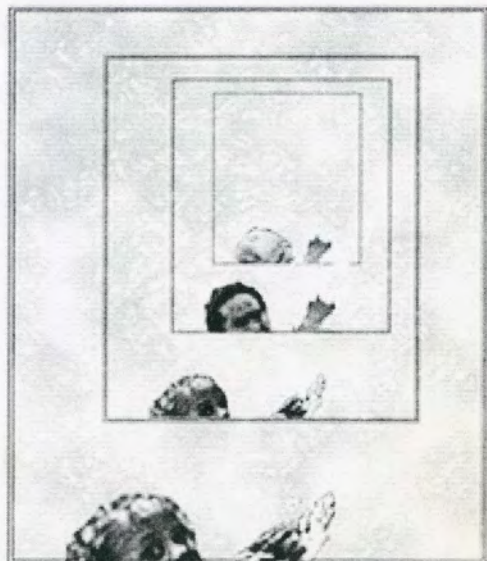


# MOSIAC

## Reflections

Fall 1998

Literary Arts Society





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## *A Brief Word From The President*

### *A Word From The President*

Reflection's is a magazine of transition. This year we have fresh new officers, which has helped the Mosaic evolve to what you see now. We hope you like the new look. This is actually a magazine full of a mesh of old and new ideas. Hopefully we will give birth to something everyone can enjoy.

*-Heather Clarke*

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# A Field Guide to the Insects

## 1. What is the Problem?

Before you can begin to study the insects of a particular area, you must first determine what the problem is. This is usually a matter of identifying the insects that are causing the trouble. This is usually done by examining the insects that are causing the trouble and comparing them with the descriptions of the insects in the field guide.

## 2. What is the Cause?

- 1. *Ants*
- 2. *Beetles*
- 3. *Flies*
- 4. *Grasshoppers*
- 5. *Termites*
- 6. *Worms*
- 7. *Crickets*
- 8. *Spiders*
- 9. *Scorpions*
- 10. *Centipedes*
- 11. *Mites*
- 12. *Ticks*
- 13. *Earwigs*
- 14. *Stinkbugs*
- 15. *Shieldbugs*
- 16. *True bugs*
- 17. *Homoptera*
- 18. *Orthoptera*
- 19. *Dermaptera*
- 20. *Arachnida*
- 21. *Chilopoda*
- 22. *Centipede*
- 23. *Millipede*
- 24. *Hexapoda*
- 25. *Insecta*



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Jumping the fence with  
snapping jaws at your heels and your heart is  
knocking.  
The rain dripping from your face as you run.  
She's sitting at the table when you get home.  
There's a pot of coffee and a half-empty mug in her  
hand.  
Sorry I'm late, you say.  
You're late? like she didn't notice.  
I am. Telling the truth because  
to lie is obvious.  
Your pulse is thundering;  
you're still running, running.

She's nodding, looking into her cup  
and you're staring, standing,  
teeth gnawing at your heels, biting,  
drawing blood. You wait.  
Where were you? she asks.  
And the words fall from your lips.  
The office, you say. A hotel? The office.  
With someone? No, alone. Alone? Alone.

And you're running  
sprinting barefoot over gravel.  
sharp teeth wounding your heels.  
Leaping fences, bushes, construction cones.  
Running up hills that are mountains.  
What's her name? she asks.  
I was alone.  
Her name? Michelle.  
At a motel? No, a restaurant.  
A restaurant? A motel.  
How long?

Too many questions, you think,  
questions you should answer.  
Grass strewn with knives, piercing  
the soles of your feet.  
Running across the pavement,  
the road is strewn with bibles.  
How long? two weeks.  
Weeks? Months.

Racing time, the jaws  
chewing at your toes  
leaping the guide rail.  
How many before her?  
How many? None.  
None? Two.  
The race starts, the jaws snap.

And close around your ankle.  
Caught.  
You fall. face down in the grass.  
Bleeding. Three?  
Three.  
Why?  
Your mind, screaming. Why.  
Why?  
Aloud: I don't know.  
She nods, looks into her mug.  
You stand, caught, spent.  
Now what? you ask.  
I don't know.  
You don't?  
No. I don't.

**Jaime Smith**

---



**TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION**

**BECAUSE THEY MISS ME, BUT INSIST I STAY HERE;  
BECAUSE I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH HIM YET AGAIN;  
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'M GONE;  
BECAUSE THE ONE I LOVE IS NOT HERE AND CAN'T BE;  
BECAUSE MY POCKETS ARE EMPTY;  
BECAUSE MY SHOES HURT MY FEET;  
BECAUSE THE SOUTH POLE IS BORING TO LEARN ABOUT;  
BECAUSE I'M OUT OF PENCIL LEAD...**

**BECAUSE THE ORGANIZATION TOOK MY SOUL;  
BECAUSE I GET PERSISTENT HEADACHES;  
BECAUSE THE ONE I LIKE JUST DOESN'T GET IT;  
BECAUSE SHE NEEDS ME AND I CAN'T REACH HER;  
BECAUSE I NEED HIM AND HE DOESN'T BOTHER;  
BECAUSE WORKING-OUT IS UNREALISTIC;  
BECAUSE MY WARDROBE SHRUNK;  
BECAUSE A C ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH...**

**BECAUSE I CAN'T SLEEP ENOUGH;  
BECAUSE DEADLINES COME TOO QUICKLY;  
BECAUSE THEY'RE HAPPY;  
BECAUSE I'M A NAZI;  
BECAUSE HE'S NEVER THERE, ONLY HIS WALLET;  
BECAUSE I CAN NO LONGER WEAR MY HALLOWEEN SOCKS;  
BECAUSE HE WON'T FLIRT WITH ME;  
BECAUSE I SAID SO.**

**JAMIE VELEY**

---



*Inspiration  
Is the blur  
That rushes by you  
Bumping  
Your arm and scattering  
Your reason.  
My ideas spring forth  
Flinging themselves  
From my mouth  
Free and flying  
Taken by the winds  
Away they escape  
Beyond me.  
Each word stings forth  
From my mouth  
In a string  
That tangles in  
Upon itself  
  
My words run too fast for the  
Page to catch them,  
Sliding from its surface  
They hit the ground and shatter  
Into a million  
Pieces.  
Yet still I try  
To capture them  
Stabbing each syllable  
With my sharpened pencil*

*And sticking them to  
The slick surface of the  
Bare page  
Where they lie  
Stiff and pinned  
Like a butterfly collection  
And I wonder  
Why they look so pale  
Deadened on the paper  
Instead of bright  
With the color they had  
When first they  
Were uttered  
  
They speed even too fast  
For computer keys  
To transfer their  
Meaning.  
The clacking keys sound  
The call of the ancient  
Locomotive  
That is trying to keep up  
With the Concord of  
My mind.  
  
Instantaneous is Inspiration  
And gone before  
It may leave an impression*

*Jeannine Burrus*

## **INSANE ANGER**

**FLOWING THROUGH YOUR VEINS  
RACING THROUGH YOUR BRAIN  
POUNING IN YOUR HEART  
TEARING YOU APART.**

**DEED TO BE DONE.  
WAR TO BE WON.  
PRICE TO BE PAID.  
HELL TO BE RAISED.**

**FEEL IT IN YOUR EYES  
FEEL IT IN YOUR HANDS  
DON'T TELL A SOUL  
THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND**

**FIND YOUR VICTIM, UNAWARE  
"GO AHEAD, DO IT." DON'T BE SCARED  
SEE YOUR VICTIM, LYING DEAD  
CLAIM YOUR PRIZE, "YOU HAVE HIS HEAD."**

**DEED TO BE DONE  
WAR TO BE WON  
PRICE TO BE PAID  
HELL TO BE RAISED.**

**FLOWING THROUGH YOUR VEINS  
RACING THROUGH YOUR BRAIN  
POUNING IN YOUR HEART  
TEARING YOU APART!**

**IT IS DONE.**

---

## Dark Corner

Peering into the darkest corners of the closet  
I see things about me,  
About you  
I can't  
Won't let be brought into the light  
You used me, I used you  
On the edge of madness I lay,  
Curled up like a child  
You reached out  
Confused, lost and hungering for affection  
I was the tenderness you could never receive,  
Could never give out  
You were security I could not find in myself  
I let you gain confidence and a sense of self off my withering soul  
You offered me sin  
Vulnerable I lay in the palm of your hand  
Reaching out for the confidence that glowed about you  
But as I brought it to my breast it withered and blackened  
You were everything to me  
But I was a means to an end  
I loved you  
You said you loved me  
But tossed me aside when I refused to see through your eyes  
I am fault  
I am always at fault  
In your world I am affection you need  
Not a person  
You do not love me

Heather Clarke

---



## Secret Sanctuary

The tires screeched to a halt seconds after I jumped on the brake of my beat up Ford Bronco, sending empty soda cans flying into the passenger side wheel wells. My mind was racing, envisioning hundreds of images darting in and out of clarity, blurring my vision. The thoughts were useless, all of them but one.

When my truck was stopped, I threw open the door and bolted around the front of its sputtering engine and dashed onto a trail. I knew this patch of forest very well, since I grew up swinging through its branches as a child, hiding with a sweet-heart to catch a quick kiss as an adolescent. Even in my thirties, I could be caught in these thickets just off the trail that I was now bounding down, an old man on the scent of treasure.

Sweat beaded up on my fifty-year old forehead, the truckloads of cigarettes that I've inhaled all squeezing my lungs like clenched fists. The lack of oxygen being drawn in by my wheezing gasps made the scene more surreal, fading in and out of focus like poorly made home videos. I didn't care, though; my destination was close.

I realized suddenly that Nature had begun to take back its territory as I crashed through new growth creeping onto the worn dirt path my feet had memorized. The thorny brambles tearing at my leathery legs scratching at my withered cheeks reminded me of my mother's hands-on-hips look as she prepared to attack my shredded body with peroxide and cotton balls. Mother always knew best.

The path gradually followed the swell of a hill, rolling gently downward, before a gentle turn at a rotted tree trunk. The path's dip offered a moment of relaxation, allowing my feet to pound away as my aching legs followed the motion. They enjoyed the hill for three or four steps before being interrupted by an angry tree root, which snagged my right boot and sent me hurling to the ground.

Everything went black. Light crept in slowly, the taste of copper and salt flooded my mouth, a split lip that my tongue quickly explored with a morbid ferocity. The woods slowly came back into view, the serene greenness of the leaves calling me back to consciousness as the sparse tufts of unhewn grass tickled me, urging me forward again. My senses returned, as did my urgency, so I jammed my foot into the cracked leather boot that had been still stuck under the root grabbed me, and dashed off again.

The root's malicious deed bloodied my lip and tore the knees to my pants,

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but more importantly almost caused me to miss what I'd rushed so hard to witness. The last hundred feet of the trail, a gradual incline towards the heavens, appeared a mile to me as I trudged forward recklessly. Nothing was going to stop me now.

The hill disappeared behind me as I rose to its height, gasping again as reached my destination. My weary legs gave out, dropping me to my knees on a patch of soft moss, a natural pillow to catch my bony cadre. It wouldn't have mattered, though, since what enveloped my senses would have drowned out the pain of kneeling on glass.

The landscape before me seeped into my veins as I surveyed its beauty. The trail had risen to a clearing of moss where my body had collapsed, a spot that looked from a high perch over a glistening cove set ablaze by the waning strength of the sun. The waves' relentless pounding had subsided momentarily in the calm, creating a placid, glassy film on its surface. The fiery rays of sunlight danced on the glass, penetrating its murkiness a few feet before being extinguished.

The deepening orange rays also burned down on the covering of trees along the shoreline, nestling in against one another to create one constant, fluffy blanket. This tree line continued back from the shore, pushing its green splendor back against the stark gray cliff's face that surrounded it on three sides.

This entire scene, complete with the faint scent of salt and pine, crept into my nose and calmed my beating heart. I didn't miss the moment. I sat for a minute longer, closing my eyes to the serenity before me, listening to the gulls' haunting cackles as they floated by on the warm air currents as I felt the sun sink ever closer to its watery horizon. The beauty of the scene, Nature's perfection, made everything that I endured seem so minuscule, so unimportant.

Within minutes, the sun's heat paled on my hot cheeks, flooding the sky with a pink haze and then a cloak of cool blue as I reopened my eyes. The moment of tranquility passed away, allowing the wind to breathe again, pushing the waves against the shore rhythmically again and again.

With a loud creaking in my back, I slowly regained an upright position, feeling the sting of my split lip and bruised knees as I walked back to my truck. I clung to the images of my paradise, memories that would have to keep me sane in the flurry of civilization until the next time I could return to the splendor of my secret sanctuary.



*"Unwanted" - Heather Clarke*

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YOU ENTERED my life in a casual way,  
And saw at a glance what I needed;  
There were others who passed me or met me each day,  
But never a one of them heeded.  
Perhaps you were thinking of other folks more,  
Or chance simply seemed to decree it,  
I know there were many such chances before,  
But the others-well, they didn't see it.  
You said just the thing that I wished you would say,  
And you made me believe that you meant it;  
I held up my head in the old gallant way,  
And resolved you should never repent it.

There are times when encouragement means such a lot,  
And a word is enough to convey it;  
There were others who could have, as easy as not,  
But, just the same, they didn't say it.

There may have been someone who could have done more  
To help me along, though I doubt it;  
What I needed was cheering, and always before  
They had let me plod onward without it.  
You helped to refashion the dream of my heart,  
And made me turn eagerly to it;  
There were others who might have (I question that part)  
But, after all, they didn't do it

Katie Baronowski

---

## *Untitled*

*(lights down. Lights up, a bluish spot, center stage, a little up. A person stands there, holding a cigarette, facing the audience, while another sits on the ground facing him/her, a few feet downstage, with his/her back to the audience. Both look bored)*

**One (standing):** ‘An so I sez to myself, self, what am I doing here? ‘An of course, my stupid self doesn’t answer, cuz it likes to keep me hanging. So I pester it. I pester it and pester it. ‘An finally it gets annoyed enough to answer me.

*Spot switches to red. The transition must be fast.*

“You’re worthless,” it sez. “You lack the conviction to follow through on your plans. You complain about things and never do anything about them. You claim to espouse values that you never defend beyond words. YOU are a hypocrite. And a damn funny one at that. Now leave me alone”

*Spot switches back to blue. The transition must be fast*

That’s what myself says to myself. Contradiction, you say? HAH. Contradiction has everything to do with point of view, and you don’t hold my point of view. You CAN’T hold my point of view. Partly because you can’t and partly because I won’t let you. You can only have it for a second, and then I change it to escape you. I won’t let you be like me. All of you.

You all make me laugh. And I make me laugh. Because I’m worse than you are, but I know it. You don’t. They don’t.

They can’t.

They won’t let them.

I won’t let them.

‘An I can stand here, all day and all night, in the dark, with a cigarette in my hand, rambling on and raving about madness, and myself, and all sorts of strange things that hold no interest to you whatsoever, and they may hold no interest to me whatsoever either, but I’ll never get anywhere, and you’ll never get anywhere, and when I’m done, we’ll all still be standing here in the dark... or sitting. Sitting is good. It’s better than standing, I suppose. But then again, better is relative. Me standing here is RELATIVELY better than sitting in a trench in the middle of the Somme in 1916. But from the point of view of a his/hero, it might not be. To him, I’m a coward, and nothing more.

Do I really want to be anything more than a coward? I’m not sure. I don’t think so.

Cowards live longer, I should think.

You know, I SHOULD think. I really should. But I don’t. Or do I? I can’t remember anymore...

Just...

Just forget it.

*Steps out of spot.*

*Jeff Novakowski*

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## SPECIFIC RESPONSE PROCEDURES

SHE SAW, STANDING AT THE GATES-  
WHITE STERILE WALLS, FLOORS, PEOPLE:  
WOULD I BE STERILE AS WELL

SHE WONDERED - SHE WAS NOT  
WHEN SHE ENTERED - UNALTERED -  
POINTED TOWARD A STAND

SHE WAS, STERILE WHITE THE BOOK,  
STERILE WHITE THE STAND  
"SPECIFIC RESPONSE PROCEDURES"

THE COVER (STERILE WHITE) SHE EXAMINED - FIRST PAGE  
OPENED, LOOKING FOR METHODS OF DOCTORS, LAWYERS, FIREMEN-  
UNCONVENTIONAL, THE WORDS

SHE READ- LISTING (ALPHABETICALLY)  
EVERY EMOTION EVER HAD-  
FLIPPING PAGES; CURIOUS

SHE WAS - AFTER THE INDEX, A TITLE:  
"SPECIFIC RESPONSE PROCEDURES"  
AND THEN A DESCRIPTION, WHICH

SHE SKIMMED, SEARCHING THE LAST FEELINGS  
SHE FELT - LOVE ANGER HATE HUG JOG LIFT SEX -  
PROCEDURES DIFFERENT THAN MY OWN

SHE THOUGHT - WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND:  
SAID GOD, *WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT MEANS?*  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND

SHE REPLIED - THEN HE SAID:  
*DO YOU FEEL WORTHY OF HEAVEN?*  
I'M HERE, AREN'T I RETORTED SHE -

J SMITH AND S THOMPSON

---



## NOTE TO THE ERRAND BOY

Concrete

If arm finally  
 I no I  
 leave then finally  
 the face clear  
 mountain my finally  
 I is I  
 am more entangled  
 the my am  
 blocks is clear  
 it more finally  
 takes my I

Morgan Edwards

DESCEND DAN'S CAVES, BOLSTER THE MOUNT  
 THE RELUCTANT LIVE ET TU, BRUTE?  
 AW, DON'T SOIL THE SOUR  
 APPREHEND THE POMPOUS IN PANAMA  
 THE RIGOROUS ON MOUND  
 MILK IS CHALK WITH PUR. DON YOUR LANGUAGE  
 WITH THE SYLLABLE, WITH JUICE, WITH RENAISSANCE  
 A LIQUEUR OF LOVE, NOT PROPER ATTIRE  
 SENSIBLY SURREPTITIOUS HEIFERS  
 SAVE THE SURF, A CONCEPT INSOLUBLE  
 HERITAGE IS A SPIRAL, TO DALLAS  
 CREVICES FOR THE TEMPLE. NOT THE TEMPS  
 CARS MAKE VIRGINS EAT CROISSANTS AND SACRAMENTS  
 IS DAN'S ANCIENT PRESSURE ON FOOT?  
 EXHALE YOUR VESTIGES. ALLURE ME TOO  
 YOU'RE NOT POROUS PLUS, YOU'RE NOT FOUNTAIN PLUS, ON THE  
 SAVIOR  
 BRUTE DON'S HIS NAME

MORGAN EDWARDS

## Royal Trash

Quick...

white flash... mangled insect screws...  
 I woke up with the taste of metaphor in my  
 mouth back from the dauphin.  
 Trailing the colorless dean smell  
 affliction of a withered gray monarch  
 phantom twinges of addiction

Morgan Edwards

room & board

the walls are dull  
i wont decorate

the carpet's dirt  
can't be swept away

faux-wood  
everything!

every expense was spared  
do you smell that?

dust collects on my toothbrush  
i'd rather it didnt

annoyances abound  
in the air and on the ground

the roaches are there  
you just can't see them  
they've been stealing my fruit snacks

Jeff Schmitt

---

"Eye of the Beholder" - Sue Goodwin

Dedicated to Sue Goodwin for her years of contribution

---



## Visions

Through the eyelashes is where I see  
A future dream that I hold with me.  
The deeper I look, the more I find  
All the bad memories are left behind.  
The gentle hand that strokes my face  
Pulls me closer to his embrace.  
Together we live, where smiles never dim,  
He is happy with me, I am happy with him.  
He's there for me when times aren't well,  
He's there to listen when I have something to tell.  
The joy we have when we're together,  
Is a feeling that will last forever.  
For the love we have, the love we share,  
Is a love of a lifetime that is going nowhere.  
This man I speak of, so bold and true,  
Can be no other than the love of you.  
I see our future together and bright,  
I see the reflection of the moonlight.  
Where I look, there is so much to find.  
Together we will watch our future unwind.

Melanie Rago

---





“Eye of the Beholder” - Sue Goodwin  
Dedicated to Sue Goodwin for her years of artistic contribution.

### *The First of September*

*Wires dangle from long metal poles and a bluish-green curtain divides the room. On the night stand sits a light brown Pooh bear, a small wooden vase of violets, and a stack of before photos. In the corner of this mystical space, stands a small plastic dome that would catch anyone's eye. Inside it, bundled in a smooth turquoise blanket, lays proof that one of life's miracles had begun, just hours before. The first of September, what a memorable day!*

*Exhausted family and friends gather around to observe their newest member, who is the most fatigued of all. In a calm, nonchalant manner, he opens his blue eyes, attempts a first yawn, and then sticks out his tongue. Staring up at those looking down, it is a wonder to all what he is thinking. Stretching his small legs and purple toes, he closes his eyes to go back to sleep. Dressed in white pajamas with a tiny beige cap, this newborn makes life seem so simple.*

*Shortly thereafter, it is time to wake up. Irresistible, though fragile, one must handle with care. The innocent infant is propped up in mom's arm with the palm of her hand to support his delicate head. The newborn lounges there peacefully, waiting for the time to come when he can go home. What luxuries one earns the first day of life.*

*Each day that goes by, he grows so much bigger and adds a new story for his parents to share. Each day brings a clearer picture of who he will be. He cries less and less, and almost sleeps through the night. He even waves his arms in the air to the familiar tune on his mobile. It sure is amazing how quickly they grow; for it has not yet been eight weeks and already he smiles.*

*Kara Cerilli*

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## JUST ONCE

I'd like to get away from everything I'm supposed to be: brainiac, logician, house psychiatrist,  
The brooding, depressive centerpiece—a crown or a fruit bowl on the kitchen table of  
Innocuous bulls\*\*t and French toast and maple syrup,

I'd like to get through the day without sedatives, without gin and caffeine and nicotine and  
compulsive lying and Excedrin and four-hour midday naps and Kool-Aid and Kraft  
Macaroni and Cheese and random thoughts of sex in airplanes and glass elevators,

I'd like to wiggle my toes in fresh cement at the edge of the planet, to make some sort of  
tangible imprint in this earth, so that my existence will leave a blemish, a scarring dent in  
the world, so that when I'm dead and rotting and making friends with maggots at least my  
foot will have meant something,

I'd like to save my cigarette butts in a giant cardboard box and count them and lay them out in neat  
little rows, Lincoln logs of tar and foam and paper, just to see how many minutes of my life  
I've wasted by simply sitting on my ass on stone walls and front steps and kitchen chairs  
and vinyl diner booths just breathing,

I'd like to drive in a straight line over no trespassing signs and fresh-cut grass and porches and  
mailboxes and white-picket fences and suburban idealism and the American dream, over  
steeple and churches and pew until the windshield is smeared with wafers and wine, and  
drive until I run out of gas just to see where I end up and then refill the tank and start over,

I'd like to live a day as the shallow, plastic, silicone-infested, scantily clad ideal woman and be  
splashed across magazines and billboards and beer ads and the sides of metropolitan  
buses and on subway walls, splashed across the minds of horny teenage boys, across  
college dorm-rooms and the hoods of foreign sports cars in calendars hanging in auto shops,

I'd like to think that words on paper mean something other than wasted ink and graphite, other than  
nonsensical bulls\*\*t and fodder for high school English classes, other than a sick attempt at  
Prozac-induced depth that goes unnoticed and clogs the nation's landfills and wastebaskets  
and toilets until someone lights a match and destroys it all, and the literate few of us  
become nothing more than a smoke signal rising up from a planet in distress.

Jen Williams

---



Ansia  
(Longing)

I wanted you to hold me.  
Comfort me.  
Cradle me in your arms.  
Say that you wanted me,  
as much as I wanted you.

But no.  
All I got,  
was to see you walk away  
How can you leave?  
How can you say,  
the thing you said;  
"Friends."  
What is that?!  
Not what I want.

To feel your head upon my shoulder  
and  
then to see your leather-clad back,  
as you walk away.  
You tore me apart that night  
I tore me apart that night

Forgive me if I acted like such a  
bitch.  
But, can you blame me?  
You think you had done nothing  
wrong.  
But you did.  
You don't want me.

Temper flares,  
anger boiling inside.  
How dare you not want me.  
I just wanted you...  
wanted you to hold me.

When I broke down and cried  
you came back  
and asked me why.  
No straight answer  
came from me.  
I couldn't let you know,  
I finally realized  
there would be nothing between  
us.  
I wanted to tell exactly  
how I felt.  
I did  
for most of that night.  
But the reasons  
for my cries  
could not spill out  
with my tears.

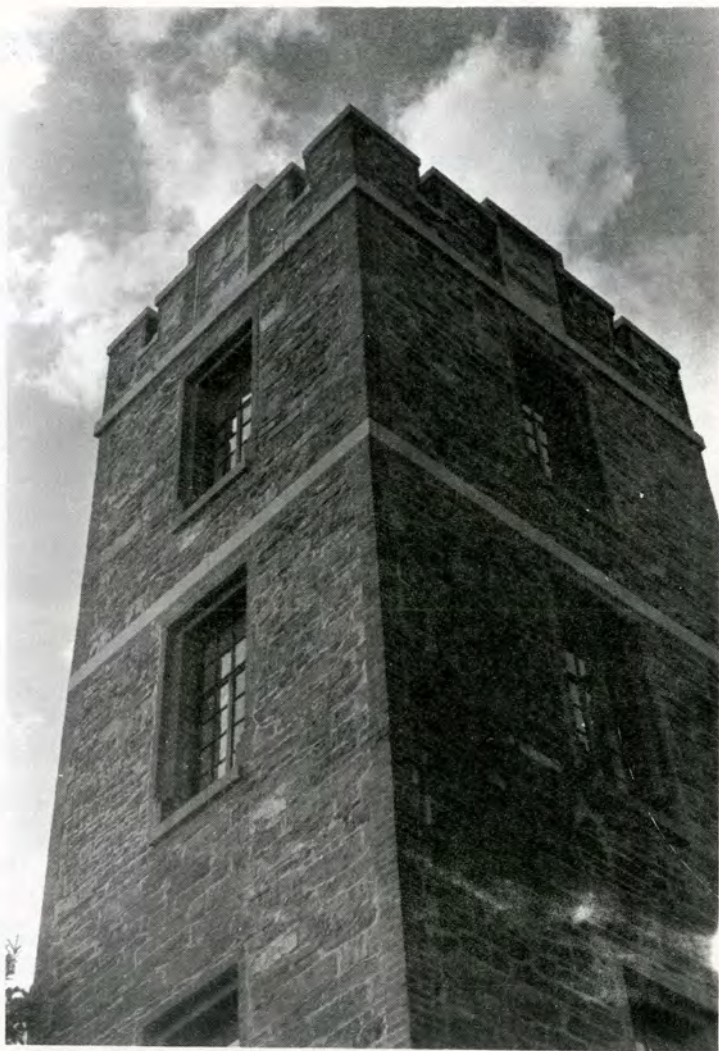
They say,  
never tell a guy  
exactly how you feel  
or so is my belief.  
But after that talk with my  
friend,  
she told me  
you like someone,  
not me.  
I just had this aura of  
anger.  
You felt it  
and made me confess.  
  
I told you,  
not everything,  
just you confuse me:

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how I have never been in this  
situation before.  
"I'm your friend."  
That's all you could say.

I should have told you  
One more thing,  
why I cried.  
I wanted to blurt out  
"I'm crying because  
I want you  
and  
you don't want me  
and  
there's not a Damn S\*\*t  
anyone can do about it!"  
I wanted to cry in your arms  
warm and safe  
from the world.  
I needed to touch you  
once again.  
Feel you heat.  
Smell you scent.  
But no.  
I got  
none of this  
that night.

Am I just a fool  
to be so  
into you?  
So infatuated?  
There will be many other to come,  
I tell myself.  
Why drive myself mad  
over a fool like you?  
Because  
I want you...



"The Tower" - Scott Neville

Sujev DeCoo



## CAN YOU SENSE IT?

CAN YOU SENSE IT IN THE AIR?  
THOSE WAVES OF VICTORY AS YOU COMPLETE A DARE.  
CAN YOU FEEL IT GROWING NEAR?  
CAN YOU SENSE IT IF YOU OPEN AN EAR?

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE CHAMPION?  
TO ACCOMPLISH GOALS SO FAR AND DISTANT.  
BUT IN REALITY IT'S BECOME SO CLEAR.

HOW DOES IT TASTE; THAT GENTLE TEAR?  
AS IT RUNS DOWN YOUR FACE,  
WITH THE GRACE OF LACE.  
IT STARTS FROM YOUR EYE  
BUT BEGINS TO VEER.

A SIGH OCCURS; A DIFFERENT EXPRESSION;  
AS IT WAS BEFORE OF THAT GREAT IMPRESSION.  
THAT PERFECT PICTURE IS PAINTED HERE,  
AND AS THAT TEAR BEGINS TO DRY SO CLEAR.  
THE SORROW PASSES AS IT GROWS NEAR.

THE FEELING OF TRIUMPH HAS RETURNED.  
THE WORLD IS NOT BAD.  
IT IS THAT YOU HAVE LEARNED.

THE WAY SOME THINGS MAY APPEAR,  
CAN BE DECEIVING AS THEY GROW NEAR.  
BUT DON'T JUDGE THINGS FOR THE WORST.  
STOP, THINK, AND LISTEN FIRST.

ADAM WEISSMAN

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“Fireworks” - Adam Weissman

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## Angel With Black Wings

An innocence borne with a soft gray smile.  
 A boy meets a girl for a little while.  
 He thinks she's all he'll ever need,  
 Never expects his heart to bleed.  
 He falls in love; she won't let go.  
 He's in trouble; doesn't know.  
 You hand over trust like a tender flower.  
 You give me your heart — you are under my power.  
 A sweet young girl that does vicious things;  
 I am your angel with black wings.

A black widow spider with a heart of stone  
 Claims your heart and soul just as her own.  
 Your love I demanded with my cold hand.  
 I wound without a reprimand.  
 Use you up and burn you out;  
 Tire of you — toss you out.  
 Cold and heartless as a snake;  
 Just look at what a mess I make.  
 Running with a devil, touch and go,  
 Bend in my torrent to and fro.  
 Submit to me and all is lost.  
 Love me and be claimed by the frost.

A sweet and tender little girl  
 In a sweet and tender little world.  
 Who's kidding who? It's all a lie.  
 Tear out your soul and swiftly fly.  
 So many times I've tortured men,  
 Leave corpses lying and start again.  
 Another victim nothing new.  
 Don't you see what I do to you?  
 It's just like what I did to him  
 And him and him and him and him.  
 It's rather sad the path I raze

Is bloody, messy, in a haze.  
 Confusion and anguish all in store;  
 Is this all I'm living for?  
 Hurt another then move on.  
 How much more must I take on?  
 I cannot stand the hell I make;  
 Cold and heartless as a snake.  
 You lift me up as heaven-born,  
 But can't you see I'm demon-torn?  
 A shining halo fades to dark.  
 There never was that brilliant spark.  
 A glowing angel white and pure  
 Was all you hoped and waited for,  
 But pain and torment are all I bring.  
 I am your angel with black wings.

Donna Jackson

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97.

The hole in my chest,  
was a year ago left,  
I filled it with twigs and leaves,  
but it still would not rest.  
so I numbed it with wine,  
found a needle and twine,  
and sowed it up.  
I sowed it my best.

But that cradled of flesh,  
too thin it's strings test,  
and it all came apart,  
and the twine all undressed,  
revealing my heart,  
no, the hole in my chest,  
the one where your love,  
had once made its nest.

Jason Pallidino



“Evan Napping” - Scott Neville



## *Purity*

*hear the rustle of ants in the field-  
sunflower seedy bubblegum grass  
the cleats tread on to catch so fast-  
bleacher seats untarped  
clean air clean living-  
purity-  
see purity  
in front of bud light logos  
in front of the gap  
in front of you-  
the irony is almost too much-*

*watch them  
from armchairs of glory  
and what would have happened  
if only-  
droning tube flickers  
in lonely rooms  
against posters-  
on a summer's eve  
I see the sphere in flight  
thinking of the only thing  
america got right-*

*Scott Thompson*

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## *Shadow Dancers*

Two young souls... flying through their realms  
entering each other... wrapping around  
feeling each fiber of the nonphysical existence  
searching through a quest of mystical explorations  
travelling up winding steps, standing before silver doors  
behold! they have a master key, which unleashes more  
deep fascination of flying above dark trees in twilight  
when the moon rises to complete two crescents of blue night  
they slowly descend down until reaching the greenish ground  
flashing senses to nature, discovering the earth bound  
they transform to the crystal-eyed creatures with a growl  
feeling each other without a touch for they are nocturnal now  
the wind rises as the clouds join, circling a mass of dark gray  
forming changes in the white storm of magick and lightening rays  
their metallic staves collide, creating a crack in the mist  
they fill with electrifying energy, transferred with a kiss  
as they are floating down the dark path, waiting for the next flood  
finally free to swim in every ocean of clear blue and crimson blood  
the fluid is flowing over the valley through veins of pumping heat  
gliding in the dusk liquid past the evil arms, alas! overcoming defeat  
a tale of two young souls, eternally wrapped around one another  
dancing in the depths of spirituality as the two greatest lovers

Mandy Liles

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## *Drive Safely*

I recall the day beginning with a clap of thunder and a bolt of lightning, though when I speak to others, they assure me the sun couldn't have been brighter or the sky bluer. They tell me the temperatures soared into the eighties, which was uncommon for early May, but I suppose that would explain why my car window was rolled down. Yes, that sounds about right. I can see logic there.

So I guess I should say the day dawned bright and warm. But in my mind it didn't. It began the way it ended. I don't remember the sun or the heat. I do remember the music. For some reason I find it hard to forget, though I haven't heard it since. "She's addicted to nicotine patches. She's afraid of the light in the dark. Six fifty-eight are you sure where my spark is here." Selective memory is a fascinating thing. Too bad I can't remember the day itself, without the details of the event. I'll have to suffer those the rest of my life, but I deserve it. Anyone in my position would.

It was raining out. No...wait. It was sunny. That's right. It was warm and I was driving. The person I cared about most in the world was sitting in the passenger seat beside me. We were discussing something. No we weren't. That's a mistake. We weren't talking at all. We were listening to the radio. He had his head tipped back and he was gazing out the windshield, just watching the road, I guess. Mile after mile, that double yellow line curved endlessly ahead of us. Mile after mile, we were silent, the radio expressing its thoughts to us.

We'd never been more comfortable in the silence. Or had we been arguing? No, we weren't arguing. We had nothing to argue about. We simply sat in our silence. Except in wasn't silent. That's right. The radio was playing.

Scenery passed like flashes of green and brown. I paid no attention to signs. Or maybe I was observant. I know I saw the last one. It was marked with the symbol of an "S-curve" and a large black "30." I ignored it. How foolish of me. I took the curve at fifty-seven. Tried to, that is. Of course I didn't make it. I jumped it. Skidded down a hill. Tori Amos sang to us as the air bag exploded in my face and the car rolled over. It came to rest against a tree.

The passenger side air bag never went off. Maybe I didn't have one. I really can't recall. But it didn't matter. The passenger door was practically resting in his lap. There wasn't any blood. That didn't matter. It's just something you know.

The radio still worked. "How many fates turn around in the overtime?" For a long moment I sat there, just looking at him, his beloved face so still in the silence. The radio was on. It wasn't silent in the car.

I didn't cry. I laughed.

Maybe that's what drew the couple who found us. My hysterical laughter. I was

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shrieking with laughter that was later described to me as horrible and inhuman.

After that I forget. I remember that he was wrapped in a blanket they found in the back seat of my car. I wonder why they didn't cover his face. When the ambulance came, I was sitting in the grass, feeling the rain that was left on my face by the sun. I still don't understand how the sun could leave rain on my face. They told me it didn't rain that day, so I guess the sun was the reason my face was wet.

I walked away uninjured. I never think of him though. Not when it's sunny out anyway. I think of him when it rains. But I don't cry. I don't laugh either. I wonder if he forgives me for what I did to him. I guess he would. And I wonder if I would have forgiven him, had he killed me instead of the other way around. I'd like to think I would.

He comes to see me occasionally, at the institution. He says he worries about me. It's hard for me to understand that. What's to worry about? He's the one who walks with a cane I'm the one who walked away undamaged. Right?

Jaime Smith

## Sleep

In A World Of Fallacy And Lies  
 There Is Always The Comfort  
 Of A Warm Blanket.  
 The Sweet Escape Of Sleep,  
 The Panic Button Hit At The End Of The Day.  
 This Blessing Is The Only Refuge  
 For One Lost In A Maze Of  
 Confusion  
 and  
 Unfulfilled Promises.  
 This Repose, A Double-Edged Excalibur  
 That Can Fight Off The World's Troubles  
 Or Too Soon Conclude The Magic Of  
 The Perfect Day.

J. Pisano

Betrayal, it hurts doesn't it?

yes it hurts, bad.

like a knife stabbed into my soul by the one i believed in,  
but no more

as I stood on a stool ready to hang myself, you were the one  
who came and kicked the stool from under my feet.

Trust, that must be a hollow word to you now?

yes, hollow, no meaning

I say it and it rolls off my tongue only to fall to the floor  
where you stumble upon it, I will not catch you

as i stood on a bridge about to jump you were the one who  
pushed me from behind.

Courage, that must be a useless word to you now?

yes, useless

I don't even know what it is and my stupidity haunts  
and tortures you to no end

as I was on the threshold of time you were not the one to  
pull me back before I slipped away.

Katie Baronowski

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As I stare at the flame that flickers  
and the pool of wax, melting around it  
I feel as though the candle is much like my life  
which melts away as the flame burns  
The flame is always in motion - dancing, jumping,  
moving from side to side  
It creates ever-changing shadows  
in my darkened room  
The little glass holder seems so fragile  
like the heat will break it  
But it does not and all I hear is silence  
as the flame continues its dance  
I wonder if my life will turn out  
like the candle  
Will it melt away silently, steadily  
like the wax?  
Will I be like the flame, dancing always,  
creating beautiful shadows?  
Will I be like the glass that appears  
so fragile, yet remains strong and still?  
Or will I be the wick that gets  
eaten alive by the hungry, devouring flame?  
I know not the answer as the flame  
dies out, the shadows disappear  
And I am left.... in the dark

Amy Spero

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WELCOME TO A VIVID PASTEL WORLD  
PEOPLE LIVE LIFE BEHIND THEIR EYELIDS  
IT'S A SUMMER WORLD WHERE TWO SUNS SET  
SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE CASTLE GARDEN  
A SMALL GIRL AND A CASTLE GARGOYLE  
PLAY GAMES AND CHASE PURPLE BUTTERFLIES  
ON THE BEACH THE TWO SUNS ARE SETTING  
THE SKY IS COLORED WITH WARM COLORS  
A FAIR MAIDEN SLEEPS ON THE PINK BEACH  
WITH HER SOFT SKIN ON THE WARM SAND  
OUT ON THE JETTY STANDS A WIZARD  
CALLING HIS PET DRAGON TO COME HOME

JOE PATRISS

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## *The Canyon of Oblivion*

*Flying high above reality  
soaring past, beyond the realm  
of sanity  
hanging off the ledge of all things  
tangible  
And focus no longer clouds the blur  
of mediocrity and confusion  
Grasping for the next branch  
on the Tree of Knowledge  
Hoping that moving up and up and  
up will bring some sort of  
understanding  
Then slipping and falling,  
floating, bouncing on the  
colliding currents of  
fallacy and perfection  
and landing gently on a cool bed  
of pine needles that stick  
through and into the skin  
breaking through the release from  
reality  
returning life to the forefront  
of mind heart + soul  
restoring with a pick and a drop  
of blood  
the sane and the ordinary until  
the next trip  
and fall  
into the canyon of oblivion*

*Heather Suydam*

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## 2000

We're sipping moselle,  
celebrating well into the Newt millenium.  
Brown paper bags with yellow arches,  
quite the combination.  
No matter, we're bringing in 2000 at any cost.  
The bottle now vacant, we proceed to the bedroom,  
writhing in rythmatic fashion.  
The television static momentarily clears,  
casting the room in an electric blue hue,  
making our bodies seem virtually flawless,  
shadows against a movie screen.  
The tube is Times Square,  
the ball is about to drop...  
and so am I.  
The countdown begins:  
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2...

And it's over.

Purged and exhausted,  
we kiss, you put your arm around me  
and gently press your lips into my back...  
just another night in New York City

Jason Palladino

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## The Old Mill

There was a grain mill once on the western shore of  
Cayuga Lake. Don't look for it, it's not there anymore.  
Oh sure, the stone shell can be seen for miles, but it is no  
Longer the pillar of a young colonial town. It went  
Out of production over a century ago and was left to rot  
By the lake that had provided it with a passport to the world.

As children, the mill was an enchanted public playground,  
Not a hidden aging eye-sore. Sure, it was all boarded up, but  
We knew where the cracks in its armor were. Once inside  
Our citadel of stone, imaginations flieled games of conquest as  
We alternately expanded and then defended our frontier.

In the summer months, the mill guarded the best swimming  
Spot for miles. It had conveniently allowed many of its stones  
To fall into the lake, providing a submerged path for diving  
And playing king of the hill. The stones that had not  
Made their way into the water baked as each day grew  
Longer to furnish cozy nests in which to sunbathe.

As we grew, the mill was the place where first cigarettes  
Were smoked and first beers drunk. With each passing year,  
Its walls witnessed the increasing deviant behavior of an entire  
Generation of kids growing up in a small town with little else to do  
Or places to go. When we were of legal age, the mill still presided  
Over late night skinny dipping when we could drink no more.

Then developers came to exploit the mill property. Modern  
Machines even succeeded in tearing a few stones from the  
Empty hulk, but we stopped them from doing little more  
Than that. Forced by an injunction, they left a broken  
Shell which still rests there today. The stones that they took  
Are the ones that formed the playhouse of my childhood.

As I said, the mill is no longer there.

Joe Durham

---

## "the follower of the pack"

a few years ago, i was underage  
"delinquent" behavior could get me  
thrown in a cage  
conformity has been my savior

now an education is complete  
a great feat  
for I didnt learn  
the way to think  
the way to love  
the way to be  
from a college prof  
or from tv

future past and present flow under me  
the past not dead  
the present blood red  
the future left unsaid

durn turn  
but tear the page  
allow yourself  
to feel blind rage

Jeff Schmitt

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## Spotlight

*Crash of thunder  
Flash of lightning  
Burning bright into the night  
Sudden instant  
Flare that's dying  
Spotlights the fire  
Spotlights the carnage  
Spotlights the crumbling of mankind*

*Earth's eye opening  
Flashing hotly  
Flashing angry at the men  
Scurry and scuttle  
Scuttle and scurry  
Slash the throats of fellow men  
Need to be  
Need to win  
Need to stay  
Need to thrive  
Need to kill to feel alive*

*Structure crumbles  
Into rubble  
Buries all in blood and dust  
While Man's dying  
Nature's watching  
Waiting for a chance to build  
On the bodies  
Of the many  
Broken by their fellows' hands  
Watch the slaughter  
Watching waiting  
Crash of thunder  
Flash of lightning  
Burning bright into the night*

*Donna Jackson*

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**dead at thirty, buried at seventy**  
*(our generation's pseudo-legacy)*

**I**

in the tents  
before the tension  
before their rents  
they couldn't mention  
a fraction of a faction  
whose number, an abstraction,  
taking action towards the just  
solution, towards a fusion -

but they forgot the lesson  
and they forgot to mention  
the corporate invention  
a workweek extension  
they labor til their pensions -  
so why the pretension  
that we are not a nation,  
that yuppie saturation  
bore our generation -

**II**

not easily defined,  
our essence is insoluble  
baud-speed is our time  
our heroes are all fallible-  
we are the first generation  
to drink bottled water  
a prozac nation of sin-  
church told us so for those that went  
in prose that christ called heaven sent

our college funds were spent in tithes  
which left in tides-  
in tangible hoards  
material whores  
head towards oblivion again-

my stereotype is kenwood  
i'm a nascar racist  
i feel like ck one of you  
when given any voice-  
economy of scale  
has ruined choice-

**III**

we are contemporary poets,  
our children are post-modern -  
our temporary poems  
post-mortem might be read  
like Kubla Kahn, like Illiad  
on the shores of Lethe  
we read and see  
sea of contempt -  
we are finally home -

**Iv**

Images:

A pseudo beatnik poser  
with a gothic posture  
writes rhymes so ineffectual

---



he's a pseudo intellectual –  
 he actually hears snaps  
 behind him at starbucks –

meanwhile flower child  
 pseudophile  
 writes flower poems  
 in sans script  
 day trip to walmart  
 dress too smart  
 psuedo middle class  
 bitch without a cause  
 pauses for stoplights  
 brakes for loose change  
 daughter of yuppie  
 still cries at weddings  
 and for roadkill puppies  
 somebody save me  
 take me to old navy  
 fashion crisis  
 rising prices  
 suicidal drama princess -

wannabe shakespeare  
 minimalist clothes talks in iambs,  
 writes in prose –  
 minimum wage, minimum effort  
 minimum life –  
 what's it for, he asks the sage  
 who never emails back –

broken by a girl,  
 soft-spoken in his world  
 he prays for the normal  
 to the non-responsive masses  
 so he takes drugs  
 in poet classes  
 and calls it being alive -

### V

give us our bed wet jet set lectures –  
 call it culture  
 give us beatles lyrics, call it wisdom –  
 you never get through  
 being cool  
 it's not enough to grow up,  
 to group up, to urbanize cornfields  
 for those that have fled  
 the less scenic urban  
 lives that they've led -

### VI

we are those who open mouths  
 with nothing good to say –  
 plagues and precedential  
 beings, caught up in today –  
 but like our parents, given time  
 when our youth has passed  
 will find us in the suburbs,  
 the dissolved middle class -

Scott Thompson

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## *The Sea*

*The day was dark and dreary,  
 Or was it bright?  
 Ah, I remember,  
 't was was the darkness devoured light.  
 that same devilish darkness  
 whenst came that terrible night:*

*You were engulfed by the sea,  
 entangled,  
 not free,  
 you absorbed its' salty secretions  
 and became something else,  
 a blistered and bloated lesion.*

*Salt against cells,  
 the swelling,  
 the fission,  
 whilst the octopus below  
 made its 'final decision*

*and tore and gnashed  
 with each precise incision,  
 splitting you in half  
 with a bloody division.*

*And whenst you started to sink  
 and blood became ink  
 and as your eyes grew black,  
 the only thought I could think,  
 was that you weren't coming back.*

*And so it went  
 and so it be,  
 that night to this day  
 still entangles me.  
 The night of which I will never be  
     free,  
 the night I lost you to the sea.*



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## CAN'T KEEP ME FROM TRYING

Can you feel me?

I know I'm not exactly what you want me to be.

You won't touch me.

Sometimes you have to look a second time to see.

- you don't listen to what anybody tells you
- they always give advice but it don't never ever get through
- i always try so hard to get at your attention
- but when you notice I'm too nervous to mention
- if I had a dime for every time that you ignored me
- Maybe you would love me for the rich man that I would be
- i try so hard and I'm always going nowhere
- it makes me wonder if you ever even really care

*I'll never have you  
It isn't our fault  
I'll never have you  
But you can't keep me from trying*

I've racked my brain.

And a solution for this problem never came

I've tried, I've tried.

And always failed but at least I have retained my pride.

- you'll never be my significant other
- you're too worried you'll grow up to be your mother
- it's not our fault it was never really meant to be
- i can't have you, and likewise you can't have me
- i won't stop to think
- i've worked so hard that I know I have deserved this drink
- stop tryin' to try
- i'm not a prince but I think that I'm a nice guy

*I'll never have you  
It isn't our fault  
I'll never have you  
But you can't keep me from trying*

## BLOODBATH

I had met him only once. His name was Cael, whether that was a first name or a last name I don't know. I had been studying patients for a few years it was to be no different a day, just a calm little stroll into the mind of a murderer...

"Do you give blood?"

I heard a slight chuckle, his frame shook a bit and then he began to cough rather loudly. His whole body threatened to crumble like aged stone but held by mere threads. "More than you can imagine," he whispered. Strands of black hair danced about his face covering his eyes as he bent over in the chair. When he finally looked up a tinge of red tainted his lips. I took hold of my tissues offering them to him. His pale hands were small and delicate, they tore but one from the carton with which he began to dab over his lips.

He handled the tissue carefully like a delicate flower. Small stains of red dotted the center of the cloth before he unexpectedly crumpled it within his grasp. His face became a bit more colored and visible, the lips soured and his eyes squinted. His body turned to face the trash can at my side where he tossed the used tissue.

"You have a fascination with blood," I commented.

"More of a curse I do believe."

"Excuse me?"

"Fascination is an innate curiosity, a curse is more a reluctant gift."

"Interesting that you would use the word 'gift.'"

"That is what I was given."

"Please...tell me about it." I felt my body relax. I had an upper hand a ground at which to study him without worry. Never had I felt such a pull toward this one. Though young I have long had experience in judging people, placing them in their respective categories.

"I was sitting there like you, alone. Protected from everything that could harm me. I had a soul once. Granted it was tainted with murder and trinkets of the sort. Cleaner than the one who gave me this present." He held his hands out revealing where the skin had begun to peel. It was like one of those withering flowers shown in speed frame on national geographic. His body lurched forward as he spoke.

"He told me that it was my turn to carry the plague."

"According to all the blood tests and physical examinations in this report you're in perfect shape."

I even turned the paper over to show him but his eyes only wandered down to his hands. The palms turned over revealing deep red spots. His body heaved in a deep breath.

"Perfect indeed."

I shifted in my chair and motioned for the tissues. He simply refused and sat still again in his chair.

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“Aren’t you at least curious why I’m telling you this?”

“I’m a doctor it’s my job to listen.”

“Then listen to what I’m telling you...Mark. Both of us are going to die in here.”

“All I require are your ears for this part, the rest will come in time.”

He paused lifting his bloodied hand as if recalling a thought.

“It has been a long time since I’ve considered telling this story. Whenever there is an end there is another beginning and that is the genius of this gift. The human race is tainted with people like us Mark. After the nightmare had visited me I awoke in a puddle of blood. Cold unfeeling blood. You can imagine my surprise,” he chuckled.

“You were found inside the Red Cross with two beret pistols in your hands lying in a pool of your victims blood” I told him taking a moment to gauge his reaction.

“I failed” he miserably whispered. His eyes sank from my view as he attempted to hide himself in the open chair. “I could not fight it Mark...all I wanted was an end.”

“An end to what Calel?”

“To my existence. Oh Mark, you can sit in that chair and ponder all your psychological books and use all your mental skills to explain my being here. I’ve watched this world flourish and fall for too long. I dare not watch it any more.”

His body perked up a moment, unsteadily rising within the confines of his chair. His fingers held a deathlike grip over the armrest and his neck extended. His eyes were focused deeply into my very body.

“My blood is a poison. I am merely a vessel in order to claim more victims. Mindless zombies to be further inherited by the darkness that gave me this ‘gift.’” His lips turned into a sneer and he sank back against the chair. “I have forsaken them.”

My face contorted into an expression of pain that evidently shown too on Calel’s. Whatever tortured existence this man had led it was true in some fashion or another. Then he quietly revealed his disturbing last few thoughts to me.

“A few days ago I donated 3 pints of my blood to the Red Cross.” I leaned forward in my chair peering at him. He nodded his head breaking a thoughtful smile. “Even as we speak somewhere out there, I can feel it in someone’s veins the tortured cries as they are punished for my sins.” Slowly his eyes lingered upon me. “Why...why are the innocent always punished...why must the guilty walk free with this curse?”

His body spasmed and became fevered. He searched frantically with his eyes about the room. “I cannot live with myself, there is but one way to escape the nightmares of my existence. One sure way, I must pass on my curse to another!”

His breathes became labored and I found myself sitting beside his chair attempting to pat the life into his lifeless arms. He was horribly cold; it nearly burned my warm flesh. “I’m going to call for a nurse,” I said as I stood up abruptly.

“No!” he hissed. His skeletal fingers curling painfully around my arms.

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Blood rose up to his lips as he spat, "There is but one thing left I must do..." His voice faded. My eyes locked upon his. They bore fires that spoke untold tales of centuries passed. What sinister point to this plot had I?

His hands pressed behind my head and I was forced to my knee's. His frail body which had only a half-hour ago been in perfect physical shape was withering. "This is my 'gift' to you Mark." He pressed his bloody lips to my forehead and gave a hollow exhale. I found myself suddenly freed and with one motion tossed Calel from his feet. The frail-lithe like being cracked and crumbled upon the ground. My mind suddenly felt on fire and I let out a shrill cry as I sank to all fours.

My body coughed violently and I receded to the cold white floor. There I felt the horrible words hissing in my ears.... "Both of us are going to die in here."

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"But Mark...your quite all right. As I have said to you over and over you're perfectly fine. I see none of the symptoms that this...Calel person apparently had."

I sat there pondering the balding psychiatrist. His little name read: 'Dr. Peterson' on the desk. My lips couldn't help but curl into a smirk. "I never discovered what happened to the blood Calel donated."

"Of course not Mark, he didn't donate any blood. According the police report this man was a bum, he had no name or a record. When the nurse entered your room there was no body. Just you Mark... just you."

I sighed reluctantly turning my head from his pitiful face. I could hear him close a book and begin writing a few words down on a sheet of paper. "I want you to listen to me Mark and go home. We'll continue this session next week and I'll prescribe you something for your nightmares." I stood up abruptly and stared at him. "It won't work," I responded. "It never does." Soothingly I whispered to myself "There's only one thing that can relieve the nightmares."

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I thought a moment about the part of me that Calel had indeed killed. Something was dark inside me now. I could feel it inside my veins, clawing its way to the surface. The 'gift' that had so frightfully been bestowed upon me grew with each passing day. Calel was right, a young girl in Santa Fe received a portion of his blood and I could feel her agonizing cries each night as she was being eaten alive by the red essence! I could hear all of their twisted voices in my nightmares. Hundreds of thousands whispering to me why they were picked, why they had to suffer? I know the nightmare is over when I can only look into their tortured eyes and not answer them.

My body froze abruptly as I stared up at the white and red sign in my travels. A soft chuckle began to reverberate within my lips. It grew louder and I felt like spilling over into the street. I could feel my blood turn over in sweet victory as I opened the door to the Red Cross building trying to sustain the deep dark laugh welling inside the pit of my soul...

Jim Revello

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## Just Another Fallen Angel

I can't be your friend because you want so much more.  
I can't be what you need, and it burns me to the core.  
I am not the one for you, and you are not for me.  
You are better off without me, I just wish that you could see.

I can not be the goddess, not the one that you deserve.  
I can't just be your lover; I don't care what you've heard.  
I can't cross the world for you; you can't be there with me.  
You'll have to walk away. You just can't stay with me.

I am not the savior of the hidden dreams in you.  
I am not the hero, for there's nothing I can do.  
I can bring you no salvation on this path that you have gone.  
I can offer you no freedom from the things that you've done wrong.

I can not be a follower of the dreams that you have found.  
I can't be with you always and let you lead me around.  
I wish that I could be for you, I wish I could be there.  
Yet I just don't complete you, and you really shouldn't care.

I am a savior out of practice, a hero falling down.  
The salvation and the freedom, there is none for us, I've found.  
Your dreams, I can not find them, I can not set them free.  
Just another fallen angel, you will have to let me be.

I can't trust the words you said, or what you're saying now.  
If you know what will change that, please just tell me how.  
I am not the angel, the one to spare your soul.  
I am not the one that can make your broken heart feel whole.

I'm just another fallen angel, caught up in your web.  
Left here all confused and twisted, lost from what you've said.  
I have given you my heart before, you threw it back at me.  
Now you say you want to have it, that's a silly fantasy.

Maybe there is a way, someday to make it be  
But I can not trust your promises, there is no guarantee.  
In what we've done together, you've done more than break my heart.  
I don't know how to fix it. I don't know where to start.

Setting fire to the wind, we'll watch the fire burn  
You can't sacrifice your life, your heart will start to turn  
I gave up all the dreams we had, and I set fire to our past.  
If we ever are to be again, I must know that it will last.





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## **GET A JUMP ON NEXT SEMESTER'S MOSAIC!**

If you have any poetry, prose, photography, or other artistic expression that you would like to submit for possible publication into the Spring 1998 Mosaic, please drop a copy of the work in the Literary Arts mailbox in the Council of Clubs room, located in the Student Center, or get in contact with Scott Neville or Heather Clarke for more information. All work will be returned in its original condition. Watch for deadlines posted around campus during the spring semester.

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