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# Our Time

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# S.U.N.Y. - GENESEO

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SEASONS  
GREETINGS  
FROM  
OUR TIME



### Volume 8

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Sometimes I can close the whites  
and be open to the blacks.  
I can feel the reds  
or smell the browns.  
I can sing the blues  
or jeer the yellows.  
I've fought the grays  
and maybe done the greens.  
But I will never choose  
the burnt sienna to stay in the lines.

**Cheryl Echan**



## APPRENTICE

I, the painter, alone in the cold morning mist,  
waited with an imaginary brush  
poised on the canvas of my mind.  
Dawn awoke between the mountain folds,  
yawning like a sleepy lion  
as it rises from a dreamless slumber.  
The sun breathed colors into the sky,  
painting upon her own azure canvas  
with solar rainbows of opalescent visions  
ranging from luminous hues of violet  
to palest shades of somber rose.  
And I stood in awed silence  
as a dandelion might when it meets a lily.  
I knew then that dawn was the master  
and that I, the painter, was enslaved to her.

**Crystal Keller**

## A WORLD PAINTED GOLD



Warm summer's air beckoned  
A deep red romance... to the night.  
I looked beyond the shade  
Of a grey confused world  
And two lover's appeared  
As one silhouette...in silver starlight.

As they seemed to fall from love's delight  
Upon an emerald green grass,  
Overshadowed by the midnight's velvet blue,  
...gentle breezes cooled desires.

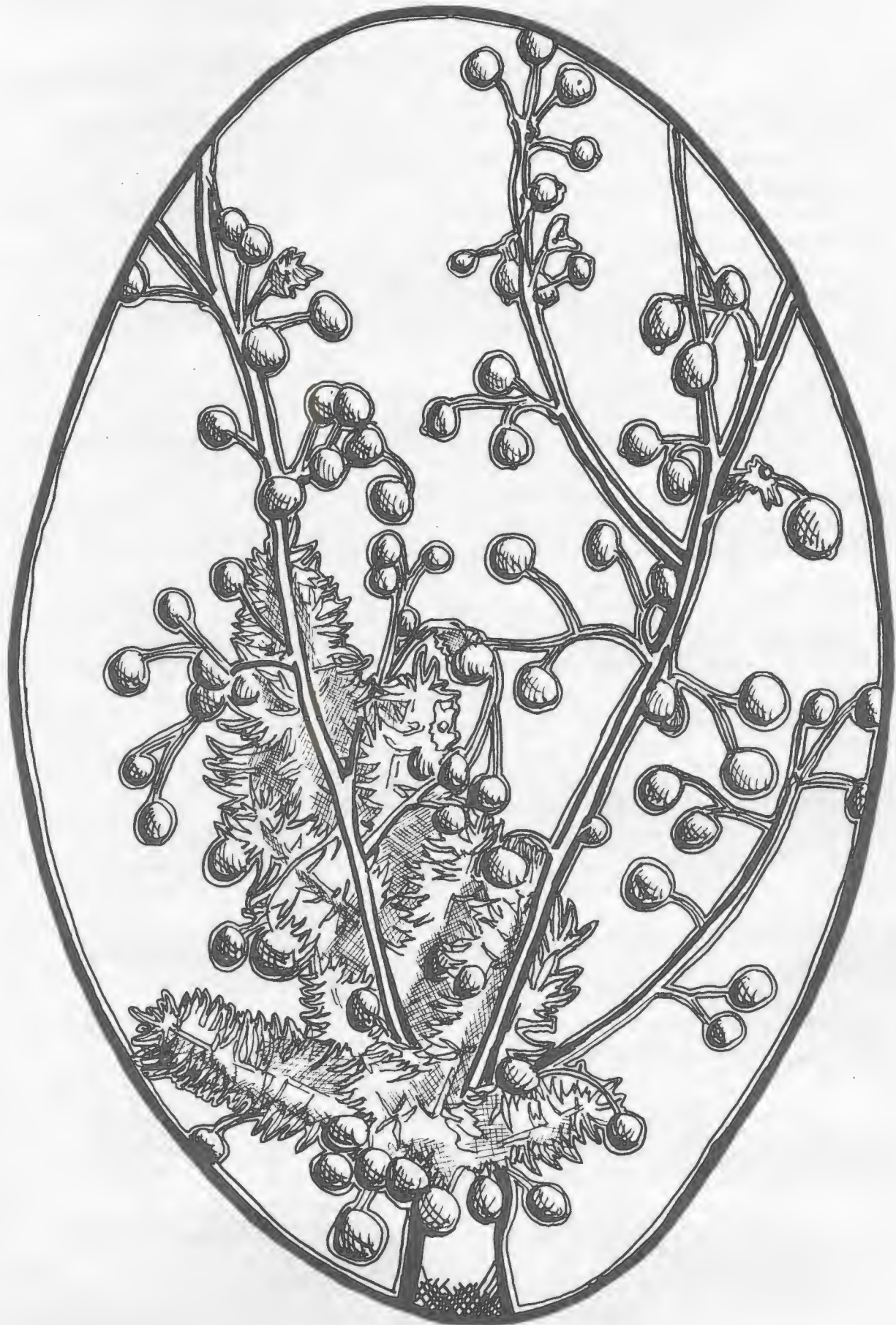
A mild stroke of long ebony hair  
Gave him the feel of silk,  
And he knew the softness of rose petals  
As he caressed her ivory cheek.

Lavender thoughts filled her mind  
... with the sweetness of lilacs  
And glowed soft shades of pink  
From the burning flame within her heart.

One mere embrace—  
And the brilliance of an orange sunset dawned  
...the horizon of his soul.

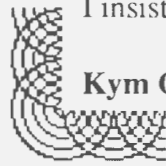
Yet, of all the colors  
Illuminating their life...  
The only world they knew  
...was on painted gold.

**Jeanne-Marie Fuchila**





Armed only with today  
I stepped into the brilliant colors  
of nostalgia  
and attempted to replace the cob-  
webs  
I insisted upon knocking down.



**Kym Graham**



## BLACK RAIN

Blinded and naked  
You stand, desolate and alone,  
In ice cold pouring black rain  
Praying avidly to your vain God  
As I, your sacrificial victim,  
Silently watch from the warmth  
Of a bright shadow,  
The shades of disillusion and distrust  
Flit across your ashen face  
As you fervently struggle  
To retain your well-kept facade.

Slowly, I close the distance  
That separates us into  
Individual revolutionaries,  
Surrounding you with my quiet awe,  
Reveling in your corrupt obscurity,  
As you, my fallen angel,  
Catch my hand, forcing me  
To run with you through  
The penetrating black rain  
That scars our souls with a  
Kiss of hot fire as we  
Vanish into the wet darkness  
In our rebellion of unity.

**Susan Inneo**

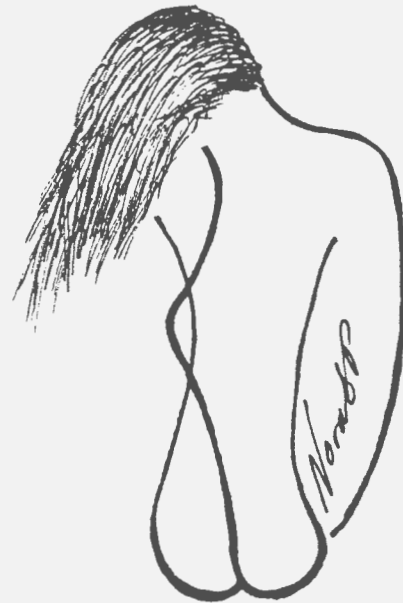
## where the dandelions grow

so sweetly through the fields of pestilence  
she skipped although stripped of her merriment  
her eyes swallowed a rose by accident  
pick me and give me your acquiescence  
said he to she and kiss my petals red  
for i am alone and have no rose bed

fog drank them up and released them upstream  
intoxicating perfume jaded her soul  
her heart his beauty already had stole  
she'd seen this twisted path before it seemed  
she danced, she ran, she made the rainman come  
she bled while sleep and sweat fathered her  
numb

she stirred after dawn ejaculated  
srowning amid the scars she discovered  
a weed the blanket of blood uncovered  
the magic his thorn annihilated  
its truth being one never wins a Rose  
when one walks where the dandelion grows.

**Sharon J. Purcell**



## THE SWAN

Kris Szepansky

I remember him as the warmest human being who has ever touched my heart and soul. When I first came to know him, I was only five, and he died when I was fourteen. He married my grandmother and he gave me his undivided love and care. To me, he was my grandfather and there was no other.

He was a rotund man that gave the best bear hugs ever - not too tight, not too loose. More often than not, he wore flannel shirts and pants with paint drops on them. His gray hair was always perfectly combed and immaculate. His smile - how it made me feel - as if I hadn't a care in the world, and his laughter filled the room, making any event cheery.

He had many hobbies, which was why he had paint drops on his clothes. He loved to paint. He would paint many things - the porch, the garage, and even the house. He wasn't precise in his painting, but merely slopped it on. I think his painting gave him a feeling of satisfaction after he had retired.

Another one of his hobbies was the garden in their back lawn. That was his sole project in the spring-time. He would plant so many different things that would blossom at the touch of his hands. The tomatoes were always bright red, the corn always tender and sweet, the potatoes always abundant, and the peas - the peas were exquisite. I must say that I was always partial to the peas. We would go out to the garden together holding hands and he would show me where to step so that I wouldn't destroy a plant. We picked as many as our hands would allow

and sit under a big fir tree to shuck the shells and devour the green delights.

At that time in my life I had a passion for horses, as most children do at one time or another. When time would allow, he would take me to his friends' houses who owned the beloved animals. I would ride gaily around their lovely pastures as he lovingly watched and chatted with his friends.

If I was with him on a rainy day, we would play checkers on the porch and I would be amazed with myself when I won. Now I have suspicions that it wasn't because of my keen talent to outwit him, but his desire for me to be proud of myself. During our games of checkers, he would sometimes talk of when he was younger and worked on the railroad. I was utterly fascinated with the talks of the railroad, not unlike my fascination with him. I was so proud to hold his hand and tell everyone that he was my grandfather. I walked taller when he was beside me.

One of the foremost things that I can recall is the way he always greeted me. He would embrace me, stroke my blonde hair, and say, "You have such silky hair." He was the only one who let me feel good about myself. He gave me the shine in my smile, not inherited, but nurtured through his character and personality.

I will forever cherish the day that he took my sisters and me to an oblong building behind their house. He told us that a long time ago, the building used to be a hen house. I was very excited as I walked beside him towards the unexplored place, for I had never dreamed of what was inside.

He took the key out of his deep pocket and placed it inside the keyhole; the door swung open with a

push from his strong arm. A smell of dampness and earthiness permeated the air as we walked through the door. My sisters immediately started to explore every nook and cranny, but I stayed with my grandfather and watched him look back at his memories, for all the mementos in that building were memories of his past. So many different emotions crossed over his face that I cannot explain the feelings that I had inside myself. He suddenly picked up a small brown box and beckoned to my sisters.

As he opened the box, our eyes filled with delight and our faces lit up with brilliance, for in the box were animal figurines of all kinds. He ceremoniously took out one figurine at a time, as if he had planned and thought of each fitting our characters. He started with my oldest sister, and then to the second oldest. I cannot recall what animal he placed in their outstretched hands, but when they had received their gifts they went off to play. He took my animal ever so carefully and said to me, "This swan has watched me grow through my lifetime and has endured the hardships with me; it will see you through yours also. As the swan has endured, so our relationship will continue through the course of time." With that, he presented the spell-binding swan into my little hands. I tightened my hands around the swan as tightly as I hugged him.

He has left my world since then and I often wish he were back in my life to comfort me and tell me that everything will be all right, but then I realize that he is in my heart and holding my hand while I hold my everlasting swan.

The Old Man is rusting  
in his dark oak chair,  
As the porch,  
where he sits,  
seems to  
crumble  
to bits . . .

His Wife, inside,  
seems to carry  
no pride,  
As the bed  
where she lays,  
seems to live  
for days . . .

**Mark W. Trawitz**

### “Hourglass”

Moments sealed away, beyond our touch.  
A kiss frozen in time; As the sands waste away.

Unable to turn the arms back, we treasure the old  
wine...  
in the vineyard where age is respect. Respect is time.  
As the sands waste away

We remain helpless to it's power yet commander of its  
course...  
As the sands waste away.

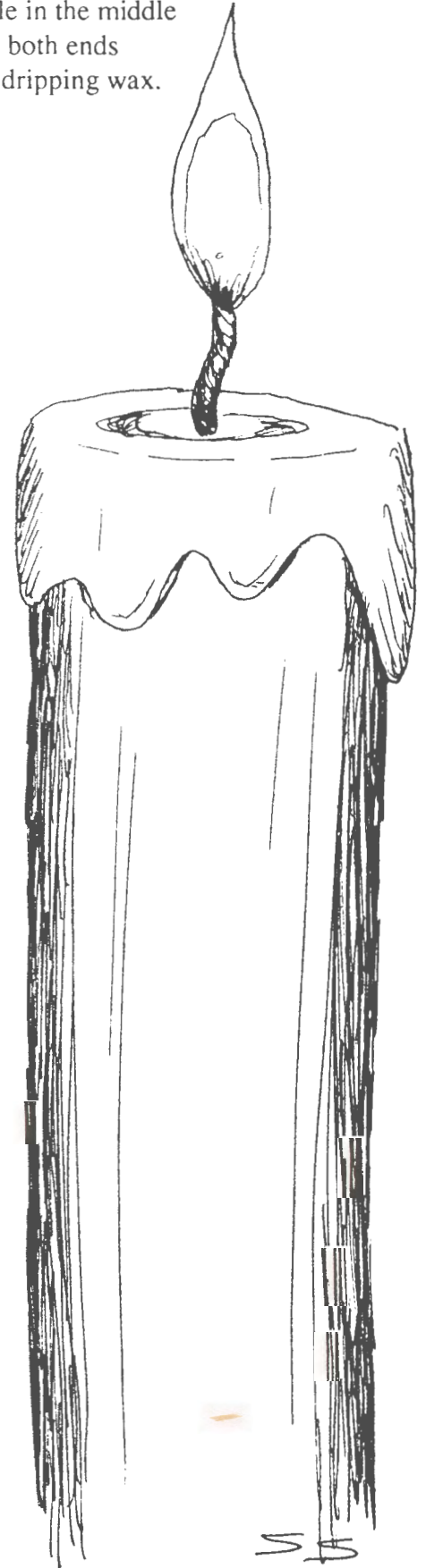
A smile, a frown, movement everywhere... it's all  
around.  
The silent killer that never stalks, but continues its plot  
as  
the aged man walks.

Walks into a place with no time nor day. Tomorrow  
no more  
He is gone away.

**Ed McNamara**

We are the generation  
That holds a candle in the middle  
And burns it from both ends  
Never fearing the dripping wax.

**Susan H. Nead**





## Revelation

And here I lay,  
amid the ruins  
naked and silent  
Watching your vibrant  
dance of color  
hang in the air,  
like an accusation,  
enveloped in the  
shadows of tainted memory,  
lies our once  
luxurious desire,  
laying around like  
a starless night  
suffocating the moon  
and our bittersweet  
intentions; Once I  
thought we would  
cheat mortality,  
painting the sky  
golden grey, but  
now I know you  
were only a signification  
and I, a foolish  
metaphor to your  
quiet seduction.

Susan Inneo

## Yesterday Has Passed

Yesterday I glanced  
but I couldn't see you  
Yesterday you spoke  
but I didn't listen to you  
Yesterday you smiled  
but I failed to bestow the same warmth  
upon you

Then moonbeams weighed gently upon my eyelids  
And cool breezes whispered your name in my dreams  
Thus, when sunbeams caressed my face today, I awakened  
to your presence

but you weren't standing before me  
And though your vocals cords never sounded  
I perceived you to speak my name  
And as I thought of you, we smiled together. . .

Yesterday has passed and now I must run swiftly,  
I must ride upon the wind to find you  
For 'tis you with whom I would like to sit  
upon a cloud eternal  
While embracing comets and reaching for falling stars  
For now I see and love the beauty of your inner being  
And hope that one day you'll come back for me  
In one of Apollo's

shining

chariot

c  
a  
r  
s

Jennifer Quirk

## Willow

I saw a swaying willow tree  
fresh and light in the breeze  
something there had captured me  
beneath its graceful ease.

I knew there stood, strong and free  
something that I knew I'd be  
Alone, yet able to stretch and see  
the sky above that awaited me.

Leaning back, the trunk so firm  
I knew all that I need learn  
Dappled sun through branches burned  
A soaring flight did I yearn.

But lo, the willow branching high  
Reaches not to the sky  
No roots, no life, lest it die  
Forever rooted through by and by.

And so I sat beneath the tree  
and saw all that I could be  
if keeping that born in me  
Nourishes yearning for sky and sea.

**Laura Webber**



The barren branch stretches out to grab me,  
It grazes my skin, tainting it only for a second.  
Then it snaps, and I walk on.  
Certain in my knowledge, steadfast in my faith.  
The clouds close in around me.  
I take a breath and they disappear.  
I breathe the air and I am cleansed,  
and I feel anew.  
A tiny bird soars in your sky.  
A squirrel scurries up your tree  
and I walk along the path you gave to me.  
Seeing the beauty, absorbing the light,  
knowing the answer.  
I have the truth.  
And the barren branch becomes withered  
and shrieks in pain as I step upon it  
and hold my head high.  
And touch the sky above me.

**Kimberly Michele**

Dream me in the country,  
on a road that goes nowhere  
and takes its own time.

Dream me in the summer, the  
world an eruption of green  
and blue.

Dream me on the shore of  
a lake, counting the waves  
that gently wash against the  
grass until I've reached  
infinity.

Dream me in a field, eyes  
closed and gentle winds  
bathing me in tranquility.

Dream me under the sun,  
in love and secure with  
the belief that I am good.

Dream me at rest.

**John Sweet**



For the short time that I am here now,  
Let me contemplate one single leaf.  
Lying so calmly now, under the shade  
And warm embrace of this tree,  
Let me feel the warm soft Earth press up  
And support me.  
The gnarled roots I sense beneath me  
Massage and soothe me.

The quiet whisper of the breeze sifting through the  
leaves  
Speaks to me.  
The gold, the amber, the crimson, the burgundy leaves  
Let go, work down, and cover me.  
One by one, they  
Blanket me.

Bury me in leaves, and I will sink down into the  
ground!  
The sweet smell of autumn,  
The fresh, chill air surrounds me.  
I taste the frost.

A squirrel gazes at me from way up high,  
Tap, tap, tapping a chestnut.  
The billowy, clean clouds  
Peer through the spaces in the tree.

The hill I rest upon  
Lifts me up  
This one leaf, among myriads of others,  
Singles itself out to me.

Why?  
I know this leaf  
Why can't I just stay here for a while?  
Everything I need to know pacifies me here,  
And the brown leaf that I hold explains everything.

**Heather Riley**

## God Story

### Trevor Urban

Michael walked down the hall and into the reception area. Gabriel was at the desk.

"He in?" Michael asked. Gabriel nodded.

Michael knocked and went in. God was sitting behind His desk, His chair turned away from the door.

"The Americans have gone to DEFCON 2," Michael said.

"Yes, I know. Condition Yellow. One step away."

"I think they're going to do it. They're going to war, the fools," Michael said, his voice rising.

"Maybe," God spoke quietly, "maybe not. I don't know."

"What? What do You mean, You don't know? Look Boss, I like the riddles just as much as the next guy, but I don't think this is really the right time. This is serious."

"Right." God stood up and walked to the window. Michael watched Him, his confidence returning. "Mike, I want you to go see Satan. Tell him to stop what he's doing or else I'm going to send him down. Tell him I'm not kidding. Got it?"

"Right Boss." Michael turned and walked out of the office.

God turned back to the window. "I hope I'm right," He whispered to Himself.

Gabriel looked up as Michael came out. "How'd it go?" he asked.

"Ah. . . He jerked my chain some, but I'm going to see Satan. We'll get this straightened out-"

"-Or there'll be Hell to pay, huh Mike?" Gabriel laughed at his joke. Michael stared at him, then turned

for the door. "Go get him Mike," Gabriel encouraged him.

"Shut up."

Gabriel heard Michael laugh humorlessly as he walked down the hall.

Baal was at the desk outside of Satan's office. He was cleaning his fingernails with a dagger as Michael came up to the desk.

"Don't bother. It'll take you forever to get them clean," Michael almost sneered.

Baal smiled cruelly. "What I hear, forever might be coming sooner than you think."

"Not if I can help it. Your master in?" Michael emphasized the word master and Baal's smile faded.

"Yeah. . . he's in."

"Thanks." Michael walked to the door and opened it.

As Michael walked in, Satan put the black crystal sphere he had been holding down on the desktop.

"Michael," Satan smiled as if the effort hurt him, "what a pleasant surprise."

"Sure it is. I have to say though, you're looking good Nick." Satan was wearing a charcoal two-piece suit. His shirt was a shade lighter gray and his tie was blood red silk.

"Well, when you feel good you look good," Satan said.

"Not too good though," Michael said as he looked hard at the Prince of Darkness.

"No, not too good," Satan said, as his thigh began to burn. He reached down and began to rub it. "What do you want?"

"You know what I want Nick, what we want," Michael said as he casually picked up the black crystal sphere. "Man's going to go to war. Nuclear war. If he does, that'll be the ballgame. God will be angry. . . very angry."

"So, what do you want me to do about it? Be careful with that," he said this as Michael tossed the sphere into the air and then caught it.

"What do we want you to do about it?" Michael leaned across the desk and stared into Satan's bottomless black eyes, "We want you to stop it, of course."

Satan sat up until his face was an inch from Michael's. They stayed that way, the brightest and the darkest, staring into each other's eyes for what might have been an eternity. Finally Satan spoke. "If I could, what makes you think I would stop it?"

A small smile came across Michael's face as he said, very softly, "If you don't, He'll make you a man and put you down on Earth. That way you'll have a great view of the end."

Satan slowly sat back down in his chair and leaned back, closing his eyes. Then he spoke, even softer than Michael had, "If He makes me a man, then I will become even more powerful."

Michael's smile faded and his face became a stone mask. He placed the black crystal sphere back on the desk, turned, and walked from the office without another word.

Satan sat without moving for a time. Then he reached out for the crystal sphere, but as his fingers touched it, the shiny black orb rolled from them and off the edge of the desk. When he stood up to look, the sphere lay split in half on the floor.

Michael stormed down the hall, past Gabriel and into God's office. "What the hell's going on? First he says that if he could stop it what makes us think that he would. Then he says that if you make him a man it will only make him more powerful.

Is he crazy? Or is there something I don't know?"

God looked up from where She was seated at Her desk. "He's right, partly," She said, "About becoming more powerful anyway."

"Look Mike, when Adam and Eve ate of the Tree in Eden, they gained the Knowledge of Life and Death, and a certain power. It seems like they have spent their time on Earth doing nothing but perfecting that power. And now they've done it. Mike, man has the power to destroy Creation." With this, God turned and looked out Her window, and then added, "And I can't stop him."

"Ho-ly cow." Michael whispered, "The clockwork world."

"No, not quite," God said, "there is someone in charge of the Earth." As She said this, God pulled half of the broken black crystal sphere from the pocket of Her jacket.

"No. You don't mean that he . . ." here Michael faltered.

God gave a sad smile. "Yes. That was part of the deal. Adam turned the Earth over to Satan. But Satan hasn't got the power to destroy it, why would he want to? It's his kingdom."

"What if we destroy him?" Michael was beginning to grow angry.

"Then man is surely doomed. Satan may be evil, but he's not stupid." God walked around the desk and faced Michael. "Michael, look. Only a man can save the Earth from its own destruction."

"Isn't there anything we can do? I mean. . . Jesus Christ! . . . wait a minute. . . Jess. Jess was a man."

"And God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten son. . ." God smiled, "John 3:16."

"Yeah, I always see those clowns at the football games holding that up," Michael said, thinking. "So Jess is. . ."

"Our ace in the hole. So to speak." God sat down on the desk. "I knew it would eventually come to this. Satan's influence down there was just too great. Sooner or later man would really screw up in his intellectual pursuits and set the stage for Armageddon. But I figured if I could get the Word to them that I loved them, if one of their own told them, then maybe when the time came there would be a few people around who would remember what Jesus had done and said. Now we just have to hope. Have faith. . . in man."

"It's a big risk. I don't know if they can do it," Michael said, looking at the floor, "Man doesn't have a really good record so far."

"I know. But this time it's for all the marbles," God replied, pulling the black crystal from Her pocket. When She looked down at it, it was whole. "Besides, maybe Satan will help us."

"Maybe, he didn't seem too thrilled with the idea of the whole Earth going down for the count."

"Of course not. He's far too ambitious to lose his kingdom. Especially since he can't have Mine." God held out the crystal. "Go see him again, Michael. See what he can do."

Michael took the sphere and put it in his pocket. "You got it, Boss." Then he turned and left God's office.

When the angel had gone, God slowly stood and walked to the window. She stood there for a long time, looking down on the Earth, Her right hand in Her pocket.

As Michael came out of the office, Gabriel sat at the desk, polishing his silver trumpet. The last trumpet.

"I don't think you're going to be needing that for a while, Gabe," Michael said, walking past.

"I just like to be ready, that's all," Gabriel replied softly as he continued to shine the horn. "Good luck, Mike."

"Thanks."

When Michael got to Satan's office, Baal was nowhere to be seen. Michael walked into the office.

Satan had his back to the door as Michael came in.

"Michael, so good to see you back again. Maybe you should arrange for a permanent transfer down here."

"No thanks, Nick. Three visits an eternity is enough for me." Michael placed the black sphere on Satan's desk.

"I believe this belongs to you," he said.

"It all belongs to me," Satan breathed. "All of it."

"Tsk, tsk, delusions of grandeur, Nick?" Michael's voice was hard. "No. You can keep your little world for now, but you try anything like the last time and we'll put you so deep in the ice that Hell will just be a star in your white sky."

"The Americans are backing off in the Gulf. Or hadn't you noticed?" The hate in Satan's voice put a chill in the foul air.

"Good boy," Michael's voice was low, dangerous. He turned toward the door. Halfway out, he turned back. "Just remember, Nick," Satan's thigh began to burn again, "Jesus left a lot of people behind, they're still pretty strong, and they don't like you. Not a little bit." With that he walked out the door.

As Michael walked away, he didn't hear what Satan whispered to himself.

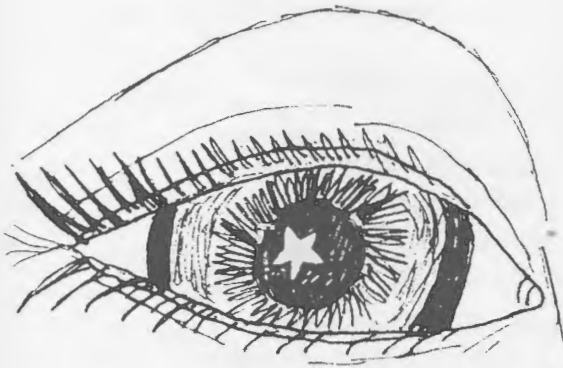
"Well, maybe just a little bit."



## Look In Me

Don't look at me  
But, look in me  
Value not my outside  
Search for the inside  
When you speak to me  
Strive to become part of me  
Desire not my earthly traits  
But reach into my soul  
For my eyes are the paths to insight  
And if there be no spiritual love  
My eyelids will fall and become locked gates  
the lashes shall stand guard. . .

Jennifer Quirk



## Eyes of the Ghost

Only the right words matter  
when the silence is too  
much to bear, and nothing  
can negate  
this weightless feeling that  
comes from being outside  
your heart. A free-fall  
through this vacuum,  
grabbing at what isn't  
there anymore, prayers for  
rain in this lifeless  
desert of isolation go  
unanswered. Numb from  
the ice of your indifference,  
trying to claw through  
to the air. There is  
no escape and it's only  
a matter of time  
before I drown in  
this green world of  
refracted light and  
audible heartbeats.  
I'd walk to the  
end of the world  
to erase all of my mistakes,  
but I'd only be  
back where I began.

John Sweet

Burning bright back in my mind,  
Heat, high and hot growing,  
All at once a surge is felt,  
Energy, ever-growing erupts again,  
Age-old acorn planted there,  
Seething, sewing seeds for future,  
Reference as needed, to stoke the fire,  
That's present always as a tiny spark,  
Which never needs to flicker out,  
Only if a want is there,  
Will time vanquish the spreading fire.

**Darnae Eldred**



## The Beast Unseen

Master of the night sky wind,  
Dragon with eyes so cold,  
I've reached beyond reality,  
Through mysteries untold.  
Upon a dream midnight laced,  
I've come to stand before you.  
I've come to touch the legend  
And see if it is true.

Tongues do slander 'gainst you,  
Like arrows heartward sent,  
To tell of your loathsome power  
And terrors never dreamt,  
Of teeth stained black with lies  
Revealed by a serpent's smile,  
Of blood so cold it burns  
And a heart by time defiled.

Yet when I look upon you  
I see a beast unseen.  
I hear a lost and lonely song,  
Not a spiteful scream.  
I see the tears you try to hide  
And sorrow that makes you sad.  
I understand the pain you feel,  
Pain that makes your mind go mad.

You reached beyond your limits  
To grab something out of sight.  
Your claws are pale and scarred  
From holding on too tight.  
But the dream still slipped away  
As time pulled it ever onward,  
Leaving you behind  
With a bleak road leading forward.

Your blood is just as crimson  
As I who stand before you;  
Your heart beats just as fast,  
Your hopes are just as true.  
I look a little deeper,  
Into your eyes of liquid black,  
And the thought does make me tremble  
For my reflection is looking back.

**Heather Riley**



## Paragon

There war a world called Paragon  
Which Druids fashioned life upon.  
This Paragon in days of old  
Had glitt'ring paths of shining gold.

And light would flash across the sky  
Too dazzling for mortals' eyes.  
The seas did shower clear and fair  
Hypnotic waves upon the air.

But the land held secrets best unknown  
Knowledge Druids left alone.  
This wondrous place of Druid's hands  
Left secrets hid in wooded lands.

Alas! Life did come upon  
This brilliant shining Paragon.  
And soon the secret land was found  
Which creatures stole from underground.

These evil secrets found inside  
Was a treasure to covet and to hide.  
From this men learned to cheat and lie  
And Paragon began to die.  
And then creation learned to kill  
Thus obeying Druids' will.

Fiery storms raged the land  
As Druids made a valiant stand.  
As men blamed men for this curs'ed dread  
They started wars and blood was shed.

The wrathful Druids' final ire  
Was to consume the world in hellish fire.  
The wondrous land and rolling seas  
Had forever ceased to be.

When the Wizards ceased this burning rain  
Another world was built again.  
These wizards cast a final spell  
And hid the secrets deep in hell.  
For in this place the Druids' know  
Their new creations would not go.

What did we learn from Paragon?  
Look around and wonder on.

Jeff Zampino



## A Stormy Battle

Carolyn A. Campbell

There was a slight rumble in the distance, a deep bellowing, rhythm, like the slow somber beat of a battle march. The front line consisted of blue-black, billowing clouds that loomed over the field, as a murky shadow crept over the land, drenching it with darkness. The clouds grew until the sun was extinguished and the summer sky was covered by the ominous blanket. Animals scampered out of sight, leaving behind a tense hush that stilled the plain. Occasional raindrops spattered ten-

derly on the blades of grass, bending them slightly, while a breeze whispered through the trees, leaves quivering in its path.

All of a sudden, a streak of light slashed through the gray sky, slicing through the darkness, followed by a deafening, sonorous boom that shook the earth, heralding the storm's arrival. The black sky gaped open and dumped waves of rain that crashed down on the grassy field, flooding the ground. Gusting through the trees, the wind wrenched the young saplings, tossing about their limbs, and twisting them until they snapped under its wrath. Older trees resisted the rip-roaring gale, clinging to the earth with their mighty roots but the gale was too much even for their tenacity; as if

mere twigs, the trees were uprooted and brought down by the strong gust, landing with a sickening thud onto the muddy ground.

Amid the turbulence, a glint clouds until all that was left were a few tufts of ebony. The sun emerged once again, shining over the wet earth, exposing its wounds: trees standing headless; limbs gashed and torn; the ground gouged out by the rain, spattered with mounds of dirt like scars, marking where grass had once grown. Despite the casualties, the land bloomed with life as animals cautiously crept out of their hide-aways and resumed their daily activities. The battle was over, the storm clouds slowly retreating across the sky, faintly moaning far behind the hills as if to say farewell . . . for now.



## Through The Raging Storm

Peering  
across  
the stormy ocean's edge

Gazing  
upon moonlight reflections  
dancing  
on tormented whitecaps

Ablaze  
opposite shores  
luminescence  
the beckoning call of the lighthouse  
repetitive - urging  
requesting my presence

"Cross the raging fury that lay beneath  
you!"

Mesmerized  
following the night beacon  
an extended hand  
begs for salvation

Hypnotized  
gulls shriek -  
frightening shrills  
pierce my skin

Falling  
into a deeper damnation  
one  
fatal  
step

Crying Mommy!

Blurry eyes  
tighten shut -  
overcome in a hazy sleep  
drugged  
humming sweet lullabies

Mommy!  
Hear me!  
reach  
over  
and  
grab

Grasp  
hold tight

Unbalanced...  
frozen  
(falling)  
terror  
horror  
(falling)

Startled  
I awake  
embraced in your arms

and  
love.

Ann Carney

## The Predator



You have meticulously prepared your trap...  
painstakingly attended to every last detail.  
The mighty jaws of iron are your smooth, tan thighs-  
so tantalizingly exposed to your prey,  
that they become entranced in a world of desire.  
The bitter cold steel teeth are masked...  
by your warm, inviting smile.  
This cruel, pain-inducing trap is concealed-  
in a mirage of nylon, leather and lace.  
While observing at a distance,  
I can't help but be amazed at the ease in which  
you lure your unsuspecting prey toward you.  
Closer and closer he comes...  
drawn by your guise of innocence...  
until your prey -intoxicated with hunger,  
blindly embraces your nylon-  
your leather-  
your lace-  
your flesh.  
An instant of self-gratifying, lustful and frenzied feeding  
is abruptly halted by a bone-shattering-CRUNCH-.  
Your prey lay helpless...  
captured...  
cold...  
fading...  
Pleasure is no longer found in your flesh.  
Now you proudly yield excruciating torture upon your  
victim.  
Your mission completed.  
Meanwhile, your prey loses sight...  
perception...  
touch with reality.  
You have carried out your task with flawless ease...  
a true master of your talent.  
However, you made one fatal mistake-  
one of your captured prey was spared.  
By some divine intervention-  
forgiveness was bestowed upon this dying soul.  
An inconceivable escape was devised and carried out.  
You see...  
I was once your prey...  
I fell victim to your trap...  
I was caught...  
I was crippled...  
but I was spared.  
You are now the hunted.  
I have been transformed into a cold and bitter diller-  
for which you are solely responsible.  
In the darkness, I am waiting...  
a hungry, revengeful predator-  
stalking his prey.  
I am watching you.

Mark Mathewson

## Deadly Satin

Eyes like silver daggers,  
spark from shadows, deep.  
Hands, long and slender,  
gently how they creep.

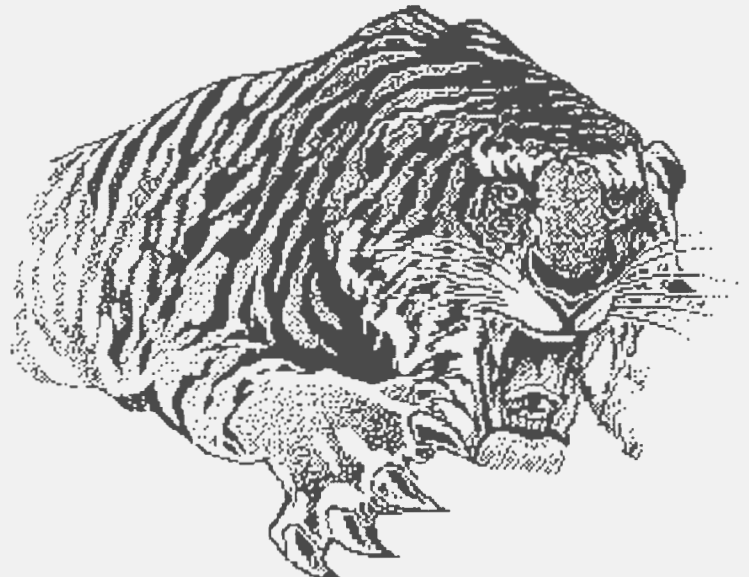
Touch is light and feathery,  
holding now to keep.  
Skin glows pale in moonlight,  
lips touch, then then they meet.

Bodies are entwined,  
forever forged as one.  
Hearts beat together,  
pulses race and run.

Form as soft as satin,  
watches daggers sleep.  
Smile grim, determined,  
seduced so blood may seep.

Cry is silent, smothered,  
no one there to hear...  
Death of Silver daggers  
Pain in Satin's tears.

Jennifer R. Brotzman





## People Change

Kris Szepansky

I have been studying her face; although she doesn't know it. The once lively and spirited Lidia I loved, who found such happiness in wearing bright colors and letting her long black hair wave in the wind, is now a timid creature that catalyzes rage in my soul. She seems to be playing games with me. the way she knits, she acts so content until she looks at me and begins to smile, but I can tell, she is afraid of me.

I cannot tell you exactly when our lives began to change, but I can tell you that my love for my once-loving wife, has vanished beyond words. I really don't know why my wife is nervously afraid of me. I am a man in my middle ages, who is sly and cunning. In am quick to outwit anyone, in my mind, but not aloud for I feel that they are not worth my words and my intelligence. Even the servants, whom I once laughed and joked with, are emotionless about me.

I spend my days thinking of the

secret meaning of life, and of the many voices - perhaps spirits - I hear talk of the quests that they have in life, something that I lack in my own. This is my ecstasy in my remaining days and I treasure it above all else.

But, back to my wife and the changes I see in her. She is younger than I, and was always more naive. I was constantly explaining the ways of the world to her, though I find it hard to do so any longer, for a force inside of mewants to hate and despise her. I constantly battle it, but lately I have given in to the extraordinary urge of hatred. I am not proud of this, but it is so easily done.

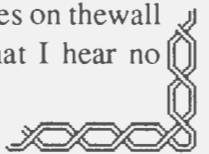
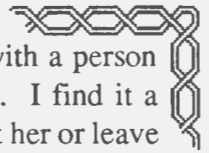
She has this irritating habit, a queer habit; she cradles a doll, as if it were real. The voices have warned me of the uneasiness inside this woman and this must prove to you that her mind is gradually warping and slowly, but surely, she is losing sight of the world. Her foothold with reality is slipping away. I find it overwhelming how she has changed and how we have lost communication in these past few months.

Life is solemn and I only find pleasure in writing to you, my journal of thoughts. Writing gives me the right to let out my frustrations. For I

have so many, living with a person who is going half-mad. I find it a daily struggle to look at her or leave my beloved room where I spend most of my time.

Today, I just couldn't tolerate her doll cradling anymore. She was sitting in her favorite rocking chair wearing a gray dress with black buttons, black high-button shoes, and her hair was brought up into a tight bun on the top of her head. She has become so dreary. While gazing out onto the iced lake she was stroking her "baby." The chair was monotonously rocking, rocking, rocking ever so slowly and, when I could no longer hold back the unquenchable desire, I grabbed it from her and flung it across the room. At that moment the woman cried my name and said, "Wake up, my God, wake up."

I didn't understand what she had said although I felt much better after destroying her "baby," as if a heavy burden had been lifted from my shoulders. However, there is one thing I can't understand, why the servants and she rushed over to it and began crying. I did find one thing peculiar: the red splotches on the wall and the faint crying that I hear no more.



## “Where in the World”

frayed, ripped knees  
tan exposed  
carefree minds leap literary boundaries  
to flee the coward’s shame.  
Large green rectangle looms behind  
man walking in a coma  
man talking in a coma.  
“Where in the world”  
two men argue over lost game, while  
woman in pearls squirms uncomfortably  
nervous. afraid.  
“Where in the world”  
they talk too freely on subjects that  
burn their tongues.  
one hour later, 27 slumped over dead.  
27 shot in the head.

**Cheryl Echan**



Lost is an empire  
Gone is my soul  
All thrown away  
For the price of some gold.

The tower has fallen  
War, flames and strife  
Follow me, my friend  
While I forfeit my life.

**Christine Quader**

## “The Nineties”

Realist or Cynic?  
It’s difficult to determine  
today.  
All hope cannot be lost.  
Who are our heroes?  
Someday, they’ll come and  
save us all.  
And everyone will be happy,  
And the air will be clean,  
And the animals will live,  
And the sun will set,  
And I’ll burn my foot.  
(What does that mean??)  
“Miracles don’t happen,” says the realist.  
“That’s what you get for not wearing  
shoes,” says the cynic.  
I say,  
“Live free,  
and could I have some cold water for  
my foot?”

**Jennifer Cox**

Standing  
overlooking the valley,  
I debate my ability  
to stretch out upon  
one of the incoming gales of blue air  
and ascend to a higher visage,  
where I can see deeper hues  
and more complex patterns  
clearly.  
Trying,  
just as I feel I am above it all,  
gravity heavily pulls me  
back to the earth,  
where I fear  
I must  
remain  
forever.

**Kym Graham**

Free me from this  
place  
A tangled jungle  
of ideals  
Anchoring me to  
conformities.  
Reason.  
There is always a  
Reason.  
And there is no  
Freedom.  
No reason to be  
Free I guess

**Lynn Ellen McCaffery**

## Silence of the Heart

The Silence of the Heart  
The emptiness of the mind  
I'm trapped inside and airless cave.  
An escape, I cannot find.

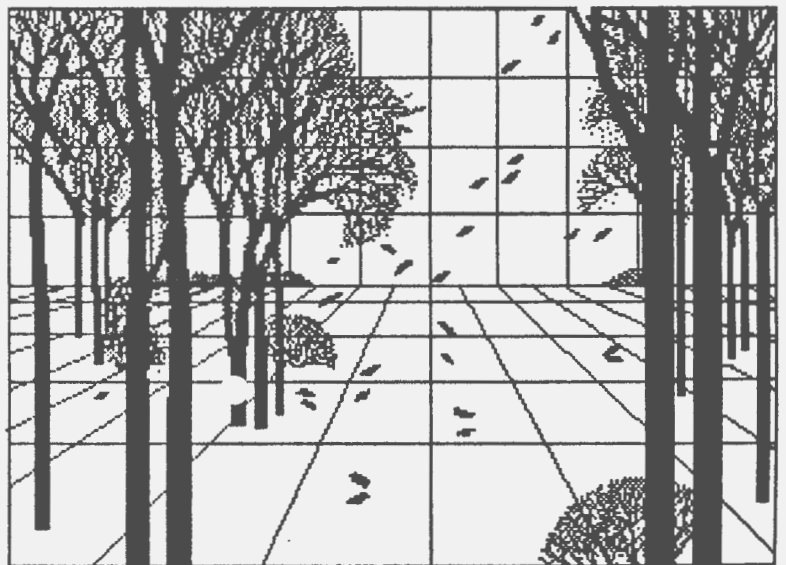
I could stand among a crowd  
And yet I'd stand alone,  
'Cause I have nothing, nobody  
That I can call my own.

The best of life could pass me by  
Without me even knowing.  
I can't remember where I've been  
And don't know where I'm going.

Indifference fills my silent heart.  
Does it cease to beat?  
I cannot feel the chilling cold  
Or the burning of the heat.

I don't even have emotions.  
I cannot feel a thing.  
This Silence of the Heart  
Is merely deafening.

**Cary L. Capurso**



The brilliant-morning light  
Filters through the haze,  
Illuminating the fading dew  
Whose dazzling dance greets the new day.

Shining directly upon my face,  
The warmth fills my every pore  
And spreads throughout my body.  
My very being cries out for its touch.

Embraced by that warmth,  
I am no longer free,  
And I surrender myself  
To that comforting glow.

Pastel colors slowly subsiding,  
I return to myself  
And wonder  
Is this me??

**Cary L. Capurso**

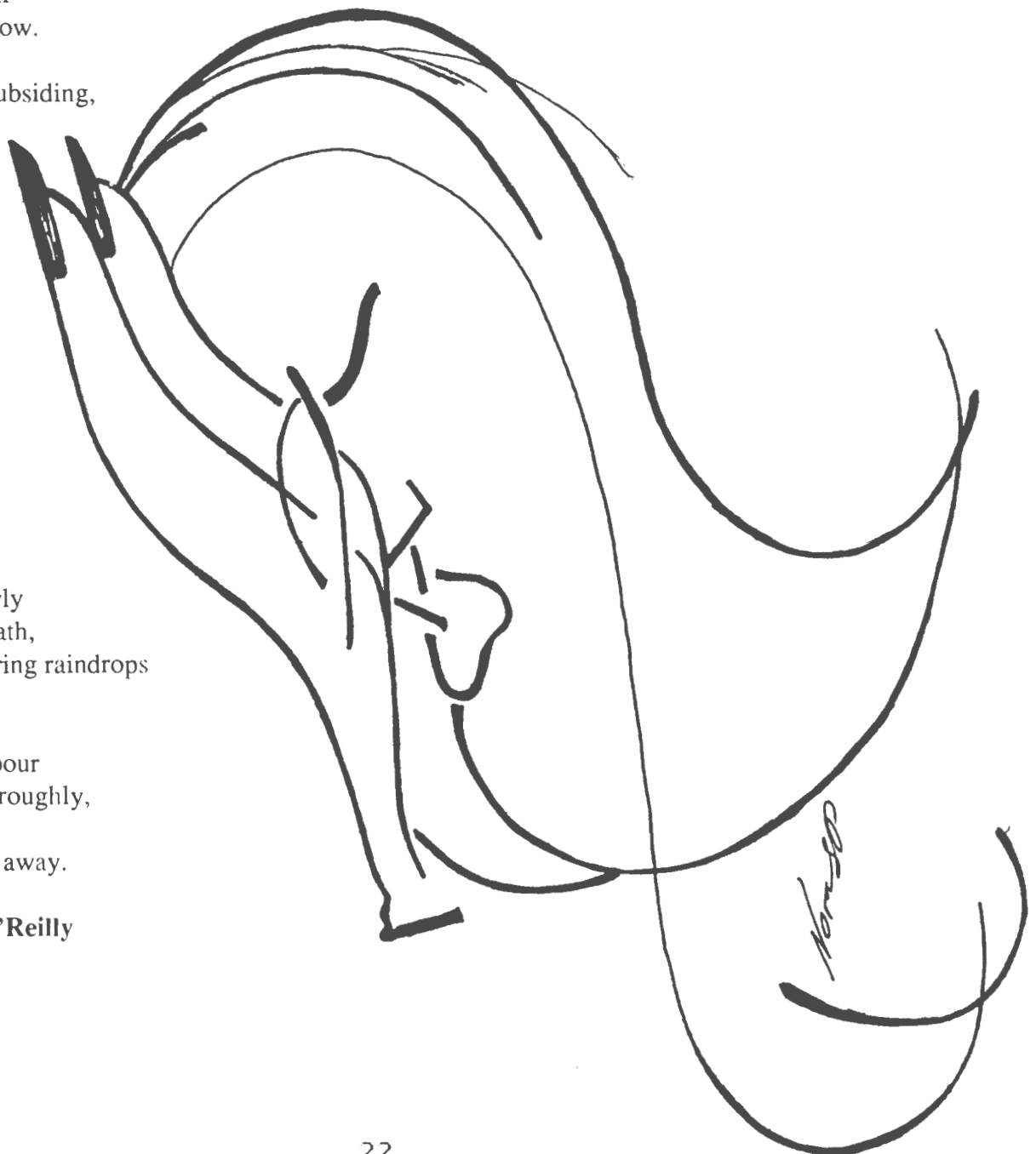
As I walk slowly  
down my path,  
a pelting of spring raindrops  
drench me.

I let the downpour  
soak me thoroughly,  
and it washes  
my troubles away.

**Jennifer L. O'Reilly**

Inky black limbs stretch into gold  
spun by the earth.  
Dawn's faint rosy glimmer,  
a raspberry wine from Olympus  
falls gently  
at the base of the great oak,  
in the far school yard.  
Momentarily kissed by autumn rain's sheen.  
Their pointed edges tickling each other.  
The piles rise with the blowing gusts,  
Spreading their warmth through out the valley.

**Siobhan O'Mahony**

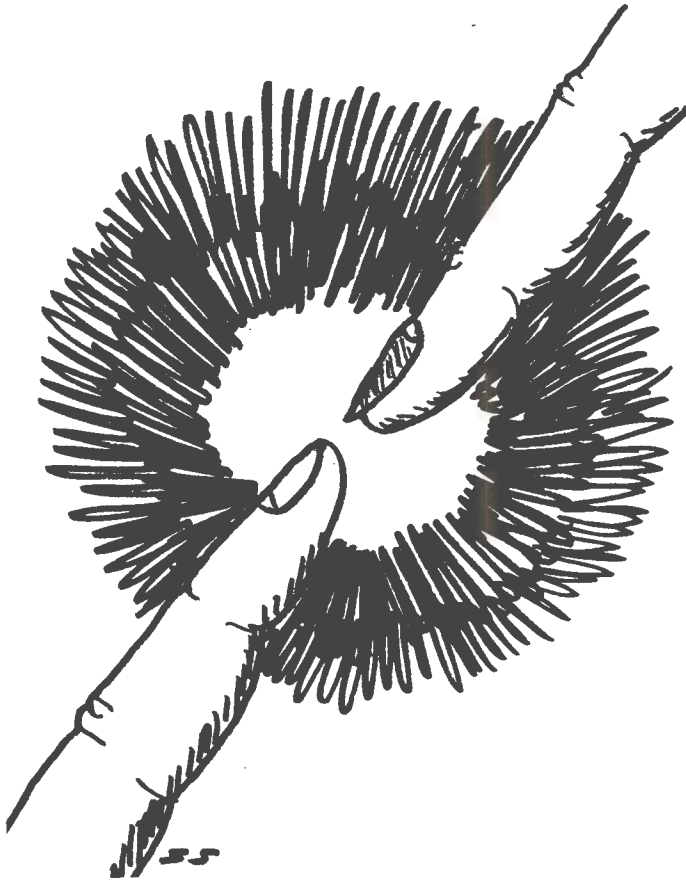




Though always kept in the dark,  
I could still see the light in her eyes . . .

**Mark W. Trawitz**

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I'm groping for the light,  
searching for a sign.  
Tell me you're not leaving.  
Tell me you're still mine.

For with you goes my sanity,  
a part of my very soul.  
You take with you a piece of me,  
never again to be whole.

**Jennifer L. O'Reilly**

### **Until**

You told me as we sat there  
There was no reason to cry  
Because this is an "until"-  
It's not the same as goodbye

I said that you were right  
But I felt sad anyway  
I kept remembering all the good times  
And all those fun filled days

As you held me in your arms  
And wiped away my tears  
I thought of how we've grown so close  
Over these last few years

The time finally came  
For me to get my things and leave  
It was the hardest thing I've ever done  
But now I just have to believe

That this separation will strengthen  
Our uncommon friendship bond  
For they say when people go away  
Their hearts just grow more fond

I guess I always wondered  
Just how you feel about me  
But on that very special night  
It was plain for me to see

As I held you close to me  
And the tears began to flow  
I knew that deep within your heart  
You hated for me to go

I felt so safe while in your arms  
As if time was standing still  
I know it's going to be hard at first  
But remember — it's just an "until"

If I could have one wish come true  
I'd wish with all my heart  
That God would watch over us  
to see we never, ever part

You told me as we parted  
There was no reason to cry  
Because this is an "until"-  
It's not the same as goodbye.

**Julie A. Byrne**

## Fly

Flying free with the clouds I see  
a winged wonder of spirit  
Sailing higher with the breeze  
so silent, the air can't hear it.

And as I look with reverent gaze  
I wonder when the time may be  
That my future hopes in haze  
Clear like the horizon's sea.

So spirit winged up high in flight  
come share with me your view  
As I squint and lust your might  
I see in thee the truth.

To climb at peace, alone and free  
and touch the wonder of heaven  
To know that strength is all I need  
For the sky to let me in.

**Laura Webber**

let me run  
among  
the scattered leaves of fall  
and welcome  
the chilling winds  
to cleanse my soul  
of the heat  
of summer.

**Kym Graham**

## A Dream in My Arms

...Into the season of spring  
A dream in my arms did I bring  
I brought it to life  
Despite all the strife  
And walked into the season of summer

Here it did grow  
But little did I know  
That love it would need  
To sprout from the seed  
And I walked into the season of fall

Here it seemed to be dying  
With around me all crying  
But I held it to my heart  
Even if it was just a start  
And walked into the season of winter

Everything was so cold  
And here I was told  
That my dreams must die  
Even as I started to cry

I struggled to fight  
And held on so tight  
And it continued to live  
Even as I started to give  
And I walked into the season of spring. . .

**Robert B. Burnap**

## A Journey

Give me  
Your hand  
    I'll show you my path  
Follow me  
Through my field of wild flowers  
    We will breathe the delightful breeze of  
tranquility  
Run  
With me  
    To the rainbow's end  
    We'll sail down to the pot of gold  
Show me  
What you've discovered  
    You've become my friend  
Take  
What is within me  
    You've received my soul  
Die  
With me  
    We will rise together

**Stephanie Michelle Watson**

## Calling

Calling now over the plains,  
I see the rising glory  
I wonder how and when  
we'll see  
The light beyond the frame.

Calling now across the ocean  
I hear the echo of our name  
A distant rumble of our glory  
enveloped in foamy crests of white  
tumbling forth to wash the sand.

Calling now across the mountain  
Trembling snowdrifts crackle down  
and cover truth with a face of ice  
Masking thought in frozen peril  
And chills morality.

Calling now through the window  
I sit to hear the coming thunder  
that heaves through broken chains of clouds  
And blasts my ears  
'til I hear no more.

Calling now through my mind  
I witness the dust of city's wrath  
and bear the yoke of future dread -  
and wish to sleep with the breeze  
Knowing only the peace of me.

**Laura Webber**

## "... Across A Crowded Room"

Ed McNamara

I had persuaded myself to use the cafeteria of the high school in which to eat. My latest endeavor, my conquest, would be there and it was there I would make my move. I sat down at the table that would fit the plan. I temporarily lost my sense of reality, lost my grip on my world. A sea of talking, screaming faces took me in. I held my ground and counter attacked with powerful concentration. Past some tables, behind a few of the living she sat. I was locked in and ready.

So far, so good. I could see her. I could feel her. She could not perceive me, not yet at least. Her curly blonde hair and playful blue eyes kept my sight fixed. The thin frame and smooth features sat secondary

in a girl whose confidence needed no push, intelligence, no effort. The pollution and congestion of this place could never dim my hopes. She shined much too brightly.

There had been two others with her. After their departure, she sat alone. Now was the time... if it was right. It wasn't and I needed more input. I watched as she would nibble at the meal provided. She pulled herself closer to the table and pushed her loose hair back. Eyes give everything away, yet I could not find her missing link. Her stare changed to a glance here and there. She was looking for something... someone?

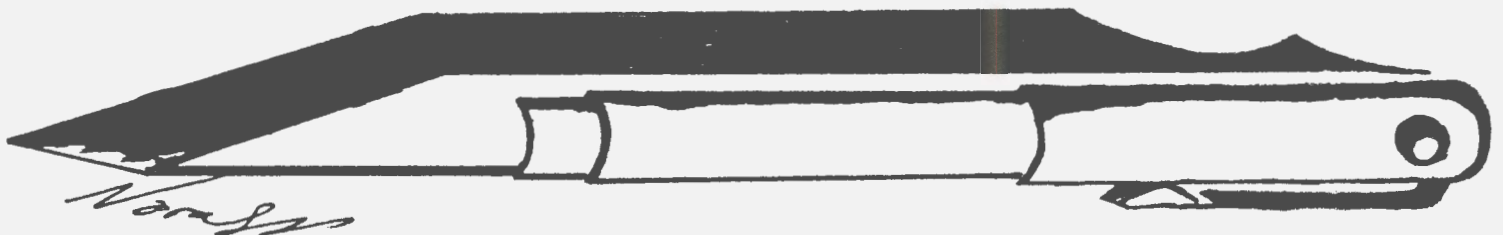
I stood up quietly and moved in closer. She now took a book out. Her reading was intervaled with peeks above the fine print. If only I could make the move. She was all alone. Every second I felt the pain of delay. She put the book down. With her arm extended, she gracefully rolled up a green sweater. Out of the corner of

my eye, she was looking at me. I slowly looked up, only to see her staring down.

With my head held secretively low, I was given the satisfaction of viewing the afternoon sunlight emphasizing her strung blonde hair. My feelings were now almost unbearable. I stood up to claim my love. But no, the moment was still not right. She stood up and walked, with a certain splendor, over to the adjacent table. Confusion set in as I realized that she, as I, was searching. Unlike me, had she not found her target? I searched again, yet this time it happened. Our eyes met and an ivory smile hit me from afar. My confidence took control and I walked over to her table. She smiled tenderly.

I took the initiative. "Hi, my name is..."

She cut in, "Yes, I know." Her face lit up. Her eyes pierced mine. "I've been watching you."



I am the sun:  
Proud, strong, invincible.  
I rise each morn  
And, though they've tried,  
Nothing can hold me down.  
I always ascend to shine my light.  
Even after disappearing over the horizon,  
I am down but never out  
Always to return.  
I am forever reaching for the sky  
Never ceasing.  
In my wake,  
I leave the shattered ruins  
Of the Ultimate Test.

Cary L. Capurso

---

Your loneliness touched me silently.  
It's overwhelming magnitude unbearable  
to the spirit.  
Your sore back, my burden and pain.  
Your aching eyes eating at me.  
I could not be more aware or more help-  
less.  
Yearning to reach, stretch, and heal.  
Paralyzed by fate, reality, and distance.  
Fathoming your sorrow I could almost  
lose my grip...  
Your knuckles must hold strong,  
the miles will be stony.

Siobhan O'Mahony

## THE FALL OF MY LIFE

And so, once again, it has appeared like a  
dream  
To enhance my thoughts with sweetness...  
For time has passed since I have seen  
Fall's gently face  
And I have known her to grow... all the  
more beautiful.

For as I walk through autumn's splendor,  
I smell the leaves that burn  
To kindle memories... in tender heart.  
.....Do you remember the time  
You sprinkled sunshine on my soul?  
Or when you set my heart aglow,  
from your warm spirits of love and life?  
For your radiance has overflowed within  
my heart...  
And I have poured it over stars to make  
them gleam.

For one may look around, but never guess..  
It was our love...  
That has so overwhelmed the trees  
As to turn them red and gold...  
For they know our story well;  
And the birds have heard the secrets from  
my soul...  
In whispers through the trees...  
Enticing them to sing our song of joy.

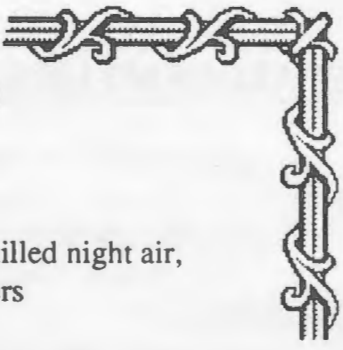
And as leaves have gracefully fallen  
Upon the softness of earth,  
I have slowly fallen within the depths of  
your heart  
Hoping.... I may be lost forever.

It is this season, an expression of our  
love,  
That has yet to find more perfect hearts  
.....For we have made the angels jealous.

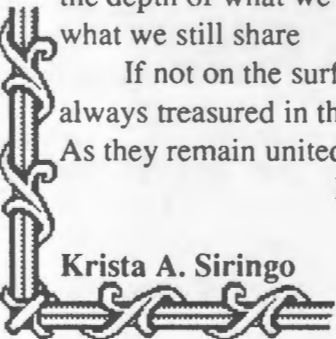
And so, to feel and understand such  
beauty  
Is to know...and truly love you  
...."The Fall of My Life."

Jeanne-Marie Fuchila

## Two Souls United




Warm red blood  
tingling -  
reaching across the chilled night air,  
to the tips of my fingers  
as two hands,  
two hearts joined -  
united in instant repetoire  
uncanny similarities  
and simultaneous affection  
Eyes searching -  
Searching and finding unspoken meaning  
behind simple words  
Almost like a dream,  
not much left to prove it ever existed -  
To show what once was  
Yet the sweet sound of memories  
filling my ears, my eyes,  
overflowing in my soul -  
Reminds me of how you touched my life,  
how no one can know  
the depth of what we shared,  
what we still share  
If not on the surface -  
always treasured in the core of our souls  
As they remain united -  
Forever.



Krista A. Siringo

## Spring Fever Lament



Why,  
Why,  
Can't, can't I  
Focus on, tune into  
Concentrate on  
That which is imperative  
To achieve academically and establish  
A prestigious position in this cosm?  
Why,  
Why,  
Must, must I  
Surrender to Spring winds  
And let my cerebrum meander with the flower's  
pollen  
And spend my precious hours in Freudian stare  
At verdant grasses, illuminated by Helios' blare?

Sigh,  
Cry,  
Cry, do I  
To know that far above the animals not am I  
Since Nature's power rules my being in Spring  
As to a scholar a carefree,  
whimsical,  
and  
careless air it doth bring.



Jennifer Quirk

## “Between the Lines”

Turn the page, I say.

Don't wait for dreams to catch up or memories to stay.

Turn the page.

Tomorrow can fix much. Yesterday is stored away.

Turn the page.

Get a jump on the time that makes a past.

Turn the page.

No, stop. Read it first. Don't go too fast.

Ed McNamara

A place in which we remember the beautiful words of the famous authors of prose and poetry and the meaningful quotes of those less famous.

Leslie A. Jette'

### “Ode to Emerson”

Here I am, watching my television,  
some silly prime-time sit. com.

How easy it is to forget.

That book on the shelf,

The autumn leaves,

the dew-drenched earth.

I feel no guilt. No shame. No, I am justified.

Brainlessly I watch this creation,

laughing along with the laugh-track

Discarding my work, discarding my love.

I cry during a sentimental telephone commercial.

I am the clay of society

mold me, do as you wish.

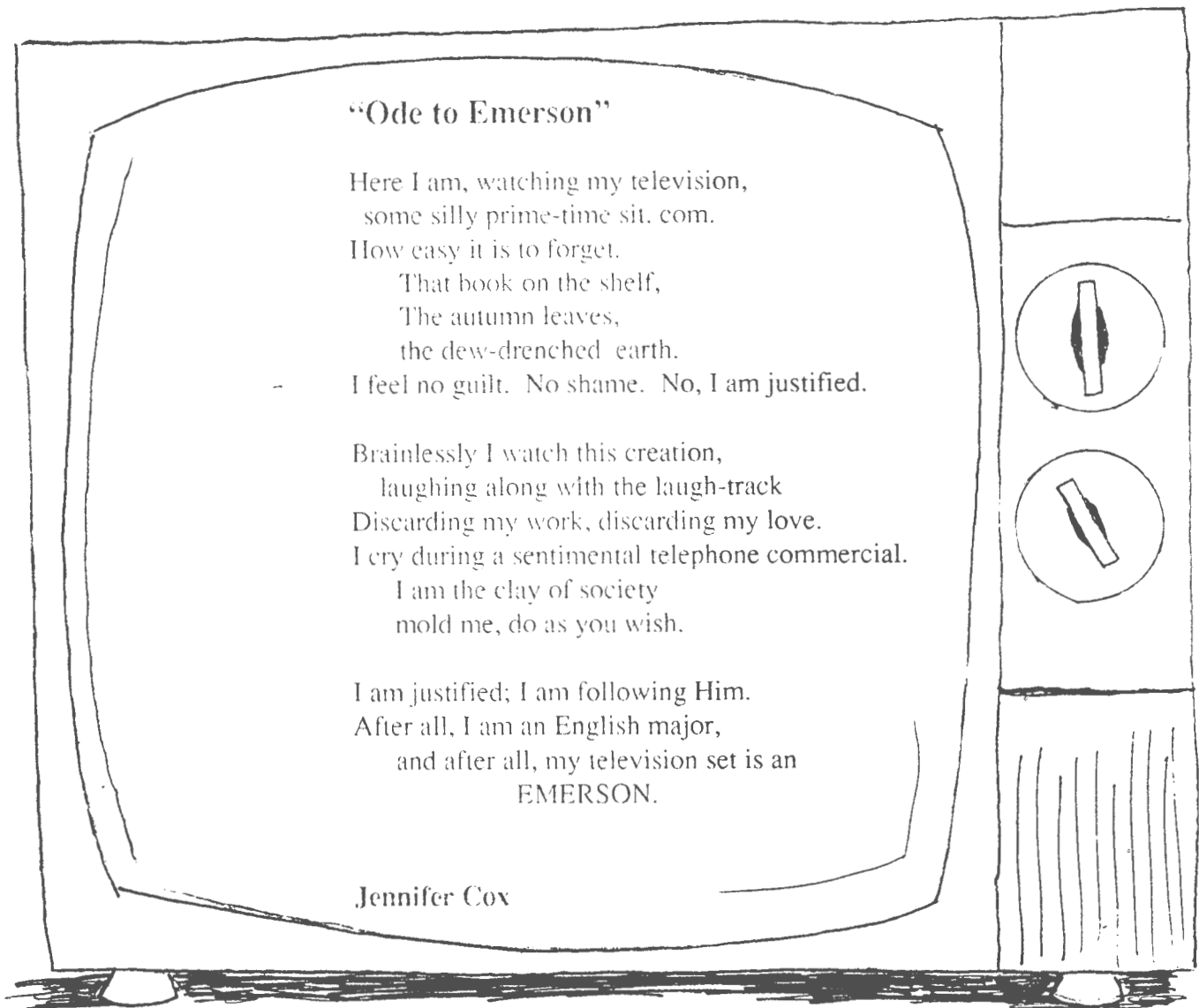
I am justified; I am following Him.

After all, I am an English major,

and after all, my television set is an

EMERSON.

Jennifer Cox



## Transmission Ends

### Crystal Keller

Max listened as the song notes lingered in the still air. The radio station was always so lonely this late at night. He glanced outside the window revealing the abandoned American landscape. He remembered the stories of how lively and ambitious Earth had once been. Now, only ancient buildings scarred the barren cityscape. High above, in the shallow blackness of the sky, the stars flowered. With all of the aircrafts that were around it was getting harder to determine which were stars and which were craft lights. But not on Earth. True, there were some crafts still cruising about but not near as many as on other planets, like Mars. He often wondered how many children accidentally wished on a spacecraft thinking it was a star, and he was somehow glad that he had no wishes left himself or else he, too might make the same mistake. His eyes lingered on the moon and his tired gaze traced the scars of civilization upon its face.

Yes, Earth is a lonely place, Max thought to himself. He wondered what it was that had lured him here in the first place. Sure, the government had offered him the position of radio broadcaster, but he could have easily turned them down. He pitied this world which had been left behind as new roads were forged. Sometimes, Max despised the early inhabitants; despised how they had treated their home world. Their hunger for growth led them to slowly crucify their own land with pollution, radiation, and petty wars that had disastrous effects. Then, when all was just about gone, they left her, the shell

of a former world. Max only wished that they had learned their lesson and would not destroy other worlds in the same manner. As for Earth, he felt they had a lot in common, and they both took solace in knowing the other's pain.

He dropped his eyes and suddenly he saw the face of a young, smiling woman staring at him from behind the pane of a picture frame. His heart sighed and it was echoed in his eyes and at last it escaped him in an audible manner. The song was ending, so he blinked back the casual tears that stung his eyes.

"And now," he said in a voice he was tired of listening to, "We have a real oldie for you. Ask your grandparents; they'll remember it. This one's for Diana..." he paused and then came out with the words he had repeated so often that they became his trademark, "...The only one I ever loved." The opening notes filtrated the air, heavy with lost memories and lingering emotions. He averted his eyes from the photograph.

There came a call on the telecom. He switched it on, smiling to mask his feelings and greeted, "Hello, Max Remington here at station ESRT. What can I do for you?"

The image materialized. It was a young girl, from where he did not know; but that didn't really matter.

"Hi!" she chirped like most teenagers, "I've heard that this is the last night that your station was airing, and I was just curious. Every night you've dedicated a song to Diana. Who is she?"

Without answering, he switched the telecom off and watched as the image dispersed before him. He suddenly felt angry although he wasn't sure why. He hadn't felt anger in a long time, not since that time long ago when the pain that had weaved

its way into his soul was still fresh and new. That pain Diana had dealt him long ago even though she never knew she gave it to him. He still remembered her standing in the rain, her whole being aglow from a spirit that welled deep within her heart.

"I'm finally getting married," she had said with such innocence and love that it almost blinded Max, "Chris and I have finally decided. Oh, I'm so happy! I don't know what I would ever do without him... or without you." And then she eased her way into his arms and he held her there. He thanked God that it was raining, for Diana would not notice the tear that stained his cheek.

He had loved her: he loved her still, but the love she felt for him was not the same. From then on his nights were plagued with sorrow and unanswered questions. The love he had for Diana nearly killed him. The love she had for Chris did kill her. Not long after they were married, Chris and Diana had a severe argument. Chris, turning to that age-old demon of alcohol, indulged himself to the point of intoxication. His reckless nature and impaired judgement led him to have an accident from which he would not return. For a while, Diana lingered in numb misery; her dull eyes perceived a world that no other could see. It was a world of skulking phantoms and heavy shadows. She neither ate nor slept nor uttered a single sound save for an occasional sob. She soon died and all that remained was the memory of her pure spirit and the love of a lonely man.

The final notes were fading away. Max switched on his mike and swallowed hard, driving the rising love back into his heart. "This is Max

con't on page 32



I have learned  
 not to disclose  
 what once meant  
 something to us.  
 And I have learned  
 to remember so occasionally  
 that I almost believe  
 it once meant  
 so little to us.  
 And I have learned  
 that time touches  
 all things  
 no matter how  
 securely you guard them,  
 and how something  
 once meaning so much  
 can come to  
 be nothing more than  
 fleeting shades  
 of grey.

**K. Burroughs**



Restless feet lay at my side.  
 Silence your toes and listen to  
 the fire's sparkly crackling.  
 Rest your busy hands by mine.  
 Entwined, they will solve the  
 mysteries of the earth.  
 Lean your weary head against  
 this amiable sofa.  
 It will not scold or preach.  
 Only the walls and I are ears,  
 to your troubles and woes.  
 Unleash and unwind; my offering sincere,  
 your desires and worries real.  
 The unsolvable may subside  
 accept and enjoy.

**Siobhan O'Mahony**



## **Girl in Glass**

The girl floats on a sea of gems,  
 emerald waves with crests of diamonds,  
 the background amber fire.

She is spun from glass,  
 this delicate siren,  
 but her heart is carved from a single ruby.  
 Its glowing aura surrounded by her sculptured form,  
 locked behind a crystal wall.

She moves with fluid grace,  
 every motion envied by the opal wind,  
 every gesture measured by Time.

She watches the ones of flesh,  
 sees hints of jade, garnet, and sapphire.  
 She shifts, the colors becoming an opaque sheen. •  
 The center of the mass colored Topaz.

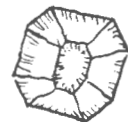
The color becomes eyes,  
 resting below silken hair,  
 the figure turns and dances away.

The memory is retained.  
 She smiles, the ruby burns crimson.  
 More colors melt into the sea below,  
 Time beats out his death roll.

She dreams of the golden stranger.  
 Red Rubies fall silently,  
 blending with turbulent water.

His topaz gaze locks with hers,  
 but she is gone,  
 forever locked,  
 in her prison of glass.

**Jennifer R. Brotzman**





## Winter Friends

Carolyn A. Campbell

My friend and I raced down the snow-covered hill on our toboggan. The wind whipped against us, stinging our eyes that brought forth tears down our faces, and left behind icy streams that were eventually swept off our cheeks by the swift breeze. Finally, the wooden craft slowly coasted to a halt at the bottom of the slope. Eager for another breathtaking plunge, we trudged back up the hill, while our feet sunk into the deep snow. Our small legs tired from the steep incline, and our arms ached from dragging the cumbersome sled behind us. Our suffering ended once we reached the crest and looked out over the milky land. Excited, we climbed back into the sled and raced down the slick hill with a swish as the runners sliced into the wet, sticky snow. Ride after ride, we raced down the slick hill until our weary legs could no longer carry us, and instead, we flopped down on the snow, looked up at the sky, and tried to catch our breath.

The gray clouds on that bitter day loomed over us like a silver crown. They lightly sprinkled diamonds on us that melted on our warm tongues, leaving a pleasant salty tingling that lingered in our mouths. As we closed our eyes, we listened to the melody of the forest; the low babble of a nearby stream; the periodic thud of snow falling from the branches; and the constant gentle pitter-pitter of snowflakes feathering to the ground. The icy air started to penetrate our damp clothing, but we did not notice the chill nor the strong odor of soggy, woolen mittens. Instead, we continued to lie in the snow, savoring our precious winter day spent together.



### Transmission Con't.

Remington from ESRT....," he paused, for his voice was quavering. The dull world outside his window shimmered through his tears. "This is station ERST, we're closing down... Transmission ends." He sighed sadly as he turned off the mike. The soft click was lost in the deathly silence that veiled the station. He glanced outside to the stars and saw reflected in them the loving face of Diana. Then he settled himself back in his chair, his hand shielding his eyes from the visions invading his thoughts. And from somewhere out in space he thought he could hear Diana's voice echoing, "Transmission ends."

## La Nina de Tus Ojos

Whoever took down my  
Tireswing  
Had better put it back  
The poor willow tree looks so lonely.  
Don't you see?

Out in the backyard my  
Sandbox  
Quite badly needs draining  
Must be covered when its raining.  
Don't you see?

Over there, the baby boy  
Rocking in my Poppy's chair  
Clutches to a tiny toy  
Wrinkled fingers mess his hair...

Is that a crack in my Snoopy pool?  
Those Barbies aren't for sale.  
The swingset is no longer rusty.  
Younger giggles cleanse the air.

Why does that child have my  
Grandpa,  
I've had enough of this.  
Have I grown too much? I'm still yours,  
Don't you remember me?

**Sarah McGuire**

## IMAGINE...

She pictured a crying child  
In black and white  
And thoughtfully reaching for her  
mental box of Crayolas

(eight Brilliant Colors)

She  
carefully  
colored  
each  
tear

a brilliant  
blue.

**WendyLynne Weber**

## GOODBYE MOMMY!

Tight blonde curls bobbing  
Elsie stood beside her mother  
The Christmas doll with friendly brown eyes  
Tucked safely under her arm  
Peach ruffles of a Sunday dress  
Glossy white shoes, silky pink ribbons  
Elsie watched her mother sleep  
Her small, slender hand reached out  
And softly brushed her mother's dark curls back  
Away from smooth white cheeks  
A strong, callused hand drew Elsie's away  
And lead her from her mother's side  
As the lid closed down.

**Jeremy G. Dunn**

## THE CALL

(ring)

The conversation was  
short  
uninteresting  
...almost...

Forgettable.

Your tone seemed  
calm  
serious  
...without a trace of...

Desperation.

My attitude appeared  
distant  
hurried  
...unintentionally...

Preoccupied.

(click)

Now.

As I stand beside a casket  
covered with flowers  
in the pouring rain  
...how I wish....

I had listened.

Wendy Lynne Weber

Walking slowly up the stairs  
feeling the gloom of the family and  
endless endless friends of the boy,  
I looked at the words "funeral home"  
and saw the word "fun".  
Inside I marveled at the beauty of the place,  
while others fumbled for tissues, dabbed at their eyes.  
Yes, she knew him well.  
Yes, he'd played basketball with him.  
Yes, she was his cousin, aunt, grandmother.  
I had never known anyone who had died before.  
So I was "lucky" . . .and curious.  
Staring at the too-made-up face,  
I wondered if the hair was real.  
While I was looking at death,  
a joke came to mind.  
I could have laughed then.  
Instead I went home, and cried. . .for myself.

Cheryl Echan

## In Memoriam

Taken in time too soon  
before i said my grand farewell or i love you, friend  
its not that i didn't speak  
it's that i never said enough  
You're gone leaving me to ask what can i do  
but offer up melody to your memory  
and immortalize you by trading remembrances  
into minds of those who never knew nor could fathom...  
echo the strums of distant strings and the foot-  
falls on far-flung paths

Anonymous

## Downfall

### Katharine Andraszek

Joe sat in the big, hard chair, motionless. The room was so quiet that he could hear his wife Susan, breathing as she sat in her rocker across from him. Neither one of them spoke; there was nothing to say.

He looked down at his watch which read six o'clock in the evening. His heart skipped. He knew They always came in the evening; everyone knew that. Just which night They came, no one ever knew.

His thoughts turned to his childhood, as often happens when death is near. He could remember how the entire nation was happy, prosperous, and very powerful. Nobody ever thought of anything more than their own happiness, measured in material possessions.

"Our priorities were so messed up then. We should have paid attention...," Joe mumbled aloud.

"What?" Susan had been jolted back to reality, also in her own world of memories.

Joe just shook his head, not bothering to repeat himself. What did it matter? There wasn't any way to

stop Them, so why even try?

Joe could sense something in himself, an intense fear, an anxiety. It crashed upon him forcefully, causing his pulse to quicken and his breaths to become short, irregular inhalations. He felt he would suffocate!

"Susan!" he gasped. She ran to him and his trembling hand took hers. She soothed him and comforted him, yet a tear fell from her eye.

"What's going to become of us?" she asked him.

"Lord help us," he whispered, and the two sat for some time— Joe in the chair, Susan at his feet, both solemn and trembling.

A loud banging at the door startled them, and Joe leapt to his feet.

"No!" Susan buried her face in her hands, and a sob escaped her.

Joe took one last look around his home. The only things left were a few chairs, a table, and the two beds in the bedroom. Everything else had been taken from them years ago, when They first invaded the country. He was glad he had hidden his watch. Ever since They boarded up all the windows, it was easy to lose track of time quickly.

The banging continued. Joe was

frozen in his spot; he could not move towards the door. He could hear Them yelling in Their foreign tongue. The They knocked the door down and came rushing in. They grabbed Joe and Susan and dragged them outside. It was almost dusk. The sun was setting, hidden behind some trees in the distance, and Joe wished he could have seen it.

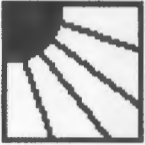
They forced Susan into a big jeep, and as Joe was getting in behind her, he heard a crackling sound. Turning his head, he saw his home—his dreams and his memories— going up in flames.

"No! Don't!" he screamed, and began to run to his house, only to be knocked down by one of Them. As Joe lay on the ground, he raised his eyes to see his very life burning away.

They pushed him into the jeep. The door was closed and locked from the outside. Once his eyes were used to the dark, Joe looked at the other people in the jeep. No one spoke, and everyone simply stared at the floor.

The jeep began to move forward. Joe looked out of a crack between two boards that lay across the back window, and saw the entire town, barren and deserted.

Guiltily, he looked down at the floor too.



Saunter, saunter,  
tumble,  
fall . . .  
Down goes the man  
from the high brick wall.  
He lies so still  
in the winter's cold chill.  
As the people walk past . . .  
his head, so fast . . .

A minute gone by,  
no time to fly  
His eyes close slow,  
a blanket of snow . . .

The man unknown,  
his spirit, not shown . . .  
But they hurry right past,  
No glance,  
no chance . . .

**Mark W. Trawitz**

### Life in Vain

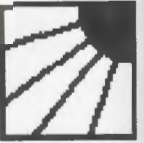
Balance on the head of this pin  
and pray you never fall, for there  
is no safety net. Don't hand  
me your trust; it means nothing  
to me and only breaks when  
I thoughtlessly throw it away.  
I have no time for cheap sentiment,  
no time for compassion, I care  
only for myself. You explain that  
we can work together for a  
better world, but why should  
someone else's welfare concern  
me? I can stare at this wall all  
day and, when the sun finally sets,  
I'll still only be the person I  
was this morning.

**John Sweet**

### "Apathetic Facts"

Rain burns holes  
in the leaves.  
The sun put blotches  
on my skin.  
Fish are floating  
on the water  
- either stabbed with needles  
or poisoned by waste.  
I slept with a guy,  
and we both died.  
Runners are crawling  
to sniff the white powder  
that marks the track.  
An old woman  
ate my garbage.  
My neighbor put her baby  
in a bag.  
An abortion clinic was bombed.  
A black man went to jail;  
A white man paid a fine.  
A sixteen year old parked  
in the handicapped zone  
and ran into the store.  
The paraplegic can't put the  
star on the Christmas tree.  
She drove home from the bar,  
a baby, my fiance, and an old woman  
were killed.  
She drove to work the next day.  
That boy can't read, and  
he's going to college.  
The orchard is full grown  
send in the crop duster.  
No one in the tobacco factory  
smokes.  
My friend smoked - her family died,  
so did the plants.  
I wasn't hungry,  
so I threw out my dinner.  
A child is starving.  
  
We can't afford to save ourselves,  
Our money is invested into research  
so the governments can  
kill us all.

**Jennifer Cox**



I sit,  
silently thinking,  
holding back my words  
... and my tears.  
The lump in my throat  
holds back all sound,  
but in my mind  
I'm screaming.  
Confusion,  
it overwhelms me,  
as I sit in a pool  
of my gloom.

**Jennifer L. O'Reilly**

She walks in silence  
amongst the trees  
a shadow of the self  
she used to be

Silent weeping,  
never heard.  
Eternal sorrow,  
never cured.

Whispers in darkness  
a fairy light  
something that's glimpsed  
in the dark of the night.

Never touching,  
ever reaching,  
Always crying,  
a look beseeching.

Sorrow abounds  
where joy once dwelt  
emotions can live  
if no life is felt.

She walks  
in silence.  
She walks  
in darkness.  
She walks alone.

**Christine Quader**



## Web of Intrigue

Backdrop white.  
Slash of red.  
Buried within;  
a pulsating gem.

On the wall,  
shadowed faces.  
Flickering caused  
by candlelit places.

This is a rhyme.  
but is there a reason?  
Emotions buried  
by smoldering seasons.

Awaken dear heart,  
and tell me no lies.  
Is it whispered; love,  
in your deep throated sighs.

Brimey foam,  
swift flowing currents  
shouted atop  
towering turrets.

Rippling muscles,  
glistening form,  
will you be calm  
in the eye of my storm?

**Jennifer R. Brotzman**

### "Short-lived Spinning"

The Sphere of Happiness spins  
round and round,  
round and round.

Only a selected few  
are lucky enough  
to be engulfed by it.

The Sphere of Happiness  
The Sphere of Laughter  
The Sphere of Life.

She stands alone,  
outside the Sphere  
in the vast flatness of sorrow  
The flatness of despair  
The flatness of death.

She is fortunate enough one day  
to latch onto the spinning Sphere.

So lucky is she  
to have escaped her realm.

She spins and spins,  
smiling and laughing,  
full of life  
as never before.

Until one day  
the spinning ceases—  
and she is pushed off;  
for there is not room enough  
to include her.

Sheila Santangelo

### Nightmare..

...Murky blackness deeper than the  
stricken night of no stars  
and moon-less skies that  
grasps and holds and drowns  
yet worse than this is the  
very faintest image of  
untouchable light farther  
away than one can conceive  
that is fought to be reached  
unlike anything ever yearned  
for before and after hours  
in which each minute  
passes as a year  
does black start to fade to a  
slightly paler shade of ebony  
to the deepest shade of gray  
yet still thick and unyielding  
so as to make one fight  
and struggle and grasp  
towards the unreachable  
unthinkable light but  
with lungs straining closer  
and closer one lives to reach  
that light so close yet so  
far away and the blackness  
almost gone now the  
surface visible above-the  
light within reach one's  
whole body tenses and  
gathers its last bit of  
strength and hope and  
prayer together and in an  
instant in a final thrust  
the surface shatters and one is  
free...

WendyLynne Weber



That tiny glimmer of hope  
No matter how far off it may be-  
It's still there.

We hold them so high  
("I'll write"... "I'll call")  
We wait on the edge of our chair.

Sit by the phone, wait for the mail,  
Think about him day and night.  
Can't quite touch it—it's in the air.

"It's in the air" she said.  
"Yes," they agreed, "but it's also in our hearts-  
In our minds—why do we care?"

There's always that question  
That keeps us hoping and wondering,  
For the day that we dare

To ask him.

Leslie A. Jette'

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# THE LAST WORD

You have made it to the "last page". This may not seem like a very large feat for you, but for me it is a triumph.

Some changes have taken place in the course of this semester. We have switched to a computer to print the magazine and I have become Editor-in-Chief. These two factors do not make for a completely trouble free period. Therefore, I would like to thank my staff. Without their expertise and support, this issue would not have emerged.

Also, thank you to all those people who submitted their work. It can definitely be said that without you there would be no magazine.

I hope we have made this edition of Our Time an enjoyable one. Thank you for your support.

**Christine Quader**  
**Editor-in-Chief**

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