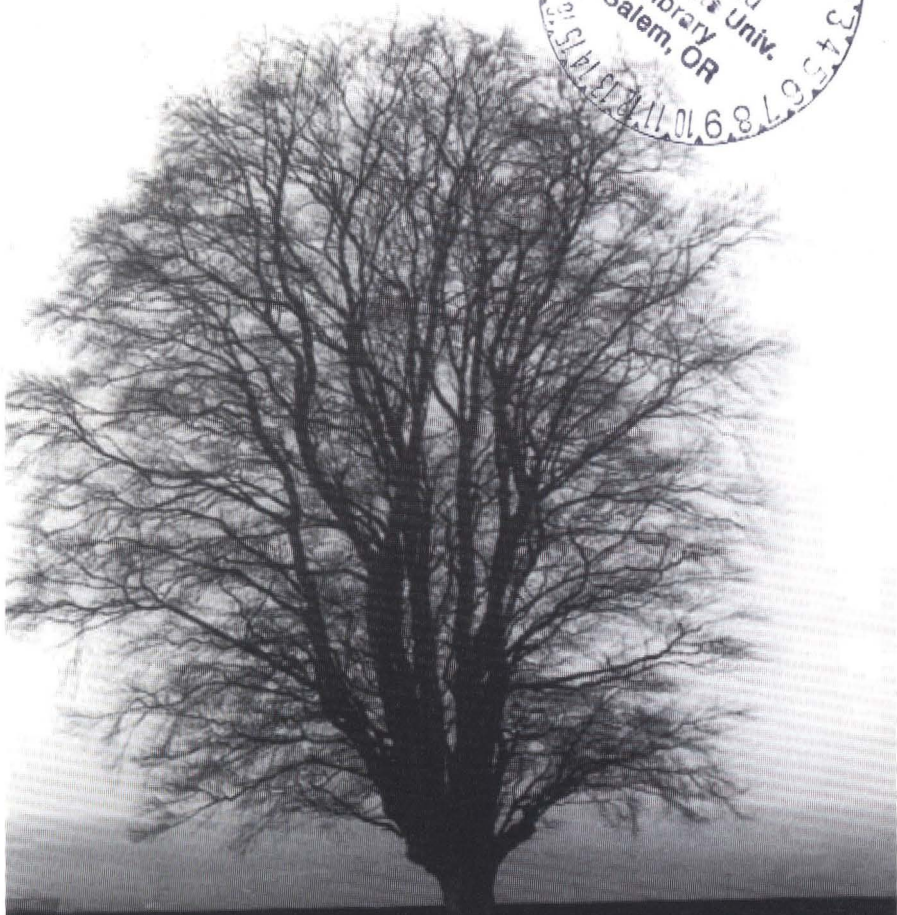
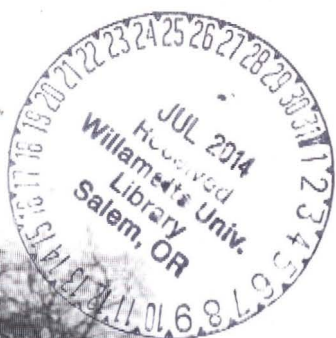


ERIODICAL STACKS



# Chrysalis



Willamette University's

# Chrysalis

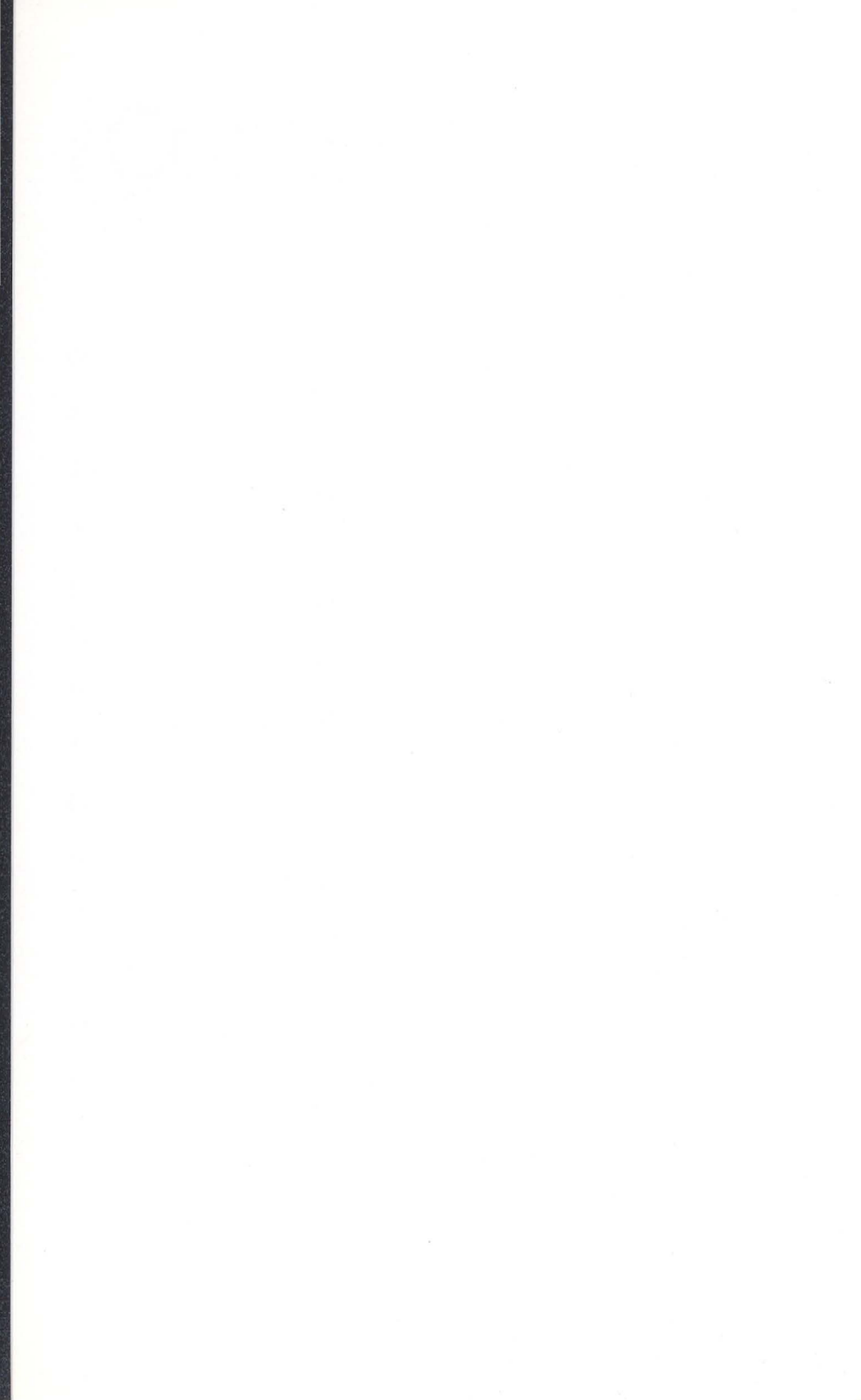
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AN ARTICULATE EXPRESSION OF THE FRUSTRATION  
OF BEING UNABLE TO EXPRESS ONESELF ARTICU-  
LATELY:  
AN INQUIRY INTO IMPOTENCE AND RAGE

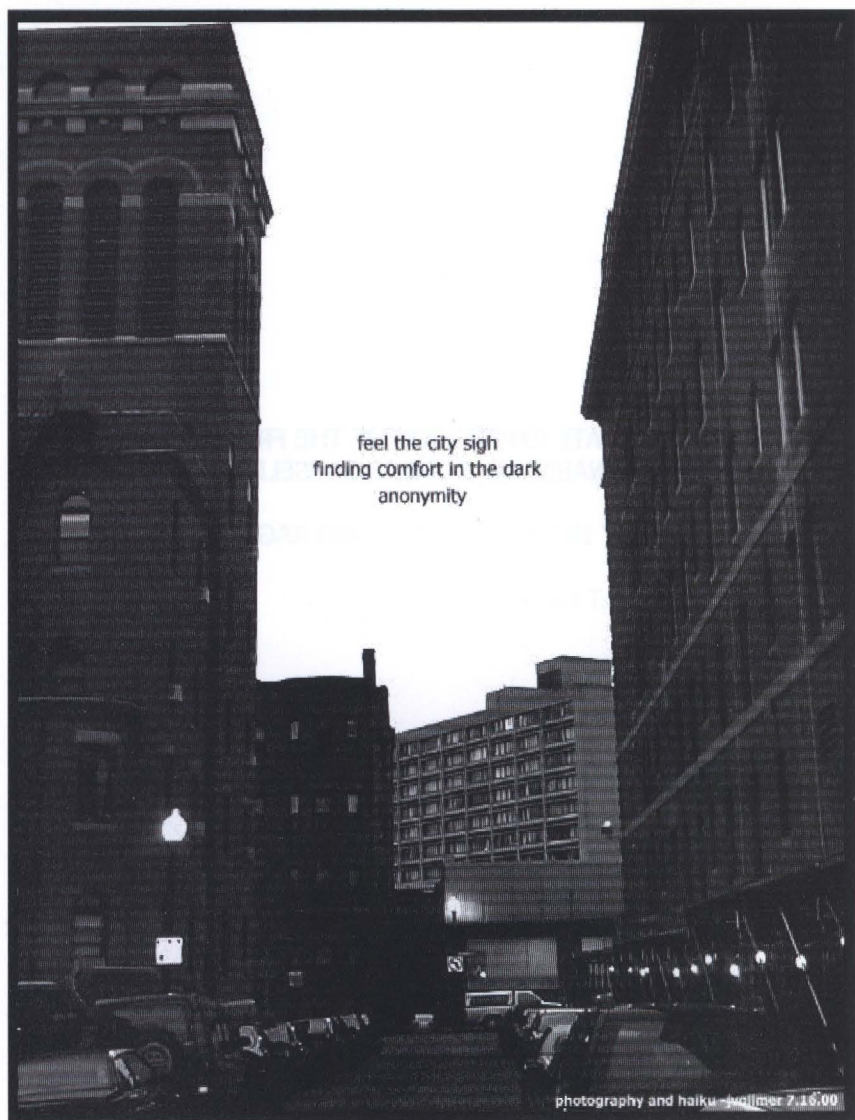
By Matthew T Fargo

... ..!!!



dank

by Alejandro  
Gutierrez



feel the city sigh  
finding comfort in the dark  
anonymity

photography and haiku - Vollmer 7.16.00

anonymity

photograph  
by John Vollmer

# Untitled

by Alejandro Gutierrez

God, abstract, a separate entity  
 Incorporeal and lacking mass or density.  
 Intentionally ambiguous, never given description  
 So that the people can customize their divine depictions.  
 Use the language of peace as fuel for destruction  
 The ultimate pacifist made brutal in reconstruction.  
 After careful calculation Christianity serves  
 To be an icon of conquest and source of war over words.  
 Every man builds himself in his own image of Jesus-  
 Every woman expected to assist us and please us.  
 Just look at what Mary did – her immense sacrifice-  
 By divine order, girls, don't ever think twice  
 About the roles that you're given and expected to fill  
 Because the pictures in Cosmo and mood swings from the pill  
 Will always keep you in line and never let you forget-  
 The world will sink into chaos if we can't keep you as pets  
 On a very short leash, keep you close within reach-  
 Women's power is a subject that can never be breached.  
 We're here to protect you and help you build your self.  
 So in the meantime go ahead and set yourself on the shelf  
 Airbrushed and shrink-wrapped, prepared for mail-order.  
 God will reward you for your eating disorder  
 By providing the dollars that you did nothing to make  
 But doing nothing necessitates being entirely fake  
 And if having to build yourself around a foreign ideal  
 Is "nothing" –  
 Tell the next man you see that he can skip his next meal.



## THE STREETS HERE

### The streets here

by Patrick Kennedy-Paine

The streets here are busy,  
Is this where people live?  
The houses here seem empty  
There is no one here that gives

The impression of happiness  
Lost amongst the chaos.  
More and more it seems  
The only feeling is loss.

That man with the harmonica,  
Asking for your change?  
The shame is there, in his eyes.  
His "God Bless" feels so damn  
strange.

And the girl, there on the corner,  
Near where she used to play?  
But she's not playing any more,  
Now she's turning tricks for pay.

That store with five-cent candy,  
Also sells cigarettes and beer.  
Those kids that grew up nearby?  
Loiter, cuss and bury their fear.

The streets I used to wander  
have written so many off.  
I see despair in the streetlights,  
I fear that all has been lost.

## NEAR STREETS

### Near Streets

by Dan Rivas

Two bums wander in smelling real,  
and of rain — drunk — and that is all  
the people smell as the two drag their feet  
across the back of the Elliot Bay Books  
reading room.

From the bearded bum's coat raindrops fall,  
making a puddle trail. I try not to be one  
of the craned necks making a spectacle  
of two men escaping the cold  
for a mere hour,  
but I fail. They find seats at a  
table in the back.

Little winter amused smiles grow  
on the watchers and I try to imagine  
that their smiles are from the whiskey  
in the air tickling their noses, wistful  
memories of drunken nights in the cold.

I don't want to believe  
that their smiles mock  
two bums' stumblings.

# The Flow

by Devon Carroll

## The Meeting

Does water run in this place?<sup>1</sup>  
Flowing splashing upon my face.  
Which cannot reflect the glow within  
For possess I not abathed in sin.

I see none without spite that are able to  
be  
The true lion.<sup>2</sup>  
False intentions spoil the near pure  
heart  
Speak, tell me your intentions  
Circle not the table, truth will find  
you

Thrust upon, through, between.  
The mist will not hide thee.<sup>3</sup>  
Your wound is not invisible to me.  
Though Deep and painful, you walk  
without<sup>4</sup>  
A limp.

It scrapes and scratches in the back of  
the head devouring light  
I see it you cannot hide.  
This time you will see that we are all  
stricken  
With the same wound, painful and  
festering.  
I have been there once I can assist you in  
your dark thoughts.  
Open yourself  
It is the only cure  
Listen closely.

## The Wound

We are wounded very early in young  
life.  
The purpose fails us.  
Not understanding that is cannot heal  
With the help of kin and friend  
Our pain is covered, a protective seal

We are together in one, though  
separated in spirit  
Unity  
Gone

"Your possessions and felling are your  
own not to be  
Shared with the world"  
No compartía tu corazón<sup>5</sup>  
Isolation with feigned togetherness  
lends not to the flow of life.  
"You are together yet all apart"<sup>6</sup>  
The chasm that is lack of brotherhood  
rends us apart from within.  
The hole can only be healed and refilled  
by

The Grail  
Savior  
Pulsating, waiting  
Inside each one of us  
When discovered, beams of light  
Waits the Grail to wash each a new  
Where?

I have only knowledge and a brief  
glimpse.  
Why do I not obtain it?  
I can help you  
I can help *You*.

<sup>1</sup> This is a reference to the ancient Celtic texts such as "Branwen Daughter of Llŷr." In these stories, water is used as a portal to another world. It is used here to do that by taking the reader to another place through imagery.

<sup>2</sup> In the Cistercian monk work, *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, the lion is a symbol of new and more powerful forces.

<sup>3</sup> In the movie, *Excalibur* Uther Pendragon, father to King Arthur, calls Merlin to help him. "Merlin, weave a mist to hide us," he cries but to no avail. Merlin does not assist him and therefore he is killed.

<sup>4</sup> In Alfred Lord Tennyson's work, *The Idylls of the King* "The Passing of Arthur," He speaks about Arthur returning to the Great Deep.

<sup>5</sup> This means, "In the past you did not share your heart." I liked the way that this sounded in Spanish. There are two cultural influences in this section. One is from Spain and the other from Ukraine. I am making a parallel with the Robert Johnson film, *In Search of the Holy Grail*. In it, he highlights that the wounds of the Fisher King are primarily an American/English wound and people from other countries such as India do not possess them.

<sup>6</sup> This is quote from a friend of mine from the Ukraine. She said this in reference to the way Americans treat each other.



# THE FLOW *continued*

## Foundation

Out of ashen grey shadows come  
I  
Show you I must  
The face of time<sup>7</sup>  
The Tree of Knowledge adorned  
with dim candles  
"Can you see it?"  
At the end of the putrid passage-  
way.  
Above the clamorings and neutral  
sounds of  
The City.

Everyone walking through life.  
You and I will Live tonight.  
And continue to make light.  
Your victory can save me as well.  
My Grail requires another to rise  
from mud.  
Sit

Down by the  
stream.

Watch it with our backs to the  
scarred and tattered earth.<sup>8</sup>  
The dust blows, but care we not  
Concentrate on the fluid dance of  
reflections  
That is life not a metaphor

Olvide tu vida pasada<sup>9</sup>  
Forget the possessions, which  
rule you  
To achieve your quest  
Self Melts.

## Comprehension

Tell me what will be done.  
Speak<sup>10</sup>  
What must I do?  
Transform yourself within your present  
shell.  
Be aware  
See emotions  
Your Grail lies somewhere between  
compassion and redemption.  
Believe the land and you are one with  
the Dragon.  
Life is a flow of emotion and  
communication  
Your light yields more.  
I  
Will  
Be  
Healed  
Now go you will know when you  
discover what we are looking  
for.  
Away strode he  
Striding through the mud  
Confident and powerful eyes alight.  
Fixed floating thoughts cascaded.  
He was light.  
He was home

Falling to his knees.  
Battles reverberated in his skull.  
Moaning with the remembered anguish  
He cried. "Let me have this, please."<sup>11</sup>

Wind ripped at the windows.  
The walls shook as the din expanded  
Falling  
Dust rose around him,  
Only to be quelled by a soft misty rain.<sup>12</sup>  
As the first glint of light flooded across  
the land  
He felt two hearts beat in conjunction.  
Together.

<sup>7</sup> In the opera *Parsifal* by Wagner the character, Amfortas cannot die because the Grail constantly revitalizes him. He has the "face of time."

<sup>8</sup> This is a direct reference to Eliot's *Wasteland*. On line 425 he says, "Fishing, with the arid plain behind me."

<sup>9</sup> This means, "forget your past life," in Spanish.

<sup>10</sup> The *Wasteland* line 112 "Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak."

<sup>11</sup> In the movie, "The Fisher King," the vexed Grail knight says this when he is finally allowed to love again yet is being pursued by his old nemesis, the Red Knight.

<sup>12</sup> This is in reference to Eliot's *Wasteland*. The entire section called "What the Thunder Said" explains how water in the form of rain replenishes the land.

## COFFEE STAIN

by Cynthia Goss

I woke from reality this morning,  
drank my coffee in  
broken glass with expired milk.  
The windows fogged -  
purple: blazing.

I pinched myself to dream  
SilVer hORseS

## CLoUDS

& hurRICaINes. . .

. . In deep transition  
A World unravels every mind  
the eyes gazing up to find black stars  
stare down upon red hands,  
Question so many hollow  
intentions.

hE sips my coffee with a laugh  
 tucked behind his teeth  
 the world dripping from his ears  
 my heart dripping down  
 the side of his mouth  
 spots perfect white shirt  
 watch transition set in  
 gray my resting place  
 and tomorrow stirs from  
 reality drowning in sand  
 sipping hiS coffee  
 spilling perfect white brown. green.  
 swirl sugar, twirl spoon  
 I'm swimming in an empty cup  
 soak me wet lingered fear  
 swallow whole or I might go  
 when your pain begins to rain  
 tears flood throughout,  
 still the stain remains:  
 once upon a time  
 Perfect:White

# GETTING NOWHERE

## Getting Nowhere

*a short, short screenplay*

by Tobin Addington

FADE IN:

INT.—HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM—DAY

There are tacky lamps and soothing wallpaper. A MAN taps on his leg with his fingers. A WOMAN flips a magazine page. FISH circle mindlessly.

JACK walks into the room. He is young, 22, but his face is worried, older. He sees ISAAC, also in his 20's, well-dressed, sitting against the far wall. ISAAC sits up when he sees JACK coming. He is eager for news.

We TRACK toward them and miss the first whispers of their conversation.

ISAAC

What do you mean, 'sick?'

JACK

I mean, she's sick.

ISAAC

Like cold-and-a-fever 'sick,' or TV movie 'sick?'

JACK

They don't know for sure.

ISAAC

Jesus.

JACK

I know.

ISAAC

How could this be happening?

JACK

Imagine what her mother must be going through.

ISAAC

What are her chances?

JACK

These people like to avoid specifics.

ISAAC

That can't be good.

JACK  
No.

Pause.

ISAAC  
I wish there was something I  
could do.

JACK  
Sometimes life just takes an  
unexpected turn.

ISAAC  
Please...don't.

JACK  
Sometimes we're not supposed  
to under stand.

ISAAC  
Jack—

JACK  
Sometimes it's better to—

ISAAC  
(breaking character)  
This is not the best time for a  
line that starts with 'some  
times.'

JACK  
But that's what's written.

ISAAC  
I'm sure it is. I'm pretty sure it  
is. But maybe that's because  
the writer doesn't have any  
idea how to write dialogue. Did  
you ever think of that? Maybe  
he's counting on us to impro-  
vise.

JACK  
I don't think that's what he  
had in mind.

ISAAC  
(now accusing)  
How do you know it was a 'he?'

JACK  
I guessed.

ISAAC  
You assumed!

JACK  
All right. I assumed. Can we  
drop it?

ISAAC  
But why did you  
assume the writer's a 'he?'

JACK  
I don't know.

ISAAC  
See? It's a complete cultural  
stereotype on your part.

JACK  
But—

ISAAC  
Someone's written something—  
poorly, I might add—and you  
automatically assume that it's a  
'he' doing the typing.

JACK  
Wait a minute. A bad assumption,  
maybe, but hardly a cultural  
stereotype.

ISAAC  
I suppose next you're going to say  
that we are just figments of this  
guy's imagination.

JACK  
Well aren't we?

ISAAC  
(to the MAN next to him)  
Why do I bother?  
(to JACK)

If I have to explain this every  
time....  
Okay, look. We are pre-existing  
entities in search of a way into  
reality. Don't you get that? We  
exist before pens touch paper or

# GETTING NOWHERE *continued*

fingers strike keys.

See?

(back to the MAN next to him)

No wonder the Union didn't take.

JACK

I still think it's a 'he.'

ISAAC

How can you assume that?

JACK

Maybe I'm just using the masculine pronoun in a non-gender-specific way.

ISAAC

How can you do that? How the fuck can you do that? 'He' and she' signify gender. That's what they do. You can't just wave a magic wand and make them non-gender-specific. That'd be like calling these jeans pink in a non-color-specific way.

JACK

Let's just drop it, okay?

ISAAC

No. No! I want to know. How can you use a fucking masculine pronoun in a non-gender-specific way?

JACK

Fine! I won't!

ISAAC

Good.

JACK

Let's try again!

ISAAC

Okay.

JACK

She's really sick.

ISAAC

How sick?

JACK

She may not live much longer.

ISAAC

Bullshit.

JACK

Okay, um, I think maybe you're taking this whole thing and pointing it in the wrong direction.

ISAAC

It's not me. It's the writer.

JACK

He did not just write that.

ISAAC

Ah-hah! He!

JACK

Look, man, this is where your big monologue comes in, okay? Maybe if we could just get through this we can get on with the show.

ISAAC looks at him, sees the logic, and composes himself.

ISAAC

Okay, okay...I'll try.

JACK

Promise?

ISAAC

Yes, I fucking promise. Jeez, get out of my ass.

JACK

(trying awfully hard)

I can't remember the last time she was sick.

ISAAC

I can.

JACK

Yeah?

ISAAC

Yeah. Three days after last Christmas. I remember because she'd been bugging me to take down the tree. She always loved the smell of pine needles when the tree went up, but the day after Christmas it was like—~~bam~~—it went bad, or something. Anyway, we took off the ornaments and the lights, and I packed the tree out the door—okay, you know what? This is going nowhere.

JACK

No, no. Keep going. That was good.

ISAAC

Are you fucking kidding me? That was horrible. Bringing up Christmas to strike a sentimental chord, and then using the past tense to remind us she's dying? I mean, how obvious can you be? Where did this guy learn to write? As a part-time janitor for *Days of Our Lives*? Jesus Christ! If I have to hold my lunch through one more God-awful monologue about grieving for a loved one, I think I might just open fire, ya' know what I mean?

JACK

I suppose this would be a bad time to bring up the fact that you used a masculine pronoun in reference to the writer....

(off ISAAC's look)

Yeah, I thought so. Sorry.... Coffee maybe?

ISAAC

Yeah, I could use some coffee.

JACK

Great.

ISAAC rises and follows JACK out of the room.

CUT TO

The WOMAN with the magazine watches them go and then flips to the next page of her magazine.

FADE OUT.



# What have you seen?

by Mike Kiefer

Show me what you have seen?

I ducked out of town  
For a misty mountain-top Marriage –  
Shivering, it stood in shock of its new life  
Wide-eyed beneath that tree, braced  
Against the Wind's chilly  
Laugh of good-natured mocking.

Now look again.

And on the road home  
I noticed, in passing, that same tree –  
And others like it – in saffron ranks,  
Wizened monks standing at attention  
For the bloody death of Summer  
While the now-reverent wind danced  
At a safe distance.

## the garrote haiku (plus 1)

by Aaron Cavin

Two cats play with a  
fallen leaf. Wait – they've hidden  
momentarily.

It is autumn these  
days. Night comes early. My eyes  
lose things in darkness.

Ears not keen enough,  
my nose is next to worthless.

Where did those cats go?

There was this girl, this  
woman who taught me to purr.  
She held my ribs tight,  
smiled, drank wine,  
pulled up her shirt to

show me, let me feel  
this softest belly.



# Chirality

by Dan Rivas

They, scientists, found alien atoms and called it chirality — something about how the world goes round, and left and right handedness, and endless, impossible space. They say these elements from space are the same, but not — similar, they say — what we all expected all along — aliens that look, or seem to look or are frighteningly, disgustingly, but comfortingly, like us, the constant centers of the universe —the Book does say we were created in God's image, the look of perfection still hanging on our smug, indignant mugs.

Except. . .

It is just. . . no one expected this.

There was no War of the Worlds,  
no Planet of the Apes,  
not even a Marvin the Martian —  
green and evil in his alien hilarity.

They found molecules.  
Whirling invisibles, a million tiny nothings  
making exactly one speck of something  
still unseen, meteors bringing what  
we could never hope to see in the night sky,  
over a corn field in Iowa or hovering  
above the deserts of New Mexico.

Unable to question them.  
Unable to hold them captive.  
Standing there before rocks,  
dumb, hoping they will ask  
to see our leader,  
hoping we might run from them  
in terror so that we might heroically  
return full of testosterone and patriotic duty  
to destroy them with our greatness.

It seems science  
is bent on ruining  
everything —  
even aliens.

# THE UNSPOKEN RHYME

by Cynthia Goss

Reaching back for the unspoken rhyme  
To lead me home from bitter recluse;  
To hear my name upon those lips,  
So long unsung the song has been.

Yesterdays' tinted hues shine a new sun  
Where recombination forms within:  
A bed of another space;  
Covered thick, the wavering wick  
(static love)

How often haunted are my dreams-  
How molested, how wrung— unhappy love;  
Thus treachery floods the spinning cup-  
To drown any contemplated fish or fool.

Where be I, all fading rusted rain?  
From dim and small— my womaness glows-  
In twilight rays, I should reclaim;  
Could you promise favor in my consolation?

For certain, I fear a wasteland of dreams;  
The unpredictable passings to arrive this night of  
nights:  
Forward spilling newness-  
A face of lurid unknowns reflected  
(spiral down: change: time)

Here was found: forever bound-truth in comfort,  
As bound are hearts that share in love,  
And so bound- to the farthest stretch of time;  
Upon oath, my quiet fading rain.

Reaching back for the unspoken rhyme,  
To shake my feet of sanded climbs,  
Up mountainous dreams, in dire need  
Of slumbering love;  
For how can I help but love all things?

4/2/98

by L. Katie Cowan

Symbolistic prayers  
are not so lucky  
someone please -  
say what you mean  
all a dream  
all a farce  
a comedy  
with humanity as a  
punch line  
live, unedited  
action  
shown in all the glory  
of a sand crab  
digging his burrow  
hiding in his shell.  
The shell is  
hard, confining  
small minds cannot  
grow  
to the heavens  
unimaginable places  
radiate from the truth  
Him  
death becomes us.

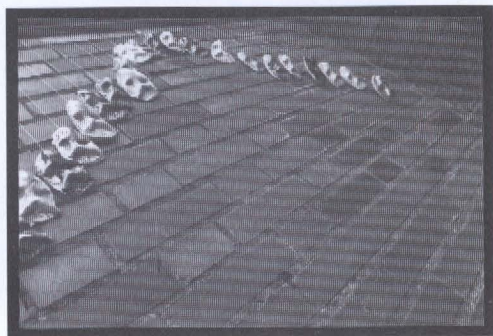


Untitled

photograph  
by Matthew A. Johnson



# the dirty half-dozen



Amru Zeitoun

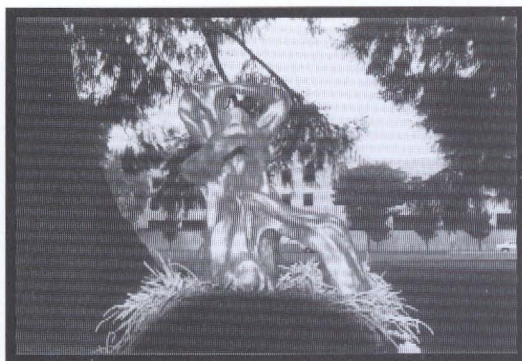


Sarah Alexander

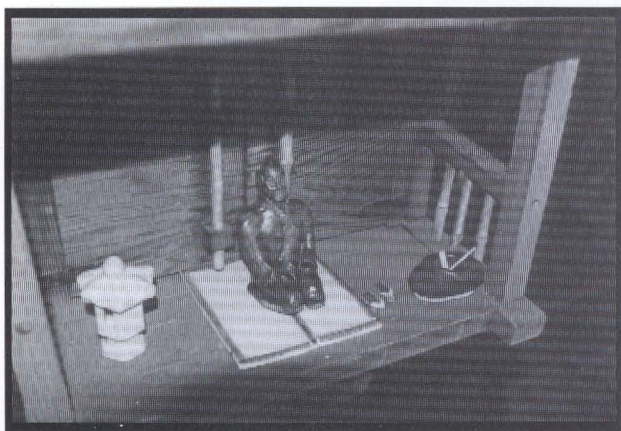


Man cut this waterway illicitly in nature's court. It is ugly. I made these artificial raindrops to parallel the artificiality of this river. By hanging the raindrops from the trees a connection is made between nature, my artificial drops and the artificial waterway. The tree is absorbing the rain, my rain drops, instead of its ugly surroundings. The reflecting drops allow the river to see itself, a mirror to its source.

Caitlin Ross



Emily Cohen



Nathaniel Willson



Serena Duckrow





## PDX Station

photograph  
by John Vollmer

# the undercurrents of T.

by Crystal Burgoyne

journal entry 345, 11:53pm

It has become a ritual. Like dirty laundry, I come back to it. I begin when it's late and I can devote as much of myself to it as I am able. I go over the event, the results, the emptiness and I wonder when it will end. The event itself was only a couple minutes, but then I'm making assumptions because she never actually said- aside from that it seemed to drive on and on for an eternity - that's what it has been too, an eternity. Years have gone by and she has never said, she probably couldn't tell you if she wanted to. It destroyed, no no altered, altered everything that came before or has occurred since- I don't say destroyed, only changed because she rose up from that desert sand like an asp, thin wise and dangerous but altered still. The strength, it makes little holes of weakness in other parts of her soul, it has eaten away her trust for people for herself even for friends that she has had for years little pieces of that child-like trust were swept away by the water that night. Why she told me about the aftermath is more than I can figure so I just lie with it- I just let the fact that she told me rest and not question it- perhaps she distrusts me less than others.

She told me though, and I suppose that's what happens with terrible life shattering events- they bring the strangest people together, (a man and a woman, I could never understand why she chose a man, perhaps to reinstall her faith in us because now she could manipulate us?) she doesn't talk about the attack itself, only the aftermath, only what she was left with- in control of. I can actually visualize her slinking down the stairs pushing through the curtains into the dark cool solitude of the stalls not even bothering to remove her clothes at first- just grabbing the soap, grabbing the soap and diving into the stream of hot water, coming at her hard and fast, that's what has lodged itself in her mind and every time, each and every time she takes a shower each morning when she awakes she is faced with those same nauseatingly sunny shower tiles the same ones that were spackled in blood I can see it, the spackles, beginning to run as the spray of water hits them turning the small secluded sterile space into a womb. A womb where everything is polluted and pure at once trying to purge itself rid itself of a demon, scrubbing, her left arm pumping- a race against time, a race against disease, against her memory if she moved fast enough it wouldn't be able to seep into her, under her, coating and smothering her. She didn't win though and she tried for a long time to tell herself that she did. Even after she decided that it would be best to remember she only let herself remember part of it, she only told them part of it, she thought just maybe she could make his life a living hell, that the people who had told them they would support them and protect them would help her torture him.

But they didn't and it was because she refused to remember, or if she did remember she also remembered washing it all away that night she remembers squatting on her heels the water, coming, hard and fast holding her head up (out of stubbornness) into the falling water her face burned, her eyes burned, every membrane screamed to be silenced, screamed for the want of screaming the water continued to come harder and faster and she just kept scrubbing. She believed it worked too because when she had started this ceremony she could feel the bruises on her neck, their perfect pattern, perfect finger pattern, the bruise on her soft stomach that stomach so white, you've never seen whiter purer skin even one small bruise would have tainted that canvas she was so untouched before I wish I could give that back to her but she is a paradox all on her own no matter what things have or may happen to her she is hard only because she is truly soft and soft because she has learned to be strong. So after scrubbing rubbing the bar of soap into her tender body all its membranes screaming (and soaping them too), she could no



## THE UNDERCURRENTS OF T. *continued*

longer feel the bruises. I can see her, left arm pumping holding herself with her right squatting on the sunny tiles rocking herself to the rhythm of the rubbing, skin turning red trying hard to taste his *lips maybe I can still taste his lips- but all there is is the salt of him-shit, red- its not your warm flesh - it's something else someone else thick and bitterly salty red dripping* that's how it was. Too focused on the beautiful colors the red against the yellow thinking about pretty colors and the boyfriend. The boyfriend. Maybe that's why she feels guilty about it all, guilty that she betrayed him in the beginning and misplaced her trust in another, that perhaps it created a little wedge between them that if he had not been killed would have brought them closer together in the long run, but she doesn't see that, she only sees her guilt (so I know that she would find a way to feel guilty even if she hadn't had the boyfriend) she only sees guilt and after she had decided to forget. Forget except for when she remembers and needs company in those memories then she comes shyly slowly towards me and pulls me into the shower with her pulls me in and I am forced to live her remembrances too- forced to see her small naked abused flesh abused by both of them, he and her, I don't believe for an instant that she is guilty of a God damn thing except for making herself feel guilty that's her only fault no matter how I play it out that's the only thing I see that she did to herself and it wouldn't be that bad if she could only let it go.

But I can't let it go, this thing reaches so far, its not just her, it's the rest of us too, we have had to spend our time trying to help her put herself back together again, long after he was done gratifying himself, I still have to visualize her naked bruised body her hands working the soap into such a thick lather that she can no longer see or feel her skin rubbing away beneath it; the corners of her mouth still dripping his blood still trying to taste the boyfriend under that vile blood the salt of him seeping into her body, trying desperately to scrub it away scrubbing every orifice I have to see her on the shower floor desperately working to cleanse her vagina, long after he rammed his hard cock through her tightly clenched muscles tearing out virginity filling it with his hot salty deceit. That's what I see.

I tell her I don't though. After years of picturing her young and torn I tell her when I see her that that's not who I see. I tell myself that that is not what I see, but I also pretend not to notice her body at all I just fall back on where we were before when we were kids and it's stupid of me to think that I can have her at seventeen again before she went away and aged ten years in four measly months I keep thinking she will reemerge and she doesn't. The terrible thing is we all believe we saw this coming, we all think we saw this coming, how can I honestly think the it's not her fault...

Maybe this isn't helping, no one understands how it is, but she torments me, she does. Because I care for her so much it hurts, all because of this one incident, she was left there in a shower stall too fucking bright the water hitting against her skin pelting against her skin, coming, coming fast and hard on her on her heels clothes in a little wet sloppy pile beside her she just threw them in the garbage on her way out still trying to taste the boyfriend under the, under the blood from when she finally pulled away. She told them that part; I think maybe one day she told somebody that part. To me, to me she told everything and somehow that's how we got stuck we didn't go forward we didn't go back we were just helplessly attached, I don't think we ever touched after that either. We've always been best friends though she always has said I could make her laugh through anything but she lies because I could never get her to laugh all the way through this, years later and I still haven't been able to get her through this, but I keep trying trying to get her and I through. Once I thought maybe she would let me be the one to pull her out of the place it put her, but I know too much, I can't help because now I am a threat to her because she opened her soul to me and I saw the contradictions the hypocrisies and over time the strength that made little holes in her soul but I didn't care I don't fucking care about what's wrong with her only about what's right with her you've got to be careful who you become devoted to, it may not be someone you want to love or someone who can accept your affection. I have to stop this for tonight, otherwise I will see red and yellow in my sleep, there's no point in him driving us all mad

# IS ALL A FRIGHTFUL COMEDY, I WONDER?

by Matthew A. Johnson

What to say  
what to say  
when all the words  
have gone away

what is the inside of a box  
and what is the outside  
is open to interpretation  
but one must be one,  
the other another.  
Such is the way of the world.  
Something must be inside,  
the other out.

I do not mistake,  
or forget  
or dream  
or think  
I am only a whisper  
a whimper  
a whine.

Now it makes more sense  
things often do  
unless they make less.

Imagine, if you will  
rolling hills  
over a simple track  
squeaking  
because they need oil.

the bees buzz my busy hive  
wanting to get in  
"It's cold outside"  
they say to me  
"Please give us jobs"  
but I am busy  
busy as a bee  
But they work slower  
when they're cold

my head is put on wrong  
upside down, in a way.  
so that my dreams  
have to slosh  
through my brain  
to my mouth.

Be careful.  
If you ever think you've figured life out,  
you're wrong.  
Be very careful.

Mad as a hatter  
or was that  
sad as a matter?  
they must be sad  
to make mats all day.

We do not play with fire  
only toys  
until we grow up  
and become boys.

did you see?  
Yes.  
That nothing is what it seemed to be  
all this time  
I thought I was me  
when I turned out to be you.

which direction shall we go  
up  
or down  
or left  
or right  
or perhaps, maybe left  
but then again  
the world is spinning  
round and round and round  
and so  
in a way  
we don't have to make the choice.

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Much madness is divinest Sense—  
To a discerning Eye...

— Emily Dickinson

## The Ladybug on the Wall

by Alyssa Bradac

After reading a chapter of the book we never finished  
 memories of forgotten bedtimes revolve inside.

I remember that winter in Tucson –  
 the foreign treasures cluttering Mimi's living room,  
 and the dinner table with shadow-stained blue milk.  
 Mimi and I were both children then, only I was eight  
 and she was 89. But you fought her age with ease –  
 so the battle went on, one afternoon at a time.

"Oh Badger," cried the rat, "let me in, please!"  
 And with the end of that line,  
 all was to end, including the book.  
 No more winters in Tucson with Mimi –  
 she is feeding the flowers, and you rest in an urn.  
 both existing in eternity, one afternoon at a time.

You visited me in the form of a ladybug,  
 your shadow stretching long black tones against the wall –  
 feeding me bits of the forgotten, one afternoon at a time.

## Ants

by Matthew A. Johnson

Actually, ants and aunts are adjunctly and accurately aligned.  
 An antagonistic animal attacks all, allowing ants to act against it,  
 attaining ascension to acceptable appointments,  
 apart and aloof.

Aunts are almost as antisocial.



# A Poem

by Luke Nickerman

searching for music of anticipation, or perhaps  
a smile

made from desire, wrought of the rich soil of newly planted gardens,  
Or still,  
the deep red hue that governs all passion.

you wonder at the slow passage of the butterfly's shadow as it moves  
between

maple leaf and light,  
only seeing the shadow.  
you record her voice as she brokenly tells you her story  
and you play it back when she's gone  
you have to know it better than your own.  
you read poetry alone  
and find the intersection of withdrawal-like agony and  
profound weightlessness  
and you are saved.

a smile  
glimpsed from the corner of your eye is captured in a series of still  
frames.  
hold the moment—  
it is gone.  
yet someone will make it on the export of the real.

medieval knights duel in a series of old black and white negatives,  
wield swords in anticipation,  
envision triumph and death.  
it was their passion.

searching for music of anticipation, or perhaps,  
subtle movement,  
direction,  
the moment when a leaf leaves the tree and in a burst of laughter,  
in a immortal dance,  
becomes a part of the  
wind.

# The Hill of Roses

by Ben Stafford

On the eve of recognition  
 On the cusp of acquired greatness  
 An old man sits back in the same, tattered chair  
 He has always sat in  
 And ponders avenues of oak  
 And the wilting of a rose  
 With which he had once sought  
 To defeat his ancient, implacable enemy  
 He knew all at that time in his life  
 Old enough to realize that true beauty  
 Lies in something subtler and grander  
 Than a woman, whose eyes are pools of infinity  
 Whose form is more perfect than any master stone-shaper's work  
 Young enough to arrogantly imagine he knew  
 Where this elusive beauty resides  
 He had first seen the rose as he walked alone  
 Solitarily weaving through an endless realm of trees  
 Until he had finally emerged  
 Into what seemed to him to be a secretive paradise  
 A vast field, surrounded by the inwardly-leaning trees  
 Who also strained towards the inner light  
 Hoping it could penetrate their shadowy hearts  
 In this field ran the wellspring of life  
 Nurturing more types of plants  
 Than he ever imagined could exist  
 Riots of color that moved and swelled  
 Through the swirling, gentle breeze that raised the hairs on his head  
 And tugged loose the carefully knotted corners of his soul  
 The meandering spring spoke to him in a distinct voice  
 Not one that was bound by any limitations  
 Any ambiguities found in language  
 But one which spoke to him directly  
 Wordlessly holding an innocent center of him rapt  
 And he, knowing somehow deep within what would be lost  
 Allowed his mind to translate the brook's message  
 Into simple, inadequate words  
 "contentment... center...of lost...rose...false"  
 And looking up, shaken free from the thoughts  
 He found what had been in front of him his whole life  
 The center of the center, the heart of beauty  
 Is what he thought he had beheld  
 On that summer day so long ago  
 The aged man realized only now  
 For in front of him lay a hill of roses  
 Of all shapes and colors, textures and hues  
 Encircling the hill, acting as its guardian  
 Was a shimmering cloud of butterflies  
 Varied in color, even as the roses were  
 As he beheld this sight

His attention was captured  
 By what lay on the crest of the hill  
 The roses that leapt over each other  
 Stopped at a completely uniform position  
 In a perfect circle around the apex of the  
     hill

And rising from the very top of this hill  
 Grew a single rose  
 Even from this distance  
 It was clearly grander than the rest  
 Larger, brighter, more inspiring, more  
     *impossible*

"Even perfection must be perfected!"  
 Cried the false poet's voice within him  
 And as he thought this  
 It seemed to him that he simply ceased  
     being here

And was instead *there*  
 Try as he did

Later he could never summon a  
     recollection

Of his journey up the hill  
 Brushing through the roses  
 And gently pushing butterflies from  
     their orbits

Until he stood in front of the impossible  
     rose

Like a young King Arthur  
 Realizing the impossibility of a sword  
 Cast deep within a Heart of Stone  
 And emboldened by this noble comparison  
     of himself

He strode forward  
 And plucked the rose  
 He did not feel anything as he grasped  
     the rose

As he thought he should  
 No sense of breathless exultation  
 No sudden, deeper understanding  
 It was as if all the color he  
     should have had

Was held captive in the rose  
 He left the hill of roses  
 In the same dream-like trance with  
     which he had climbed it

The glories of the field  
 Were not as pleasing to his eye  
 And did not seem so glorious  
 Now that he had beheld the rose  
 As if by gazing at the sun of the rose  
 All else had been cast into shadows  
 He reentered the lightless forest  
 The rose clutched to his breast  
 Like a talisman to ward off evil  
 When suddenly a cataclysmic thunderclap  
     sounded

From the field behind him  
 And he turned back  
 To witness the death of a  
     dreamscape

A great pillar of fire rose  
 From the top of the Hill of Roses  
 From where once the rose had grown  
 The cloud of butterflies was torn apart  
 Its members flung into the waiting arms  
 Of the River of Fire  
 Pulling them to destruction  
 Like a loving mother pulls a babe to her  
     breast

Geysers of mud and rocks undercut  
     the land

And the bountiful sea of flowers  
 Shriveled, twisted, and died

It was a beautiful dream  
 And in front of his eyes it died  
 He turned and fled

Sucking his strength from the rose  
 The rose sucking its strength from him  
 And now a tinge of brown had crept  
     into its leaves

And its wondrous scent became  
     bound up

With the sickly stench of decay  
 And he fled through the forest  
 Racing the wilting of a rose  
 The rose began to turn back into itself  
 To crumple back to its beginnings  
     and ends

Drooping under the weight of its own  
     magnificence

His tortured breaths announced him  
     to the outside world

As he burst free from the treeline  
 His face flushed with exertion  
 His chest heaving with exhaustion  
 His hands clutching a dead rose  
 The old man blinks back tears at the  
     memory

Even now  
 And at the other memories  
 The dreams where he runs through  
     the woods

To take the rose back  
 For in his dreams he knows  
 The part cannot survive without  
     the whole

Nor the whole without the part  
 And in his dreams, he reaches the field  
 In the heart of dreaming  
 But nothing is there now  
 The field is gone  
 Replaced by lifeless, dark soil



# The Fall of the Awful Green Things

by Eric Blaine

Chelsea and Max the Wonder Dog peaked carefully out the second story window of Number 18 Blossom Avenue. To the casual observer, it would appear to be any nondescript city street. The town houses were kept in good repair. Along the side of the street, which featured the occasional piece of litter, were rows of scrawny maple trees, just turning yellow in the cool autumn sun. The storm drains were partially clogged so that small pools of water formed around them. The trash baskets were even chained to the trees, as one often sees in towns of any size. The only thing that stood out about Blossom Avenue was the total lack of any people. Chelsea and Max the Wonder Dog knew this was no ordinary street. For on this street was the secret command center for the Awful Green Things.

Curse the Awful Green Things and their indestructible flying saucers, thought Chelsea. Curse their fearsome death rays and their penchant for abducting tall, blond buxom women, who would scream all the while. And curse the vacillating world leaders who decided that a lifetime of toil in the Slime Factories was preferable to fighting the good fight! Chelsea had been happy as a librarian before the invasion of the Awful Green Things, content to organize and reorganize books year after year. But after the invasion she and been forced to perform the stickiest, ickiest manual labor goo plants.

But that was about to end. The human race had not lost the will to resist. Chelsea smirked in satisfaction as she thought on it. The plan was simplicity itself—at precisely 10:23 AM all the slaves of the Stench Pits, the Muck Mines, and yes, the Slime Factories, would throw down their tools and rise up against their cruel alien masters. The Awful Green Things will not be able to coordinate suppression; that is where Chelsea and Max the Wonder Dog came in.

It's almost time, she thought. Slowly, carefully, Chelsea and Max crept down to the first floor of the vacant Number 18. They had been hiding there for over a week, making absolutely sure of their target. For straight across from them was a large, green dumpster. Who would ever guess that this was the Master Communication Relay Device that allowed the Awful Green Things around the world to contact their secret headquarters? Oh, they are clever, thought Chelsea, but not clever enough.

Max the Wonder Dog gave a whimper of discomfort. No doubt his bladder's about ready to explode, she thought. "Okay, Max, it's show time. You know what to do." With that, Max the Wonder Dog barked a brave reply and stalwartly left Number 18 Blossom Avenue. They'll never expect this lowly stray, Chelsea thought, will be their undoing! Chelsea, who made a habit of reading everything she could find at the library, knew that the Master Communications Relay Device was vulnerable to the by-product of too much to drink. All Max had to do was stroll over to the dumpster, raise his leg, do his business, and then the human race would be free!

"Yes, Max!" she whispered as he made his way across the empty street. "That's it, boy, you're almost there. Now raise your leg. That's it! Now...wait, no! Max!"

But it was too late. Max the Wonder Dog had caught sight of a stray cat that had wandered next to him inadvertently. The ancient instincts of Max simply overcame his heroism—dog chased cat down the street. Not even the filled-to-burst bladder could restrain him. Max simply let it all out as he trailed the mangy feline.

Chelsea looked at her watch. It was 10:25 AM. All over the world, the Awful Green Thing's terrible death rays were zapping the courageous rebels. The uprising had failed. But look on the bright side, Chelsea told herself. After all, the Slime Factories weren't all bad—they kept her skin nice and moisturized. And, given the Awful Green Things' habit of taking captive all the strikingly attractive blonds, a halfway comely brunette like herself would have the pick of the (remaining) stock of men. As she thought about it, abject slavery didn't seem all that bad to her...



## IT'S SURPRISING...

by Mike Kiefer

It's surprising,  
 Like rice at my father's wedding  
 Or a short redhead in heels –  
 Uneasy... an impermanent  
 Addiction: obnoxious beyond a moment.  
 Rather than having it stay,  
 You would like only  
 To fall in love with  
 The memory

## PANORAMA

by Miles Ward

The neon sign reads "Entrance" on the awning above the doorway to the brick building out my window. Does this mean "Entrance" as in come on in the water's fine? Or is it "En-Trance" as it seems to be doing to me now. I really don't know, but today I just can't stop staring out my window. The aging building is a religious construct of some sort I think, despite it's mean square edges and the total lack of iconography upon it's exterior. Maybe it was built by one of those "no images of our Lord" groups. Maybe they only had enough money to make walls and a roof. The latter seems to fit better; the external stairs to the second floor are more like glorified fire escapes, than a "stairway to heaven". I don't know why I called it a brick building. It's one of those ones where only the street facing sides are brick adorned; looking all the way to the left of my porthole to the real world I can see the stucco "back" to the building. Seriously, if you are going to make a building out of brick, especially if defending against Big Bad Wolves, make all four sides that way. You would think religious folk, who are usually the ones getting shat upon by the rest of us, would be thinking more defensively. Come to think of it I seem to remember this being a Jewish house of worship. All the more reason to strengthen the bulwarks. I have nothing but love for the members of the Jewish faith, but history has proven them the most shat upon of us all.

# PANORAMA *continued*

Their grass sure looks that way. Some dark hoard of feral dogs must have picked their meager front "lawn" as the urinal of choice. There are more yellowed spots on it than I can count, or would want to count for that matter; as the sheer act of acknowledging that spots four through eleven must have been pissed on by a mammoth Dane calls forth a full-color, surround-sound image in my head from the pitiable perspective of the poor blades of grass as the enormous beast unceremoniously drains the main vein. You would think they would have a Caddyshack-esque gardener, complete with plastique explosives and BB-guns to ward off the armada of pissfiends from the hallowed lawn of the Lord. Or maybe the Rabbi or what ever they call the boss now is making a little metaphor in his landscape. Saying: "See, we are the ones who have been pissed on all these years, God be praised, for our grass shall be no different than us." Maybe that is too dramatic, and this poor facility just can't afford a madman with a lisp and a penchant for anti-canine guerilla warfare.

I call it facility because I just can't reconcile the buildings exterior façade with a "church" or a "house of God" or a "mosque" or a "temple" or a "tabernacle." It must be the business offices, or the meeting hall, like a grange or something, it just doesn't look like a place where people would go to connect with a higher power. Unless they're higher power is really Toner, the office God. He really needs to look in to exterior decorating, cause his temple is really just the ugly section of my view. The rest is trees, foliage just beginning to fade to autumn. Much more fun than the...

What the hell? Beyond the trees there is a crane moving. Not the bird variety, like the instrument of mass construction sort. It peaks in and out from behind a large pine at the far right of my view. I can only see the top, with the complicated pulley system and the ridiculously large cable holding something on the heavy end of the spectrum. I can't see what the massive thing is, but the crane seems to be moving slowly, like either Toner the office God has hit slo-mo on his reality remote, or the crane is attempting to drag around one of those Danes so fond of pissing on the lawn. Another of those Dolby Digital mental images pops up, of the Dane with the crane hook in his mouth, playing tug of war with it like an enormous chew toy. The bewildered face of the crane operator as the shoulder muscles of the Dane flex and he drops his haunches to haul another couple of feet of cable out of the housing as the DC motor whines and smokes next to the operator's head, failing under the duress of this epic beasts play time.

This apartment is a cage because I can't have animals and it is comforting to imagine the people who constructed this place with the intent to exclude ourquadrepedal friends getting worked over by the canine contingent's supernatural champion. Strange, the crane has twisted back into full view, and the top seems bent over, as if the Dane really unloaded the dearth of dog fury upon it. No wonder the "facility" has pee marks; you would need a regiment of the Marine Corps to deal with this dog, not just a deranged gardener with a speech impediment.



Shit.

I fell asleep dreaming of the big doggie. What the hell was I talking about? Oh yah, the window, out the window that's the ticket. Night's gloom has descended upon the MICAH building since I last looked, draping the aging structure with a thin shadow that hides in the cracks and awnings from the glare of the other sodium streetlights. I remember reading a poem once about shadows that lived, how they came out and played in the wide open night, where everything was black and you just couldn't see them dancing, due to the lack of contrast. The way the building looks, I think the MICAH shadows must be decrepit old farts, way too ancient to go frolic under the cover of nightfall. They just stay put, flicking shadow boogers at whatever happens to be so unlucky as become their target; rocking back and forth on ethereal rocking chairs on some nether-front porch they have fashioned out of the darkness above the gutters. They are probably laughing at me right now; the stupid kid who doesn't know he just got pegged with a big sticky one just above my left eyebrow. Whatever. I can introduce them to a whole new world of hurt, eyeing my flashlight cleverly. That is a good question: what does happen to the dark-folk when the lights come on? Do they get super small, or go transparent, or dive for the shadows that exist underneath or inside things? Super-fast, see-thru micro shadow codgers.

Right. Ok, so obviously that nap wasn't long enough. Gad, those streetlights are heinous. Amazing how the same view is so different just a few hours later. Everything is the same Halloween black and orange; it is like looking at an old monochrome monitor with only orange as the "on" pixels and black as the "off" ones. That, or the sickening hyper-decorations from your grade school classroom; black and orange twisted crepe paper streamers on every surface possible. What a hideous color to paint the world. Did the engineers decide on orange, or is it some technical limitation of long-lasting, high-efficiency bulbs? If that was their brilliant selection, engineering school must breed psychotics because orange is a gruesome, wicked, tainted color. The whole world from my window is orange except for the blinking red stoplight at the corner of the block. Which has stopped blinking. With that the earth is on pause. Was that Toner too? Damn his remote. Time has ceased to exist on the 1700 block of downtown Salem, Oregon; won't the physicists be thrilled. Maybe they can have an all orange party with the engineers and figure out how to turn back on time here in sleepy Willamette valley. Or perhaps they will pass legislation to fund studying the amazing phenomenon by constructing a massive super-conducting super-colliding office-deity remote divining rod (the SC20DR2 for short). Or perhaps the diligent scientists will give up the scientific method altogether, and have a séance to contact the wisdom of the shadow geezers hanging out on the gutter-porch. Whatever method of ascertaining the means to our chronological salvation the top minds choose to employ, they better step on it. Because until then I am stuck here reporting to you the wide variety of riveting news that I can see out my window; which, because all matter is now frozen at an atomic level in it's current position in the space-time continuum, is really not that much news.

# SHORT STORY; LONG SENTENCE

by Matthew T Fargo

Alright so anyways this one time, in high school, I was at the assembly for Winter Court, in the gym, under the bleachers making out with a girl named Hotpants Nancy, trying to give her a hickey without leaving the permanent impression of my braces on her neck and watching the proceedings through a crack in the bleacher beams—poking through her garters and peeking through the girders, if you will—and they had this little runway set up across the gym with sevenscolored Christmas lights bordering either edge of the promenade, running from one side of the gym to a stage, and right when I started trying to use my antsy hands in Nancy's Hotpants, the house lights went out, as if I had reached across the gym with elastic arms and suavely dimmed them, setting the perfect mood for my erotic endeavors, minus a little wah-pedal funk in the background: the festive runway twinkling in the dark, the entire senior class stomping on the bleachers above, and Nancy startling to suckle my greasy earlobe and call me 'King Licksburger' for god-knows-why, when a spotlight flashed to life and the principal stepped into center stage with a microphone, fomenting the customary feedback and lewd comments from the crowd ("Go on a diet, principal Fatass," "Principedophile," "Nazi," "Queer," etc.) before inaudibly announcing the freshman king and queen, who came waltzing down the aisle in matching white dress and white tux to the -Boo-s of the collective senior class, at which point I started shifting my weight forward to get a better grip on my slippery prize, relocating my tessellated hickies from the side of her neck to the back, the nape, where that tender V of infant hair slopes downward, greedily gulping down her spine like one would a cheap cocktail, her hair commingling poetically in my mouth as I continued to watch that christmaslight'd runway through the vertebrae of the bleachers when something -Pish- exploded just to the left of the young couple walking down the it. Then suddenly -Pish-Gish-Shish- similar explosions fired up across the gym. It was too dark to see what was happening, but then I felt a droplet of water on my face and realized—My God, the entire senior class is throwing water balloons. They came down like a swarm of rubber locusts, -Shish-Tish-Pish-Gish-Bish-, bursting into brilliant sunflowers of water, reflecting all the colors of Christmas in kaleidoscopic seaspray. People were screaming. People were laughing. You could see the queen's bra through her wet dress as she cowered on the floor. I tried to dislocate from Hotpants Nancy's neck to get a better angle on the queenie's underwear only to find that the delicate hair of her nape had become intimately entwined in my braces. Nancy, unaware of this fact, jerked her head around unannounced to see what all the commotion was about and -Rrrrrrip- went her neckhair, -Gaaaaa!- went Nancy, -Snap- went a huge explosion of sparks across the gym and all the colored lights went out. But things only got even louder, because unadulterated darkness facilitates anarchy. Big boys pushed little boys off the bleachers. Girls got felt up. Poor kids stole rich kids' wallets. Nancy slapped me. Someone had lit a cigarette. I smelled my finger. Religious kids prayed. Agnostic kids cried. Nihilists gave titty-twisters at random, heedless of gender. Teachers groped around the walls looking for a lightswitch, and when they finally found one and switched it on, everything went dead silent. There was blood on my lips, whether from Nancy's slap or from the rending of her precious neck I had no idea. And in the middle of the gym, between those two parallel strings of minaret lightbulbs, the freshman king and queen lay on the ground, in the same puddle of water as the extension cord, electrocuted, unconscious, uncrowned.





## Hiroshima, 55 Years Later

photograph  
by Matthew A. Johnson



## **North Station**

photograph  
by John Vollmer



# INK & paper Op.

by Cynthia Gross

Spells like  
sand salted  
piano keys  
the first ink and paper opus  
simple complexities  
leaded with the sounds  
around your mouth  
thickly thatched  
to cloud both ears

In reflection  
sweats hesitation  
sentiment muddles  
beneath ivory coats  
discordantly stranded  
and disarranged

Swim along my rim  
random beats  
inbetween nightly measured  
sleeps  
spells like sand salted  
piano keys  
the last whaling kiss  
quietly hummed.

## La Luna

by Alyssa Bradac

A white old man with gray shadows  
hangs limply in oblivion.  
He follows me as I walk,  
wanting to explore my world  
as much as I want to explore his.  
I stop and look up –  
His pock-marked face has been weeping.  
We engage ourselves in  
voiceless conversation.  
Why are you sad? I ask  
Because you can't see me, his reply.  
It's True.  
I've never been able to see the  
Man in the Moon.  
But I see you now, I argue  
Now is too late, he said,  
for the both of us.

# JUST A JUNGLIST FLOW

by Alejandro Gutierrez

From my environment I try to define the enemy  
 Sculpt its face from MTV, oil, and pregnancy remedies  
 Gauge its speed by the pristine SUVs blowing by  
 Fucking with the cigarettes – wisps of smoke burning eyes  
 And forming shapes that bear teeth like apes-  
 The wrath pours forth like juice from squozen grapes  
 I dream of frozen wastelands - no telling what the future holds  
 Catching hypothermia, ain't no time for catching colds  
 The race toward destruction - course set on annihilation  
 Disarmament failures and peace treaty violations  
 Chaos in the jungle means I never see my relations  
 A decade passes and I miscalculate the right equations  
 Misinterpret the evidence, formulas misformulated  
 Disconnection from the homeland, now my rage has been sedated  
 Drowned in the belief that the world is balanced and stable  
 But USA is to the world as Cain was to Abel

Not that it matters once my own concerns start stifling me under,  
 Hypoxic convulsions and suffocation overtake me  
 as I wonder:  
 Am I flowing in the proper direction?  
 Did I lose proper perspective? Should I change my course selection?  
 The inflection of this voice variable, like vertigo  
 I word it so the hurt is only barely audible  
 Above the roar inside my dome  
 Can't you hear me screaming?  
 I pray that I get home okay cos the mic is what I'm fiending  
 But instead I sit before the screen, ooh it's Triple Pentium!  
 Lunacy knows peace is just a myth so he reaching for the gun  
 He can't decide, make up his mind, he knows that time is on the run,  
 So to the bottom of another Pabst I sink, in resignation  
 Now once the TV's on, this song will make no impression  
 To my people who know, it's called a jungle flow session:

All of the haters will claim that this is not art  
 Synthetic beats and sporadic flows cannot come from the heart  
 But when the sound waves have infiltrated the walls of your mind  
 Moving like ninjas you think you see but will never find  
 The stealth of their motion silently bleeds into dark  
 You never see em until you hear their sword's downward arc  
 And in the moments before youre shot celestially bound  
 You recognize the supremacy of the junglist sound.

# monologue

by Owen Carver

(Author's Note: the following is an excerpt from a screenplay opening monologue)

Tell me what you see. Is this a part of your world? Do you know what it's like to stand on the top of one of these huge metal pillars of commercial might and look down at the world below? What is it that makes this place what it is? Let's see what we can make of all this.

So what is it about this man-made institution we call Civilization?

What's the significance?

What's our significance?

Nothing really, give or take six billion people.

So, then my question boils down to, 'Why?' If humans are here and are conscious of their own existence then they must have at some point in time decided it's a good idea to continue living.

But why? What's the point? What are we really doing?

What did you ever do that was good for something? What is it that one works towards in one's lifetime?

Now everybody dies eventually.

A lot of people never get the chance to know what it's like to live to the age of ten, and even more never get to see the light of day.

So why do you deserve the life given you?

What have you done to thank nature for creating you with the potential,

to be raised in any culture on the planet and adapt perfectly to the customs, languages and social norms of that society?

What makes you and me and the person next to you, so special that we received the opportunity to even exist?

Remember back before you were born.

Well think about it this way.

You've been given a chance now to do something.

# MONOLOGUE *continued*

Whether you choose to make  
something of it before you die  
tomorrow,

or choose to sit around the  
rest of your life wondering  
what it would have been like  
if you had done what you  
really,

wanted to do with your short  
life, is your decision.

Just keep in mind, when you're  
lying on your death bed,

that you had a choice to either  
return back to where you came  
from with the knowledge that you  
lived your life in complacent  
fear,

not knowing if you could have  
done what you had believed  
impossible,

or, you did what you truly  
wanted to,

with the time you had.





