

# ZEPHYR



*The Students, Family, and Friends of The University  
of New England Proudly Present...*

# ZEPHYR

*UNE's Journal of Artistic Expression*

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*“Poets are the unacknowledged  
legislators of the world.”*

Percy Bysshe Shelley

# Forward

“Muse and be Merry”

The maples had mostly shed their fiery crimson hues, but the leathery leaves of oak still clung to their branches and rustled mutely with each salt-misted breeze. Periodic calls from a distant raft of mallards echoed across Hills Beach, louder now in the cold damp air with the river trees’ branches nearly bare.

It was the year 1999, a year like many years, and also the year that a vision for an artistic journal emerged from the late-autumn fog like a mystical boat gliding into harbor with its main catch being the stories from the last year at sea. You see, finding the medium to suit the muse is a lot like finding the right net or pot to land the catch. Anything else and it slips right through.

In my forward to the 4th issue of Zephyr published in 2003, I wrote: *“Traces of the essence will forever be at the tips of our fingers and tongues, but here, they meet and dance upon the page in a timeless tribute to the art of art.”* The missing step, of course, was that you have to catch it first.

So here’s to another convergence of catching the muse, another honorable harvest and celebration of Zephyr publishing number twenty-one, old enough now to have its own children, or at least a proper pint of Keeley’s cure-all from a place not too far upriver where the salt, suds and stories have been flowing since as long as anyone around here can remember.

And while Zephyr lives also as a literary pub of sorts with its rotating tap of contributors alongside a few old reliables, it is still best enjoyed in merry company. Remember, as we slowly emerge from various states of isolation, that this company can be found anywhere, sometimes best tested when employing a very old tradition that travelers and locals have relied upon since the mastery of language, currency and fermentation: *“Tell me a good story and I’ll buy the next round.”*

Matthew Bibeau  
Founding Editor in Chief of Zephyr  
University of New England Class of 2003





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I.

*In Our World  
Today*



*Black Lives Matter Plaza, DC*  
Kayla P. Lowe

Luke Colomey  
"Volume"

*Luke Colomey*

The needs of the many,  
Unheard by the few,  
Louder we shout,  
Still they ignore,  
Take over the streets,  
They are deaf no more.



Luke Colomey  
“Don’t Touch Me Air!”



*Fourteen months ago we got the first whisper of a scary new disease popping up in some distant jungle belonging to a country I do not remember the name of. Ten months ago my wife and I welcomed our second child into the world, a boy this time, and we named him Todd. Nine months ago the first case of the disease was reported within my own country, suddenly making it seem a little more real. Seven months ago we bought a wonderful new house to fit the expanded family at a below-market price because - rather luckily for us - the previous owners were apparently moving overseas to escape the disease. Five months ago the worldwide death toll reached one million people, a landmark number, but not a whole lot when you stop and think about it. Four months ago I changed jobs to an exciting new company that needed workers who could operate technology so as to do the job from home to avoid exposure to the disease. Three months ago news reporters and medical professionals informed us that the disease had mutated into a form in which it could indefinitely persist in the air we breathe, symptoms began immediately after contact, and that it was not safe to leave our houses for any reason. Since then, we have been locked up.*

*After “Mutation Day”, as the media enjoys calling it (I prefer the term “The Day Fun Died”), we had to quickly and correctly transform our house into a disease-free fortress, before the air around us was contaminated. Some of the work was relatively simple; boarding up all the windows, spraying sealant on any crack or crevice found, closing off fireplaces and vents, and so on. Then came the speciality items. A few days after the announcement a commercial ran consistently on every channel from an apparently new company called “Stay-Alive”, and as the name suggests, survival was its chief product. According to the commercial, every household absolutely required their top three products; the “Stay-Alive Decontamination and Food Retrieval Doorway Extension System”*

*(complete with a “Don’t Touch Me Air!” suit and mask), the “Stay-Alive Disease-Killing Residency Covering” (installation costs extra) and the “Stay-Alive Air-Recycling and Temperature-Setting Indoor System”. The whole package cost everyone in the neighborhood a fortune, but we all ended up shelling out. Because, of course, you can not put a price on safety...right?*

*Anyway, aside from all the politics, my family and I have been enclosed in our house for three months now and I think we might all be going a little crazy...*

“DING.” A harmless but dangerously annoying sound originated from the front door, alerting us that this weeks’ groceries had arrived.

My beautiful and stubborn wife, Josie, sat next to me on our sofa as Todd and Katy (our only daughter and eldest child) watched some absurd new kids show about space monkeys saving the universe with math.

*Pfff. I wish all it took to solve our current situation was multiplication tables. I wonder if anyone has tried that? They probably have.*

“It’s your turn to get the groceries honey.” Josie warmly, but with a hint of hostility, reminded me.

Smiling, I nodded my head in understanding. “I’ll go grab it.” I forced myself off the comfortable sofa. “Come on Katy, want to help daddy with the groceries?”

“Yeah!” She squealed, her four-year-old brain still making every mundane task into an adventure.

I unlocked the glass case containing my “Don’t Touch Me Air!” suit and mask and proceeded to put it on. Katy fake-assisted me as I pulled each appendage through its designated hole, until I was wrapped up like a present carefully packaged but containing nothing but socks. Strapping my breathing mask to my face, I undid the lock on the door and stepped out into the “Stay-Alive Decontamination and Food Retrieval Doorway Extension System,” my steamy breath ricocheting back into my eyeballs and the stench of sweaty feet violently invading my nostrils.

*My wonderful wife was supposed to wash this thing, but I am sure she just forgot. Or she is conspiring against me. Eh, she probably just forgot.*

I flipped the latch that held the exterior door shut and clumsily strutted outside. The view that was allowed through my gas mask was not much, but it was something. I took a moment to peer around at the neighborhood houses, all comfortably snug under their “Stay-Alive Disease-Killing Residency Covering,” before reminding myself of my mission. I located the bulky metal crate lazily dropped on my lawn by some amateur with a drone and shoved my fat fingers into its handle to lug it back to the house.

*They couldn't even put freaking wheels on this thing. Better yet, should've just found a way to drop it into the house. Well, I guess they tried their best. But did they really? They probably did.*

When I finally dragged the crate into the confines of the extended doorway I shut the latch behind me and prepared for the coming onslaught. Bright fluorescent bulbs bathed me in light, streams of water aggressively tickled my skin, clouds of chemicals quickly fogged up the enclosed space, and when the barrage finally ceased, heavy-duty fans blasted my body with cold air. A light flashed green, indicating that the process was complete, and I crossed triumphantly, but defeated, back into the confines of my house.

“Good job daddy!” Katy yelled exuberantly. “My turn! My turn!”

I chuckled at my daughter’s eagerness, and after peeling off the unwanted second layer of skin and being able to breathe once again, I scooped her up into my arms.

“Now I know that you remember you are not allowed to go outside.”

“Maybe.” She did not meet my eyes.

“Good.” I carefully set her back down onto the rug. “Let’s see what we got for food this week!”

With the push of a button, the metallic crate’s lid burst open, allowing steam to escape out of the box. Peering inside its

confines, I was not surprised, although a little disappointed, to find familiar foods laid out.

“Looks like rice, cheese and chicken for another week.” Josie grumbled, in a grateful manner of course, leaning over my shoulder with Todd squirming in her arms. “Take off the top, what is the vegetable and fruit?”

Slightly lifting up the tray making up the first layer of storage, I attempted to identify the make-up of the secondary row. “Broccoli and watermelon. Not bad.” I shuffled around a few more things. “The drink is apple juice.”

*Food is food, but I mean come on, I would appreciate a little variety here. Maybe throw in some chocolate or ice cream once and awhile. I'm sure they are giving us all they have. But are they though? I'm sure they are.*

“I ordered another round of toiletries.” Josie informed me, setting Todd down on his baby-blanket. “They should come along with next week’s shipment.”

“Sounds good sweetheart. Ready to make the same dinner we’ve made for the past three months?” I grinned happily through painful boredom.

As a team we got to work on the food. Italian chicken was the go to, as Josie was very fond of her heritage and would not let me forget it. Rice is rice, so you know, rice was cooked. We have been steaming broccoli, but my wife wanted to start baking them, and let me tell you, it is growing on me.

Once we finished dinner we tucked the kids safely into bed and instead of reading a book like every other night, I was in the mood for some social interaction. In the name of that goal, I had set up a scheduled video-call with my neighbor and friend, Keith. When the agreed upon time arrived, I stepped into my office and logged on to my computer provided to me by my job. Within moments the unusually, but expected, scruffy face of Keith was visible on the screen.

“Hey Keith, how are you holding up?” I greeted him in a friendly tone.



*Do I really care how Keith is holding up? Does he really care how I am holding up? Probably. But, I mean, come on though? I am sure we do care.*

My neighbor's lips noticeably moved, but no sound escaped from them.

"Keith, Keith." I attempted to gain his attention. "I think you are on 'mute'."

"-ry there." He finally became audible. "It is good to see you neighbor! How have you been?"

"Good."

"Yeah, me too."

"How's the family?"

"Great. How about yours?"

"Fantastic."

"That's good."

*This conversation is as dull as the rest of our world. But, it is good to talk to my friend. Is it good? Yeah, I think it feels good.*

"Alright, I've got some big news." Keith announced, rousing the emotion of excitement inside of me that I was not sure I was capable of anymore.

"What is it?"

"I've been surfing the internet lately and ran across some interesting information. I've done all the research and as your friend I need to tell you." He paused for dramatic effect. "The disease, it's all a lie. Fake numbers, fake bodies, fake news. Manufactured by the government. And big corporations. And the media. And hollywood. And the post office. All of it is to keep us locked up. Like animals!" Keith was practically screaming at this point "I'm telling you, the disease, everything, it's all fake!"

*I will not lie, Keith is sounding pretty freaking crazy right now. Or maybe he is making all the sense in the world. No, he is probably crazy.*

I decided to test how convinced my neighbor was of his theories.

"So then...have you gone outside?"

Keith's face drained of all color. He allowed his head to drop

in defeat.

"No."

I continued with some platitudes with my friend and neighbor, and after a few more minutes of riveting, bland conversation, we said our goodbyes. After powering down my computer, I tip-toed my way upstairs, but caught myself before making it past the first step. Absentmindedly, I opened and walked through the front door, shutting it behind me. In a manner that would suggest it was predestined, my hand firmly grasped the latch of the outermost door. My body began swaying physically back and forth ever so slightly, but my grip never changed its pressure. My eyes fixed on the point, as if I was waiting for something to happen without my doing so. At last, I released my hand from the lever, ran it through my hair in exhaustion, once more tip-toed my way upstairs, - this time with a little more speed - and crept into what little room was left in the bed by an already snoring Josie. I forced my eyes closed, visions of space monkeys, baked broccoli and fake news swirling around in my mind until I finally drifted off to sleep.

The next morning started like every other fantastically dreary morning. Josie had still not woken up, but I did not mind. I dropped each foot down the stairs, following a direct path toward the kitchen and the magical awakening powers of caffeine. Once the pot had begun brewing I found myself adjusting our "Stay-Alive Air-Recycling and Temperature-Setting Indoor System," as I was feeling the slightest bit chilly. After the temperature was set to an acceptable level, I snatched up the television remote, and turned to face the front door, which was...open?

"Morning daddy!"

My grip went limp, allowing the remote to slip through my fingers and clatter to the floor. Katy's tiny fingers confidently pulled the latch of the exterior door downward.

"Katy!"

I eyed the newly washed suit and mask hanging in its glass case, and then proceeded to take off in a sprint towards the door.

Crossing the threshold of the first doorway, and then the second, I entered the outside world for the first time in three months. Without another second's hesitation I scooped up my daughter into my arms, and with no real reason to hurry back into the house, I embraced Katy with my entire body, closed my eyes, and waited for the inevitable. Seconds, then minutes passed. My throat began to get irritated...wait, no, it is fine. A rash started to form on my arm...hold up, just an itch. Carefully, I opened my eyes. I extended my arms to look at my daughter; she gave me a beaming, toothy smile. I surveyed my neighborhood, watching a man leaving his house wrapped in a "Stay-Alive Disease-Killing Residency Covering," wearing his "Don't Touch Me Air!" suit and mask, exiting from his "Stay-Alive Decontamination and Food Retrieval Doorway Extension System," retrieving a brand new "Stay-Alive Air-Recycling and Temperature-Setting Indoor System".

"Son of a-"

THE END

Melissa DeStefano  
"Going Under"

*Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout  
Would not take the garbage out!*

Take me to the future  
to the Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout-covered  
world and  
earth and  
universe.  
Show me flying cars  
and how to run an  
entire computerized life  
without ever leaving  
a glass-dome home  
400 feet above the ground.  
Explain to me how much more real  
and sincere  
it is to socialize online,  
then introduce me  
to your robot  
friends and  
coworkers and  
family.  
Tell me you haven't seen  
a sunset in, oh,  
at least 100 years,  
and that after sixteen operations  
and a pill once a day  
you're going to live forever.  
Then let me know why you'd want to  
what you're going to do with all that time  
but say you're not concerned because  
you have a

big house and a  
big couch and a  
big TV.  
Remember what you forgot  
long ago about the feeling of  
the beach and  
the stars and  
the outdoors.  
Accept that life is no longer natural  
or biodegradable but  
careless and  
rotten and  
industrial.  
Then take me home,  
to the Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout-covered  
world and  
earth and  
universe.  
Tell me I'm a hypocrite  
because 600 friends  
on Facebook doesn't make me  
sociable and  
connected and  
human.  
The past is what creates the future  
and my  
big house and  
big couch and  
big TV  
aren't saving any goddamn trees.

Luke Colomey  
"The Masked Champion"



I don't remember when it all started. To be quite honest, I don't even remember why it started, and I am not sure it truly matters. All I am fully aware of is that we were in the thick of a full-scale nationwide protest that reached the largest cities and the most backwater, off-the-path rural settlements. To classify the movement as entirely peaceful would be a gross misrepresentation. Things were broken. People were hurt. There is no avoiding that fact. All of that withstanding, the fundamentals of the protests remained rather intact, if not the slightest bit tainted.

However, as the number of days dragged on and jobs, friends and families were repeatedly put on hold, the fire behind the movement slowly but surely began to dwindle. With the driving force beginning to dissipate and countless members leaving by the day, fissures erupted from different regions and fractioned the protests, leaving it leaderless and by result, directionless.

Out of this chaos, and in the proverbial nick-of-time, saving the entire movement from collapse, there arose a champion. This biblical hero was a faceless entity, in both literal and figurative sense. When I first gazed upon those black, soulless eyes and the mechanical half smile, half frown that made up the facial expression of that mask, I had no earthly clue what to make of it. Whether he was an angelic figure or an inspired man-of-the-people or even a CIA spy, he quickly won the favor of the masses and took over the reins of the movement. The blank canvass of this savior allowed for various angry people to project their emotions onto this figure. He was nobody, which meant he became everything to everyone. Protesters thought of the masked man as a champion fighting for racial equality, for gender equality, for economic equality, and for any such cause one could feasibly battle for. For me...well it doesn't matter what he meant to me. What matters is what he meant for the movement.

"We have talked long enough." An unwavering voice would

announce from behind the mask. “The time for talking is past. What we need now is action. Rise to the call my brothers and sisters. Tear down the oppressors. Act against this injustice. Bring in the new world.”

In the back of my mind was always the fear that some foolish and misguided soul would don a fabricated face-covering and tarnish his reputation. But as events unfolded and no such situation came to pass, I came to a realization. He was a ghost, a messiah, a legend. He was in a word...untouchable.

As the days, weeks and months passed by, the previous blunt instrument of the movement had been transformed into a precise and pinpoint scalpel. Our champion moved from state to state, from city to city, rallying support, informing, inspiring and directing the masses, burning it all to the ground, and then moving on to repeat the process again. Wherever he went, I followed, along with several other self-proclaimed “acolytes”. I was always wary of the level of devotion of some of these men and women, but they seemingly all turned out to be loyal servants. Each of them were furthermore just as destroyed after taking the capital.

After cutting a swathe through the country, the movement ended up on the door of the nation’s capital, and after several violent and bloody days, our masked champion stood victorious outside the infamous building. With the crowd, the country and the world waiting and listening for the next step, their masked hero did the unthinkable.

“I have watched this country rise up and take action against oppression.” The microphone rang out. “It has been a pleasure acting as your leader, but I am afraid I must now leave you. My mission is finished. My end goal has been accomplished. I have taken you as far as I can. It is up to you to go the rest of the way. I tore down the establishment. I gave you a blank slate. I leave you now with the highest expectations of what you will build. This is an opportunity, don’t fuck it up.”

And with that, as quickly as he had appeared, he was gone. We were left with the memory of a mask and a new world. I wish I could thank this person, wherever he is, but for some reason, I think he already knows.

## III.

# *Ballads of the Moon and Ocean*





*Sunrise on the Coast of Maine*  
Emily E. Lewis

Paul Labbe

“Comfort on the Rocks”

Sun reflection dances across the sea  
Once again captivates me  
whirling tides onto the shore  
Carrying me back to years before  
As a teen, your allure I would seek  
allowing for me conflicts to tweak  
Upon your rock barrage I sat  
To contemplate in awe and wonder at  
With the melody of your glistening tide  
You restore comfort and peace inside.

across your mysterious massive and deep  
Once again countless secrets you keep  
easing your tides onto the beach  
do you realize the lessons that you teach  
As I've grown, you've comforted me  
delivering a haven to meditate, judgment free  
on your rocky beach I sit and rest  
and consider from here, what is best  
to the rhythm of your misty sprays  
I could just sit and listen here for days

Fortunes Rocks holds more than water and waves  
you're also where loved ones have chosen graves  
I sit and contemplate what future awaits  
and sweet memories from long passed dates  
the Sundays with my sisters and brothers  
and special occasions with cousins and so many others  
your waves rush in and slowly retreat  
warm sand, cool water a refreshing treat  
With the melody of your glistening tide  
You restore comfort and peace inside.



*UNE Waterfront*  
Robin Colomey

Korin M. Griffin  
“Constellations”

*constellations*

that indian summer night  
the sky was shimmering with stars  
dancing on dirt diamonds  
being with you feels like coming up for air

the sky was shimmering with stars  
we gaze at their beauty and they gaze at ours  
being with you feels like coming up for air  
you saved me that night

we gaze at their beauty and they gaze at ours  
our souls were destined for one another  
i can see the stars in your eyes  
a galaxy of unconditional love

our souls were destined for one another  
the stars blush as do I  
i can see the stars in your eyes  
our love in constellations, you are my moon

Leslie Ricker  
“a tinge of tidal”

a tinge of tidal  
in the morning recital  
using water’s own words:

“once more,  
let him know  
to let it go,  
the sea  
will be the sea”

the tide turns toward transparency,  
high to low:

“let him know  
there is finite  
in infinity”

movement dies,  
clear skies arrive;  
the slow climb  
of brackish water  
up the shore  
marks the invading motion  
of a living ocean  
as it caresses  
the first seaward dune,  
on orders  
from the moon



*Nephentes*  
Emily L. Williams

III.

*Bleeding Hearts*





*U & Me*  
Korin M. Griffin

Stephanie Ruff  
“The Beast”

*Stephanie Ruff*

There is something hollow inside me. A space surrounded by jagged teeth. My eyes are black holes, unseeing and cavernous, revealing nothing but bone. My face, although two-dimensional, has all but shriveled; I have no nose, no lips, and strips upon strips of rotting skin. Each horrible thing I do, to keep myself glowing, alive, flaming bright, adds to the decay, forcing me to hide. My antlers stretch out of my head, one extending out from either side, twisting and growing and wrapping themselves around anything alive. Each antler gains new heights as I scheme and deceive and lie. *I am trying to help you. Don't worry, everything is fine.* It has been so long I cannot bear to see the light. To see every mistake and pale face, of all the people who I have led to die. This small face below my chin came from a very young boy. So full of joy and hope, he was the first to go. This other one right next to it came from an aunt, or was it an uncle? A cousin, a grandfather, a grandmother, a dear family friend. All their faces stare back at me, their souls reflected in the parts not yet decayed into bone.

But there is something filling this space. New faces I don't recognize. A bird, an elephant, and a boy in a pointy hat. The bird seems to be a guide, searching for a fix to a mistake, from human to bluebird leaving betrayal in her wake, she is resting on a branch that I seem to have extended. Then there is the boy in the pointy hat, a cape flowing behind him as though it will bring his courage back. He does not seem to know where he is, or where he is going, (and I guess neither do I) but he follows the little bird, which I guess is as good as any place to start. Then comes the elephant who is not really an elephant. It is simply a young boy with an upside down

teapot on his head. His hand is raised in a gesture, a wave hello or goodbye, so young and chipper with his song about potatoes and molasses, a wayward younger brother so like mine.

They trapeze and they wander and follow an unworn path, each footstep they take pulls up fresh grass. My decaying body is now growing into branches, with twigs and tree trunks obscuring the dead faces. The guiding bird has pulled a trick, to try and counteract her fate, but returns as a savior. Maybe she can save me? The boy in the pointed hat with the long and flowing cape, is finally starting to take responsibility, learning that his weird traits are actually quite endearing, absolutely nothing like me. And then there is the boy with the teapot on his head, he found himself isolated and alone, trying to achieve the impossible all on his own. I asked him to catch the sun in a little porcelain cup, he placed it on a tree stump and waited for the sun to descend, refusing to give up. I wonder if they will come for him before he freezes to death? If the bird and the brother will set him free and fight for him?

They find him bound among my trees, the now black branches wrapping tight, another person to add to my collection of the dying. The grass they grew has shriveled, the branches jagged and dead; *I kill everything I touch*. The bird begins to push me back, the pointy hatted boy takes control with a swinging axe, realizing what I lack. They have traveled Over the Garden Wall and survived the horrors in the Unknown, thinking that I was chasing them all those days and nights, not knowing that the Beast only follows, observing the people left alive. That hollow place inside of me, now filled with these figures three, have discovered the secret of my lantern, that the flame burning inside is me.

Riley Shelia Patenaude  
"You Live Rent Free in My Head"

In all honesty  
I dreamt about you  
About us  
We were happy  
Like old times  
Laughing with one another

I didn't want anyone to know  
Know that I still think about you  
But the only time I see you is in my dreams  
Trying to hold on  
Never letting go of what we shared

I will forever hold on to the memory of you  
Where we lived happily  
Ever after  
With one another  
And no one else  
But only in my dreams

Linda Labbe

“A Christmas Like I’d known”

Celebrate Christmas with family, and those that you hold dear  
Gather together, reminisce over another eventful year

Christmas trees with decorations and lights shining through  
A memorial decoration, for someone you’re missing too

When I was a child, though we didn’t have a lot  
Still, always very grateful with anything we got

We’d sit around the tree and wait for our parents to awake  
Seemed the only morning, their sweet time they would take

Our tree was decorated with garland and light collecting balls  
To us it was so special, and we sang around it, Deck the Halls

A present for each child, something we didn’t really need  
And another one, like, new pajamas, outgrew last years indeed

And we could hardly wait as we would open them, each in our turn  
It was great watching each other, while our anxiety would churn

There was not a lot of ornamental food, times were kind of tough  
But we were satisfied with what we had, and we all ate enough

We were very grateful and we thanked the Lord above  
We realized what we had was paid for with Dad’s hard work  
and Mom’s sweet love

Though we had so little then, and we are able to give our children  
more

I wouldn’t change my childhood, there’s a lot to be thankful for

Still, I would gladly give everything that I own  
To have one more Holiday with my Dad,  
a Christmas like I’d known

Riley Shelia Patenaude  
“Watching Her”

I sit there watching,  
watching her every move.

*I am in love.*

I light my cigarette,  
we make eye contact.

*I am in love.*

As I exhale the smoke,  
she starts to walk over.

*Over to me.*

I sit back in my chair,  
she walks past.

*Away from me.*

She walks over to him,  
why him and not me?

He touches her arm.

*I scream inside,*

I sit back and watch.

But they start to leave.

I put my cigarette out,  
and follow them.

I see them, they kiss.

*I scream inside,*

I go back in.

Light another cigarette,

I sit and I watch.

Korin M. Griffin  
“Dear John Lennon”

Peace is *something you make, something you do, something you are, and something you give away*. Over your short 40 years of life, you were nothing short of tranquil; like the stillness of peace and quiet deep out in the thick wilderness; like the soothing sensation of the crash of ocean waves on the ever so stiff but soft sand. You radiate peace the way the sun radiates warmth.

You and my mother share the same birthday which falls just 4 days after mine in October. It's no wonder I have always felt drawn to that rock & roll peaceful soul. You and I are both Libras. The element of air, the quality of cardinal, ruled by the blazing flame of Venus; the planet where the days are longer than the years. Libra's symbol: the scales of balance, harmony, and peace. Greek Mythology tells those who seek the truth to journey to Libra, the scale of justice and fairness. Libra is the only astrological sign that isn't symbolized by a person or animal – how *celestial*.

*Declare it*, you said. How will we achieve peace? *The same way we declare war. That is how we will have peace... we just need to declare it*. It's that simple. The same way we need to declare our own happiness; the end of world hunger; the end of human trafficking; the end of climate change; the end of systemic racism; the end of phobias and prejudice; the end of hate. *Declare it*.

I wonder how different my life would be if I had been born in the time of your existence and excellence. I practically wouldn't have any rights, the bathrooms and buses would be segregated, and the streets would be filled with hate. But, the art of peace that you create would make it an extraordinary pleasure to even be alive at the time of such godly creations. *If someone thinks that peace and love are just a cliché that must have been left behind in the 60's, that's a problem. Peace and love are eternal*. The times that we are living in today could certainly call for some peace. We are all living so divided between left and right, rather than unifying together, and the hate



makes everything ugly.

I'm not like most of the people in my generation. Most wear leggings and ugg boots while I wear bell bottoms and fringe. Most find joy at playing games on their phones and I find joy at the foot of my record player. Most drive around blasting nonsensical mumble rappers while the soothing vibrations of *Blackbird* project from the speakers of my car on full volume. This is when I feel at peace.

The other day I was watching videos of you in the streets protesting back in the 60's and my soul nearly left my body from the *deja vú*. The fist that symbolizes the power of the people plastered on a flag and blowing gloriously in the wind behind you, Yoko, and your friends as you protest for peace on earth. The streets are crowded with peaceful protesters all around you and I can see our very own streets today. I visualize the future history books comparing photos of the protests in the 60s to the protests today, hopefully emphasizing their similarity. Each and every day is a new nightmare, all we can do is practice our rights and take to the streets *declaring* peace on earth.

And how ironic is it that I fall in love with a boy who has the same name as your son. In fact, he was named after your son because of *Hey Jude*. Some call it a coincidence, others may call it fate or destiny or a sign from the universe. The cherry on top of the cake is that Julian reminds me a lot of you, with his vintage looking glasses and shaggy mop of a head to go along with his tall and slim structure similar to yours not to mention his utterly peaceful soul.

When *Imagine* was released, a lot of people said that it was a bit too dreamy. But your son said, *Yeah but we really all actually want what he's singing about. We all want that.* This song has held as a constant reminder of something we all want, and is achievable, all we have to do is *declare it*.

The year is 2020 and everything has gone to shit. Those 6

months in the isolation of our homes all blurs in one long day. A very long day where you couldn't help but feel like the world was ending... the only thing that we could do was hold on to hope and *imagine* a world where things are better again. It is a timeless piece of art.

It's no secret that Yoko changed your entire world. She was a bright young artist who showed you an entire new light. *That should be credited as a Lennon-Ono song. The lyric and the concept came from Yoko... it was right out of Grapefruit, her book.* You were both so loving, so peaceful and powerful, and were both strong believers that everything happens for a reason. Semi-recently, Yoko said, *I feel in the big picture, the fact that John and I met was to do this song.* I can't even imagine the way her heart must have shattered like the shards of an unlucky mirror, the way the words and the sound of gunshots cut deep into her heart, leaving scars that could never fully heal that cold day that you were shot four times, close range, and you would never write another lyric. Tomorrow is never promised, and you two have constantly been the people to spread peace and love always.

*When I find myself in times of trouble* I find myself at the very soul of your dripping lyric that moves me on a wave to the sands of the ocean and I find myself on my knees, *praying*. I wonder why god must be defined in such specific terms when I see god in you. The godliness of your aura and the magic in your lyric is something not even the bible could scribe.

I'm still learning about you. I'm still learning about me too.

*Declare it.*

I will,

Korin

Linda (Paul) Labbe  
“Before His Final Rest”

A day confused, as I felt it had ended  
Resting my head, I thought,  
    on my pillow descended  
The air crisp and sun so bright  
I found something lost last very night  
A sensation had come over me  
He wasn't gone, but how could that be  
I decided to bask in his presence today  
Was it a dream before, hadn't he gone?  
As we wandered the wooded trail  
I observed he was no longer frail  
We stopped at the brook as we always had  
I held his hand, 'I love you Dad'  
The water babbled as birds flew over  
The ground was full a colorful cover  
A breeze sent a chill right through my bones  
His voice softened to mellow tones  
He said, 'Baby Girl, now don't be sad.'  
Confused I looked at him, why would I Dad?  
I've got to go, my time's now here  
At that moment it became so clear  
Into my sleep my Dad had attest  
To say good-by before his final rest  
A day less confused, as it HAD ended  
Resting my head on  
    my pillow now descended

Linda Labbe  
“the true measure”

though time has changed this  
through the years  
people I loved  
have long since gone  
still the world never stopped  
and we all carried on.  
life, not always easy  
and the struggles were there  
filled with times that it mattered  
and times, I just didn't care.

I've stood on my own  
and I still found my way  
through some tear filled nights  
and the birth of new days.  
and now with old age  
it's become very clear  
things I once found important  
were not why I was here.  
and how many things,  
that I managed to buy,  
were never what made me  
feel better inside.  
and the worries and fears  
that plagued me each day  
in the end of it all,  
would just fade away.

but how much I reached out  
to others when needed  
would be the true measure  
of how I succeeded.

and how much I shared,  
of my soul and my heart,  
would ultimately be  
what set me apart.  
and what's really important,  
is my opinion of me,  
and whether or not,  
I'm the best I can be,  
and how much more kindness  
and love I can show,  
before the Lord tells me,  
it's my time to go.

Riley Shelia Patenaude  
"The Girl Who Wore Red Bandanas"

From first grade up until freshman year of high school I wore a bandana on my wrist. My parents and I didn't really know why but my left wrist sweat profusely when it was hot out or if I was stressed. Everyone knew me as the girl who wore bandanas. I had over thirty of them with all different patterns and colors. Some were just solid colors with the normal bandana design which is the paisley print. But others have smiley faces, soccer balls, some were tie dyed, while others were themed for holidays. My favorite thing to do was match them to my outfit everyday.

The soft touch of them on my wrist before they got soaked by my sweat always captivated me. How my wrist could sweat so much that it would drench a bandana in minutes. I still wear them but only when I'm sleeping. Up until I stopped wearing them everyday my parents would tie them for me, we had a system. At first I only asked my dad because I liked the way he did it but as I got older I tended to ask my mom more for help. They both took the bandana and wrapped it around my wrist a couple of times until there was just enough fabric left to knot it. But over the years my dad became sloppy with it and the knot tended to untie quicker than if I had my mom do it.

In middle school, all the kids thought I wore bandanas on my wrist because I was trying to hide self-harm. When their suspicion started happening it made me self-conscious. It felt like everyone was looking at me and talking behind my back. So I tried to not wear them anymore, but whenever I didn't have one on my wrist I also felt self-conscious. Anytime I had a bandana on I felt like I was unstoppable. At times a bandana acted as a shield for me. This small piece of cloth protected me from the world.

After I got into high school I decided it was time to say goodbye to

bandanas. The summer going into my sophomore year I started to not wear them as much. I still remember the first time I didn't wear one all day. At first I was kind of sad that I didn't wear one anymore, I felt naked. I felt like I had lost my identity as being the girl who wore bandanas. But over time I felt so accomplished with myself that I had actually gone multiple days in a row without wearing one.

Nowadays my wrist will sweat here and there. But not as much as before. I definitely notice it more in the summer than the winter. It makes me wonder if I'm less stressed compared to when I was a kid, but I doubt that's true. Looking back on my childhood I think about bandanas because they were my protector. They were always there for me: when my wrist would sweat, when I twisted my ankle and had to use one as a wrap, or when I just needed to cry. And I believe that even though I don't wear them everyday they still have my back through the good and the bad.

Beanie Lowery  
"Metal Stars"

The blade interrupts  
The cool patch of thigh,  
The way a shooting star  
Interrupts a constellation.

Streaking hot and bright,  
Drawing a line of red  
Across the already  
Marked up expanse.

A meteor shower follows,  
One shooting star after another,  
Until a new constellation  
Forms from blood.

IV.

*Our Animal  
Neighbors*





*The Kid's Table*  
Linda Labbe



*Sly*  
Mark DuBois





*Number 11*  
Ravin A. Davis

*Ravin A. Davis*



*Out of the Cocoon*  
Linda Labbe



*Feline Fashion*  
Mark DuBois

V.  
*Thought  
Provokers*



*FLWR GRL*  
Korin M. Griffin

Leslie Ricker  
“In the Early”

in the early  
I can hear  
the distant ocean  
before the birds, or boats,  
or cars along the highway  
hide its gentle roar-  
the collected whispers  
as it foams along the shore;  
slick, how sound travels  
before the light unravels

“in the early  
I can feel  
what’s unbalanced,  
what’s upright,  
darkness breeds  
a different kind of sight,  
love is as love  
with or without  
light”

Linda Labbe  
"Dancing in a Dream"

and the water slowly flows  
and the wind gently blows  
a feather dances in a stream  
appears today's but a dream  
no trail in the water, not a sign  
                    has the feather left behind

what happens when we're gone  
do we leave a wake?  
what have we given  
                    what do we take?

and the plume spins in nature's song  
as the spray travels it along  
soft clouds reflect deep in the rivulet  
thoughts clear, ideas emulate  
no trail in the water, not a sign  
                    has the feather left behind

what happens when we're gone  
do we leave a wake?  
what have we given  
                    what do we take?

a feather dances in a stream  
appears today's but a dream

Leslie Ricker  
"normal"

evening strolled the seawall;  
a single cardinal called;  
the sun left the sand  
to rest upon the treetops  
                    well-inland;  
dusk found the gardens glowing  
in the power of their growing,  
swayback lines  
                    of flowers and vines  
stretched west in revelation,  
there's unplanned elevation  
                    in the memory  
                            of raspberries and roses  
as the day closes,  
will they be so bright  
                    when again,  
                            comes the light?

"you know your thoughts  
aren't practical,  
but, you think them anyway,  
like the voice  
inside your head might sway  
                    the power of nature,  
                    the hand of god,  
to create and gift you  
a more formal  
                    kind of normal"



Delaney G. Collins

“on the third night” (inspired by Robert Frost’s “Fire and Ice”)



There is something in the air, again.

And so they call upon us  
In the hour where ash bleaches our eyelashes  
and soot smudges our mouths.  
With Pompeii under eyes and upper lips:  
Volcanically, we follow them.

And above us, there is a roaring.

Helicopters blending the clouds  
Like mango and milk  
Into creamsicle skies  
Dripping out, onto us, in sickly sweet globs  
until there is only the empty cup full of stars.

And between us, there is a groaning.

And we reach cold and numbing fingertips  
Into one another’s trembling throats  
And we swallow those hard-wrung hands til’  
We cough up the promises we’ve made  
In rubber band balls.

And below us, there is a moaning

So we place our unearthed footsteps  
On the rumbling of the soil.  
Hope there’s enough rainfall:  
of either fire or ice  
To wash us all away.  
Until there is nothing left, at all.

Luke Colomey

“Divinity”

Weaving through the virtual maze that the many gargantuan skyscrapers created, a Caucasian man dressed in a neatly-pressed suit, carrying a briefcase, maneuvered his way around the masses. Checking his watch, the man smiled as his timeliness had allowed him a pleasant and unrushed walk to work. Without prior warning, a strange feeling washed over the man that he was no longer planting his steps on solid ground. True to his prediction, when he took a look downward, the man found nothing but air between him and a twenty foot drop, that was only growing taller. None of the passersby below took any notice of this rather abnormal occurrence, leading the man to the belief that he was hallucinating. Turning his gaze upwards, the clouds above him began to part, and a blinding light shone from his unwilling destination. As he drew nearer and nearer, the light grew more intense, until all the man could see was an unyielding pallet of white.

When the man’s vision returned to him, the sight before him could only be described as biblical. A man, at least the size of three standing men, sat upon a large wooden throne. He was adorned in shimmering white cloth, and the large man’s bushy beard and flowing hair matched the color of his robe. After recovering from his shock of the figure before him, the businessman peered around to his surroundings. Nothing could be seen but a large expanse of clouds and blue sky, and the ground below him was a fluffy white.

“Where am I? Who are you? What’s going on?” The man asked one question after the next.

A deep and genuine laugh erupted from the throat of the large man. “I thought you would have guessed that by now.”

“So you’re...God?” The man skeptically surmised.



“The one and only.” He answered with an extreme amount of confidence.

“Really? How do I know you are who you say you are?”

“Not convinced eh? I understand. Well, I promise I am who I claim to be.” The self-declared God assured as clouds began to swirl together next to him in a rather mystical fashion. “I am the alpha and the omega. The beginning and the end. The creator...” He explained as the clouds finished their dance and formed a smiling puppy. “...and the destroyer.” A powerful lightning bolt struck the dog and reduced it to ash. “Does that satisfy your doubt?”

“Yes sir.” The man affirmed, dumbfounded.

“I am the Jewish God, the Christian God, the Islamic Allah. Whatever you wish to call me, I am Him.” God answered in a benevolent tone. “Now, I am sure you are wondering why I brought you here.”

“Yes sir, I am.”

“I am disappointed and confused, my son.” God continued. “I have watched and pondered as my creation, the human race, has squandered the order of things that I set in place. I formed the white man to rule over the Earth, as he has done for thousands of years. All other races were meant to be their underlings and serve them at their whim. The female species was placed on the planet for the sole reasons of childbearing and housework. This so-called movement of ‘equality’ in recent years has completely disregarded the order of things. The world must return to my image.” God concluded. “Do you understand my son? Will you do my bidding?”

“No.” The man responded, almost absentmindedly.

“What?” God questioned, sensing a rebellious tone.

“You may have created us, but we have moved past those ideals and into a new world.” The man began. “There may be conflict and strife, but our world of equality is a world I would rather live in. A woman can do anything a man can do, and any other race is just as good as white.”

“You dare defy me?!” God cried.

“Yes.” The man declared defiantly. “I thank you for my

creation, but with every fiber in my being, I defy you.”

A last and brief facial expression resembled that of a smirk, but in all his most solitude moments to come, the man could never quite remember what he had seen.

God then erupted into a fit of rage. “Fool!” God scolded angrily. “Be gone!”

The clouds morphed into an unsettling gray and without warning, the man dropped straight through the once-solid floor. The blue sky blurred around him, and the ground below drew closer and closer. Attempting to ease his pain, the man tightly shut his eyes so as to not watch the inevitable fate before him. After several moments had passed and no such event had come to pass, the man tentatively reopened his eyes. Looking around, the man found himself once more safely on the concrete ground. Apart from a few curious glances, the people around the man paid him no heed. Glancing upward to a now normal sky, the man collected his thoughts and proceeded to continue his walk to work.

THE END

Leslie Ricker  
“fixtures”

in the fixtures  
that surround me  
are little comforts  
marrying into a greater joy,  
are magics and magnets  
that my thoughtlessness  
can not destroy,  
for heaven is heaven,  
and suns are suns,  
and freedom is  
the mind when it, breathless, runs

“and in my shadow  
is more of me  
then I would dare to say,  
in case, this one time,  
the fixture of the coming night  
never gives way  
to another day”

Eugene Coffin  
“Wealth”

Rich is the sound of the heartbeat  
Strong is the pride of man  
Weak should be all his prejudice  
While spreading happiness throughout the land



*Harlo*  
Mark DuBois

Linda Labbe  
"Posthaste"

Posthaste

no more thinking, no more thought  
ideas came but nothing we bought  
no more thinking no more time  
we're not returning to that of grime  
no more thinking no more waste  
Lets get it done

posthaste

no more bright ideas that don't fly  
sometimes we just have to try  
no more bright ideas and time lost  
time is wasting and at what cost  
no more putting it in to baste  
Lets get it done

posthaste

no more thinking what shall we do  
lets work at it until it's through  
no more thinking this week  
if it turns out wrong well just tweak  
no more thinking it's time we faced  
Lets get it done

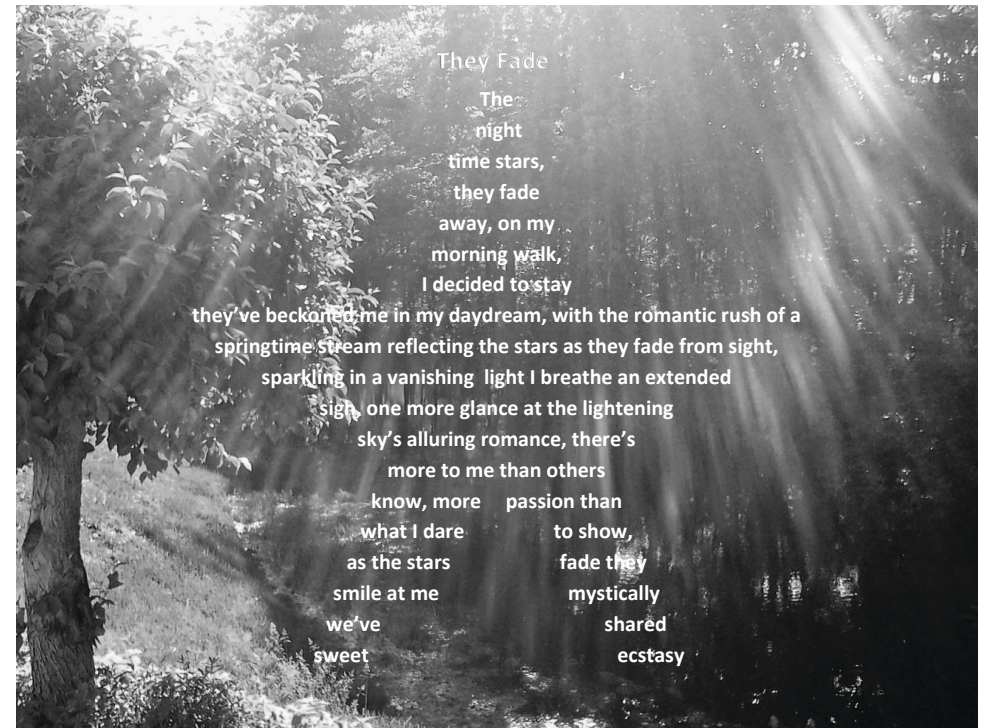
posthaste

no more bright ideas, no light came on  
its time now to just move on

Leslie Ricker  
"behind her"

sun came east,  
set true west  
solstice light at its max,  
the 'longest day' rests;  
june has been, consistently,  
my month of months,  
or once was  
back before the reformation,  
the transplantation  
not of time or place,  
but of action,  
thus, of memory:

"sitting  
in the midst of season,  
biddeford had no breeze,  
the sun fired the clouds,  
I felt, somehow, endowed  
with a non-calendar strength,  
it was supposition on my part  
I suppose,  
for it did not merit  
width or length,  
it was only shadow,  
a sublime reminder  
that it was me  
who gave her wings  
and pushed the air  
behind her"



They Fade  
The  
night  
time stars,  
they fade  
away, on my  
morning walk,  
I decided to stay  
they've beckoned me in my daydream, with the romantic rush of a  
springtime stream reflecting the stars as they fade from sight,  
sparkling in a vanishing light I breathe an extended  
sigh, one more glance at the lightening  
sky's alluring romance, there's  
more to me than others  
know, more passion than  
what I dare to show,  
as the stars fade they  
smile at me mystically  
we've shared  
sweet ecstasy

"They Fade"  
Linda Labbe

VI.

*For the Love of  
Nature*





*Flight Across the Channel - Wood Island Light, Biddeford*  
Pamela Bruno



*American Chestnut Catkins*  
Ellen Speirs



Korin M. Griffin  
"My Memere's Garden"

my memere had the most beautiful garden  
so full, it  
took up most of her yard  
she was an adventurous woman  
who worked hard for what she wanted  
which was mostly for the hummingbirds  
to come and feed at her feeders & flowers  
she had lived a crazy life  
from working with bombs  
to running the Boston Marathon  
from living in San Francisco to Hawaii  
from battling heart attacks and severe arthritis  
to fighting lung cancer  
and losing,  
gracefully.  
the sound of her laugh  
echoes through my soul  
as the seagulls chirp  
And the waves break  
upon the shore

the  
sand leads me  
to her garden  
\* from daisies and black-eyed susans  
to lilies and daffodils  
to find solace among the flowers  
from hydrangeas and goosenecks  
to hostas and roses  
from bee-balms  
to sweetpeas  
her garden was as full as her life  
I hope to have lived a full garden life  
someday  
but until then  
I'll keep planting  
& waiting for the hummingbirds  
as I sit here slightly broken  
in my memere's full garden  
a hummingbird flutters and lands on the sweetpeas  
and suddenly, I am brimful.





*Nature's Kaleidoscope*  
Linda Labbe

Kimberly Towne  
"Into the Sun"

One Sunday, the sun bathed a darkened sky in pale golds and tangerines, basking the moon in his cocky glow. I was twelve. At first, I hated the arrogance of the sun, who presented himself superior to the moon and her tidal responsibilities. The longer I watched, though, I grew fonder of the sun. His company was pleasant after the coolness of night, and his warmth made me think I had garnered all of his attention. I worshipped that sun for the next six years, believing I had fallen in love with him.

Then Monday, the sun remained in view, pushing away any lingering thoughts of the moon. The dusty blue sky was pristine except for the object of my affection, who was stationed high above me as if I'd put him on a shelf out of reach. *To protect him*, I thought. I was often caught conversing with the sun about nothing in particular, but I was careful to conceal my true feelings. I looked for him whenever I could, finding him in linen-scented laundry detergent, murder mystery novels, and green Hawaiian Punch. I stared into the sun until I went blind and then, with no consequences left to suffer, I stared some more.

Tuesday brought early morning snow, and with it, clouds that blocked my sun. I woke up cold, a chill spread through my veins despite being wrapped in blankets. I wondered if he found out about my infatuation with him. Was he upset? I pushed the thought away. I pretended frigid air didn't stab me with every breath, but I knew the sun was behind that bright spot in the clouds, and if I was deserving, he'd be kind enough to heat the oxygen in my lungs. After spending most of the day frozen to my core, the sun finally revealed himself to me, simply to say goodbye before he slipped under the treeline. It was my only reprieve.

When Wednesday came, the sun stuck around, but he'd occasionally hide behind a cloudy haze. While this flirting seemed innocent, he was only putting on a show. I relished every opportunity to exist in his presence, but when he disappeared in pointed moments, I was overwhelmed with yearning and

loneliness. Why could I only find felicity in him when I used to see it everywhere? My wardrobe, once filled with bright neons, consisted of deep maroons and blacks for I couldn't outdo my muse. Every conversation I had was solely about him and when I forced myself to sleep, he was the only topic of my dreams. I lost myself in his existence.

On Thursday, I turned my attention away from the sun and began my affair with the moon. At first, it felt wrong to dote on her when I'd just recently been devoted to the sun, but she assured me there was nothing wrong with our meeting and I believed her. When I looked upon her marred surface, I saw pieces of me that I abandoned for the sun, showing me exactly how far I'd strayed from myself. I howled to the moon before the sun rose, and after he set, I howled again, my song full of lament for an unrequited love. The moon sat in stoic silence, listening to every word, allowing me to grieve. There were no judgements or veiled ultimatums when we'd converge under a sky full of stars. We understood each other like we were one.

Then came Friday with the most heart-wrenching sunset I've ever witnessed. Despite my newfound appreciation for the moon, I struggled saying goodbye to the sun. I asked him to reveal his intentions before I left, and he lit the sky on fire. The same sunrise I fell in love with, flaxen and ochreous, erupted around me, but there was something more. Deep purple mixed with cherry red crept up from the horizon, a mysterious threat. When I asked the sun for closure, I never expected to realize that I was a toy he outgrew long ago. He played with my heart so I wouldn't think he forgot about me. I felt betrayed. Yet, as the sun fell out of sight, tears dripped from my cheeks. I let the moon wipe them away.

It's Saturday now, and that introductory sunrise has long become a memory. I coddle the moon, giving her the attention she deserved way back when. At times, thoughts of the sun return to my mind, making me ask the dreaded *what ifs*. But I look to the moon, her lunar beauty, and I'm reminded why I let the sun go in the first place. The moon glows brighter than the sun ever did.



*Summer Snow*  
Linda Labbe



Korin M. Griffin  
"Sunflower"

Sunflower

her soul rests unborn  
in this seed  
the soil as her guide  
water and sunlight  
her soul food

roots burst from the seed  
slithering like snakes  
through the soil  
entrenching themselves  
into the ground  
the birth of her.

she blooms as the  
golden helianthus  
tower of sunshine  
as the sun ascends  
she raises her petals  
to worship its glory  
and at sundown  
she bows her head  
in mourning

with each sunrise and sunset  
she is sprouting and flourishing,  
searching for her soul's purpose  
in the sun.



*Kalispell*  
Emily L. Williams

Luke Colomey  
"The Hill"



*I dedicate this story to my family; my hill.*

On a grassy hill, four trees of different sizes stood proud. The largest tree stood in the back right, the large-middle tree to the far left, the small-middle tree to the front right, and the smallest tree to the near left. The four trees stood upon the hill, and they were happy.

...

One day the small-middle tree spoke to the other three trees.

"I must go." The small-middle tree told them.

"But where will you go?" Asked the largest tree.

"To the forest. I must learn what it truly means to be a tree."

The small-middle tree answered. "Fear not, I will return to you."

True to its word, the small-middle tree left for the forest.

And so the three trees stood upon the hill.

...

As winter set in, the three trees lost their leaves. But when winter came and passed, the largest tree still had no leaves. Fearing the worst, the trees sent for a bird, who came as quickly as it could. The bird sat upon the largest tree, buried its beak into the tree, and pulled out a squirming worm.

"I have removed the parasite." The bird explained. "But it will take time for your leaves to grow back. Even then, the parasite may also return."

"I understand. Thank you bird." The largest tree replied in gratitude.

"I wish you well." The bird answered, flying off.

True to its word once more, the small-middle tree returned to the hill, but before long it had gone back to the forest. And so the three trees stood upon the hill.

...

One day, the smallest tree made an announcement to the other trees.

"I have decided that I no longer want to be a tree." The smallest tree declared. "I want to be a bush."

"Impossible!" The large-middle tree cried. "You are a tree. You can not be anything else than a tree."

"Watch me." Responded the smallest tree.

The trees sent for a lumberjack, who came as quickly as he could. The lumberjack, with his saw, put up a curtain over the smallest tree.

After some time, the lumberjack removed the curtain to reveal a bush.

"Look!" The lumberjack exclaimed. "I have made you into a bush. May you be happier this way."

The trees thanked the lumberjack and he took his saw and walked off.

Shortly after the smallest tree became a bush, the now middle tree spoke to the others.

"I can not be with a bush." The middle tree told them. "I must be with other trees."

True to its word, the middle tree left the hill. And so, the tree and the bush stood upon the hill.

...

At last, the now smallest tree returned to the hill.

"I have returned as I said I would." The smallest tree exclaimed. "I have learned what it truly means to be a tree."

"And what is that?" The largest tree asked.

"It means that I must stand upon this hill, for it is my hill."

The smallest tree explained. "But I do not understand. When I left there were three trees, now there is one tree and a bush. What happened?"

"The smallest tree is now a bush. And the third tree could not be with a bush so it has gone." The largest tree replied.

"I see." The smallest tree answered. "Then we will wait for its return!"

And so they waited, and the two trees and the bush stood upon the hill.

...

As time passed the largest tree's leaves did not grow back, and their worry grew even more. One day, the largest tree fell over.

"Farewell tree and bush." The largest tree told them. "I have come to my end, may you grow tall."

The largest tree slowly faded away. And so the tree and the bush stood upon the hill.

...

As the smallest tree prophesied, the now largest tree returned to the hill.

"I have returned." The largest tree announced. "I am sorry bush. I thought I must be with other trees, but I now realize that this is my hill, you are my trees, and this is my place." The largest tree apologized. "But where is the other tree?"

"It has fallen over and left." The bush explained. "For this we are sad. But look! A new sapling has begun to grow."

A small sapling, sprouting just one leaf, grew from the ground where the largest tree once stood.

"Hello trees and bush." The sapling greeted. "I am but a little sapling. Please do not leave me."

"We never will." The largest tree promised.

And so the two trees, the bush, and the sapling stood upon the hill, and they were happy.



*Peaceful*  
Linda Labbe

## Ending Remarks

In the ending remarks of last year's *Zephyr* I promised change. I do not wish to toot our own horn too much, but I believe our team has accomplished this goal. Lists have never failed me yet, and I do not expect them to now. 1) With the help of our fantastic new designer, Nick White, who has taken up his duties with a passion, we have reworked much of the aesthetic of *Zephyr*; 2) this issue launches the journal's new social media page; 3) we have introduced artist's signatures as a personal touch alongside their work, and 4) as I am sure you have noticed, but as I am proud to announce anyway - *Zephyr* is now in color!

I also had the pleasure of speaking with Matthew Bibeau, a man who, exactly twenty-one years ago, helped to create the magazine you now hold in your hands. Mr Bibeau has left quite a legacy in his wake among the UNE community. Legacy. Now that is a powerful word. I also spoke of this concept in my last address. I truly hope that our work pays homage to the legacy that has meant so much to so many Nor'easters through the years.

However - and it is quite a large "however" - legacy is one thing, continuity is another. I spit in the face of continuity. Continuity gives us comfort and peace. But, continuity is also bland and boring. We are artists after all! Artists do not let themselves be restricted by such silly things as continuity. With a journal entirely run by an ever-changing cast of students it is virtually impossible to be constrained by continuity anyway. And who would want to? No. Instead (as I believe it is fitting to say we have finally crossed the threshold), this new generation has finally made *Zephyr* our own. Now all that is left is to leave a legacy. I wonder how that will be done?

Luke Colomey,  
Editor-In-Chief



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

CHARLES KINGSLEY

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