
**Literary Arts Society Presents
The Mosaic**



**In a Handful of Dust
Fall 2003**

A Special Message from the Chief Editor

Under the devoted guidance of our former chief editor Ann Metz the Mosaic has grown more structured, colorful and, in my opinion, better all around. I have had the great pleasure of seeing four semesters of growth working as an assistant editor. Now, in spite of their wisdom, and most likely by virtue of some gross miscalculation, the leaders of the Literary Arts Society have bestowed upon me the title of chief editor. Though I find myself particularly undeserving of such a position I have done my best to continue the tradition, as exemplified by Miss Metz, of steady improvement.



I have endeavored to create a balance between tradition and progress. In years past the Mosaic has been a compilation of beautiful words and images which we have been blessed to receive from our fellow students. This, of course, is at the very heart of the Mosaic and I would not dare to change it. But to go a step further I have retained this format for the first and more substantial portion of the magazine and simply added on a second section. In this section, not listed in the table of contents, each of the assistant editors and I have taken words and phrases from the works listed before and compiled them into our own "Mosaics." These works show how the pieces in the magazine can be reimagined by six individuals. On the final page these compilations are then recompiled to make one group poem created by our entire editing team.

It is my sincere wish that all of the works here listed in both sections be appreciated by the student body.

Chief Editor: Dan Buzi

**Assistant Editors: James Burns
Katherine Toale
Jennifer Cherry-Woode
Cindy Pierre
Jessica Friedlander**

Advisor: Dr. Richard Grinnell

Fragments from The Wasteland

"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers...

"...What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water...

"...Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon--O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih..."

~T.S. Eliot

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Break 10/15/03

Rick Ambrosio

I feel like quoting Shakespeare,
In this 7th inning stretch of our lives,
The fall off half-life of our undigested smiles.

This case here holds it,
The key to everlasting resistance,
The loopholes to our professional hatred
Everything your eyes deceived themselves with.

Culinary intricacy with your forward thinking,
My Thantos footsteps echo in the dark,
Our take backs render no continues,
And I am alone.

You're alone.

Were we liars to ourselves?



10/10 by Richard Pinder

No Longer
Justin Calderon

No longer does grief and sorrow stand at my door,
No longer am I passed out life-less on my bed.
Perceiving my life as a chore,
Till my eyes run tired red,
No longer is my mind troubled by doubt,
No longer are my hands burning cold,
At last my lungs can breathe and shout,
My eyes now beam so bold,
Finally my conscience stands joyous, no longer blue,
My lips glisten, and stand true,
No longer concealed in denial,
No longer housing that forged smile.

Untitled
Anonymous

hair pulled taught, ear tucked,
long butterfly eyelashes mesh with invitingly precious tan skin,
sitting, on lofted up cushions.
packed cotton bowebuddha legs crossed.
firm lipped thinking,
i stare, waiting for her glance,
but satisfied staring at her.

The Girls
J. Tara Smith

It is at times amusing to watch them, her, Girl #1. She goes out, quiet, alone, invisible to everyone else. No one knows where she goes or where she's gone to. But she comes back with food in her pockets, food for the girl sleeping in her bed, Girl #2. She comes back, leans over the inert body and empties the loot from her pockets. She does everything for this Girl #2, as though this girl were a dog, a cat, a pet that needs looking after.

Girl #2 just lies there, subjected to her kisses. She lies there making soft squeaking sounds. It's late in the morning, almost afternoon, and this girl has hardly left the bed of her host. They've been sleeping since seven or eight last night, the two of them. If you could call it that.

The door to the room is always closed so that they are shut off from everyone else; isolated and restrained to each other, the bed. They only venture away from the bed to work on music videos, to talk to their collective friends online, and to otherwise ignore each other while captivated in the hyper-real of the electronic world inside that black plastic box, a Dell if you please, precariously balanced on the host's desk. They leave the room only to eat, shower and employ the ladies "powder room." Aside from these outer-bed activities, they remain apart from everyone, everything else other than each other.

Girl #1, the host, was never the affectionate type. She'd freeze when people so much as brushed the skin of her, her face skewed up into an expression of extreme, physical discomfort. Now I'm watching her fawn over this murmuring guest. That's one of the stranger attributes of this guest-girl; she doesn't talk, instead she only murmurs quietly. Indecipherably. She lies there in that bed murmuring to her master as the host loses herself in that box, eyes glassy and unseeing. Girl #2, her jet-black hair tangled and spread out around her face and body, flowing over and into the creases of bed sheets and pillow covers, murmurs at the inert figure seated just barely beyond the reach of her fleshy, pale hand.

She rustles the bedding, the sheets, disturbing the peacefulness of the bed, and slowly, with much effort, forces herself into a sitting position. Enrobed in a raspberry red silk tank-top with matching shorts, her hair falling in knotted chunks

over her shoulders and face, she dejectedly starts to investigate the rations laid out for her with care, wrapped in napkins stolen from the cafeteria. Eventually she reaches down to select a toasted, plain bagel, still warm, and begins spreading cream cheese on it. Even as she eats her bagel she murmurs, she is a constant stream of muddled sound, always there but barely distinguishable.

The host, that tiny Girl #1 whose slight frame and boyish clothing make many people mistake her for a frail little boy of eleven, turns herself away from the box. It's frightening to see her body physically shudder in the shock from ripping herself out of the ethereal, electronic reality into this benign realm instead.

She turns to watch the girl eat. She turns to pet the long jet hair and soft white skin. The girl purrs under her mistress's hand, never removing her eyes from the figure she so adores as she nibbles with uncertainty at her brunch.

There are people talking outside the room, people moving around, doing their day-to-day things. These are Girl #1's housemates. They dare not touch the door to her room, fearing they might intrude on some intimate moment between the two. Their respect of privacy and fear of intrusion comforts Girl #1 as she stands up from her desk to be closer to her guest.

With a gentle though powerful gesture one would not expect from one so small she takes the half chewed-up bagel from the hands of the girl and with the pad of her thumb whips away a tiny smear of the pale cream cheese. Girl #2, of course, looks up stupidly and adoringly as the host leans over her, forcing her to lie back on the bed. She looks expectantly at her lover, her lips, and murmurs begging for satisfaction.

Only when her squirming body and pleading lips have begged and suffered enough does the host grant them peace, pressing her lips roughly to those of her languidly purring pet. Somehow, she maneuvers her way onto the bed beside the girl and together they find a way to hide beneath the layers of blankets and comforters. They lay there, the two of them, purring, petting and murmuring to each other before dozing in and out of dreams.



Lindsay Taylan

i am 100%-genuine-all-American-recycled-post-consumer-waste / this taste in my mouth is nothing but plastic bags and oily rags/ what a sad sad bunch of bits I've become so young and so far to go/ want to vote for Jesus in 2004 but what do I know. It's such a slow slow march towards the Sargasso Sea of dumped out dreams where i'll someday sing and know what it means to still be here and completely unseen

and of my dream so young what shall I become...

leaves of grass// my ass/ I'm becoming smoke stacks/ Whitman can be a bird and choke on my black gas/ crass to say such a thing// yes// but listen to the words I sing.

rusty metal pipes cigarette butts burn baby burn crude oil nuclear submarine silicon valley from sea to shining sea rubber hose welding leads iron tired lean baby lean propane tanks and sperm banks this is the world i sing

got rubber clankin' feet. robot to robot i greet; every post-consumer boy and girl i meet. our cheeks; drip with melting plastic sugar. i hunger to grow old and paint myself younger and young:

viagra. ginseng. cod-liver oil. anything. balls of a beaver, heart of a bear. old rusty knives. my share. my share. face-lift. tummy tuck. keep me young. want to fuck. recycled car parts. pacemaker for the heart. dream a little dream. WONT START. wont start. Prozac. Paxil. my pills.

stay still.

Ridilin. feed the kids. FEED YOUR KIDS. Captain Crunch. a honey bunch of cardboard oats. open up your throat. processed sugar. machine chokes.

LIVE FOREVER: ah... hope.

sterilized dripping plastic ice machine// old child/ dying dreams// undead monster/ obscene/ life through a pipe/ how will you sing// Dont pull the plug. ANYTHING. Anything// old machine/ rust machine/ how will you sing/ how will you sing?

To be Continued
James Reyes

you open you wallet
to pay for your coffee
and her eyes lock on yours
and you stare at her picture
that's still in your wallet
a month after she's gone

but it's only a picture
you've lost her she's left you
and there's no turning back
you've tried and you've called her
to tell her you're sorry
but she wont take you back
and her picture still is there

when her picture screams a thousand words
and no apology can be heard
over the pain and frustration of your heart
because all has gone wrong
it all has gone wrong

so you pound your fist against the wall
but it doesn't make it any better
it cannot make it any better
it's gone
her love is gone

her picture in your wallet

burns a hole in your heart

so put it away

place her picture in the frame

then smash it on the ground

and watch your dreams fade away

as it all falls down



Lindsay Taylan

Crazy
Phil DiVuolo

Crazy? They say I'm crazy. They put us in a white room and don't ever let us out.

i dont think i was ever normal. My parents were norms my brothers and sisters were norms. i was a freak. Not anymore. Everybody here is the same as me. Now im a norm. Dads a freak.

i know i was a bad kid because dad hit me. Youre so annoying Youre so stupid Get away Shut up Shut up. SmackPunch YellHitCry. Mommy yelled at dad and said Its not his fault He cant help it. i can help it. im a bad kid. i killed Elyse.

Elyse teased me in school. Elyse deserved to die. Did die. She yelled at me shoved me called me Freak. i pushed back one day. She died because she fell on the steps. Not my fault. Elyse was a norm. Deserved to die.

People here are mean. They pushed me in a room and feed me. Sometimes. Theres nothing to do here. i sit and scream. i think about Elyse. i killed Elyse. Murderer. Murderer. They call me Murderer. i didnt kill Elyse. Elyse fell. Dad didnt kill me. i fell. i just didnt break like Elyse did.

Dad doesnt come to visit me. He never said goodbye. He said Hes a murderer He has to go. Mommy comes to visit me. Sometimes. She calls me her little angel. i tell mommy i have a little angel too. Elyse is an angel now. i made Elyse an angel. Elyse says Thank you. Mommy cries when i talk about Elyse. i say Mommy Elyse deserved to die Elyse was a norm Now im a norm Youre the freak now mommy. Mommy cries and leaves. im sorry mommy. im sorry i killed Elyse.

Dad pushed me down the steps once. i wasnt doing anything wrong. He called me a bad name and pushed. i fell down Crash. Mommy tried to help. i hit mommy Mommy hit dad Dad hit me. How do you like it You fucking murderer. Why cant you die like Elyse. i killed Elyse. Dad killed me. Almost.

i didnt want to come here. Stop Stop Dont take me Leave me here. Mommy said i could stay. Dad said Hes a murderer He has to go. i screamed when i left. i scream when im here. i hate it here. i want to be home. Home is where the heart is. Home is where the hurt is. They pulled me away from my mommy. Mommy dont let them take me. They put me in a car and i screamed Let me out Give mommy back Give me back. Give me back Elyse.

Elyse hit the ground hard Crack. Blood on the floor. Elyse on the floor. Elyses blood. On my hands. Elyse up in heaven. im in hell. This is hell Let me out Give mommy back Give me back. Give me back my life My blood My mommy My little angel. im mommys little angel. im not daddys anything. im daddys little murderer. Elyse fell down the steps. Not my fault. i just pushed. Dad said i had blood on my hands. She bled when she hit the ground. Not my fault. Not my fault.

i dont think i was ever normal. i dont think. i kill. i killed Elyse. Mommy says Youre perfect. im her little angel. Dad says Angels dont kill people Hes a disgrace Hes unsafe. Mommy said Shut up Its not his fault. i screamed Its not fair im not a bad kid. Dad says Good kids dont kill people. i didnt kill Elyse She just fell. Leave him alone Its not his fault He doesnt know what hes doing. He does know It is his fault Hes a murderer.

i dont have any friends here. Everybody here is a norm. Boring. i talked to one person. Bryan. He died. Got shot Bang. Blood on the floor. Not Elyses blood Bryans blood. i dont care. i never liked Bryan. i just talked to him. He was a freak. Deserved to die.

i was always like this i will always be this im a freak im mommys little angel im daddys little murderer im a norm im a bad name im a bad kid im in hell im hungry im unsafe im so annoying im a disgrace im perfect im stupid im a liar im not different im special im trapped im sorry im sorry im sorry im sorry im sorry Im Crazy.

Crazy? They say I'm crazy.



Richard Pinder

Cosmic Voyage
Justin Calderon

Life is a vortex of emotion,
An interstellar voyage of discovery and strife,
Set by the cosmos, into motion
Known simply to us, as *life*.
Happiness, sadness, misery, and doubt,
Confusion is the only question I attain.
No earthly scholar could soak this drought,
No worldly physician could ease my pain.
Could one person be the cause of this and never confess
Striping me and of my personality and success.
Another appears; a new light in your worldly void
But as with time, it's fleeting; over and destroyed.
You try to escape the vortex but it pulls you back in,
Is living by your emotions really a sin?

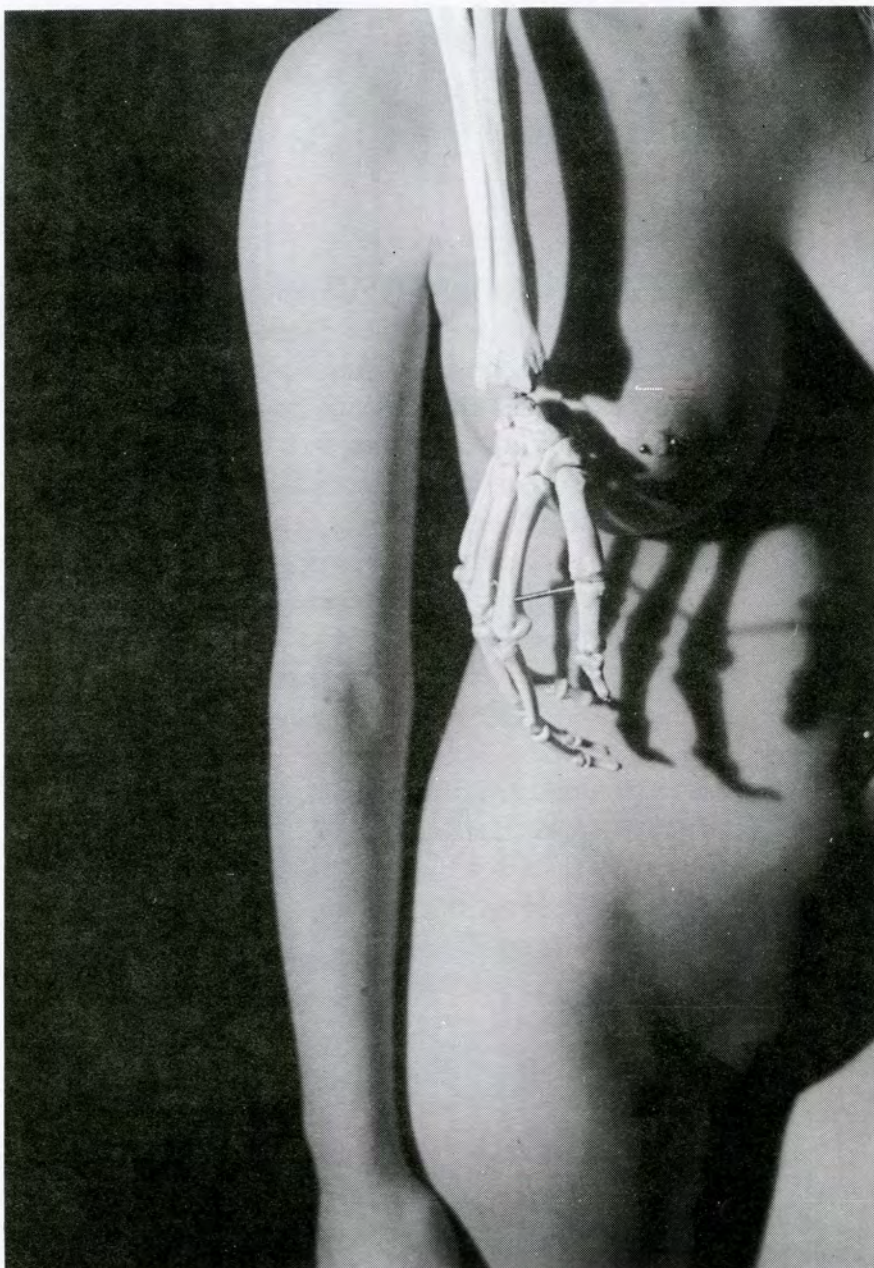
Untitled
Funk Knight

Shh Shh
Don't you hear that?
Souls of men and women screaming out
Letting you know about their plight
Letting you know why they fight
Of course you don't
You just hear the drum
Acting dumb
Bobbing your head
Shaking your ass
Getting down to the beat
While tortured souls scream out
Praying for help

9/7/03

Indigo Nothing

It appeared to me that he was elusive and the seemingly aging time regained its youth and flighted my grasp. As I watched my fingers twiddle on the silver keys of my *Samsung* I felt sorrow and regret as I agreed to his deletion from my life. It felt hard but necessary. Even in those last seconds I thought of why. Why am I trying to be better? And I hate to think that I'm satisfied with you although you may not be as special as I thought. I don't think you can understand that or ever will and I know I won't explain. I think soul searchingly thinking you may still be a good man but I don't want you to be and that's because I'll start to believe in you. Time's teaching has shown me otherwise than to take a man's words as truth. The music plays an example to my ears of a lying Marine and an over-hopeful ex on the tracks of a "Best Man" soundtrack. Quite ironic, the best men just aren't. I'm full of doubt that I wasn't another drunken sight of affection. I just need you to not say a word and speak fluent body language and let me know you're sorry. But you won't and I can't say I'll forget. For now until I'm ready, show me something more because this dreamer has been rudely awakened. I need a lullaby sung with the lips that satiated my sexual hunger and intellectual appetite. But enough of my needing, exactly what do you want? What do you really want me to do?



Lindsay Taylan

Pain and Heartache

Ethan L. Landers

September 10th was a good day for Timmy. He was finally starting the 3rd grade a week late and a day after his ninth birthday. Timmy should've started school a week earlier but the roof of his school collapsed and the school district didn't have any extra space for five hundred kids. Timmy was excited about school, excited about seeing his friends. He was so excited that he could hardly sleep the night before and he ended up waking his parents an hour before the alarm clock was set to go off. His dad John was a fireman, a ten year veteran, and his mom Laura was a librarian at the local library. Timmy's dad was supposed to work today, but he switched assignments with another firefighter so he could drop Timmy off at school and pick him up from school. Timmy's dad was now scheduled to work the 11th.

Timmy had a great day at school. He saw all his friends, developed a major crush on his teacher, and even kicked a homerun in a game of kickball during recess. He was so excited when his dad picked him up from school that he spent the whole thirty minute car ride talking about his day. When they got home Timmy and his dad played a game of Madden 2004 on X-Box and waited for dinner. They were having Laura's special baked ziti for dinner. At 6:30pm Laura came in and told them dinner was ready. After eating Timmy and John watched a little TV until Timmy's bedtime at 8:30. At 8:30 John put Timmy in bed and kissed him goodnight. It was the last time Timmy saw his daddy alive.

At 11:00 John kissed Laura goodbye and walked to the subway station a block from their house. Forty five minutes and a transfer later John walked into the firehouse and went upstairs to change into his uniform. He then went downstairs and watched Baseball Tonight on ESPN and fell asleep in the easy chair. When he awoke it was 7:00am and all the other firefighters were downstairs waiting for breakfast to be cooked. It was the last meal for most of them.

At 8:45am on Tuesday, September 11th, 2001 the fire alarm rang and the dispatcher came over the speaker. He said that an airplane had hit the World Trade Center and that the North Tower was on fire. John and his fellow firefighters got in their fire truck and made the three minute drive to the World Trade Center. They

had all heard the low flying plane minutes earlier but none of them knew what it was. John and his group of firefighters were some of the first on the scene. They immediately entered the North Tower and went upstairs. They started to fight the fire and evacuate people. Then the second plane hit the South Tower. John and his group of firefighters were instructed to stay in the North Tower. They were still helping people when the South Tower collapsed. John and his fellow firefighters could not understand the garbled transmissions over their radios telling them to get out of the North Tower. So they stayed and helped people until the North Tower collapsed on top of them.

Timmy had never seen so many firefighters in one place. There were over five hundred of them at his dad's funeral and they were all dressed the same. He and his mom had their own limousine and firefighter escort. As the service at the grave progressed it was time for Timmy to place a rose on his daddy's casket. He placed the rose on the grave, fell into his mother's arms and started to cry. This was the worst day of his life. He would never see his daddy again. He imagined all the other little boys and girls that lost parents that day and he cried harder. Timmy had never known so much pain in his short life and every time he would think of his daddy he would cry harder. He thought of their trip to Florida, and he cried. He thought of the numerous Mets games they went to, and he cried. He thought of September 10th, his first day of school, his last day with his daddy, and he cried. He cried.



Jessica Licciardello

Lotus Eater
Michael Traynor

Your face is built like paper,
Easily wrinkled, and veiny,
Greenish tendons branching
Through your cheeks.
You are plantlike in your death,
Your buds rusted over,
Your petals dripping earthward
Like a teardrop,
Wilted and skeletal.
The sun has killed you.
It's lapped up all your chlorophyll,
Siphoned all your color,
And you lay there, dumbly,
Naked as an onion,
Clearer than air.
Your face is veiled in smoke,
In silver wisps
That creep out like
An afterthought.
It's scent is sweet and potent,
But it chokes me.
A forest fire rages in your lips,
Sprouting outward in
An orange, leafy swell.
You have burned and eaten
Many of your kind,
The flowerbeds engulfed
A virgin sacrifice.

Arsonist,
The sun has got you now,
And he has burned you
Blacker than religion.
He has tossed out
All the maps you drew of me,
All the watercolor canvas of
My skin, and the way you
Remembered it feeling.
I must head south
To save my memory.
The noonday sun arises
As you smolder,
Half of what you were,
Unknowable.
I must fight for my autonomy.
I cannot stand the smoke,
And the sun so full of vengeance is
What sends me
Running for home.



Lindsay Taylan

Snow

Timothy Griffin

A biting wind whistles,
Throws snowflakes about.
White tornadoes walk the streets,
Numbing to the bone.
Trees grow heavier,
Bare branches turn pale,
Stretching for earth below.
The roads, once dark,
Now a pristine spiderweb.

Colors of Closure

Indigo Nothing

The sky rips these colors of blue
White and purple-pink
Open right before my brown eyes,

Sitting here on cool green friends
That always seem to understand;
Silent listening patrons and singing birds
Lightly decorate the carressing breeze

I'm starting to realize
I'm fine
I'm truly going to be fine

and already am

Intentions 10/27/03

Rick Ambrosio

The cookies were never sent,
My heart the alter.

Throwing it far for conscience bind,
I hide behind my motives.

Caster metal blinders into
binocular view,

I steel away my heart,
For purpose of palatable.

Set the screws to my mantle,
and unearth my intensions.

I'll fall asleep tonight,
Trying not to remember your name.



♥ Jesse - July 15, 2003

Vicky's Secret Model by Jessica Friedlander

Home Now
James Reyes

He had just returned from Europe. It had been a month since they last saw each other. All he had done was thought of returning, returning to her, holding her, kissing her. Flowers in hand, he rushed through the crowd in the mall. He had to get there before she got off of work, or he would have missed her, his destiny being prolonged. He stepped onto the moving escalator and rushed down the stairs. He headed towards the store steadily increasing his pace. Then it happened, his heart fell to the floor in a thousand shreds. The flowers soon followed making their journey from his hand to the cold, dirty tile.

There she was, in someone else's arms. Kissing someone else's lips. A million thoughts raced through his head but one singled itself out from the masses, screaming at him "leave, leave" he turned around and walked away.

She pushed him off her disgusted that he would even attempt such a thing after how he had treated her. Her hand met his face with a hard blow with all the pain and torment she had held in her heart. She turned and walked away from him. Angered and frustrated she stormed through the mall making her way to her car. As she was walking she felt something under her foot; she stopped. Lifting her foot she found a bouquet of white roses, her favorite. Wondering, "Why would anyone leave these just lying here on the ground?" Dozens of petals fell to the ground as she picked up the forsaken bundle. She searched for a card or anything that would signify the rightful owner of the orphaned roses. Opening the attached envelope, she read it to herself and gasped.

"I love thee" signed by her lover

She put down the bouquet and ran.

Lusting
Rick Ambrosio
9/9/03

I can't bring myself to kill an angel,
De-feather it, Rip the wings,
Tarnish the halo, dirty the linen,
Too much for all my desires to quench,
My heart isn't in it.

I may not have seen the inside of a church in a while,
But I still know God is watching,
Watching my hands,
and her too perfect face,
And no sorrys or prayers will return her
To her proper place.

Place me in chains,
Burn me if you will,
Hold me in dark bowels
Full of spite and stone faces
So I don't hear the siren's voice.

The Outsider
Amy Lau

In between the desert and the Carribbean Islands lies the massive ocean. The journey out of the dry, hot desert - formidable and agonizing. Arriving at the ocean shore, the ocean tide and waves came in. The next few days spent traveling through the waves to find my way in the Caribbean, yet, found myself lost in the mist. It felt as though I was heading farther away from my destination. Almost as though, I was viewing the "older and better me" - my future which was calling upon me. I clearly viewed my future destination - my new position and success, yet finding the right path through the ocean seemed impossible. I was in a state of dilemma not knowing whether I was going to be victorious or remain outside my dreams. With every turn I made, it only seemed like I was sailing farther and farther away from the beautiful Caribbean Islands. I wept but couldn't let myself return to the desert, as my heart told me not to surrender. So I'll eventually find my dreams and the newer and better me. Hope is not gone unless one surrenders to her fears of failure.

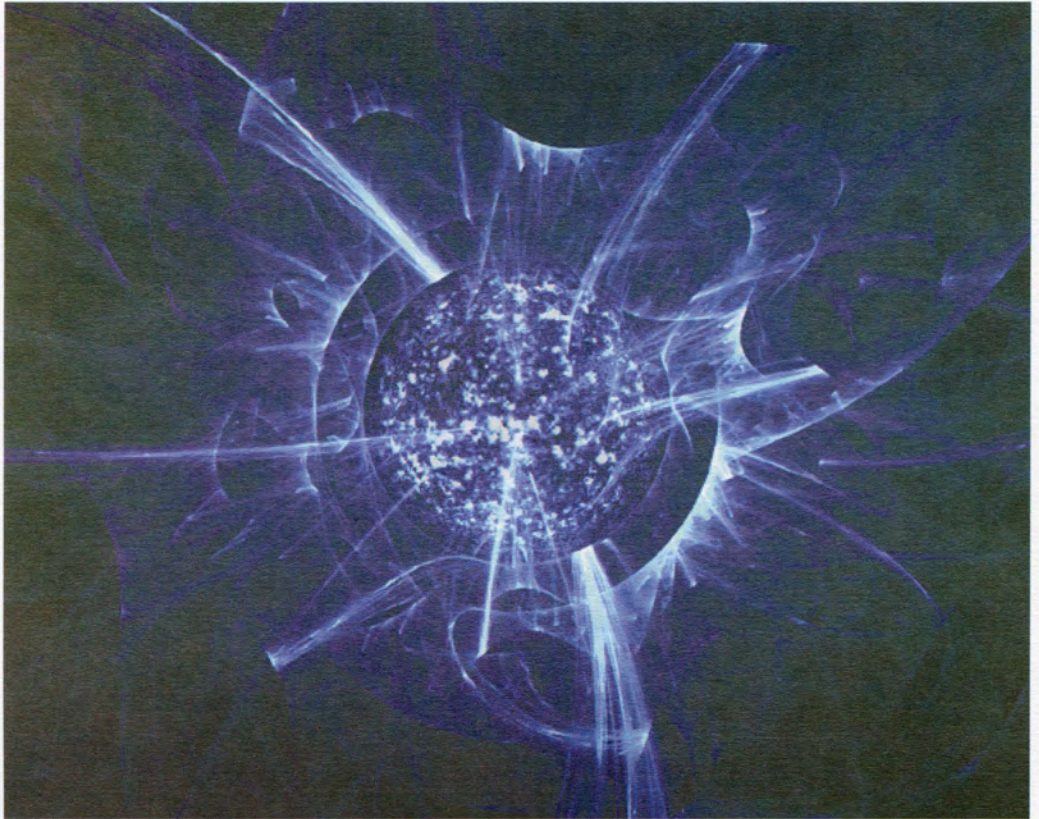
Scars
Timothy Griffin

Whenever you feel close,
She appears in your place.
Whenever I wish her gone,
She walks alongside me.

She haunts me always,
Because she hurt me.
She haunts all my thoughts,
Because I loved her.

The pain is hidden,
Where few can see it.
The pain lies inside,
Where I can't reach it.

Sometimes I want her gone,
Allowing me to heal.
Sometimes I want her here,
Leaving me to cry.



Alex Soter

Heaven's Sonnet
Justin Calderon

Amidst the beaming light and the clouds break,
Lies a place we can only dream to see,
Every soul flying hither to awake,
Glad to at last fulfill their destiny.
Shades of purple and gray absorb the sky,
Nesting such a placid, tranquil abode,
While seraphim whisper a lullaby,
Bestowing you with what the heavens hold.
Where beauty's maw holds bountiful grace,
And light glistens you through to new frontiers.
Man's psyche could never draw such a place,
So gorgeous that none can harbor their tears.
At last once that day comes, here we shall meet,
When our lives are satisfied and complete.

9/11/03
Indigo Nothing

Tumultuous times are upon us
Or what used to be us.

He said to me that we always knew how it would end.

A feeling washes over me.
I feel uncomfortable saying it's hurt.
But it just might be.

I wonder if when
The time stops again
And our eyes meet...

The lips of another in a night's lapse;
This one stole a kiss,
I swallowed a memory.
Mumbled constricted lies.



Lindsay Taylan

American Mosaic: A Work in Progress
Eric Hess

Oh beautiful!
Another song
To sing
For the eagle and the flag
That flap
Uber alles.

A parade of geese
Stepping in time and in tune
With the one-eyed man's band.
It's the song I hate.
(Viva! the Y.A.F.)

I love America.
The idea of America is genius,
But it has too long been misconstrued and misused by
A Confederacy of Dunces.
But you,
With your cap your daddy gave you,
You take the cake,
Among other things,
You ignorant, spoiled brat.
The idea of America was beautiful, wasn't it Walt?

Faux Captain! Not my Captain!
When will your reign of terror be done?
Your pirate ship cease its attack? Your Proph(f)e(i)t war be won?
I will have nothing but contemptuous, clenched fists
Until I salute you as *Citoyen Cape(t)-on.*

Somebody blew up America
And you let it happen
So
You could have a new America
For a New American Century.
America didn't need to be born again
America cannot be born again
It's anti-American.

Rome was once a piece of land on the Potomac,
Until after ol' Georgie W. chopped down his cherry tree.
He cannot tell a lie.
Maybe that's why there are *fasces* in the Chamber of the House,
Decorated with laurel for the State of the Union,
Or a picture of his apotheosis,
Capped by an idol Persephone,
In a temple of Jupiter.

C.R.E.A.M.
Check the money.
Annuit Coeptis.
Novus Ordo Seclorum.

The millennium came and went
And nothing happened, except you.
The Second Coming.
You will
Your will
Will lead us
To the end of the world.

And in preparation

Pat Robertson's continues his mission-ary work in the West Bank.

And the 5th column's still searching, still marching, still progressing.

Another 1,000 years isn't that long to wait

For another Millennium,

Reich?

You know the power of symbols.

Propaganda and control of the public mind.

Just watch Murdoch's turkeys strut and go,

"Gobble, Goebbels, Goebbels."

(We are all Goebbels children, fed on Guns and Butter)

Talking heads,

Paper "people" with inalienable rights,

Logical bedfellows scratching each other's backs,

Relieving each other of responsibility.

Passing the buck along.

Discourse is a weapon of mass destruction

And you've loaded it like Fat Man and Little Boy.

Structuralism and deconstruction.

You may not have known that they'd fall

But you knew how they'd look,

And that you could provide the words for a speechless America.

"Let's Roll."

You had the bumper-sticker machines already fired up and ready,

Empty slogans slapped on full tanks.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!

While our Saudi friends are still in power.

Like junkies, friends of circumstance and mutual benefit,

Fuck it, we've scored our own shit,

To shoot into whatever vain we have left
At speeds
Faster than our anachronistic, ration-al speed limits,
That only hold back progress.

faster, Faster, Faster!
harder, Harder, Harder!

America, they've fucked us all and now we're nothing.
America, how many billions in debt, March 20, 2003?
I can't stand that you don't mind.

American when will we end the human war?
I don't feel good don't bother me.
I can't write my poem without my prescription.

America when will you be angelic?

There are no angels in America.
Only men masquerading
As prophets and saviors.

Men are created equal
And endowed
By the system of power that they created and now wield
With certain alien rights,
Like the pursuit of property.

The rest of the world is equally
Women, Blacks, Hispanics, Palestinians, Asians, Homosexuals, Godless Anarchists
Who have the right
To bear children for them,

To work for the convenience, pleasure, and enjoyment of them,
To make them feel at home,
To confirm their masculinity,
And to prove their God-given purpose on this earth.

America,
This is not right.
America,
This is not American.
America,
You are not America.

The genius of America was,
“Why?”
America,
Just ask.

Hook

Michael Traynor

Pink anemone,
Our lower lips shut
Upon each other,
Like stubborn oysters
Sucking on their pearls,
The perverts.
We attract like a sideshow, sickly;
You, the contortionist
With your tricks and
Retractable limbs, and I
The acrobat, dumbly walking on twine.
We dance
The dance of fishing hook
And fishing line,
I in the tap shoes and
You in the magic hat,
Head full of rabbits.
It is not a dance
One might see in Bolshoi
Or New York, but a back alley
Slipperless dance,
The waltz of the homeless,
The flies like a buzzing pit orchestra.
And I, trout mouth,
Wide as woken eyes,
Maneuver each step, each sidestep,
Of the sad, awful dance.
I ingest every wriggling worm

As they drop through the surface
Like stars.
My body quakes after a while,
Throat closed and stomach distended.
My body heaves, and
I spit up some shiny thing,
Some ivory bauble
That sparks and awes,
Carved of angel's tusk.
It is white as a baby,
Tender as a wound,
And as we drift apart,
You seize it from my tongue.
You take my treasure.
And now, with my lungs
Uncorked, the water pours
And weights me like a fat sack of flour.
It was all leading up to this,
The great gasp, the skin blue
And sliding from bone.
Look at me, the near-dead,
Worthless as a sea star.
What has happened to me?
I am this dark thing
That sickens and terrifies,
This thing we hate and hate.
My mouth only smiles
When the hook curls its shape,
And drowning is
The best I can swim.



Lindsay Taylan

Tranquility Gone

Toni Williamson

There is nothing but mounds and mounds of dirt and rock and red clay. Surrounded by a thick forest of tress and luscious mountain laurel on all sides, the dirt lies in pyramid piles scattered throughout the clearing. In the center of the clearing is a big hole, the beginning of a foundation. It is peacefully quiet here, not even a single cricket is chirping. The only sound in the early dusk of the evening is the slight warm breeze rustling through the forest. The only movement is the gentle sway of the branches and the flickering purple of the mountain laurel. There are many different types of trees in the forest - maples, oaks, pine and birch are a few. Some have fallen over and lean precariously on others, forming a support system. None of the trees are thick; they are tall and thin, and yet, the forest is terribly dense and difficult to walk through because of the thick mountain laurel. The mountain laurel is deceiving. It is so stunning to look at when its purple flowers are in bloom but its evil lurks in its roots and stems. Its roots squirm underground attaching themselves to other mountain laurel roots until all the mountain laurel roots are twisted and entwined together and they rise from the ground creating an eerie, menacing barrier between the dirt and rock and red clay in the clearing and the forest.

A house is being built in this clearing and the feeling of trespassing and destruction lay heavily in the air. The forest looks on sadly, the mountain laurel seems angry. The leaning trees appear to have given up and the purple flowers have lost their luster. A new way of life is beginning in the forest; the old way is being forced out. The browns surpass the mere shades of the color emulating disparity. It wasn't too long ago when this clearing was filled with proud trees, dancing mountain laurel and wildlife scampering about without a care. This clearing was home to deer, coyote, fox, bear, squirrel, rattlesnakes, copperheads, bunnies, bats, and many other creatures that Mother Nature felt deserved the freedom and beauty of the land.

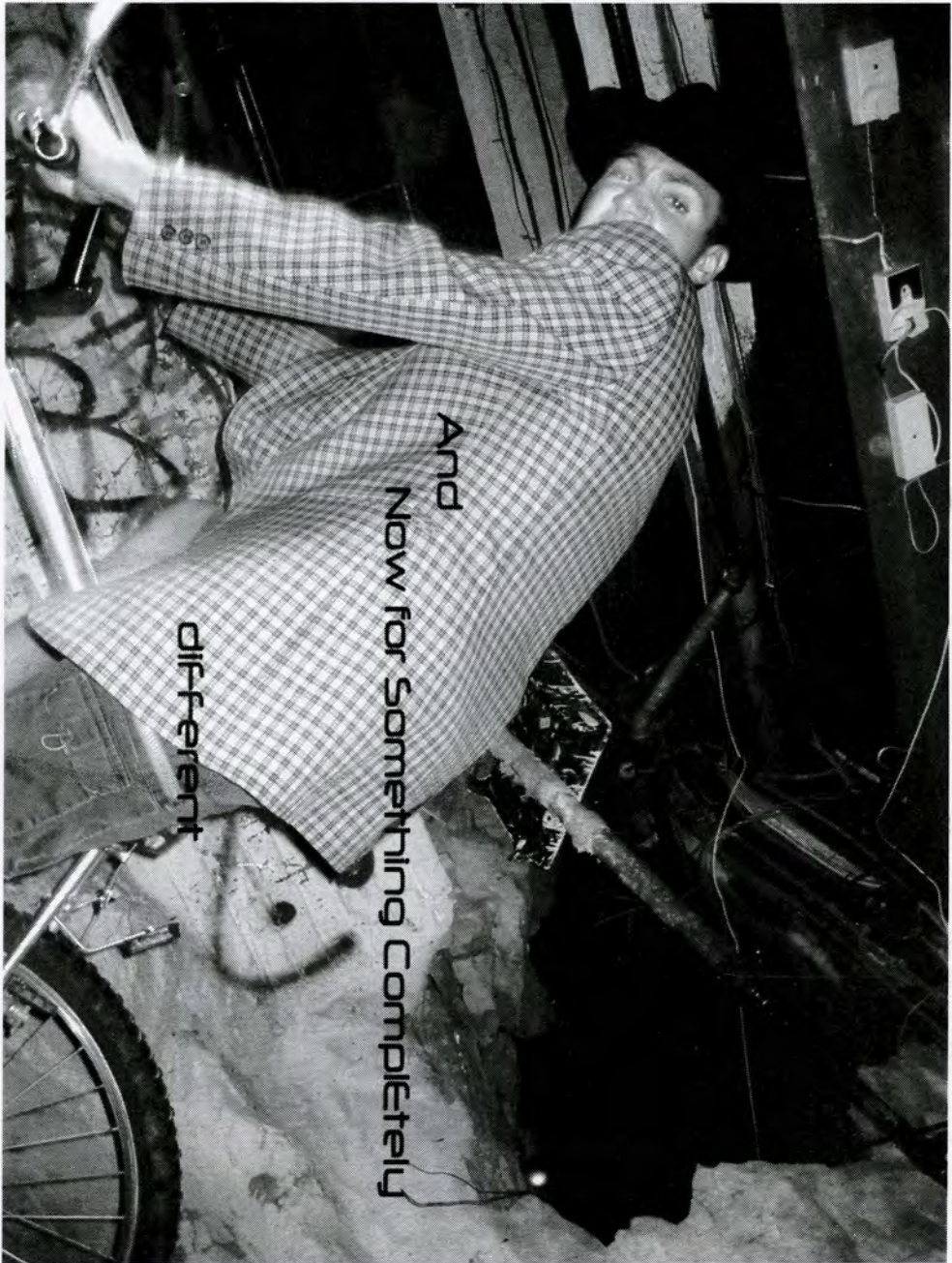
There is a small matted down area in the brush near the hole in the ground. It is trampled with the footprints and droppings of deer. Perhaps a baby fawn was born in this brush; perhaps a Buck stood watch over his family. At the far end of one of the pyramids of dirt and rock and red clay is a small den, the home of a fox, caved in from the weight of progress. In the big hole of the foundation are larger heavier footprints. Signs that bear too lived in this once peaceful forest. His powerful claws scraped along the ground as if he were trying to leave a message - "Stop, go away, leave us alone!"

Even the people, the neighbors are sad about the changes occurring. The private road to the clearing is dirt and rock, now embedded with huge potholes from the constant movement of the big trucks, which bring more dirt and more rock. The mailman won't deliver mail down that dirt road; it is too untamed and treacherous. He leaves the mail at the boxes that line the main road. The trees along the road have been trimmed back to make a wider opening for the module home that will be coming soon. Coming to evade the privacy. Frank, who lives across the street from the clearing, mourns his once beautiful pine tree. The lopping of its branches have left it bare on one side, it's sap running down like tears. "I know what that tree has been through, the long, hard winters, the scorching sun, and now it has been brutally violated by a chain saw." Further down the road, George saws bears, eagles, and other wildlife out of pine trees that he has cut down. His yard is littered with the shavings from those once splendid pines. Somehow, that's different, that's okay. "Yeah, I cut down them grand pines, but they come alive again in my art. My chainsaw art is beauty in itself and brings pleasure. Ain't nothin' like it anywhere."

Along this same road is a small pond. There is a log that has fallen and reaches down into the water from the bank. On a hot summer day, the turtles line up on that log and sun themselves, waking only to snatch the bugs from the air and water. When the big trucks roll in, they disappear deep into the water. It takes days and days of silence for them to feel safe enough to line up on that log again.

For the human, used to noise and commotion and the fast paced way of life, this remote, wilderness is just that - remote and wild. Even with a clearing of dirt and rock and red clay, even with a big hole for the foundation, even with a wider dirt road, this is a place of feral peace and tranquility. To the human, this is the way of escape from a chaotic mad lifestyle to the need to recapture what used to be, the serenity of yesteryear. To the wildlife, however, it means destruction, it means packing up and moving on in the hopes of finding another wilderness, it means being evicted from their birth homes. Progress here means a step back in time. Progress here means the destruction of that time. As progress evolves, wilderness disappears and these creatures lose not only the ground they live on, but also their rights of existence. Soon there will be no place for them to go.

The sun is setting and the sky is getting darker. It is the most awesome setting with a brilliant mixture of oranges and reds against a background of purple mountains, blue sky and artistic clouds. The stars are brighter here; the moon bigger. The entire universe looms majestically up above blanketing the clearing, the forest and the mountain laurel in slumber. The peace and serenity are overpowering. The dark conceals the movements in the forest as the wildlife slowly comes for one last look, one last night. They venture just to the end of the forest and look at the dirt and rock and red clay. The deer family carefully approaches their matted brush and lie down. The fox sniffs around his collapsed den and sits protectively on top. The bats soar and dive, the snakes slither about the rocks and dirt investigating the ruined forest. The bear ventures forward and climbs down into the big hole to scratch a message - "Stop, go away, leave us alone!" A coyote howls wretchedly somewhere in the night.



And
Now for something Completely

different

A mosaic writing of a Marist college student

We hereby claim the right to amalgamate the various thoughts and words of the material here published into our own Mosaic as each of the other artists has amalgamated the thoughts and experiences of their lives into their ~~own~~ works

We each make our own mosaic of the stuff we've got, bring it together, then pick the best of our stuff and put that together into something all together

I ask you to turn on the TV
Great mirror

they accept what they see and
appreciate what they found.
not my fault

I am 100% - genuine - all - American - recycled -
post consumer waste

There will be nothing left
Shh Don't you hear that?

The sun has got you now
there is nothing but mounds of dirt and
rock and red clay

This is the scape the serenity of yesterday
you know better, but you don't care
Don't pull the Plug.

Untitled

Youthful days are long, but can never stay.
I don't think I was ever normal
I was a freak
Shaking your ass
I hit mommy Mommy hit dad Dad hit me.

I feel me in you
Bobbing your head
Like a tear drop, Naked as an onion, Clearer than air
twisted and entwined together, they rise from the ground
They lay there, the two of them, purring, petting and murmuring
to each other before dozing in and out of dreams
Home is where the heart is. Home is Where the hurt is.
You know better, but you don't care
Then it happened, his heart fell to the floor in a thousand shreds
im sorry im sorry im sorry im sorry im sorry
Alas, it should come those days would pass till the morrow.
Watch your dreams fade away
as it all falls down
Give me back my life My blood
Progress here means a step back in time

J

I may not have seen the inside of a church in a while,
But I still know God is watching,
Hidden from all eyes to see,
Perceiving my life as a chore

I can move the world with my hands
Change time with my thoughts.
My Thantos footsteps echo in the dark,
Till my eyes run tired red,
And I am alone

Quickly do I define the word lonely,
Even quicker am I surrounded by these walls,
robot to robot i greet; every post-consumer boy and girl i meet.
It felt as though I was heading farther away from my destination

As for friends, they can yield no relief,
i dont have any friends here.
People here are mean.
Everyone is an enemy
My heart thumps to a strange beat,
so you pound your fist against the wall
Well at least I am no longer in pain.

Those memories that dwell,
Within my perplexed mind,
Those realities and dreams that begin to entwine.
i dont think i was ever normal.
i was a freak.
Deserved to die.
im in hell.

Untitled

Through the heart the ocean is behind us,
Hanging from chandeliers like blue flames.

Clearly viewed and beach laid, you glimmered in the noonday sun arise.
The ocean laid behind us shining like chandeliers of blue flames.
The sun inflexible and cracked at the sides
Made this experience.

Pure,
Virginal,
Snow white movements indecipherably humane.
You made me love you that day

Cyndi

~~Tr~~
r

"Who wants to be team 100"

It's the only chance I get
James Reyes - 1 more time

Jessie's composition:

11/23/03

The Outsider
Amy Lahti

Lustig
Rick Ambrosio

Break
Rick Ambrosio
Missing you
(Justin Calderone?)

to be continued -
James Reyes
one more time
James Reyes

Funk Knight (?)
cursed woman
voices on the half-shell
"Evangelina"
Kasber

"Dark Glow"
Rick Ambrosio
The Outsider
Amy Lahti

"Lustig"
Rick Ambrosio

"Hope for the Best"
James Reyes

Lustig
Rick Ambrosio
"Break"
Rick Ambrosio

"1 more time"
James Reyes
"Cursed woman"
Funk Knight
voices on the 1/2-shell.

- I was in a state of dilemma not knowing whether I was going to be victorious or remain outside my dreams
- I can't bring myself to kill an angel
- My heart isn't in it

- And I am alone
- For I hunger and need meaning to this existence

- Crazy?
- but it's only a picture.
- I dream of you, in my arms
- until I gain the courage
- before this, I stood on the shore

- It fills me with immeasurable horror to know I am so far from love.

- It was all I needed to awake
- It felt as though I was heading farther away from my destination

- but I still know God is watching

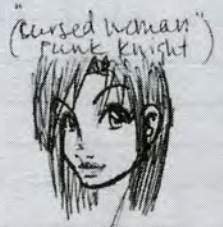
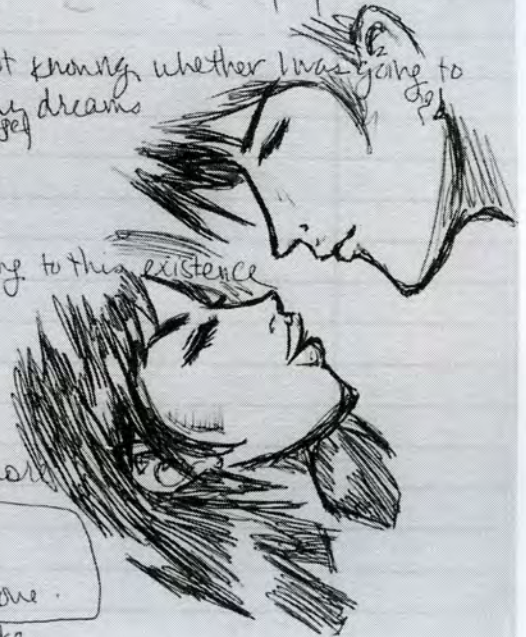
- "No, you don't understand..."
- "I love you..."

→ "LIVE" (Justin Calderone?)
- Burn me if you will. → Day soon turns to night - its gone (to be cont'd) - James Reyes
- You're alone. And I am alone.

here we lie to ourselves?

It's the only chance I get.

- Allows me to be myself. → Beautiful soul
- I will be alone.



Wartitled pg 1

Me and my dad
Disguised behind the layered darkness
Beyond the raging tempest
I'm a bad kid

Souls of men and women screaming out
and no apology can be heard

I hit mommy.
They put me in a car
and I screamed
her love is gone

There she was, in someone else's arms
and no apology could be heard

Me and my dad
Running from home
So full of vengence
Beautiful souls

Cursed woman cries and leaves
I asked the world if a little smile would kill

While Seraphim whisper a lullaby
I fall asleep tonight
Tingling up my back
Two stars twinkling majestically in the sky

Illuminated by each other's grace
Together they stand forever.



Amalgamation of Amalgamates



I love you

~~Twisted~~ Twisted and entwined together

~~I feel me in you~~

I feel me in you

~~Illuminated by each other's grace~~ Illuminated by each other's grace

You made me love you that day.

Beautiful souls

Purring petting and murmuring

[Beautiful souls

purring petting and murmuring to each other

Then it happened

~~Then it happened~~

The sun has got you now

~~Inflexible~~ Inflexible and cracked at the sides

~~The hearts fell to the floor~~ Hearts fell to the floor

~~Let love is gone~~ Let love is gone

In a thousand shreds

~~Watch your dreams fade away~~ Watch your dreams fade away

There will be nothing left

Running from ~~these~~ these memories

[Pure and virginal]

I define lonely

There's no turning back

