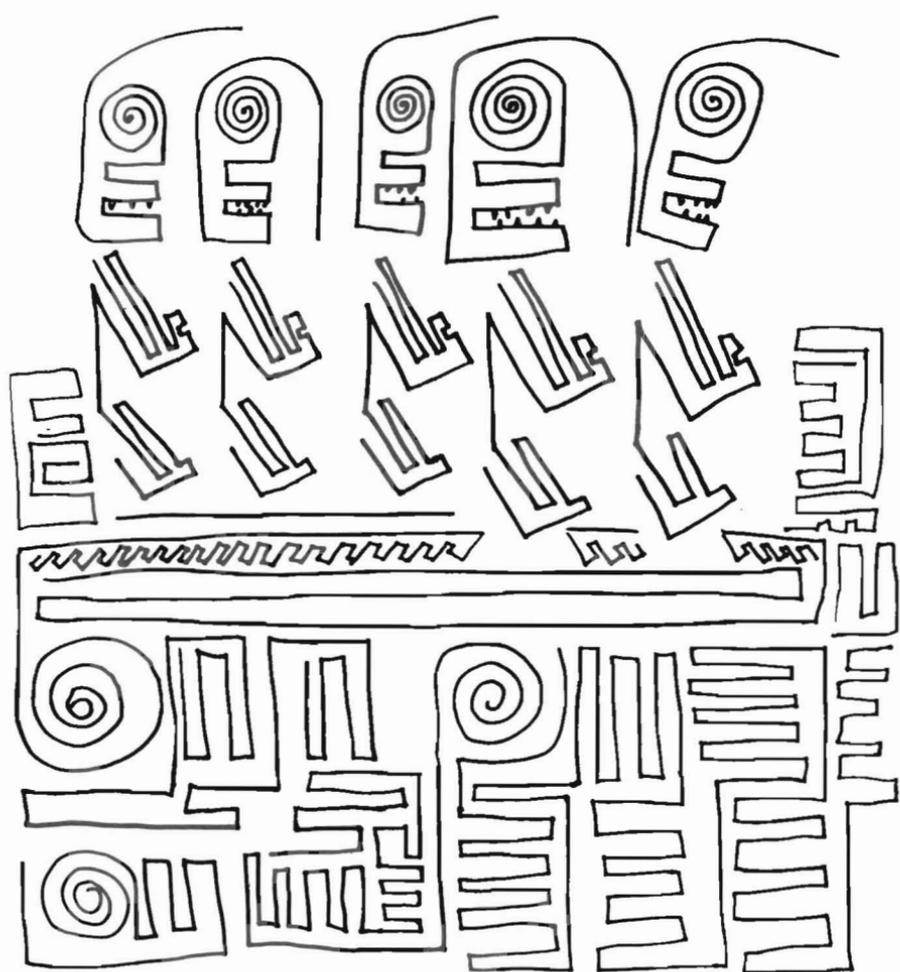
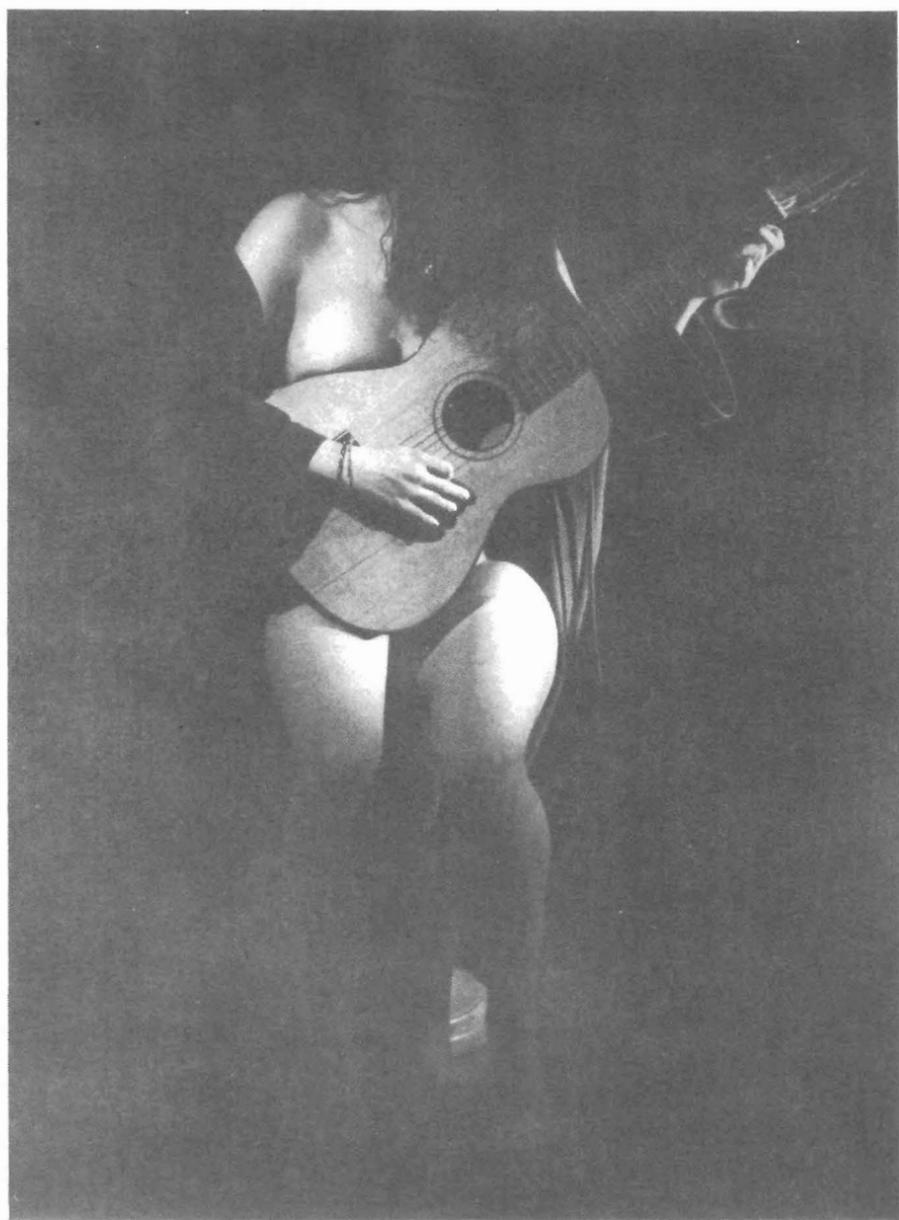


FALL 1989

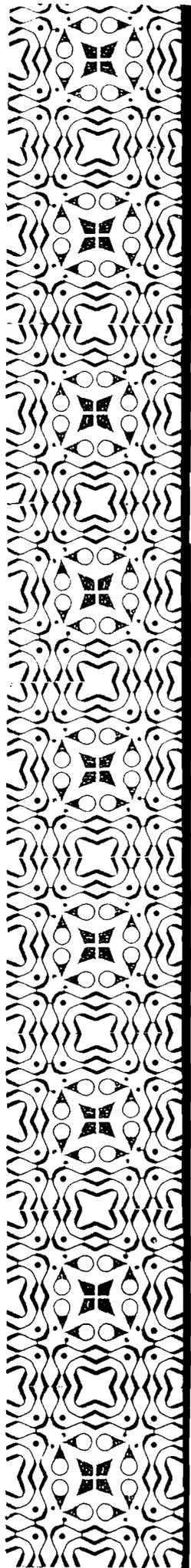
GREAT LAKE REVIEW





I Knew A Girl Who Sang The Blues

Dee Marie



WEDNESDAY MORNING

Fall 1989

Editor-In-Chief
Martin Steinberg

Treasurer
Lisa A. Malo

Staff
Marie Beshures
Luann Brazill
Mark Childs
Cheryl Cotter
Barbara Flayton
Tom Fugalli
Justin Goltermann
Dot Hoffman
Christian Langworthy
George Liveris
Peter Souveroff

Copyright 1989 ©, Great Lake Review
All rights reserved to authors and artists.

This magazine is made possible by funds provided by the Student Association and by the efforts of the students of the State University of New York at Oswego.

“ . . . the new wine . . . ”

Meet me under the willow tree
Come and taste the wine
Meet me where the laughs are free
Where songbirds talk in rhyme

I'll run my fingers through your hair
And lift your spirits high
Amber skies without a care
This is your chance to fly

A shallow world with sunken eyes
Home of black synthetic lies
So let me take you far away
Where time cannot dissect the day

Beneath the tree the earth is cool
Your body is like new
Let's dive into the mystic pool
And for one day be true

— Tom Fugalli

“Where is the wine, the new wine?
Dying on the vine.”

— Quote from Jim Morrison



GREAT LAKE REVIEW

Fall '89

Volume XXIX

ART

Todd Williams	<i>5 Men Walk Together Without Caps</i>	front cover
Dee Marie	<i>I Knew A Girl Who Sang The Blues</i>	inside cover
Kristine DeFio	<i>GLR logo</i>	1
Mark Childs	<i>untitled</i>	2
Aaron McDowell	<i>untitled</i>	5
Julio A. Claudio	<i>untitled</i>	9
Marie Beshures	<i>Alien Landscape</i>	11
Julio A. Claudio	<i>untitled</i>	13
Julio A. Claudio	<i>My Two Sides</i>	14
Aaron McDowell	<i>untitled</i>	15
Marie Beshures	<i>Bucky</i>	18
Missy McCormick	<i>untitled</i>	20
Darryl Redalieu	<i>untitled</i>	22
Jim Gould	<i>Anastomotic Energy</i>	25
Dan Damon	<i>untitled</i>	29
Mark Childs	<i>untitled</i>	31
Mark Childs	<i>untitled</i>	32
Judd Vetrone	<i>Why We Don't Sell Bubbles To Elephants</i>	36
Aaron McDowell	<i>untitled</i>	42
David Cooper	<i>You Wouldn't Take Care of Your Own Mother?</i>	43
Corey B. Swertfager	<i>Courthouse Meltdown</i>	inside cover
Todd Williams	<i>Smashed Girl Being Rained On</i>	back cover

FICTION

Jennifer D. Sawyer	<i>untitled</i>	6
Christian Langworthy	<i>Wednesdays</i>	21
Justin Goltermann	<i>untitled</i>	38

POETRY

Tom Fugalli	<i>"... the new wine ..."</i>	2
Linda Loomis	<i>Creation Myth</i>	4
Lisa Malo	<i>A Pathetic Cadaver</i>	8
J.A. Carle	<i>Turmoil</i>	9
Martin Steinberg	<i>genre 53: in a spiral notebook</i>	10
Martin Steinberg	<i>A Crossword Poem</i>	10
Davey	<i>The Lecture Rag</i>	11
Cheryl Cotter	<i>Ontario</i>	12
Martie	<i>SUNY 1, SUNY 2</i>	13
Tom Fugalli	<i>Hiding in Sunlight</i>	14
Ron Throop	<i>Upon Looking For Culture at the Chicago Art Institute and Finding Vincent Van Gogh — Deceased Painter</i>	15
Luann Brazill	<i>Observations One Night in June</i>	16
Luann Brazill	<i>untitled</i>	17
Davey	<i>Why Bother Growing Up?</i>	18
Christian Langworthy	<i>Calligram "Puppet-Step"</i>	19
Nat Siembor	<i>Cold Heart</i>	20
Cheryl Cotter	<i>You're Like a Good Book Baby</i>	24
Cheryl Cotter	<i>untitled</i>	25
Linda Loomis	<i>Crown of Color</i>	26
Ron Throop	<i>Robert E. Lee Indeed!</i>	30
Davey	<i>Tienanmen Square</i>	30
K. Walker	<i>Out of Many One People</i>	31
Lisa Waterman	<i>The Widow's Walk</i>	32
Sass	<i>Back From The Docks n Wondering At What I Am Plied</i>	33
Robert LaRocque	<i>Blood</i>	34
Martin Steinberg	<i>Dream</i>	34
Cheryl Cotter	<i>untitled</i>	36
judy schempf	<i>there's no school today</i>	37
Olivia McCullough	<i>Our World</i>	43
Robert LaRocque	<i>We Sit In Circles</i>	44

Creation Myth

At a concert October 3, 1989 at Ithaca College, composer Dana Wilson explained that the title of his work, "Shakata," is untranslatable. It conveys the ritualistic nature of his composition which deals with the creation myth of the Australian Aborigines who believe that the world was called into existence with a song.

Sing me up from the earth
where I've listened in Clay for the song
that would lift me and loosen my bonds.
Sing me up! Shatter rocks; scatter dust;
draw me out. Oh, create me! Create me.
 Only you have the power, Shakata, Shakata!
 Only you have the power to create me.

Drum me forth from the trees
with a piercing tattoo. With a beat
pull me straight through the bark; lure me down
from the leaves; send the wind; drive the rain.
Drum me forth! Oh, create me! Create me.
 Only you have the power, Shakata, Shakata!
 Only you have the power to create me.

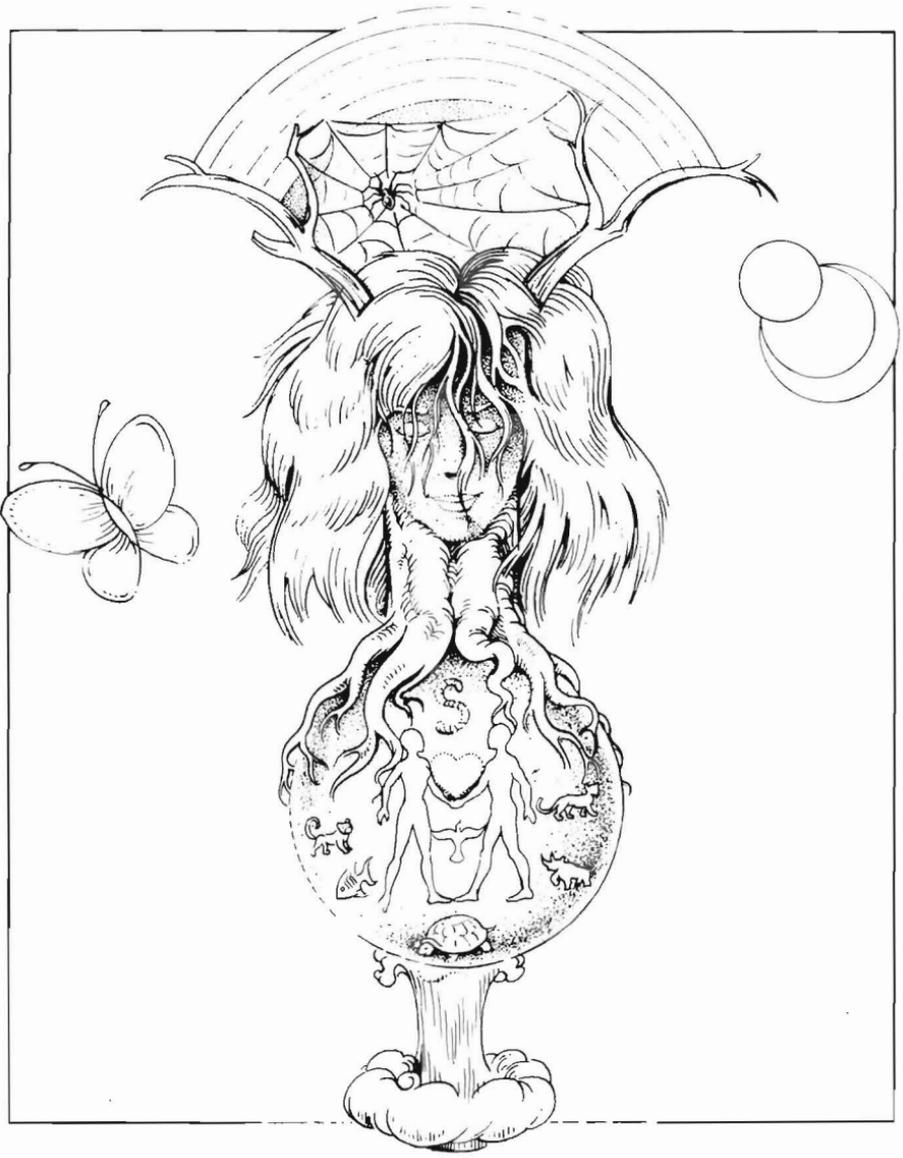
Come and conjure me out
of the rivers and seas. With the force
of your magic, put blood in my veins.
Source of life, primal drop, fill me up
with your spell. Oh, create me! Create me.
 Only you have the power, Shakata, Shakata!
 Only you have the power to create me.

Pull me down from the hills
that are distant and dark. Give me strength
with your rapture and life with your song.
Roll me over the valley and dust me with dawn.
Hold me close. Oh create me! Create me.
 Only you have the power, Shakata, Shakata!
 Only you have the power to create me.

Lift me out of the skies
with your transforming power. Fill my lungs
with your breath, give me spirit to soar.
Give me wings; lift me up; let me fly;
Sing me life. Oh, create me! Create me.
 Sing me up from the earth;
 drum me forth from the trees.
 Come and conjure me out
 of the rivers and seas.
 Pull me down from the hills.
 Lift me out of the skies.
 Sing me love. Sing me life.
 Only you Shakata!
 have the power, Shakata!
 Shakata! Shakata!
 to create

 Sha—
 ka—
 ta—
me

— Linda Loomis



Aaron McDowell

Suddenly, the air sings of home and your surroundings become intensely familiar. Internal excitement builds as you recall the feeling of relaxing in your most comfortable chair, in front of the fireplace, of course, with your new find; Italo Calvino's "If on a Winter's Night a Traveler."

Opening the door, you take your very last breath of winter air, as warmth from within melts over your face. Shedding your coverings, preparing for complete relaxation, you notice a yellow scrap of paper laying helplessly on the counter. You reach to pick it up — it is a handwriting you do not recognize.

It simply says:

Call — 634-4176.

Now What?

You search your memory. Have you ever seen this number before? No? You feel your muscles tighten ever so slightly. You know now that relaxing with a Calvino by the fireplace is completely out of the question. You must call.

But you can't, can you?

You pick up the receiver, your fingers delicately touch the numbered squares.

6 . . . 3 . . .

You hang up.

You can't bring yourself to do it.

Your brain begins to race, creating scenarios of the party at the other end.

Concentrate on your

temples, you feel the

rapid pulsation of blood through narrow veins. Your heart begins to pound,
faster

and
faster.

Your palms begin to moisten, and perhaps
you begin to shift your weight.

The hand holding the receiver relaxes and the piece falls to the floor with a startling "thud." Your mind, running wild depicts scenarios of The Other Party.

What if it's a man and a woman who carelessly failed to remove the receiver? You'd disturb them.

Could it be husband and wife; he with a frying pan raised in his hand over her head, preparing to kill her? The unplanned ringing of the phone could save her life.

Could it be him? That shadow that has been following you for weeks, for months. Is he watching you right now? Has he finally found you?

You will never know.

Don't let yourself be helplessly sucked into the trap of fear. Fear of The Unknown. When you become afraid of The Unknown, you will forever be afraid for as long as there is existence, there will be The Unknown. Are you prepared to be trapped forever? Defend yourself now and dial the number.

You can barely hear anything except the
pounding thud of
pulsating blood
rushing through constricted veins.

Your fingers are numb, but you touch the keys with such confidence.

6 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 4 . 1 7 . . 6 — Don't hang up now, the hardest part is over. You hear it ringing, do they? It rings and rings. The scenarios rush through your mind once again.

Are they lovers ignoring my call?

Is she dead yet?

Is he watching me now, laughing?

The Other Party isn't answering, Why? Your body is frozen in place, you cannot move. You wait . . .

The piercing rings echo in your head like a fire alarm early on a cold morning. You're reaching to pick up the receiver but you can't reach it. Try harder, you have to know now. Hurry and reach for it, it won't ring forever.

By now you have realized that the Lover/Murderer/Shadow is not going to answer.
Your body relaxes somewhat; enough to place the receiver back on the hook. Your
stomach turns, you will never know . . .

You finally reach it, you pick it up and place it on your ear.
Involuntarily you utter, "Hello?"

You hear a loud click, and . . .

Silence.

Quotations taken from:

Anxiety & Panic Attacks: Their Cause and Cure. Robert Handly with Pauline Neff
Rawson Associates: New York, 1985. pages 6 - 7.

Also: Pages 132-139, *In a Network of Lines That Interlace*, from Italo Calvino's *If On a Winter's Night a Traveler*.

A — Pathetic Cadaver

Two eyes may see,
but may not watch.

Two ears may hear,
but may not listen.

A mind may think,
but may not react.

A mouth may talk,
but may not speak up.

Two legs may stand,
but may not stand up.

A human may function,
but if he or she does not
watch,
listen,
react,
speak up
or stand up,

apathy will continue to infect the masses.

Like a contagious disease,
it will fester,
leaving behind in its ruins
apathetic cadaver
after pathetic cadaver.

— Lisa Malo



Julio A. Claudio

Turmoil

Turmoil, like the winds of hell-fire
Spew me in the air.
I am twisting, turning, turbulent.
I heat, I burn, I rage.
I breathe the chaos.
I spew it out, to all of my enemies.
I reel in the delight of madness.
I live for it, I have become it.
I spread chaos, my ally, to all that surround me.
With deranged features and hideous smell
My aura encompasses all.
The rotten corpses of life
Wither and falter to the earth.
I float, consumed in my own fury,
Alone and lonely,
Friendless and bitter,
Burning in my own created hell,
Never to die, but to burn for ever,
Hurting.

— J. A. Carle

genre 53: in a spiral notebook

I've been experimenting in many different mediums.

Lately, I've written with pencils, pens (both erasable and otherwise), in a spiral notebook, on a roll of paper on a noteroller, on Apples (not IBM's or California fresh grapes with dangerous oil based pesticides) and written into my memory to be copied later, not to mention the kinds of weather I was in.

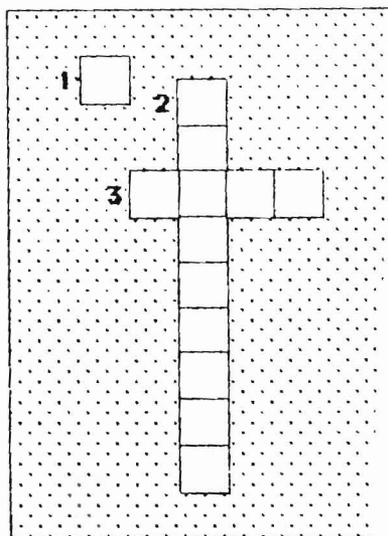
In the future, I plan to experiment with smalls, larges and extra larges.

— Martin Steinberg

a crossword poem

1. Referring to a single noun; it is missing from the sentence "ball bounced."
Also the first letter of the alphabet.
2. a compound word made up of the word for a Christian religious symbol and the word for a basic unit of language. Also the second word of the title of this poem.
3. a four letter word.

—Martin Steinberg





Alien Landscape

Marie Beshures

The Lecture Rag

Eyelids start to droop,
head starts to nod.

I know he's only
doin' his job,
but does he have to
be so boring?

Tryin' to pay attention,
trying to take notes,
but priorities, man —
tryin' to keep from snoring.

— Davey

Ontario

I walk along the
Weathered rocks and
See scratches of your
Existence.

But you are
Gone.

I find a flat slab of
Granite,
Tilted like a
Lounge chair.

I decide to sit.

The waters of the
Lake are still.

I thrive in the
Solitude.

Soon,
Two figures
Appear.

They are playing
The role: One
Male and the
Other female.

She sits perched
On a
Dainty rock, crouched,
Yet, playful.

He stands and
Demonstrates his
Strength by the
Thrusting of a tiny
Pebble.

My breakfast thrusts
Too.

— Cheryl Cotter

SUNY 1.

SUNY 2.

I am alone.
Your editors don't talk about me.
I am not a freshman,
And I am not a senior.
I did that. A long time ago —
Your editor was in 1st grade.
I have hopes, dreams, and goals;
I have bills, insurances and debts.
I am your mother
(my daughter is a senior —
in high school).
I want to teach. Your children
when — not if — they become.
I am alone. Here.
With you.

I am alone.
My society recognized me
in textbooks as a disease
erased.
I am
everywhere.
And I teach your
children to be
love.

I can't afford to park here.
I am fixed income,
an unrecognized part of
college society.
A profitable contribution
to life.
If you allow me to park.

— Martie



Julio A. Claudio

Hiding In Sunlight

No matter how long you close your eyes
Or cloak reality in a disguise
The problems remain

Stop hiding your head in sunlight to avoid being blinded by shadow

You see what you want to see
You hear what you want to hear
The door is always locked on your fortress of fear

Still hiding your head in sunlight to avoid being blinded by shadow

And the walls of your fortress are so thin
Its a matter of time before something gets in

But you cannot hear me, you're smiling too loud
And you cannot see with your head in a cloud

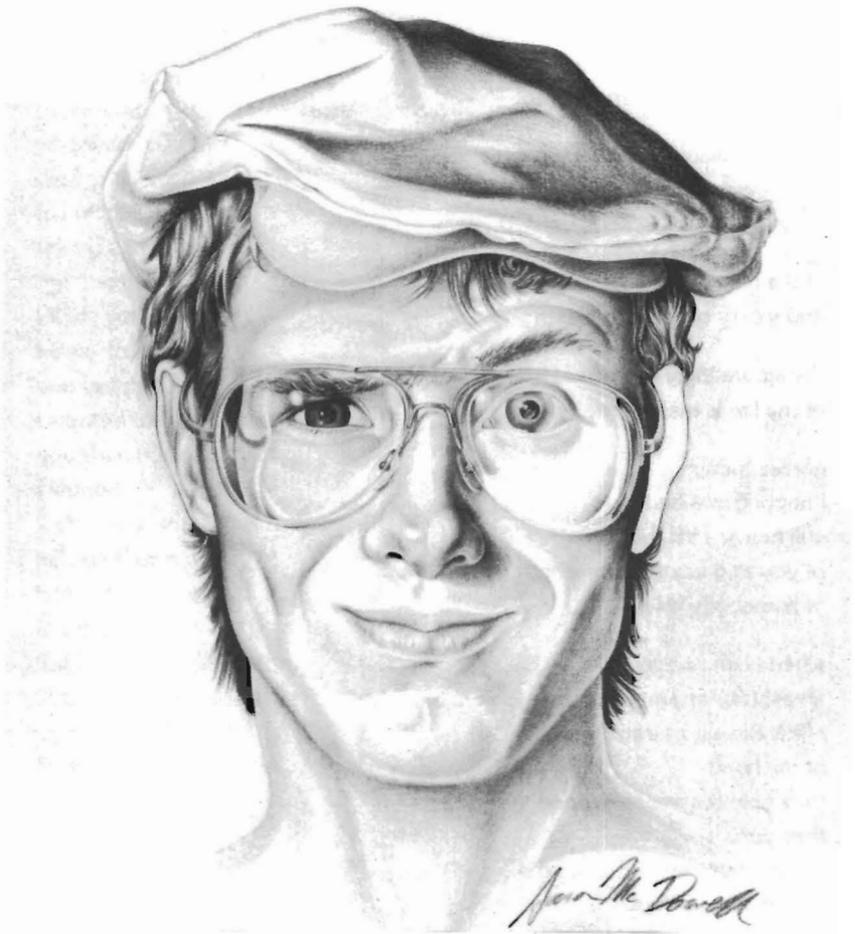
You're setting yourself on fire to avoid being burned by the cold

— Tom Fugalli



My Two Sides

Julio A. Clai



**Upon Looking For Culture At The Chicago Art Institute
And Finding Vincent Van Gogh — Deceased Painter**

Ah Vincent, look at their eyes!
If you could only sell your swirly mysteries
To someone other than St. Peter!

You could do without unearthly fame
And paint a masterpiece in my dusty room.
A lonely place Vincent,
Yet one where no money will buy them a head.

Come Vincent.
Your sweat could never stain my canvas.
We will become rich from a beautiful wallpaper;
A freely celebrated room
Filled with curly colors and minds discovered.

— Ron Throop

Observations One Night in June

it is late and i am
sitting in a chair no where
and my mind is everywhere

the boys walk by my window
girls are so stupid
they say

i take blue smoke into my lungs
and worry of an early death

the agrivatingly consistant humming drum
of my life is making me crazy

earlier today
i napped in a bed
still heavy with the scent
of you and sex and dreamed
of somebody else

when i can not find
an ashtray or am too lazy to look
i flick the ashes into the palm
of my hand
they only burn for a second then
they do not
but the burning of the mind is
daily hourly always
i smell the stench of burnt brain
cells and the smoke
leaves out of my nose

i should be studying
the acidity of rain in the
streams of the mountains and the
growing hole in the ozone layer
then why am i sitting
filling the room with smoke
of my brain and cigarettes
and a page with silly words

— Luann Brazil

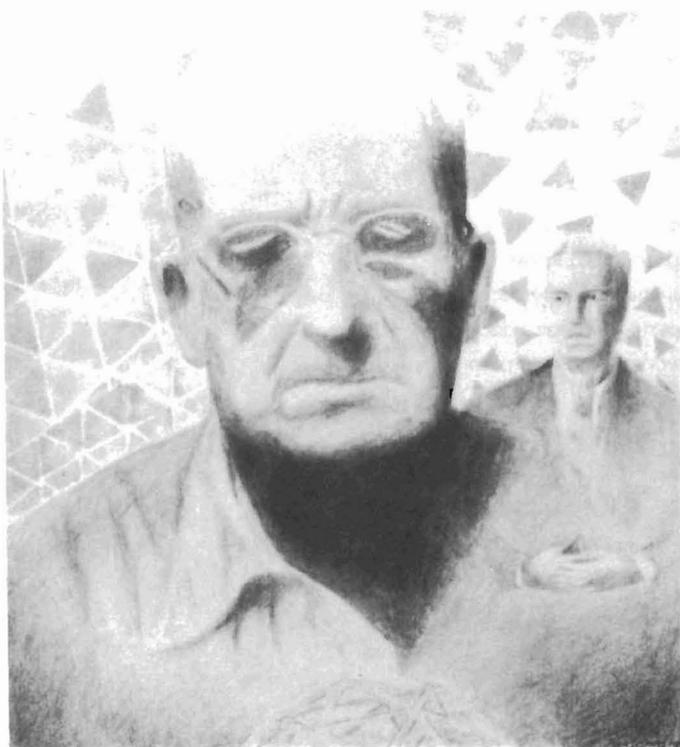
i sit and stare
forcing a memory
of your face
that does not exist
behind the eyes of this lifetime
who were you that
died and left
me after years of
taking care of you
nursing you
loving you
i want to touch
you but can not
i wanted to touch
you then but could not
i wonder
if your existence was real
he said that it was
he held my ring and
in his brain saw
the heavy wedding band
that you had given to me
no ring sits on that
finger in this incarnation
yet somehow
somewhere
when i dream with
my eyes opened wide i
see that thick banded hand
rubbing a washcloth over
a fevered forehead
feeding a soft dying mouth
home-made soup and
suddenly i am crying
because i know that if i
stood over your grave i
would not even know that
it was your shell below me
whispering a name i do
not recognize as my own

— Luann Brazill

Why Bother Growing Up?

Little boy.
Skippin' stones.
Happy. Three skips, four skips, five.
Champ! I'm the best in the neighborhood.
Simple pleasures.
Teenager.
Poppin' pimples.
Worried. One zit, two zits, three.
Crater face. She'll never go out with me now.
Simple worries.
College student.
Takin' tests.
Stressed. Poli sci, bio, econ.
Finals. I'm never gonna pass.
Serious worries.
Just married.
Payin' bills.
Panicked. Water, gas, electric.
Mortgage. We'll never make ends meet.
Serious problems.
Elderly woman.
Slowly dyin'.
Petrified. Housing, food, muggings.
Health care. How am I going to survive?
Only worry.
Why bother growing up?

— Davey



Bucky

Marie Beshures

Calligram "Puppet-Step"

Over rice
paddy
you kick
back water —
stumbling
like a
frightened drake
with wounded
wings targeted
by seasoned
hunters.
Your
life
suspended
by
reflections
you
puppet-
step
around
the dead
who soak—
up water.
The bloated
bodies wear
cold shoulders
and blue
faces bobbing,
bobbing
something new
enough to break
you
and absorbed by
grim thoughts
you realize you
walk on a two—
way
mirror through
which the dead can-
not
leap
back.

— Christian Langworthy



Cold Heart

Wrapped in the cold
cloak of your anger,
your body set like flint,
I know you would cut me
the most deeply
were I only to caress you.

— Nat Siembor

Wednesdays

by Christian Langworthy

The boy didn't know the man's name. His mother knew, but she wouldn't say much. He bought the boy boxing gloves. The boy thought that he was a nice man. Then the MP's came and took him away. That was Wednesday night and he remembered they took him away without a word being spoken. The man had on a nice pressed uniform when he came, but when he left, the coat looked a little crumpled. The MP's wore nice helmets too.

Outside, it had been raining. The front yard was beginning to flood. The rain stung the metal shingles and ran down into the eaves. The boy slept in the back room of the small apartment. He was curled on a mat covering a cement floor. It was dark. There were no windows. A gust of wind rattled the door. The boy woke up. He couldn't see well in the dim light, but he heard a man. It was Wednesday.

His mother fried fish in a frying pan on a small stove burner. A cold draft came from under the door. She looked at the floor and turned the fish over with a fork, and then uncovered a pot of steaming rice. In front of her feet was a bundle of cash. The draft blew a few bills around.

On Wednesday, the boy walked past a pool-hall not a block from his home. The door was open. Inside, the shadows of men moved and there was the cracking of balls like the sound of shots being fired. There was a clamor of voices, but all the boy heard was: "... Charlie's women!" In the haze of cigarette smoke, he saw the familiar face of a man. A man who wore green. On his lap sat a pretty woman. The man stroked her with his hands. This Wednesday, the boy ran home.

He opened the door to the apartment.

"Phoung, close the door. It will rain soon. It's Monsoon season!"

All Wednesdays were like that.

The apartment was dark. The boy was asleep, but noises woke him up. He was curious, and opened a bamboo door into the front room. He could make out two forms, one on top of the other. The door creaked. There was a hush of voices. In the darkness, he heard his mother's voice.

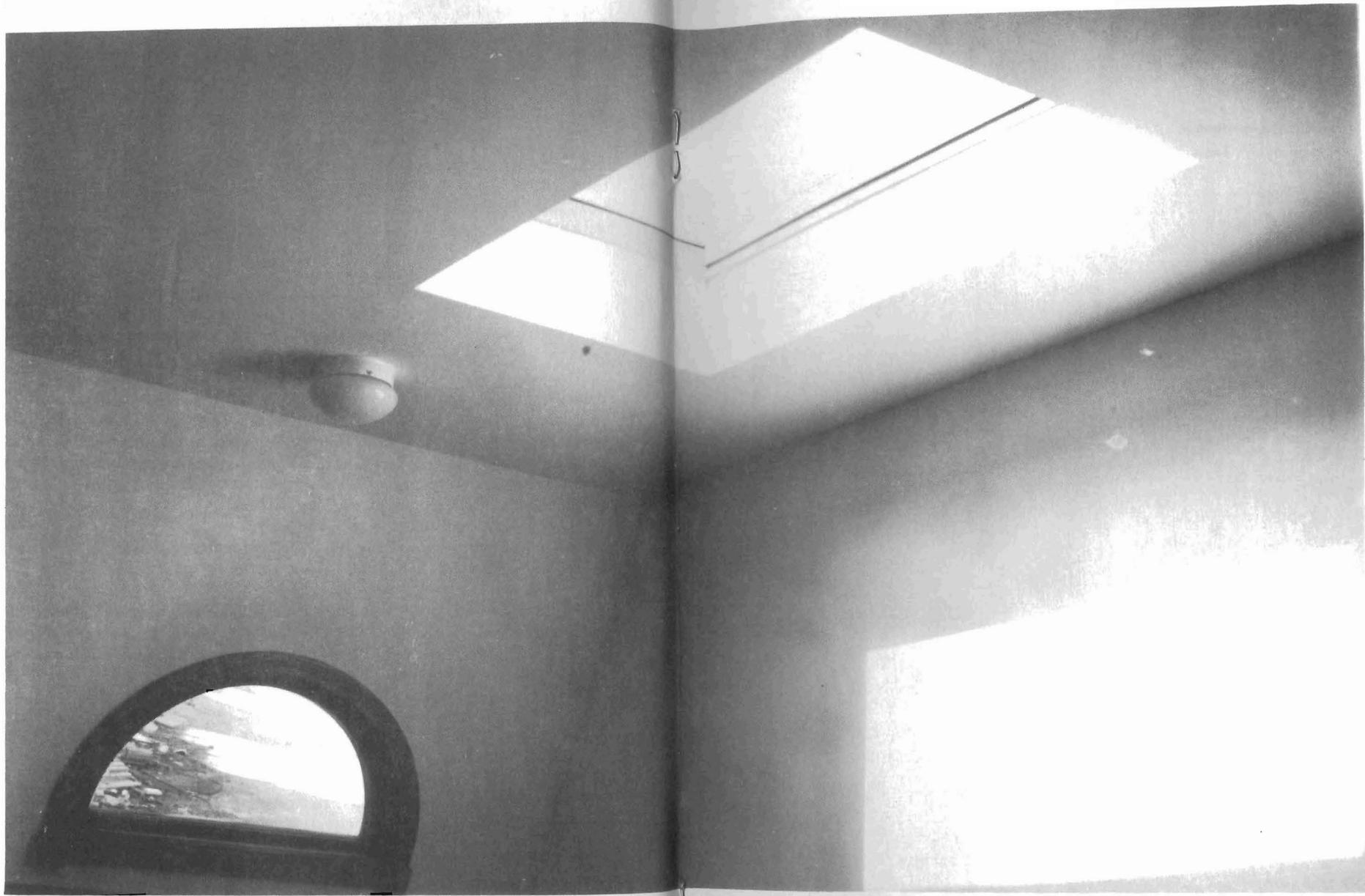
"Go back to sleep Phoung. You need your rest!"

The boy began to cry.

Later that day, a bread boy clapped his teak sticks. The mother bought two baguettes. The boy was awake from his nap. She brought him a loaf.

"You need a bath. I should give you one."

She poured water into a tub and then took off the boy's clothing. He climbed into the tub and his legs were submerged under clear water. She washed his feet. Wednesdays were always like that.



Darryl Redalieu

You're Like A Good Book Baby

"What book is that
You're reading?"

"Is it scary, grotesque
And bloody?", I ask

You tell me it's
About half like
That.

"Have you read it
Before?"

"Three times",
You say

You say it's
Good.

I can't understand
Why you'd want to
Read a book you've already
Read.

You smile at
Me.

I say, "Let's make
Love."

"Why would you want
To do that", you say, "You've already
Done it before?"

I was a
Sucker
In your
Mouth.

— Cheryl Cotter



Anastomotic Energy

Jim Gould

Crown of Color

View One: Kaleidoscope

I drench myself with color. Wild and wet,
I shampoo henna highlights in my hair
And scrub with burnt sienna till my fair
Skin's burnished. I trace my silhouette
with gay vermillion, spray a sparkling jet
Of powdered autumn goldenrod and wear
Lavish lengths of crimson draped to flare
And billow in a supple minuet.

Rose and pearl and layers of plum enfold
Me as I wrap the spectrum tightly around
My loneliness and bind the seams to stay
Securely joined against the crystal cold
Of solitude. After you left, I found
desire for color to dispel the gray.

View Two: Monochromatic

Desire for color to dispel the gray
Shadows brings me back again to dance
Across this heather-shrouded field. Some chance
Encounter with a periwinkle stray
Petal or fallen scarlet feather may
Replenish missing pigment to enhance
My monochromatic memories. This trance
Of somber tones will yield to a bright display
of tangerine and violet and azure blue.
I'd like to waltz through waves of aquamarine
And splash in scarlet satin shoes. I think
I'll gather lime and lemon skins to strew
Along the path and buff them to a sheen
With remnant visions of gold and fabric of pink.

View Three: After Church

Remnant visions of gold and fabric of pink
Recall a distant afternoon that's bright
With August sun. Then, in the perfect light
Of noon, we gathered outdoors, We touched the brink
Of September and stood suspended in a blink
Which was neither summer nor fall. With both in sight,
We hovered and chirped like birds before the flight,
Politely seeking words or ways to link

Ourselves in flocks which blaze the sky with black
Across its indigo and violet dome.
In echoes from the organ chimes, a knell
Chilled the air around our fragile pack.
Afraid of changing tones, we hurried home.
I was there when all the colors fell.

View Four: Despair

I was there when all the colors fell,
Gouging craters in the tear-softened ground
And pelting frightened children. I ran, but found
No shelter, no relief; I heard that knell
And saw the ruby juice from my veins swell
The craters. I gathered pieces and tried to pound
The colors together, but they scattered around,
So I held them against my skin, which warmed them well
And fused them into one crayon. It made
A rainbow to draw the lines again and show
A path. I filled the sallow spots with blush
And coral and shaded quiet places with jade.
Time became an iridescent glow
With a stroke that left the earth alive and lush.

View Five: Phantasmagoria

With a stroke that left the earth alive and lush,
You appeared, flamingo on your arm
and turquoise in your eyes. We thought no harm
Could come from one more waltz; we soaked the brush
And drew a brilliant scene in such a rush
That minutes moved fast forward. Your charm
Was silver in a pallet dark with alarm.
You dazzled, burning bright in a high flush

Which sparkled with an effervescent glow —
Awash with optimistic tones. But time
Slows down; your charms and magic cease to reach
Me. In shadows on the steps we used to know,
I turn from blaring orange as I climb
And seek instead a hush of golden peach.

View Six: Healing

Today I seek a hush of golden peach
And cherish mauve to salve and heal.
Caressing cranberry silken scarves, I'll feel
Cascades of velvet umber as I reach
Into this prism for a balm. I'll teach
Myself to trust the world again and seal
The past away. Pastels of sage and teal
And coral threads of dawn across the beach
Crescendo on a rising passion tide.
I'll sing! I'll walk on salmon sands and be
A troubadour in solo serenade,
Or I'll conduct a symphony with pride
And set the tempo so everyone will see
That I control my future, unafraid.

View Seven: Box of 64

I control my future! Unafraid,
I crack a box of crayons open wide
To dump a million choices out beside
My coloring book. I herald a parade
of possibilities. From shade to shade,
I march and never lose my stride
Because I am the majorette. I glide
on sapphire-studded strings, or promenade,

Or tango. And when cerise is on my mind,
I soar to royal heights. In my ballet,
Cobalt blue and bronze will pirouette
On a russet stage, and lavender will find
welcome. Awash with confidence today,
I drench myself with color, wild and wet.

— Linda Loomis



Robert E. Lee Indeed!

Yes, Robert E. Lee is alive today and living in New Orleans.
Yes, he is!
I've seen him standing there erect, 50 ft.
High above the city.

Yet he blends into the concrete like highway hobos
Who share a similar past.
Yes he stands there; frozen, white and guilty
Like a dead man before trial.

And the shadows surround him:

Proud shadows!
Martin Luther King Shadows!
Mad Memphis Morning Shadows!

Yes, Robert E. Lee is alive today and living in New Orleans,
but standing alone in his dirty cotton past!
There are no colors lighting him
Though the sun has bleached his blackness.

Yes, he is perched there rotting on a Confederate limb
Awaiting sentence from a jury of crows.

— Ron Throop

Tienanmen Square

Halos fall from eternal heaven to mortal earth.
uncrowned angels, dead, litter crowded city streets.
Paradise has been found and lost again.
Dying children cry at weeping poet's feet.

Crows rise in flocks to blot out the sun.
maiden moon has been carried away in the wake of a dove.
I was sleeping in the square dreaming of love
when the bombs burst through the sky.

Birds take wing and hide in fear
from worlds that are stained with blood.
The politicians cast their futile stones
into a flood of polluted tears.

Death dances on marionettes' strings
in front of dreamers' hollowed eyes.
They are cut down before the poisoned sword
of Mother's decreed lies.

The flowers that once filled the square
are crushed under the weight of the young,
and freedom floats through the muggy air
'round the heads of heroes unsung.

— Davey



Mark Childs

Out of Many One People

When asked where I'm from
I reply "New York City"
If someone however picks up my accent, I elaborate

I could have been born in England, Africa, Spain or Ireland
Or, I could have been an Arawak born in "Jamaica", land of wood and water
I guess my people started out as Arawaks living on an isle in the caribbean
Years after, blacks were stolen secretly from their homeland in Africa
Robbed of their golden heritage, brought to this isle to replace the
Arawaks as slaves

Here our blood mixed

I was no longer Black or Indian, but west indian

But, my people did not stop here

My blood was again mixed with a W.A.S.P.

I then became an outcast, being ridiculed by both whites and blacks

But my people did not stop here

Blood mixed again with Irish

Who am I?

I realize I fit more into the Jamaican society, I am not the only one in this predicament

Blood mixes again, this time with black

I am born, free from slavery

I am Jamaican

I am black

My language is mixed with that of Spanish, English, African and Arawak

This distinguishes me from the rest of the world

Because I am Jamaican

Out of many came one people

including me

— K. Walker

The Widow's Walk

Standing there, against the rail-
Spirit loyal, body frail —
Gazing out towards the sea,
Eyes set complacently

Despite the terror in her heart —
With every sound she'll jump or start;
No one else can ever talk
Of lives lost on Widow's Walk

Discounting those lost to the sea,
Speaking more importantly
Of mourning souls within the wives,
Crooning dirges to lost lives . . .

Restlessness the ocean weaves —
With every storm she will bereave,
And wonder, which is harder still —
Imagining a life unfilled —

Until at last the ship will dock
Harmed by neither wave or rock
The wife will return to her groom,
Wary of impending doom.

— Lisa Waterman



Mark Childs

**Back From The Docks n Wondering At What
I am Plied**

Peg n I n Hope were there.
Bodies fell, pell mell
from a man's callous sand.
He walked on
They remained wide-eyed n lifeless.
Peg n I n Hope sighed.
Some bled from the mouth
One An older one-eyed thought
Looked alone in deadpan relief
Giving unto belief
It tiredly took the hook.
Peg n I n Hope wondered
Watching its pregnant belly
Borne open n
plainly spilling out before us
Was it for us? (I'd thought)
As one sprung
By miraculous spasm
N threw itself from the slew
Into air
Hope caught it n thought
Peg n I unaware
That one was alive after all
N flopped wildly n freely.
Though wit was still strung to the rest
Through the head
It was from them
n still madly struggling
When the wanton whim of an angler
Brought him upon it
N laid it
Dead.
Peg n I rose from Hope
As only Hope would stay.

— Sass

Blood

Is there blood on your hands?
Have you looked?

Every day
Someone
Somewhere
Dies for something right

What have you done to help?

Is their blood on your hands?
Have you looked?

— Robert Larocque

Dream

Dead Men and Murderers
face each other,
stashing behind trees.

“Vampires” a voice
says. *Which?*
I look.

Fuck that!
Vamoose.

They chase me as I run.
backyardfrontyardstreetfrontyardbackyardfence
climb
backyardfrontyardstreetfrontyardbackyardfence
climb over to a field
run through to a meadow
run through thicker to forest thicker
to meadow to
field to
fence
climb
to backyardfrontyardstreetand
Smash! into a kid who lived next door to me when I was a kid,
who falls back and lies motionless, dead. I tower over.

I hear behind me, turn around
 and Dead Men and Murderers are.
 See a Vampire bite a Dead Man
 who writhes into a Vampire and bites
 a next Vampire who slugs into a Dead Man
 who is bitten by a next Vampire

I hear behind me, turn around
 and the dead kid grows into a vampire

I run to my house, bolt the door
 and hide in the big kitchen pantry.

In the dark, My heart

pounds							
pounds							
pounds	—	pounds	—	pounds	—	pounds	—
pounds	—	pounds	—	pounds	—	pounds	—
pounds	—	—	—	pounds	—	—	—
pounds	—	—	—	pounds	—	—	—
pounds	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
pounds	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

I breathe easier now and I turn on the light
 Jars and cans of food are neatly stacked.
 Smells are fresh and full of wood and bread.
 And smells are fresh of bread and I'm hungry
 and I look on the low shelf and see the white paper bag of Italian Bread and I break
 off pieces one after another and chew on them and chew on them for a while until I
 feel the chewing in my jaw and then I think that there could be Ice Cream stashed in
 the freezer. I go out of the pantry to check and I open the freezer and over half of a
 half-gallon of Chocolate Ice Cream is there. I take it, open the drawer for a spoon
 and begin eating away. I eat spoon after spoon of Ice Cream and feel nothing but
 spoon after spoon,
 cold and mocha
 spoon after spoon,
 chocolate soft
 spoon after spoon
 boldly flows
 spoon after spoon
 after awesome spoon . . .

Footsteps!

Could be Dad!

I go to put the Ice Cream back in the freezer, but I'm too short to reach it.
 I throw it and the spoon in the garbage,
 close my eyes and see forests, meadows and fields.

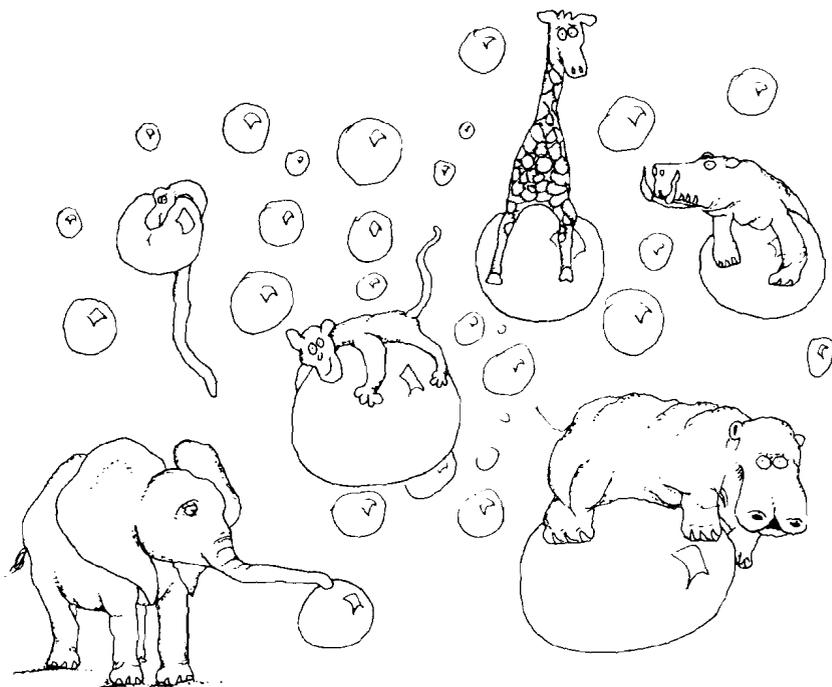
— Martin Steinberg

I bought the
Car
Because it was
Orange

I took the
Class
Because it was
In the
Afternoon

I slept with
You
Because of your
Brown
Hat

— Cheryl Cotter



Why We Don't Sell Bubbles to Elephants

Judd Vetrone

there's no school today

my sister and I
are squirming
as Mom wraps us
in swaddling clothes
she prepares us
for war
against the cold

hats with big bright tassles
mittens
that don't match
boots
with too many laces
and that black ugly
snowsuit
the one Dad got at work

once set loose
in the unyellowed snow
we make our mark
snowballs are smashed
against the garage door
angels array the patio
and storybook characters
are lined up
frozen
down by the swing

Mom shakes her head
smiling
as we stand with red raw noses
and chattering teeth
in the doorway
dripping on the carpet

hot cocoa
thaws our insides
and chases away our sniffles
I hear Mom sigh
heavily
in the kitchen
as I exclaim
with a mouthful of marshmallow
"I hope there's no school again tomorrow!"

—judy schempf

by Justin Golterman

I had met him outside New York City, strolling his happy way along the Taconic Parkway, pumping out a nameless tune on a harmonica, peering over his rather full backpack regularly to watch for cars. He certainly was an odd sight! A pillow bulged from between his back and pack, while a black sleeping bag hung from straps beneath the pack. A leather satchel was strapped across his front, the cap of a water bottle just peeking out from a flap on it. His dusty brown hair blew forwards as cars sped by him to unpredictable destinations, crawling forth into the anonymity of a thick traffic jam. Every few minutes, he would turn back to the traffic and jerk out his thumb, searching for the one unlicensed cabbie who would carry him to the city.

I drove alongside him. "Hop in, friend," I called to him. He looked at me briefly and smiled, pulling the door wide.

"Is it okay if I throw my pack in back?" he asked in a voice that hinted at recently gained manhood.

"Sure thing." He opened the back door, and clunk! went his pack, sleeping bag, and pillow, and all the travel of however many days in the country.

He got in the front. "Hi, my name's Jeoffrey Scott," I said.

"Mine's William, but I'd prefer you call me Wil." We shook hands.

"Going somewhere?" I inquired.

"Not yet. I'm just wandering. By the way, is there somewhere we can stop so I can grab myself a meal? I'm starved." I smiled.

"You look it. Wandering is great for that. I know of a great subshop where we can get the best subs this side of New York. In fact, I was going there when I picked you up. Or, how about a pizzeria?"

He shook his head. "No need to trouble over me. The sub shop sounds fine." I regarded the man. From my judgements, he appeared to be in his early twenties. His dusty Reeboks and Levi's jeans told of a few leisurely days of travel along the highway. A thick gray sweatshirt covered his broad frame, and I looked back to all the other hitchhikers I passed countless times, trudging their hopeful, yet tired and realist ways along the same path to New York, holding out for fame and glory. Conditions for those people were uncertain. And yet, Wil's path held unhidden certainty, almost as if he had been nominated by his senior class in high school to be the most likely to succeed. I felt like Wil was my best friend.

"The subshop it is, then."

We waited ten minutes before traffic finally started picking up, shortly after which, it stopped. Like all the other drivers about me, I banged the horn in fury, cursing under my breath. Exhaling in annoyance, I decided to find out something about Wil.

"So, Wil," I started. "What are you doing? I mean, hitchhiking?"

"Oh, I'm seeing the sights of America. I plan to write a book about it."

"Really? I'm a writer myself. I could recommend a few publishers to you."

"Nah, I'll find the first one that comes along. I'll be successful."

"Inside, I was laughing and yelling with the sarcasm of those who have failed and seen others fail. I nodded to him.

"What makes you so sure of yourself?"

"My senior class in high school nominated me the most likely to be successful among my peers."

I looked back at the condition of the jam, and nodded. "That is always a prerequisite."

We arrived at the subshop after half an hour of obnoxious cabbies, strung out traffic cops, aimless bums, and plenty of tired white and blue collar workers, all going somewhere for some peace, before continuing the same habitual circuit the next day.

Wil ate in an odd manner, but I guess at the time I couldn't really blame him. He would take huge wolfing bites, then chew slowly, as if tasting each separate cold cut, each leaf of lettuce, each drop of mayo. He seemed to have conflicting priorities. On one hand, his body was yearning for nourishment, on the other, his tongue swished for flavor. Eventually, his tongue won out, and he relaxed, finishing his sub and then moving on to his soft drink, which he sipped from sparingly.

"THAT," Wil indicated the wax paper wrappings on which there was a shred or two of lettuce, "was the best sub I have ever eaten."

"I'm, glad you liked it," I replied. "Aren't you going to finish your drink?"

He shook his head. "After a sub like that, everything else pales by comparison."

"If the same thing happened to me, I'd rather be thin." He smiled with some humor.

"Good point," he remarked, and took a long pull from the cup.

"Listen, where are you going to stay?"

"I hadn't really thought about it," he said, stirring the ice inside the cup with his straw.

"How about staying at my place?" He regarded the ice and Pepsi in his cup thoughtfully.

"I couldn't do that."

I tried reasoning with him, but he would have none of it. Eventually, I asked him how much money he had for a hotel, and the conversation ended there.

We pulled into my drive, and were approaching the house, when he grabbed my shoulder lightly.

"How long am I going to stay?" he asked.

"You leave when you can afford something less humble than what I can offer," I replied. "Sound good?"

I watched him as he knocked this back and forth through his mind. He started to nod imperceptibly, and with some amount of regret, it seemed. It was rather obvious that he would not like to impose on my home.

"Yeah. Don't think twice if you want me out, though."

"I hope nothing comes to that."

From that day, Wil and I started what is probably the most mutual friendship ever. Our friendship swayed, though, when some neighbors called on me to complain about . . .

"Loud music??!!" I roared incredulously. "I don't even have a stereo that works in this place!!" I told Mrs. Gruber. Mrs. Gruber was a snotty, dishonest, hateful old hag, and it is a wonder Mr. Gruber did not have a heart attack during their marriage, but certainly not why he was out late getting gassed at the local bars.

"Well, I still say you and that, that . . . I don't know who . . . were playing that sinful rock and roll . . ."

I cut her off, partly because I had something to say, but mainly because Mrs. Gruber was one of those people you like to interrupt when they open their mouths. "FIRST of all, Mrs. Gruber, I am a writer, and loud music disturbs me as much as it does you, and SECONDLY, Wil doesn't either. Now leave me to my writing and go away!" I shouted at her, slamming the door in her face.

"Wil!" I called. He muffled out something I couldn't discern.

"Wil?" I called again. I heard some noise that sounded like choking. I ran upstairs, and found him, gargling in front of the mirror in my bathroom. He turned his head and regarded me with question in his eyes. He bent to the sink and spit out his mouthwash. Looking to me, he asked, "Yeah?"

"Have you been playing loud music at night?" I asked.

"Errr," he started. He seemed worried. "Yeah, I have. I meant to keep it a secret from you until tomorrow afternoon. I fixed your stereo."

I was rather astonished. "Really?" He nodded, white foam from his newly brushed teeth in a ring about his mouth. "Why?"

"Well, I figured that tomorrow, as part of my stay here, I would cook up a meal, chill some beers, and surprise you with a fixed stereo."

"You didn't have to do that," I said. He nodded with embarrassment.

Later that night, we were listening to some news on my stereo, when Wil asked me something.

"Jeff? Are you really happy with this city?" I thought about this.

"In New York? Well, yeah. I like the FEEL of New York . . ."

"No, I mean happy! The two can be mutually exclusive. Do you like running about in the crowds?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, does the mundaneness of it thrill you?" I wondered what he was getting at.

"What are you . . ."

"Just think about the question," he ordered, cutting me off. I thought about this.

"Well, I'm not really happy, no. But I like where I'm living. Why?"

"Just wondering." He got up. "I'll clear the table. You go ahead and work on getting your next story sold." He left the room.

Wil's question had really sparked a flame in me, the flame of impatience, the impatience that sparks when we reach the age when we can become independent of our parents, live on our own. Was I really happy in New York? Would I be happier in, say a smaller and quieter town? And then, I wondered why Wil had asked if I was

happy where I was. His behavior recently had become strange, and I was forced to review what I had learned of him.

From what I knew at the time, he had no parents, no family. Perhaps he did, and they wished not to acknowledge him for whatever reason. Or maybe they had all died. Whatever the reason, he heard not a word from anyone, and he did not make any calls to any family members. He also did not mention his family.

Wil also had no friends, other than me. He had an excuse; he did not like to make too many friends, because he liked wandering, and did not want anything to tie him to any one area. Or was that really the reason? At any rate, he called no friends on the telephone.

Wil had no work record, no pieces of writing that he was able to have published. So how did he survive on the road? I was to find out soon I decided.

Just then, Wil returned from the kitchen.

"Everything's in the dishwasher . . ." I looked up at him. He seemed to see right through me, as if he knew I was wondering about him.

"What's the matter? Got a minor case of writer's block?"

"Something like that. Maybe I just need something to get me thinking, let me loose."

"I know the feeling. I need something like that every other day. And every other day it gets stronger."

"What do you do?"

He stepped over to the window sill and leaned against the frame, looking out upon the summer sunset over the city.

He did not answer.

"You leave, don't you?" He looked at me, as if to ask "Do I?" then looked out at the sunset, and nodded.

"Say, do you mind if I use your word processor?" he asked with a whiff of spontaneity.

"Yeah," I said, still in my own world, searching for answers that would become apparent to me over time. "Think I'll go for a drive."

As I drove my car down the bustling city streets, I looked about, trying to feel my place in the animosity of traffic and people. I saw busy executives walking into large apartment buildings, and I saw so many people above me. I saw street bums, staggering down steps into cellar bars, and saw so many people below me. I saw myself, smack in the middle, still wondering where I was amongst the crowd. It had seemed over the past nine years, I was noticing more and more, how old I was getting, and how dissatisfied I was with where I lived. And not liking it. Seeing my life flash past me, telling myself there was nothing I could do. I was still young at the time, but I had a staggering blow, brought on by the entrance of Wil into my life. I didn't blame him, how could I? I didn't know him. It was then I had decided to ask Wil who he was.

I returned home to find a note typed out on my keyboard: Wil was gone. He was going to take the Staten Island Ferry to see Lady Liberty, and then he was leaving. I jumped into my car and found him at the busy launch, leaning against the railing of the walkway that led to an awaiting ferry. I leaned against the railing next to him.

We stood there, each mentally regarding the other. Finally, Wil spoke.

"God, the moon is so beautiful tonight!"

"Wil, we've got to talk."

"I know what you're going to ask, so I might as well tell you. Join me on the ferry? I paused.

"Sure."

We found a deserted deck, and stood near the front, watching the moon drift through transparent clouds.

"You know, when you travel as much and as long as I have, you reach a point where you just have to stop," he began. "You have to look at that mountain or that wheat field and say 'God, how beautiful!' That's why I travel. To not spoil the effect by getting used to the same breathtaking thing."

"I don't wish to be rude, but who are you?"

It's me, Wil! You know me, Jeff!"

"No, no. Who are you?"

"Who I am, does not matter. I'm happy, that's all." He fell quiet for a moment. "Quiet . . . and old."

"You look terribly young."

"I'm not. You were wondering earlier, about my family?"

I nodded.

"My parents died in oh . . ." he pinched the bridge of his nose in concentration. "I'd say they died in 1938. Car accident. I was only nine. The accident did irreparable damage to me, in that I aged seven years. When I saw this, I eventually figured out why. It was simple. I was terribly unhappy, and the stress caused, aged me."

I didn't understand. He must have noticed this on my face. "It is a little known fact that the secret to life is happiness. Human moods are much misunderstood. Rage deforms people, causing them to become hateful, mindless, much like that emotion. Envy makes thieves, third degree murderers, adulterers out of people who are usually honest. Jealousy does likewise. Greed make criminals, killers, and misers at the drop of a brief case loaded with money.

"And happiness," he continued, "creates a magical effect that can spread like wildfire to the masses, making the mindless, hateful people loving and caring! It makes the envious more happy with what they've got. It makes the greedy abandon what little they have grabbed for themselves, or at the least, share it amongst the needy!

"And," here he leaned his head sideways to me. "Happiness nullifies age," he hissed in an almost imperceptible whisper.

We reached the other end of our destination.

"I want to show you something before I leave," he said to me.

In a deserted parking lot, he pulled out a small compact disc player from his satchel, and pulled out two sets of headphones.

"Here, put this on your temples."

"My temples?"

"Yeah. I made some modifications and adjustments to this CD player." He plugged the phones into the CD player and looked at me.

"You ready? 'Cause you're gonna," he said something else, but I couldn't hear it as he pressed the play switch.

I cursed as the parking lot around us blanked out and we sped down a set of rails in . . .

"My God!!! This is a roller coaster!!!!" I screamed.

"Isn't this great?!!!" Wil yelled back.

"Where's New York?!! Where's the parking lot?!!!" Wil was laughing like crazy. I felt giddy and ready to throw up.

"Don't worry, New York's still here. This is an illusion."

"This is real if I ever saw it! WhooooaaaaaaAAHHHHHHHHggg!!!!" I screamed, as we shot down two hundred feet with twenty other people.

"Can they hear us?" I yelled to Wil.

"No. They just react to whatever happens on this disc."

Suddenly, Wil reached down to something at his side, and POOF! came New York.

Why did you stop?" I asked.

"I have more to show you," he said, putting a new disc into the player. He pressed a button.

"Wow." I was on a wind glider, two miles up, gliding about some mountains. Someone yelled to me.

"Hey, Jeff! Let's land!" Wil called.

The glider dipped confidently, almost as if it knew where it was going. The wind blew into my face, making me squint.

"Fall" yelled Wil.

"Are you crazy?"

"Chances are, you'll lie flat when you land, and the headphones will be pulled from your head as you pull away! New York will arrive then!" Wil said.

"Aw, what the heck," I muttered, and pulled myself from the glider, which dipped forward, dumping me off. I was falling. Suddenly, I heard a click! and I was skydiving over great rolling fields of variable green!

Wil was sliding down next to me.

"Beautiful, eh?"

"So beautiful I could puke. I feel safe, though."

"How about something less reactive?"

Click! went the fields, and click! came a mountain road. We were standing at the edge, watching clouds of grey crawl past breathtakingly striking mountains.

"What's that over there?" I pointed.

"That's Pike's Peak," Wil told me.

"You've seen all this?"

"Yeah."

"Why?" Wil reached down into his satchel and clicked the stop button on the CD player.

"To be happy, Jeff. With these, I can be happy," he said, holding up some compact discs.

"That's why you travel, right? To collect more of these moments, capture their feelings to make you stay young."

"Well, that and the fact that people begin to notice that I don't age very well. Also, you get depressed if you stay too many years in an area, get to know people and see them age, then die.

"With you, it was different. You were like a best friend to me, right from the start. You seemed unhappy with your life. And now that you know just about all there is to know about me, I have a question for you. Would you like to join me?"

I couldn't decide. He was offering happiness, a free life, the sights of the world, eternal youth, maybe even eternal life. What could New York offer me? I looked at the wonders. It offered me shelter, security, a relatively certain future. It offered me the sights and sounds of Broadway, the dirty subways, the pizzerias, the subshops, the traffic cops, the obnoxious cabbies, the executives in their apartment buildings, the bums in their bars. It offered me a place amongst society. A place.

"I can't Wil. I've got a life here. It may not be the best, but I've got one."

"I've got one, too . . ."

"No you don't, Wil," I said. "Think about it. If you never die naturally, and are never killed, that's NOT life. Death and age are a part of life . . ."

"But unhappiness is, too," Wil warned. "Unhappiness will ruin what you've got!"

"That may be true, BUT there is usually enough happiness to offset its effects, even the two sides."

"You're staying with them." Wil seemed dejected. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"You're not happy?"

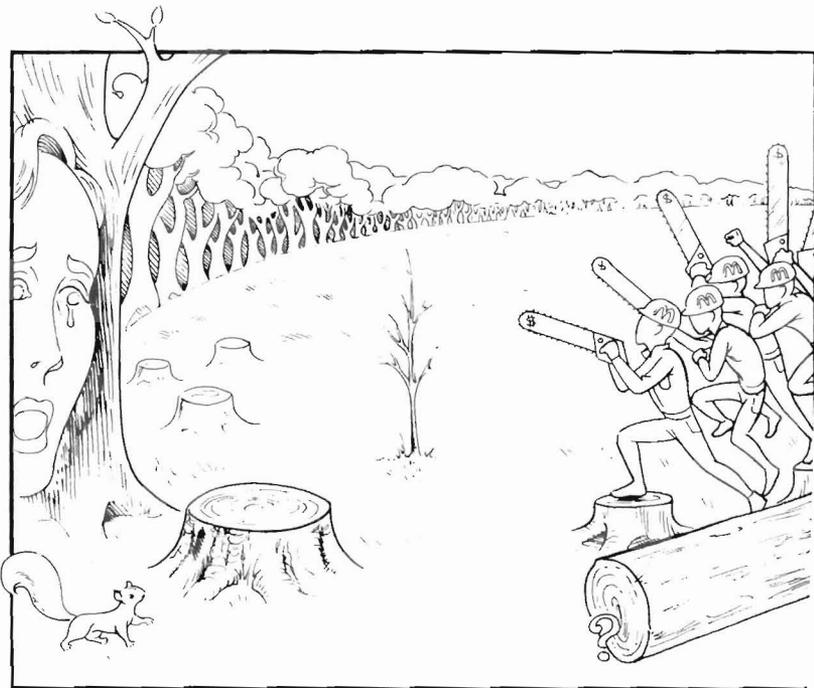
"I don't think so. I'm not sure," I said, watching the moon.

"Then . . ."

"No, Wil." Wil grabbed my shoulder.

"Good luck, Jeff," he said, and was gone.

I eventually left Staten Island, and was walking back to my car, when I found myself whistling. The tune seemed foreign to me, then I realized I was whistling "New York, New York!" and drove back into the city streets, back into the life of New York. Back into my place.



Aaron McDowd

Our World

Winter wind;
Billowy tresses of
 thinning trees.
And we walk,
Hand in hand;
By stagnant waters . . .
Already beginning to freeze.
Once cool, blue and rippling . . .
Now slug rolling under smooth ice.
An animal lolls across the ice.
It's bluish-grey tongue
Hanging out of a slack mouth.
"You shouldn't have drunk the water,"
 I think.
It collapses on the ice.
We continue to walk . . .
The proprietor and I.
He keeps looking straight ahead,
His eyes carefully averted,
 from anything too
 disturbing.
While I look over . . .
The rest of our dying world.

— Olivia McCullough



David Cooper

We Sit In Circles

We sit in circles — looking
outside one another — (around
each other) —

Furtive glances — bouncing
back — (ricochet
quick) — off
emotionless walls — into
slow motion stares — outside
these walls —

We are — never
smiling — when
we're laughing — in
politeness — and

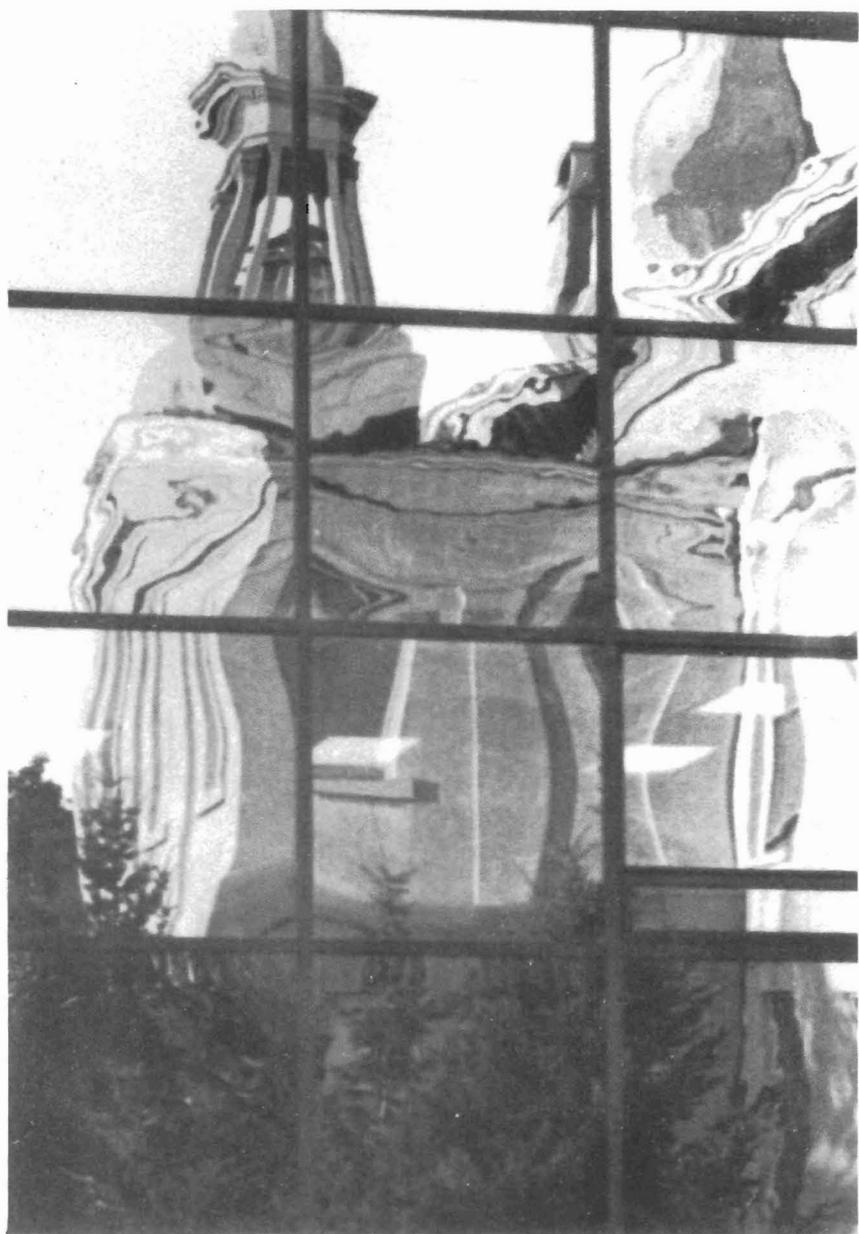
Never touching — eye
to frightened eye — only
face to — stoney
face — and

(sometimes) — Hand
to frightened elbow — and

Never knowing — What
we're scared of — always
too scared — to
ask — if
anyone else — is
frightened too — and

Of course — we
are

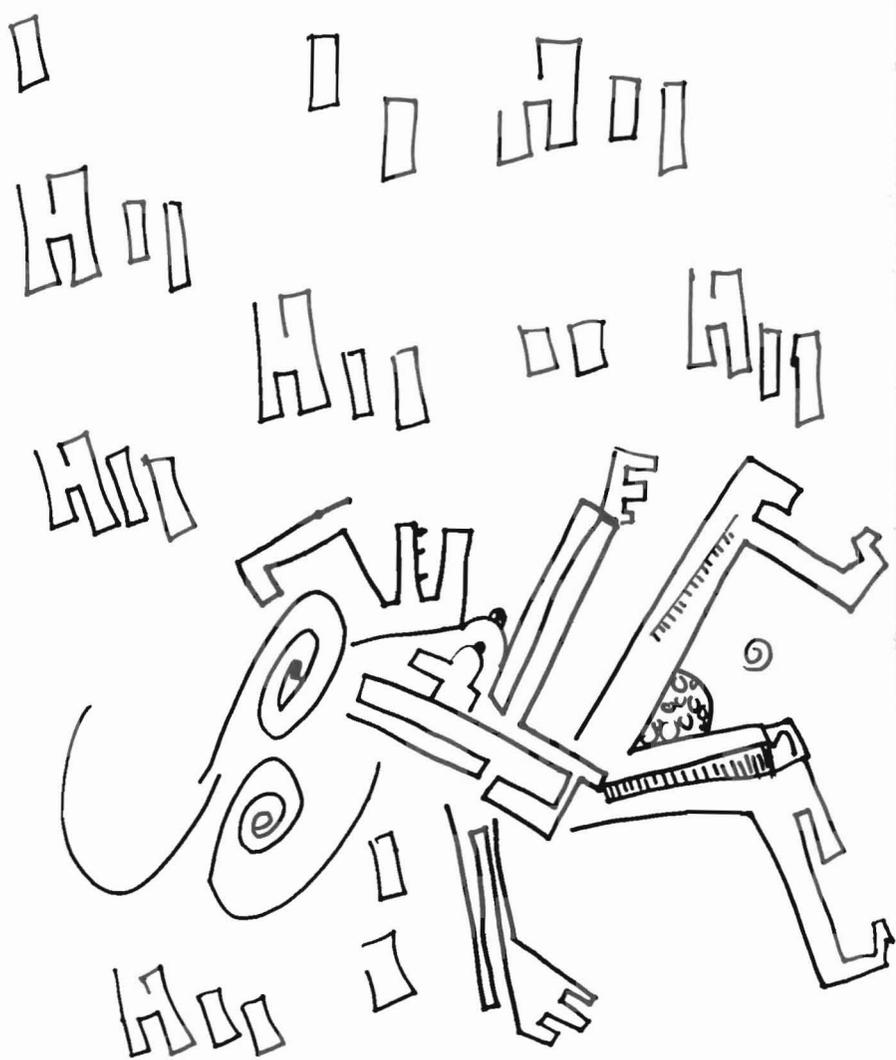
— Robert LaRocque



Courthouse Meltdown

Corey B. Swertfager

Smashed Girl being rained on



Todd Williams