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Zephyr: The Nineteenth Issue

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ZEPHYR

19th Issue
spring 2018

the university of new
england's
journal of artistic
expression



Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every Zephyr;
Ne-er a verse to thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ZEPHYR

THE NINETEENTH ISSUE / SPRING 2018

the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

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Migration - Sydney E. Rosenthal

A DEDICATION

This nineteenth edition of *Zephyr* is dedicated to each and every one of our contributors; past, present, and future.

Without your creativity, your work, and your continued support, this magazine would not exist. We are lucky here at the University of New England to have such a welcoming community where the artistic works of students, faculty, staff, friends, and family can be valued and shared.

Thank you!
Zephyr Staff



Cozumel, Mexico- Chantal J. Avard



Mushroom - Faith Paglierani



Mama Cramer - Michaela J. Kenward

Our Due

Linda Labbe

Not sure how to tell you, or what you will do
It's not something we've talked about, me and you
She whispered softly into his ear
Then she looked up kind of anxious, but also in fear
 His heart started racing
She could hardly breathe
 He sat for a moment, gently brushed her sleeve
What was he thinking, oh what would he say
Let him be glad, she began to pray
 He swept her up, his heart filled with pride
 As if he just got it, his eyes opened wide
 He said I've got one little question
 'Before he could say'
 She told him, "Sweetheart, we're due on Father's Day"



Broken Down - Jordan Morrison-Nozik



The Busker - Jillian Robillard

Beach Ballet

Sydney E. Rosenthal

I did ballet for 10 years of my life

I'm only 22 so that's about half

But the last time I did a pirouette before tonight?.... I can't remember

Sometimes I catch myself doing a balance in the kitchen

Side to side, rocking

My mother used to yell at me for doing grand jetes through our dining room

“You'll hurt yourself! Take that outside!”

Years later that's where I find myself

On the cloudiest night of the season

Pondering when a cloud came over me

Because the thing about depression is you don't realize you're depressed until the clouds have lifted

In they rush unnoticed, a hurricane fueled by what?

The eye lingering, circling back, again and again

And the highs of depression

No.

They aren't highs

They're just shady days.

Appropriate for a picnic but the rain comes back

When did my grand jetes turn to jetes and then disappear completely?
How did I not realize it was happening?
Last night I ran into a pole and nearly had to get stitches
And maybe my brain was out of alignment because I woke up this morning
and there wasn't a cloud
I didn't even know there was a cloud
No, not a cloud, more obvious, a storm
So I find myself on the cloudiest night of the season, looking up at the sky
feeling gratefully confused
Frustrated by how incredible I feel but scared because of fear that it is
temporary
Next time, will I know a storm is approaching?
I realize that the salt I have been tasting isn't the sea
And I leap
Bon Iver in my ears I choreograph a dance, the waves my backup dancers
My dog as my audience I double pirouette
No applause
No applause needed
This feeling is enough



Crashing Waves - Chantal J. Avard



Biddeford Mills - Jessica L. Stumper

In a Park

Kyle A. Sillon

Midnight blue maple leaves
In autumn, and released
crimson ascension.



Crows - Faith Paglierani



Great Inagua - Michaela J. Kenward



Don't Look at Me - Chantal J. Avard



After the Rain - Linda Labbe

Marlie J. Perkins

And then the entire planet erupted in flames. That was how the film shown in Tesla's Wilderness class ended that afternoon. The professor switched the lights back on and the students who had used the period as naptime groggily twitched back to life. "What do we think?" Dr. Karr asked the class. For a moment, he only received blank stares until someone threw out the statement "Lil' dark" from the back.

Dr. Karr nodded and scratched his chin, staring down the students the way he did when participation was lack. "It was honest though," Beck said, from his spot next to Tesla. He was lounged back in his chair like he was on vacation at the beach, his left arm draped over the back of Tesla's chair and his thumb casually rubbing her shoulder.

"We can't all read your mind Beck, please elaborate," Dr. Karr sighed. The entire class was used to Beck's vague responses. He considered himself profound but Tesla had a theory that he pulled every single word he said straight from his ass.

"Well it's true," Beck said slowly, like he was telling the class that the sky was blue. "We've been destroying the planet for centuries and it's too far gone now."

"What's the point of being here if you think that?" Tesla argued, sliding her chair away from him. "Why not be a business major and make a quick buck before the planet falls out from under your feet?"

"Chill, Tess," Beck said with a shrug, "I'm not saying I want things to be that way I'm just saying it's going to happen."

"Alright, who agrees with Mr. Harp?" Dr. Karr asked the class. There were several mumbles and head nods. Tesla looked around at her classmates in awe and violently shook her head. "Don't worry Tesla, I can tell you disagree" Dr. Karr said, holding out his hand, signaling for her to speak.

"Yeah, I disagree!" Tesla exclaimed. "I mean obviously the science is a

little... disturbing. But why would I be trying to save the world if I thought it was a lost cause?"

The allotted time for the class must have been about up, because there was a severe amount of rustling and zipping and the majority of the students all but sprouted wings and flew out of the room.

"We will continue this discussion on Thursday!" Dr. Karr roared over the rumble of restless students, who then all jumped up and paraded out of the room.

Tesla took her time quietly packing her noteBoard and ThinkPen into her bag. Beck was waiting outside of the classroom, his body spewed lazily against the wall and a Euphorette already stuck between his teeth. He was waiting to casually run his fingers across Tesla's lower back as she strode by.

"Can you not?" she said, failing to keep her usual candy-tone.

"Why are you so salty today?" Beck rolled his eyes and lit his Euphorette.

"Can you at least wait until we're outside? I don't like the way those smell."

"Alright, its not 2001, these are totally safe and you know that. Plus, you lit up with me like two nights ago so stop being a hypocrite."

"Wasn't me, must've been your other girlfriend," Tesla was about to sprint out the front door and let it slam down on Beck's head when she was grabbed from behind.

"Hey guys!" Ricky exclaimed, out of breath. "Are we still good to go to the Green today to collect our samples?"

Beck lit his Euphorette and gave a sideways glance to Tesla.

"Yeah," Tesla answered, trying to restore her perky attitude, "I'll grab the sample tubes and meet you guys at the car in an hour?"

"Works for me!" Ricky said, "Hey Beck, you got another Euphorette?"

Each city was separated by 10 square miles of undeveloped nature called the "Green." Animals presumably lived in the Green and tree

cuttings were taken for the buildings' air filters. The city Green was also where Wilderness students went to do research on animal presence and air quality, but then again they didn't have many options.

"I hope we got enough scat samples," Tesla said as she put the bag in the backseat of the car.

"I'm not convinced those pellets we found actually came from animals," Ricky said as he slid in opposite to the bag, leaving Tesla to another awkward car ride of avoiding conversation with Beck.

"Dr. Karr won't even know," Beck turned the ignition and the car groaned to life.

Tesla didn't even consider arguing with him, she hated fights. Probably one of the reasons Beck liked being around her so much, he hated to lose. Beck hammered the pedal to the floor, lurching the car up towards its top speed. Tesla rolled her eyes but didn't panic; there were hardly ever any other cars out here. Annoyed, she turned to look out the window, just in time to see the herd of deer hurdling their bodies straight at the car. At the last second, a buck leapt over the car, his hooves barely an inch from Tesla's window. Several does didn't even try to jump, they slammed their bodies into the hood of the car and then dove back into the forest. One deer jumped the car and then kicked out with its hinds, shattering the glass of the driver's window. Beck slammed on the brake pedal and the car's computer responded by gradually slowing and putting itself in park on the side of the road. Smoke began rising from the hood.

"Beck!" Tesla cried, now she was panicking. Beck lifted a hand to his face; he was bleeding but apparently glass free. The "shatter-proof" glass had broken into three large pieces and had all fallen outside of the car. Tesla unbuckled herself and perched on the seat next to him, carefully examining him and repeating "You're okay, you're okay."

"Guys, we really have to get out of here," Ricky said from the backseat, staring out at the smoke rising from the front of the car.

"Hey, I'm alright," Beck said quietly to Tesla, taking her shaking hands in his and attempting to smile. "Let's get out of here."

The three anxiously exited the car and stood back to examine the

damage. The car looked as if a giant had attacked it with a batting ram. “Man... those deer didn’t even jump....” Ricky said under his breath, rubbing the back of his head.

“You guys, when was the last time someone actually saw a deer at this Green?” Tesla asked, feeling a weird combination of excitement and terrified shock.

“Good point,” Beck said, completely missing Tesla’s reaction, “they probably just haven’t seen a car in so long they didn’t know to avoid it.”

“Whatever man, I’m just happy we aren’t all dead. C’mon, there’s definitely a shortcut if we walk through the Green,” Ricky announced, heading into the trees.

“Dude, are you crazy?” Beck argued, “we’ll get lost.”

“Nah man, there’s definitely walking paths in there that will bring us back to the city.”

“Do you actually know anyone who walks out here?” Beck continued to argue.

“No but we’re eight miles out and it’s going to get dark soon so I’m liking the odds,” Ricky strode off into the forest.

“Do you think he hit his head?” Beck muttered to Tesla, squeezing her shoulders.

“See, I told you there would be a trail,” Ricky muttered as the three students collapsed out of the bush onto the somewhat plant-free dirt path.

“Yeah thanks genius you really saved us a lot of time and energy,” Beck snapped at him, examining all of the scratches on his arms.

“Shh!” Tesla exclaimed, waving at Beck to stop.

“Alright seriously Tess what’s your problem today? If you could stop being a flaming bitch I’d really--” Beck was cut short as Tesla threw her hand over his mouth, looking up at the sky and motioning for him to do the same. The forest had suddenly become alive with noise: chirps, chattering, squeaks, and squeals. Beck carefully took Tesla’s hand in his and moved it away from his mouth. “Birds?” he whispered. Tesla nodded and

squeezed his hand.

A raptor swooped down from a tree and grazed Tesla's hair with its talons before shooting up above the trees. The three students gawked up after it; no one had seen a wild bird for at least a couple years. Hundreds of birds began erupting from the trees, they formed massive dark cloud moving with motive into the sky. In the distance, a plane came into view, gradually flying lower and lower, presumably preparing to land at the JetPort in the City. "Oh my God," Ricky whispered under his breath as the dark mass of beak and talon hurtled across the sky toward the aircraft. In a flash the jet was engulfed into the black swarm and was lost from sight, a moment later it was spinning toward impact.

Tesla turned into Beck and buried her face as he stared in shock up at the sky. The ground shook beneath their feet, but the Green fell once more into quiet.

"What the hell just happened!" Ricky exclaimed, face flushed. Beck grabbed Tesla's hand and began back down the trail, more determined than before.

"Stop!" Ricky yelled. "That wasn't normal! Something is going on here! We have to--"

The forest around them snapped; the ground shook even more violently than before and Tesla screamed as the ground moved out from under her. A large white pine crashed down over the trail, right where Ricky had been standing. His body was swallowed up by the bark of the ancient inhabitant of the Green. A single foot remained visible. It twitched.

Beck began to violently heave from the side of the trail on which he lay. The forest was again thrown back into perfect silence. None of the other trees did so much as quiver. There was no wind, no movement of any sort. Tesla quietly rose to her feet and stared at the fallen tree hiding the corpse of her classmate. She crouched in front of Beck as he wiped his mouth and gasped for air. He looked up at her, his eyes betraying something she'd never seen in him: fear.

Light was gradually beginning to fade between the trees.



Saw Whet Owl - Faith Paglierani



Oil Slick - Sydney E. Rosenthal



Silent Woods - Jessica L. Stumper

My Transparent Memory

Rose I. (Paul) Whitton

Soft winds blow,
Across my face.
I walk alone,
In silent grace.

Memories welding,
In my mind.
Of delicate loves,
From past times.

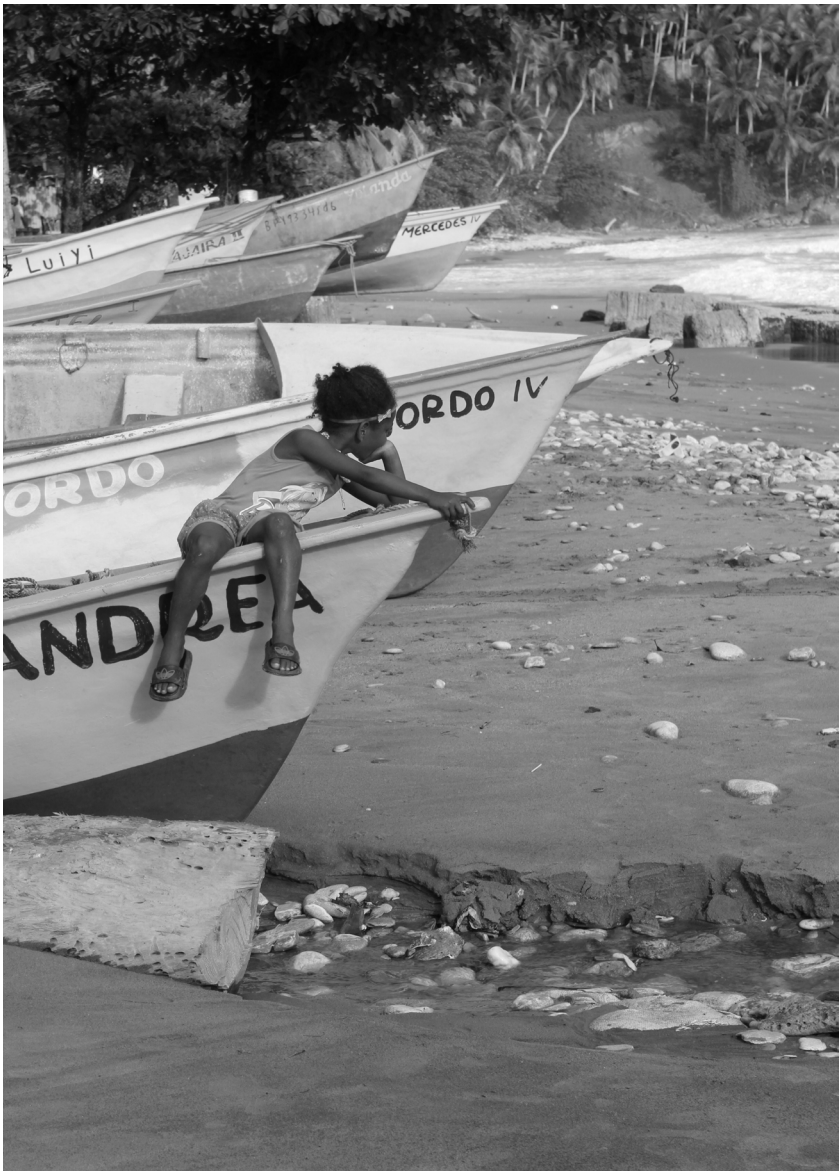
A gold leaf floats,
To sandy dunes.
And you were there,
I felt, I knew.

As spring went on,
And summer gone.
With pleasant memories,
Then must go on.

Strong love floats,
On my lonely sea.
Oh! My sweet ghost,
My transparent memory.



Dodge Truck - Jordan Morrison-Nozik



Longing - Michaela J. Kenward

A Winter's Freeze

Linda Labbe

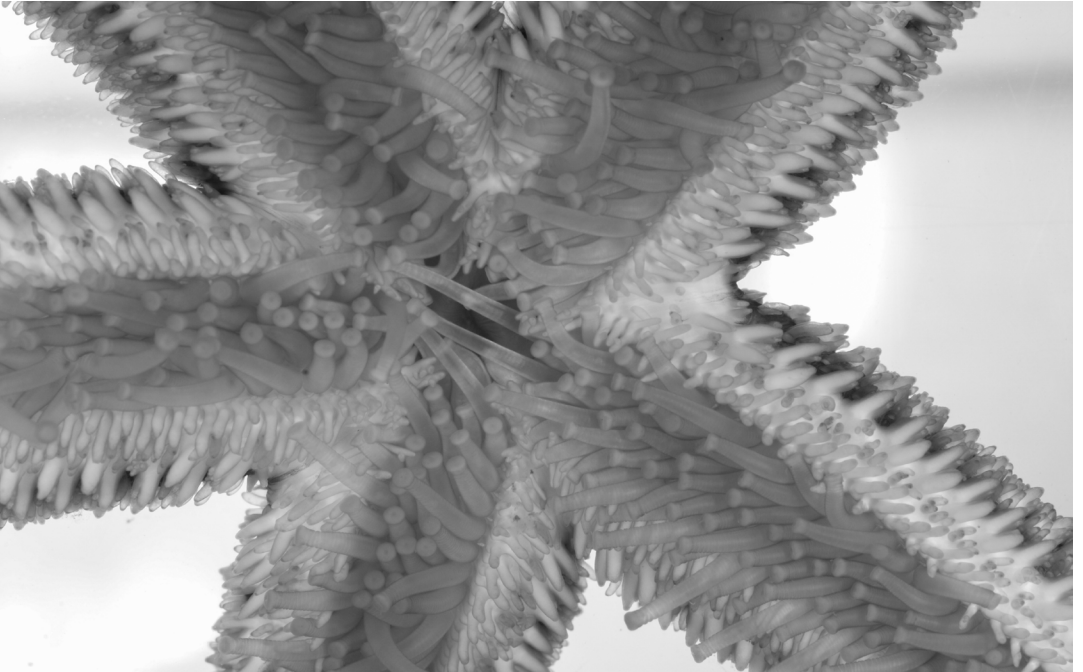
Frost clings to the uncovered trees.
Cold dark night, in a winters' freeze
Inspiration to an artist, known as Jack.
A distant light sends out flickers, to our eyes attract
Those which scatter the light, universe of mine
Heavenly homes where loved ones shine
Darkened, vacant areas in the night sky
Areas, where angels with heavy wings fly.
Some shine still, dull others left behind
Others yet, flicker in danger of going out
Leaving us to wonder what life is all about
Yet this distant light is my only consolation
Illuminates' my loves, in constellation
How can my light endure and shine ever bright
As my universe fades, and dwindles from sight
Frosty art on the window collect, vibrantly, enhance,
Shine my friend, while you have the chance



Fall - Chantal J. Avard



Least Sandpiper Running - Faith Paglierani



Sea Star - Jessica L. Stumper



True North - Michaela J. Kenward

Nature Escape

Marlie J. Perkins

Rustic isolation was already defeating the Somersby family members after only one day into their annual family holiday. This year, the family ventured to the north-east, to an area historically known as “Vermont.” Vermont’s mountainous terrain had hindered the region’s chances of becoming a successful Indus-Topia, so, after the dissolution of the states it was widely abandoned, with everyone moving to the new technological hubs. But the region was not deemed completely worthless. Because of the seasonal variation in the colors of leaves, small pockets of land in old-Vermont were preserved as Nature Escapes, where families such as the Somersby’s could go to experience outdoor-life and marvel at the existence of trees.

“Everyone remember your vitamins!” Mrs. Somersby called as the family disassembled from the breakfast table. “Fiona, I think you should take an extra Dopa-Lean today, especially after all those pancakes you just ate.”

Fiona self-consciously touched her stomach. Was she putting on weight? The purpose of the Dopa-Lean pills everyone took each day was to keep people fit and happy, though Fiona often felt they dulled her senses. She cautiously eyed the brightly colored pills in the plastic cup before closing her eyes and dumping them down her throat.

“You’ll want to wear more than that, Fiona” Mr. Somersby was saying, “there’s no temperature control in these tree museums.”

“She’s just so used to having a closet that chooses her outfits for her,” Fiona’s brother, Lars, teased.

“Just because I know how to put my clothes away instead of leaving them in a pile on the floor” Fiona shot back, sticking out her tongue.

“C’mon everyone I think the car just pulled up!” Mrs. Somersby said, ushering everyone to the front door. Fiona grabbed a jacket from a near-

by chair and followed her family to the car. The sidewalk below their feet greeted them with the message: “Good morning, Somersby’s! Did you remember your vitamins? Have a great holiday!”

As Mr. Somersby closed the car door the automated driver relayed the same message. “Good morning Somersby’s!” a voice said through the speakers, “did you remember your vitamins?” Everyone in the car nodded their heads and the voice continued, “Where are we going today, friends?”

“Green mountain tree museum, please,” Mrs. Somersby replied.

“Wonderful! And would we prefer to listen to any specific music?” the voice asked.

“The Elemental Dilemma!” Lars enthusiastically shouted the name of his favorite band and music filled the car.

“Fiona, are you feeling alright?” Mrs. Somersby asked her daughter quietly, “you seem a little down.” Fiona replied with a shrug and a half-hearted smile. She’d break her mother’s heart if she told her the truth, which was that she thought this holiday was stupid and that she’d rather be back at home, shopping for new clothes with her Holographic-Mall-Center. “Here, why don’t you take one more Dopa-Lean, I won’t tell your father,” her mother whispered to her with a wink.

“Welcome to the Green Mountain Tree Museum!” the car exclaimed enthusiastically as it rolled to a stop. There was a click as the doors unlocked and the Somersby’s quickly opened them, eager to see the trees. Instead they were greeted by a fifty-foot tall concrete wall.

“Look I can see them!” Lars yelled as he tipped his head all the way back “they’re like flaming clouds!”

At the gate, the attendant scanned all of the Somersby’s wrist ID chips and passed them small holographic information projectors. “You’ll all have to spend a minute in the Decontamination Room before and after visiting the museum. Enjoy the trees!” she exclaimed, a large smile lighting up her face.

“How many vitamins do you think she took this morning?” Lars whis-

pered to his sister.

“Be polite” Fiona replied, smacking Lars lightly on his arm.

The Decontamination Room was dimly lit with soft green light. Once all family members were inside a voice greeted them: “Welcome to the Green Mountain Tree Museum! Thank you for your cooperation in decontaminating yourself before entering. Our forest is a fragile system and our trees thank you. To give our patrons a true nature experience, our forest has no trails. If at any time during your visit you feel lost or unsure just press the red “Panic” button located on your holographic devices. Enjoy your Nature Escape!”

A sweet smelling gas then filled the room while music played. Mrs. Somersby closed her eyes and exhaled, “Isn’t this relaxing?” she asked. Lars and Fiona exchanged glances and rolled their eyes.

The door opened from the top, revealing a world of color the Somersby’s had never before experienced. The trees were all immense, reaching with staggered arms towards the cloudless sky. Each tree was so different from the one next to it. Some had smooth bark while others were covered in rough grooves. Every leaf was a different shade of warmth; some were an ombre of yellow and orange while others were bright scarlet.

“Oh my,” Mrs. Somersby exclaimed, her hand fluttering to her heart, “it’s nothing like I ever imagined.”

“They’re so.... intricate” Mr. Somersby observed, reaching out to touch the rough bark of a tree next to him.

Lars immediately began to wander off and Fiona, as the full-time designated babysitter, followed. Both children had their heads fully tilted back as they walked, lost in a world of unimagined color.

“It is amazing that these things are all alive” Fiona mused quietly.

Lars paused for a second, “I’m not sure I believe that,” he decided. He walked to the closest tree and snapped off a branch, then began to hit the tree with it. Splinters flew out in all directions and the museum echoed with the crash of wood.

“Lars, stop! You can’t do that!” Fiona snatched the branch out of his hand and held it to the tree, trying to re-attach it.

Thank you for trying, dear.

Fiona jumped and spun around, “Did you hear that?” she asked her brother.

“I just think if they were alive they would react to a beating...”

“Lars seriously, who said that?”

It was I, Fiona. Please be-leaf me! Haha!

Fiona stared up to the highest leaves. “The tree is talking to me,” she said quietly to Lars.

“Whatever, crazy. That’s what you get for taking all those extra Do-pa-Leans, next time just don’t eat so many pancakes” Lars said as he began again to wander from tree to tree.

Don’t listen to him, he’s the crazy one for thinking he could injure a tree with one halfhearted wack!

“How are you talking to me?” Fiona asked the tree.

Well dear, how are you hearing me?

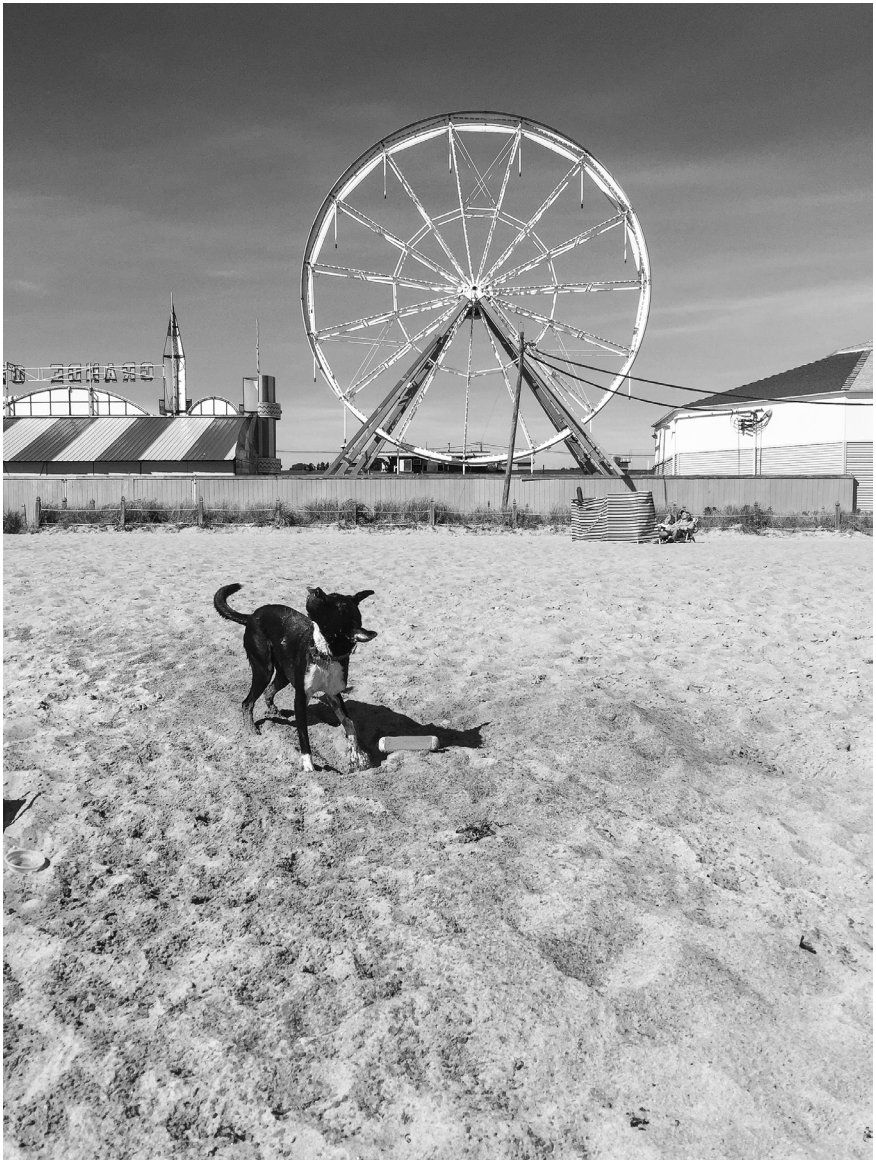
“Is this real? Is it all in my head?”

Even if it is in your head, does it make it less real?

Fiona began to panic, “I don’t like this! I knew this was a stupid trip. Get me out of here.”

You’re one of the lucky ones, dear, to be able to see a forest at all. Soon there won’t even be tree museums left. We used to be more numerous than you humans, and now look at us! Confined behind an un-earthly wall. We used to be more powerful than you, too. You used to rely on us for everything, from the food you ate to the air you breathed and now... not even kindling. But you’ll see. All those unnatural drugs you take... all those screens and wires... You’ll fall to the ground too. Only you won’t decompose and regrow. It’s sad really... how unnatural even your death will be.

Fiona felt light headed. Her vision became blurry and white and she felt the ground creeping up on her. She thought she heard a loud snap, but when she tried to look for the source of the sound all she saw was darkness.



Twist and Bark - Sydney E. Rosenthal



Waterfront - Jordan Morrison-Nozik



Howley's Diner - Sydney E. Rosenthal



Clouded - Michaela J. Kenward

out of reach

Leslie Ricker

a bee for a season

a flower's brilliance
in love of the summer sun;
half darkness with its power
to decide "day is done";
a fragrance across the breeze
caught in the rain and gone;
a narrow light escaping
death before dawn

those who've touched the flower
and felt the satin-velvet-sigh
may wish to capture,
or to pick,
or to gently go by,
but alone from where I lie
those blooms of sweet perfumes
silently, but solidly, teach:

"I only wanted to reach"



Chickadee Taking Flight - Faith Paglierani



Rainy Days - Chantal J. Avard

THANK YOU

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Zephyr has been published since 1999 by an organization of students at the University of New England in Maine. If you should like information about the magazine, including details on how to submit your artwork, please e-mail Dr Susan McHugh at smchugh@une.edu or write to her in care of the University of New England, 11 Hills Beach Road, Biddeford, Maine 04005.



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