



Spring 1996

The Lantern Vol. 63, No. 2, Spring 1996

Christina Dappalone
Ursinus College

Matt Pepe
Ursinus College


Jessica Morin
Ursinus College

Lauren G. Newkirk
Ursinus College

W. Keith Nunnelee
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Recommended Citation

Dappalone, Christina; Pepe, Matt; Morin, Jessica; Newkirk, Lauren G.; Nunnelee, W. Keith; McKee, Jason; Maynard, Jim; Hamrick, Brian; McCoy, Tim; Smith, Erec; Stauffer, Stacey; Demers, Jessica; DuBois, Jamie; Gorman, Erin; Graf, Daniel; Regelman, Sonny; Podgorski, Mike; Wordley, Morgan; Mead, Heather; Bechtel, Jason; Deussing, Christopher; Bell, Laura; Bowers, Chris; and McCarthy, Dennis Cormac, "The Lantern Vol. 63, No. 2, Spring 1996" (1996). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 147.
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/147>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

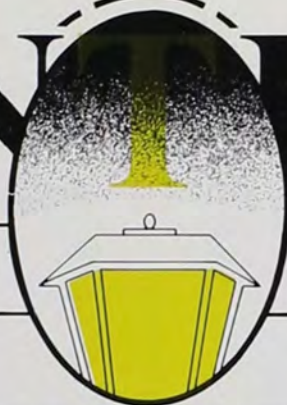
Authors

Christina Dappalone, Matt Pepe, Jessica Morin, Lauren G. Newkirk, W. Keith Nunnelee, Jason McKee, Jim Maynard, Brian Hamrick, Tim McCoy, Erec Smith, Stacey Stauffer, Jessica Demers, Jamie DuBois, Erin Gorman, Daniel Graf, Sonny Regelman, Mike Podgorski, Morgan Wordley, Heather Mead, Jason Bechtel, Christopher Deussing, Laura Bell, Chris Bowers, and Dennis Cormac McCarthy

THE LANTERN

Vol. LXIII, No. 2

Spring/Summer 1996



THE LANTERN

The Ursinus College Literary Magazine

Vol. LXIII, No. 2

Spring/Summer 1996

CONTENTS

Poetry

Poet, Lead Me On	4	Christina Dappalone
St. Patrick's Day	5	Matt Pepe
The Last Three Days	7	Jessica Morin
The Impressionable	8	Lauren G. Newkirk
Roundabout	9	Dennis C. McCarthy
Carnivorous	15	Jason McKee
Kyrie	16	Jim Maynard
Second Glance	18	Brian Hamrick
Porch	19	Tim McCoy
Cruel Design	21	Erec Smith
A Mime	29	Stacey Stauffer
Flaxen Crown	31	Jessica Demers
My Embryonic Ocean of Love	32	Jamie DuBois
Stone Matrix	34	Erin Gorman
Skipping the Bullfight:		
Toreadors and Gaudí	41	Sonny Regelman
Another Part of My		
Lacolonialism	43	Mike Podgorski
Translucent Pane	46	Morgan Wordley
Linguistics	47	Heather Mead
A Disagreeable Music Piece	53	Christopher Deussing
Vigil	55	Laura Bell
A Brief History of American		
Poetry in English	56	Chris Bowers

Satire

The Student's Progress	22	Beth Rosenberg
------------------------	----	----------------

Short Fiction

The Bench	12	W. Keith Nunnelee
-----------	----	-------------------

Voices From the Past	36	Daniel Graf
The Treehouse	49	Jason Bechtel

Artworks

Coming Home	Cover	Kristen Schumann
Innocence	11	Eleanor Rawle
Spirals	17	Francesa Giaimo
Concrete Angels	33	Christopher Michaels
Bell Tower	45	Christine Stella
Conflicting Beliefs	52	Victoria Bennison

Judge's Note:

Probably all art begins as a deeply personal and individual experience. The artist or poet has to translate that personal experience into a medium that will express the individual in terms of the universal.

Poets use words and images to preserve that initial, personal insight and to communicate it to others, deftly performing two different, yet similar tasks at the same time. Several poems in this issue of *The Lantern* accomplish these dual tasks well. However, one poet takes special risks by writing about that bifurcated experience, the creative process, even at the peril of being misconstrued. Reading the title of this fine poem allows me to announce a winner and to invite the artist to share the work with us: "Poet, Lead Me On."

-- Peter Perreten

Co-Editors

Sonny Regelman
Heather Mead

Associate Editor

Jim Maynard

Patron Drive Coordinator

Patricia C. Daley

Advisor

Carol Dole

Poetry Judge

Peter Perreten

Staff

Chris Bowers

Jessica Demers

Erin Gorman

Nancy Kendig

Dennis C. McCarthy

Anne Marie McMahon

Michael Podgorski

Morgan Wordley

Matt Caia

Stephanie Fragati

Brian Hamrick

Denise Martella

Tim McCoy

Jessica Morin

Laurence Santucci

Editors' Note:

Congratulations to Christina Dappalone for the prize-winning poem "Poet, Lead Me On" and to Kristen Schumann for her cover photograph "Coming Home." We would also like to extend our appreciation to Dr. Perreten for being our poetry judge.

We were pleased to have an abundance of stellar artworks to choose from this semester; consequently, readers will find more selections included in this issue. Thank you to all who submitted.

As we prepare to complete our responsibilities, we must thank Dr. Margot Kelley, Dr. Carol Dole, Dr. Jon Volkmer, and Erin Gorman. With confidence and respect, we leave *The Lantern* editorship to the knowledgeable Jim Maynard.

-- Sonny & Heather

Christina Dappalone

Poet, Lead Me On

Portrayed by the world as a cynic monster,
concluding that life is ending in sorrow
and distortion.

Known as a slacker,
the definite eyes of a cheater,
wandering to cards held only in the other deck.

Addicted to the green buzz,
of the mechanical voice
inside the screen of the mind.

The moon is shining upon cold waters
that sway back and forth from rough to rough,
from normal to everyday mediocrity.

So done a disservice by reality and faithfulness,
so taken to another path away from truth and hope,
led only by the misconstrued eyes of a poet.

Matt Pepe

St. Patrick's Day

Mother
zipped up the
blue thermal sweatshirt
over his green A-Team T-shirt.
The ripped hood flopped as he
bounded down the front steps
just in time to see Jimmy's paper boat
win the race to the drainpipe.
(Joey's almost won, but it hit a rock in front of old man Jones'
house.)

He put the new package that Dad
got him under his arm, jumped on
his green banana seat bike, and
peddled until his legs were numb.
Over the bridge, left at the bank,
Right at the diner, past Woolworth's
'till he could see the pavilion:
"Jenkinson's Arcade, open all year."

Up the board ramp he parked beside
the "DO NOT SIT ON RAILING" sign
that he and his cohorts ignored.
He quickly assembled the package
on an old table left in front of
the boarded storefronts all winter.

Running, the semi-frozen sand
crunched underfoot. The mist numbed his ears.
The line was barely felt in his hands,
but his kite flew higher in that March wind
than any other in the world.

Now
when people tape shamrocks to windows
I drink green beer on my back porch.
George grills hot dogs and we eat them

as Jeff and Rob clank metal horseshoes
against a two foot iron pole.

There are no kites.
There are no paper boats.

But if you drink enough green beer
you forget that they are missing.

Jessica Morin

The Last Three Days

If you placed your hands
Prayer-like against the middle of my body
I think you just might be able
To reach in and
Shred me
Into a thousand fleshy strands
Sticky and wet, slapping and splatting
Flowing against the inevitable currents
Of the power to look into your eyes
Knowing full well
Though you try not to be cruel about it

To be a radical woman of color
Is bullshit if I believe I am
Am mad if I believe I am
You are rebelling, denying, running,
Straight into the median
Where paper mask faces ride the merry-go-round
Up and Down and
Out of my mind forever
Ana Thema's my best friend
We bathe together in the muck of a life
That comes pouring out like melted cheese
In the toaster

Lauren G. Newkirk

The Impressionable

The abyss howls . . .

Cezanne the crazy and I stand, gaping
like the blackness before us.
He is swaying with low blood sugar
while the winds whip provençal grains.
And my hands shiver with caffeine
of coffee drunk long ago
on promises made to myself never kept.

The mountain looms . . .

Dennis Cormac McCarthy

Roundabout

Wednesday nights the younger kids
hung from
that sick old oak tree--
bustled through the branches
to drop acorns on our heads.

or else they played tag
two boys to a girl--
chased her out of bounds
behind the old tech school
where our mothers kept coming back.

together they made it
partway through the weekly announcements.
and Wednesday nights we exchanged
suburban legends:
the older cousin with a man's hands--

(the jock who cared too much (for the brainchild
(with his face in the pillow) on the side)).
or else the old man with a boy's reason--
(whose own father cared too much (for him
to not make a game of it

(to pull off pajama bottoms
without rustling the covers))).
truly we were
gratified by their attentions--
they were never caught

let alone
cured last Wednesday night the alcoholics
admitted the exact nature of their wrongs
but never mentioned being wronged.
a newcomer justified himself--

struck mute at the founding of identity
he wondered who he was in a roundabout way--
sitting at a round table
where the burden kept coming back to him
and there weren't enough chairs for his ghosts.

these secret selves are kept in storage
on old oak shelves labeled "miscellaneous"
in your favorite self-help bookstore.
the manager is drunk in the back
and there's no one to take inventory.



W. Keith Nunnelee

The Bench

She sat in amused silence with only the hint of a smile. Her lips arched just enough to give the impression that she was content. Observational contentment, he had always called it.

As two young women passed in front of her on their way to the library, she thought back over the years of contentment that this simple weathered bench had given them. They didn't find the bench until long after they had married and moved here. It all seemed so long ago. She chided herself that it probably wasn't that long ago. It was just that without him time moved so much slower that even remembering last week was like watching an old black and white newsreel. Just like the reels they used to show in the theater where they first met.

He was from a small town down south, not even a town, really, more of a community, and she was a city girl. They met soon after the war. He was stationed in the city nearing his discharge date and halfheartedly decided to return home and look for a job. For him it was love at first sight. For her it was anthropological amusement. He had a lightning quick wit presented in a deep southern drawl using lots of farm references that she never understood. She was third generation urban Italian-American with very little patience for a slow talking country boy. Fortunately for them both, opposites do attract, and before long she found herself deeply in love with him.

The military paid his way through college, here. After graduation and the loss of most of his southern accent, he taught middle school English for forty years in a neighboring town while she was a key member of a then nouveau female-owned advertising firm. They had always joked about the disparity of her generous salary and his meager teacher's pay. They could have easily afforded to move to a more posh zip code for years, but they really loved this town. It had become their town. And this had become their college. And this was their bench. There were no reasons to move and all the reasons in the world to stay.

The bench ritual had begun on a warm Saturday about twenty years after he had started teaching. Spring was in the air and they were waxing philosophical about the longevity of the seasons. Something about one year being just long enough to allow one to forget the refreshing sights and smells of each respective season. Moved by the educated tone of their conversation and the sensory intoxicating aura of spring, a wave of spontaneity swept over them and they decided to stroll over to see the manicured blooms of the college campus. They found a beautiful campus completely deserted. It was a Saturday, after all, and every bench was vacant. It would be quite a few years before they retired and noticed that even during the week the students never, ever, under any circumstances, used the benches. They either stood on the sidewalk, sat on the grass, or lounged under the trees. They congregated anywhere but on the plethora of benches. It was as though the benches were a continuation of the abundant sculptures sprinkled all over the campus. In the students' minds the benches were just yet another impractical structure that provided someone, certainly not them, with aesthetic pleasure. They always found their bench vacant. Waiting invitingly with open arms.

They had passed hours upon hours sitting there, vicariously finding strength, youth and clearness of mind in the passersby. There never seemed to be an agenda that had to be followed on the bench. Sometimes they would talk, and other times they sat happily in silence. More than once they had felt the quick glance of a student passing by just close enough to hear them reaffirming their deep love and happiness with one another. They had always found food for thought and conversation here. They had witnessed, and even felt a part of, reactions to so many social issues: politics, civil rights, equal rights, cruelty to animals, environmental concerns, drug legalization, gay rights and religion. Unlike many of their peers, they had an understanding of the concerns and actions of the younger generation. The bench really was their window to the world.

She glanced down at the weathered wood beside her. She recalled seeing him there. His hand extending from the sleeve of his coat to rest on the weathered gray wood, soft hands palm down. The back of his hand weathered like the

wood. A few wrinkles, a few spots. She loved his gentle hands. They would always be the hands of youth to her. They held her for most of her life. They had led her to this bench and back home again for an eternity. Even after it had become painful and time consuming for him to walk to the bench, he still found her hand as soon as they entered the campus grounds. He once jokingly told her that he did this because he didn't want to take any chances of losing her to a young college man. Smiling, she shot back that she had considered holding both of his hands when the female students were burning their bras on campus.

The wind was starting to blow in the first signs of winter, and she still had the same small hint of a smile on her face. The smile lifted her cheeks just enough to make the tears drop off onto the wood. It was the anniversary of their last day together. As she looked at her tears on the gray wood, she wondered aloud if a year was really enough time to forget what a season was like.

Jason McKee

Carnivorous

Some today think nothing dies,
As if the birds that fill the sky
were there to fly and not to die--
to please the wind or please the eye.

I think the birds are here for me
To eat when hungry I may be
Like all the fish in all the sea;
I'm here because they're here for me.

In loops things die and travel in.
A phase to rise above the sin
Runs headlong fast to take you in;
Above the kith, beyond the kin.

Up! Up! through the air,
Fly past the maker's second stare,
Into the taker's high-backed chair
And give a glare the He should dare.

O! Death it charges on today,
who gives a shit! I like to say
Bring to me my well-earned pay,
I'll eat the hog that eats the hay.

Jim Maynard

Kyrie

In peace let us pray to the lord . . .

I always notice the earthly details first,
the smoothness of the polished mahogany,
tapestries of glass fusing color and light
into portraits and parables, thick carpets
red like blood (of course),
silver light on silver cup.

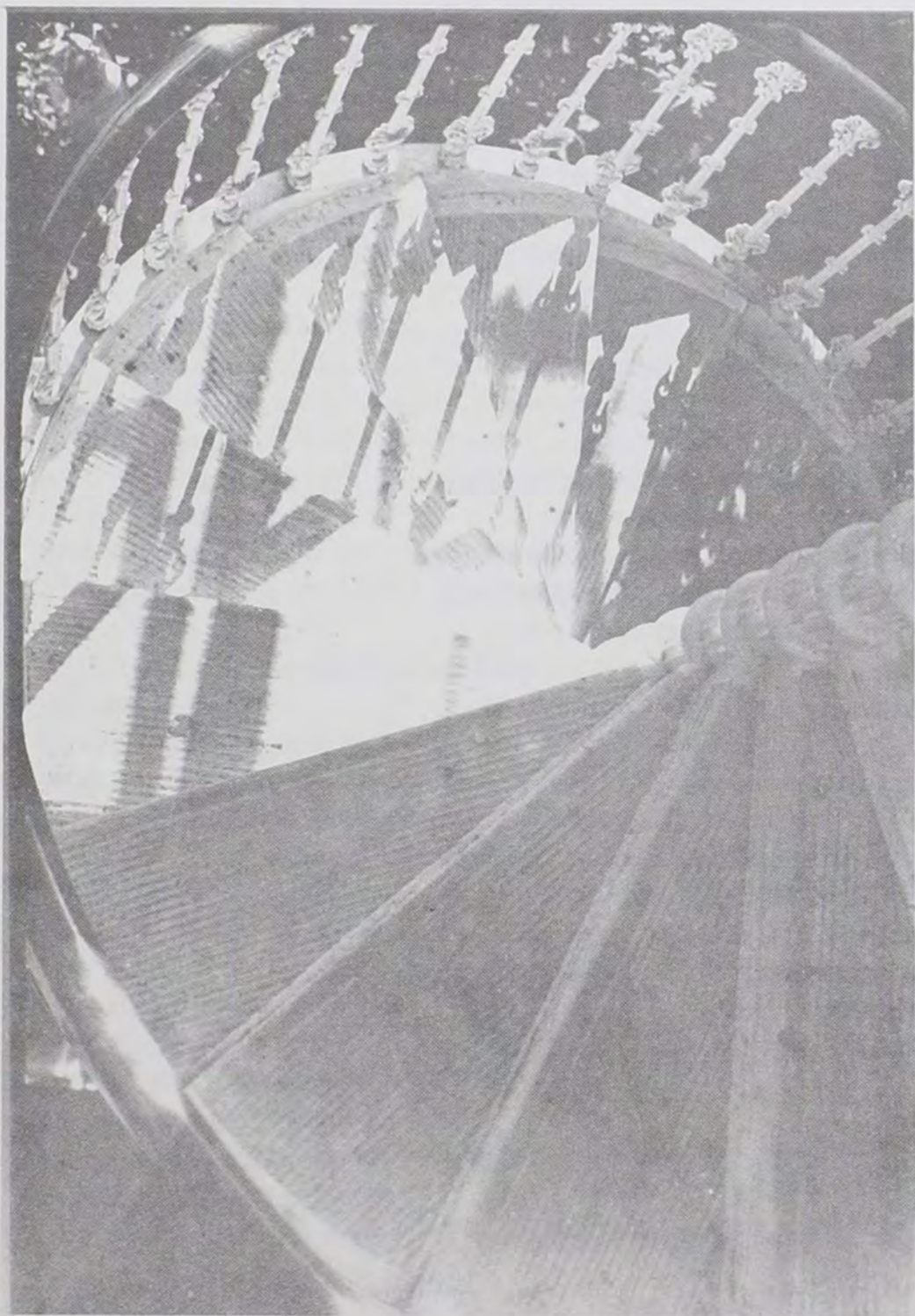
I look around to watch the people,
some with bowed heads, others with eyes closed--
they've known this prayer for years--and see
everywhere the extraordinary signs of ordinary faith:

I can hear it in their voices, the rise and fall
of their tones filling and thickening the air
to the top of the raised ceiling; I can see it
in the way they gently clasp the hymnals
to their breasts, a gesture practiced every week.

And is this conceit for me to be
so distracted at a time like this?

But as I start to scribble these words
on the back of the program, I begin to feel it--
I understand what can't be said, and then I know
what makes the shadows shift
in the corners above and the light
cast just such a glow on the altar; an infusion
of intellectual beauty fills me like the voices
fill the room, swelling into regions that
are open only to God and art in tender union.

I briefly wonder, then, where
the words I'm writing come from,
but before I can find an answer I must offer
my own voice to the prayer, and so I stop writing
just long enough to close my eyes and breathe the words
Help, save, comfort and defend us gracious Lord.



Brian Hamrick

Second Glance

During this February's autumnal weather
the wind rolled along the ground
and prodded a drying pile of leaves
resting beneath the eaves
of a building
set back from the highway
and enclosed by fences and vines.
The wind seemed to laugh
as it passed easily through the wire mesh
and wove around the powerlines.
It stirred the sullen pile of leaves
and began to toss them about
in a mad, capering whirlwind;
spinning, turning, mixing,
spitting them towards the building
where they swerved away.
The leaves had crashed into the brick,
and settled birds were put to flight
to evade the bother and racket.
A great swarm of crows escaped the barrage
and flew across the concrete road
to find a quieter place to perch.
But there was one instant
when the birds were aloft,
wheeling and flapping,
when the leaves were in flight,
careening and choking,
and in the black shadows
of form
there was a singular chaos.

Tim McCoy

Porch

Only a hundred steps
 from the heavy, jammed, two conflicting lanes,
 but permanently bobbing above the waves of demands
 from the unfortunate truths and responsibilities.
 The recently upgraded blacktop sidewalk ends where we turn
 and pass under the summer flowered tree, squashing tiny fruits,
 past decks and lawns and basketball nets,
 the last house letting out the four we all secretly envied,
 running in joyous ignorance they still possess that naked
 humanity
 which always seems to dim with seasons,
 and they wave as they pass into the porch.
 The floor is dry, only slightly rocking as it stays afloat.
 Beyond the porch, inside the house, sanctuary is gone
 as leaks have sprung from the digital faces and revolving
 reminders,
 and if we stay inside too long we will drown.
 The shadows on the walls, the designs of the dust floating in
 the sunlight
 both enact our inevitable departure.
 Always too soon.
 So coffee and cigarettes are brought out to the porch,
 where flimsy screens are opaque curtains
 and every pinch of food is shared with the dog
 who is the only constant member.
 Dishwasher, student, clerk, buser, miscreant, driver,
 bi-polar, addict, burnout, influenced, optimist
 pile through with greetings, longing to stay, returning soon,
 all pausing to pet the furry watcher.
 She barks at our voices and footsteps,
 consumes our coffee and tacos,
 sleeps on our feet and backs,
 knowing the most about us all but doesn't have the brain
 to recognize her own name.
 She will be the one to bark an instinctive warning when I
 finally give in.
 I'll hear her claws scratching on the wood as she follows

inside
the front door, down the basement steps to the stereo,
guitars, pencils, and all the reasons needed to subsist.
As I ignored the leaks and the countdown limit,
the porch comfort descended with me to the condition of
creation,
numbing me to the frigid water waist deep and the dog, dry
and shedding,
barking hysterically as the water rises.
Bubbles of the last of the air will pass out my nose unnoticed by
my eyes,
while the dog witnesses my emancipation, once pronounced
drowned.
The incomprehensible barks of the dog will bring the news to
the porch
where I will no longer venture upon realizing its false
paradise.
Finally in place to enact entire imagination.

Erec Smith

Cruel Design

Cruelty must surely be
A part of all humanity,
For God would not have made a speech
Impediment so damned funny.



Wm
G. Zmoo

The Student's Progress.



Genesis.

Despises OA's. Despises Students.
Calls home and bitches about "sorority girls and football players." Writes dismal, bizarre poetry. Experiences withdrawal.



Emergence.

Meets sorority girls and football players. Discovers all buzzes are pretty much alike. Begins cheating on at-home boyfriend in earnest. Pledges.

Of Censored for Homecoming Queen



SUCCESS.

Most of the freshman and
Sophomore year hooks graduate.
Experiences lifetime lowest GPA.
Perfects vomiting. Watches
'Melrose Place.'

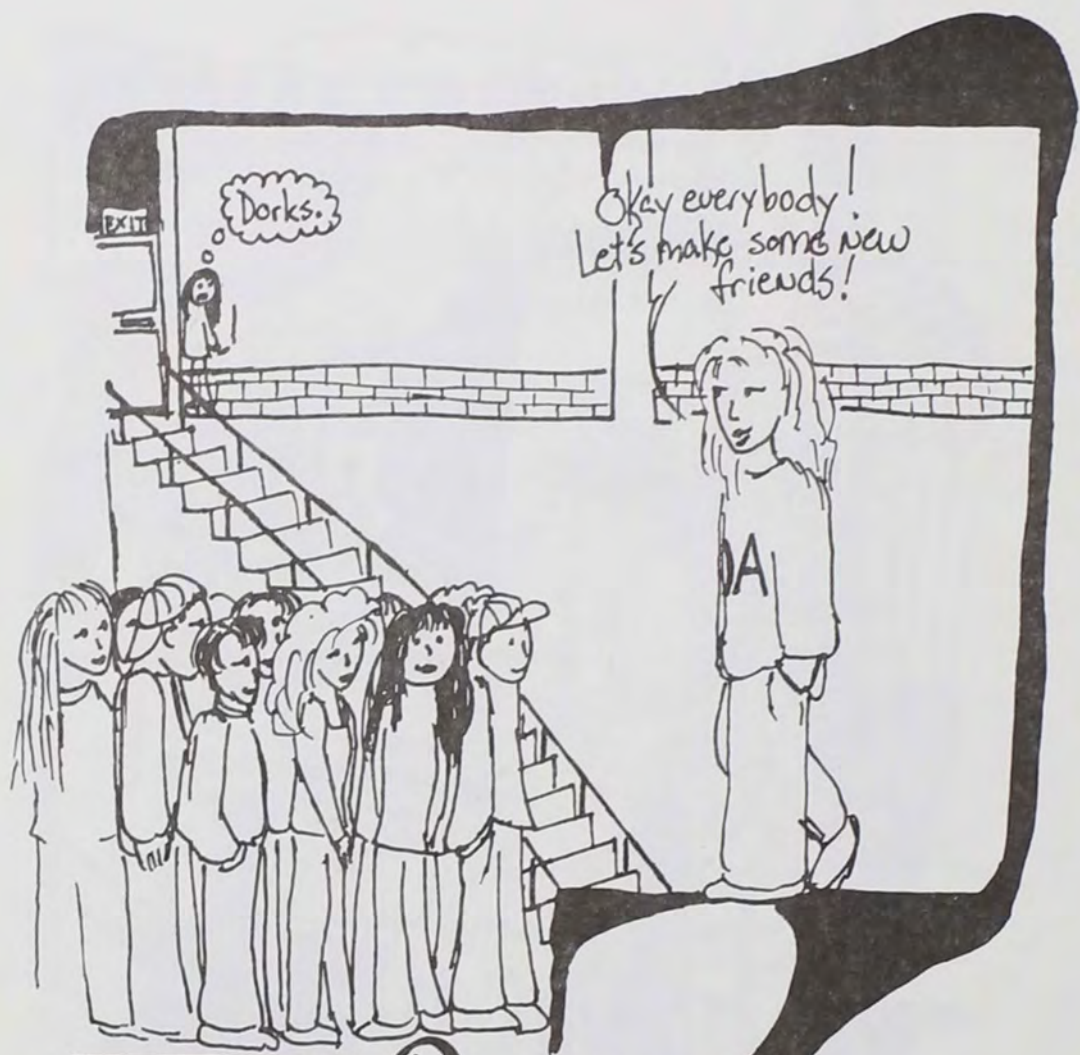


Which is in style again...
off-white, eggshell or ivory?



Downfall.

Buys lifetime membership
at tanning salon. Ignores
dorky freshman year bio partner.
Calls sullen poetry-writing transfer
a "freak."



Buit.

Becomes an OA. Finds poems from underclassmen days and burns them.

Stacey Stauffer

A Mime

"He's such a wonderful father!"

"Yes, they are lucky to have a daddy like him."

His smile is brilliant in the face of others.
His eyes reflect perfect content when others are near.
But looking into his eyes, I get lost.
Not in their brilliance, but in their darkness.
I fall into it, and I am unable to pull myself out.
His smile is like that of a clown who hates children.

Julie attempts a smile when others can see.
And she can even subdue the wince that pushes to the surface as
she sits.

But she is silent always when daddy is near.
And Andy still laughs and smiles a lot.
He still hopes that daddy will love him.
I go to bed and pray that no anger will enter his heart,
tomorrow.

When I first held Julie in my arms,
She was so cute and pudgy, it was easy to squeeze her too hard,
But also easy to stop.
Didn't he know?
Was she just so cute that he couldn't stop squeezing?

He's busy, always busy and tired.
I should have kept the baby quiet when he was watching the
game.
But by the time I reached the crib,
Daddy had already left his mark of disapproval.
Julie wailed louder and louder
As his fingermarks turned crimson on her cheek and arms.

He was more patient by the time Andy came along.
He didn't really punish him for awhile.
Then at one and a half,
I explained it all to the doctor:

"I should have been watching him."

"If I was, Andy wouldn't have fallen down the stairs."

It took three days for me to stop crying.

Andy had two broken legs and a broken arm.

Of course, he is a wonderful father, some of the time.

And my daddy always told me to focus on the good times,

And not on the times such as when I burnt myself

On my back with his cigar.

Jessica Demers

Flaxen Crown

She hobbles with cane down the aisle,
Bluish white hair pin-curled
By frail fingers wrinkled with sliding skin.
Afghan over slumped shoulders
Dresses her in moth ball perfume.
Brooch, long stored away, is secured
To silk sash around waist.
Skirt meets support hose at mid-calf,
Sagging into soft loafers.

She passes over gray marble,
Her hand tracing pew edges.
At the first bench, she genuflects,
Kneels on padded board.
Elbows on mahogany, hands clasped, forehead bent,
She sighs.

Behind the altar, through the wall,
Upon the hill, her love lies.
Amongst the marble and copper aged green,
His grave is graced with a single daffodil,
Replaced every noon by arthritic hands.

Jamie DuBois

My Embryonic Ocean of Love

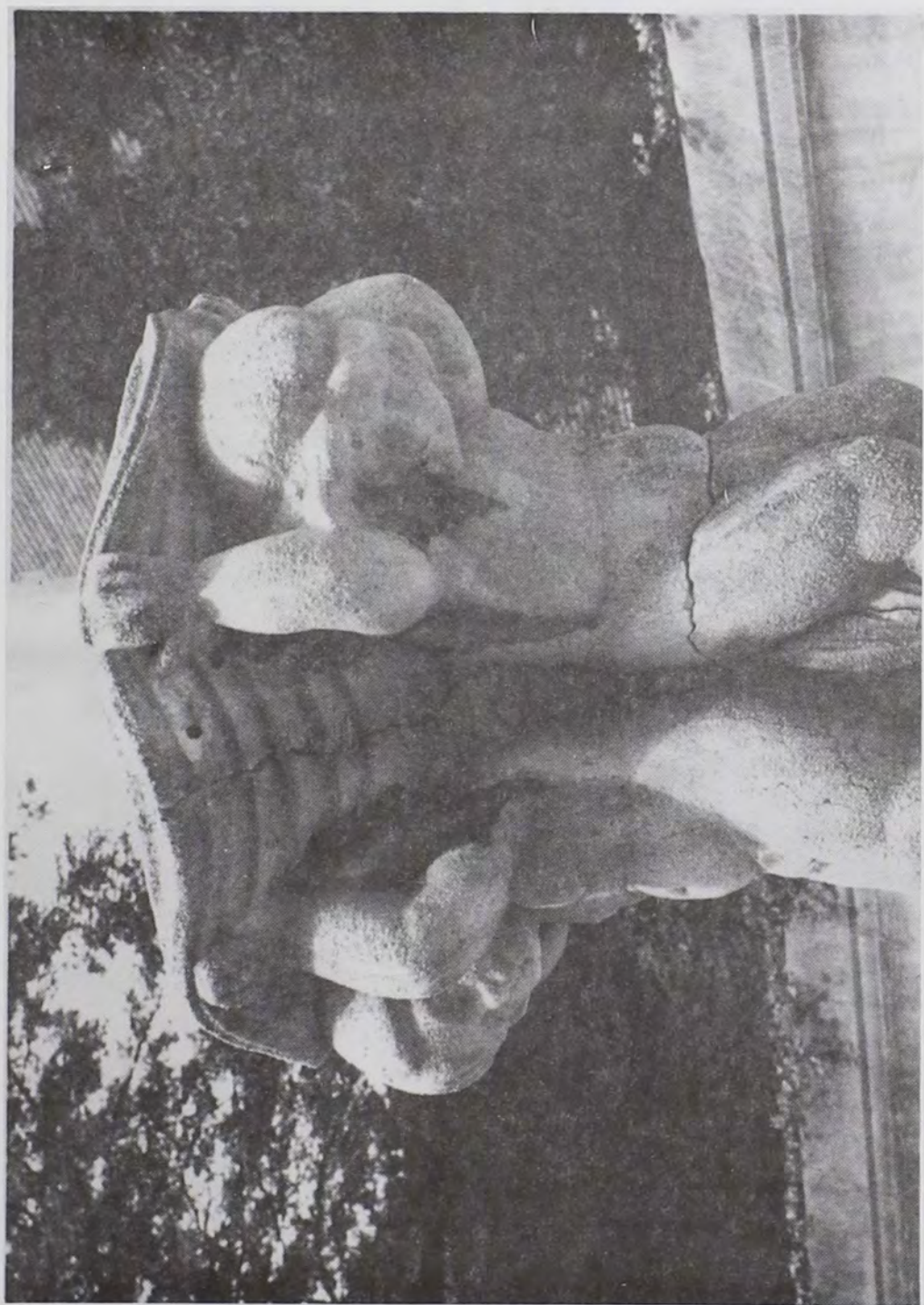
Soft white pillows under my feet
Shoreline slowly approaching
Midday nearing
The glaring sun strangles my eyes

And she sits there face and body engulfed
Beautiful body
My beautiful love

Taking her hand
Test the currents
Face in thigh
My womb of protection

The crashing waves forcefully drag me down and pull me under
My outstretched hand searches for its match
Grasping for that which it knows as its own

And I hold her
Smell her bodily scents that only I am endeared to breathe
See her every part and crevice as though it were my own
And I hide myself within her trying so desperately to become
part of her whole



Erin Gorman

Stone Matrix

Before he could be a child
my grandfather was a criminal
beleaguered by oranges, apples, and wallets.
Sinking in sin.

And the shame made him.

And the shame seeped down into his genes.

And I am a link in a legacy of shame,
of hard rancorous DNA.

What I did not earn genetically

I learned methodically

by the back of the hand

or belt:

"When I tell you--

When I tell you not to cry,

there are no tears."

If I close my eyes I can trace in air

the lines in the stone palm of my grandfather

and tell where the callouses fell.

But I don't remember the color of his eyes.

My own father disappears daily to church

and comes home immaculate--holy empty.

We buried his dog in the yard and his mother in the grave
with equal ceremony and tearlessness.

My mother sits in the kitchen

waiting

amid stews and bread pans

murmuring Our Father, Our Father

who art thou? Hollow be thy frame.

So when my mother and I speak

of our progenitors, of these half men, half--

it is in sighs and nods

and non-words.

These men, like

empty chairs at the dinner table, sour medicine

the shadows over the bed in the dream
like----

My mother looks older than herself
from having to feel too much, from having to feel for too many.
She is a Leo and brave, if only she believed in the Zodiac.
She has turned to glass in disbelief
And I believe she would run away,
commit suicide
but she is 50, and not 16
and must catch the bus to work at 6:00 am.
"And when I tell you not to cry there are no tears"
rings inside her and makes the steps of her heart slow and sad.
As for myself
I take pills to stay calm enough to breathe
and feel the matrix of myself twisting into history.

Daniel Graf

Voices From the Past

Dust particles swirled left and right, up and down, spinning and floating within the funnel of light coming through the window. They were spaceships with hundreds of little men inside them, but they were so small you just couldn't see them. John sailed his huge spaceship between all of the dust ships. His ship was silver and had the words "Parker fine point" written along the side.

Grandpapa was napping, wheezing in and out, like he always did. John plopped on the soft couch and giggled. Grandpapa said something like, "What's going on?" or something like that, only John couldn't understand any German except the words play, eat and thank you. Then Grandpapa saw it was John and smiled. He held out his arms, which meant that he wanted a hug. He felt warm and furry to John just like Ruff. Ruff was John's dog; actually, it was his dad's German Shepherd, but it was his too, or he liked to think.

Grandpapa was out of breath again and reached for his medicine. John watched as he took this squirt needle, not a sharp one (because John hated sharp ones), and shot the medicine into this tube. The tube was connected to the mask. Grandpapa put on the mask and turned on the air tank. It made a weird hissing sound.

Pretty soon Grandpapa stopped wheezing. He pulled the mask off his mouth and, smiling at John, said something long with the word "eat" in it. John nodded yes and said "uh huh!" at the same time. Grandpapa took his cane and got up. He came back from the kitchen with two spoons and two chocolate pudding cups. John licked his lips and made a circle on his tummy with his hand. Grandpapa smiled and chuckled gently.

At the funeral, his ashes were buried under a pine tree that he had planted in the back yard. Grandmama went first, then John, and each of his relatives got to put a little dirt on his urn with a tiny shovel Grandpapa used to use in the garden. After Uncle Lars and John's dad finished putting the last scoop of dirt on his remains, Grandmama burst into a fit of tears, and they had to help her back into the house.

Even though they kept the kids outside, John could hear her weeping. John didn't cry, he just sat on the grass and stared at the little mound of dirt. How odd that they could fit Grandpapa in there. Dad said that's the way Grandpapa wanted it, so that he would take up very little space.

* * * * *

Magician, warrior, thief or acrobat--John couldn't decide. Carlos was the dungeon master. His brother Luis, and their friends Steve and Anthony, and John were all playing Dungeons and Dragons in Carlos' room. Of course Carlos was the DM because he was the oldest, he was also the coolest. Mom let John go over and play with the Ruiz boys whenever he asked her because she said they seemed like such nice kids.

Luis never said much; he was good as a magician. Anthony was a thief, Steve was an acrobat and John was a warrior. Warriors were cool. They were strong and had neat weapons. John always looked forward to Saturday when he could hang out all day with his friends. After playing "D and D" for two hours, Carlos declared it was time for a little stickball.

John was getting that funny tingly feeling in his stomach. Steve was pitching the ball for his team and John was up at bat. Carlos was telling him to concentrate. "Think about what you're doing man, don't let Steve psyche you out," he said.

With a whack the broomstick connected with the ball, and John sent it flying across the street; it hit the wall of the six story building at about the third floor. John stared at what he had done in disbelief.

Anthony said, "Man I didn't think a little wimp like you could swing that hard."

John turned around to Carlos, who gave him a look that said, "I knew you could do it." The hit gave John and Carlos a 4 to 3 lead over Steve and Anthony. Luis said he was staying on the mailbox, and if they wanted the ball back they could climb over the fence themselves.

"Wake up, it's time to go to church," Mom said. John rolled over on his stomach and pulled the blanket over his head. "Why does she always have to hold my hand?" John 38

thought. John walked with his hands in his pockets and his mother's around his arm. They were walking as quickly as Mom could (with her high heels on) because the ten o'clock was already starting.

"And He broke the bread and gave it to His disciples and said, 'Take this all of you and eat it, for this is the bread of my body' . . ." Father Renold had a nice deep voice like Dad's. When it was time to receive the eucharist, Mom stayed in the pew praying again. John asked her why she never went up to get the bread like she used to.

Because divorce is not permitted in the Catholic church, she explained to him in whispers, and she hadn't gone to confession in a long time. John thought it didn't really matter. But she was missing the neat taste it had.

Saturdays weren't the same anymore. Steve wasn't as good a DM as Carlos, and he wasn't even half as cool, either. John stared at Steve wondering what boring adventure he was going to make up this time. Luis didn't complain, although it was his room.

John asked Luis why his brother was always hanging out with the older guys now, but he told him he just didn't know, something about girls or something. Girls were okay, but you couldn't hang out with them, and they didn't like playing Dungeons and Dragons.

The plastic bag handles were cutting into John's hands as he walked up the hill on Judge Street. "Two cartons of juice, milk, bread, eggs and butter. Shit, a bottle of salad dressing. Mom is gonna kill me!" John always forgot one thing. But it was too late; John was already halfway up the hill, and he didn't feel like going back to the A & P again.

Hanging outside the building entrance were a bunch of older guys John had never seen in the neighborhood before. One of them was talking to some guy in a car, and the rest were leaning on the little fence in front of the lobby that kept the dogs from peeing in the grass in the front.

"Well, look who's buyin' groceries like a little girly," one of the guys said. His friends all laughed.

"Fuck you," John said, but not that loud.

"What? So you wanna start some beef, kid?" the same guy said. By now all of them were staring hard at John, who was beginning to feel a huge lump in his throat.

Just then Carlos came out of the lobby. "What's up guys," he said. He saw John and winked.

"You know what this little punk did?" The guy that had made fun of John looked to Carlos for support.

"Oh him, he's cool, his mom and my mom know each other," Carlos said. "Don't worry about it, let's go." He signaled to the rest of the guys who all went over to the car that was waiting on the side. As they stuffed themselves in Carlos waved to John, "Tell your mother I said hi," he said as they drove off down the hill.

"Ok, I will," John said after a few seconds, but Carlos was probably too far off to hear him now. "Yeah, he's cool," John thought, "real cool."

The whole neighborhood had come to Carlos' funeral it seemed. Mom was praying and telling Mrs. Ruiz to be strong. All Mrs. Ruiz could do was cry and ask God why He had taken her eighteen-year-old son away. He was such a nice young man and he was so kind, she was saying. But he hung around with the wrong crowd.

John got up and went to the front row where Luis was sitting quietly. Tears were streaking down his face but no one could see them except John. He patted Luis on the shoulder. "You wanna talk?" John asked as he sat down.

"Mmuh," Luis said as a bubble formed on his lips. He wiped a tear away and in the same motion pushed up his glasses.

"You know, I never got to talk to my grandfather much," John said, "and I loved him a whole lot."

Luis just shrugged and shook his leg up and down.

John decided to get up and see Carlos for one last time. This was not how he remembered him. This was not the same Dungeon Master of four years ago. His lips were a pale blue, his face was all white and swollen, and he wasn't smiling.

Mom said the bullet went into the back of his head and that caused his face to swell. She warned John beforehand that Carlos might look different, but she couldn't warn John about the way he would feel. He put his hand on Carlos' folded palms. They were cold. John got up and ran downstairs to the bathroom. He felt sick.

Now that he was away from the sight of Carlos' corpse, he felt a little better. John took the end of one of those

brown paper thingies from its dispenser on the wall and wiped his mouth. Why is it burning my throat? He spat some reddish looking spittle in the sink and watched it ooze down the drain. John turned on the tap and swallowed a mouthful of water.

He was feeling a little lightheaded. His eyes looked watery in the mirror. Man, this sucks. Out of the back pocket of his suit pants John pulled out a black and white photograph. It was Grandpapa when he was a little boy. Dad had given this picture to John a few months after his death so that he could "remember" him.

A single tear dropped onto the picture John was holding. It stirred up little clouds of dust that danced and floated under the bright lights in the bathroom. Inside the dust spaceships, hundreds of little men were smiling at John, but only he could see them.

Sonny Regelman

Skipping the Bullfight: Toreadors and Gaudí

Blaring trumpet and traffic fanfare
 super-impose my sandal steps.
 The street sweats beneath
 clean concrete dust and the
 fragrance of blue Mediterranean.
 I search for a sign of
 the street called Enamorats, but
 Olympic construction dissects the
 simple city blocks into gory fragments,
 disembodied.

Barcelona: dazed on Easter day, I can't
 understand the tongue, taxi drivers
 kneel at altars, and sanitary subways are
 abandoned like Christ, like Columbus.
 Shirtless bronze workmen snort and stare,
 yoked by deadlines, as their
 sable manes glisten and evoke
 the bulls--raised for tradition, engorged like
 kings, corpses donated
 to Spain's orphans--they are still
 spurting bewildered blood
 on sequined pantalones, teased by
 toreadors waving red cloaks,
 we search for an exit or hotel--relief.

Three hours, and my knees deny me,
 dump me here on the sidewalk.
 The chanting spectator sun simmers like
 the building above me, modern
 architectural deviance by Gaudí. It's melting,
 cement eaves collapsing onto its balcony,
 blending colors like suggestions, like Surrealists.
 I rise, but the windows remain twisted mouths, laughing:
 this culture betrays all--t-squares
 and ascribed convictions and you--but it's lost
 among the crowd of steel and glass,

surrounded like me by the bronze-chested workers,
like the whimpering bulls by the reeling tormentors
upon the hill.

Mike Podgorski

Another Part of My Lacolonialism
in Response to You

I

A filament in my imagination,
we all belong to it.
Angels without wings, without eyes,
tied down with bags of hearts,
each a stone of love,
quietly exfoliating themselves
down to hollow(ed) bone.

II

Already formatted?
Follow the format?
Make my own format?

III

WAS.
Fun.
To shoot.
That bunny . . .
in the head
point blank.
No blood, no
lastrightssalvationresurrectioncondemnation.
Its fuzzy little head just twitching.
Our eyes turned to the sky.
Its fuzzy feet could not save it,
let alone dig a grave
to rest . . .
Better him than me, but all the same really.

IV

All we do and are and would
not.

And the billions upon . . .
skeletons in search of their flesh,
blood on the doors of those who've given up,
as if our bones weren't viable.

V

This kingdom has always been mine,
I will break your stitches in me.
I'll digest my soul cud,
and create my reflexive tyranny for all.



Morgan Wordley

Translucent Pane

Crackling cellophane touch
Breaks through greasy meat,
Stopping all flow.
Pedestrians turned bystanders
Seep through cracks
Over vacant stare.

Heather Mead

Linguistics

Cold dry air whips over tree tops
 carrying seeds away,
 birds bunnies,
 carry me too.

The house breathes cold putrefied exhaust into my lungs
 the quilt around me hurts my toes
 I lost the checkbook
 the bill too.

Seated at the legacy of my name
 contemplating jet streams and barometric pressure
 cinnamon tongues and strawberry bruises
 you come in
 and ask for tea.

Thoughts switch to existence, linguistics, pineapples
 after time seconds, sunsets, rubber duckies
 we engage in a dialectic of eternity and transfusions.

There is a circus in my mouth
 fifty consonants are trying to drive their toy car
 between my tonsils
 dancing bears bounce and revolve on new words
 as the beautiful lady swings from my tongue.

If words are weapons and silence the enemy
 what are fists?
 Take me to the midnight blue
 the twilight gray
 where time is a color
 where words are sex
 "I love you."

As our dialectic continues,
 a mimetic dumbshow of truth,
 my signifier elides
 with your signified
 just like Lacan said it would.

(cinnamon tongues and strawberry bruises)
My horizon of expectation spreads
into the dirt the mud that smears my forehead--
is it part for the whole or
whole for the part
and why can't you ever say what you mean?

Jason Bechtel

Treehouse

The crunchy, frozen grass crumples under my pensive footfalls. A cloudy breath of warmth into my hands conveys to my frost-nibbled ears a momentary promise of relief. A hand-me-down pickup truck with a bad transmission tries to accelerate far behind me out on the road. My boots mount the soft, brown, rotten pile of old railroad ties, and I pull myself up over the top with the aid of a pliable young branch. Behind the fir trees and over the hollow, the rigid body of a wide wooden ladder emerges from the ground. Hand over mittened hand up the broad, oak rungs I climb, carefully checking my footing with each step. My numbing fingers brush over an abundance of fiendish splinters. Dad had meant to seal the lumber so it wouldn't splinter like that, but it had never gotten bad enough for anyone but Mom to worry about it. My head pushes through some soft-needed sentries, forging a way for the rest of me. They "shhh" down my back demanding their peace and then fall back to their silent meditation. My slow, numb grip closes around the last bar, and the subdued odor of animal droppings reaches me. The plywood door, slightly ajar, summons me to enter into its treasure vault and I concede. It opens in on a four foot by four foot space littered with the curious collections of covetous squirrels. This place was not alone. A clean, white light points to the favorite corner of the last tenants, where a tattered bowl of strings and hay make a berth. The only window, with its edges gnawed away and its senseless latch and bolt, looks out into the still sea of dormant life. I realize I am listening for the warm summer breeze to come stumbling through the branches, but my own pulse prevails over all other sound. I seat myself in the doorway on the edge of the warped, wooden floor, where I can view the landscape. I deliver another warming breath--to the mittens to the ears--in vain.

The modest, pale-blue colonial with the crimson shutters stands a hundred yards past the firs with its ruddy chimney smoking tranquilly, and its insides churning with the bustle of dinner and family. The kitchen is bubbling with fresh stewed tomatoes, roast beef in gravy, and steaming mashed

potatoes. The ritual conversations, broken periodically with fits of laughter, and the dull murmur of the television contend with the clatter of pots and pans for the ear of our celebrated guests. The same sterilizing force which mutes the light of the boiling sun stifles the din emanating from within the house and I remain immersed in a cold silence.

Past the gentle slope of the front yard, a row of goliath, green pines guards the quiet pond which is being slowly devoured by an encroaching ring of ice. I still wonder where the fish go when it's all frozen over. The small, blue, overturned row boat lies at the foot of a leafless cherry tree near the water's edge. Dad and I would take it out, despite the many poorly patched holes, and set our four rusty snapper traps each Saturday to be checked the following evening. Sometimes he let me use the oar, even though I couldn't keep up enough speed. It would take two trips separated by a draining of the boat instead of just one. Once we'd caught a snapper we would take it to a restaurant where snapper soup was served. They always tried to pay us, but Dad never accepted it: it was enough for him that the vicious thing was out of our fishing pond. Dad loved to fish. He could watch the water dancing playfully with the duckweed, the clouds demonstrating their contortionist expertise, and those gargantuan pines swaying whimsically for hours. He had his favorite tackle box, gray and green with the six levels of compartments. It was never kept in order, but he always knew where everything was. He taught me how to fish one summer when I was too young to understand death. We fished at one pond, in the local streams, and even in some rivers. I never really liked it much and I haven't gone fishing even three times in all the years since.

When that pond would flood, as it often did, the water would course down a channel by the pines, over a stone waterfall, down a gradual slope, and under the driveway through a large cement pipe. The incessant pounding of the water coming off the waterfall and roaring through the pipe was a uniquely pleasant union. Its voice sounded somewhat upset, yet it rolled smoothly like a minister proudly preaching his favorite sermon. Upon exiting the pipe it would suddenly swallow up its own tumultuous heaving and resolve itself into a calm brook content merely to babble over pebbles and mosses.

Those places are now dry and those sweet orchestras are now mute. Another futile breath--to the mittens to the ears. My toes and my ears are numbing quickly. I suppose I should come down now.



Christopher Deussing

A disagreeable Music Piece

Submarine-Day is dripping with Grey;
 there is so Much to say,
 but the Sonar is shattered & the Periscope opaque.
 Glippety-glop glippety-glop,
 Bubbles pop atop the slippety-Slop.
 I must exonerate the clogged, drained Brain.
 Soap Lysol Bleach Drain-O sanitize
 (but make Life so dry).

There is a Need for Rain,
 so I lounge on the Velvet Rocking-Chair of God
 and put Headphones on; crank the Volume,
 trying to squeeze Emotion from a materialistic Sponge
 of corporeal CDs that ooze Feelings.

Everything is ready, Everyone is watching,
 the Calling is beckoning, the Horns are sounding,
 and the red red-hot Spotlight shines.

I dance:

TangoMoshHopSkipBreakWorm
 Alley-CatSquareBallerinaJump
 TapStepWaltzElectric-Slide

in futile Attempts to glue together the decaying Sky.
 CDs submit to my courtship Dance & multiply;
 (2 thousand 5 million 13 billion 24 gazillion
 screaming wooing crooning whispering la-de-dah
 Soul-Mirrors make a cacophonous Racket).

Must make all the Fragments one.
 Disconcert--destroy the "dis" & compose;
 Nonsense--non the "Non" & trust Logic again.

Frustrated by elusive Relief & Amour-that-was-Not,
 I fling the CDs into the non-stick Hot-Pot
 invented & consummated by the tank-riding Mr. DuPont.
 Turn the Fryer to "High" & see:

the Serenading of Edie Brickell by Bing Crosby.
 White Zombie mind-melts with Alvin & the
 Chipmunks,

Lawrence Welk copulates with Trent in a pastel Bunk.
Lords of Acid & Vivaldi lip-sync "Stayin' Alive,"
MonasticFeedbackChantingOverdrive
(a queer concoction indeed!).

The Grand-Finale is Emotion Ear-Drum Blow-Out,
and the imposing Gravity of Silence sets in.

Laura Bell

Vigil

I hide in the cabinet under the kitchen sink
And watch Dad's stomach grow firm with Spiritual Fruit
and French fries.
The crackling pages of the musty Bible drowned out the
death moans
As the rabbit froze to the metal gratings of its hutch
the day Mom died.
Now casserole steam snakes through the air like onion scented
incense
And a protest about the carrots leads to the startling
realization that disobedience can cause one's ingestion
by a large whale--
I remember the shiny blue tropical fish who swam into the
side of the bowl and hemorrhaged a red death.
The harbinger of spring is a muddy snow puddle, which
uncoveres my buried Malibu Barbie.
Her rubber face has collapsed and there is a gaping hole
where her mouth should be.
I drop her into the marshy grass as I watch a squirrel
run back and forth along a twisted, veiny branch above
the empty hutch
And wonder if it is a sign from God--
As I dodge the sharp teeth of the Stealthful Whale.

Chris Bowers

A Brief History of American Poetry in English

In 1756, somewhere in Boston,
a young prostitute was overcome
by a singular vision.
From her second story brothel window
she chanted and raved for hours,
talking of wars, famine, floods
and the coming apocalypse.
On the street below a crowd
gathered, hypnotized like demons
by divinity until the ground opened
and swallowed them whole. Later,
during the battle of Cowpens,
a South Carolina militiaman dropped
to his knees and raised his hands
skyward as fire exploded from his tongue.
Soldiers fallen in the melee
righted themselves on their own power
and fled the battlefield, never
to be heard from again. In 1878
in San Francisco, a Chinese immigrant
taken by his father to a Catholic
mass arose during the sermon
and prophesied an army of angels
leveling the city to make
way for the Second Coming.
As he spoke, the church crumbled
and then collapsed. Those who survived
the wreckage were paralyzed for life.
Half a century later, a Kansas
farmwife raced from her home
toward an oncoming dust-storm.
With eyes flashing and hair wild,
she whirled before oblivion
in a frenzy of words and movement until
the storm had been chased backward
beyond the horizon. Upon her return

to the farm, she fell to the ground
and immediately died.

Commonly, the years following World War II are labeled,
"the golden age of American medicine."

Among the many advancements of the time,
Dr. Wolfgang von Scottenheimer
was the first to propose a truly scientific
explanation for the production of poetry.

Divine inspiration was garbage,
he argued, poets simply possessed
an oversized language center
and a malfunctioning adrenal gland.

However, since he was at work on several
top secret government projects,
Dr. von Schottenheimer's identity
was a mystery and his theories on poetry
never become widely known. He died in a bar
ten years later during a brawl
which ensued from an argument
over a drinking bill. And today,
despite the occasional attempts
to prove otherwise, American poetry
continues to elude the encroaching
hands of science. Just think
of how many believers still
repeat prayers with lives
attached to them. Think of how many
children every day fall entranced by words
they do not yet understand.

Think of coffee houses filled
with the reverberations of microphones.
Think of auditoriums and rooftops,
think of beggars and legislators
and soldiers and street corners
where individuals, even now, stand alone,
and speak of their existence before
the deafening infinity of the world.

PATRONS

Admissions Office	Steve Hood
Alumni Office	Java Trench
Jane Agostinelli	Houghton Kane
William & Elizabeth Akin	Margot Kelley
Berman Museum of Art	Richard D. King
Nicholas Berry	Zell Kravinsky
Barbara Boris	Scott Landis
Laura Borsdorf	Jan Lange
Barry & Jean Bowers	Joyce Lionarons
Adele Boyd	Annette Lucas
Keith Brand	Debbie Malone
Frieda Brinkmann	Brian McCullough
Brothers of Chi Rho Psi	Todd McKinney
Business Office	Bill Middleton
Douglas M. Cameron	Jay K. Miller
Antoni Castells-Talens	Jeffrey Neslen
Pam Chlad	Deborah Nolan
CLS Analytic Laboratories	Frances Novak
Continuing Education Office	Bryn O'Neill
Jeanine Czubaroff	Peter Perreten
Randy Davidson	Andrew Price
Ellen Dawley	Bill Racich

Christopher Deussing

Development Office

Richard DiFelicianantonio

Amalia Lasarte Dishman

Carol Dole

Ross Doughty

Eileen England

Juan Espadas

Financial Aid Office

John French

Judith E. Fryer

Mary Gerace

Steve Gilbert

Kathryn Goddard

Colette Hall

Joyce Henry

Tami Schlag

Sally Rapp

Carla Rinde

Leslie A. Roes

Hudson B. Scattergood

Patricia Schroeder

Ray Schultz

Security Office

Ellie Shaheen

John Shuck

Peter Small

Paul Stern

John Strassburger

Martha Takats

Victor J. Tortorelli

Dirk Visser

Jon Volkmer

Sally Widman

Special thanks to Madelline Holland, Wismer Dining
Services and the Maintenance Department.



Printed on recycled paper.