

Our Time



Spring 1988

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Volume 5

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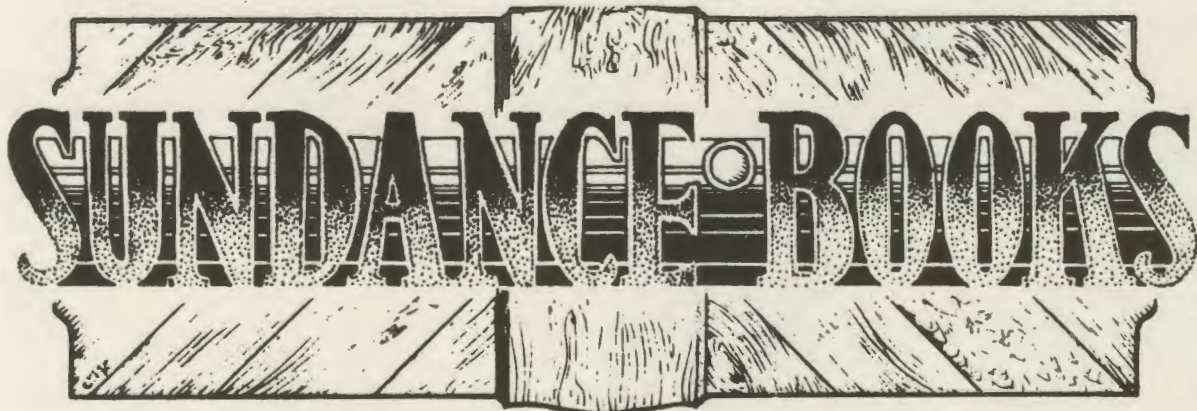
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Art

Art	<i>Lee Ann O'Keefe</i>	cover
Art	<i>Christine Baker</i>	6
Art	<i>Lee Ann O'Keefe</i>	7
Art	<i>Kelly Ann Thompson</i>	8
Art	<i>Dot Edwards</i>	9
Art	<i>Laurel Thompson</i>	11
Art	<i>Laurel Thompson</i>	13
Art	<i>Lee Ann O'Keefe</i>	15
Art	<i>Laurel Thompson</i>	17
Art	<i>Anne Petermann</i>	20

Feature

The Art of Creating Mac' N'Cheese,	
<i>Denise Evans</i>	5
Silent Day,	
<i>Janice Brill</i>	16
When I Was Three,	
<i>Shelli L. Stiverson</i>	21

Fiction

Sara,	
<i>Shelli L. Stiverson</i>	9

Poetry

"Just look at me",	
<i>Lee Ann Knowles</i>	4
The Lake,	
<i>Lillian Murphy</i>	4
Spring Haiku,	
<i>Shelli L. Stiverson</i>	4
Death of a Lonely Star,	
<i>Renee G. Rivers</i>	6
The Falling,	
<i>John C. Jaeger</i>	6
"Sitting with friends",	
<i>Nancy Lockwood</i>	7
"They stand in corners",	
<i>Janice Brill</i>	7
Death of a Crayola,	
<i>Janice Brill</i>	8
Cowboy Child,	
<i>Maura O'Brien</i>	8
The Term Paper,	
<i>Philip Saltzman</i>	10
Bind Moggling,	
<i>Shelli L. Stiverson</i>	10
Wavelength,	
<i>Maura O'Brien</i>	10
"To nights of yore",	
<i>Vonique McQueen</i>	11
"We sat in the candle - light",	
<i>Kimberly</i>	11
Unrequited Love,	
<i>Nancy Lockwood</i>	11
Gone to Lebanon,	
<i>Renee G. Rivers</i>	12
"Run",	
<i>Ellen McCaffery</i>	12
Dream Vacation,	
<i>Philip Saltzman</i>	12
Tunnel Vision at Sixteen,	
<i>Maura K. O'Brien</i>	13
Awakening,	
<i>Karen Pacifico</i>	13
"I learned I was human today, again",	
<i>Sue White</i>	17
"Stalking",	
<i>Vonique McQueen</i>	17
The Prairie Wind,	
<i>Renee G. Rivers</i>	18
Reign,	
<i>Jeanette Weyer</i>	18

table of contents
continued on page 2

YOU KIDDIN' ME OR WHAT?

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Poetry (continued)

"Indeed the wind", Matthew Zimbelmann	18
The Jester, John C. Jaeger	20
"Behave", Ellen McCaffery	20
The Other Shoe, Maura K. O'Brien	22
"Slowly my", Ellen McCaffery	22
Footprints in the Snow, Shelli L. Stiverson	23
Farewell, Renee G. Rivers	23
Crystal Lights, John C. Jaeger	24
Palette, Maura K. O'Brien	24

Photography

Photo Renee G. Rivers	4
Photo Renee G. Rivers	12
Photo Renee G. Rivers	14
Photo Renee G. Rivers	16
Photo Renee G. Rivers	19
Photo Jennifer Riley	21
Fancy Foot-Work, Photo Kerry Cass	22

In every issue:

The Last Word, Shelli L. Stiverson	25
Feedback	27



*"qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnm."
(We don't understand it either.)*



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--Those who helped to make this issue
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Spring Haiku

Plush green grass
tickles me between my toes.
Oh how I love Spring!

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

Just look at me
If you're feeling down
I'll give you a smile
To cure your frown.

I want to help
If you're empty inside
Come talk to me;
Don't run and hide.

There's always someone
Who's there for you,
You may not see him
He may not see you.

But you can be sure
There's someone who cares
Though you may think
That no one's out there.

The world may be filled
With hatred and spite,
But it also contains
Blue skies and sunlight.

So just when you think
That you have no hope
And you are nearing
The end of your rope,

Remember the people,
The ones you don't know,
These people who love you
And want you to grow.

□ LeeAnn Knowles

The Lake

In shimmering playfulness
Laps at my feet,
Flirts with my toes—
Kissing each quickly
And gently—

How I love the lake
For its soft caresses—

The lake understands me
In both the complexity
and simplicity
of my soul—

□ Lillian Murphy

The Art of Creating Mac N' Cheese

Usually when my roommate and I get very hungry from too much studying, our hunger results in a masterful creation near and dear to virtually all college students' hearts--macaroni and cheese. Because we are forced to eat some of the most bland foods ever created in fifty gallon drums when we dine at the dining halls, we tend to savor the finer tastes which can only be found in a box of macaroni and cheese. The creamy cheese sauce smothering tender noodles always satisfies our cravings for flavor. Making macaroni and cheese, or more popularly dubbed by college students mac n' cheese, in a hot pot is one of the simpler tasks in life, and it only takes minutes away from a college student's hectic schedule.

Boxed macaroni and cheese is like any other merchandise; brand names are more expensive than generic or store brands. A box of Kraft macaroni and cheese costs about eighty-nine cents, while generic brands range in price from twenty-five to thirty-nine cents. Yet they taste the same to everyone I know. Usually what brand of mac n' cheese a student has is determined by who purchased it. For instance, if he or she has Kraft or another more expensive brand like Velveeta, chances are that he or she either snagged it from home or a parent bought it. On the other hand, if he or she has a cheaper brand, he or she probably bought it. Boxed mac n' cheese can be obtained nearly everywhere: a local, privately owned store, a mini market, or any big supermarket.

Each box of macaroni and cheese comes equipped with its own macaroni, powdered cheese sauce, and directions. All the hungry student has to supply is a little time, a hot pot (a thing that looks like a giant coffee pot with a cord), water, milk, butter, and salt (optional). It reminds me of the toys we got when we were younger; the boxes read "some assembly required." The key thing to remember when assembling your macaroni and cheese is to not be flustered by the specificity of the directions on the box. After all, what college student has a measuring cup to measure one-quarter cup of milk? Not I!

The first instruction the box gives is to rapidly boil six cups of water or about three-quarters of a pot full. Now by

rapidly boil they mean get the water boiling until you think that the hot pot is going to explode. This is the time that the box instructions suggest adding a teaspoon of salt. Now really, who remembers to steal the little salt packets when they eat at the dining halls? And keep in mind, college students are on too tight a budget to waste any money on such a frivolous item as a salt shaker! So forget the salt. But this next step is important. When the water is bubbling like hot lava, that is when you dump the macaroni in, but be careful not to drop the cheese sauce packet in with the macaroni because they are not separated. Boil the macaroni for seven to ten minutes (box instructions), or if you threw your alarm clock on the floor that morning because it made you mad, just keep tasting the noodles, and when they taste okay to you they are done.

Now just take the hot pot, with the water and cooked macaroni down to the sink and dump the water out. The box says do not rinse the macaroni after it has been drained. Now who would rinse macaroni after it has been in water all that time already? The next step is the fun part.

When you get back to your room it is

time to make the cheese sauce. This is easy, too. Of course the box tells us to add precisely one quarter of a cup of butter, but about ten little pats taken from any dining hall will do. Plop the butter onto the drained noodles which are still in the hot pot along with about a quarter of a half pint of milk which is also available at your local dining hall (the box says one quarter cup), and pour the powdered cheese sauce (that you took care not to dump in with the noodles when first bringing them to a boil) into the hot pot.

Stir all of these other ingredients into the macaroni. The fun part of this is listening to the sound that radiates from this tempting treat. It makes the squishiest, gushiest sound you have ever heard. Hearing the sound of creamy cheese sauce frolicking through soft, tender noodles is enough to make even the pickiest eater's mouth water. This yummy study-break treat makes about a half hot pot full; just enough for two hungry roommates to consume in about five minutes, leaving plenty of time to get back to that hectic college student's schedule.

□ Denise Evans



Death of a Lonely Star

Upon the sea watching
Starlit patches of hazy blue - green
My thoughts turn inward
To depths unseen.

A ray of starlight
streams across the sky
Somewhere a lonely
Star will die

My thoughts turn to starlight above
Below, it glimmers with patches of hazy blue - green
The lone star fades into nowhere
Dying quietly unseen

Settled in depths
Of a starlit sea
I realize, maybe
That lonely star is me

Oh, patches of
Hazy blue - green
Wash over me
Let me be unseen

□ Renee G. Rivers

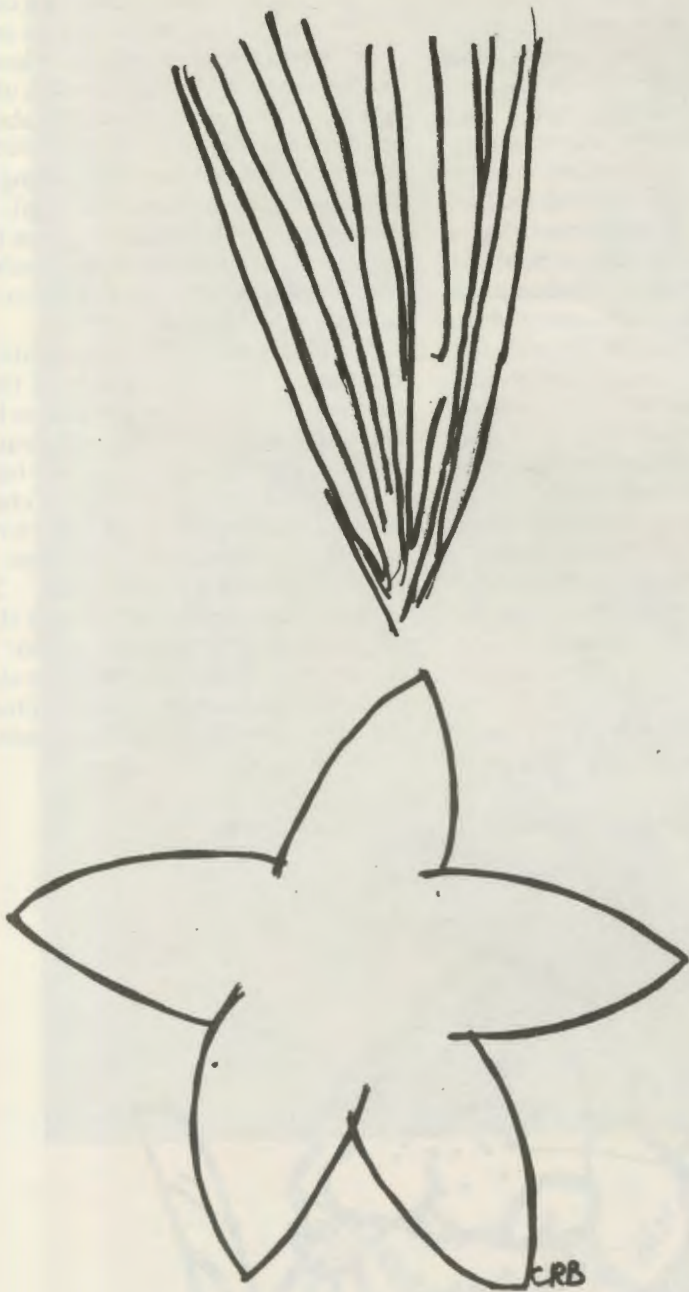
The Falling

They fell down deep, followed by more.
The world grew dark; death opened his door.
The birds stopped singing; the wind grew still;
The earth stopped turning, as if by HIS own will.

Men watched in horror, as the fires grew;
Turning to red, skies once blue.
Cities of stone, where life once played,
Grew black, then white, and melted away.

Seas of green, now seas of sand,
While mountains high no longer stand.
This land once green, now shadowed with black.
The path we chose...we can't turn back.

□ John C. Jaeger



*Sitting with friends
Quiet
Lost in thought
Words form
Must be written
Thoughts
Feelings
Must be written
Put down on paper
Saved
Remembered*

*Thoughts fill my head
Some confused
But still waiting
To be played through
Fulfilled
Good thoughts
Hope
Bad thoughts
Fears*

*Happenings around me seem obsolete
Suspended
Unimportant
Thinking of him
Thinking of me
Us
Together*

*Happy times
Sad times
Go with it
Dream
Enjoy*

□ Nancy Lockwood



*They stand in corners
glasses in hand
painted smiles pasted on frigid faces
nodding in mute agreement
Strangers waltz
around the fluted silence
while wordless voices
like pieces of ice
pierce numbed eardrums
until false laughter shatters the fragile image
and the shards of misrepresented personality
are deposited in cocktail napkins*

□ Janice Brill

Death of a Crayola

I remember the day I got you
All shiny and pointed
In your neat little wrappers
Part of a Rainbow

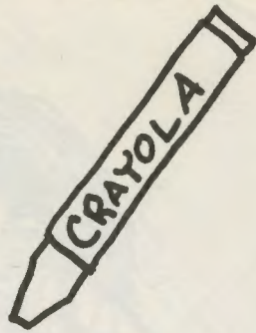
We had many adventures
My crayons and I
Wandering through purple grass
Stalking imaginary foes
And climbing orange trees

Then baby sister got hold of you...
(The kitchen walls were never the same)

Ripped you wrappers
Smashed your points
And smooshed you into one
big glorious pile of goopy
wax.

I cried as mommy scraped you off the dining room floor.

□ Janice Brill



Cowboy Child

Little boy sitting on the corner
waiting waiting
for the tall man in the big hat
who never comes, never bounds over the horizon.
Bouncing a worn rubber ball
up down up down
off crumbling curbs and dead - end streets
hollow pink! punctures swollen silence.
Summer mornings drift to winter dusk
no relief no memories
to smile over later on.
Little man where are you now
still waiting waiting?
Been years since you even crossed my mind.
But now... blond locks falling into burnt - sienna eyes
do they look out on wide open elbow room
or mark time on dingy walls?
Do your waiting waiting
thinking (back forth back forth)
with boot heels on a friendly hearth.
Drift back home little stranger
little brother.

□ Maura K. O'Brien



Sara

Dan knelt in disbelief beside the freshly dug grave. Bravely he had held back his tears during the funeral, but now they tumbled down his cheeks and landed softly on the mound of dirt.

Slowly he traced his shaking fingers over the engraved italic letters that immortalized Sara's name in the cold, gray gravestone. Each letter was permanently etched in his memory, and carved brutally into his heart, for Dan loved his little sister more than anyone.

He sat motionless with his head in his hands, wondering why his "little sunshine" had to die so young. She was only six years old; she didn't deserve to die!!

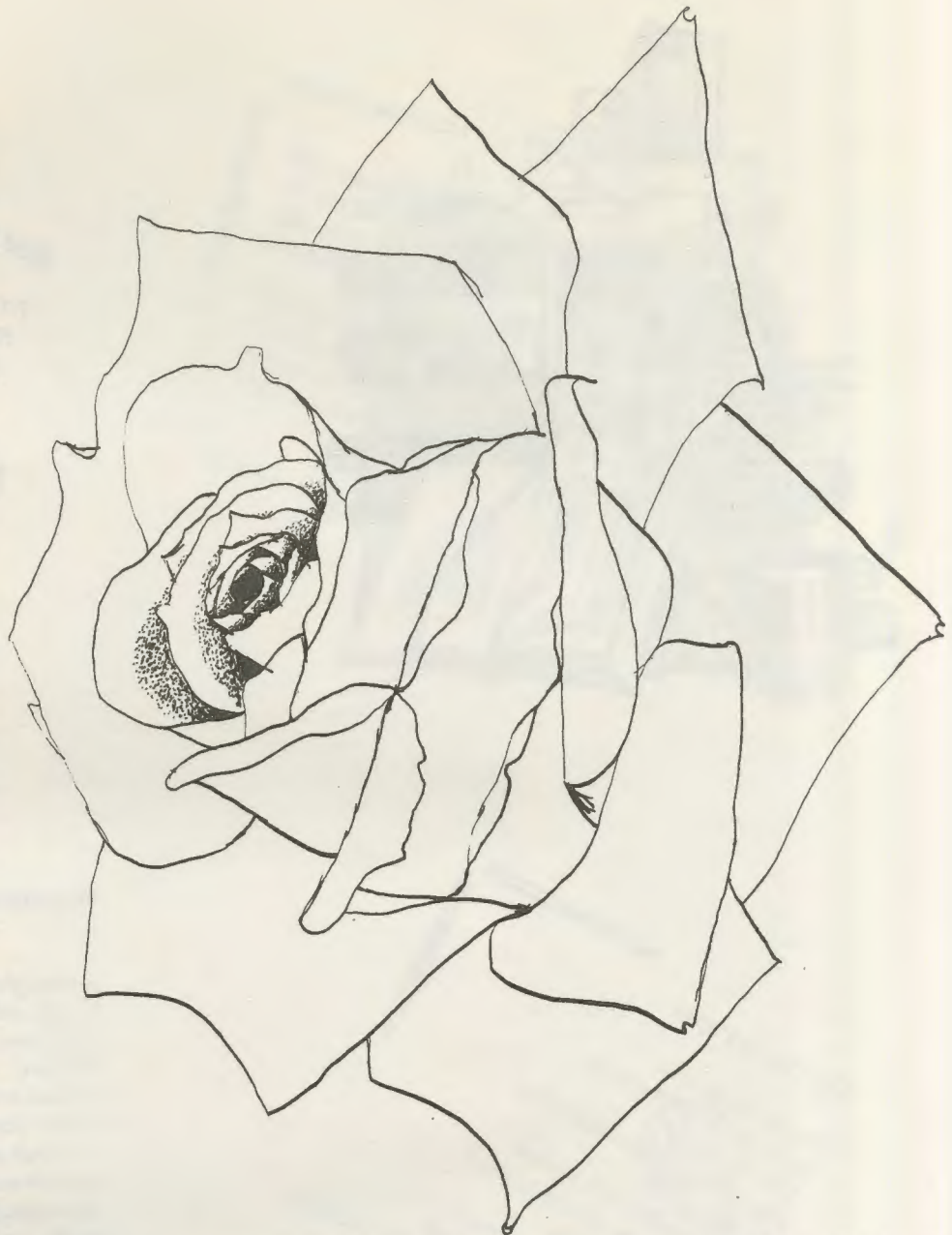
If anyone did deserve to die, it was his parents. They were always too wrapped up in themselves to care or think about anyone else. They didn't even show up to their own daughter's funeral. Maybe they were actually ashamed, for the first time in their lives, about something they had done to someone else. Maybe they were just too callous to show up. Either way, it was their fault that Sara had died.

They had left Sara unattended, as usual, and didn't notice her running unknowingly into the path of an oncoming car. It took ambulance sirens and flashing lights to get them to take a moment out of their lives to acknowledge that their only daughter was dead. And, if the neighbor hadn't called the ambulance, they probably wouldn't have noticed her absence at all.

Now, as far as Dan was concerned, they weren't his parents anymore. He had always tried to love them unconditionally, even though he knew they didn't give a damn about him; he could have forgiven them for that. But now that Sara was dead as a result of their negligence and lack of concern, he could never forgive them-not ever!

The tears came faster now as Dan realized that Sara was never coming back. Never again would she welcome him home from college. Never again would he be able to treat her to vanilla ice cream before dinner or let her stay up an extra hour to watch *Scooby-Doo* on the VCR.

Dan's memory of Sara was more vivid than ever before, and he could still hear her begging him to let her stay up late. He could still feel her tugging at his coat sleeve, and begging him to take her with him to college. She seemed to



sense that her parents didn't care, and that was too much for a six-year-old to handle.

It tore Dan apart when Sara asked her far-from-naive questions: "Why do mommy and daddy fight? Why are they always gone? Do they still love me?" How could a college sophomore ever be expected to answer questions like that? How could anyone?

Even more difficult for Dan was having to leave Sara when he returned to college. If only he hadn't left last time. If only he had thought of some way to take Sara away from his parents. But never in a million years could he have done that. He couldn't have proven neglect or abuse because Sara didn't look neglected or abused. She had no external scars; she was always neatly dressed, and she had enough toys to

open up her own toy store. The house was immaculate too.

And his parents, they could fake their way into heaven if they wanted to. They were that convincing.

Well this was one time they couldn't fake their way around the situation. Sara was gone forever....

Rising to his feet, Dan finally conjured up enough courage to look at Sara's grave again. As he opened his eyes, he noticed that someone had left a white rose where his tears had fallen.

"I love you Sara." Dan could barely time his voice to the words. And, though he tried desperately to hold back his tears, it wasn't worth the effort.

□ Shelli L. Stiverson



Bind Moggling

I'm deeing souble,
 rovered with cubble,
 spalling through face
 at a pizzying dace.
 I'm cost and lonfused
 and I can't mind fy shoes.
 I'm bunning rehind;
 life moggles the bind.

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

The Term Paper

Pressure mounts
 As a clock ticks away
 Along to a typeuritten beat
 A back aches
 And cold coffee is spilled
 Another page accomplished
 Still more to follow
 The desk drawer opens
 Displaying the small Colt
 It gleams in the General Electric light
 The trigger is pulled
 With only eight pages to go
 I wake up
 Drenched in morning dew.

□ Philip Saltzman

Wavelength

a thought crosses your mind
 barely minutes before it pops
 from your best friend's lips, and
 the late - night DJ reads your mind
 across miles of radio waves
 which pass by osmosis
 through your latest deja vu.
 over breakfast a forgotten incident
 between two high - school acquaintances
 floats up from your coffee cup
 and at lunch you pick up the phone
 as one of them calls
 to ask do you remember when?
 when your sister greets you at the door
 in the same colors you plucked from your closet
 you're not surprised
 but when somebody else comments
 on the death of a friend
 your hair stands on end
 because you are sure you saw him
 jogging past your window
 at the instant his body was shattered
 like the tinted glass of his coupe
 now glittered on asphalt
 in a city two hundred miles east
 just like it did
 in the dream you had dismissed the night before.

□ Maura K. O'Brien

To nights of yore
 And twisted gore
 To dreams that haven't been
 To days gone past
 In sheeted mass
 To hopes that lead to sin
 The cyclone wind
 That meets the end
 The glories of the past
 The years that race
 At such a pace
 The winds don't move that fast
 The hours I spend
 In thoughts that blend
 A nap beneath the moon
 With my dream you come
 We embrace as one
 Alas, the sun's too soon
 You're ripped away
 I'm left the day
 A bird flies to the sky
 The evil minutes go
 Too slow
 I feel I'd like to die.

□ Vonique Mc Queen

We sat in the candle - light collecting memories,
 And whispered together of times gone;
 We spoke with our eyes of our souls' past journeys,
 And listened with our hearts to each others' life song.
 We sat with each other 'til the dawn came blushing,
 Then walked with each other through the summer day;
 We spoke many words as the time flew past us,
 Then sat again in silence when the words drifted away.

□ Kimberley

Unrequited Love
 Your face is imprinted in my mind—
 like a photograph
 I see you wherever I am—
 wherever I go
 But it's funny—
 you don't know me at all
 How could you—
 I'm a part of your life, yet never there
 Will I ever be a part of you—
 or will you always remain...
 My unrequited love

□ Nancy Lockwood





Dream Vacation

Thoughts I cannot remember
 Vague ideas of a shallow past
 Unencumbered lines
 With which I trip over
 Not being coordinated enough
 to bridge the gap
 Between my dreams and reality
 But I want to get there
 I need a temporary vacation
 Where I can escape
 Into the farthest reaches of my mind
 So no one can get at me
 Until my vacation is over
 And I wake up
 To go home.

□ Philip Saltzman

Gone to Lebanon

Yesterday my brother left to fight
 in Lebanon
 Danny left with a tear in his eye
 didn't know how long he'd be gone

Gardners they tend the roses
 on the White House lawn
 the President steps out on the balcony
 Do you think he cares that my
 brother is gone?
 Gone, gone...

Gone to Lebanon

Please Mr. President,
 bring him back for me.
 Vietnam and Lebanon were
 mistakes can't you see...
 (they die so needless, needless...)

Danny was a gentle brother -
 always kind and so good,
 only he went to fight in
 that war I've never
 understood.

□ Renee G. Rivers

Run
 Don't walk
 Not away
 But towards
 Listen
 With ears
 And eyes
 And feelings
 Shut out
 Nothing
 But prejudice
 Change
 Through growth
 But
 Understand
 You are a
 Symbol
 Of your
 Ideals

□ Ellen McCaffery

Awakening

We promised to love forever
To give heart and soul to the other
I thought I knew you...I was sure
I knew myself.

You pretended to be all I ever wanted
I believed I could love no other
You hid your jealousies, your unfaithfulness,
Your hatred.

For a time I was blind
I saw in you only what I wanted so desperately to be there
I never knew that the you I hid from
Was a total stranger.

I was afraid to leave you, though I desperately
Needed to break free... I could not stand—
The failure, the pain, the emptiness... I could not face—
The stranger in myself, once I was
Alone.

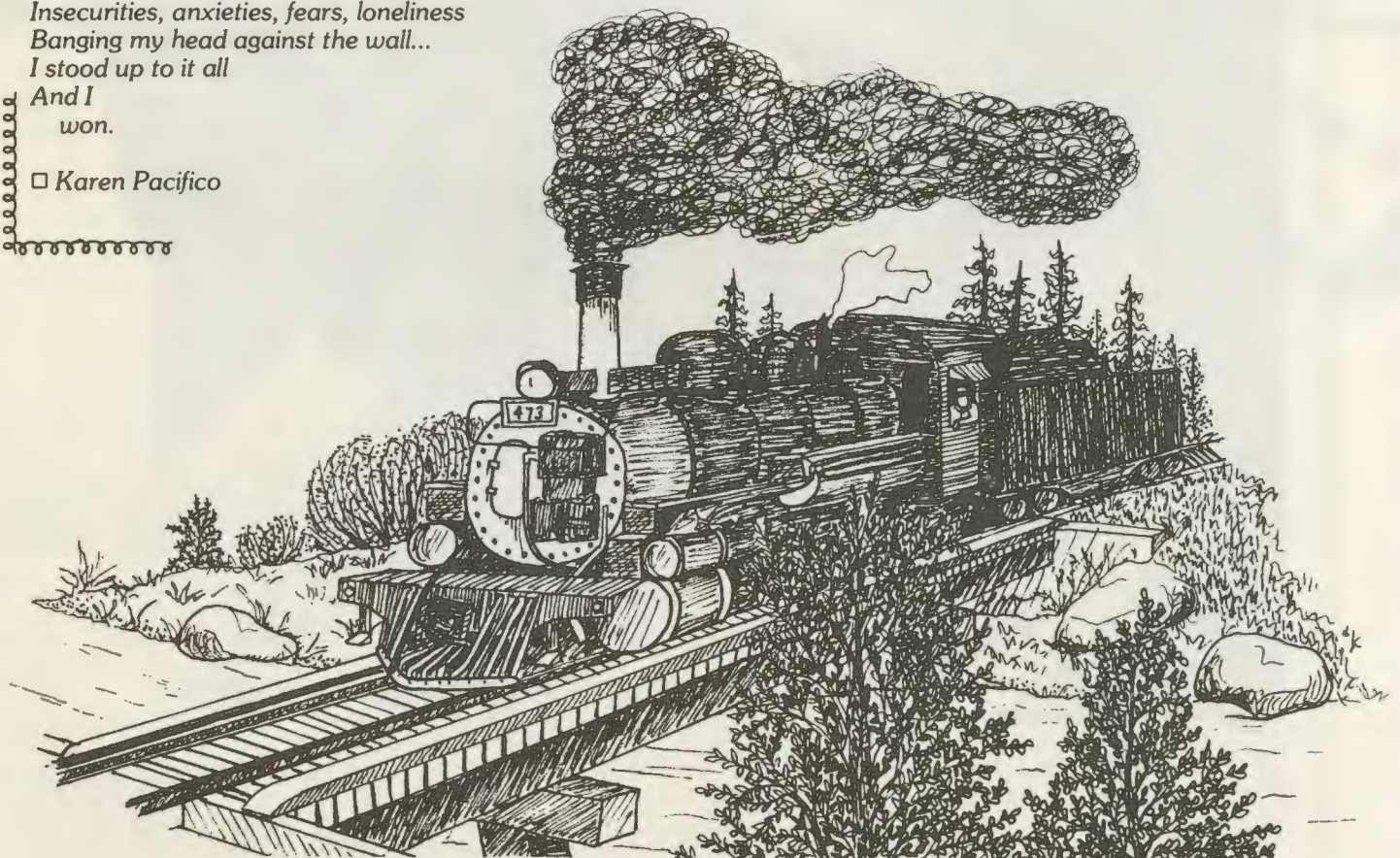
I took it all, until I could endure no more
So it ended—
You broke down, but I survived
Insecurities, anxieties, fears, loneliness
Banging my head against the wall...
I stood up to it all
And I
won.

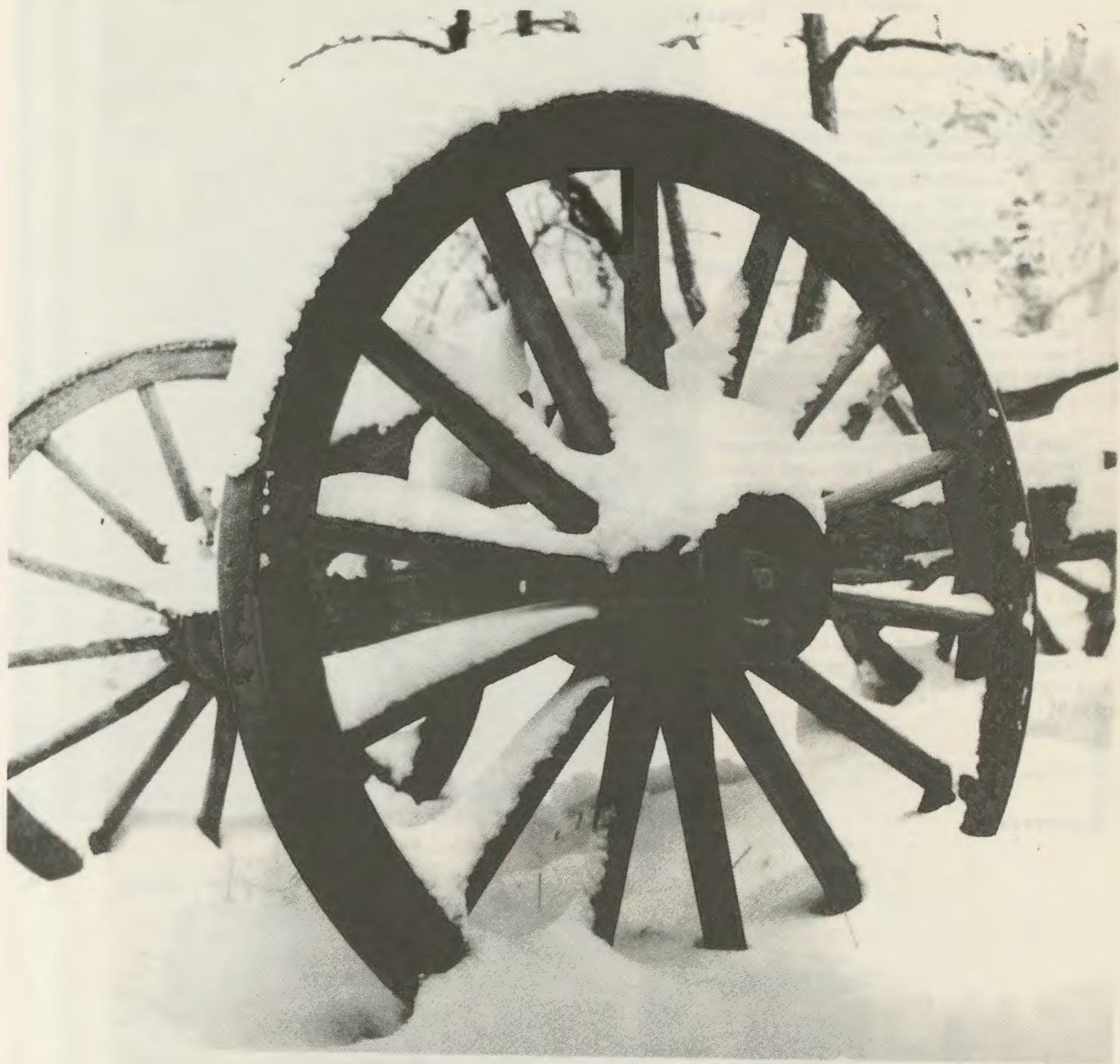
□ Karen Pacifico

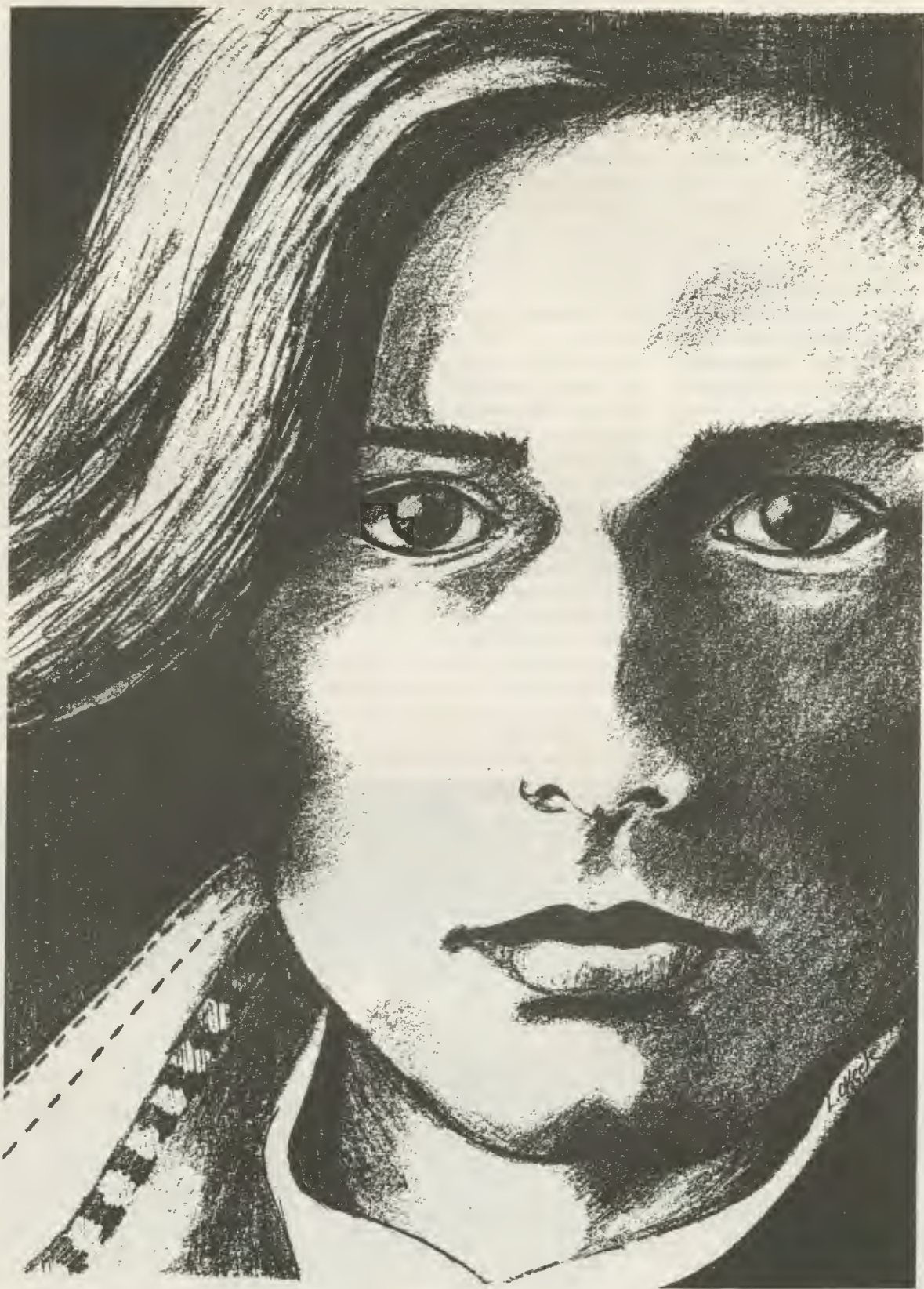
Tunnel Vision at Sixteen

Sharp sunny morning out in the burbs
fatal Friday on the expressway.
Supple, fresh - faced and green
they're angrily nipped in the bud.
What is it they're seeing, and what do they not?
Tunnel vision at sixteen.
One by rancid disease, one weaving all over the road
one or two just did it themselves.
These rich kids, with clothes and cars
they're all running scared
from the old man, the pressure, themselves.
Fragile Romeos, choking down a bitter pill
till it clutches their throats
squeezes out hope
and with a reckless S - turn
a dirty needle or despair
they box themselves in
tunnel vision at sixteen.
Out of the cradle, into the fire
adolescence from hell
boyhood shattered out on the streets.
The last thing they heard was their own cry for help
uttered far too late.

□ Maura K. O'Brien







Silent Day

Me--silent? And for an entire day. That is pretty funny considering the amount of time I spend on the phone. But I did it...and it was the hardest thing I have ever had to do.

On December 16, 1986 I participated in *silent day* as a communication experience for my American Sign Language class. For that one day, I had to remain vocally silent and was allowed to express myself solely through the use of gestures, facial expressions, or written messages. My parents thought *silent day* was a joke (you--silent? All day?); my sister thought it was a gift from God. Just imagine--a chance for her to use the phone without my interrupting. They all looked forward to using my silence to their own advantage.

Silent day made my teachers very nervous, at least those who believed the note explaining why I could not talk. Those who did not grew rather angry when I refused to answer questions and wrote my replies instead. Because they seemed to take my silence as a personal insult, I wondered what they would do if they actually encountered a deaf student in class. Their hostile attitudes bothered me.

Communicating with my friends was easier than communicating with my teachers. My two best friends were also in Sign Language, but they had a year's

more experience. We signed to each other. Or rather, they signed and fingerspelled to me, and I did the best I could with my limited vocabulary. More than once though, I had to resort to pen and paper.

It was more difficult communicating with my friends who did not sign, but we managed to find a way around this too. As members of the yearbook literary staff and editors of the school literary magazine, we spent many hours in a room with a word processor. Those of us who could not verbalize typed into the computer, and tried to get the attention of whomever it was we wanted to talk to--jumping up and down, waving our hands, stomping our feet, pulling hair, throwing things--whatever would make them turn around. They would read what we had typed and would finally answer. But, more often than not, they forgot that we could still hear and typed their replies. It was extremely tedious, and I discovered it was easier to stay with the friends who could sign. I began to understand why deaf students so rarely interact with the hearing students. It is too difficult.

Remembering my family's attitude, I went home with one of my friends. I was not sure I would be able to face being in the house with my sister. I can still recall the faces of the people staring

at us on the train. One poor woman's eyes were fairly bulging out of her head as she followed our hands. So, we stopped signing, turned around, and stared at her instead. She got the hint, and I vowed to never again stare when I see two people signing.

One of the things I noticed during *silent day* was that when you cannot speak many people think that you cannot hear either. I was either yelled at or ignored. Many insensitive people obviously thought it was amusing to stand between me and another signing friend so that we could not see each other. I *did not* think that it was very funny; it was so frustrating that I just wanted to scream. But I could not. I did a lot of foot stomping on silent day. I had to. I needed to reassure myself that I still existed, that I could still make myself heard. Since I could not talk, I had to do it another way.

I suppose, looking back on the original goals of *silent day*, that it succeeded. I now have some idea, no matter how small of what it must be like to go through life not being able to communicate with the majority of people. I did not like it. In fact, I hated it. But I do not that I will ever look at deafness in quite the same way again.

□Janice Brill





Stalking
 Pads crunching leaves lightly
 Weaving between tall twig - like trees
 A glimpse of yellow, a dot of black
 Bright piercing eyes
 Pacing slowly
 Stalking
 A sudden flash of color
 Sleek muscles gliding at
 Tremendous speed.
 Marking it's target
 The prey
 Hooves fleeing in terror
 catching obstacles of
 Roots and branches
 Big brown eyes of fear
 The kill
 Leaping stripes of gold and black
 Landing its victim
 Snapping bones echo
 The glazed eyes of death
 Blood spills as the predator
 Indulges in his delicacy

Off in the distance a fawn
 Awaits its mother.

□ Vonique Mc Queen

I learned I was human today, again.
 I tried to fly above my problems,
 To cast them off with a sigh.
 A sigh... a deep felt, soul - wrenching sigh
 that erupted from the depths Inside me.

As the clock ticked the hours away
 The sigh elongated until, it no longer was a sigh
 For a sigh could not encompass all I felt.
 Salty drops pelted down my cheeks
 As, unchecked, I began to cry.

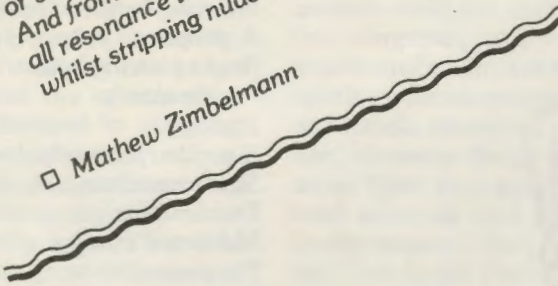
Society checked me.
 I felt the water flow back,
 Held in by a damn that would break with a sigh.
 A sigh could not be allowed, I still wanted comfort,
 The warm embrace to coddle me,
 But society stopped the hug from reaching me.

I relearned the truth of earth,
 That soaring does not bypass hurt.
 A sigh cannot forever be withheld.
 The darkened blob ahead of me Always will taunt me with its lack of security
 And allow me only the comfort that
 Can come from Inside me.

□ Sue White

Indeed the wind
plays a dual role
Or this freezing night
This, Winter's March -
Rattles spectre leaves from the Fall
or strewn across the freeze - dried gravel.
And from the racket that they make
all resonance the wind does take
whilst stripping nude the Lovely sound.

□ Mathew Zimbelmann



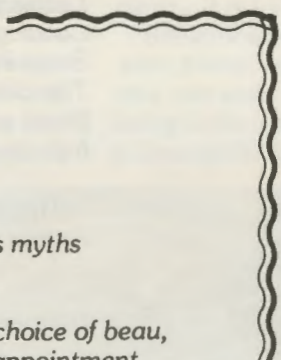
The Prairie Wind

Above me,
Below me,
All around me,
Howling and chanting its myths
Was the prairie wind.
Turning suddenly,
Half expectant to see my choice of beau,
But I find only to my disappointment,
That the wind had captured the kitchen door...
I gasped for breath and found myself
Shuddering, for besides capturing the door,
It had captured my breath
And sent my mind -afluttering...

I collapsed wearily in shame
And the wind came crawling back and caressed
Me gently, as if to say it was sorry,
For playing such a foolish game.

I thought about that again, and again.
About how the wind had crawled back
To be my friend...

□ Renee G. Rivers

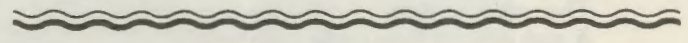


Reign

An evening outburst of showers
calls me to the swollen street.
I hurry to put on my wind-breaker,
knowing, however, that it will provide
no protection.
Within seconds I will be drenched.
Timid at first, and then with confidence,
I cross the boundary between
Earth and Sea.
The transition is painless.
I immediately become one with the night.
As I slip deeper and deeper,
I feel his presence surround me.
The rain beats hard against
my naked legs and face.
It's spray tingles my flesh.
My head becomes a sea of loose curls.
The drops of rain trickle down my bangs
and into my eyes.
I see splatters of vague images—
parked cars,
house lights,
headlights.
A car passes.
"You're an idiot," screams a passenger.
His ignorance cannot disturb my bliss.
My feet are nestled within saturated sneakers.
I childishly romp through the puddles.

Then...
the rain slowly becomes a mere sprinkle.
I am conscious that my clothes
cling to my body.
My wind—breaker traps my chest and arms in suction.
My make—up is smeared beneath my eyes.
But my hair bounces freely with every effortless step.
I am free.
I broke the harness that enslaved me,
and joined the night of liberated raindrops.

□ Jeanette Weyer





The Jester

*In the court of a King there lives a man,
Who is known as a Jester throughout the land.
The world is his stage, and laughter his band;
He'll play for you at your command.*

*A Jester's life is wild and free,
At least that's what others think it to be.
But he hides his true reality
Inside where no one else can see.*

*I've heard the Jester laugh and sing;
I've seen him dance around the ring.
But I've felt the fears he hides inside,
And in my dreams I've seen him cry.*

*He goes home alone every night,
And sits until the morning light.
While inside a raging battle he fights,
Between what is wrong — and what is right.*

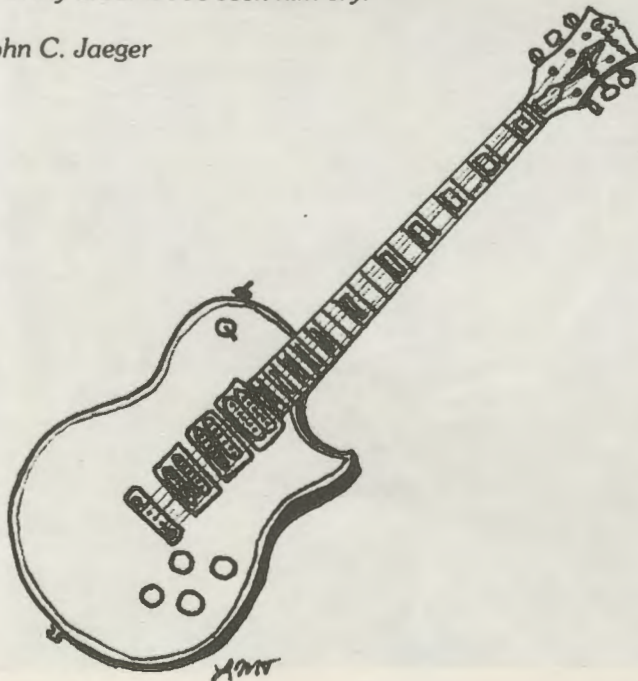
*"They call me a Jester, that is true,
But deep inside I'm a man too.
They hurt my feelings, make fun of me;
I'm a clown to humanity."*

*"Leave me alone, please go away."
The Jester cried out one day.
As the people looked on in dismay,
The Jester turned — and walked away.*

*Now in the King's court there lived a man,
Who was known as the Jester throughout the land.
But nowadays there plays no band,
For the stage is empty where the Jester used to stand.*

*I've heard the Jester laugh and sing;
I've seen him dance around the ring.
But I've felt the fear he hides inside,
And in my dreams I've seen him cry.*

□ John C. Jaeger



*Behave
like them
Or else you
are shunned.
Swallow
your tears
They do not
understand
Act as though
you do not
care
Just because
they don't
And in reality
you do
And in reality
you are
different*

□ Ellen McCaffery



When I was Three...

When I was three years old, I loved to color and draw. I would spend hours masterfully illustrating oddly proportioned people and rainbow scribbles that represented, among other things, vibrant flowers. (If only I had known about abstract art.) I also filled countless numbers of Snoopy and Mickey Mouse coloring books with crayola.

One spring day, while I was coloring the last page in my Snoopy coloring book, it occurred to me that all of my other coloring books were literally filled from cover to cover and that I had used my last piece of blank paper yesterday. To heck with my other sources of amusement; I wanted to color! Unfortunately for me, my mother, my coloring book resource, had left, and the babysitter had arrived. And there I was, stuck with at least a hundred crayons that begged me to color with them. Thus, I was compelled to search for another place to display my artistic ability, but I did not know where to start. So, while the babysitter, engrossed in *General Hospital*, munched on Chee-toes and enjoyed herself, I sat staring

out my bedroom window at the next door neighbor's carport. *The next door neighbor's carport!* A devilish grin swept over my face as I stuffed a box of crayolas into my pocket and nonchalantly sauntered into the living room.

"May I go outside and play?" I asked sweetly.

"Sure," she answered, her eyes still glued to the television set.

Without waiting for any further response, I dashed out the front door and over to the neighbor's carport. There I stood, armed with crayolas, ready to conquer the snow white stucco wall.

First, I pulled the blue crayon from the box in my pocket and proceeded to draw an ocean across the potential mural. Then I drew a red boat and a brown island with a green tree on it. Then I just drew rainbow scribbles, and whatever else came to mind. And when I was through, I stood back and admired my work, but something was not right. So I ran back inside and looked out my window at it. It was beautiful! I could not wait to show mom and dad!

My dad got home before my mom

did. I heard him discussing something with a person in the front doorway, but it was not the babysitter because she had already left. Then I heard the door slam shut.

"Shelli, did you color on the neighbor's carport?"

"No," I answered innocently as I guiltily slunk under my bed.

His footsteps echoed in the hallway as they approached my room. And suddenly two feet appeared in the doorway.

"Shelli," he bellowed; "get out from under the bed this instant!"

Reluctantly I crawled out from under the bed and looked up at him with big puppy-dog eyes. Next time, I thought, I will stick to already-been-colored coloring books and used paper or I will watch *General Hospital* with the babysitter.

□ Shelli L. Stiverson



The Other Shoe

*To all of you who stood in my way
thrust ugly nos in my face
(you know who you are)
I've got news for you
I just became your worst nightmare
Got a noose in my bag - o - tricks
and that puts you at the top of my list
'cause I topped yours for far too long
For I've sweat
and strained
beaten down every time
Well, my ship just came in*

□ Maura K. O'Brien

*Slowly my
fingers
move down
the wall
As I
desperately
cling onto
SANITY
Nothing is
more REAL
Than the
REALIZATION
that the
WALL was
oiled.*

□ Ellen McCaffery

Farewell

*I knew it was the end.
He had been through quite an ordeal these past
few weeks.
I took him out in the biting cold...
He had seemed frightened of the noises outside
Cowering and crying he stood in the dark corner
of the cellar.
I came to him and his sad eyes searched mine from
the depth of his hanging head. They pleaded for
something I knew naught of...
I untied him and led him to the outside...
Here he made a feeble attempt to stand gallantly
for the last time: Feet properly and his once
fluffy tail extended to the wind.
I looked at him
His somber eyes began to search farther and
farther away... with a haunting distant gaze
that I will never forget.
He lowered his head and no longer brought his
sunken eyes to meet mine.
I brought the weakening dog inside
The sobs were unleashed from within me
He began to stagger, his breathing becoming
labored.
I held him up
The hollow frame of bones and fur meshing with
my sinewy young body...
He had been my pride and joy
People had always admired my high spirited Collie
with his golden coat... Oh how that golden
coat would glow amber in the dancing sunlight...
I held him until he could no longer hold his own.
When he went down there was no way I could ever
bring him back.
There came a deathly calm over his brown sunken
eyes.
There was no movement
No expression on the grotesque mask that once
was his face... The only movement was the
sporadic twitching of his once proud, matted
tail... everything else was limp and lifeless.
I want so much to believe that in his last moment
the slight movement of his tail was an attempt
to console those of us left behind... for I was
kneeling beside him, sobbing goodbyes into his
ear...*

□ Renee G. Rivers

Footprints in the Snow

*Please tell me where they went; I do not know
—a little child's footprints
etched in newly fallen snow.
Please tell me where they went;
where did they go?*

*Please tell me where he went; I do not know
—that little boy designing
printed angels in the snow.
Please tell me where he went;
where did he go?*

*Emotions swell inside as my heart cries
—yesterday, on Christmas morn,
that precious child died.
Oh won't you tell me why Lord,
tell me why?!*

*A peace embraced my soul; God let me know
—the boy is now an angel
making footprints in the clouds;
I'll think of him whenever I see
footprints in the snow.*

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

Crystal Lights

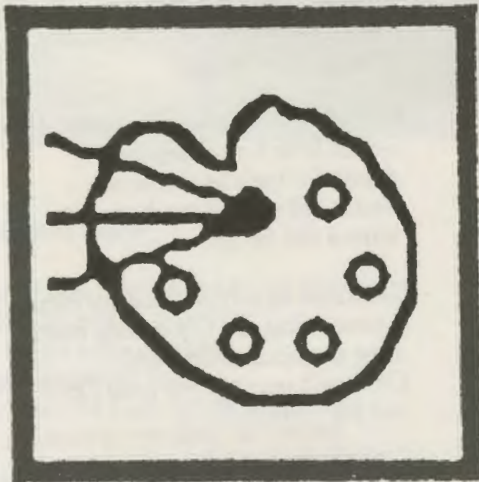
*For I have seen the Crystal Lights,
Shining in my darkest nights
With beauty and splendor, free and unbound,
To fill my heart with love newfound.*

*Once my life was just a shell,
Empty and devoid of feelings which tell
One's soul of mysteries which abound,
In dreams of light where magic is found.
To strengthen oneself and give one hope
Of new tomorrows, so we may cope
With the darkness of each day
And drive the misty shadows away.*

*But now my life is full, complete.
With love in my heart I can now meet
And face the darkest dreams of day,
To drive the evil shadows away.*

*For I have seen the Crystal Lights,
And fear no more my darkest nights.*

□ John C. Jaeger



Palette

*A man has within him the colors of time.
They blend, then part, deepening or becoming bright
depending on where his heart leads him
and where his feet choose to go.
In his head are the browns and greens
of earthy intelligence.
They blend with the crimson of his blood
vehicle of the genes
inner mark of those before him.
The blue in his eyes on his wedding day
darkens to sad indigo with brittle grey winter
or loss of a child
to sickly yellow fever, once shining gold
of burning candles or fragile glass icicles
hung on a tree of contented Christmas green.
A woman has her colors too.
Before ever reaching greying years
of thinning soup from battered brown pots
she grows, green and fresh
willowy, like wavelets
lapping at cream - colored sand.
Her mind's eye (no matter the color)
knows the blue of a baby's crayoned sky
can be barely more than white
or toss and pitch with violet's anger.
Blushes, rosy soft
pipe dreams glimmering silver and pink
can turn a universe a shade of lovely
but she clenches a magenta fist
around the gritty black on which survival depends.
Man and woman both
life's palette fully smeared
do not fade weakly into white
nor grow bitter black with age
but glow, either brightly or intensely deep
depending on the color one's heart yearned to be
and whether or not one listened.*

□ Maura K. O'Brien

The Last Word

I never thought I'd be writing a Last Word quite as final as this one. In a sense it's a final plea to the students of this campus, and in a sense it's a final farewell.

*My staff and I have worked too hard to let this magazine die, but because our staff size has dwindled down to such small numbers, the possibility of saving the magazine is beyond our control. This is the reason that your help is more essential than ever to the continuation of **Our Time**. We need to fill all staff positions in order to keep the magazine alive, and you can help us save **Our Time** by accepting an editor's position and by dedicating a few hours of your time. If all the positions are not filled, this will be the final issue of **Our Time**, and the last word is farewell.*

*Shelli L. Stiverson
Editor-in-Chief*



OUR TIME needs a few
responsible students to fill
the following positions:

*Advertising Director,
Art Editor,
Associate Editor,
Copy Editor
Creative Copy Editor,
Feature Editor,
Photography Editor.*

*If you are interested, please
contact one of the present
staff members listed on the
inside front cover of this
issue.*

??

Feedback

1. Have you ever read any other issues of **Our Time**?
2. Of the issues you have read, which did you like best, and why?
3. Which section of the magazine do you most enjoy? (Check all that apply.)
 - feature
 - fiction
 - poetry
 - artwork
 - photography

4. How did you first learn about **Our Time**?
 - Read back issues
 - Saw table in Union
 - Through an **Our Time** fundraiser
 - Word-of-mouth
 - Professor mentioned it
 - Saw a flyer
 - Know a staff member
 - Other (please explain) _____
 - _____
 - _____

5. Have you ever submitted anything to **Our Time**?
 - Yes
 - No
6. If not, why?

7. What kind of feature articles would you like to see in the future?

8. Is/are there any section(s) of the magazine that you would like to see eliminated or changed? Explain?

9. Please feel free to voice any other comments:



Interested in contributing to the Fall' 88 issue? Contributions must be typed and, if they consist of more than one page, stapled. Submit manuscript copies ONLY; literary material will not be returned. Original artwork or photography, preferably black & white, is acceptable but is subject to reduction or enlargement. The following mediums are suggested: ink drawings, charcoal, pastel, acrylic or oils. Do not submit photography or artwork which exceeds 7 1/2 x 10 inches. All contributions are subject to alterations at the editor's discretion. Mail all submissions, correspondence and the above questionnaire to:

Our Time Magazine
 C.U. Box # 121
 Geneseo, NY 14454

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