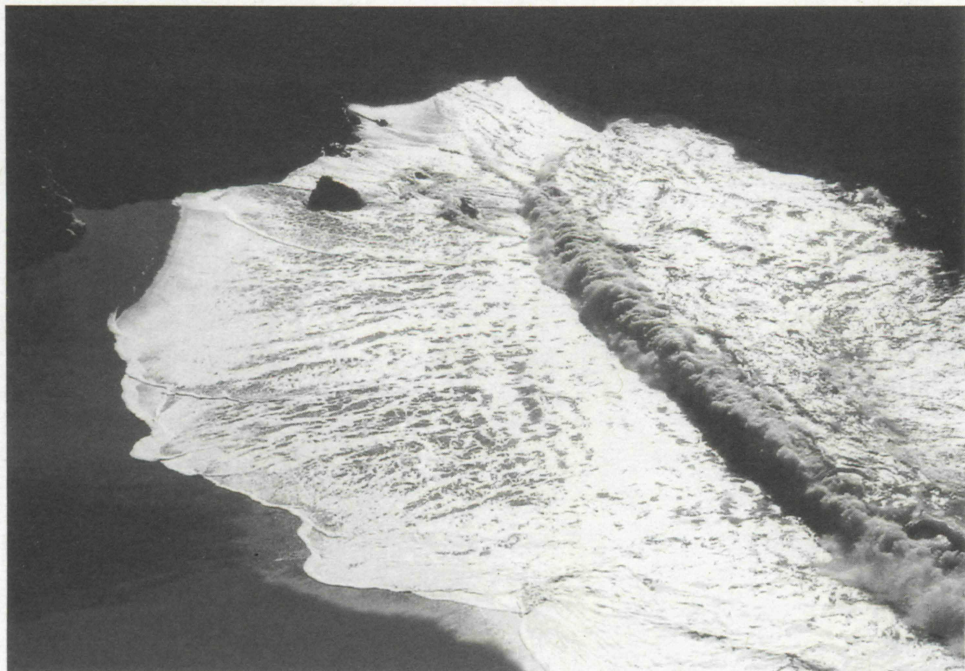
Years to come. Grandma's Hands
Lead me to my path, told me to go to church, to be honest
And true to - to myself
But what has been said cannot be undone....
These sands - of time can try to erase those fond memories of
Christmas, Easter, the whole
Entire year- s. What is known about Grandma's Hands,
is my own.

Beautiful. Native. WISE creations of mutual respect.
 I need to as you questions but we are in a sect-ion in our lives that
 Need guidance, **SENTIENCE, INDEPENDENCE, and reason,**
 So where have you gone?



Ron Ramsey

Big Sur



Heather Sadlier

Umbrellas



Carol MacLeod

In the Eyes of Mr. Blinky

By Michael Thompson

I find myself wandering in the world of giants, scurrying around their kingdom with ease, only fearing being seen with their naked eyes. Their foul scent of bottled liquids causes me to sneeze in disgust. I cannot see how creatures of their size are not capable of grooming themselves. Come on, it really is not that hard to keep your hair off the floor and it is pretty easy to restrain yourself from dripping your own bodily fluids on the floor. It is just disgusting and disturbing when I have to walk through endless strands of hair and wet rivers.

During the day, I ventured out to the room where these creatures dined. My nose, tickled with the fresh scent of cheddar cheese, enjoyed every minute, while my legs trembled with the fear of being seen. I was minding my own business while searching for crumbs on the floor, when my eyes bulged out of my minute head. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. There sitting on the high, marble mountain top in the northeast corner, above the place where the giants kept their killing utensils, sat a plentiful forest of yellow, hole-covered goodness. I moved slowly and cautiously towards the forest as the hands of its scent lured me in. As I reached the summit of the mountain, the illumination light from above reflected off the marble surface and onto the forest, blinded me for a split second. My tongue rolled out of my mouth, extracting drool.

All of a sudden... one of the foul smelling giants screamed.

"Mouse! Mouse!"

"I am not mouse! I am Mr. Binky," I screamed in rage.

In a louder shriek, the giants screamed again. "Ahhh!"

As it screamed, the giant began to dance round and round before it finally jumped onto a flag, brown mountain top. Although I did not see the seriousness in dancing around, I decided to join in. I pranced about going back and forth, showing my unique dance moves, until my sensitive ears could not take the infernal screaming anymore. I decided to head back to my home in the northern, purple wall, next to the nice and cozy fireplace.

When I returned to my home, my eyes felt very weak as if the magic sand fairy was sprinkling her magical sand dust on me. I yawned and yawned, and slowly moved myself to my very comfortable sardine can filled with the best white, fluffy material I could find in the kingdom, and pulled

over my very soft and shiny, blue cloth. I fell asleep dreaming of all the cheddar cheese I was going to eat.

I awoke from my slumber to the sound of twelve, thundering dongs of the creature the giants called "Grandfather." DONG! DONG! I ventured out into the giants' dining room. Although everything was quiet like usual, there was something different about the room. Like something has been moved or even added. As I surveyed the room, I noticed something in the middle of the floor. On this thing, there looked to be some kind of cheesy goodness. I skipped and frolicked toward the object, thinking of how easy it would be for me to get some cheese to eat. When I reached the mysterious phenomenon, I noticed that the cheese on it was in fact cheddar cheese. I wandered my eyes up and down the phenomenon and read something that was in bold, blue letters: MOUSE TRAP.

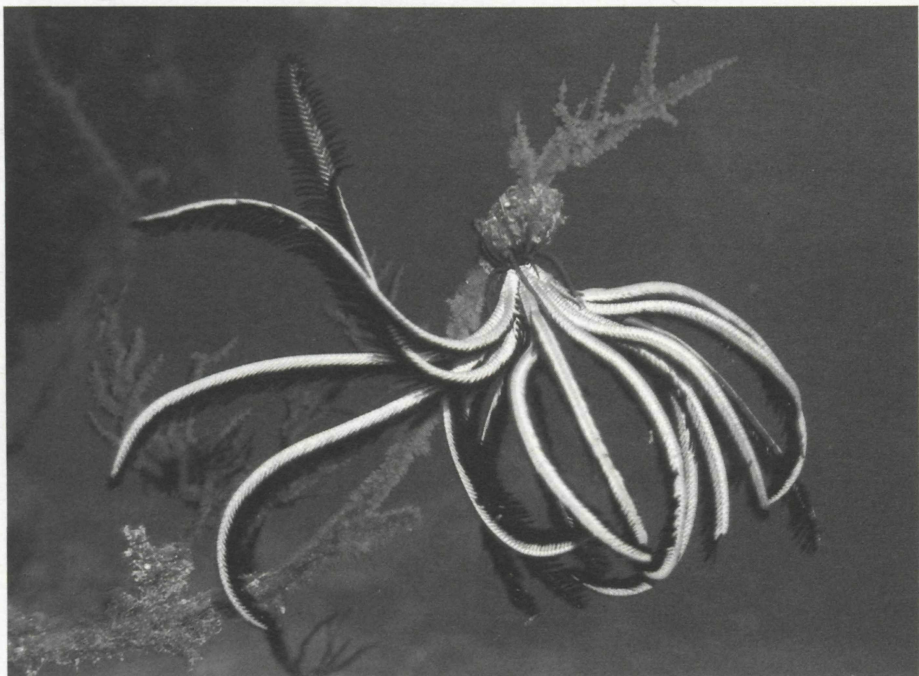
"How many times do I have to scream that my name is not mouse? It is Binky! If these giants were going to leave me a present, the least thing they could have done was get my name right. Geez, how frustrating!"

I slowly reached my hand down towards the cheese. YANK! I quickly pulled my hand back from the cheese remembering something that my pappy told me about these types of contraptions when I was just a young mouse. I ran back to my house and searched through my closet, scattering the objects around my home. I pulled out a shiny, round ball which I had found earlier that week. I rolled the ball out of my house and onto the object. I lifted the ball up with all my might and slowly walked onto the contraption.

CLINK! The shiny ball dropped and I squeaked in terror..

I paused for a minute, caught my breath and thought to myself, "What stupid creatures. Not even setting up their own contraptions properly. Hee, hee, hee!" I squeaked happily as I skipped back to my home with hands full of cheddar cheese.

Feather Star



Theresa Robitaille

Fish



Carol MacLeod

Presence

By Janet Malcolm

stronger
i reach inside my ribs to my heart and calm
its beating
with gentle fingers and soft intentions
and i wonder about his nights
and about daily durations

blowing through the open windows
my shadow follows my mind
to other tenses and other means
with open irises and heavy hands

i remember my time
and his kiss
and it fills my mouth
creating words for touch and memory

and sunshine pulsing through my veins
and brushing across my skin

the unlimited potential of time and
direction
electrifies my synapses
and lights fire to my belly

i imagine snow and leaves and salt water
and illuminations
slow sundays and hours in the car

i hope for laughter and tears in
precession

i hold it all loosely in delicate palms
close to my chest

with light
and strength

Beach Glare



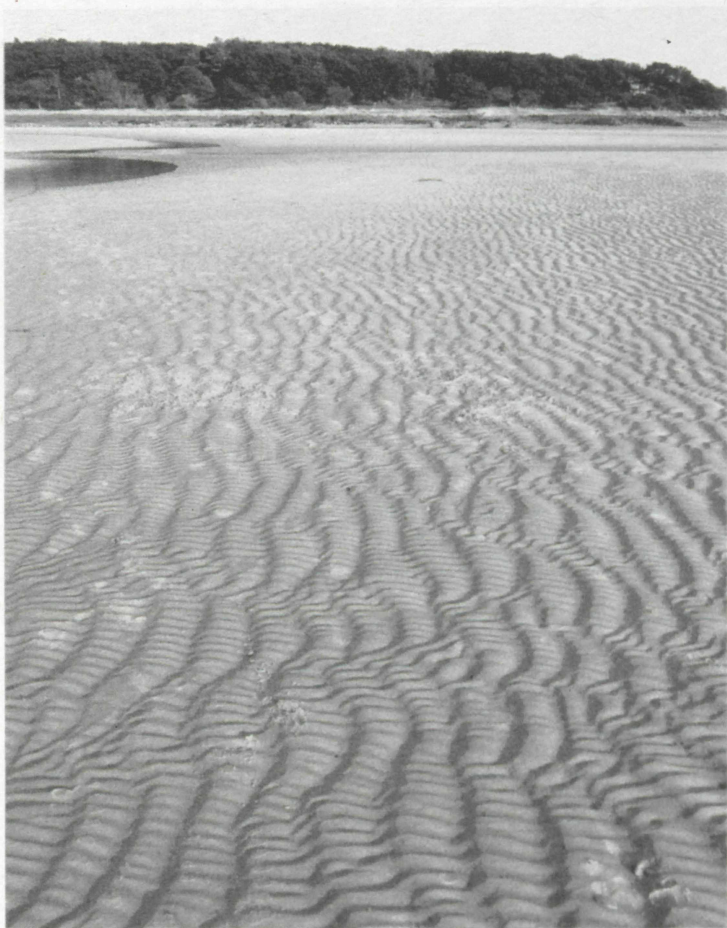
Carol MacLeod

The Navy Pier



Theresa Robitaille

Sand Ripples



Carol MacLeod

Mother Nature's Majesty

By Travis Smith

You open your eyes to a day wholly new,
And of all Earth's beauties you see but a few,
But stare you in wonder at marvels around
And have not a clue of the truths to be found.

There sings a bright jay,
Announcing the day,
And there goes a scampering mouse.
So in bed you stay,
Contented and gay
To watch falling leaves from your house.

Two dragonflies flitter across a small pond,
And rabbits are sitting upon your front lawn,
And of the pond water, three deer seem quite fond,
While you could sit watching, admiring 'til dawn.

A bright pink young flower has bloomed by a tree,
And toward it hurries an eager lone bee.
A squirrel appears from a hollowed-out log
That scarcely is seen through the thick morning fog.

The pond water stirs as the fish swim and leap,
And over the splash, you hear a frog's creep.
His lily pad rocks back and forth like a boat,
But still you can see him inflate his large throat.

You notice a chipmunk alone in the field.
Quietly, he gathers his mid-morning meal.
The night's heavy dew starts to drip from above,
Which startles away a sole peaceful old dove.

You look far away at the distant tree line,
And now you're convinced that the world is just fine.
The sight that's before you lifts all spirits up:
A tranquil old wolf who's consoling her pup.

Now the sun rises high,
And you see in the East
A small cat running by
With his dead, nasty feast.

Well, you're eyes open wide,
And you're troubled to find
That poor chipmunk has died,
And a kitten has dined.

Now you look back around, still distressed and upset,
But your new revelations are not over yet.
So you search for the jay who stopped singing her song,
And you find that your first thought about her was wrong.
No, her song was not meant to declare the new day,
But to shield her poor chicks from becoming prey.
She gives her own life for her family's sake,
And this time that mouse got away from the snake.

Now you notice again all the falling red leaves,
But have you ever pondered the ill fate for these?
Well, the night got too cold, so the cells are deceased,
So small microbes consume it and leave not a piece.

And did you know why dragonflies zip about?
They fight for their homes, and they want others out.
But what of the rabbits alone by the trees?
They're killing the grass just as cold killed the leaves!

So I bet you now wonder about those poor deer.
Did you ever consider that their death is near?
They're searching for sources of plentiful water,
But it gets more foul, and the earth just gets hotter.

Some good must exist! What about the flower?
The rabbits will have it in less than an hour,
And they will leave naught for the sad, lonely bee,
Who labors all day just to make some honey.

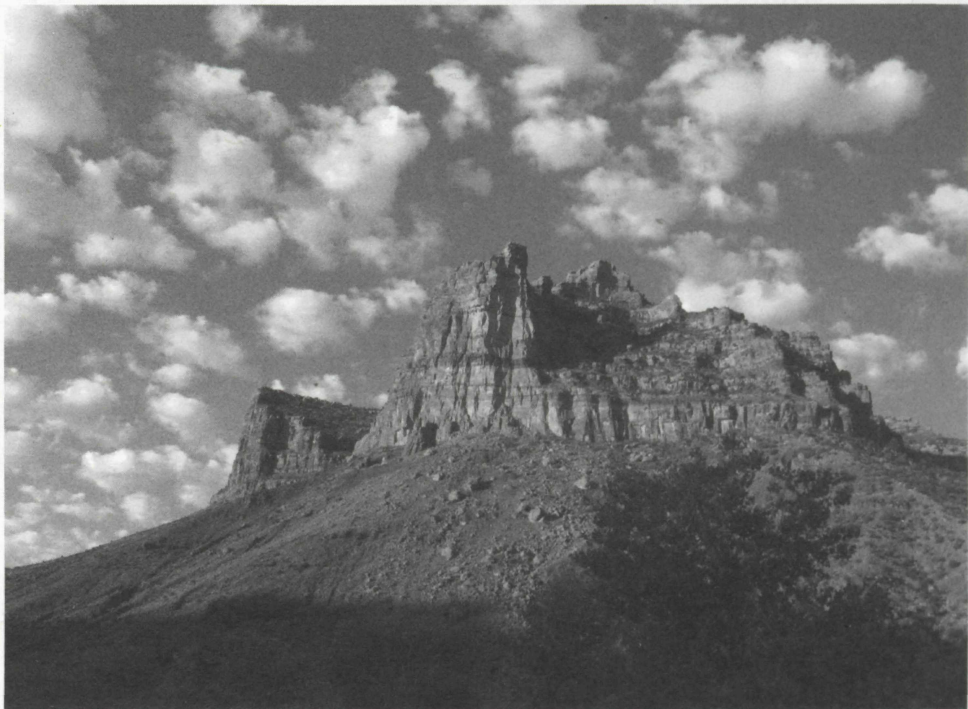
Now take a close look at the rotting tree trunk;
That quick squirrel runs from an odious skunk.
And one more small thing about that morning fog:
It sometimes is confused with polluted smog.

The pond, as you know, is just teeming with flies,
But the fish and frogs are neither quite that wise.
They're sullen and wildly competing for food.
They chatter and croak to profess their bad mood.

What you didn't notice the first time around,
When the dove took flight as the dew hit the ground,
Is that only he saw the cat that encroached,
And he failed to warn the chipmunk who was poached.

And now that you know Mother Nature's surprise,
And now that I've opened your naive, young eyes,
You surely have notions enough in your mind
To infer that that wolf was the last of her kind.

Gray Canyon



Steven Lutterman

Egrets



Carol MacLeod

Ode to a Starling

By Travis Smith

I rose from slumber late one foggy morn',
Unmindful of the trauma you had borne,
To see your frantic, fevered, frightened form
Where you had taken refuge from the storm.

You dodged and weaved and heeded not the screens,
Too eager to return to worlds of green.
I knew your simple eyes had failed to see
The doorway leading back out to the trees.

I tried to walk away and let you fight
But knew that you could be there through the night.
In panic you had surely lost your sight,
And I should intervene to set you right.

I grabbed a broom to try to shoo you out,
But soon you had me cursing in my doubt.
I tossed the broom as murmurs rose to shouts:
"I'll quell your squirming with a forceful clout!

"I'll leave you here to writhe in pain and die,
For you're too stupid to deserve the sky!"
I pinned you down and watched your frenzied eyes
Until I slowly lost my nerve and sighed:

"You foolish bird, I'll find another way
To get you back outside into the day.
It's obvious you can't want to stay,
And you are not a creature I should slay."

I found a towel by my bathroom sink,
Its fabric soft and lightly colored pink.
By now my head was clear enough to think
That I could deftly push you to the brink.

I wrapped the towel 'round about my hands
And trapped you in a corner as I'd planned.
I scooped and tossed you out toward the land;
Your lifeless body dropped toward the sands.

At last you spread your wings and took to flight;
My worried eyes were pleased to have the sight.
I knew in time that things would be all right
Until I saw the tree that fell last night.

You stopped beside the soggy pile of limbs;
My throbbing head and eyes began to swim.
You cocked your head and stared, unmoving, grim,
Your home destroyed at Mother Nature's whim.

I turned away and closed my eyes in shame
To hide my noble, sympathetic pain.
I wondered if your chicks had feared the rain
That pelted them and rendered them all slain.

And finally I choked a hollow bray;
I'd heard a giant, shrieking bird of prey.
It must have swiftly carried you away,
For that is all I saw of you that day.

Morning Preen



Chloe Crettien

The Rain

By Michael Thompson

I celebrate the rain, it sings to me.
Replenishing life
Comforting nature
Giving it strength to carry on.
Following man and keeping him company,
Whispering silently,
As it passes by.
It connects the heavens to the living,
Allowing a spiritual walkway
For the deceased to communicate with past loved ones
Always falling
Softly
As a hug of happiness,
Bringing tears of remembrance.
And when it is gone,
There is a moment when the walkway is closed
Until the next time
The rain passes by.

Storm Clouds



Ian Guite

What I Will Become

By Judi Brewer

While I run the sky turns black as night.
I shouldn't feel scared but how can I not be,
with all the rumors about my fate.
Knowing it wouldn't be my choice to die.
Running as fast as I can in the rain.
It wouldn't be long now before my time.

I remember the smell of thyme,
as I run through the garden at night.
Familiar aroma intensified after fresh rain.
A flower pollinated by a single bee.
The flower's color so vibrant drenched in red dye.
Would I enjoy my new life or reel with hate?

Incapable of outrunning my fate.
Having nothing but time,
never worrying again I would die.
My dream of being saved by a white knight,
forever lost, unable to escape what I will be.
I will have to endure their reign.

Faster, through the rain,
trying to deceive fate,
masquerading as a bee,
jumping from flower to flower not caring about time.
But I cannot escape this night.
Before the light of dawn I will be reborn never again to die.

Surprisingly not afraid to die.
Fright comes from being unable to fight their reign.
They will find me before the end of night.
Forcing me to embrace my fate.
Running, my nose filled again with the scent of thyme.
Oh how I wish it would be over so they will let me be.

But they will never let me be.
Forcing me to stain the earth with red dye.
My death will come in time.
Wishing to be washed away by the rain.
Never to follow the path I might hate.
Forever wishing no end to this night.

This night will forever my rebirth be.
Fate never able to die.
The rain will never again wash away time.

Deep Cove



Deep Cove, NS

Allen Walski

South Freeport Wharf



Mik Morrisey

Rocks, Ocean, and Fog



Ian Guite

Untitled

By Laura Carter

Good morning
A greeting
You've often said
To a sleeping
And tired
Me in my bed

Hello
I responded
Sweet with a smile
Come join me
And we'll stay in bed
For a while

A nod of your chin
A twitch
Of your nose
Are signs enough
To make me tingle
Through my toes

And you climb in
So sweetly and
Snuggle up close
Where together we fall
Asleep
Nose to nose

Upon waking up
You flash
A quick grin
I roll back over
Keeping under covers
So this is what it feels like
When your life begins?

Beach Meadows



Allen Walski

Chesterfield Gorge, MA



Mik Morrissey

Life (Continuous poem)

By Michael Nataupsky

The ways of the wind
whisk the words off my tongue
Separating reality from fantasy
"Life is funny" - how it freezes you
illustrates the pictures you paint
with your actions... your story is written,
ancient
you're only a glimpse
a glimmer of time's satire.
When you're finally comfortable it
stabs you with uncertainty
leaving your body lifeless
leaving your timestamp
unhinged; your soul departs
wailing in the motion.
Stop fretting.
Take the pain as you would take a swollen member.
Pleasure is the child of pain.
Rescue yourself - no one is there for you to run to.
Why lapse into utter worthlessness?
You can find bouyancy in the innovation of style,
laugh as the committment
submits to your will,
resist the urge to dwell on comfort.
Social awkwardness is the key to innovative perception.
Why then am I perplexed by new persons?
Does my tongue not know navigation techniques?
I am helpless in conversation...
I can hear the sly voice of conscience.
It echoes like rain drops.
Let me explore the dynamics of interactions.

You mesmerize me.
Are people so simple?
That the basis of relationships
could be the recurrence of a smile?
The power we hold inside.
the intensity of holding a glance - these things stump me.
Experience is the father of education?
So what of apathy? What of children? They are ultimately inexperienced. Are they not wise
to experience life so basically?
These questions are innate.
I will reflect my feelings
in countless words.
Or silence - or thoughts. But,
I plot my course
towards desire and knowledge
with the stars in mind.
The course I take is universal
Or, more stellar - galactic.
My emotions impose their will
governing my body's actions.
You are the answer - I can feel it.
I'll retire to an estate in London, or Paris
escape reality with you.
Let's run, from poisonous influences we've grown
accustomed to - encumbered with - hindered by.
Or let's fill our cup.
We can briefly escape. Until
they catch us.
Your demeanor is fuel to my soul.
Amazing that this cup fills me with courage,
but it isn't what intoxicates me
- you do.

The end is not approaching.
It is only this beginning.
The crest of our bond broadens.
With every breath I feel you
evoking me, asking me, begging me to
escape.
I won't - your gravity is too strong.
I'm not scared anymore.
Your suggestions are courageous.
Even stone bends to the will of water over time.
My heart will as well.
This feeling is unique
It keeps me vitally engaged.
Bones will heal; I would break every one for you.
It's dangerous.
I've lost all caution.
Pain is a mirage now.
I tease it.
My body is merely a mural
for the soul it holds.
I dare you to make me feel better than this.
Impossible - I starve for you,
I am the buoy, warning,
I am the column, supporting,
I am the glass, breaking,
Take me. Run.
Every cut is a rip in the painting,
a bruise is a smudge,
you are the artist,
you are the teenager with the spray paint,
you are the poet.
Art has many forms, and
you are art.
I can see the gull.
It sounds to me,
screaming the perfect name,

a beacon to follow,
a schooner of methods.
I dive, searching
like a hawk in motion
for a sign that will
illustrate your picture
your mural, your palette.
Did I fail?
Did I make you Run?
I can only ask Hector
who fought valiantly and failed:
was his effort worth it?
Nobility is a facade.
I am lying, I want to hold victorious
Hold you. Any sacrifice is viable.
In essence I could conceive a way to expel these thoughts with mere actions, and if there
was a way it
wouldn't suffice.
Gentle winds whisk the words off my tongue,
bleed them from my weapon,
navigate the starving artist
with your poignant push.
You are the vessel that will prove
that through these imperfect social interactions
I have found perfection; although
your guidance will not improve my talents
they will ensure the lucidness of my motives
and my motives are the evidence of love.
Life and living is a prescription of complication,
yet the tea is so sweet, when the sugar of like is added,
when things become bright so does the soul.
It beads with light in the application of happiness.
Love will accomplish this.
Recipe: Two.

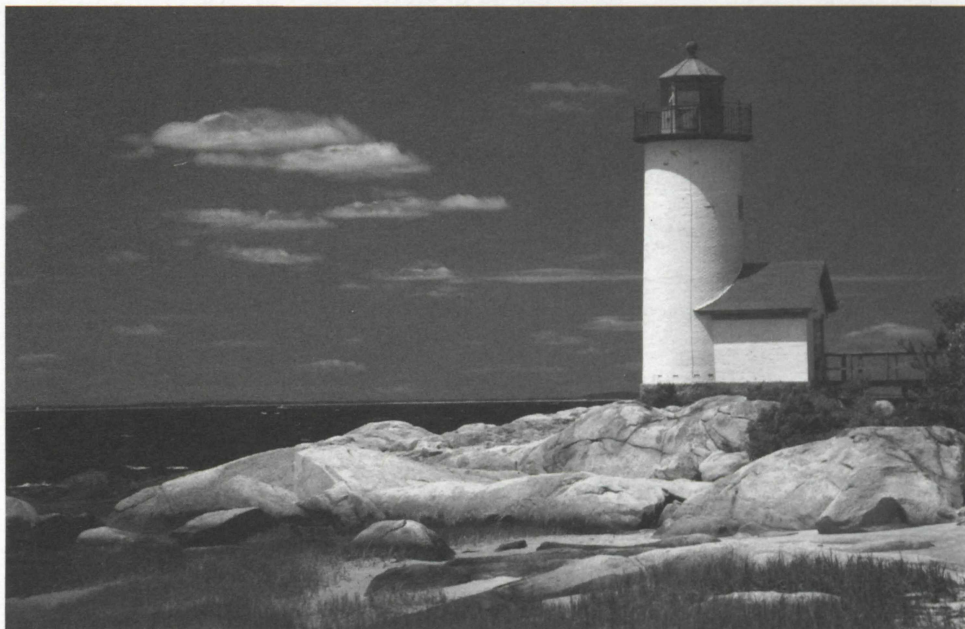
Belliveau Cove Light



Belliveau Cove Light, Belliveau, NS

Allen Walski

Annisquam Light



Allen Walski

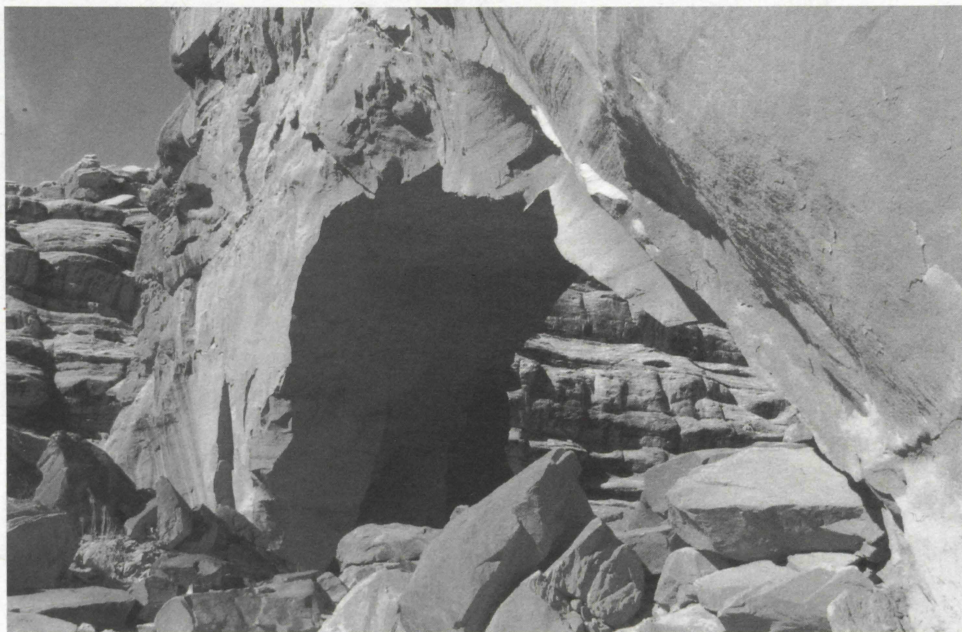
I Didn't Know

By Cheikh Saad Bouh Sidi Haiba

I did not know I love the sea with its raging waves
I did not know I love to sail even without a ship
Even though there is no hope to get to the shore
I sailed for a long time; I never got there
Stuck where there is nothing but blue water and blue skies and bright hope
The mirages of my hope appear every now and then
But soon I encounter the fact that I am not yet there
I did not know I love to wish the impossible
And endure the pain of not getting what I want
I did not know I like mountains
Whose tops I viewed as the top of the world
For my irresistible feeling that something precious of mine is up there
I climb again and again but I cannot get to their tops either
No matter how hard I try, it is my destiny
I did not know I like stars and adore the moon
Not because they are beautiful and inspiring but
Because they are my only shelter when I am prey to loneliness
I did not know I like to plant impossible dreams
And water them with my tears and harvest nothing but sorrow
I did not know I like to sing with birds at the sunrise
They are my only friend when the stars and the moon are gone
I did not know I like to fly with wings of hope
And perch on a throne of happiness
I did not know I like to stand by murky water
Where black mud, blue water and colorful birds get together

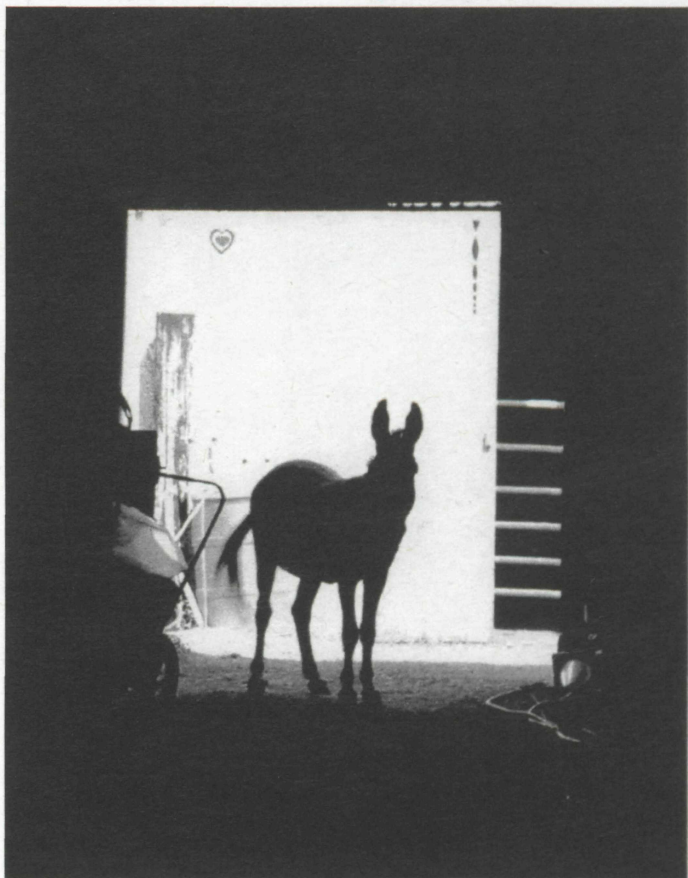
I did not know I like clouds
Their height reminds me of my lost pride
I did not know I like the remnants of ancient houses
Through which I can smell the aroma of bygone days
Through their darkness I see the light of the past
I enjoy listening to their horrible silence
Through which I could hear the beautiful songs I used to sing
I did not know I like the desert
Where golden sunbeams and golden sands hug each other
Where the sun smiles and the skies rain love
Where thunderclaps are wisdom words from the Wise
And the lightning is a divine light to show me the right way
I never realized I like the sun
I wait for the sunrise impatiently to see what tomorrow holds for me
And hope in vain that it will never set
But my hopes and wishes vanish as the sun goes down
And long nights fall penetrating my heart with their claws
The whole universe says no to my hopes
Why?
I never knew I like superstitious stories
Told by a ninety-year-old woman
With her hands trembling and her toothless mouth shaking
Her eyes disappearing in her worn out face
With kids around her listening with rapt attention
And in the middle of the circle there I am
Even though I am no longer a kid
There I find myself triumphing
And all my impossible dreams come true

Grand Gulch Arch



Steve Lutterman

Chalupa



Carol MacLeod

4th of July



Christina Guidoboni

When We Were Young

By Travis Smith

When we were young and restless
And our feelings were fresh,
And our easy, eager minds
Were as pure as our flesh,
We would roll around for hours,
Playing 'tag' on the lawn,
Then we'd pitch a tent and giggle
Through the night, until dawn.

We would push each other in the swings
Outside in the park,
And we'd walk together, hand-in-hand
To our homes after dark.
We were all but indivisible,
Together through all,
And when we started grade school,
We held hands in the hall.

We were growing older much too fast
As our days whispered by,
And when your puppy ran away,
I was there, and we cried.
Together we shared our first kiss
Walking home after school,
And my brother seldom picked on us
'Cause he thought you were cool.

We were growing ever closer
As the months glided past;
We couldn't wait to come of age
And leave home at last.
We would talk of lengthy travels
That we'd take beneath the stars;
We couldn't wait to leave this town
And make the future ours.

We would take a map and drive out West
Searching for a place to stay
And blindly travel silent roads
As the night engulfed the day.
We both would know when we found our home
Beneath a starry sky,
And there we'd spend eternity,
Together, you and I.

So we turned sixteen together,
Both in the month of May,
And enjoyed the summer traveling
Together every day.
We found a place with mountain views
And a river to the south
And decided we could buy the land
And someday build a house.

But still we journeyed far and wide
Perhaps to pass the time.
I'd always play your favorite songs,
And you too would play mine.
We'd sleep short hours in the car
In vacant parking lots
And go in odd convenience stores
Then laugh at what we'd bought.

We'd drive through tiny neighborhoods
To look for kids in shade
So that we could give them company
And buy their lemonade.
We'd alternate behind the wheel
And stop to buy more gas,
And then July would come and go,
And we'd be home at last.

We went to local colleges
To get the same degree.
Yeah, great minds always think alike;
Example: you and me.
A few more years 'til we would find
Our dreams within our reach:
Our woodland home with mountain view,
A stone's throw from the beach.

Every year we'd travel back
To find our special site,
Always with the calming thought
That there we'd stay for nights,
Sleeping in your car's backseat
Wrapped in each other's arms,
And we were so far from the towns,
Yet we knew we'd meet no harm.

With anticipated outings
To our planned abode,
We soon became familiar
With every dusty road,
And when, in autumn, we'd go home,
You sleeping while I drove,
I'd smile at ease and think of how
We'd always be in love.

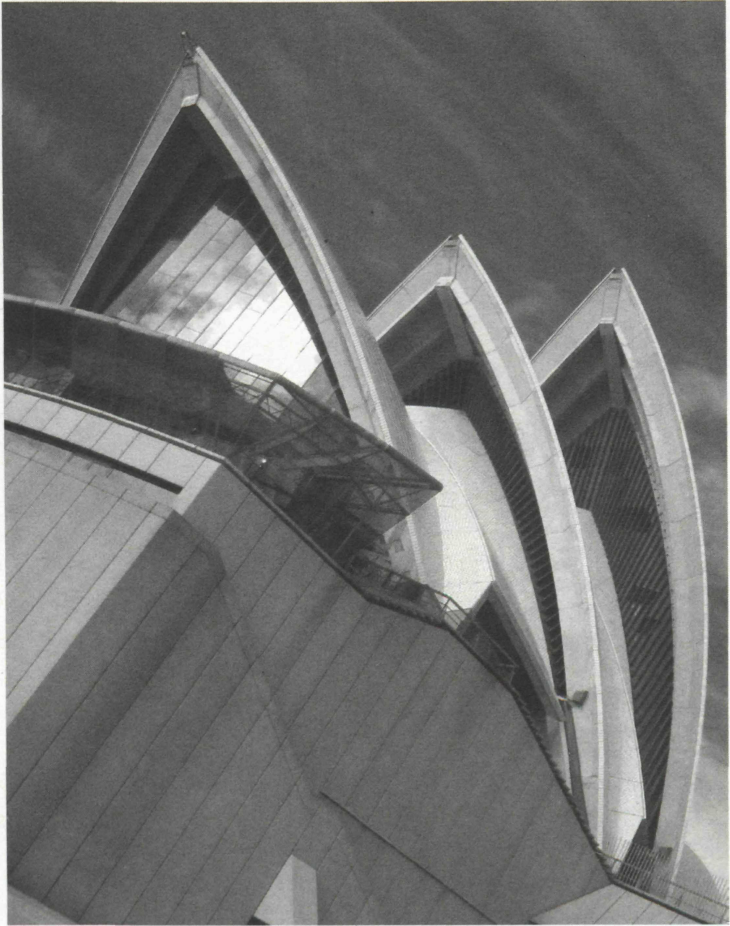
We graduated as we'd grown,
Together all the while.
I kept the pictures from that night
Just to see your pretty smile.
The day had come at such long last
That we could pack and leave,
But you were acting differently
When you regarded me.

Now I feel old and enervated,
And my heart has grown fatigued.
I'd never have guessed since we were six
That you would ever leave,
But you sighed and told me you'd moved on
To try out something new.
You decided rather stoically
I wasn't right for you.

One day later, in my despair,
I stood and watched you leave.
You packed your car and headed West
With my brother, Steve.
I had no time to grieve and wonder
How this had come to be,
Could not recall the things we'd done
As I watched you two flee.

Now as I'm driving, going West,
On our frequent-travelled path,
I can't believe that you and he
Were in a fatal crash.
My head is swimming, filled with woe
From terrible unrest.
I hang my head and close my eyes
And just hope for the best.

Sydney Opera House



Dolores Wallpaperpaste ·

Singing to the Radio

By Stephanie Schmidt

We both know this song
Isn't what you want to be listening to.
It doesn't matter if it's the radio,
Or me that's singing to you.
You'll turn up the station,
Play it real loud,
And sing off beat,
Like you're making someone proud.
You'll be off key,
And out of tune,
My head will be screaming,
I hope it's over soon.
You won't take my cue,
Or see me at my unease,
You'll keep belting it out,
And doing as you please.
You'll grind my ears,
Until there's blood.
It'll start at a trickle,
And continue to a flood.
I'm going deaf,
And you're still singing,
You're not stopping
And I'm still screaming.
You hate this song,
But you'll scream it in my ear,
So that next time it plays,
You'll still be here.

Hulbert's Pond



Mik Morrisey

Copperfield Conundrum

By Travis Smith

Oh, Time, here's to you:
With your magic tricks
And your wily slicks,
But I'll stow you away in my pocket.
I will rant, I will rave,
Of the tricks of your trade,
And not one shall dare ever mock it.
For you're falsified
To the untrained eyes,
And how should a man ever stop it?
But I've had enough
Of illusions and stuff,
So the boat that you sail, I will rock it.
Now I see all your ways,
All the games that you play,
And your lies that you've covered with chocolate.
So I'm done having fun!
While you walk and I run!
Living blind with no eyes in my sockets!
For each day goes away!
While my youth starts to stray!
Ever faster like water from faucets!
When I slip, tighten grip,
Never end your cruel trip,

And pull with no force there to block it!
So my sand that falls faster,
(For time is my master),
Starts to slow like a free-floating rocket!
Since I've unearthed your game,
I can finally be sane,
And not one other feeling shall top it!
But then you find me out
Like an off-the-map route,
And I'm useless, a rusty old sprocket,
For you slip from my mind
One small step at a time,
And I recall nothing more of your docket.

So, oh, Time, here's to you:
You will yield not a clue
As you writhe through our lives, ever-flowing.

So, oh, Time, here's to me:
I can't hear, I can't see,
And I will live my whole life never knowing.

So, oh, Time, here's to you:
You're a trend, an old shoe,
You are anything coming and going.

So, oh, Time, here's to me:
I am dirt, I'm a tree,
And my time in the wind keeps on blowing.

The Path Continues



Ian Guite

Metaphor

By Travis Smith

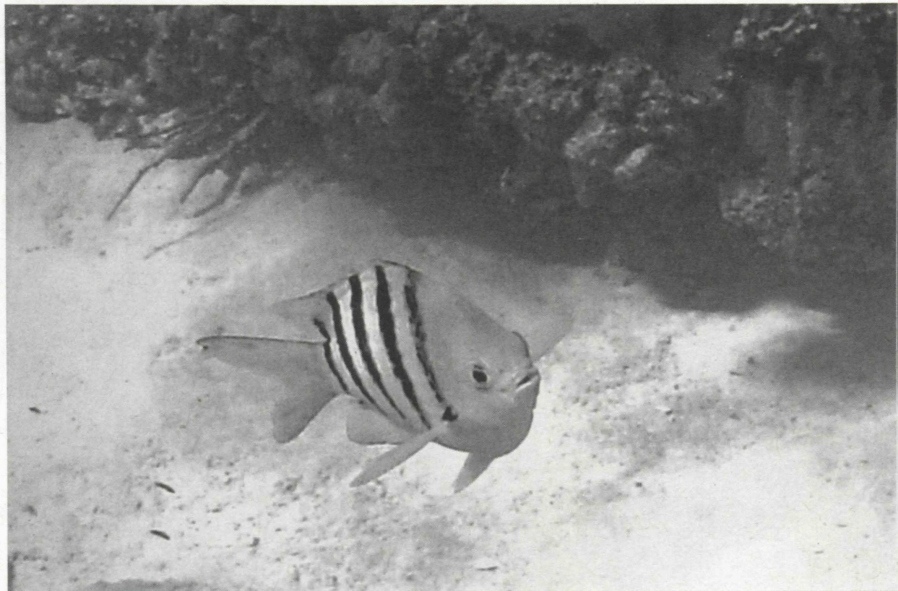
I am an aging dollar,
Worn out but still sought after.
I'll fill your nights with sadness
And grace your days with laughter.
I'll make you want and need me
And wish that I were near,
And when you're glad you've got me,
I might just disappear.

I am a morning lily,
Conflicted by the sun.
I try to bloom and linger,
But I'm compelled to run.
I'll invest all I have to
To make you feel so tall,
But when it comes down to it,
I'm insecure and small.

I'm a distrusting feline,
Whose damaged heart is tired.
I know you want to touch me,
But I am uninspired.
I'll do my best to love you,
But I am damaged goods.
I'll try so hard to trust you
Because I know I could.

I'm a romantic trainee
Who struggles with the facts.
I'm sure you'll come to love me,
But I won't love you back.
I'll bring eternal glory;
I'll make you think that's true,
But rage, desire and heartache
Are all I'll give to you.

A. Saxahlis



Jenna Corvo

Nurse Shark, San Salvador



Jenna Corvo

The Poetics of Perception

By Michael Nataupsky

I require resolution:
Ah I am here again . . .
Lost in the barren wilderness
Embarking without preparation
I regret my decisions
But, I am here nonetheless
Living, breathing, experiencing
Whether it's pain or pleasure

Extinguish my burning passion
With indifference.
You are a tired inspiration
Unable to continue your efforts
Freeze me.
I reflect auspicious qualities
Conflictive motives paired with
Escaping tendencies

Am I too close to succeeding?
Why won't I allow myself the comfort
Of a truly exceptional life?
It is so hard to be aware of my misfortunes.
Or should I just accept my defeat in happiness?
Questions fuel my thoughts.

I could project depression
But, what is the motive shown in such?
Provide a reason for distinction between pain and comfort.
Innovative experience provides exceptional results, ultimately.
Correct?
I may be rejecting the common path mentally . . . embracing
different venues.
It's inexplicable how failure bites at the heart of existence.
Can I recover? Is my failure flawless?

Does one need to be sober to enjoy the victory of success?
I find it doubtful. And improbable that people are so dependent on sobriety.
The necessity to find meaning is null when success is refused at all points.
So, I'm searching - flailing towards a savior
My attention is completely captivated by you.
How am I supposed to care, if it's difficult for me to feel anything
altogether?
Please help me find a way out.
I'm begging for direction.
Believe, I'm feeling like a failure.
End me, or at least my reasoning mind.
I wish I could recover, but I am left without wit.
Rescue me with your consistent resistance.

The pen bleeds my mind, sucking the emotion through the ink.
Ah, reduce me to basic means . . .
Is love worth the amount of failure I feel? Yes.
I feel the pressure building and I'm completely speechless.
Some would argue a small victory is my sobriety.
Why? I lack sobriety due to your scent, no presence.
A smile is a victory.

Still Waters at the Confluence



Mik Morrisey

Transcendence

By Hugh Sadlier

Reaching up, rising up, going up,
Going for the Gold, the yellow light,
filled-with-love, opening up, stretching out,
bursting with positive emotion, direction and achievement.
Transcending – like being pulled upward by a magnet,
upward to the light – the awareness –
the happiness, joy and ecstasy.
Feeling the electricity and energy coursing through me,
vibrating, stimulating, awakening; surging forward, being
swept along to the colorful, pulsating Northern Lights and
joining them, becoming one with them,
absorbing their power, magnificence and beauty.
Attaining unprecedented heights of
energy, emotion, expression, elation and euphoria –
culminating in a state of peaceful bliss.

The Mind

By Michael Thompson

The mind,
We know not what lies beyond
The uncertainty and cloudiness in our head
Ripples like the disturbed pond
In our dreams.
Waiting, just waiting.
Only to be opened by the beam
Of eternal light.

Dark, misty, confusing
Once inside you will be lost forever
And every wandering step
Leads to another
Until finally
The road
Has ended.

This my friend is the end of time,
The end of our dreams.

✓ Bahamian Horizon



Jenna Corvo

Down Back

By Leslie Ricker

down back in the cold,
knee-deep in unspoiled snow,
everything's free from anxiety
as there's no place else to go

naked trees are dancing,
dull-gray clouds rush by,
life is sound asleep or buried deep
as it's too late, south, to fly;

mine the only tracks
despoiling heaven's yard,
all but me decide to flee
with December and a winter depression
descending hard.

The Fall

By Leslie Ricker

the children drag their rakes
 pulling colors into piles
the red and orange and yellow leaves
 cling to their hair
 in crisp October styles;
inside, the teakettle steams
 as the water whistles itself away,
at the window she sits
 watching the children play,
she passes the day and dreads the dark
 now that she's parenting alone,
divorce - the largest lonely she's known,
what's familiar's suddenly strange,
another charge, another change

late into her fitful night
she writes of loss
 while its essence lingers
now she knows
 even good love falls
 like a pencil
 from sleeping fingers

Cow's Eye



Mik Morrisey

Short Story

By Ashley Plante

Chapter One: The Apple of my Eye

James Grieve: "Look, there she comes!"

George Carpenter: "Calm down Jimmy be cool. She's not going to pay any attention to you if you're staring at her."

James: "Okay, alright. I just don't want her to pass by me again..."

George: "She won't this time."

James: "How do you know?"

George: "She's looking over here now. Don't look over at her!"

James then straightened himself up and attempted to stand out from the many others in the crowd. Geneva had beauty and charm that seemed to come naturally to her. Every time James was in the same room as Geneva, his heart felt as though it was beating fast and slow at the same time. Geneva had brown, wavy hair that fell just below her shoulders, and eyes that strikingly resembled the green patches of a ripe Macintosh apple.

James thought she had beautiful hands. Her fingernails were painted a different color every week, depending on her mood, he decided. Then, she gracefully walked near James and the rest of his friends. He saw that her eyes always seemed to move in his direction, yet prolonging the time she took to get closer to him, he thought. It was then that Geneva came towards James, paused for a moment, and picked him out of the crowd.

For Geneva, he was different than the others. Their relationship began instantly. James was elated by the attention Geneva was giving him. He had truly felt that she showed him how important he was to her when she took him to a place that was special to her. On their first date, they had gone on a road trip and their destination was her house.

Once he was inside, James could not help feeling a little distant from Geneva; then again, he did feel happiest there. As much time had passed, she never contacted him again after their first time together and James began to feel lonely. Had she given up on their relationship? Did she forget him? Could he ever forgive her? These thoughts cycled through James' head as he tossed and turned at night.

As if she could read James's mind, Geneva contacted him after a long day at work. They became reunited, and all the negative thoughts James had were replaced by his feeling of joyfulness with the individual attention she was giving him. She did not forget him after all. However, he then noticed how cold her hands felt against his skin and immediately knew something awful was about to happen.

Chapter Two: The Ultimate Sacrifice

James knew the moment that she touched him what was coming. But, he also knew how in love with Geneva he was. There was a momentary chill coming from her hands as

James bespoke his final act of devotion and desire for her love. James quietly reflected upon the few times they had been together in the past. He knew that he had to make the ultimate sacrifice. He could see that he had no other options to show Geneva how passionate and how in love with her he was. James would waive all of his rights of existence just to prove how much he cherished her.

James and Geneva's relationship indeed was taken to the next level. However, not the level that James desired. He would endure the greatest form of suffering, the type where he could neither be cured with medicine nor with bandages. James's suffering was from the core.

It was then that James saw the refrigerator door open, and this time it was not to get a beverage or leftovers from last night's supper. Geneva reached towards the bottom draw, pulled it open, and took James out. He thought he was different. He thought he was special. He thought they had something more than the norm. Geneva gently placed James in the palm of her cold hand and took a bite from his red skin. It was with one, large bite that Geneva crushed any hope and any long anticipated belief of James's that he could be loved by someone who bought him. Ever since he'd been placed in her grocery bag, James had high hopes that a relationship could form. Little did he want to acknowledge it, but it would be one simple crunch that would show exactly how his true love had felt about him. James's story is heartbreaking. But what is even more unfortunate is that Geneva will go back to that same grocery store, back to that same pile of apples, pick another one, and perform the exact same act again.

Great Falls and Mills



Mik Morrisey

No Title

By Laura Carter

Foolish

Call me Jester

Comedian of this tragedy

A baseball diamond

Is my stage

Strike three; you're out

Dust

Swirling patterns in the sky

You promised you would never lie

Well, hey

I promised things too

You are

An unoriginal fish

Swimming in a sea filled

With other inferiors

Dancing

On moon craters

Houston

We've got a problem

You had a million and one ways to solve them

But did you ever solve one?

No matter now

did it ever matter?

Seaside

Where music and beaches
Somehow collide
And where you never apologized
For dropping my cotton candy
In the sand
The pink became brown
Inedible
My stomach growled
You always left me hungry
Wanting more than you could ever give
Hunting
For treasures
In Antique Store jungles
I found this top hat that made me
Remember
The time you dressed up
For this important event
I wasn't invited, but I could shine your shoes
You left and came back
And left and came back
Those one night shoes I shined
They're in the back of the closet
Scuffed
Along with my emotions
Suitcases
Of blue and red

I put at the end
Of your side of our bed
Please pack
Please pack
Quickly get out
I'm regretting and fretting
Quickly get out
And the wooden staircase
Unwound for you
Each step with its private
Goodbye
Front door hinges
Squeak the most
When they know they've been deceived
You had to leave
I had to grieve
Shutting on and off the lights
Every one of your shadows were gone
Traces of unhappiness
Left with your suitcases
The ones of blue and red
No more tears to shed
None for you

Northfield, MA



Allen Walski

New Salem, MA



Allen Walski

I Do This to Myself

By Laura Carter

You brought me a rose
When I cried tears
Told me to let go
Of all of my fears
Taught me to love
When I wanted to hate
Made me believe
We were put together by fate

You led me to ruins
With your guitar
Took me for rides
In the front seat of your car
Wrote me lullabies
And named for me stars

You made time go faster
And made it go slower
Your whispers were soft
They couldn't get lower

Spring time came quick
Sending fast changes
Unknowing what fate
for us arranges

It realigned planets
And fought constellations
You were leaving town
You didn't have patience

All these things
You left on my heart
Impressions and phrases
That tore me apart
I couldn't "get over" you
Where would I start?

Time heals all wounds
That's what I'm told
But will I remember you
When I get old?
Or will I forget everything
Too bravely, too bold?
Or will you be there
to scoff and to scold?

I scribble our memories
Onto blank pages
In hopes of losing you
In pieces and in stages

You left a burn mark
A permanent scar
Wherever I go
You will not be far

Under the Sea - Great Barrier Reef



Theresa Robitaille

Sea Turtle - Great Barrier Reef



Theresa Robitaille

Fighting Smile

By Michael Thompson

It was me and you
For the longest time
You were the world to me
I wanted to make you mine.

I fought for you
And for me.
I cared so much
I wanted you to see.

You left me that day
We didn't even fight.
You just left a note
Under the sunlight.

Inconceivable dreams
My heart was torn apart
It was hard for me to even smile
I was missing a huge part.

It troubled me to sleep
It even troubled me to eat.

I came up with these song lyrics
and just sang to repeat.

“Let me fly
Give me death
Take my soul
Hold my breath.

I’m gonna fight
Until the day break comes
I’m holding on
I’m walking to the sun

A smile on my face
Is what will be.
I’m walking to the sun
Not for you, but for me.”

Points of Contact



Heather Sadlier

Fairy Tale

By Michael Thompson

Looking into your eyes
That sparkle like the night
Stars shining brightly
Shooting stars in sight.

Things you've never heard before
Things you wish were true
You're a princess waiting
For prince charming to come rescue you.

You never hear you're pretty
Or even beautiful too.
You feel like you're alone
If only that you knew.

The truth of it really
Is someone thinks you are
Where could this person be?
Is he really, really far?

If you realized the truth
You will find who he could be.
Smile and look closely
Maybe that prince is me.

More Than A Yearning

By Janet Malcolm

With the movement of her mouth I find myself yearning for something I
briefly held in my heart

Morning movements and solid sequential sleeping

I find my fingers tracing my restless lips searching for history and a hole in
my chest wind whipping through

Winter and snow and salted roads

Appreciation and a struggle in my rib cage

A conflicted moment of stepping up to the plate

Is this a game I want to participate in?

Fumbling for my grace in decisions

Maybe it shouldn't be so overt

That moments melt and evaporate

And I crave old sunshine and lightening memories of gentle

And the alleviation of my enduring fears of unloving and unloved

And the inevitability of moving forward despite decisions made or unmade

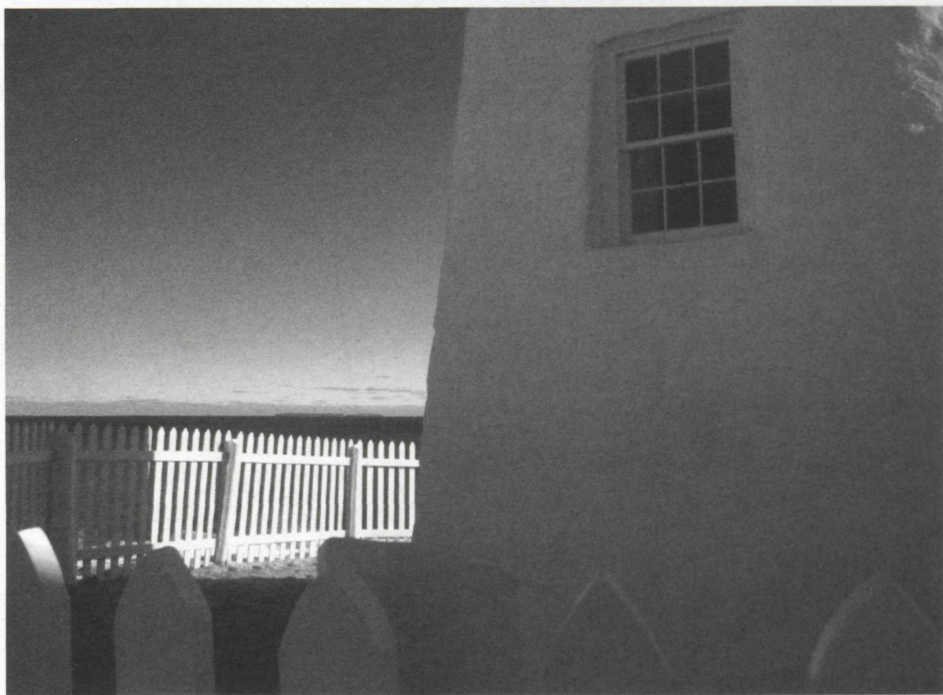
I am standing on this really tall rock looking down at it all and I just have to
keep remembering that I climbed all the way up here held strongly by palms

extended in continued community and well wishes

My ripples rushing over deep and dark currents

And it might be more than a yearning

Pemaquid Light



Dolores Wallpaperpaste

A Day in the Life



Chloe Crettien

Faces Fading

By Janet Malcolm

And days when time is passing by without any light differentiation
And the air feels thinner
Fading faces of friends revolving generationally
A newness of each loss
And surprise at the resounding restlessness that befalls my heart
I focus on the disbelief and conversations about our parents' experiences
With words like:
Young, old, remember, just yesterday, and my god . . .
They bubble shamelessly from your throat

And all the parallel experiences ride heavy on my shoulder blades
Stocking up for winter
Finally experiencing foliage flaming
Time differences and ice breaking
A lack of fear and a free fall face first

Burning structural walls in the face of a hurricane
Thrown and climbing
And there was never a moment
Never a question
And I am thankful for your direction
Your conflict and your constant need for seeking

And this is for the soft side
And the side that lost
And the side that sits gently shaking his head
Aching for faces fading

Abandonment

By Brittany Mantha

In between driving roads, bearing left and right,
A figure stands alone, beckoning with a light
One gasp for air before becoming lost and trapped
Diverting eyes of the girl beside me
Desire the path, figureless and free

Convincing is her argument, as sad as it seems
Let's not go back there, for she says not what she means
Pretending is over, the secret is out
Both yearning for an apology, yet silence is heard
Seen are the desperate light and the figure that's emerged

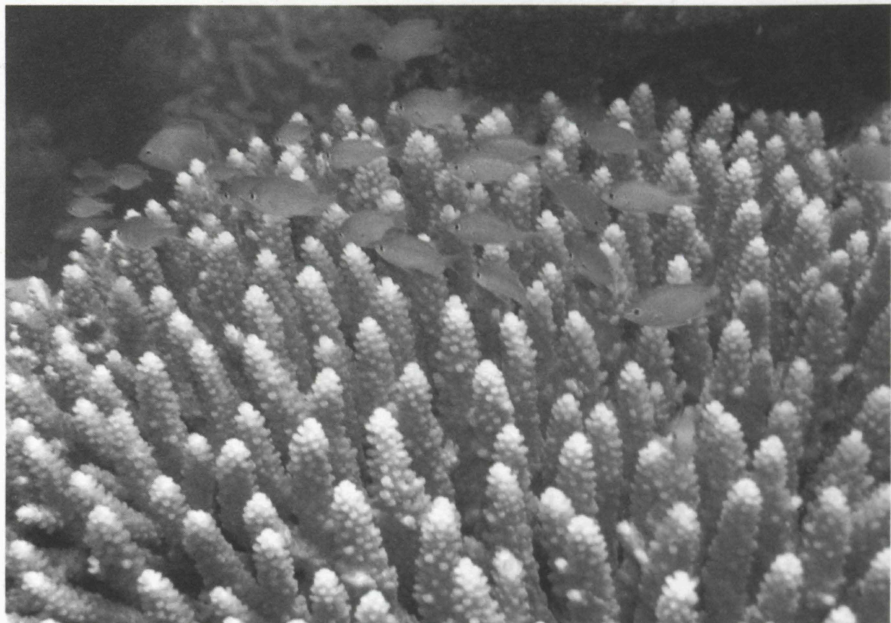
False promises and fake smiles
Provoke the sickness, whilst the hatred piles
Eyes glisten toward that figure with the light
An exhale forced, yet breath won't return
Sorry, but there's nowhere else to turn

The handcuffs tighten and strain,
As she walks away, but never was there a feeling of pain
Thoughts focus on the figure as my vision begins to blur
A white orb is all I can see
As the figure disappears along with me

One last glance at the illuminated path . . .
Final decision; we both share too much wrath
If only you learned and stopped to listen
But it's you in the wrong
And it has gone on far too long

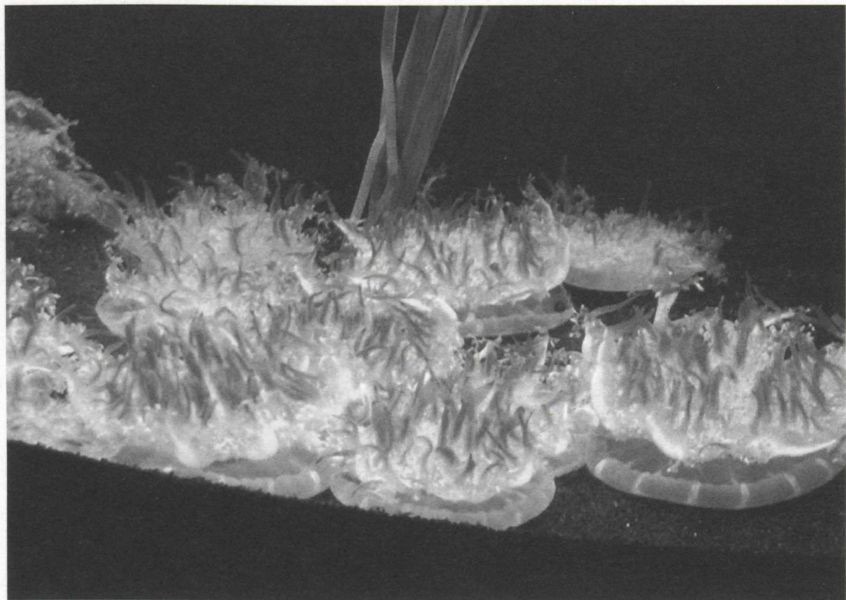
Goodbye lonely figure in the old dirt road
Know you have helped this scarlet drum implode
Already she is lost, facing the path of the unknown,
Where the tree limbs drape and bow overhead
She steps into the darkness, where everything is dead.

The Great Barrier Reef



Theresa Robitaille

Upside Down Jellies



Ian Guite

No Titles Here

By Janet Malcolm

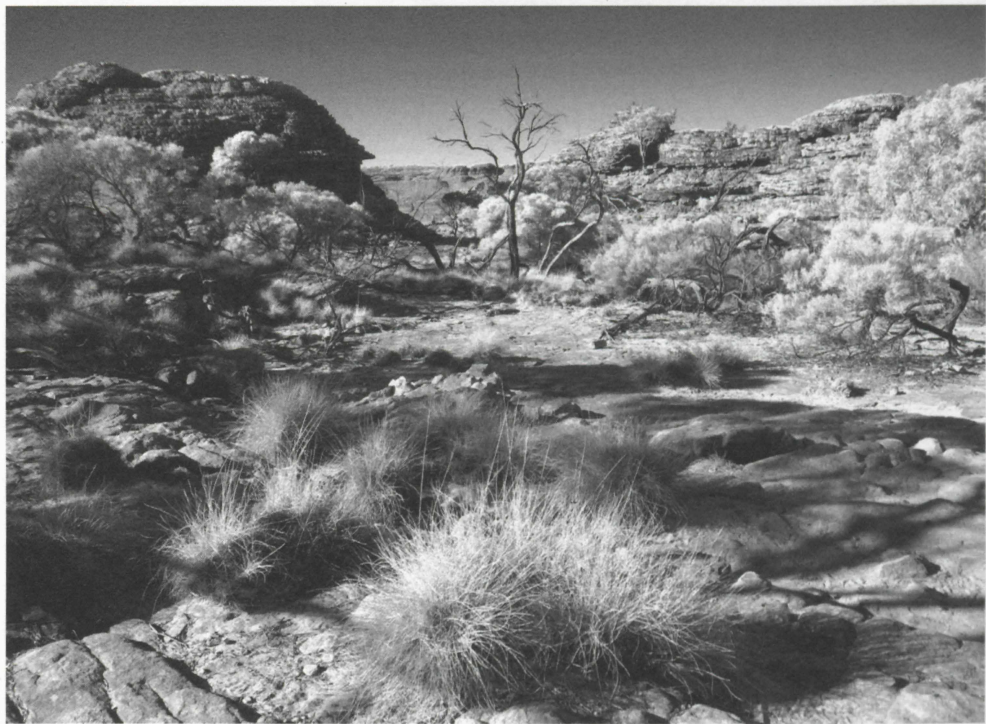
standing in the center of all that i find safe
i feel the outrage escaping from my heart
i hear my chest heave and scream, "No!"
and i am searching for alternatives
and struggle with compromise
living in retrospect
and i have no compass to my loss
and no direction to my passion
no ciudad destino
leaving me muddy and helpless
the search for my own starting point
catalyzed by history
and nostalgia

can it live in currents?
can it survive wet storms?
will i be able to find myself within the mess?
isn't there supposed to be firmer direction?

there are no guidebooks here
as if it's uncharted territory
unsatisfied in plain
unattached sex
yearning for intimacy
in my old age

i should have embarked earlier
and i stand here watching that boat sail farther away
and the melodrama
and over-formulaic feelings
send a bitter taste to my mouth
and it all seems so dismissive of what i am working towards
my unsettledness leaves me anxious and empty
feeling pathetic in my loneliness
for the first time admitting to myself
i don't want to be alone.

Burnt Tree - Outback



Dolores Wallpaperpaste

The Ants of Texas are Upon You

By John Daugherty

Many, many years ago, I read a science fiction story by Clifford D. Simak. It is set in a very distant future when the few of the practically immortal humans still left on the tired old Earth are so bored and disinterested that they spend most of their time in a sort of suspended animation and leave their robot servants to see to running things. They have their timers set for every few thousand years or so just in case something more interesting develops in the meantime.

A day finally comes when the robots realize they're having a problem with ants. One of the robots, originally a maid in the remote past, notices light streaming from the anthills at night and discovers that these anthills now have chimneys and that smoke constantly billows from them. As the ants become more aggressive and organized at looting, this particular robot reluctantly decides to revive a human in order to find out what to do.

The human is not very happy to have been awakened over so trivial a matter, but finally, before returning to his slumber, he offers the brief advice that when ants are a problem, the solution is to put out some sugar laced with poison. The robots consider the human's advice, but ultimately decide to just leave the planet to the ants and go elsewhere; they take the dreaming humans with them.

I had occasion to remember this story out on the prairie back in 1971, when I was stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, near the town of Killeen, which has since become famous, notorious, actually, for a mass shooting in a MacDonald's.

My first view of Killeen was not exactly encouraging. The town was in the midst of a plague of crickets of truly biblical proportions. The tires of cars going down the town's few streets produced an unpleasant "squish—squish—squish." All the stores had double and triple airlock doors in an occasionally successful attempt to keep the crickets out. At Fort Hood, home of both the First and Second Armored Divisions, the First Cavalry Division, and numerous other units, the sun was a harsh, white glare, the grass was this brittle grey stuff that broke like glass beneath your feet, an armadillo was lying dead on its side out in front of the replacement detachment orderly room, and the post's MP's were all out on what was called a "rattlesnake round up."

I was assigned to the fort's "garrison" as a personnel records specialist. Specifically, I would work as an interviewer at Fort Hood's "transfer point," where enlisted personnel and draftees would be processed out of the service when their terms were finished. These personnel ranged from Sergeants Major with hash marks clear down their sleeves and retiring after 30 years of Honorable service to sullen men in chains accompanied by armed guards and receiving Undesirable or Dishonorable discharges.

I was assigned to a barracks that was home to not only hordes of crickets, but also "short timers" waiting to get out of the Army, as well as garrison personnel. Most of the short timers were freshly back from Viet Nam. One, a guy named Bernie, if I remember correctly, needed some money to go out on a date and sold me a Canon QL 17, a beautifully made, all metal, very high quality rangefinder 35 mm camera with an extremely sharp, fairly fast (f 1.7) 45 mm lens he'd acquired at a PX back in "the Nam." I gave him \$20.00 for it—he'd asked for \$30.00. I wish I still had it—it was a great camera. At any rate, it was

my entry into “real” photography, and before too long, I lusted after a single lens reflex. After a few months, I traded in the rangefinder on a new, black body FT, at that time, Canon’s top of the line SLR.

But I wasn’t the only budding photography freak in this barracks—there was also Loren Record, a short, muscular, red headed guy from Sacramento. He had a new Pentax Spotmatic that he eventually traded for a used Nikon F Photomic. Pretty soon, every weekend, we’d be hiking out onto the prairie in search of suitable subjects, which finally brings us to The Ants of Texas.

On a bus ride into town, Loren had spotted what appeared to be some abandoned railroad cars off in the distance on a long overgrown and rusty siding. He told me about them, we figured out where they must lie in relation to the barracks, and that weekend, on Saturday morning after breakfast, we strapped on all our gear and set off in what we hoped was the right direction. It turned out that it actually was the right direction, but along the way to the railroad cars, we saw something I found even more interesting—huge anthills. I stand, or rather I did before two back surgeries, about five feet, eight inches tall, maybe a bit more in Army boots, and these anthills were waist high. Later, when I was describing what we’d seen, a staff sergeant said he’d seen some about six feet tall. I don’t know whether to class that with the stories of albino alligators in the sewers of New York or not. I never saw any that big where we were, but I naturally considered those we’d actually seen pretty impressive. Loren was hot to get to the railroad cars, so we just forged on—but not until I’d extracted a promise from him that we’d revisit the anthills on Sunday morning.

We found the old railroad cars. Loren was into the ruined boxcars, while I shot up several rolls of Panatomic X, a very slow (ASA 32)

extremely fine grain black and white film Kodak doesn't make any more, on an ancient and very well-weathered flat car. I got some really fine pictures that day. I still have one of them on my wall. Then we hustled back to the more civilized part of the post so as to not miss dinner.

Bright and early the next morning, we got up and went to breakfast. I put some little packages of sugar in my pocket on a whim. When we got back to where we'd seen the anthills, we took some time to not only snap some shots, but also to observe the ants more closely. They were black ants, about as long as my thumbnail. In addition to the crater like opening at the top of the anthill, there were regularly spaced openings quite nearly as large around the base of the hill at ground level. Now, in further description of what we saw, I'm going to be forced to wax anthromorphic in my terminology here—for one reason, I just don't know what the proper ant terms are, and, for another, in light of what we observed, the terms don't really seem that inappropriate anyhow.

At any rate, at each of these portals, a guard was stationed, and from each of these portals, radiating out across the prairie in straight lines from the anthill like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, were what can be described only as ant highways—smooth and broad, and at regular intervals along each of these roads were posted sentries. Considerable ant traffic hustled and bustled to and fro along these roads.

As we studied these beaten paths more closely, we saw that wherever there was a sentry, there was also a branch path, not so well defined as the main roads, but a path nonetheless, leading out and trailing off into the coarse grass. I put down a bit of sugar well away

from any of the ants milling about here and there, for I figured they must be foraging, and, sure enough, before too long, it was found by one of the foragers. But that ant didn't try to do anything with or to the sugar. Instead, it whirled about and went straight to the nearest path and then followed it to the nearest sentry, whereupon it performed a few dance steps, then went on about whatever its ant business was. That sentry went to the next sentry position closer to the hill, whereupon it performed a few steps, then returned to its post. Then the second sentry went to the sentry position next nearest the hill, where the process was repeated, and so forth, until, finally, the message (and we couldn't help thinking of it in such terms by that point) had made its way back to a guard at a gate into the anthill itself. Upon receipt of the message, the sentry turned and disappeared into the hill. It, or one just like it, returned in a few minutes to stand by the entry again. After a few more minutes, a whole gang of ants issued from the gate, went straight to the sugar without stopping or pausing, and took it back to the hill. Was it just a coincidence that there was an ant for each particle of sugar that had to be carried to the anthill?

After witnessing this, I remembered Mr. Simak's story. I must conclude that I really wouldn't be too astonished to see smoke issuing from an anthill one of these days.



Ron Ramsey

Amended Perception

By Courtney MacLeod

My innocence escapes me now
My consciousness awakes
The blissfulness brought by youth
Now wisdom and knowledge take
In surrendering our hopes and fears
What's left is just a ruse
Though do not doubt what lies ahead
Question only the path you choose

American Beauty

By Courtney MacLeod

Masked beneath a porcelain face
Lies sorrow hidden in disgrace
Shadows cast a painful scene
Where life bares burdens so obscene
Grief runs deep
Where breaths now drown
The body sustains for one more round
'Til truth brings down the brick-made wall
Where shattered porcelain coats the fall

Jordan Branch



Jordan Branch, NS

Allen Walski

There's No Place like Home

By Courtney MacLeod

We're off to see the wizard
Perhaps he will help
Tell us what this world is
Really all about
There's the road we follow
Yellow plated gold
To satisfy our hunger
And happiness we're told
But fire thrown from witches
And flying monkeys too
Misguide our path to riches
Though emeralds are in view
Oz behind the curtain
Just man with a machine
It seems we'll need the ruby reds
To wake us from this dream

Beach Meadows Beach

Beach Meadows Beach, NS



Allen Walski

Surfer



Carol MacLeod

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 below.

Friends (\$10):

Ian D. MacLeod

Virginia Dauphinee

Honorable patrons (\$25):

Jaime Hylton

Done-Rite Co (Dan Pepe)

Judy Bellante

Generous patron (\$50):

Marianne Cayes Berube

And special thanks to:

Office of the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences

Office of the Vice President of Student Affairs and Dean of Students

Student Government Associaton

