

Spring 2015

## Zephyr: The Sixteenth Issue

Zephyr Faculty Advisor  
*University of New England*

Sarah Fleischmann  
*University of New England*

Megan Totten  
*University of New England*

Cassidy Bayen  
*University of New England*

Alexandria Makucewicz  
*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; Fleischmann, Sarah; Totten, Megan; Bayen, Cassidy; Makucewicz, Alexandria; Sachse, Alanna; DeStefano, Melissa; Weist, Ruthann; and Hall, Megan, "Zephyr: The Sixteenth Issue" (2015). *Zephyr*. 16.  
<http://dune.une.edu/zephyr/16>

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](mailto:bkenyon@une.edu).

---

**Creator**

Zephyr Faculty Advisor, Sarah Fleischmann, Megan Totten, Cassidy Bayen, Alexandria Makucewicz, Alanna Sachse, Melissa DeStefano, Ruthann Weist, and Megan Hall



ZEPHYR

16<sup>th</sup> Issue  
Spring 2015

The University  
of New England's  
Journal of Artistic  
Expression

ZEPHYR

the Sixteenth Issue · Spring 2015



#### STAFF

*Editor-in-Chief* Sarah Fleischmann  
*Junior Editor* Megan Totten  
*Faculty advisor* Susan McHugh, PhD  
*clerical assistant* Elaine Brouillette

#### EDITORIAL BOARD

Cassidy Bayen · Sarah Fleischmann · Alexandria Makucewicz  
Alanna Sachse · Megan Totten · Melissa DeStefano  
Ruu Weist · Megan Hall

*design & typography* Sarah Fleischmann and Megan Totten  
*printed by* Penmor Lithographers, Lewiston  
*cover photograph by* Patti Genest – Castle Window  
PGenest@une.edu



This magazine is printed entirely on recycled paper.

*Zephyr* has been published since 1999 by an organization of students at the University of New England in Maine. If you should like information about the magazine, including details on how to submit your artwork, please e-mail Dr Susan McHugh at [smchugh@une.edu](mailto: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 SIXTEENTH ISSUE / SPRING 2015

*the university of new england's journal of artistic expression*

Letter from the Editor 5

## WRITTEN

A Dream at Sea	6	<i>Melissa DeStefano</i>
The Well	9	<i>Jerome L. Wyant</i>
To Move Forward	13	<i>Sarah Fleischmann</i>
Fine Maine Day	16	<i>Leslie Ricker</i>
The Steeple	18	<i>Jerome L. Wyant</i>
No Sun Today	20	<i>Leslie Ricker</i>
Bodies	24	<i>Melissa DeStefano</i>
Novaeangeliae	27	<i>Ruu Weist</i>
A Lonely Tune	30	<i>Linda Labbe</i>
Hymen, Oh Hymen	39	<i>Jerome L. Wyant</i>
The Ultimate Journey	45	<i>Linda Labbe</i>
McDate	49	<i>Melissa DeStefano</i>

## IMAGES

Footprints	4	<i>Henry W. Powell</i>
The Dock	8	<i>Kristina Carlson</i>
Calla Lilly	12	<i>Patti Genest</i>
Chicago	15	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
Riverhurst Farm Dawn in Winter	17	<i>Patti Genest</i>
The Sunset	22	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
Young Love	23	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>
When Day Turns to Night	26	<i>Patti Genest</i>
Roots	28	<i>Alanna Sachse</i>
Natures Perfect	29	<i>Linda Labbe</i>
Life Lessons	31	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>
Gorilla	32	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>

Tiger	33	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>
The Mangrove Cuckoo	34	<i>David Hague</i>
Mirror Mirror	35	<i>Linda Labbe</i>
Hi	36	<i>Henry W. Powell</i>
Loneliness	37	<i>Melissa DeStefano</i>
Waterfall	38	<i>Alanna Sachse</i>
Vertex	41	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
The Wind Up	42	<i>Linda Labbe</i>
Dirty Puppy	43	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>
Stoned	44	<i>David Hague</i>
Sunflower with Hummingbird, Sweet Spot	46	<i>Patti Genest</i>
Stone Wall	47	<i>Alanna Sachse</i>
End of Fall	48	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>
Acadia	51	<i>Patti Genest</i>
A Quiet Place	52	<i>Alanna Sachse</i>
Bushkill Falls	53	<i>Alanna Sachse</i>
Flower 2	54	<i>Kristina Carlson</i>
Rainy Day Spider Web	55	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
River	56	<i>Kristina Carlson</i>
The Metalwork	57	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
Flower 3	58	<i>Kristina Carlson</i>
Snail	59	<i>Melissa DeStefano</i>
Stillness	60	<i>Henry W. Powell</i>
The Banana Scavenger	61	<i>David Hague</i>
The Bean	62	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
The Southwest	63	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
Sail	64	<i>Suzie E. Oh</i>
Happiness is Key	65	<i>Michelle Pellegrino</i>
Morning Glory	66	<i>Patti Genest</i>





## Letter From the Editor

Sarah Fleischmann

I would like to dedicate this edition of Zephyr to the Zephyr editorial board and, most of all, my Junior Editor, Megan Totten. This year has been a transitional stage for Zephyr as the new online submission process took flight. Despite the ups and downs, we have a final product that was created thanks to the help of all involved.

I would like to thank you all for sticking through the process and look forward to making next year's publication of Zephyr the best one to date.

*"The moment you feel like giving up, remember the reasons why you held on for so long"*

## A Dream At Sea

Melissa DeStefano

In the middle of Nowhere,  
lost in never-ending black sea,  
an adventurous boy awoke,  
tangled in knotted rope on a tall ship.  
He was surrounded by sleeping pirates  
whose loose clothes flapped in the breeze.

The sails above him shook with the breeze,  
cutting through the air of Nowhere.  
One sail sagged lower, to the pirates'  
dismay, falling limply to meet the deep sea.  
"How do you fix the sails on this ship?"  
the boy yelled. One pirate awoke.

He looked at the boy, confused, and declared, "The breeze,  
boy. You use the breeze! In Nowhere,  
everyone can hoist a sail!" The boy stared at the pirate  
and replied, "I don't know how I got to sea!"  
This startled the sleeping pirates on the deck of the ship  
and one by one they awoke.

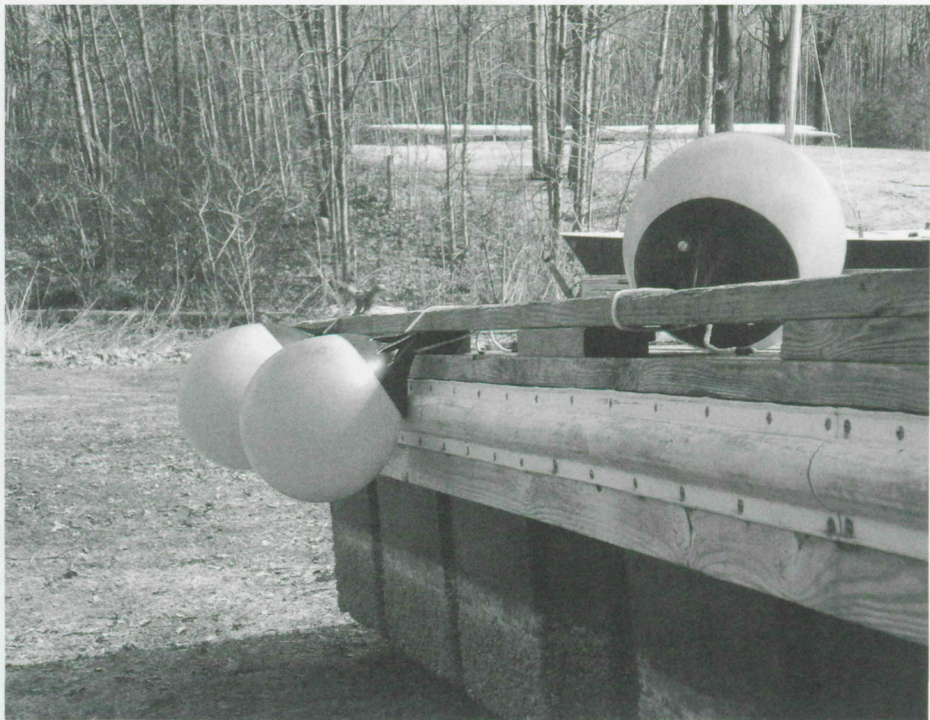
"Men, you're awake!"  
said the first pirate, excited. "The breeze  
is rough, and we're down a sail, on a pirate ship  
in the middle of Nowhere!"  
The men chuckled heartily, hoisting a mended sail up over the sea.  
They chanted in unison, "Heave, ho, we are pirates!"



The proud pirates  
were so loud, they awoke  
the last lazy one. He drunkenly took his sea  
legs aboard the main deck. A slight breeze  
nearly knocked him down. "Nowhere,"  
he slurred, "is the place to be. This ship

is my home, and pirates are we!" The ship  
rocked wildly as the boy watched the pirates  
in disbelief. He was cold, sick and scared, and grumbled, "Nowhere  
is not the place for me." Then he awoke,  
to a subtle, open-window breeze,  
clenched his sheets in both palms and whispered, "I see no sea."

He thought, "Sometimes I want to be Nowhere, asleep or awake—  
the ship, the pirates,  
the breeze, the sea."



## THE WELL

Jerome L. Wyant

I miss the well  
in our back yard  
rustic with woods  
like walls around  
adjacent our garden grew  
watered from the well

A little white well  
house with red roof tiles  
marked the well site  
and kept kids  
from falling in

The well had denizens:  
some crappies I'd caught  
and later a black snake  
picked up by the  
tip of its tail and  
dropped down the funnel  
like an elongated plumb  
a few portly frogs  
whose croaks like  
the penitence of souls  
echoed upwards



The shaft was deep  
thirty feet or so with  
vertical stone steep  
sides covered with moss  
like a beard green  
growing down  
you could feel  
the bucket in free fall  
the rope sliding  
fast as an eel  
thru your hands  
burning like youth's fitful fevers

There were times after  
fights with my mother  
about where I was going  
and with whom how late  
I was staying out  
I wished I could climb  
into the old wooden bucket

disappear down the shaft  
forever

It would be like slipping  
into a time capsule  
plummeting  
passing stones like years  
without even leaving home  
starting over a new slate

Now years later  
the house has new owners  
the well is closed  
boarded up my mother  
dead and gone and  
it does no good  
to reprimand  
the boy in the man  
he wishes now more  
than ever he did then  
he could ride the bucket  
back up and  
make amends





## **To Move Forward**

Sarah Fleischmann

The sounds of the violin fill the empty theatre room; the dark room appears even more melancholy with the sadness held in the song. The violinist draws her bow across the strings as she looks out from her position on the shadowed stage. She sees the boarded up windows and the hundreds of theatre seats that are now covered with ghostly white sheets. With the windows covered, no natural light can enter, making the room look grim in the flickering yellow light of the small oil lamp that the musician has lit on stage.

She plays continuously, starting a new song as soon as the last one ends until the songs finally begin to simply blend together. Looking out over the empty seats, she remembers her last performance in that very room and the song begins to pick up in loudness though she keeps her slow pace. She fights to push the memories away with each stroke of the strings but they come in full force with the growing notes and pitches. She hears the flutes and the clarinets pick up the tune like they once did/ Faces appear behind her closed eyes at each part of the old familiar song. However, she knows the images are only in her mind. Still, she opens her eyes, expecting to see the entranced crowd only to be meet dusty air. She closes her eyes again, unable to accept the truth that is laid out in front of her even as her intangible audience attempts to show her what she already deeply knows. She ends her song, savoring in the echo of the last note until she hears the clapping of single hands.

"You haven't lost your touch," she hears his voice, his heavy footsteps loud in the quiet room. He walks down the aisle, stopping at the front of the stage; his face barely visible in the small yellow light. He is familiar to her as if they had only played a show together the night before. Yet she feels like she doesn't know him anymore. She drops the hand that is holding the violin to her side and kneels down to blow out the light, shrouding the room back into its eternal darkness.

"No, but I've lost this place."







## Fine Maine Day

Leslie Ricker

"it's a fine Maine day"

how many times have I repeated the phrase?

how many others

thought I was sarcastic

walking through

wind and snow and cold?

but I wasn't

and I'm not so very bold

as to spit in the face

of the weather;

it's just that, well

I'm tenth generation

in a thirty-mile span

from the Maine Coast

maybe twenty miles inland

who couldn't, any, tell you

the reason to complacently stay

on a blizzard-blown

late December day

I love to stand in it anyway







## THE STEEPLE

Jerome L. Wyant

1956, four of us or thereabouts  
manned our post in the steeple of the old  
Episcopal Church in the town square, Wolcott  
Connecticut, all of us explorer scouts.

The pigeons we disturbed exploded into light  
outside the open window. Inside we crouched  
by twos taking turns with the binoculars  
brought to identify airplanes and chart their flight

patterns across our patch of sky, blood red  
with day's descent. Pictures of planes hung  
like pin-up girls on the warped white walls,  
a rogues' gallery of airborne furies bled

of colors by successive summers' wilting suns.  
From the steeple we could look down  
as from the empyrean on the quaint New England  
town and on the countryside for miles around.

Sprawled on the pine planked floor,  
we passed around a stubbed cigarette,  
taking drags, trying to inhale, blowing smoke rings,  
forgetful of apocalypse portended by cold war.

There was no time until scoutmaster Berowne,  
his bald skull billowing up like a mushroom cloud  
from the floorboards through the trap door,  
smelled the incriminating smoke and hauled us down.

Freddie, George, Joe and I—little did we know  
that outing would be our last together.  
Leukemia claimed one, a car accident, another.  
The church and the steeple are still there though.

One still winter's night many years later  
(and in a world not at all safer)  
I returned on a lark, looking for myself perhaps,  
under a moon white as a communion wafer.

I crossed the square from where I parked my car,  
passed the monument of the intrepid Union soldier—  
frozen in time and perennially free from sin—  
oh, how I envied him,  
and looking up at the steeple ensconced in stars,  
I almost thought myself the boy I'd been.

**“no sun today”**

Leslie Ricker

soft sunday gray

“no sun today”  
eighty-six year old voice  
hopes for another ray  
of good golden light  
before the night;  
march first,  
the ‘dying month’ has passed,  
another winter framed and glassed  
for her gallery of memories,  
a gallery losing dimension  
in the growing shadow  
that has caught her,  
and she casts another prayer  
out to the ‘deeper water’

“no sun today”  
the voice believes  
darkness can be  
the death of disarray,  
twilight can be  
an awakening change  
if well-pondered and chose  
and new seasons of life  
can open  
as worn ones close

“no sun today”  
and any leap for light  
must jump  
back to yesterday









## **Bodies**

### **Melissa DeStefano**

You carved the structure of my bones  
into your lungs and breathed  
me. I said, baby, don't leave  
me.

Don't let your feelings escape  
the concrete steps that hold your heart up  
and don't forget that we aren't fog,  
hung low like evening glow  
on lakes, but we are moving  
water. We are rivers  
echoing in seashells against my ears,  
and we flow like blood through veins  
together.

Don't let your lips get tied  
to anyone's but mine because I need your air  
to see, love.  
And when my best muscle pumped  
clear fluids through my chest,  
a dam formed between  
us.

But I carved the structure of your teeth  
into my tongue and tasted  
you.

My cheeks went soft to hear you:  
you said your name is ugly—not be shared—  
and you are not the type of person  
that cares what others think,  
but it's a secret.

Then you said you trusted me  
to keep it.  
I slid it in my brain's back pocket,  
rubbed your scars like a letter  
I'd waited on  
for weeks.

I said if I had one last breath  
left to breathe, it'd be  
yours  
to keep.

I am my own weakness—  
worn as earrings  
through my thickest skin.  
You touched my face  
with guiltless fingertips,  
traced x's on my eyelids,  
and said, shh, baby, don't speak.

Don't look at me like your existence is my responsibility  
and don't forget that I am not your artwork,  
hung straight on proud walls  
gleaming under fluorescent bulbs.

I've got holes in my feet from your endless critiques,  
but we are imperfection.  
We are walking bruises.  
We are bodies.





## Novaeangeliae

### Ruu Weist

in the eternal interim, the hazy dusk  
of stratification, there is spinning and dancing  
into the darkening, fertile shade.

tendrils of sunlight pierce the glassy surface  
of waves, touching seabirds and seaboats  
here to fish rich waters.  
Spouts signal in the distance, a blow  
and plume of mist and respiration  
while our ship, our daily ship, alights on swells  
of current in a harried chase of whale breath.

some never appear again.  
others linger at the surface, half-asleep  
until the green glow of white wings pierces through  
the fog of phytoplankton  
and, wakening, the giants roll forward  
    breathe  
slick along the surface  
    breathe  
throw mottled fingerprints into sea air  
and sink.

every creature lives for admiration  
or so we thought, especially of baleen beings  
so dazzling, spun of shadow and clouds  
    "off the port bow!"  
the ocean cries, ejecting a rorqual in spontaneous ecstasy  
to thunder back into the sun-touched azure  
of the gulf (of Maine)  
trailing bliss and rapture in its wake.







## A Lonely Tune

**Linda labbe**

As the wind was whistling through the trees  
It set a tone with the warm spring breeze  
Against the building, a soft sad moan  
Sound of a lost soul crying alone  
The whistling, the moan, a lonely song  
Hearts are broken, loves gone wrong

The moon shone bright in areas of clear  
Illuminating the clouds as they drew near  
Creating silhouettes with arms out reaching  
Then disappearing when clouds aren't breaching  
Outstretched arms longing to embrace  
Under the moon's glowing face

Sitting quietly as the clouds pass the moon  
Knowing that the sun will come up soon  
Can't take away from this empty heart feeling  
As shadows dance seamlessly across the ceiling  
The trees tapped softly as the breeze persuaded  
At times upbeat and then slowly faded

The sun came up and chased the moon from the sky  
And the slowing wind sent the clouds softly by  
Now the room manifest with the morning light  
Fashioned a mood cheerful and bright  
Changes that gave an air of healing  
No forsaken arms shadow the pure white ceiling























## HYMEN, OH HYMEN

Jerome L. Wyant

She was very ill, confined to bed, and what a better way to lift her out of the depression weighing like an anvil upon her heart than a flowering plant burgeoning with life in its delicate cell-like clusters. "Better than a transplant," Mellars thought, quickening his walk into the near panic run of a trauma nurse to the florist's shop a block away.

A diminutive Chinese woman with the ageless quality most Asians enjoy waited on him. She was steely and inscrutable as the Sphinx. Her glance, which he followed, fixed on a peculiarly exotic plant, whose leaves and pale pink petals seemed to shiver, tremble, as if basking in his appreciation.

The deep pink, lavender almost plant, paling at the edges to white, was the pink of a negligee of a beautiful woman, Mellars mused. Its branches cylindrical, slender reeds one could breathe through; its leaves oval, fan-shaped, the size of the palms of a delicate lady's hands. The lush leaves rose from the base of the plant, then folded over suppliantly, as if prostrate before the beauty of its own flowers. "Phalaenopsis," she said. "Very, very temperamental. Need water everyday."

He bought the plant. On the way home, on the subway, he cuddled the plant to his chest to prevent it from being damaged or inadvertently dropped. Once or twice, when the subway car braked or lurched, the flowers brushed against his face, their febrile lips imparting kisses. He was suffused in the orchid's dusky sweet aroma, not as pungent as musk, but intoxicating nonetheless. For a moment, before the subway car doors slid open, Mellars thought he might swoon.



His wife smiled wanly when he showed her the plant. Not terribly fond of plants, she was compliant and too weak, if the truth were known, to remonstrate. He placed the plant on the formica stand beside her bed. After exchanging a few words—he expressed his customary solicitude for her—he turned to leave her room. He was halfway through the door when he had a premonition to turn around. He did and saw the plant; its pink flowers now appeared glowering, almost red as if with a quiet, irrepressible rage.

Within three days his wife was dead. The housekeeper discovered her, prone of the floor. She had knocked the stand and the plant over in her final death throes, probably in an effort to alert someone. When he entered her vacated room, he bent over and scooped up the plant; it still looked as if it might live and, with husbandry, he managed to revive it.

Within a few days the plant began to flourish, especially in his presence. It bristled with life. New buds and shoots appeared. Its flowers stretched amorously out, beckoning, alluring, expectant. For his part, Mellars felt revived too. He could not remember having felt so elated since his wedding day.











## **The Ultimate Journey**

**Linda Labbe**

Let the breeze gently take them away  
To rest on the ocean in peace may they lay

A romantic wish they planned years before  
To ride the breeze off Fortune's Rocks shore

Let their ashes sail to sea  
To dance on the waves gentle and free

They've lived and loved through all kinds of weather  
Now the ultimate journey they've taken together

My Aunt and Uncle in heaven at last  
Along with loved ones who'd already passed

Dear God keep them safe in your care  
And I know in time I'll meet with them there











**Melissa DeStefano**

Jake Bosma wore his dad's wrinkled oversized white button-up shirt and last year's outgrown khaki pants. He sat beneath the golden arches sweating his glasses off his face. The dollar menu glowed behind him like a halo. He suddenly felt embarrassed. He regretted thinking that this date was mc-doable. He knew that Kylie was out of his league, and he was convinced that she could hear his heartbeat from across the red-and-yellow-checked table.

Kylie Morgan sipped her Coca Cola cautiously, as if she feared what was at the bottom of the straw. She doted on the fact that she was on her first date at McDonald's and wondered if she would have to admit it to her friends at school. Her fingers danced anxiously across her thighs, and she began to think that Jake would not utter a word the entire night.

Jake doubted himself. With every silent minute that passed, he struggled to think of something clever to say. He desperately wanted to impress the cute brunette seated across from him, but how could he when he couldn't even speak? His anxiety impaired his voice.

Kylie darted her eyes toward Jake. In one split second, she caught a glimpse of the beads of sweat curling around his jaw, hanging light like cigarette smoke. She saw his wide blue eyes for the first time and then quickly looked downward into her soda once again.

Jake's hands shook as he reached for a French fry and simultaneously dodged Kylie's glance. He had barely eaten a thing since they had arrived, and he was beginning to feel downhearted about his idea to take her to McDonald's in the first place. What he thought would be a dramatic irony of the typical first date model now seemed just the opposite.

Kylie had nothing to do but look around. She was getting very bored, so she began aimlessly peering at the various posters of Ronald McDonald. Her eyes met with Jake's.

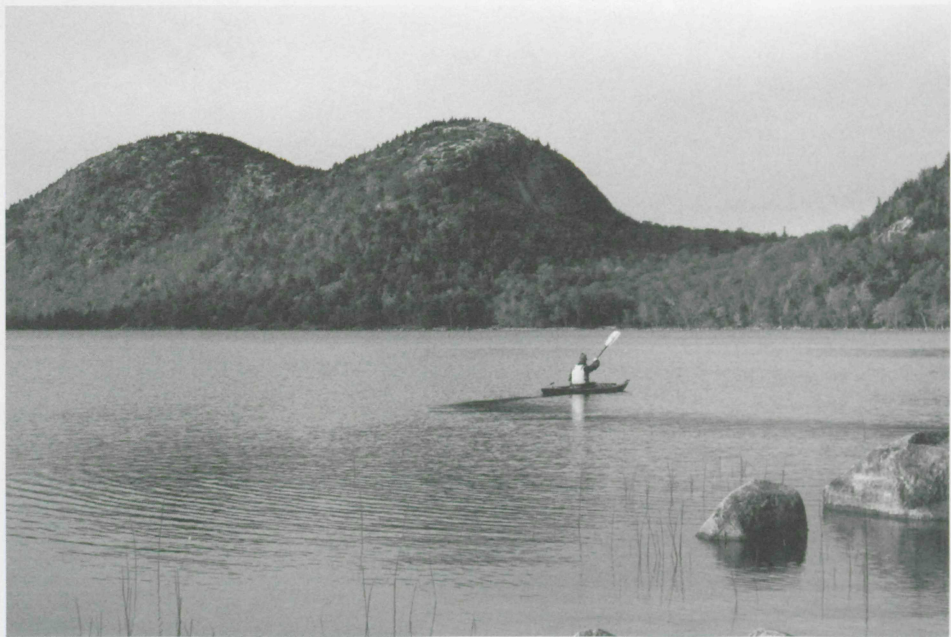
Jake felt hopeless. The more he tried to speak, the more it felt impossible, like there was heavy cotton lodged in his chest. It was obvious that the night was going downhill fast. He held both Kylie's glare and a French fry for an awkward amount of time before he realized that it had been an awkward amount of time.

Before he could even utter a word, he jerked his elbow, knocking his French fries off the table. He leapt out of his chair and scurried to pick them up one by one, as if Kylie wouldn't see him if he acted swiftly enough. Frazzled, he hopped back into his chair, leaning his elbow on a stack of ketchup packets that squirted all over his white shirt. He thought the night was mc-doomed. He looked up at Kylie, a deer in headlights, and still offered no words.

Kylie stared back blankly, absorbing the scene. She slished a big sip of soda around her mouth for a few seconds. Then she laughed. In fact, she laughed so hard, she spit her soda all over Jake's shirt. He was now covered in ketchup and Coca Cola. Jake knew this moment would make or break the date. He knew it had gone too far to fix. He knew he was already embarrassing himself. He knew he had only one option: to make a joke of himself. He dumped the rest of his fries over his head. Then he looked up at Kylie, presenting himself as the fool, smiling ear-to-ear for her approval.

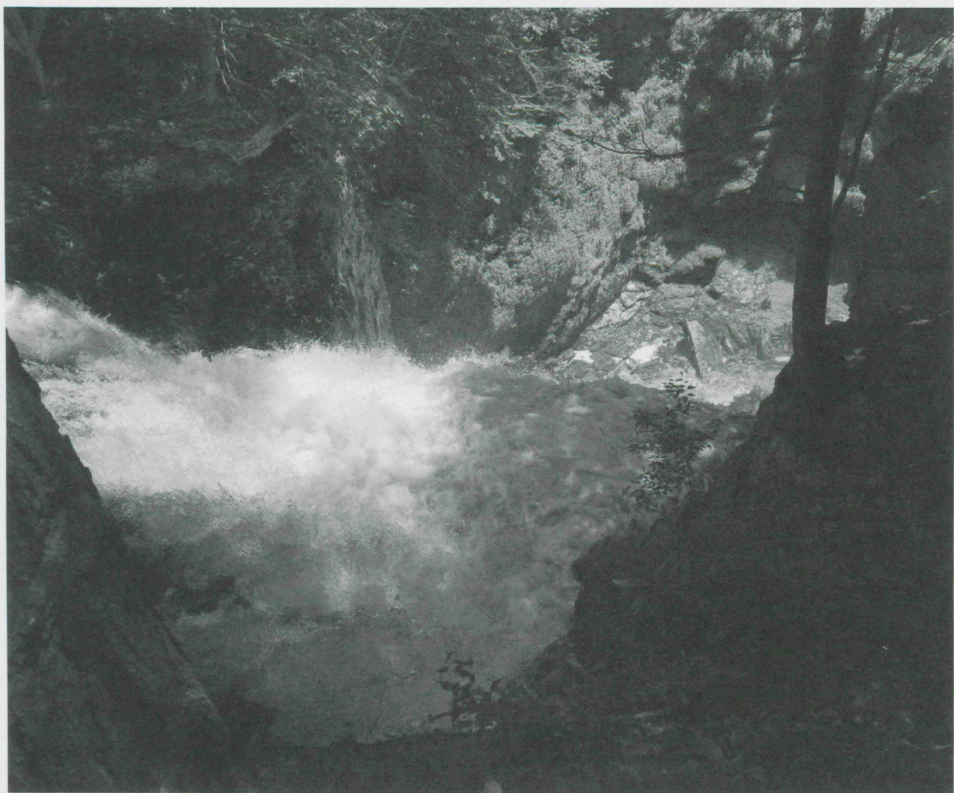
"What do you think of my shirt?" Jake laughed, finally speaking.

Kylie smirked and sang back, "Ba-da-da-da-da, I'm lovin' it."

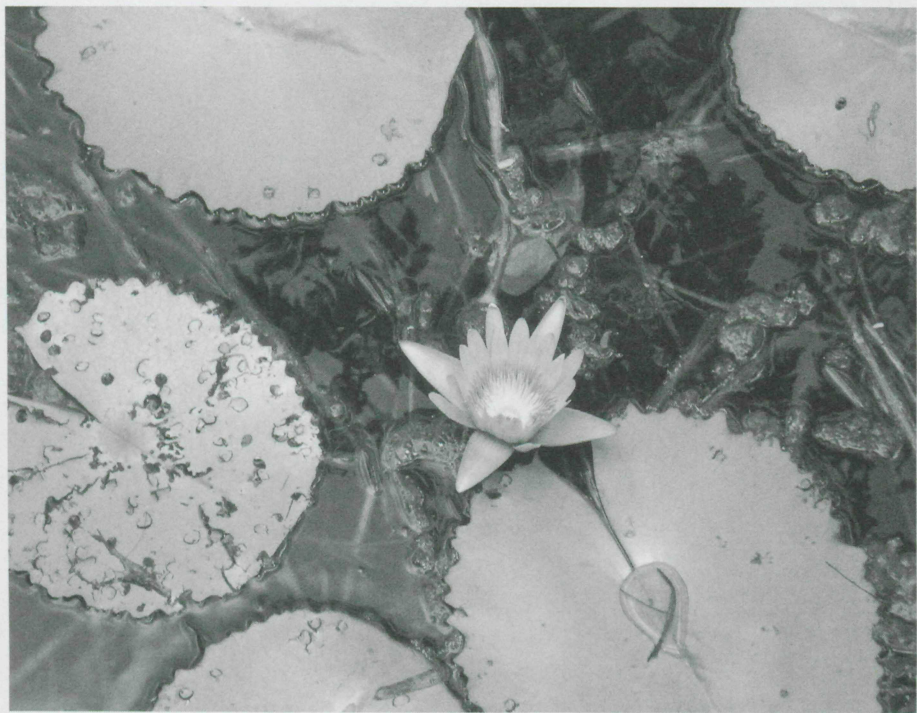
















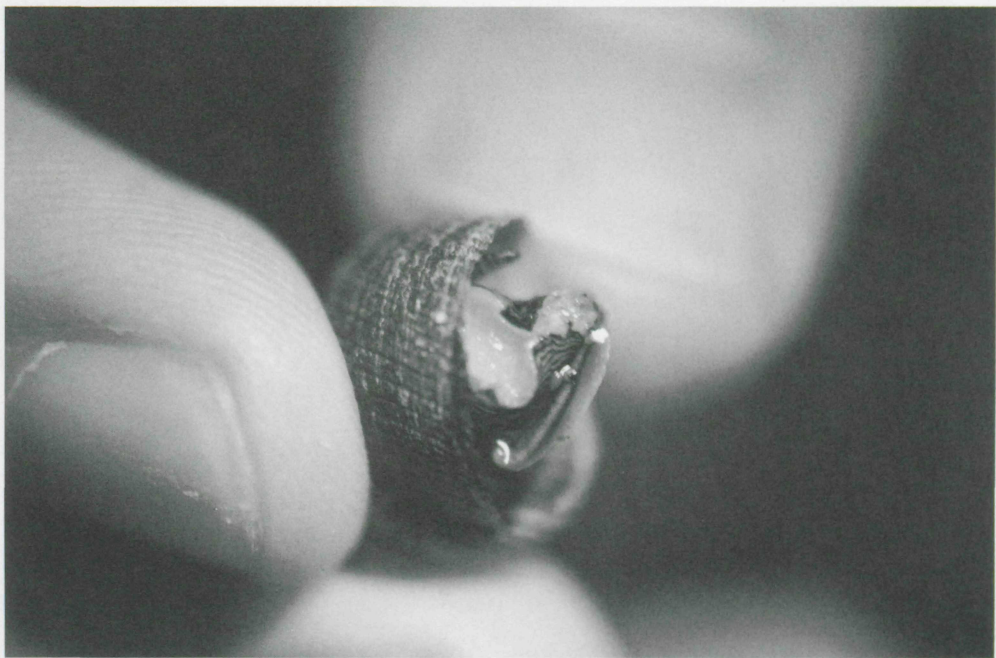










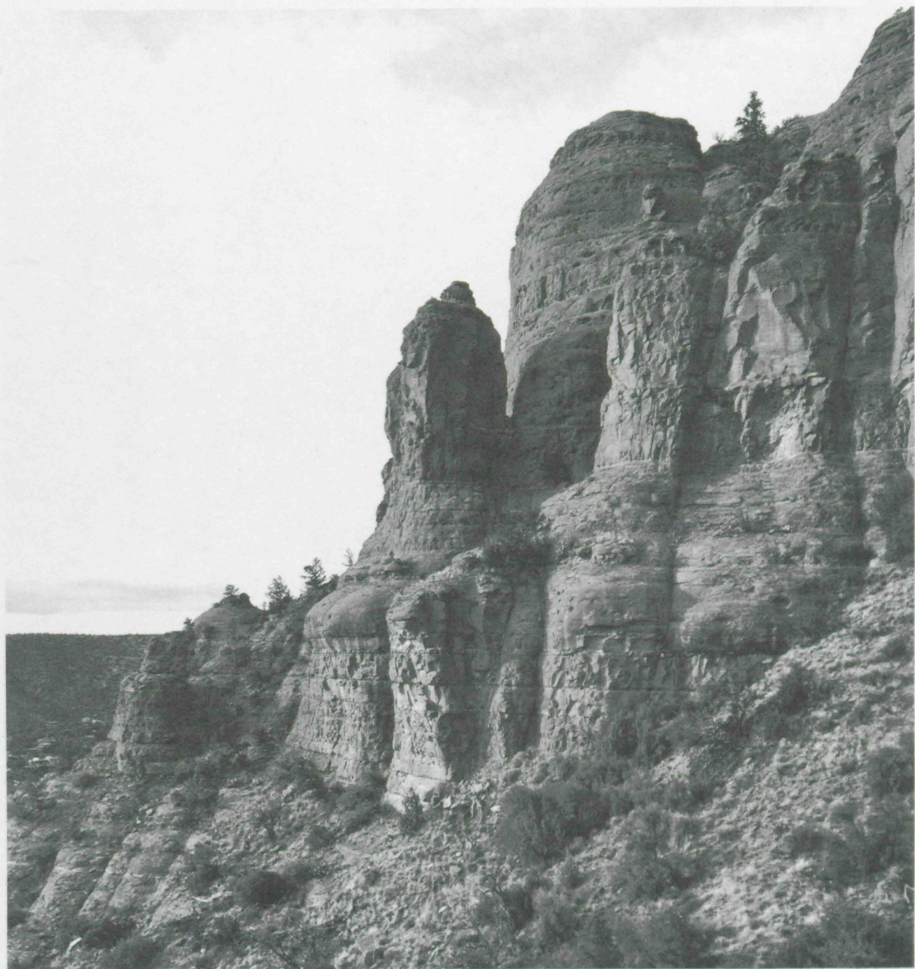




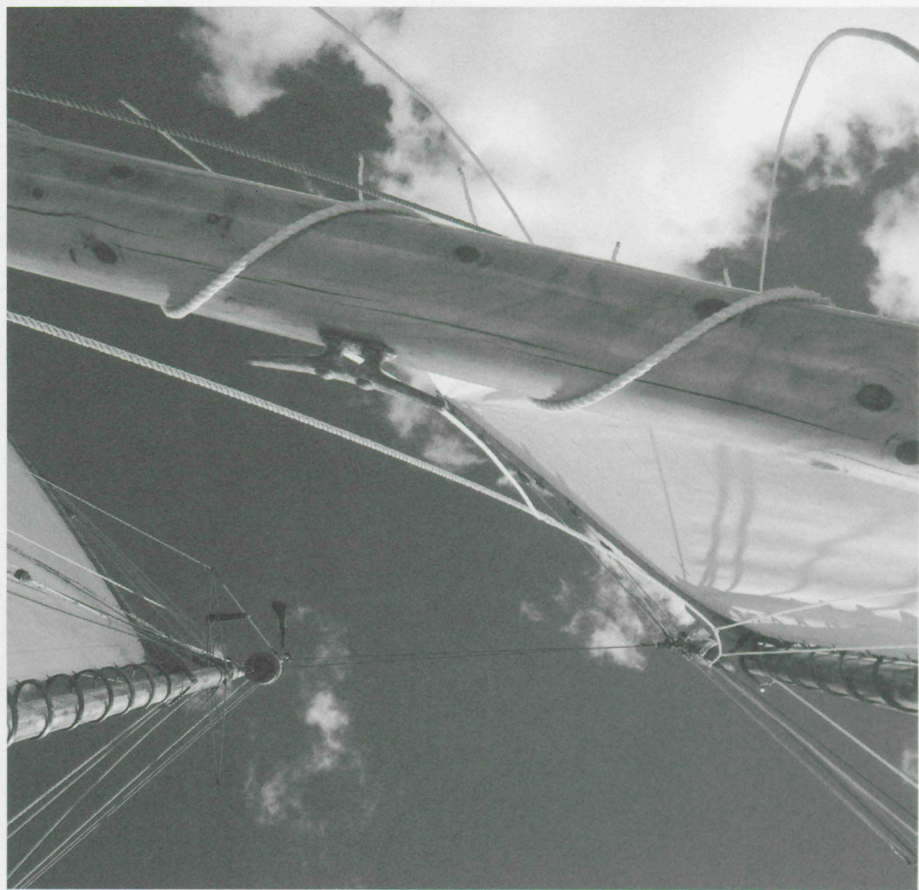


















## **A Thanks to Our Supporters**

Zephyr would like to thank all its supporters and editors as it would not be able to succeed without their contributions and help.

Special thanks to:

Bethany Kenyon for all of her help with getting our DUNE submission site up and running.

Office of the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences  
Office of the Vice President of Student Affairs and the  
Dean of Students  
Undergraduate Student Government Association.









[www.une.edu/zephyr](http://www.une.edu/zephyr)