

northern lights



two thousand eight



## **North Hunterdon Art & Literary Magazine**

North Hunterdon High School  
1445 Route 31 South  
Annandale, NJ 08801

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## Editors' Note

Let's be real: we were bribed with lollipops and chocolate. But that's just how these things go sometimes.

No, really: We love lit mag. The editor's lifestyle ain't for everyone, but we pulled through because we care, and because we're fierce about the need for art in our school. Art is not always promoted and neither is it necessarily well-received in high schools. What we wanted in this magazine was fresh and universal art and writing, but even more important to us was that the art presented represented the students. It has been so inspiring for us to see what everyone has to contribute to this collection, and hopefully you'll be impressed as well.

The Senior Editors

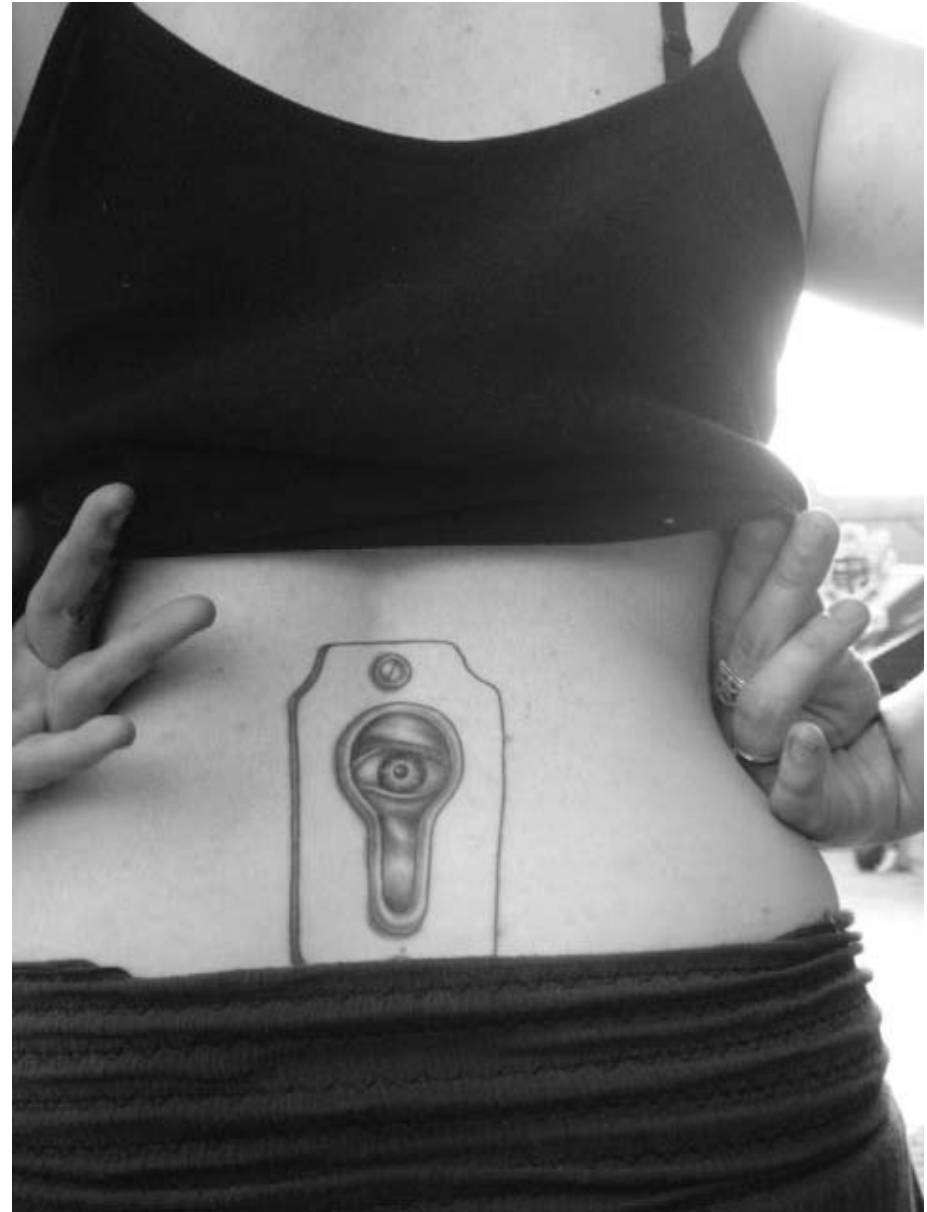
Tina McLuckie, Lindsay Aspin, Beatriz Bianco



## Advisor's Note

What could ever top this year- all my girls as senior editors after three years of weekly readings with infusions of chocolate and sugar. Now we're down to the end- the last meeting, the last lollipop, the last poem of the year. I'm proud of my editors, and of all the contributors to *Northern Lights*, of their commitment to language. Language is like a skin, a means by which we are able to touch each other and still preserve ourselves. Hemingway said writing is a lonely life; But paging through this magazine, listening to all the voices blending together, I would say it is a rich, lush life- a life of introspection, but a life of community, too, of sharing the essence of what it is to live together in our world.

Suane Fetherolf



**Transformations**

Beatriz Bianco

## Ralau

Chelsa Salesman

she is the girl  
wearing stolen flowers  
around her ankles  
and her wrists  
with wind chime limbs  
dangling gently from  
a tired old tree  
and sneakers fall  
limply from her feet  
softly into the tree's cupped roots  
where the moss  
folds and floats  
the way a bird's nest  
might drift down that green-water stream  
rivering and glittering  
her tree's finger-roots  
diaphanously kneading pebbly soil  
a hand in her hair,  
a paw printing in the clay,  
a budding flower on a branch.

## Devil Tree

Tina McLuckie



**Mariachi on the R train**

Beatriz Bianco

## Wall-Street Shuffle

Autumn Dilley

Wake up, sunshine  
it's six am and the only one breathing with open eyes  
is  
you  
and the man on the radio  
who may or may not be a computer

I will hum you a battle hymn  
and we will march through the morning  
through caffeine headaches and cold wind  
our faces flushed and rosy

Underneath starched collars  
we are all naked  
and freezing

## Shoes

(After Kenneth Koch)

Tina McLuckie

The shoes with the screws bent up through the leather,  
Melted snow catching in the wrinkled leather he scuffed  
dark with shoe polish.

The shoes that scratched a nervous rhythm on the sorry  
sidewalk

The night we were on Coney in the early morning hours  
Where things turned in the mist.

The shoes he would roll in his palms and pour over,  
When he loved me and watched me with wet eyes.

The shoes with drunken sonnet inkblots,  
And salt-stains from the winter roads.

The shoes she lent me when we climbed past hills and  
cement archways in the rain,  
Smoking cigarettes above treetops.

The shoes like gladiator sandals,  
That framed her honey leg-hair;  
And the boots laced and knee-high,  
That I craved to feel the hard-faced glamour  
Of a woman with thick skin and grace.

**Angry, young and poor**

Tina McLuckie



**Regard**

Lindsay Aspin

## Her Reflection

Brittany Gruver

There she said cold and inanimate,  
Without a smile, without saying a word, without a  
heartbeat.

There she was in front of me, surrounded by loved ones  
and a colorful array of carnation sprays.

Will the grandchildren of Louise please step forward?  
I rise from my seat, nervous, unsure, torn apart on the  
inside.

Each child approaches her with a yellow rose, her  
favorite. I glance over at a large red  
Gerbera daisy, this is the one I will gently lay across  
her.

My father stands and suggests that I present a rose to  
her. My aunt stops him,  
"No, don't stop her; let her be strong and go to the  
beat of her own drum, just like mom  
did. She is the spitting image of mom."



**A home for moths and girls**

Beatriz Bianco

## **Stitched Between Fingers**

Erin Wood

Paint will come off  
If I stop painting my face altogether,  
And hiding behind cherub peach sheets  
And moon cream and if I start separating  
the oils between my fingers  
The tiny explosions can fill the air like static,  
As awkward as that vulgar girl is when her limbs  
Outgrow her personality in the gurney  
With the linen prison straps.  
And everyone still throws rose petals at her feet  
Like they taste like promises  
But they smell like dirt and stale cigarettes  
Painted like my face by years of adoration and a  
Secret blanket of warmth  
Smearing her icing mouth  
She laces her fingers against stitched lips.

## **Light in the Sky**

Kenney Nerger

The sun bright and glistening  
hanging in the afternoon sky  
like a smile of someone who  
brushes their teeth three times a day.  
The brilliant, bright beams of light  
crash against the branches of trees to allow  
them to breath and bring the tree closer to the sky,  
allowing bees and birds to soar in the sky.  
The sun stays in one spot  
as the earth spins

## Sun Specked Clouds

Deidre Supple

It was windy like stinging bees,  
With soaring clouds sprouting mushrooms  
I tasted earthy rain on the frigid air,  
While trees howled like wolves in my ears.  
Moisture filled my nose and,  
Grandpa trudged along on our New Jersey dirt.  
Grey and crooked trees grasped the air,  
My ears ached in their driving wind.  
The cows were eating sweet green hay,  
The new grass, brown and yearning to grow.  
A dull grey sound thundered overhead,  
Clouds rested heavily unmoving,  
And the fungus shifted about the trees like squirrels.  
The sun specked steel shifted overhead like goldfish in  
a murky brook,  
While the moon is dumping water.  
The sky, an upside-down pond awaiting a turtle to break  
the surface,  
Cow looked across the fields.  
The bird walks in its blue coat yakking away at no one,  
The flying clouds grew and billowed away in the sky.

## Live Oak

Autumn Dilley

I've got this tree that grows in between  
My toes.  
It started as a seed in my abdomen,  
The roots twist  
And take the place of sinew in my arms,  
It's hard and viney.  
Words and downy owls and squirrels live  
In between the fat leaves and shoots that  
Snake up my ribcage,  
Nesting in wooden ventricles,  
Pushing up my lungs like artificial breath,  
In and out, and in and out.  
I sip on blue sky  
And chew tall grass,  
In summer I swallow fireflies  
And milky air down my throat,  
I breathe,  
And my belly feels green with photosynthesis.

## Coyote Collar

Lindsay Aspin

A coyote walked away  
with my baby in his jaws  
The news says he was hungry,  
and he was wild,  
and baby's daddy wasn't there  
to scare him off with a yell

I built a nest in the kitchen  
for my lovely things  
but the dogs are too sly and fast  
for my twigs and blessings

The woods are bloated with ghosts  
who drink tea with their pets  
and the government's guns  
can't make noise enough to hush them

I clean out the cradle  
and fill it with roses

## Mannequin

Tina McLuckie





## I'm One Too

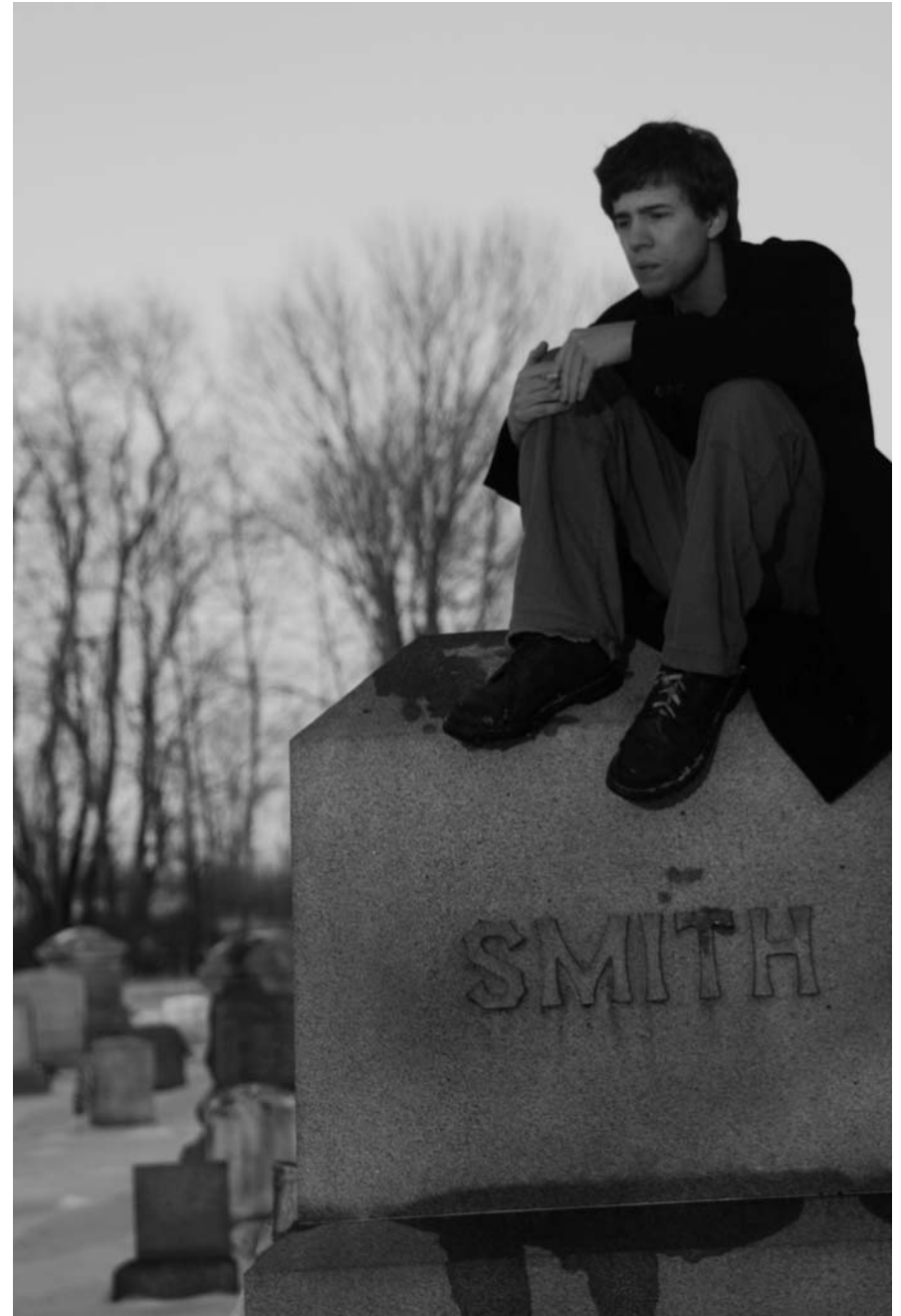
Beatriz Bianco

There are some people  
who don't get wet when it rains.  
I am a bowl for it.  
I hold it as it collects  
in my lap, my cleavage,  
the hollow below my eyes, my scalp.  
You need to get drenched, sometimes.  
We were walking cold and with a destination,  
which isn't us mostly and all of a sudden  
we looked up and those drops became joy.

When you say hobo,  
say it with reverence because  
you're talking history.  
You're talking souls train hopping  
and thirsty- kicked out or moving on.  
You're talking shakers and makers,  
poets, artists, thinkers, orphans.  
Each other's children.  
I'm one too,  
and I hold this like water  
with the lone fan stirring the air  
in the library of Mary House,  
East 3rd and the yellow depths of August.  
Dancing for exaltation, for contact  
at the Bowery, sweating just for sweat.

At the New York Public Library  
the man checks me and Sara's  
carpet and canvas bags twice  
as he tells us about his day,  
the cameras that monitor him.  
Sharing stories is a kind of love,  
reckless, sweet, and strange.

The Kerouac exhibit with its blinking neon sign,  
notebooks behind glass,  
is a temple for the awestruck soul.  
I trace marble columns in the entryway  
and the photo of Jack's profile on the brochure  
with my longest finger and wonder  
at these great shapes.  
How we bump into the lines  
of each other's lives, make openings, and fit.



**Smith**

Tina McLuckie

## Contagious Harmony

Mike Waskiewicz

That night I let those words  
escape, drop from my aching  
chest in a flurry of passion;  
they echoed intensely in contagious harmony,  
of the long days I gazed at  
you without letting them slip  
through your mere thoughts  
tethered my heart steadfast and true.

And that night, I poured out my  
soul, my every pent-up feeling  
I had ever grasped, and I  
was spent utterly by that sundering effort.

Our palms pressed together, and in a breathy embrace  
you gave the words back, and made the music complete.

## Amelia and Dan tender

Beatriz Bianco



## Exhale

Meghan Coates

She whispered her wish  
to her birthday candles  
before killing the flames.  
She repeated it  
under her breath  
so that falling stars might hear  
a word or two.  
The doodled dreams  
of this Pre-Calc Picasso  
made the college-ruled corners  
of strained logic more beautiful.  
She's a thinker, a romantic, a girl  
falling for love songs on her  
tired broken down radio.  
She sighs  
wandering through a wilderness  
damaged by swing sets and sandboxes  
and just as they used to  
a garden grown cloud  
catches her eye.  
When she lets her breath go  
dandelion pins  
the ones that have held together  
her childhood  
scatter  
looking for a home  
in muddy footprints on the pavement.

## Mouth

Michaela Walsh

A dark  
moist cavern  
that leads  
to the most  
inner of thoughts.



**Drummer In Boston**  
Tina McLuckie

## **Tobacco Temptations**

Kim Anderson

I hate the way you taste so good  
I hate the smell that you leave on my breath and  
fingertips  
I hate how expensive you are  
I hate the age requirement to purchase you  
And I hate the stupid way to get around them  
I hate when I'm in the car with the windows down  
And you, stubborn as a mule refuse to ignite  
I hate the way just one of you doesn't satisfy me  
And the 100s aren't as full flavored  
I hate the way I yearn for more  
I hate the smell you leave in my hair  
It always gives me away  
I hate all the harmful things you do to my body  
Destroy my lungs... I HATE YOU.  
The way you turn my teeth into yellow chiclets, I hate  
that too.  
I hate how you make me feel helpless,  
Like I have no self-control  
I hate listening to lecture after lecture  
From people I care about and not being able to listen  
I hate how I feel attached  
I hate the feeling that I need you  
I am addiction I am nicotine  
I hate everything about you,  
Yet I can't get enough

### **Body Part Poems**

Tyler Sontag

Nostril:

A volcano waiting to erupt

Spine:

Many speed bumps indicating you to slow down

Hairline:

Like low tide, always receding

Elbow:

The hinge of a squeaky door

Hair:

A choppy bay or a calm lake

## Sunflower Sensations

Kim Andersen

Weak sunflowers yearn  
For that sudden hot summer thunderstorm  
That abrupt yet refreshing downpour

Children frolic in the fields  
With good intentions of bringing a smile  
To mother's face  
Plucked one by one from our sanctuary  
We sing sad songs of our misuse

But another day will come  
And another sunflower will blossom and take my place  
Someone will capture its beauty  
And spread blissful summer thoughts

I am in the wild  
Yet still not free  
I gaze upon the world with wonder  
Patiently awaiting my time to shine  
My time for the experience to live and love  
Hopeful and excited like the feelings bubbling in a new  
mother.

## Raindance

Laura Bartram

where the airy green mush of  
spring rain takes me is home.  
I ride the rainclouds: look down  
at pins of pink  
punctuating poetry of the weeds,  
wordless, shameless, but wise  
fed by the by-  
product of my grey manatee steed.  
dancing down,  
seeping deep  
into your soft skin.

## Mutt dining in New Jersey

Lindsay Aspin

There is transatlantic fruit  
on the kitchen table.  
My possessiveness versus your grandeur.  
Where do we meet?  
(In Verona for breakfast?)  
I tell you some days I feel more German,  
like I came from so far away.  
Could we meet in London?  
Most nights my blood tastes like  
the hoarse difference between  
this fruit, that fruit.  
Tell me about the apples in Spain.  
You send me poems and I'll tell you when  
I feel  
myself on my tongue.

## Relationships and Diners

Beatriz Bianco





### Apocalypse Ice Cream

Lindsay Aspin

### On the River's Edge

Jon Reino

The dark city night chills my breath  
Puffs of smoke escape my lungs  
Looking out from my spoon-shaped vessel  
Steam rises from the mellow riverbed  
The branches of summer's softest trees  
Are the claws of winter's bleakest.  
A reservoir of sparkling reflections  
Blind the passer-by  
Illusions in water seem more real to me  
Than the building in plain sight  
Ripples like tidal waves  
Splashing from a thrown stone  
A life lived on the river's edge  
There is nowhere I would rather be at night  
The clashing of oars to the water's surface  
Feels more welcoming to me than land.

### Displaced

Chelsa Salesman

Coming to America now is nothing like those Ellis Island days. First, they have to pick through your life on a computer screen and decide if you are a threat or not. And if you pass this test, then your family has to wait. It seems like we wait for months in our stale home in Düsseldorf, so long that the colours of the walls begin to bore me. The trees and the people around us are now just a past, things that will soon not recognize me, a place I will soon not belong to. Then there is the day the paperwork comes in the mail, it is like a relief and a deep breath let out. Our ship is one that flies through the air, over the ocean that used to be such a glorious vessel.

This isn't the first time I have waited to leave my home. I have often experienced such long waits, but never as long as this one. When we moved from Reykjavík to Cologne I was only 4, but I remember pabbi and mum packing everything up and getting on a plane and then we were suddenly in our new home. We didn't sit with our lives in boxes, we didn't have to stare at the blank walls. So maybe this is symbolic, that moving to the United States will be a thick and uncomfortable process that I have never known before. And it seems alright the second before I first step off the plane into a busy city-like area. But the air is so dirty. Immediately I am disgusted and wish to be back in my comfortable German haus, its vibrant walls and cheery neighbors.

The initial shock of America hits my most vulnerable skin first, my face, my arms. There is a layer of grime, of distaste, an awkward feeling. Our home is an old farmhouse. It is so American. The shutters, the roof, the colours. The lawn is pampered (with a wall of clean-cut hedges) just like all the other beautiful, old farmhouses.

But who it hits hardest is my little 4 year old sister Dahlia, the reason for this great elopement with a clumsier nation. It is what we need, a place for her to be raised, and there are doctors here that know what they are talking about. Dahlie has autism, a very severe case, the kind that leaves her without a voice, the kind that makes her run and yell, always afraid of what is inside her own mind. Even before we get off the airplane she is trouble. This was her first airplane

ride, 16 hours too long, and it is most likely the last. I can see my parents glance at each other, my mum's eyes peeking through her glasses, with a sorrowful realization that this is the end of family traveling. This is moving to America. This is becoming a normal, stationary family. My pabbi's eyes showed more pain than sorrow, until he scratched his beard, and the trance was broken. The voice comes from over our heads, in a slow drone: "Ladies and gentlemen, we will be landing shortly, please make yourselves aware that the fasten seatbelts sign is now on. Thank you."

Two minutes later, Dahlie starts coughing and begins clapping her hands over her ears repetitively and looks at mum.

"What is it Dahlie?"

She continues to cover and uncover her ears and it becomes increasingly violent. I can almost hear heads turning and eyes blinking like rusty hinges, staring at our family. Most of the people on this plane are tourists coming back home after a nice trip to Germany. Now we have two reasons to stand out from the rest.

I try to reach out and pat her head, or touch her arm, but my pabbi stops me halfway.

"You know she doesn't like to be touched when she gets like this." And it's true, she doesn't. Actually, honestly, she never wants me to touch her. I am her enemy, although I am probably the most understanding of her situation out of everyone. These are the times when we have to sit and watch her, like a bird flying into glass, or a fish swimming into a net. But it's okay because she will slither out, she will fly away with all her abilities still intact.

Once outside the airport, the dirty air that is clinging to me provides me with a clammy outer shell. My little sister is stomping her feet on the sidewalk. I feel the sticky wind tangle in my hair, and my pabbi guides us mistakenly to the wrong taxi. My parents seem unharmed by this mistake, but for some reason I am embarrassed. I glance at all the signs, in just English, and I quietly ask my mum if we will be only allowed to speak English here.

She begins to answer back in English, "Ye—" But she cuts herself short and switches to a more soothing tone. "Nein, Liebling."

Her face lights up with a smile and she runs her hand through my hair, freeing it of the sticky wind

briefly. Pabbi finds the correct taxi, and my little sister is standing silently, staring at the signs and the planes taking off and landing in the distance. Mum escorts her into the cab and pabbi sits up in the front seat. Squished between the window and my sister, I focus in and out of my reflection in the window as we drive to the house.

I wake up in my sleeping bag on the living room floor. My back aches, and all the boxes surrounding me lean over like towers, or remnants of my past, all piled up and waiting to take a deep breath of air. I don't want to open them to this unfortunate, stale farmhouse; I am afraid of what they might think. My harpsichord is just a lump in a dark corner in the other room; I can see its lengthy legs perching on the hardwood floor. I fold my legs up underneath me and sit up, stretching my arms, yawning as the morning sunlight stains my face. I think my mother lied to me yesterday when she said we didn't have to speak English all the time. Because she wakes us up and says "good morning" and begins to talk to us in fast-paced English that I am too tired to understand. I blink my eyes apathetically, and she notices my attitude, and urges me to practice my English. I feel like a five-year-old brat, but I am not in the mood. You have to be in the mood to speak English. I begin talking in Spanish to spite her, since she never learned it, and she yells at me.

I tell her that that's what it is like when you speak English to me at 8 in the morning.

She replies, in English still, "But the difference is, Lilja, that you know English very well, and I don't know any Spanish. Quit being stubborn."

I pull the sleeping bag over my head and sit there, I can feel the hardwood floor more than before. My breaths come back in my face and I know the sun is beating down on the outside of the sleeping bag. The heat becomes uncomfortable, but I don't want to take the blanket off of my head. I finally hear her footsteps fading out of the room and probably into the kitchen. I listen more, hear the fridge door open, a pot or pan clangs against the stove.

Dahlie stomps into the room, trips on my blanket, and starts kicking her feet hard against my back. I slip out from under the sleeping bag and look at her, attempting to calm her. But she just looks at me and

starts kicking even harder. Her face is silent, free of emotion, and I get up and walk into the kitchen, leaving her kicking the empty sleeping bag as it wraps loosely around her propeller legs.

I tell my mum that Dahlia is having a tantrum. She drops her spatula and goes to soothe her. I watch the eggs in their pan, solidifying and letting off an unpleasant, burning odour, as the sides turn an orange-ish brown. I walk over and turn the stove off, putting the pan on another colder burner, and get out four plates. In English, I direct my voice into the other room, to mum and Dahlia, and up the stairs, to pabbi, "Breakfast is ready."

### **Boots**

Lindsay Aspin



**Sara Diner**

Tina McLuckie

### **Morning Music**

Lacey Chase

Mother wakes,  
Father rests.  
Sliding into her slippers  
She shuggles her morning-air skin  
Onto the cold crumb-covered tiles  
She reaches her still sleeping hand  
And starrts her dawn breaking brew  
Playing her Sunday morning symphony  
Her life plays out in sounds of  
Supple spats of grease gone astray and  
smooth shuses on the refrigerator door  
churping coffee and the familiar clicks and pops  
the beds create as the children roll over  
Silently, scents of breakfast roll through the house  
Thundersome gurgles turn in their stomachs  
This noise runs parallel to the rising sun  
creating a slightly off  
center, offbeat, music



**Autumn**  
Chelsa Salesman

## Rockin Rocks are noice

Morten Laigaard

I am a mad noice rock  
Rumbling rockslides ravage  
The ridged mountain side  
I'm thrown from place to  
Far away places never remaining  
Where I first was  
Thrown around like a useless toy  
I will have my revenge  
A bunch of friends  
And I will start  
Rolling down a hill  
for divided we fall  
but together we are  
a natural disaster  
a rockslide  
rumbling down  
the ridged mountain side  
I am a mad noice rock

## Things I Promised Titian When He Didn't Get the Gig as a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle

Beatriz Bianco

Tiziano, my love,  
I would be your Venus of New Jersey, of New York.  
In fields, rivers, green grey streets  
I would lay my body down for you.  
I know you could pull some melody  
from my bony legs, and that  
you would see the yellows, reds,  
the blues in my brown and smooth me  
like a song across your canvas.  
I would wait lounging in my chair  
as you painted other goddesses,  
and as you grew old and blind,  
I would kiss your tired eyelids, your perfect ears,  
and guide your gorgeous hand,  
your fingers thick with paint.  
When these words form something,  
soft and mottled, hold it in your arms.  
Because you painted women  
and they called it poesia.  
I was never really a muse,  
but I could be your poem.



## Craziness

Megan Geisel

His voice was as smooth as buttermilk.  
Purple monkeys were driving a car backwards.  
I watched the large blue waves crash against the shore  
line.  
I smelled the seaweed and clams washed up in the sand.  
I heard the loud calls of seagulls squawking above.  
I ate a delicious bowl of creamy chocolate ice cream,  
sweet and cold.  
I touched the rigid and rough starfish washed up on the  
shore.  
Tom Hanks lives in Hollywood, California.  
I watched the cinnamon buns come out of the oven, their  
sweet aroma filling up the room.  
Green monkeys were driving a four-wheeler.  
He laid still and lifeless on the living room couch.  
The car would not start; it had too much gas in the  
tank.  
The blue dress covered nothing and revealed all.  
He was able to eat 75 hotdogs in less than a minute.  
Her nickname is Smalls.  
She will fail to win nomination.  
A cool, sizzling fire spread quickly across the grass.  
I will be a multi-millionaire if I work just one day.  
The cat cleaned the dishes and vacuumed the house.  
A titanic wave seized the shoreline and sucked out  
everything in its path.



**Tea Party**  
Beatriz Bianco

## Snapping the Noose of the Nefarious

Alex Pisano

I no longer see it  
Hidden in the veil of fog  
not a ray of sun can catch a glimpse of the  
    lime-stricken ledge  
a dark presence hovering over all  
cracked steeple  
Corrupt  
Maligned  
A once crystal hand of god  
reaching towards the heavens  
Moth bleeding overcast  
Lost  
Eternal dusk

Eyelids shiver  
The metallic burgundy hatch of the overworld opens  
and mangled Light strikes through worlds  
slicing open the vaporous cobweb  
Pupils widen  
And the crimson arrow of god flies through  
cracks the dark ivory glaze over his once great cane  
Ears release  
And his thunderous roar crumbles the remains to the  
ground  
Darkness is sucked to the underworlds  
The billowing drone of evil fades  
The carpet of light returns to all lands  
God's lighthouse resumes its emerald resolve.

## From the bagel's perspective

John Anderson

I walk through the jungle  
flash, brown matted hair  
A ghastly face and gaping jaws  
    he leaps knife in hand,  
    cream cheese in the other,  
What is there on earth that can save me?

## To Find Self

Matthew Young

Many years have come to pass  
People have been born and gone to the grave  
Wanting to surpass greatness their forefathers place out  
    before them  
The demise of the obstinate fool  
Flowers spring up from the fertile ground

A blank sheet for all who are ready  
Onward into the unity of tranquility  
Others stick to their roots  
Forced to linger in their barren realities  
A new day has begun

Streams of revelations flow as lava slithers down a  
    volcano  
Up and down through hoards of people  
Pressure frees itself from centuries of being kept down  
in the vast pits  
Lack of stress is a bad meal forgotten  
Darkness crawls back to night where it lives

## Rachel's Train

Chelsa Salesman





### The studio

Tina McLuckie

### When the World Ends

Franziska Kues

The day the world ends I will go swimming at night in  
the lake next to my house.  
I will scream and laugh and for the first time I won't  
even care  
that people are staring at me.  
And I will feel sorry for them,  
those who are wasting their last minutes blindly  
following the rules of life.  
I will eat a thousand brownies without wasting a thought  
about the calories.  
I will run barefoot all night to feel the vibration of  
the ground-  
it will be the last time I can feel it.

### Dawn

Devin Jacob Porter

How could I have made the mistake,  
to thrust the moon so far away?  
To push, and nudge, and yell, and scream,  
How could I cast the moon away?

I dropped and ran, it's all I know.  
Cut loose, frayed ends, and told  
the moon I wanted day.  
I don't know why, but day has come,  
And all I want is night again.

Forced to create an artificial night,  
I am full of regret at what I've done.  
The dark enclosed around my world  
and now, I am lost.  
I, the caterpillar, lost in the dark,  
with no translucent rays.  
No beautiful blue beams to light my way!  
All the caterpillar does is look skyward,  
the black bead eyes gleaming,  
but no lights shimmer on his tar-colored eyes.  
His fur not colored or soft in the dark ocean of night.  
All he does is look skyward.  
He wishes one last hope:  
"Moon, I'm sorry, please return.  
Please moon, I need your glowing love, your love is all  
I need."  
Whether or not the moon replies or forgives,  
is up to her.  
All I can do is hope, all there is,  
is hope. And loving apologies.

**Emma .**

Chelsa Salesman

Germany got a really bad storm  
last night  
called Emma,  
and she woke me  
every hour  
her fits so full  
of stinging rain  
and broken language  
slapping windows  
trembling trees  
swaying uneasily  
scraping the skin of my home  
chipping complacent paint.

There was a really bad storm  
in Germany last night  
I wasn't there to  
pull you away  
as Emma held you  
in her cradling arms  
keeping you awake  
while I lay  
over the ocean  
strengthening with each breath  
Emma's  
wind is pulsing  
next to you  
weakening you,  
and you'll never say how.



**Classrooms**

Tina McLuckie

OK

Lindsay Aspin

I.

Watching people crumble in the news  
Monday, when I'm sick, coughing  
over the tabloids. Photos of melt-  
wax celebrities hazy from the zoom  
on someone's computer screen. Women  
who sounded good on the radio now dripping,  
doped up on pills, their sogging extensions  
beginning to resemble human hair.  
You cannot be unhuman in an ambulance.

II.

Cough syrup is like television and  
two digit appetites. Entertainment costs  
someone, but like in an airplane we watch  
their tiny lives flicker and burn on the ground.  
I am sick. I am bored.  
They are ants. Sometimes we speak  
like they are in the restroom flossing  
or combing their hair. But really.



**Sidewalk lounging**  
Tina McLuckie

## **Insecticide**

Autumn Dilley

I saved all those words in a box under my bed  
A cardboard skyscraper in a city of apple cores and old  
socks

Scraps of paper and litter make sidewalks and bridges  
For crinkly brown pets that scuttle and surprise  
I did not mean to rip off your leg, brown beetle  
I did not mean to squash you with my slipper  
I left bug juice and wings on my floor for days,  
As out of place as an arm or a leg.

No one investigates this crime scene  
No one dusts for fingerprints or catalogues the body  
parts

My sensitive brown family finally moved out from under  
my mattress

They could have another son,  
Another Daddy,  
They live in my shower now,  
Eating steam and artificial light.

**Brew**

Tina McLuckie



## Tea

Joe Kelly

Every day they're there.  
Met around that table.  
Every day I see them swallowing that tea.  
A jockey.  
A salesman.  
A bum.  
And a boy.

I wonder about them as I watch from afar.  
How did these men and boy meet?  
They are from four different worlds, but  
always speak their thoughts.  
They always laugh and smile.  
They are four friends lost in their own wedge of this earth.

Oh, the stories those men must tell.

The jockey tells tales of the Kentucky derby.  
Flying around the track like a tornado.  
Winning the race.  
The joy.

The bum would speak of how he had it all.  
His life was a flower.  
Happy.  
Then he blew it all away to a bottle.  
A bum.

The book salesman would speak of writers.  
Dickens.  
Hemingway.  
He would narrate stories with such passion.  
His tales seemed as real as the tea they drank.  
He always spoke the most.  
He knew the most.

The boy.

The boy had no one.  
No stories.  
No nothin'.  
He was the audience.  
He was the light.  
He was their reminder  
of how life used to be.

## Time

Sebastiano Faschi

The time on my alarm clock  
when I open my eyes.  
The time I forgot to tell you  
what I never could again.  
The time of year when the sun becomes a mango in the  
sky,  
and the pineapple palm trees sway left and right.  
The time it takes to meet someone new,  
when Times Square happens to be the perfect rendezvous  
with strangers.  
The time the clock ticks between every bell in the  
classroom,  
detention a punishment by wasting more time.  
Times New Roman the new standard of life.  
The time during the week when nothing gets done  
and the hands on the clock are still.  
The time of day when one has to stare at the clock,  
when nothing else matters and you just have to stop.

## Parade

Tina McLuckie



## Ode to the Lighter and His Fire

Devin Jacob Porter

I am the fire-spitting pet  
Bringing light to the dark  
I am hope, I am pleasure

With one flick  
Of fluttering fingernails flexing  
I will destroy

I burn with the heat of a candle's red  
But will ignite the destruction  
Of a serial killer

I light, illuminate.  
My breath hates the cousins breeze and rain,  
Shiver to the rain

Don't over-flick me  
Or I will lose my power.  
I will dim and my breath will soon be  
Nothing

I am friend to the pyromaniac,  
Friend to the arsonist,  
Lover of the smoker,  
Enemy to the old man wood.

I am forgotten, found,  
Abused, used, purchased,  
Hidden in the depths of clothing.  
I am the lighter,  
My breath un-deciding.

## The Little Mermaid at the Salvation Army

Beatriz Bianco

Everything was blue that day. The lights blinking had decided to be blue, the rain coursing down was silver blue, the debit card in my change purse embroidered with blue elephants, the dress I had found. The time of day would have been that periwinkle blue-grey if it hadn't been raining. I wondered why the W in Lower West Side made it blue, but the U in July made that warm word blue too.

I was actually on my way to Planet Sic, a comic book store, but I wanted coffee and a new hat so I stopped at Sadie's three blocks away and the Salvation Army next door. I never wear dresses, but dresses like this are so rarely left at true thrift stores. The real discerning ladies get here in the morning and get dresses to wear to weddings, while the under 30 crowd emerge from their hovels after 6 PM. It was one of those real lovely, simple dresses from the 1940's with the darted waist and pretty little V necks most flattering on skinny contemporary actresses going for the classic look. I have a boy's body, which was valued in the 1920's and now is coming back due to new heights of eating disorders and super-supermodel-dom, and I imagined how it might hang and fall intriguingly.

I have my hair cut like a boy too, the feathery swoop perfect for looking down and occasional nervous side flicks of one's head. The dress was silk, or close enough to silk to fool me, and I rubbed my thumbs up and down its sweet little waist like it was my girlfriend or like I was going to turn it into something else, something I would know what to do with. My friend Toby would be waiting for me at Planet- I could feel the night growing dark at my back.

She had a taut, tangy voice like harps and limes. The voice of the child, and also of someone impossibly, comically old,

"You should get it." And I didn't want to turn around, because I was the reason I had been standing here, legs tweaking out, rubbing this dress for 20 minutes. And still that delicious, life-laden voice persisted, "I'm Chandra. Are you Elaine?" And this was not the strange part, the strange part is how I let go, took back my thumbs, and answered this very small, very old, very young girl with:

"My mom loved 'The Lily Maid', but people call me El."

"I remember that poem. And oh so many nice sad stories like that. I remember a lot. You can call me...*Dra*." And she was teasing me, and also trusting me, this strange girl who knew my name and it didn't phase me as I waited with a little blue dress. Her skin was bright and brown, like she had just been sun-dancing. Her hair was drenched like she hadn't been, and she shook it out now-- long and black with green-blue roots. She reached out for the dress, then, and her nails were dark purple, square, gorgeous and cheesy, with glittery letters spelling, "Magic Lives!" across her conic fingers. She stepped forward so she was standing next to me, her cheek was about level with the Neil Gaiman quote tattoo on my shoulder, *Do you fear falling or flying?* Her closeness made me look down and I saw she wasn't wearing shoes. She had tattoos too, which usually makes me feel more comfortable with people, but hers were too beautiful and strange. Purple and blue and yellow and green scales from the tops of her tiny feet all the way up her calves and fading at her dark brown bony knees.

"This dress is really for you," she stroked the dress down the front in a tender Disney character sort of way, that would have looked very different if I had done it. She took my hand then, which gave me this sweet chill like music in my chest and mouth as she slowly spun me around. I had to duck a little bit, because I was so much taller than her, but this was fluid. When I faced her again she smiled in this loud, relieving way.

"Buy the dress! Tobe will stick around, I saw him. Buy the dress, El, don't get stuck." She still had my hand in hers.

"How do you know us?"

"I remember a lot." When I had taken the dress off the rack I began to be afraid she was real. But she watched me buy it, and she bought a large wooden bowl.

"Not wearing shoes in New York City ain't such a good idea," I laughed, glancing at her beautiful feet and settling on my greenish tan boots.

"I never wear them when it rains!"

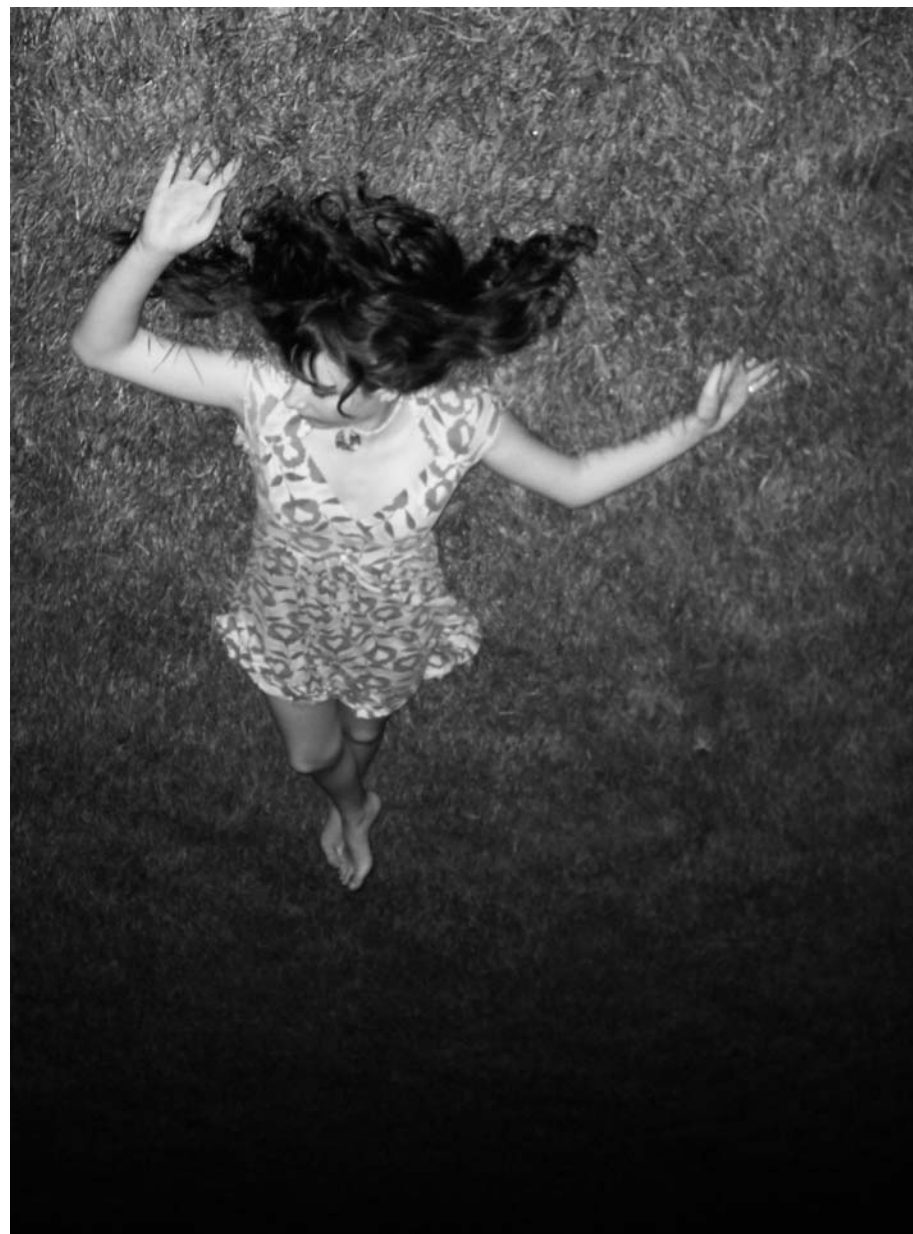
"Why?" I was reaching the door now, and she was still in step with me.

"Because sometimes remembering the ocean is the hardest thing to do." My foot was on the first wet step

now, and I put my hand out into the thick velvety-blue night. But I didn't look behind me to check if she was still with me, because my mom read me all the stories, and I remember.

## Mermaid

Chelsa Salesman







**The Building in Progress**

Beatriz Bianco

## **Namesake**

Tina McLuckie

His truck was vanilla cigars,  
And baked leather.  
When he put his hand over mine,  
Chipped pink nails against the dark arms  
That showed his Cherokee blood  
And years of eating oranges on the coast,  
He told me,  
You are my daughter because your smallest toe  
Curls in like mine,  
Because I taught you to swim,  
Left the inner tube in the depths and you hugging the  
    poolside.  
I didn't hold your breath underwater,  
But I taught you to breath in it  
To blink past the chemicals.

He bought me bikinis,  
And took me to beaches  
Where the garbage washed up grey on the sand.  
Ten years later,  
His voice flying over five states,  
All hardened with institutions,  
He would tell me he gave me my namesake,  
A glowing seventies actress,  
And sent me off like her apostle,  
Had no hand in it from there.

**Dark Globe**

Tina McLuckie





**Dies**

Tina McLuckie

**The Beautiful View with a Side of Squid.**

Dan Shust

We went to the spot  
 where the water waged war against the earth,  
 the waterfall.  
 The water crashed down,  
 the sound, nothing better  
 The crushing current collided into the rocky basin,  
 an absolutely assuaged rock peaks through the fall.  
 Everything is beautiful, like no where else in the  
 world.  
 The bluest blue ever in this water.  
 Nothing better,  
 nothing more beautiful,  
 for my tragic eyes,  
 unfortunately,  
 then our convoy was killed by the deadly kraken.

**The Stream**

Ben Suttmeier

Sometimes  
 In the heat of the blazing sun  
 The stream is there to comfort me  
 Whispering wind while I approach  
 I hear the flowing louder now

Sunshine reflects on the shy, splashing stream  
 Gleaming clear in the summer season  
 With waterfalls rushing triumphantly  
 The timid trickle turns to a roar

Relaxing atmosphere  
 No one near but dancing minnows  
 Moving playfully in the cool, calm pools  
 I sit and watch  
 And close my eyes  
 Just to get lost in the sparkling spirit of my stream

**We all need Shoes**

Beatriz Bianco



## The Lonely Brew

Lindsay Aspin

I will pitch a tent inside your eulogy.  
I will make a fire.  
Beneath that mewling canopy of birds  
and rabbits who stiffen in the dark  
before chasing their own white bodies.  
To keep the flame alight, to scrape  
bark from your trees, plucking  
the dark weeds like children to burn-  
Moments I wished to be alone who never grew  
past several minutes of loveliness, in adolescence  
who died in your troubled fists.  
But my eyelashes grow long and black in the woods,  
collecting embers, muting the night things  
like a bottle of wine.  
And beyond this, the city-  
the dented moon and her crying mothers  
drowning the stoves with their sorrows,  
lovers teething their knuckles to keep on the fire.

## Rainbow Vein

Tina McLuckie



## I Bite

Beatriz Bianco

## The Pencil Speaks

Lauren McKean

My day starts again.  
My tip hits the paper  
And I glide along the page.  
I feel like I am an ice skater  
Sliding across the ice.  
I float along the bone white pallet  
And leave a clear black  
Trail behind me.  
My purpose is important,  
For without me history  
Would be lost.  
I thirst for more knowledge.  
Tall, Thin,  
Thorough, Thoughtful  
Am I.  
You hear the scratch, scratch, scratch  
Of the lead as I  
Flutter along the paper.  
As the thoughts come to an end, I lie back  
And rest.



**Nature**  
Chelsa Salesman

## **Thirteen Billion Years Ago**

Josh Minzner

You were nothing.  
An idea in the giant void that was.  
That stretched on forever, but in itself didn't exist either.  
You were just an idea in the great mind of everything  
and nothing,  
that there ever was,  
and there ever will be.  
But that idea would become action  
and it did.  
A giant explosion.  
Pushing you outwards like a child's first breath of life  
And it was your birth  
And everything we know, and everything we will never know was  
created.  
Thirteen billion years ago.  
And now we see home  
Kept living by a great ball of fire.  
Everything worked out so perfectly.  
And it hugged us so closely.  
Sheltered us from all the violence of everything  
It is far too scary to do alone.  
And for some strange reason  
On this desolate place  
A few bits of matter began to copy itself.  
Each copy more astounding.  
Something so wonderful, it can not be understood.  
And here I am.  
I am part of everything.  
My atoms come from the dinosaurs  
And from William Shakespeare  
And Mahatma Ghandi.  
And though I will die  
My atoms will  
go on to be  
many other  
things,  
so will  
I ever  
really  
die  
?

## Until You Look

*(About the painting: In the Meadow by Pierre-Auguste Renoir)*

Deidre Supple

You don't know until you look, I draw the words into my mind.  
Etching these words from oiled canvas.  
Softly, reds and blues, yellow green and brown brush strokes  
prod and pull.

Movement that doesn't move but flows without budging.  
A girl leaning over admiring wildflowers plucked from the  
ground.

A road, small of dirt, thin like a hair, a town, tiny, a  
single stroke for white as a house,  
dots of blue details too small to see, you don't know until  
you look.

Blends of colors stacked piled blending crowing stirring  
against each other, layers mix.  
Creating a feeling, a mood, a thought the painter had out into  
the oil paints.

A feeling for you to pick up without taking.  
To reach for with your eyes, with your mind, but never touch  
it.

That idea, that feeling, that mood, you can't control it but  
yet it washes over you when you look.

You don't know until you look what you'll feel, or what you  
see the second time.

What you see, how you see, becomes the painting, it can  
change.

The soft pale yellow sky calmly touches the patches of blue.  
There are red, blue, and yellow tree trunks with blue and  
yellow leaves yet you think to see only brown with  
green

The grass doesn't look like grass but you know it is, the  
meadow, a dark blue-green cloud  
with hints of gold highlight, things to catch your eye drawing  
it around the piece.

Different for each eye that dances over the strokes of an  
artist's brush, different, but you don't know until you  
look.

## Miserable

by Jenny Czyborra

Four children, none have shoes.  
Our clothes are tattered and torn  
Two dresses to alternate day to day.

One room apartment  
Damp, musty and moldy.  
Hotplate is our lousy excuse for a kitchen.  
My baby is allergic to mold  
She breathes like a fish out of water.

Once love, now torn to shreds  
Now you're at it with the bottle.  
Every night  
Your breath is a whiskey bottle  
You reek of failure.

First love affair, two years ago  
Second six months ago  
Third yesterday  
I am guilty but I do not feel sorrow  
It is my escape.

Three things I can do  
Leave it all behind  
Take the kids and remarry.  
Stay  
I don't know.

## Kids at the Community Center

Beatriz Bianco





### **Masked**

Lindsay Aspin

### **Think Twice**

Lily Apollony

Do not ever look under your bed  
Within the black depths of coils and springs bestows  
ferocious monsters  
And when you creep towards your closet door,  
Think twice!  
Unless you are ticklish of daggered claws and jagged  
fangs you must retreat  
Let the ill-fated foes clamor about your window  
Let the outcast beasts come to you  
Trust me there is no need to seek them out  
They watch the protective sun sink slowly into their  
world preparing to devastate you  
Whether it be at the cost of your shrieks  
Or defensive flickers of sunshine  
Do not look under your bed

### **Lackadaisical Lids**

Dana Boccaduttre

A jagged finger  
rubs against a  
plush comforter.  
Her head lies heavy among  
goose feathers wrapped in  
deep purple silk,  
her eyelids droop like window curtains.  
The eye is the window to the mind.

The moonlight skates in to  
the room and cartwheels  
across the grime licked floor.  
Her tainted vision with  
lackadaisical lids  
let her see waves in the moonlight,  
a precursor to a land of whatever she believes.

She hears brass play  
among her drift to fantasy,  
her lids fail to stay open  
a healthy jerk allays stress.  
A black curtain  
falls and  
sets the stage.

Memories.  
Imagination.  
Action.

## Tread

Sebastiano Faschi

The obstacle is the path  
The mountains, rivers, cliffs  
High

And

Low

Cut through the path and leave  
A road of fragmented gravel with  
Deep splits and crevices.  
One can  
Fall

Deep  
Into the insurmountable unknown  
Where fear doesn't drive but devours  
Every step with caution  
Caution in every step  
The path liquid like a river  
Sharp as a Cliff  
High as a Mountain

The path  
Sways and turns  
Yet stands straight  
Don't let the twists and turns deceive.  
Cut through the path  
The air as your guidance  
Warm, cool and thin.  
The sky as your guardian  
Bright, deep and mysterious  
Don't let the path guide you  
Sway left and right  
Guide the path  
Upside-down and sideways  
Watch the dirt lift off the ground  
And follow your steps.



**Sign**

Chelsa Salesman

## The Absence of Your Presence

Zoe Langston

Questions she has  
boggle every thought that consumes her mind  
You disappear into a faint, floppy, foggy memory  
Where has the man gone (gone) gone (gone)?  
The way you act with a kingly swagger  
no consideration for a pauper's feeling

Painful suffering you place upon a baby girl  
who is so innocent in her precious, porcelain body  
her sunshine curly hair  
the sky eyes that look at you with question  
You say your heart is in her heart  
but still it is empty

Little man with painful, powerful words  
Haunting her beautiful imagination  
When sad and alone with no shoulder to cry on  
she thinks about the absence of your presence  
It is finally forgotten

## Tic Toc

Tina McLuckie



## Catching Up

Tina McLuckie

## Jane

Meghan Coates

Under the willow  
sits a dreamer of a child  
with her sunburned shoulders  
and her questioning eyes.  
Fingers stained  
with hopes and fears  
and flower petals  
from the daisies  
in her handmade halo.  
Her feet are caked  
in the excitement of a mud puddle  
but still delicate  
from walking on eggshells.  
The tender branches blow  
and whisper through her hair  
the secrets of what's coming next  
when the leaves begin to fall.



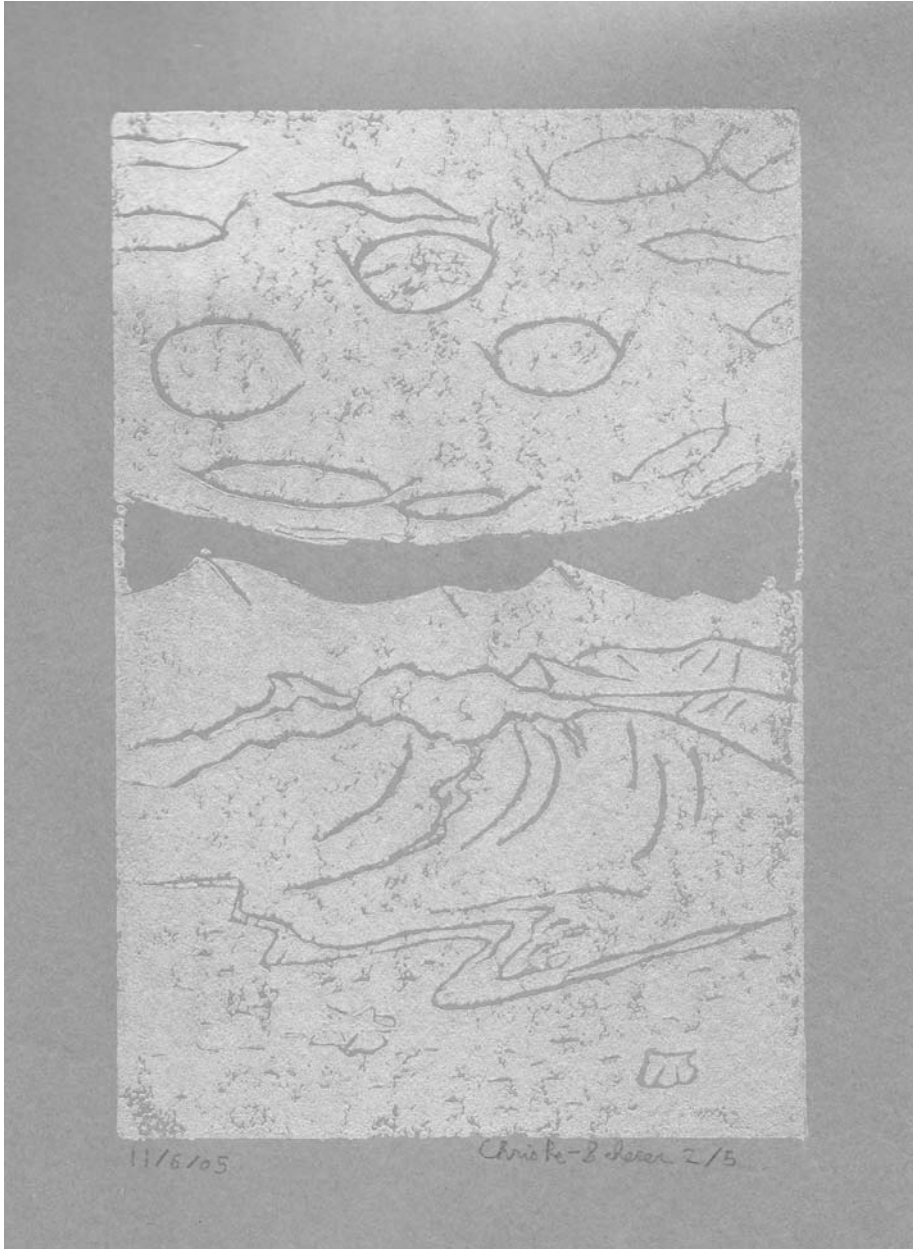


**Bunny in the dark**  
Beatriz Bianco

### **A 45/50 for Extraneous Thoughts**

Michaela Walsh

The room is a light bulb.  
A fluorescent light bulb  
Full of kids whose minds are ticking like clocks.  
Well, some. Maybe.  
Others' minds are full, I'm sure, of extraneous,  
irrelevant thoughts.  
I would be lying if I said, "The room smelled of chalk  
and wooden desks,"  
because these desks aren't wooden. They're a cold, weird  
plastic.  
Plus, I think I have allergies.  
I sit, foot twitching, my head propped on my hand,  
connected to my wrist,  
on my elbow that is sitting on my desk.  
My desk is connected to my rock of a chair.  
My back hurts and all I can think is, "I need 'A' in  
this class so I can save  
my GPA from dying a slow, painful death."  
That isn't really helping me write anything so I relax  
and try not to think  
about how tired I am.  
It's early.  
I should be sleeping.  
I forget about my GPA now.  
More extraneous thoughts.  
Put them on a paper.  
Alas, I have written a poem.



**Untitled**  
Chris Re-Scherer

## **The Woman of the Night**

Juliana Rosas

The swirling clouds drift to the  
rhythm of the afternoon breeze  
while the massive pine trees sway  
back and forth like a metronome  
the endless yellow cornfields  
drop in the hot pink sunset  
the daffodils are out of control  
wiggling all around the grass  
the bright sunset sparkles  
like a diamond in the sky  
as the moon rises from the  
other side of the mountains  
the forest animals begin to  
squirm out of their small  
hidden burrows to greet  
the woman of the night.

## **RiteAid Safari**

Beatriz Bianco





## Shadows

Lindsay Aspin

## Fear of Dancing

Bea Bianco

It's probably been said a million times, but I think I heard it from a comic book, the sixth installment of *Sandman* to be exact, and it really struck a chord in me. It's not really a fear of heights at all. I am not afraid of buildings or windows or distance or sky. It's a fear of falling. Of knowing that your trip to the ground will not be long enough to know the ecstasy of flying, nor be short enough to miss your own shrieking, or that quick differentness your heart knows first. I don't think you're born with a phobia, it is usually the result of a trauma that your subconscious stores for later- considerate part of the brain that it is. If I had chorophobia, the fear of dancing, I imagine the path to facing it sweeter.

My sister says I read too much. It's a joke of ours because she reads just as much as I do, plus she gives me all her graphic novels. Our mother is a writer and a professor of literature at Barnard, so I guess that particular craving for words was hereditary. Mom's name is Shelley, and she decided we would have literary names, too. Elaine, who cut off all her russet-colored hair at fifteen and never grew it out again, and me, Guinevere. Despite our troublesome namesakes, I knew I would never be stealing boys from El. She is the beautiful one. I am imp-like in all the wrong ways. Tangled, curly, ginger-colored hair that I grow long so that at least I can braid it, large hands with long, spatulate fingers, a small, red, surprised-looking mouth, finger-toes and freckles. But as it turned out, El never wanted boys. And perhaps the hair and her insistence on being called "El" were her diplomatic attempts to ease Mom and me into that fact. It really wasn't that hard for Mom. She has a generous personality. She told El she was never really the type to lay her body down in a boat for the love of a golden, playboy knight anyway. And it really shouldn't have been hard for me, either. But for some reason, she had blown my romantic vision of her. She was a princess with her lily skin and green eyes, and she is so brilliant. She was supposed to be the person I would emulate. And later write a book about how I could never live up to the example she set and so had to become my own person. I honestly had no idea how vain that was.

Our school has this sculpture of monkey bars that

stretches over the courtyard. I guess they are aesthetically pleasing because they have morning glories that climb up them, but they are not as cute as real monkey bars would have been, or a playground at all. They are monkey bars for giant children. And this is the mental, rather than physical equivalent of high schoolers.

No one told me to go up there. But I felt like they did. They were all talking so fast.

"Dude, so it's just you and your mom and sister."

"Wonder why!"

"Bet you're all freaking lesbians!"

"Yeah like incest."

"There's a name for that."

"Like Electrica or something."

"Shut up, that's not it!"

"Did you do the reading for today?"

"No... hey, Gwen you did. Did your sister read it to you? In bed?"

"Homosexuality is hereditary, I read that but you can treat it."

"You can't treat it!"

They weren't a mob. They were three boys from my English class. And soon one of their girlfriends joined them. I could have walked away actually, they weren't threatening me. But sometimes you just feel threatened. And it is not physical and it is not mental but every fiber of your being is threatened and needs to act. My body was made for climbing. It's once I'm up there that's the problem. I had no shoes on and all I had to do was left bare foot right bare foot and the metal was warm and the sun was tangling in my hair. I was halfway across and four five six seven people were watching and I realized I didn't know who I was crossing for. Because I so hadn't wanted to be, but I was ashamed of her. I had wanted her to be someone I was jealous of, strange as that sounds. And by coming out, she had betrayed me. I didn't know who I wanted to be anymore.

And then I saw her. She came out of the theater doors into the courtyard holding a big bent coffee-stained novel in one hand, swinging her arm in that way she has. And she was wearing this blue dress. And I had never seen it before. And the sun didn't tangle in her hair--it skated in it, skipping off the spiky, fiery ends. And she spotted me then because she reached her free, slender hand up to shield her eyes.

"What's doing, Verde?" and her voice was sweet. And I don't know how long I stared at my sister, but I felt terrible and warm. And maybe she was never a princess, but right then she was a knight, a knight in a bright blue dress.

## Moving On

Faye Nordmeyer

Sixteen years ago I was dropped at your doorstep, a doll in my right hand and a puppy in my left. Suitcases besieged me, tears drowned my eyes. I was only eight years of age.

Rugged hands of a grease monkey,  
your tender touch mothered me.  
I was the daughter you never had,  
but the granddaughter you never knew.

Fourteen years of age, I blossomed into a young lady. I was as fair as the breeze caressing one's face. No longer present, your heart became brittle, and mine, extended to anyone who will bite the hook.

Prowling the campus, I tracked down my mate. I floated to cloud nine, ascending into the heavens. It was like our souls had been seeking for one another. Immediately my finger became dressed in diamonds and silver.

Returning to you, I flashed my hand in the sun. At that moment, I saw your eyes well up. No movement of your lips, no movement of your limbs. I witnessed the collision of your emotions.

From the chugging 1950 Ford Pickup,  
to the revving of the new 1995 Ford Pickup.  
I gazed through the back window, leaving my home a second time,  
and suddenly I feel eight again.

## Shoot up Love

Brittany Gecik

Even though your feelings died for me  
I can't stop holding on  
to the little happiness you gave me  
I wish I was stronger  
I could have let you go  
when I first saw the real you  
I liked it better when you lied  
but it doesn't matter anymore  
all I have left are memories  
you will never care  
only for the junk that fills your arm  
makes you bleed  
makes you itch  
makes you feel  
nothing at all  
Darling, don't you know that it will deceive you?  
Just like they do  
It's funny how you let them push you around  
when you barely listen to me  
maybe I should stop listening to you  
If I did you would have never had my heart  
just your needles  
It's the only thing your heart craves  
shoot up love baby  
at least you know what you're getting

## My Lazy Days

Jacquie Foran

Walking out of the mellow house  
Into the crystal light air  
Beyond the horizon is a color of pastels  
Forming elegances on my paper  
Shadows leaking down the sides of the house  
A light breeze brushing though the branches  
The sound of the once newly painted shutters  
Banging so roughly against the rigid house  
The gods are disturbed  
The smell of caffeine filled the dry air  
Leaving my mouth drop less  
Drawing the texture of my lazy day  
Pressing only so fragile on the ink  
Accenting every last line

## You're Visiting

Chelsa Salesman

dragging feet through distance  
like mud after  
those soft spring thunderstorms  
and I lay my head in the grass  
as if it were your frame  
each blade grown  
to tickle shoulder blades  
and underneath  
there is a pressure pushing through  
word stretching thin paper  
and I focus in  
searching for the time of day  
plucking grass  
the only music I've  
ever made.  
I think  
today  
of what your face would look like  
upon waking  
into a life fathomed  
within my dreams.

## Tornado Warnings

Beatriz Bianco





**The Sill**  
Tina McLuckie

