



Fall 2007

## The Lantern Vol. 75, No. 1, Fall 2007

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# The Lantern



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# THE LANTERN

Ursinus College  
Volume 75, Issue I  
Fall 2007

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**Cover Art: "Hose" by Liora Kuttler**

**Editor's Note:** This semester's edition of *The Lantern* is not only my first as editor, but it is also the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the inception of the magazine. This is a testament to the generations of students willing to do some very hard work to put together a very fine publication. This semester, truckloads (nay, boatloads) of thanks go to my section and technical editors, including Marjorie, who excelled not only at the usual editorial duties but also in picking up my frequently-dropped slack. Thanks also to Jon Volkmer, even though he skipped town to spend a semester in Firenze. On that note, I am indebted to Nzadi Keita, our substitute faculty advisor, as well as the "Old Editor's Club," Natalie and Tori, for their expert guidance and occasional well-deserved ribbing. And, of course, the staff and contributors, without whom this issue resemble a blank sketchpad more than the respected literary magazine it is. Enjoy!

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## JUDGES' NOTES

### Poetry Winner— “Black Cat” by Brett Celinski

This was a difficult task, choosing a single winner from among a field of interesting poems, but what sets “Black Cat” apart is its spark. The situation is straightforward, yet the poem is alert and alive, demanding attention. The images are wild; they burst from the page with surprising delight as the poet revels in paradox. The cat cries like “a warbling bird” but first is “soft oil-smoke.” This poet has the ability to elevate and energize the most simple, even mundane, objects: writing is “Doing some paper thing;” a house is “this banal creaking box.” The gift of illuminating the everyday makes for a charged piece, rich with imagination and joy.

*Alison Stine is the author of Lot of my Sister (Kent State University Press, 2001), winner of the Wick Prize. Her poems have appeared in Poetry, The Paris Review, The Kenyon Review, Tin House, and others. A former Wallace Stegner Fellow in Poetry at Stanford University, she lives in New York, and teaches at Fordham University and at Manhattanville College.*



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## JUDGES' NOTES

### Prose Winner— “God Came” by Christopher Curley

“God Came” pulls off a Kafkaesque mini-suspense yarn with cleverness and a neatly developed ending. We’re kept from recognizing the sympathetic protagonist until at the right moment our suspicions became integral to the joy of the story. A beetle’s point of view is a marvelous challenge. The author took it and won.

*Thomas Swan* ('50) studied for a MFA in playwriting before turning to a career in advertising. Following retirement he published *The DaVinci Deception* and followed up with *The Cezanne Chase*, and *The Final Faberge*. He published *The Friends of Billy Hudnut* and is currently working on an *Andy Warhol* art crime thriller. Swan teaches creative writing in Vero Beach, FL and Manchester, VT.

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## JUDGES' NOTES

### The Audrey George Award Winner— “Divorce” by Katie LeCours

The award, generously donated this year by an alumnus of the College, celebrates the piece that is the most “beautiful, truthful, simple, unpretentious and polished.” It is given in commemoration of Audrey George, a folk artist who “took things in nature and crafted them into stunning artwork.” This semester’s judge was Ursinus’ own Dr. Nzadi Keita.

“Divorce” stood out for its enactment, in language, tone, and form, of raw distress and abandonment. That raw quality coexists alongside a relentless focus on the speaker’s disorientation and significant, perceptive details.

## BLACK CAT

My hand is on my desk  
Doing some paper thing

When she hits the corner of my eye

She's like an owl, dressed in a fat, ink-black jacket  
Her sharp accents of ears become horns in the shade  
Sketched hairline right for the percolating throat  
Intellect's gaze of green  
Set as ink smudges  
The curve of my hand, before trying to turn the pages  
Her neck twists into  
Whiskers rubbing all corners

Her tail soft oil-smoke,  
Spine crafted to bend  
Against all edges,  
Supine by my legside and the chairside

Why is this black animal here  
Looking like it came in through the window  
She will be here forever.

Then she will shoot off, spooked, up the stairways and the hallways  
Her shadows of home become patterns of her presence  
Papers slither off the desk,  
She knocks the domestic stuff off  
And then the ears perk back and notice  
Something else  
Nose is the smudge of the eraser  
Sitting over the nib of fangs  
The mouth peppering the papers and the wax plants

She cries a warbling bird sound.

Her whole shape wiggles like black electricity  
I watched her fight off the dogs that ran in with snow-cruled paws  
When she hissed everyone listened and I jolted

She becomes  
Parts of the house, this banal creaking box  
And back again

I follow her shadow movements, my random hand does,  
Then feels more welcome  
On returning to the paper

## GOD CAME

He did not have a name, not in the usual sense of the word. But then, no one did. Nor did he have any religion, until God came.

It was not that he was primitive. Society had evolved and perfected itself over eons. The sundry and supposedly-irreducible complexities of life had been dealt with – or at least, were not fretted over. In its place were orderly mechanisms and well-defined cycles. He, like everyone, lived his life mostly alone.

He was not happy. He was not sad. But he was often content. A full meal and a place to sleep were all that he required, though he was fond of simple pleasures, like finding a cool spot on a hot day, or the electric thrill of new places.

For he was an explorer at heart. Each day brought a fresh direction to go in, a new valley to be canvassed, a new mountain to scale. He was an itinerant, and when he had pushed the borders of a day's journey to the point he could not travel back to his starting point, he would simply keep walking and settle elsewhere. He did not know if this made him different, or if others felt the way he did about the world. He had never thought to ask.

(He was not an outcast, though. There were responsibilities, and urges that had to be acknowledged, but now was not the time for them. It was summer now, and it was his.)

The sun was out, the temperature comfortable. A warm breeze blew across the tall grasses. And he was not happy or sad, but restless.

Today was a day to move. He had seen the soft bogs and the reedy marshes before, and the vast sands and the Red Tree grove. The mysteries of these had opened to him. Today was a day to move.

He took nothing with him, as was his habit when he traveled. Every move was a new beginning. He breakfasted and set off.

At first, he kept to the shadows. Order, stability, and contentment did not mean a world devoid of pitfalls. There were dangerous things in the wild. He knew this, and always took great care. He had seen the plains of White Rock ahead of him and scouted around its near edge, but he could never get a sense of its end. If he was going to tackle them, he would have to give himself up to the terrain.

And soon the shadows would run out. He would have to go out into the open. This was risky. Something could come from above,

or the side, and blindside him, but there was nothing else to do. Once begun, he was bound to completion.

So he stepped out into the light. It was a fluid motion, the change from light to dark. His eyes adjusted immediately. The landscape, while having its own unique complexion, passed in such a formless way that he could have been walking in place, the scenery itself wending languorously by. He hastened his pace.

The plains were breathtaking: barren and endless, stretching far off in the distance, beyond his sight. Ages of nearly flat, scalloped rock with only the occasional fissure to mar its spare beauty. Like cooled volcanic flow. But the endpoint was still nowhere in sight.

He paused. The wind picked up. He tilted his head and sniffed the air. There was a sharp, distinct smell. Water.

He looked around in all directions, but the void was unchanged. It was out there. West – no – east.

The air cooled. The sky darkened. The wind started to pick up and erase the scent he was trying to follow. He shouldn't have been caught out in the open! There was no shelter within view, and he struggled to balance against the strong gusts seemingly coming from all directions. Soon he had to plant himself to keep from being blown away.

He couldn't quite see straight, but forced himself headlong into the wind, plodding forward, aimless. It screeched and whistled and howled.

And stopped. It passed over as a hurricane's ghosts, though the air pressure stayed low. He took a moment to get his bearings, but found none. Just the same vast landscape. The smell of water had disappeared, and his orientation vanished in the shapeless void.

He could move forward, but not without possibly moving backward. But better to move than not, unprotected as he was. Hints of gusts tickled his back. Leaves rustled and shook, and a grey and ominous mass crept across the sky. It looked like rain.

Until the land itself gave way, its contiguousness suddenly erased. Here was a cliff, with a huge span of water below. It stretched long, but not endlessly, bracketed by a high wall on the other side that rose at a flat, straight, artificial grade. The confusion of the treadmill landscape ended. Here was height, and length, and breadth. Here was a referent. He stopped himself just at the edge, surprised.

He fell. Not intentionally. The wind got underneath him where he had stood too close in puzzled wonder, and threw him, flail-

ing, down.

He felt a dull thud as his back hit the water, but it didn't hurt. He could float. The water was calm, though not perfectly still. And blue, very blue.

He righted himself. He had never tried swimming before, but he found that it came naturally. He swam to the wall, not far from where he landed. It was as sheer and strangely smooth as it had looked from afar. Nowhere to gain foothold or traction. Climbing back up was not an option.

He turned around and looked at the other side in the distance. It looked identical. To his right there was only more water, and like the land, there was seemingly no end in sight. Still, in his travels had faced challenges before. Would he go to the far wall, or off to his left, where the water pushed beyond the horizon? He chose the uncharted.

On and on, he swam, pacing himself, sometimes taking breaks and lying still in the water, allowing himself to float when the current was in his favor. Then he would start up again, and plow forward. On and on into the uniform sea.

He felt – discontent. Hunger was starting to claw at his belly. And for the first time, he considered the possibility of death. It was not that he had never been in life-threatening situations before, but this was different. Here was a slow, contemplative death. A starving death. A drowning death.

He swam and swam as the breaks got longer, his strokes weaker. Sometimes he would break madly into a hard swim in any direction, only to flag and almost sink beneath the tiny waves. But he didn't. As long as the water stayed calm, he could last a long time.

Eventually he stopped altogether and just floated. The wind had subsided, the threat of clouds dissipated into a serene, uniform sky. The sun dipped into afternoon.

There was no food to look for. No home. Not even the occasional joy of mating or the strangeness of communication. There was nothing he could look forward to. His struggles against death were fruitless. He felt something new: desperation.

Survive. Survive. The feeling gnawed at him stronger than the emptiness that had blossomed in his stomach. But there was nothing. What could he appeal to? He had only desire.

He did not know how to articulate a prayer. Maybe the habit

had been forgotten. He flailed his arms and legs, pushing against the surface of the water.

There was something in the distance. A shape floating on the water. A glimmer of something stirred in him. Was this hope? He moved his limbs in union, swimming hard towards the object. It grew closer.

It was another! Another such as himself. Never before had he felt the joy of fraternity like this. He thought he had been prepared to die alone, but he was wrong. He could see the broad outlines of the body coming more into focus. The shape of the other's head, the arch of his or her legs. Another! The suffering would not be so bad if there was someone to share it.

He drew nearer, and yelled out.

<Hello!>

The body floated listlessly.

<Hello!> he repeated.

Something was wrong. He didn't want to admit it.

<Hello.>

It was still. Not the stillness of his own form while resting in the water, but truly still. His compatriot lay motionless on the waves, head bobbing. Dead.

<No> - he could not accept it. The body was rigid. The arms like floating reeds.

<No> - he wasn't ready.

<No> - Help. Survive. Help. He did not know who he was calling to, but he rang out into the unknowing expanse:

<God help me>

And God came.

First there was a great wave. A tidal wave. And there was terror, he was almost happy, because it would be ended. Then water filled his lungs, and he choked and sputtered and went underneath, tossing and turning.

But he came up again, and all was still. The body of his companion was gone, and the water returned to its previous state of calm. The waves lapped against his side.

What. Is this? he wondered. A joke? A tease?

At first there was no reply, and then he was answered. Without warning his body rose up, and there was soft land beneath him, pink



and whorled. It was strange and ugly, but beautiful, too. The patterns had an ordered quality, designed with purposeful intent. The ridges and crests beneath him soft and pliant, but firm. And he was in the air, flying.

He had never flown before. He had heard of others who had, but they were not like him. He never thought to desire it, but now, finding himself airborne, it was exhilarating. The water had disappeared. The trees upsurged around him. The world was coming back into bloom.

And he saw the Eye. Only for a moment, but the moment was everything to him. It did not look like any eye he had seen before, but why should the Eye of God? It was his savior: perfect and impossible.

And then he was on solid ground again, at the edge of the plains of White Rock. He could smell the fresh earth nearby. As the water dripped off him, he could see the tall grass in front of him. He was safe, dry, alive.

He felt something stir inside him. An almost-word. Love? No, it was not quite like love. Gratefulness? – almost.

Faith?

The White Rock was behind him. His homelands were ahead, and for the first time he thought about re-treading his steps. He could do something different this season; tell others what he had seen. Life would never be the same, but it would be better, oh so much better. Others must know. And he would tell them! It was his mission.

His legs trembled. His antennae quivered. There was work to be done. Shaking off the last of the water, he crawled swiftly back into the brush.

"Look at him go," Aly said, watching the beetle skitter across the patio. "I thought it was dead."

"Nah," said John, lying on his back in the shallow end. "I saw it moving before. Couldn't let it drown."

"How noble." Aly said, smiling and flicking the skin of the water with her toes.

"No. I just didn't like watching it struggle."

"Everything struggles."

"Uh huh," John said, closing his eyes and letting the water take him. The sun was warm, and the wind on his face tickled his skin. He was neither happy nor sad, but perfectly content.

## DIVORCE

Fused as one body  
for so long that  
I forget where I  
end and you begin  
until you, the right  
half of our brain  
have run off with  
an older  
left side.

In sympathy,  
the left side of our  
face slouches,  
I cannot speak  
without slurring  
and I cannot remember  
how to spell my  
our? name.

this betrayal is baffling.  
bodies are meant to  
stay whole. brains cannot  
simply be cut in  
half. I can only  
analyze. I balanced  
our check book every  
month, did our taxes.  
wrote down every argument  
we had in first-order  
logical notation. recorded all  
your contradictions. it was

up to you to  
feel for us both.  
to write our songs  
about tomatoes and scrambled

eggs. to paint  
portraits, our  
mostly our  
to blow  
seven hundred dollars  
twenty-two cents  
we didn't have a  
crocodile skin  
it called  
to rearrange the letters  
in our  
to  
on the  
the

our  
landscapes and  
living room.  
and  
because  
lamp and  
to you.  
names and  
finger-paint poems  
walls of  
dishwasher.

your side  
skull  
silence  
do the crossword  
and leave space for  
comments. I have

of the  
is empty and  
shrieks as I  
puzzles  
your twittering  
done

my  
only does  
left side  
times tables,  
costs  
and she  
have the last  
years of  
on file.  
graph your  
it is  
mine  
and she  
my post-it  
and  
past.

research and not  
your new  
not know her  
the upkeep  
twice as much  
does not  
seven  
your breaths  
she cannot  
happiness because  
wrapped in  
has stolen  
notes,  
our

## HEART STRINGS



## THE PICTURE IN THE BASEMENT

It was the year of no birthday cakes, where food was a filthy word, and my father and I could only speak through post-it notes and crossword puzzles. I still remember the weight of the camera. The ambulance was a time machine, the years had only been a month, and my father's face had changed. But I was brave—said *happy birthday* and through the lens I saw that my father had put on his favorite felt hat. Although he couldn't quite smile and the drugs had glazed his eyes so they couldn't quite shine, I snapped the picture anyway and smiled back.

Remembering is like laundry. A blue shirt weighing hard. Deep creased pants set in their ways. I place the picture to be lost once more among the sewing needles and spools of thread. Folding a pair of black socks inward.

# An Ode to the '50s Housewife; Or Go Go Sylvia Plath

Well, I crawled through the woodwork,  
Ate my way through the plaster and plywood,  
And now I am standing here on my two little legs,  
The claws hooked, my tail shifting back and forth  
Like a radar dish, waiting.

I will be the one to scurry through your pantry,  
Eat all the cheese, the macaroni, the black beans, even.  
A hungry bastard, a squirming menace,  
I hear and see all.

The thrown, shattered plates, the red-faced husband,  
The bottles, clear and green and grey, shimmering in the aftermath.  
You will not come home again: your apron wrecked, the curlers in the  
toilet;  
Fallen, destitute.

You will hear me, swat at me through the walls; the traps are meaning-  
less.  
Your bags are packed, the pills in their bottles.  
Give the children some milk and cookies; turn on the oven.

Valium, gasoline, bleach, carbon monoxide:  
All of these are preferable to this glass box  
In which you have found yourself, wanting.  
So, on I go, climbing the pipes, vibrating with the rush of water.  
This is my home sweet home; I chew on a toothpick, watching you  
make  
Your way out.

This is not an end.

## RUBBISH AND NASTIES



## EXTINCTION

Monday  
2:34am

I can't sleep.

I go for a walk. I walk a lot; almost every night. I hate walking. I hate this place. When we – when I first moved here, I loved it; but then, I had other things to be happy about. I have three acres of woods on my property and I know every square inch of it. I hate that. It's entirely too familiar. It feels like I'm in a temporal loop; like I'm reliving the same memories everyday. So many days, now. Today makes one-thousand four-hundred and sixty since it's been like this. I want to be a tourist. I want to be able to say that my real life is somewhere else; I'm just visiting; I can leave.

I'm not well. Anyone could see that by looking at me. I don't need to be told, although there really isn't anyone around to tell me. My condition has taken its toll. I haven't had a restful night's sleep in four years now. Don't misunderstand me, I do sleep, it's just never restful, and I never dream. I've tried every sleep aid, over the counter and prescription, holistic treatments and homespun remedies. Nothing short of hitting my head knocks me out. I stopped trying to cope with it years ago. I don't work anymore, not that it matters. I have too much money as it is. I'm done trying to fix it. At first I thought it would pass, I thought it was a reaction. But now I'm convinced it will not end. This is punishment.

Tuesday

5:17am

I can't sleep.

I've walked already. I watch TV. I watch a lot of TV. There's a re-broadcast of some program about dinosaurs on. Fascinating stuff. I've come to a conclusion about the fate of the dinosaurs, about the extinction. Hubris. It was hubris that killed them, not a comet. It fits almost too perfectly – Sophocles couldn't have written it better. The name of this tragedy is the Cretaceous-Tertiary Extinction Event – I wonder if our apocalypse will be couched in such scientific terms. Let me set the stage: it's sixty-five million years ago, the end of the cretaceous period. The world is warm, the seas are high – there's no ice at



either pole. Because of the universal relative heat there's less global wind activity, and thus calmer waters. The air has a much higher oxygen content than what we breathe today. Everything is abundant. Some of the largest creatures to ever exist arise in this period – food must have been bountiful. The bio-diversity of the earth is at an unprecedented peak – and then what happens? From the heavens a 100,000,000 megaton chunk of catastrophe punches a hole through the western hemisphere. Tidal waves punish every shore. In the east, monstrous volcanic activity vomits hot lava over the landscape and belches ash and smoke to the sky. A thick layer of smog and debris block the sun for years. No more sunny afternoons. The earth is cracked and burning in total darkness. Photosynthetic organisms wilt from lack of sun. Herbivores have no plants to eat and die. Carnivores have no herbivores to eat and die. Massive extinctions occur all over the globe, and when the smoke clears, no more dinosaurs. No more giant, fantastic reptiles. No, the survivors of the long winter were much more low-key – but evolution never stops. It keeps going until disaster, cyclically. Man, in his mindless complexity, is poised to incur the same wrath that descended upon the terrible lizards... I guess...I'm losing my point.

Wednesday

3:57am

I can't sleep.

I'm walking, and smoking. She hated my smoking. I hate these woods. I want to see these trees splinter; burst into ash. I want to see a meteor crack open the roof of my home like an aluminum can. See the ground quenched with canopy-high basalt floods. See the moon and stars blotted out by a blanket of – I drop my cigar – whatever. Imagining such things is the closest I get to dreaming, and keeps my mind off of some rather unpleasant memories – memory. Still, the fresh air is better than staring at the walls in my big, expensive, empty house on another lonely, dreamless night.

Thursday

11:44am

I slept.

It was the greatest night I've had in a thousand, four-hundred and sixty-three days. I slept for hours, uninterrupted. I slept, and I

dreamed. I had the most wonderful dream anyone has ever had. It was so vivid; I thought it must've been real. I could feel the heat, smell the smoke. I was in bed, and everything was on fire – the curtains, the floor, the ceiling. It was really impressive. I thought it was the end, finally; Quaternary-\_\_\_\_?\_\_\_\_ Extinction Event. I'm not really sure who would get to name the next period; roaches I guess. I was so sure it was real, I was happy.

When you sleep, most outside stimuli is incorporated into your dream. This is why people can sleep through fires. The only sense really capable of bringing you out of your trance is sound – why smoke detectors work, when they do. When I awoke to find my bedroom completely intact, I can't describe to you the disappointment I felt; but it was short-lived. I finally dreamed again. It had to mean something. She always said our dreams mean *something*. I think this dream meant forgiveness. Why else would she send me a dream like this? It must be a message; I don't have to suffer this anymore. I can let it go.

Friday

5:11am

I can't sleep,

But that's alright. For the first time in so long I'm actually awake. I've been given a gift. I've been given an exit. I lit my cigar and held the wood match up to my curtain. It went up pretty quickly. Old houses like these, it doesn't take much to set the whole place alight. I kissed a picture of her before I climbed into bed. I hadn't been able to bring myself to look at it again until today. Watching the fire spread had me thinking – how ironic that Empyrean Heaven and lowest hell are both endless flames. And now all I've to do is close my eyes and dream sweetly.

# SUNSPOTS IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE SCAPEGOAT



## SKI MASKS AND KNEE CAPS

Listen...you need to order some Trim Spa; buy some Stackers; just get something," K.C. said, mentally tallying the Memorial Day crowd.

"If you don't work off those pounds I'll lose customers; K.C. doesn't like losing customers; customers don't like pints from unattractive girls. D'you understand what I'm saying?" he said, watching Hanna's six-G tits tease the men on barstools.

K.C. owned the Tun Tavern. He only hired girls. Every bartender at the "The Tun" was female. The only males he hired were the Mexicans elbows deep in steam or chiseling patty fat from the grill.

The "Tun Girls" were his girls. K.C's girls.

It was humid for late July. There hadn't been a breeze off the ocean for days. The flags were listless; the insects exuberant. Cobalt sparks spat from the mosquito lamp humming on the neighbor's porch.

"I'm next." She hugged her knees. "I won't get with him so he's gonna fire me. Like, you don't even realize, when K.C.'s not getting laid heads roll. A manager got fired because he kept trying to fuck her and she kept shooting him down."

"He followed me to my car tonight after we closed." She swatted a gnat. "He says the sleaziest shit- like that we should get a room at Caesars and that his wife won't find out. How disgusting is that! He's married! His kids are teenagers! And if you shoot him down he throws a tantrum. Then he gets pissed and you get fired."

"K.C.'s come on to every girl in The Tun; it's why he only hires pretty girls."

"He's already in the middle of a trial," she snapped, "It's the third time! He got off both other times. He's best friends with the judge. It doesn't matter if he's guilty or if it's true, he knows he'll never be charged! So if I got fired why the hell would I want to take him to court?"

"It's pointless." Hadean blue sparks glinted in her eyes; a moth flew too close to the flames. "It wouldn't make a difference."

This wasn't the first time she had cried.

"He's untouchable."

There were four of us.

We took B.A.'s Explorer. It was arsenic grey. The windows were stygian.

The cherry of my cigarette seethed in the passenger window.

In the back Faceman spiraled athletic tape up the shaft of the Louisville.

Murdock wove strips through the finger holes of the Knuckles.

A chain rattled in the trunk when we hit a pothole. It clanged with the hollowness of a tolling-bell when the crowbar rolled into it.

Passing outlet stores we parked in the lot adjacent to the tavern. The city never replaced the bulbs of the streetlamps.

I flicked my cigarette over the passenger side mirror when he came out.

We pulled down our ski masks.

Unhurriedly quiet, we circled the car, exiting the shadows two feet from him.

His mouth opened but shock had seized his breath

Can't breathe...

Can't scream.

The Louisville was a momentary blur; it struck with the sound of an ax meeting a tree.

I never felt a shiver up the spine of the bat as K.C.'s knee cap exploded into fragmentized vacuity.

He hadn't crumbled to the ground before Murdock was hauling off on him. Steeled fist met face in geysers of blood. With every haymaker K.C.'s head rebounded off the asphalt.

B.A.'s crowbar buried two ribs in a grave of internal obscurity.

With a flick of the wrist Faceman dealt K.C. an innocuous ball-tap. It hinted at the answers to the questions undoubtedly to run through his head. It was a reminder: there's always worse.

Circled around K.C., I crouched close.

"No one's untouchable."

# SURREALISM ON PARADE



## PARADISE FROM A CLOCK

hands up and palms down  
Product complete, the remains  
dissected in bins.  
Warm antiqued smell, ticking din  
gears and cogs, rough aging man

## THE FIFTH

I want frozen winter mornings  
That cling to the skin and need warming  
By fires in places far away

Greek islands with honeyed moons  
That hang high in night skies  
Complete with golden archers who  
Aim for the stars

I wish for quiet company who laughs  
Until lying, crying, deaf ears are falling  
Empty glasses where wine lingers for  
One last kiss, sip, missed  
Opportunities that clench the fist

Green with envy of the air slowly exhaled  
In former ever ending friendly goodbyes  
An enemy's weapon I pocketed  
As water dripped down your torso  
Down the stairs, down the street  
And out of an uninviting arm

Now only butterfly wings grace my presence  
With pleasantries and present dreams  
I dream of packed backs traced with fingertips  
Not belonging to me. Of chased fates  
And praises sung out of key and in rhythm  
My innocence is innate but secrets kept silent  
Trouble only she who harbors.

Clean, I'm coming, only for one  
An outlined image of trying times and pounded  
Hours spent running. Breath caught, never  
Am I alone, but heart-held solitude knows my  
Every curve, every word, spoken gently



Into warmed satin that comforts and caresses  
Me in the morning. I own the only morning  
My eyelashes will ever greet gladly, until...

Times change, she tells me. Take care of your  
Self, hurt, love. Lovely am I to behold  
But never held are my wings again,  
Longing to fly from Florence to a coast  
So blue that only eyes can capture  
Only I can hold until knuckles whiten  
And cheeks flush pinkish  
So much beauty, I touch with hands  
Grasped roughly by moons that pass and comfort  
My palms crease quickly over an encore presentation.

## MINOR MIRACLES



## APPLE BIT

The summer and its sun are setting as we drive down the part of Pennsylvania that could be confused with a part of Alabama except maybe for those mountains on the left. This time is ours for lingers and pauses so we can roll onto grainy shoulders of empty roads with grassy elbows of earth that bend up into apple orchards as structured and sensible as the alphabet. But while apples rot and fall to soft earth, letters do not rot. The occasional H or P does fall, silent, but apples never fall silent. A slight thud like half a heartbeat, one last pump of juice before the soil's repossession.

Windows down, we climb through fields scratching the ankles of the Appalachians. The apples with which we fill our pockets have already fallen, so that our act is not stealing, but salvation. They will disappear like contracted letters, punctuating their graves with black apple seeds. We climb until we can see the sun setting, fearing farmers with shotguns shooting kids with cameras shooting apples like William Tell, apples that sometimes fall but never fall silent from trees in alphabetical order.

## MOVEABLE FEAST

There is basil outside, and basil in the fridge besides, wilted, but still for your purposes perfectly fine. Grind the little arrowhead between your teeth, the sting and balm settling on your tongue and in the dark corners of your breath. Make no eye contact. Let the leaves like velvet amass in your fist, the scent on your palms and on your stained fingertips for days.

A crescent of onion paper, curled, langours vain and defiant on the garage floor. "Someone" it taunts "has been peeling onions in the middle of your fucking garage." Textured Vegetable Destrudo, a silent Brooklyn accent. "It wasn't you and it sure as hell wasn't anyone you know." An ant, matte black, clambers over the curve of its ridge, finds tenuous purchase on the brown grooves of its skin. "And how does that make you feel?"

Take your big knives, your little knives with toothy edges, your humble, shark-shaped middling knives, chop the basil in meaty clumps, pile the offering in bowls, on plates, and when those run out, on the counter and spilling onto the floor, crawling over wood-panel siding, creeping into the high spice cup-boards. Breathe in the flag of this invisible annexation, nearly faint (nearly) at the spicy reek of the green stains on your hands and butcher's apron. Begin to make plans. *Yeah. We'll put it on pizzas. Pastas, sandwiches, that'll be good, marinate it with some chicken, some pineapple juice,* in fact bring some birds in right now and start lopping heads, plucking feathers. Tonight you will leave the question unanswered, you will snooze thoughtless under a verdant coverlet.

In your dreams, the basil will hold your hand, smudge its sweet and bitter cologne all over your sleeves, its crispness will fill your throat like pesto, your nose, your entire body. It will edit out your question marks, shrivel in the heat of the oil and lay its ghost like a shroud over the kitchen, over all of your doubts. Sometimes, though, the flutter of your eyelids gives you away, you awake on the cool of the garage floor among the ants and empties, drunk and bewildered, knowing what you are.

An onion without its skin.

## DEATHBED

Dusk - purple-bruise  
Horizon, slowly sinking  
Pool, bleeding yellow  
Broken trails of mournful,  
Departing twilight orange.



## JULY 17TH

Last night, through muffled breathing and wheezing,  
I slept above you on a rickety bunk and read my book  
Not thinking about anything but you.

This morning you woke me and my eyes took in  
The peachy, early morning light that fell into your arms  
And I was jealous because that is my spot.

Last Sunday we sat in a maroon booth facing each other,  
Sipping bitter decaf coffee (you) and plain lemon tea (me)  
And I held back the tears because I was embarrassed.

A month and two days ago our world almost ended  
(At least that's how I felt)  
And yet you took it in stride and hid behind those two blue stars.

Today I clawed at you through my clean laptop screen  
Into yours which has a crack on the upper right-side  
And you mechanically checked off another box next to my name.

Two weeks ago I revisited my horror and you were with me,  
Your hand on my leg the entire time you were driving...  
But I can't figure out if it's your calculated indifference

Or my stubborn selfishness which is making that schism bigger.

# E LINE





## SUB ATOMIC ROMANCE

When you get down to the subatomic level, where proton and neutrons and electrons spend their eternal days orbiting and bouncing about, you will find that nothing really touches. The protons and neutrons may huddle together, bound by forces that are unseen to all but themselves, but they do not touch. And the electrons certainly never even come close. Their lives are lonely ones, spent rocketing about and forever being repelled from their own kind.

There is a time just before I fall asleep, when I dream but am very much aware that I am doing so. And for the past month, I have been dreaming of a boy. It is a short dream, it consists only of me lying in bed and seeing someone standing over me. He is so vivid to me, that I am certain that I have seen him somewhere before. He looks at me as a father looks at a sleeping child, with love and devotion in his face. I dream of people often, people I have never met and people from my distant past, but this boy seems to haunt me. He has appeared before me each night, reaching out to stroke my hair but the hand never reaches the top of my head. The dream never ends, never comes to a conclusion, and so I must continue to repeat it each night as I drift off into slumber.

My friend thinks I'm losing it.

"I think this means something" I say.

"Maybe it's just a dream," she replies while stirring sugar into her tea, "maybe he's just a figment of your imagination."

"But figments don't reappear every night. They come and go. He stays. Maybe he's real, and he's dreaming of me as well."

"I think you're just projecting your loneliness onto this dream man. You want him to be real because that would mean that you're not so alone."

I tell her I think I need to find friends who aren't philosophy majors, and she doesn't say another word about it.

But she has a point. I do want him to be real, I want him to dream of me doing the same thing each night. I want him to wonder about me; wonder who I am and why he sees me as he falls asleep. Because it would prove to me that I am not so alone, that my days spent in

solitude are not spent in vain. There would be proof of some divine plan, that my life isn't just a series of dull days punctuated by moments of interest, that instead my life has purpose. That my life has some sort of tangible meaning.

When you move a step beyond the realm of sub atomic particles, to a place where you could see the sum of these parts, again you would see that they do not touch. The electron's negative charge causes it to rocket away from any other negative charge, really any other electron. This field exists in everything everywhere. So as you sit in your chair reading this essay, your rump and thighs are not resting on plastic or wood or cloth. They are, in fact hovering just above it. When you go home, your house key will not touch the tumblers as it slides into the lock. And when you hold someone, when you kiss them, at the most basic level of matter, your lips will never meet.

We sat next to each other in a movie theater on our second date. My eyes looked shiny in the dim light, and his face looked so full and handsome. I twisted the ring on my index finger as I spoke of dull days in school and at work, and he spoke of literature and his family. Without breaking away from my eyes, he reached out and touched my hand, stopping the fiddling. I had never felt hands so cold before. Stunned by the sudden and intimate act, I briefly paused in my mundane monologue.

"Relax," he said in quiet soothing tones, "you always get so nervous when we go out."

I smiled back and allowed him to kiss me during the movie. He was my first real boyfriend.

Our relationship had the life span of a fruit fly, and about the same interest to it too. Things ended shortly after that, due to our polar beliefs about life in general. He thought that drinking half a bottle of vodka was a good way to spend a Saturday night, and I did not. He thought his body was gluttonous, and I felt that anorexia was not a great weight management method. For a while I thought I was in love with him, but I was really in love with the idea that I was no longer alone. I could never get over the fact the his hands were always so cold, because when we touched it never felt like we were really touching at all.

Electrons do not live complicated lives. This is mostly helped by the

fact that they are not even alive to begin with. They spend endless days zipping through space with no regard for their neighbors, the weather, or time itself. They do not think, so they are unaware of the forces acting upon them, or the fact that they live eons away from their neighbors. They are unaware that they have existed since before time began and that they will out live all the stars, even our own. They do not know love, or fear, or even know of their own existence. It might be nice to live a life that is not even a life. To have been a part of the greatest elements, to have existed as one of many in the body of someone great, to have been the subject of the experiments of Rutherford or Calvin. That would be such a fascinating life, though lonely, and you would never know it. They say that ignorance is bliss.

I wrote him a few months back. He slowly stopped sending e-mails after that last date, breaking the promise that we wouldn't lose contact. I was concerned; concerned that he had been drinking too much, concerned that he had stopped writing the poetry he used to send me, concerned that he had just given up.

A week ago I began to dream of the boy again, his figure looming above me as I feel asleep one cold January night. I had not expected him to return, and was pleased to find that he did each night. What does this mean, I find myself asking once again. Will he always follow me, leaving only when I have found someone to hold me? Maybe he is the sign, the signal that there is a love out there awaiting me. For now he is the one romantic figure in my life, the only affectionate one I have seen in some time. I do not care if he is real or not, but what matters is the fact that he cares for me. Though the hand of the phantom may never reach the crown of my head, and I may never find out who this boy is, I can at least know that someone, somewhere in the reaches of space, cares about me. We may be separated by vast distances, but the distance between the unknown and is really no further than the distance between my hands and the keys that I am typing.

## THE ROARING BULL



## WORDS

I know how they feel  
On tongues,  
Like concerned breath.  
Arching at the back  
Lightly pressing toward  
Teeth  
Drying out  
Mouths  
Slowly  
Closing.  
Brush of finger  
A breath.  
Shoulders and chest  
Raise

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I am spring-mixed, half-peeled,  
and spiral-dancing between days and  
old ladies with walkers, clutching their smiles  
between teeth with envious tenacity –  
I tongue trip around the edges of words,  
trying to define this vague something  
resting defiantly between their lips and my fingertips.

## CHILD IN PLAZA



## OF SILHOUETTES AND DOMINOES

After awhile, everything starts blending together. Sweat and spiced rum drip from the counter into a puddle on the floor, adding to the sticky mess you step over on your way out the door every morning. The daily paper is piling up in the corner of your kitchen - four years worth of ignored sports sections with coffee stains, and you're getting more than a little tired of saving every miniscule piece of your life. You begin to tell yourself that if you keep saving every little thing, and play hero for every slightly broken girl you meet, eventually one of them will have the power to save you in return. Of course, this might happen a little sooner if you could remember their names. Obviously, in a world where parents can no longer explain the birds and the bees to their children with that good old phrase "Well son, when a man and a woman love each other...", that's not the easiest thing. It's not like half the country needs to know the name of the person they're going to bed with anymore. It's a lot easier to duck out of their apartment the morning after and rush back to your minimum wage job before you get canned and move along to the next face you don't recognize, the next boss you hate, the next body you step over to get out of the house every morning.

Sooner or later, you can't keep track of the seasons, or daylight. Everything blends together under the fluorescent light bulb you use to keep yourself sane. You don't want to admit it, but slowly, the realization that every crumb of knowledge you've collected up till now is going to fail you. Between scraps of paper that tell you the best places to stake out when you're lonely in Chicago and an untouched copy of *The Bell Jar*, your weakness is turning into slightly more than an inability to talk to the people standing next to you on the subway. Thirty years of regrets and peanut butter are stuck to the roof of your mouth. Eventually, they won't notice you. You and your mud-stained Doc Martens from a leftover nineteen-nineties obsession you never managed to shake off.

You've acquired a fear of vanity, clinging to your pseudo self-deprecation. It's not what you believe, it's just what you've been shown. When you do speak, you spew fragments that start and stop from a tongue that used to quote Yeats and Joyce under your breath at any given moment. You've lost your affinity for description. What used to turn up as six pages explaining a ten second frame of time has become



two incoherent sentences about an unimportant moment because you've lost your talent for noticing details.

Or that's all that you'll let on. But if someone were to go through your desk and comb through your sketchbooks there's pages upon pages of the way it felt to comb your fingers through her hair. A second by second account of your last night together that you spent counting the freckles down her back after she'd already fallen asleep. Before all the others, before the liquid poison, before the overwhelming silence. I remembered the entire ink-blurred page of you not remembering the color of her eyes, but I promise you, I promise I will remember for you. Her eyes are green, her name is Grace, and she left you. That's all you need to know. These are the facts that you cannot escape. You have no secrets. You have sold them all to the man who hides his patience between slivers of the souls of trees. Oh, but you never did like metaphors. I'm talking about paper, John, and I'm talking about the rest of your life. The rest of your life that will continue to repeat from midnight to mid-morning for the next forty-something years. You're the modern-age brothers of Joseph, selling your childhood into slavery. Your mind creates divine tragedies in your every nightmare. In truth, I'm tired of watching you wake up with sweaty palms and chattering teeth every time you swear you feel her beside you.

This is all I've ever wanted, John. I've burned myself into the grey matter that you've wasted away on coffee and alcohol. My name is Grace, John, and I'm inside every breath you take. You told me so many times that you swore I was a part of you. And I am, sweet darling, I am. I'm the tension in your heartstrings. I'm your carbon monoxide. I'm your ghost. I don't know which one of us chose this, that night on the pier. I just want you to know that the water was warm, and I'm feeling alright. When everything starts blending together, this is all you need to know.

## THE RAVING

Once upon a storm swept night,  
    in dancing, glowing fire light  
        soggy Poe in two hands  
            hands on face at ten

Father's photos on the wall  
    in the kitchen, through the hall.  
A noble leader of ten lynchings,  
    humble hater of all finches

Then, from night to haven  
    boldly came a raven  
Came swiftly through  
    an opened door

Quote he did not  
    "Nevermore!"

Perched he atop  
    withered grandfather clock,  
and simply called  
    "Caw"

"Bird, you disrupt my reading  
    with your pleading.  
Should not you be outside feeding  
    and breeding?"

To this he called  
    "Caw"

And I replied  
“Bah!”

“Ravens,  
you are all alike  
your language confuses  
your beaks, they bite!”

To this he called  
“Caw”

And I replied  
“Bah!”

“Ravens,  
you filch our resources.  
Come now be docile,  
like lame horses.”

To this he called  
“Caw”

And I replied  
“Bah!”

“Ravens,  
stealers of medicine.  
Fly away now,  
who let you in!?”

To this he called  
“Caw”

And I replied  
    “Bah!”

“Repent, raven!  
    Reverse your ravings,  
        or my fire and wraith  
            shall wreck thee!

To this he called  
    not  
but simply sat  
    and thought.

In a fit of rage  
    that did send me  
And so soon learn would he  
    To resent me

“Raven  
    I shall take thee  
to court.  
    Do not retort!”

So I took him to a judge  
    and he felt the law.  
His whole defense?  
    “Caw”

Well, he died in prison  
    old and black.

*Colin Ottinger*

Good riddance,  
he won't be back

Returned I to home,  
ten years past  
Old was I,  
tired and crass

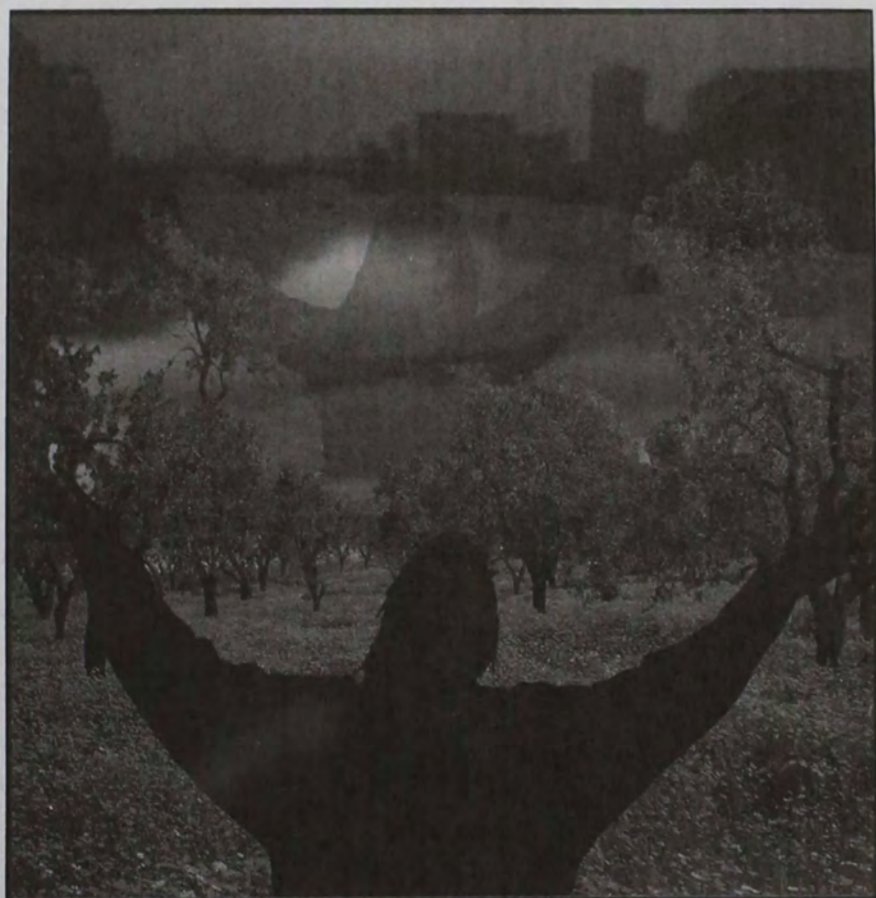
Went I to my Poe  
in front of new fire,  
not one page closer  
to a far away desire

And then a mighty storm  
black from above  
blew open my door,  
and in flew a dove.

Perched he atop  
dead grandfather clock  
and exclaimed  
"Coo"

"Bird, shoo!  
You disrupt my reading  
But nevermore!"

# I COULD TAKE AWAY YOUR SHAKY KNEES



0240-082078

## THE DREAM HATER

You cannot fathom me  
At the core

I have moved across lifetimes in one instant  
What could you offer me now?

Forgo your pledges of diamonds and cosmic dust  
Offer me shards of broken glass

That I could slice my feet open  
And finally wake in cold sweat

## THE MOON ROSE LATE

W e're in the same Denny's we always come to, and they've closed the smoking room for good, so we bite our fingernails as we talk. My brothers and I, we don't talk much.

Ben says, "I don't know," to everything. Sometimes, "I don't care," and checks his watch again and again.

And Eliot hasn't made eye contact with either of us in years.

Eliot, Ben, and I – we lie to each other, to ourselves, to anyone who will listen, because we grew up trying to hide the truth and it's not a habit you shake easily.

One truth is that I grew up with lungs full of smoke from a fire that I don't remember.

Imagine the dusky smell of that smoke and burnt wood. Imagine it everywhere, for the rest of your life. Yeah. That's what it was like.

And you've probably heard the story, it was all over the news – but what you should know is that my brothers and I grew up with ghost stories instead of bedtime stories, and that isn't fair.

I catch whispers in the restaurant kitchen when I'm sixteen, not the first time I've heard someone talk about that night, but the worst – the busboys talk Spanish unafraid because I'm a little white boy, wouldn't understand – about the family with the drunk mother, about us. I balance bowls of soup on my arms and don't look at them. I don't need a disguise: I have my pale skin, my mother's freckles, my father's closed face.

They say, *she was drinking that night, did it on purpose.*

I come home every few years now to meet my brothers at the same diner: Eliot always thinner and taller, like he's being pulled upwards, and Ben fading differently.

We moved apart not accidentally. Stories follow less easily if you separate the characters, we hoped.

Everyone's heard that story, but you should know, I think our mother loved us.

Our mother, her name was Susan, but the song the little girls



sing in their jumpropes goes *Susie, Susie*.

-  
The moon rose late, low and deep orange, the night of the fire.  
This is what Ben says, and when he could he moved to the city,  
where he never sees the moon, anymore.

-  
You should know that what's written all over town, carved into  
desks in the middle school and murmured close in the back of every  
kitchen – you should know that it's just rumors.

The graffiti all over the walls by the train tracks, you should  
know that it's only half true.

Later I will take my drink straight up, and later I will love girls  
who have never been to the midwest at all, who didn't grow up  
anywhere near Kansas. Later I won't love much.

-  
The thing is, we had a sister, once. I was two so I don't  
remember, but Eliot and Ben. Eliot and Ben were six and seven, and  
they do.

-  
Our father who left in two ways, he sent us postcards to the old  
address, and sometimes one of us would come home clutching an  
envelope and we'd open it together, in a closed room somewhere, so  
our mother wouldn't see.

No one rebuilt the house because our mother didn't want it  
done, and you can't see it from the road and she owned that land, so it  
stayed charred, and that is one reason the stories stayed so well.

The mailbox stood at the end of the driveway, by the road, and  
the truth is, I don't know why my mother didn't leave until the firemen  
carried her out.

I don't know why no one called the fire department until the  
roof was already caved in, and I don't know why I didn't get to have the  
sister who lived only a few weeks.

-  
I was antsy not half an hour into the meal, as usual, and ready to  
go – needed a curving road or a setting moon, at least some more  
coffee.

I think we come home to see if people still talk, to see if it's safe  
yet. As long as the remains of the house are still there, as long as our

mother still lives in the house she bought after the first one burnt...

-

We had a sister, once, and my brother, Ben, he carried me out of the burning house. And my father, he was out of town that weekend.

Another thing I was too young to remember is when my dad left for good.

-

The food is bad, and we leave that night, and the moon is high and bright. And the air smells like smoke.

## TREE, THE BIG, VERY OLD ONE IN THE MIDDLE OF CAMPUS

Tree, the big, very old one in the middle of campus is where I sit. I sit facing the old tree, and I stare at the big tree—

I stare until I no longer see the tree.

Roots become a pack of dogs fighting over a carcass. Can't see their faces. Just their bodies, and their ripe hunger. Their rough bark. Chewing, choking, gulping marrow from the bones of time. When we cut off their heads, how many rings will we see? When we cut off their paws, how old will they be?

A phrase or two trickles down my mossy brain, like yellow light filters through green leaves—

I again stare until I forget me.

Looking leafward: knots resemble leopards. They're running to the seam of the sky, learning which among them can first reach the end of the world.

TREE, THE BIG, VERY OLD ONE IN THE  
MIDDLE OF CAMPUS



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## CONTRIBUTORS

**Kristin O'Brassill** is perpetually writing lists in a fashion that will allow her to fully appreciate the satisfaction of crossing off each item on them.

**Brett Celinski** is sharper than a cocaine mirror.

**Chris Curley** begs the question!

**Tim Garay** has unsuccessfully tried to throw himself forward and miss the ground.

**Aaron Garland** is a sophomore and a Jaguar Major specializing in Jaguar Tooth, Rising Jaguar, and Jaguar Revolver, although he's been known to dabble in both Jaguar Kick and Jaguar Assassin.

**Georgia Julius** is irresponsible beyond all measure. She says she thinks it is more important to take advantage of days like today than to write essays that won't matter, but I think maybe she is just lazy. Anyway, her biggest fear is running over a squirrel on her bicycle, and she spends a lot of time wondering what city to move to when she is finished with school. She is open to suggestions. In regards to this magazine, her favorite apples are Gala and she will always miss London. In fact, she will actually always miss everything.

**Josh Krigman** is a world-renowned concert cellist and is locally known for his abstract floral arrangements. His work has been compared to that of Hunter S. Thompson, Salvador Dali, and Cher.

**Liora Kuttler**, in her spare time, owns and operates a moose farm in South Carolina. She finds moose noises eerily relaxing, and records them on CDs.

**Katie LeCours** is a junior English major who loves dinosaurs, wishes she could tap dance, and would wear a cape if it were socially acceptable.

**Pete Lipsi** is a proud member of SOE. He also considers Hunsberger Woods to be a highly dangerous place, and it should be avoided at all costs.

**Johnny Lukacs** laughs more than anyone I have ever met. He loves the beach, the color blue, and Reese's Blizzards. He is trying with all his might to popularize his belief that DANCING IS THE NEW STANDARDING.

**Kerry McCarthy**: awesome since 1986.

**Ivy McDaniels** is a photographer and a pinup artist. She paints beautiful women lifting their skirts in surprise to Luce Irigaray and the lesser-known drama of Appalachia.

Mc-Ghee, Mc-Ghee, **India McGhee** is singing a song, all day long, at Hoooooogwaaarts!

**Jennifer Mingoello** is a generally jaunty gal who misses dodging Limerick hail storms but loves her rain boots in autumn.

In Soviet Russia, bio blurb forgets to write **Ian O'Neill!**

**Megan Ormsby** is a freshmen considering a double major in English and East Asian Studies.

**Colin Ottinger** is a freshman English major who enjoys pairing verbs with nouns to create sentences, badly playing various musical instruments, and referring to himself in first, second and third person. Colin also enjoys living in three dimensions; he is not particularly fond of the fourth.

5 Things You Might Not Know About **Abigail Raymond**:

1. She likes to write lists.
2. She's from the wilds of Vermont.
3. She has a pathological fear of fish.
4. Her favorite word is "parapluie," which is French for "umbrella."
5. All of her favorite jokes are puns.

**Sean Redline** is the type of man who screams when the church bells ring.

**Eric Relvas** is imagining a Portuguese Man-of-War. Somewhere, a Man-of-War is imagining Eric.

**Natalie Rokaski** likes to enjoy the finer things in life: champagne, snoo snoo, and smashing pumpkins (not the band).

Wake up to a hearty, lip-smacking bowlful of nutritious, nourishing **Chris Schaeffer** toasted flakes, the adult cereal that's more crunchy, more tasty, more ummmish. Chris Schaeffer breakfast cereal, the whole-bowl treat! Do not exceed recommended portion at any one meal.

**Louisa Schnaithmann** is a freshman and plans to double major in English and Theatre. She enjoys sad dead Germans, hot tea, and eating. Her ideal death would be getting trampled to death by a stampede of kittens.

**Dan Sergeant** has considered your offer carefully but regrets to inform you that he has elected to die an anarchist's death – like his father, and his father before him.

I heard **Michael Silber** is stone-cold crazy. Ate his own face. What I heard.

**Samuel D. Stahler** is a high-powered mutant of some kind, one of God's own prototypes, never even considered for mass production. Too weird to live, and too rare to die.

Last year, sort of in the tradition of Gertrude Stein, **Dayna Stein** just repeated her name over and over again (Dayna Dayna Dayna Dayna Dayna and so on) but now she thinks perhaps she should emulate a different poet. Perhaps today she will wake up an imagist. So, today she will tell everyone the following: on the table in the kitchen, Dayna Stein is the crack in the tea cup. Honeyed tea dripping out. Soggy paper full of rings.

**MaryKate Sullivan** is a loon.

**Dani Tatsuno** is surprised you're reading this.

**Heather Turnbach** is a motivational speaker. She does not, however, live in a van down by the river. She prefers her private Villa en Firenze.

**Marjorie Vujnovich** is typing this from the computer of a girl she doesn't know that well, which is awkward - but she didn't want Dan to have to write this - ooh, I love this song, "Let's get lost tonight, you can be my black Kate Moss tonight..." - will this present a copyright issue?

**Tori Wynne** is a stress-baker. Visit her during finals time for a delicious treat.



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# PATRONS

Chris Aiken  
Blanche Allen  
Beth Bailey  
Laura Borsdorf  
Ginny Bradley  
Karla Busch  
Donald Camp  
Hugh Clark  
Margie Connor  
Kneia DaCosta  
Robert Davidson  
Ellen & Robert Dawley  
Juan Ramón de Arana  
Carol Dole  
Ross Doughty  
Lynne Edwards  
Delwyn Engstrom  
Becky Evans  
Mary B. Fields  
Roger Florka  
John French  
Francis Fritz  
Thomas Gallagher  
Sloane Gibb  
Ed Gildea  
Kate Goddard  
Walter Greason

Wendy Greenberg  
Winfield Guilmette  
Lisa Hanover  
Cindy Harris  
Dallett Hemphill  
Eileen Hughes  
Rebecca Jaroff  
Nzadi Keita  
Yvon Kennon  
April Kontostathis  
Matthew Kozusko  
Carolyn Kratz  
Judith Levy  
Joyce Lionarons  
Richard Liston  
Annette Lucas  
Naomi Manon  
Bob McCullough  
Matthew Mizenko  
The Myrin Library  
Debbie Nolan  
Frances Novak  
Regina Oboler  
Heather O'Neill  
Phyllis Osisek  
Paulette Patton  
Heather Potts

Bev Redman  
Carla Mollins Rinde  
Melissa Sanders  
Pete & Nancy  
Scattergood  
Gregory Scranton  
Diane Skorina  
Peter Small  
Kevin, Kirsten and  
Sash Small & the  
Ursinus Men's  
Basketball Family  
Kelly Sorensen  
John & Trudy  
Strassburger  
Delia Tash  
Victor J. Tortorelli  
The Ursinus College  
Football Team  
Jon Volkmer  
Richard Wallace  
Carolyn M. Weigel  
Gregory Weight  
John Wickersham  
Sally Widman  
Cathy Young  
Philip Zwerling

Ursinus College Literary Magazine  
<http://webpages.ursinus.edu/lantern>