

NOGATE  
~~THE~~  
Everyone loves  
ACADAMIA



**STATEMENT  
OF  
purpose**

Photo of  
Chief ed

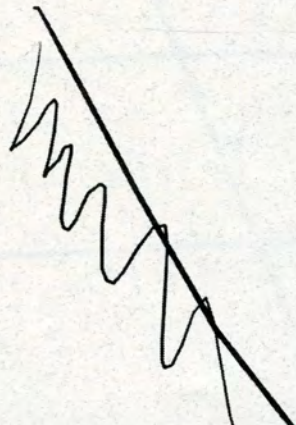
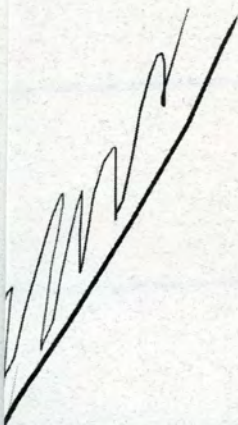
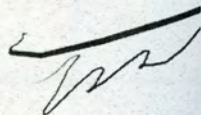
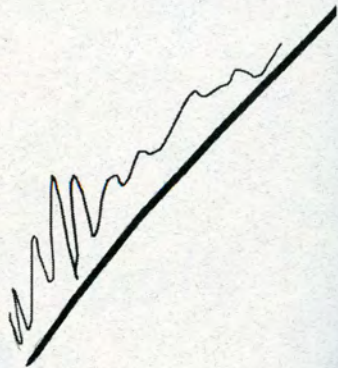
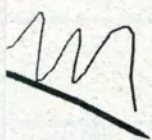
List names  
of assistant editors







# MEANING





Keep this  
page  
Blank



YELLOW HEADS AND SENSELESS BEDS TOSS DREAMERS INTO WAKING

CHALK TALK PEOPLE THINK ALL ARE EQUAL  
AND THE UPPERCLASS SEQUAL... WILL BE AN ENDLESS WAR

THE SCORE IS INFINITE TO zero

FINITE HEROES

DEFINE THEIR WINNING BY NOT DYING

AM I LYING??? TO CALL US ENDLESS DEAD... THE FACE OF TV MORE FAMILIAR TO ME  
THAN ANY FAMILY MEMBER

IT'S FAR PAST TIME TO SEVER

EVERY BIND THAT MAKES ME me

freedom free free free

(THIS IS NO ORDINARY CALL FOR HELP  
START OFF SCREAMING AND END WITH A WHELP)

*She would walk to the beach  
And mold shapes from sand  
and people put money in her hat  
and so she ate,  
and she slept  
woke up  
and did  
just  
what she wanted*

she would take a train to work  
and push papers for her wages  
and the BOSS wrote 'money'  
with taxes taken out for bombs  
on a check to keep her alive  
and so she ate and she slept...  
and dreamed of paper clips...  
and the ALARM said wake  
and she would wake

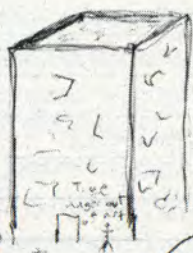
“Yes son, there are many problems with the world  
but you can't solve them... (GIVE IN GIVE UP) you'll see”



# Multi Media



crawl into my belly worms





## *Green Soldiers*

This little kid is still playing in the sandbox. You'd think he would get tired of just getting himself dirty and filling up his diaper with scratchy little particles. But he's still playing. I wonder if he even sees me from over here. He hasn't looked up from the mounds of sand in a while. Poor kid doesn't even have any toys to play with. What kind of parent would just throw their kid in a pile of sand with nothing to dig with or even one of those dump trucks? That must be the kid's mother over there by those swings. She isn't even watching her kid! What do they call that thing? Peripheral vision? That must be her technique of parenting. I could easily just get up from this bench and snatch that kid and that dumb mother would be thinking, "Oh, why me? What have I done?". I can see this happening right now. If I grab that kid, she'd be so upset with guilt and she would come sobbing to her best friend. This mother would cover her best friend's shoulder with snot and tears. And the best friend, in an attempt to add comfort, may say, "There was nothing you could have done, dear." As if this one event had been determined to happen to her alone, on this particular day. The mother would rack her brain with "what-ifs" concerning her half-assed parenting, her choice of playgrounds, and "if only I had left two minutes earlier". But in the back of her head, advice whispers that "there was



nothing you could have done.” She would then see her life as a clockwork that had been set in motion by the Big Man upstairs well before she plopped her kid in a box of sand. Is she wrong in thinking this? I know I’m wrong. This kid does have a toy with him. It’s one of those little military plastic soldiers. He’s about the size of the kid’s palm. I remember when I used to play with those guys when I was a kid! I’d set them up all over the yard like I was a decorated marine officer giving out my orders. They had their weapons and I’d position them focusing their efforts on some target of execution. Those little plastic guys were manufactured, each with an individual purpose. Some were designed to lay down horizontally with belly-side down. Some with legs connected by a smooth plastic pad that resembled a golf putting green. No matter what you did, the ones that stood would never lay down and the ones that lay down could never stand. They were made in one way and there ain’t nothing that will change that. I pity the green soldier that was only equipped with a set of binoculars. No weapon. I wonder which one this kid has. I’ll just walk over and take a closer look. Let’s see if this kid’s mom’s peripheral vision starts to kick in.



*meanwhile  
in another  
part of town...*

*Ridin' the 6*

downtown 6 train  
local  
black clogs  
tight jeans  
headphones  
there's a guy over there  
reading the wall street journal  
on a sunday!  
and an older woman,  
her husband,  
their grandson,  
a loved teddy  
and two big bags from bloomie's  
they get off at 33rd st.  
maybe home  
maybe more shopping?  
the sign over there  
says the 59th st. station is open now  
i can't remember why it was closed  
but that sign's been up since october  
there is a seat next to a guy  
in khaki pants and argyle socks  
but  
i'd rather stand  
actually, i lean  
against the pole  
as if i'm good at this  
i am an expert at pretending  
that i'm good at this  
and when the train jerks and i  
lose my balance  
i nonchalantly step back  
and chill  
hand not gripping the pole  
but my arm loosely around it



28th  
23rd  
next stop union square  
14th st.  
there are now empty seats but  
i still stand  
i ride  
i jerk  
i teeter and totter and almost fall over  
i can do this  
this is me  
downtown six local  
to brooklyn bridge  
next stop  
astor place  
cross one black clog in front of the other  
doo doo  
stand clear of the closing doors  
i click clack up the stairs  
into the world above





Ued C. B.



You've said I look just like her  
but only when I smile.  
And my mind chases  
that sweet, silent sketch.

Brown eyes, a wild cherry smile,  
she steals us all away  
when she yells  
"I want out of this frame!"

I wonder what it is I have  
that isn't only mine

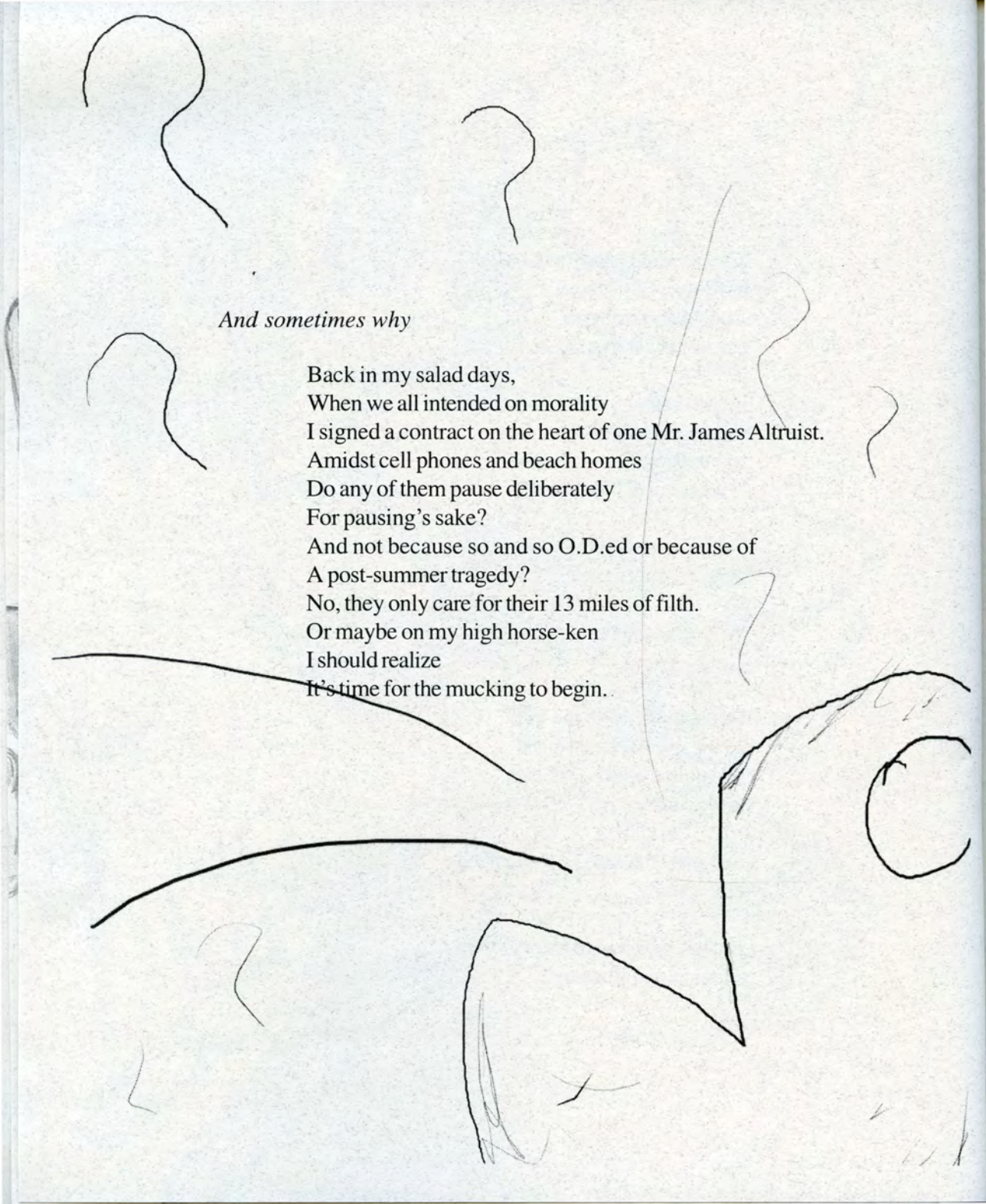
Won't you tell mankind it's  
Herstory too?

I want to know all the lies,  
all the sugarcoated stunts  
you pulled out your sleeve  
and over my eyes.

Tell me what she did to save me  
won't you?

Brown eyes, a wild cherry smile  
she steals us all away...

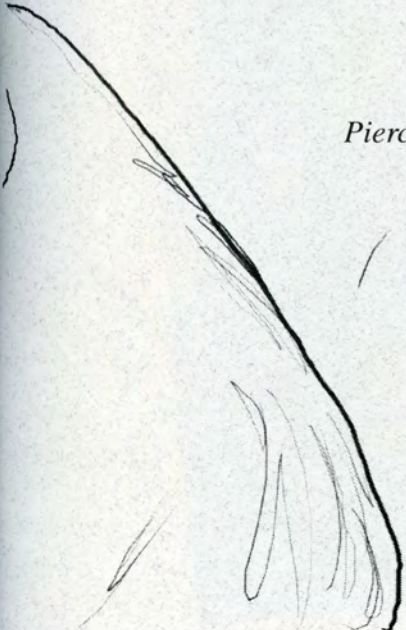




*And sometimes why*

Back in my salad days,  
When we all intended on morality  
I signed a contract on the heart of one Mr. James Altruist.  
Amidst cell phones and beach homes  
Do any of them pause deliberately  
For pausing's sake?  
And not because so and so O.D.ed or because of  
A post-summer tragedy?  
No, they only care for their 13 miles of filth.  
Or maybe on my high horse-ken  
I should realize  
It's time for the mucking to begin.





*Pierced by Nature*

Humid  
urban forest.  
A car wash for the soul.  
I brace myself for on-coming  
sky knives.





This song is still about my mother,  
but I decided to make it more universal.  
Like a child who has lost a mother,  
I believe that women universally suffer  
identity confusion because of their misrepresentation in history.















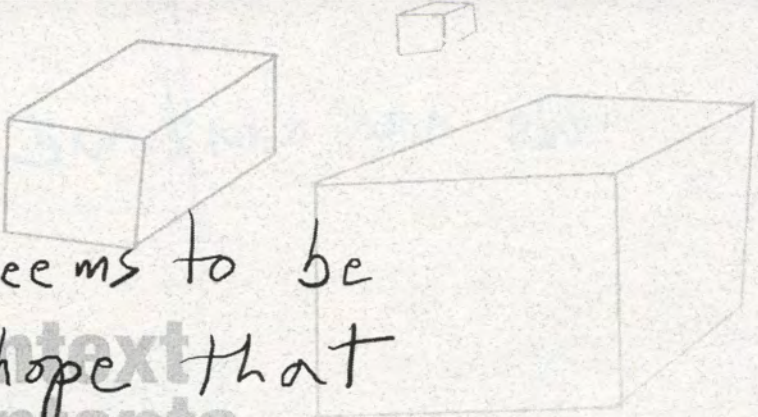
STATEMENT  
OF  
purpose

The magazine  
begins to loop  
at this point.

Photo of  
Chief ed

We're genuinely  
sorry for any  
problems this  
might cause.  
List names  
of assistant editors





There seems to be  
Some hope that  
this condition  
will only be temporary

We assure you,  
no one is more  
frustrated by this  
than we here at  
the mosaic.



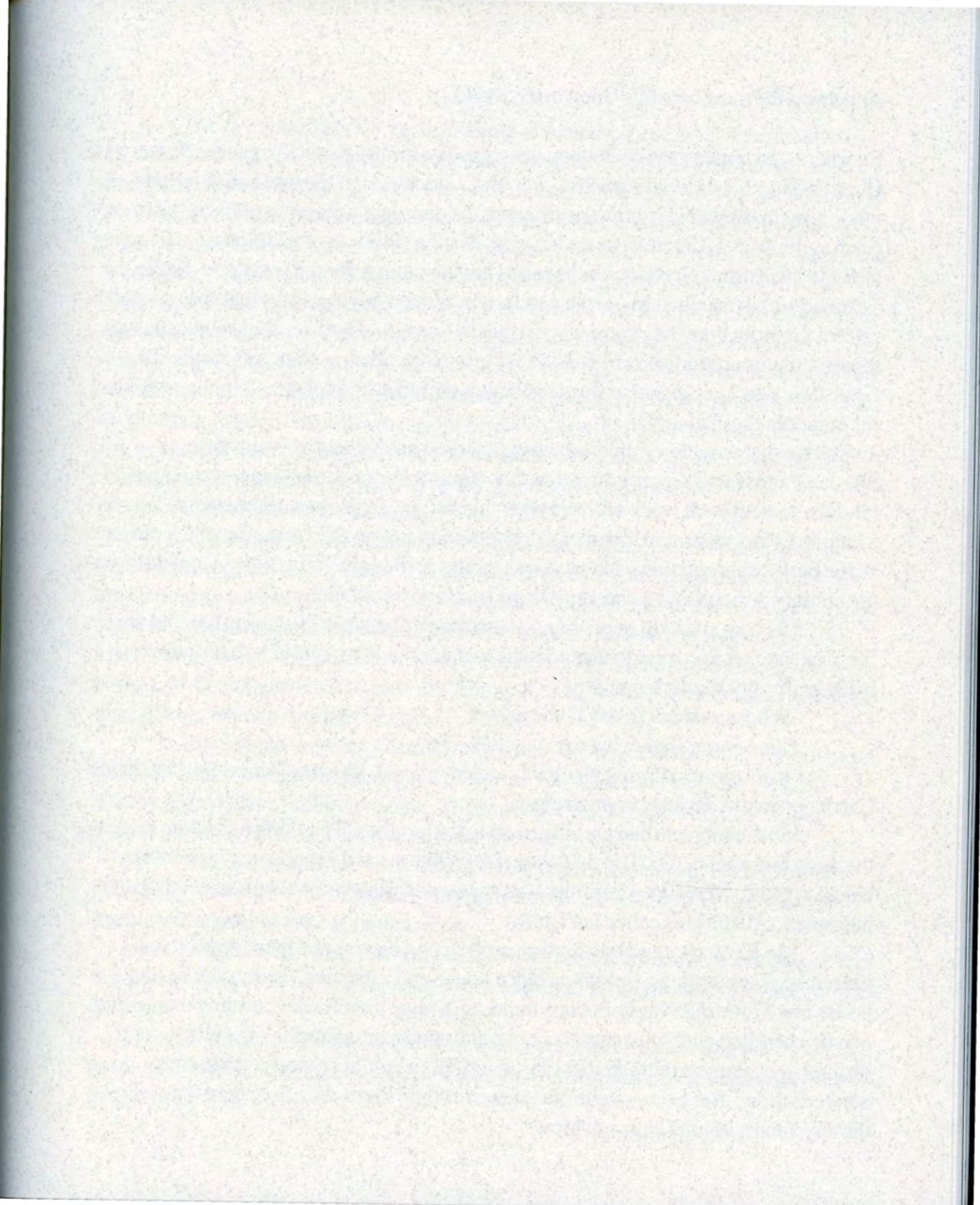
We now continue

*May we Spondee?*

**MEANING**

As I sit here at my timed interval of poem medicine  
I wish I could live poetry,  
Have it spoken to me by a trochaic man  
I.E. this one diagonal from me  
With his custom-designed underwater eyes  
With 'him and the dominos'  
I learned his name right then  
But would have known it intuitively  
In my heart that beats in iambic pentameter  
I would like to be affected by him  
Hurt by him  
Anything  
So long as he knew that I knew that he knew\  
So long as he was one of the authors of my fate  
If only my form could be trapped inside his eyelids  
Scan me, you'll find stresses at your mentions  
How seventeenth century of me!







And this is the most beautiful thing in the world.

Everyone can remember where they were the day Jimmy Keoltz began to glow. Quentin Tulom was bowling a 264. Pat McCulloch was in the tree house his dad made him for his tenth birthday, peering out the doorway with binoculars trying to catch a glimpse of Marcie Fern undressing. Kenna Holf was in her basement listening along to an instructional tape as she tuned her bass guitar for the first time. Injola Trinidad was in the outskirts of the Amazon rainforest buying drugs that she planned to sell for far more than they were worth back in Europe. Her friends thought she was researching a cure for cancer. Todd Pinckle was convincing strangers that he was God. God was keeping an extra close watch on Jeffrey "Molasses" Jones. Molasses was doing his laundry.

Everyone that was there can remember exactly what it was they were doing. Shauna Patters was on coat duty that day. Coat duty was an honor earned by a random student each week who was then in charge of making sure each coat was on a hanger in the closet and that the girls coats were not on the same side of the closet as the boys coats and that each coat was facing in the same direction. Coat duty was not entirely difficult, but it was a privileged position nonetheless.

The coat she held in her hand at the moment it happened wasn't a coat at all but a sweater. A homemade tan or khaki sweater made by someone's grandma; made by Jimmy Keoltz's grandma.

"Whose sweater is this?" she asked.

There was a slight pause.

"It's Jimmy's, Jimmy Keoltz's... and it's a girls sweater!" answered Madeline Casunder, just as Jimmy began to glow.

Most likely one had nothing to do with the other. The thing Madeline said and the thing that Jimmy did. But that was when it first started to happen, when Jimmy began to glow. Madeline Casunder was answering Shauna Patters' question when it happened. All the kids called her Linny.

Mr. Keoltz was a construction worker and he was not there when it happened; he was building a building. Not a house, not a personalized structure like a house or a Mom and Pop store but a building, a huge impersonal building that would one day be filled with impersonal people all wearing the same kinds of clothes and dealing in business so similar that only their CEO's would know the differences between them. But every single one of them would know exactly where they were the day Jimmy Keoltz began to glow.



The sky was milky white, something of fantasy, something sky could never be and it reflected itself down onto the flowers and the grass and the picnic basket and it smelt wonderful, more than any exotic scent of the East or even the fondest of memories and Mrs. Jenkins was in the middle of it all. The sky was milky white were Mrs. Jenkins was having a picnic by herself. She too can remember where she was when, as she put it, "Whatever it was that happened to that poor little boy happened" but she would rather forget. Mrs. Jenkins would much rather be where she spent the rest of her existence: Enveloped in the most fantastic of dreams, wrapped in the blanket of the sky, enjoying the fact that she no longer needed to lay down to see it, that it was all around her and all she had to do was open her eyes at any moment and she would see deeper beyond the white of it, her roof, her everything, and see more white, white past the breakers past the edge of existence. All she had to do was open her eyes to realize there was no Heaven.

"Only color," she would say. "Only color"

Mr. Takagami was dead when it happened, but he can still remember. It could be seen from everywhere. He felt it too, not everyone felt it the way he did. As clichéd as it is the glow made Mr. Takagami warm to the touch. On the inside he was cold and alone and scared and he didn't want to be were he was because he knew that was the only place he possibly could be. But at the same time if you were to dig up Mr. Takagami at the moment Jimmy Keoltz began to glow than you would have felt his warmth against your skin.

Most people were surprised by the whole thing. Perhaps Mrs. Tabbot most of all; she died. Some people wanted to sue the Keoltz family because they felt Jimmy scared Mrs. Tabbot to death. These people were in the minority. Most people did not want to sue the Keoltz family for anything.

I was in the shower. I was in the shower and I was crying uncontrollably but I do remember it clearer than anything. I haven't been able to retain a single memory of anything that happened since.

Jimmy Keoltz wasn't surprised. He wasn't surprised and as a matter of fact he may not be able to remember where he was either. Jimmy Keoltz just may be the only one.

The people on the news, they knew everyone can remember it but they made sure to remind everyone constantly anyways. Most likely because they were scared of it.



Jimmy Keoltz was expecting it a year to the day exactly. He knew because his mother told him it would happen. And a year to the day exactly before that she had died. She was dead for a year before she told Jimmy he would glow. When Jimmy's mother told him she was glowing too and it was beautiful, so when it started happening to Jimmy he let it happen. Most people did not know that, they didn't know that Jimmy could have stopped it at first, that as violent as it was it was never entirely in control. What Jimmy didn't know was that it was an entirely different kind of glow than that he saw in his dead mother.

Mrs. Jenkins wished that she didn't remember, but part of her knew that it was part of the reason why she ended up where she did. The place with the milky white sky that covered everything in it's own gentle way.

Things were different because of it for everyone, and that was always a mixed blessing at best. Just this morning Jasmine Gonzalez was raped and it hurt more than anything had ever hurt her before. She closed her eyes and cried, not letting the tears escape, leaving them no choice but to beat against her eyelids, to burn the most delicate of her sensory organs. The most treasured. She imagined her eyelids blowing up like balloons, filling with her tears and then bursting, splashing red-hot salty liquid in all directions across the world because she would never allow herself to open her eyes again. She thought of something awful burrowing inside her, something monstrous slowly growing, something destructive and ugly and things worse than she could describe, things lost by the limits of language and she wanted to throw up because of it but she could not because her mouth was gagged and she could barely breathe as it was.

Hours later Dr. Cranton, who was rather experienced at this sort of thing, made a joke and Jasmine laughed, she laughed in a way that, hours earlier, she thought she would never laugh again. It wasn't entirely natural, but it was necessary so she laughed and laughed and Dr. Cranton laughed too because she was quite experienced at this sort of thing and the room lightened for a moment. It sighed away a million pounds of breath and both its inhabitants felt it. And then Jasmine remembered where she was when Jimmy Keoltz began to glow and she stopped laughing and began to tremble. She trembled because Jasmine Gonzalez remembered that when Jimmy Keoltz began to glow she was not being raped.

One day, after Jasmine Gonzalez was raped Dr. Cranton thought about where she was when Jimmy Keoltz began to glow and she laughed and laughed even harder than the day that Jasmine got raped. Then her husband came in.

"What's so funny?" he asked.



She wouldn't tell him so he said it again, only this time he demanded.

"What's so funny?" he demanded.

She still refused to tell him so Dr. Cranton blushed and her husband left the room dissatisfied.

Shrew Davies was blowing leaves in his backyard. Margaret Jansen was scolding her son Tom Priada who kept his fathers last name after the divorce for feigning the flu in order to stay home from school. Tom was crying. So was I, but in the shower. Greta van Huesen was making plans to climb the world's tallest mountain. Jimmy's grandmother was making him another sweater. Jimmy's mother was dead and she was smiling. Paulie Franko was fucking his best friends wife. A lot of people were dying; a lot of people were living. Absolutely no one was being born. The man that raped Jasmine Gonzalez wasn't raping anyone, but he can remember exactly where he was; the funny thing is, nobody remembered what happened to Jimmy Keoltz.

Some people thought he never stopped, they thought that he glowed forever and ever. The people giving the news on TV said that, they liked to keep people optimistic about things. A lot of people just assumed he flat out died. Some scientists tried to make a living out of calling it spontaneous combustion or proof of this or proof of that but that was no way to make a living. A lot of priests and bishops and cardinals, well they just liked to ignore it, they couldn't forget it, but they sure could ignore it. A little girl once told Carl Minnelough that she thought Jimmy Keoltz turned into an angel. Mrs. Jenkins didn't like to think about what happened to him. The man that raped Jasmine Gonzalez wished he could see him, just once. Mr. Takagami was dead.



We have the right to be here. WHO ARE YOU? CAN I SEE SOME IDENTIFICATION THAT YOU ARE A LIVING HUMAN THAT I HAVE BEEN PLACED HERE TO INTERACT WITH?

Gave me a legitimate reason why I can't be here. WE HAVE NO REASON TO BE HERE. You are the reason we are here

“

**HARD WAYS EASY WAYS**. Don't take the easy way out. said mother

**SAD MOTHER**

Finally THE REDEEMER HAS ARRIVED IN THE LITTLE HOUSE WE HAVE BEEN PREPARING FOR SO LONG

**LOOK HOW PRETTY IT IS**

SO MUCH TIME...

SPENT...

SPENT FROM WALKING

SPENT FROM SEEING

SPENT FROM THINKING

SPENT FROM LIVING

SPENT MY MONEY

I have spent all of my money

I have spent all of my money and now I have no more

**MAKE MORE**

**SENSE OF THINGS**

**FIVE SENSES SIX SENSES SEVEN SENSES MORE**

I've made some more

Just by seizing the opportunity of resources

Not THOSE But the ones already taken

Already brought

Already refined

Already marketed

Already consumed

Already disposed of

All ready for me.

**HOW REPETITIVE...**

**NOW GO BACK AND  
START FROM THE BEGINNING.**

LEGEND



US



THEM

You have teeth  
Drimma





28th

23rd

next stop union square

14th st.

there are now empty seats but

i still stand

At Midnight Very Clean\*

Tride

i jerk

A page turns each night.

Heeter and toffer, and almost fall over

Tomorrow slides in,

I can do this

Drifting silently with pale snow

this is fine

Past the orange glow of street lights,

downtown six local

Or beating persistently with

to brooklyn bridge

The rain on the rooftop,

next stop

Or sneaking in with grey fog,

astor place

Or beading up on cut grass.

cross one black clog in front of the other

It comes to us at midnight, very clean,

dog doo

And lays itself at our feet.

stand clear of the closing doors

What a sacrifice Tomorrow makes—

i click clack up the stairs

How does it know what we'll do with it?

into the world above

Still, every night, it hides in the shadows,

So as to surprise us at sunrise

With the gift of another chance.

\* "Tomorrow is the most important thing in life... comes into us at midnight very clean. It's perfect when it arrives and it puts itself in our hands. It hopes we've learned something from yesterday." ~John Wayne



## ARBITRAGE

Chance took me to Brooklyn,  
opportunity, to the third floor flat  
of that Byelorussian girl who trades

erotic futures. She opened  
with T-shirt and fuzzy slippers, pad  
in hand, trailing actuals,

fungibles and derivatives, to her bedroom  
office, knuckling the dimpled screen  
of her laptop. *Time*

*to take short position*, she  
muttered, nibbling her pony tail,  
*Or maybe ...* Her bottom squirmed,

she leaned in, poked there, there, and there,  
*No one considers now*  
*the knock-out option*,

*Maybe bold stroke.*  
*We could ride the straddle...*  
*Is an irrational market,*

*volatile. The Kama Sutra*  
*is up and down on the Sensex*  
*and the Nifty. Feet crossed*

and uncrossed, bunnies shrugged  
off. Round face pale,  
reflected light of the active-matrix

screen... *The instruments mispriced... we take*  
*both positions, and ha! we are een*  
*like Fleen.* I asked her,

*How much do you need?*



*THE DRAMA OF REAL LIVES, THE POWER OF TRUE STORIES*

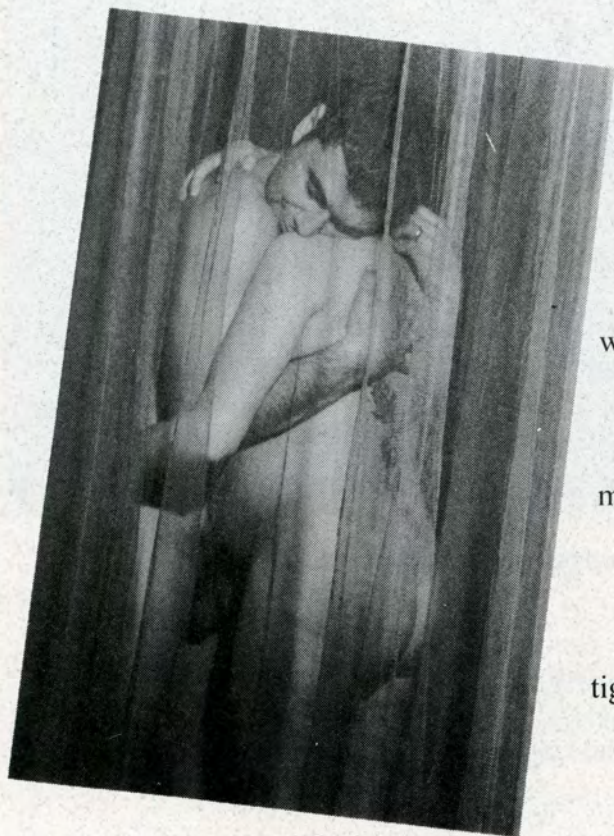
When I was George  
W  
Bush's mistress he  
would press his head against  
my stomach and

curl up to  
the soft droop of my  
titties against his cheek  
he'd suck his thumb  
and I'd croon

songs of resistance  
my Communist mother  
taught me we'd heard  
Paul Robeson  
sing them at Peekskill

when George was a baby  
he never knew  
what they meant  
just nestled into  
my husky New York rasp

reminding him  
of warm nights  
and tarry rooftops  
tight harmonies and what  
every boy wants





*Possibly*

Sorry seems to be repetitive banter in between the “I love you” and  
“fuck you” and fucking  
and makinnggg nothing  
I’m new to this love of rose colored glass beads that sting our  
hardening skins but decorate our  
oiled shiny coverings  
I used to beg for the press of your lips and none other than that  
chocolate manifest of  
monogamy you represented  
You were my tries  
You were my attempt at meaningful intimacy  
And I laugh now to see you think of others and yearn for her,  
whoever she is  
I sit sometimes and educate myself on your shortcomings and it can  
soothe the soul  
But then you don’t call and then you do with a sullen message  
It’s been ten days and I’m counting  
Counting to see when the inner frustrations pressurize and make a  
beautiful diamond for another to cherish  
I’d say love escaped us as we finagled with my bra strap but that’s  
known right?  
The black one with the push-up pads that added lust to the non-  
existent  
friendship  
I can think of emotional promiscuity as a rape I’ve perfected in evil  
ways  
I’m just wondering this time did I rape you or did I rape myself?



Do any of them pause deliberately  
For pausing's sake?  
And not because so and so O.D.ed or because of  
A post-summer tragedy?



*Tara*

Just this morning Jasmine Gonzalez was  
raped and it hurt more than anything  
had ever hurt her before



*Young Girl with a Scrunchie, Observed*

You can do anything,  
anything at all  
with that scrunchie:  
your hands nimbly thread  
piles of hair, silky and falling,  
through into a ponytail,  
then, a carelessly elegant heap.  
Your assuredness, so innocent  
and brazen, no mirror  
needed: you look good any way,  
any way at all.

Your head is bent over the school work,  
beguiling, comparing, conversing with  
the boy next to you;  
he doesn't stand a chance,  
not any chance.

Suddenly the fingers,  
knitting and silver,  
let the hair loose in a burst  
like horses stampeding a corral,  
spilling over your face with your laughter,  
shook back to show  
your freedom,  
your unquestionable freedom  
from dominion,  
loose, ready to flow  
into the unknown, all life  
before you.

The veil of your hair  
covering, enticing,  
hiding, revealing  
all of a sudden,  
the bare back of your neck,  
so unbearably vulnerable.



*Rest Thy Soul*

The weary soul doth sleep tonight  
But tomorrow will wake a new.  
Rising before the morning light  
To rid the flowers of their dew.



## *Friends*

Say it was this way always...  
tell me I never stood that smile...

Have you ever wondered?  
Out of the corner of those brown eyes,  
was I watching you?

It's too late... To find a better way.  
Call it all old hat.

We walked back in 2000,  
all the way back ourselves,  
your hippie sandals,  
and my shirt on your back.

What was the word again?

Trite.

That's all that's left.  
I'll keep going this way...  
Yeah...

Let's let it be like this.  
Easier this way, right?  
Right.

I'm all smiles, you know that.  
My jokes aren't all that funny,  
But that's cool.



It's cool.

This is cool.

Like this.

Friends, right?

Right.

Friends.

I can play that.

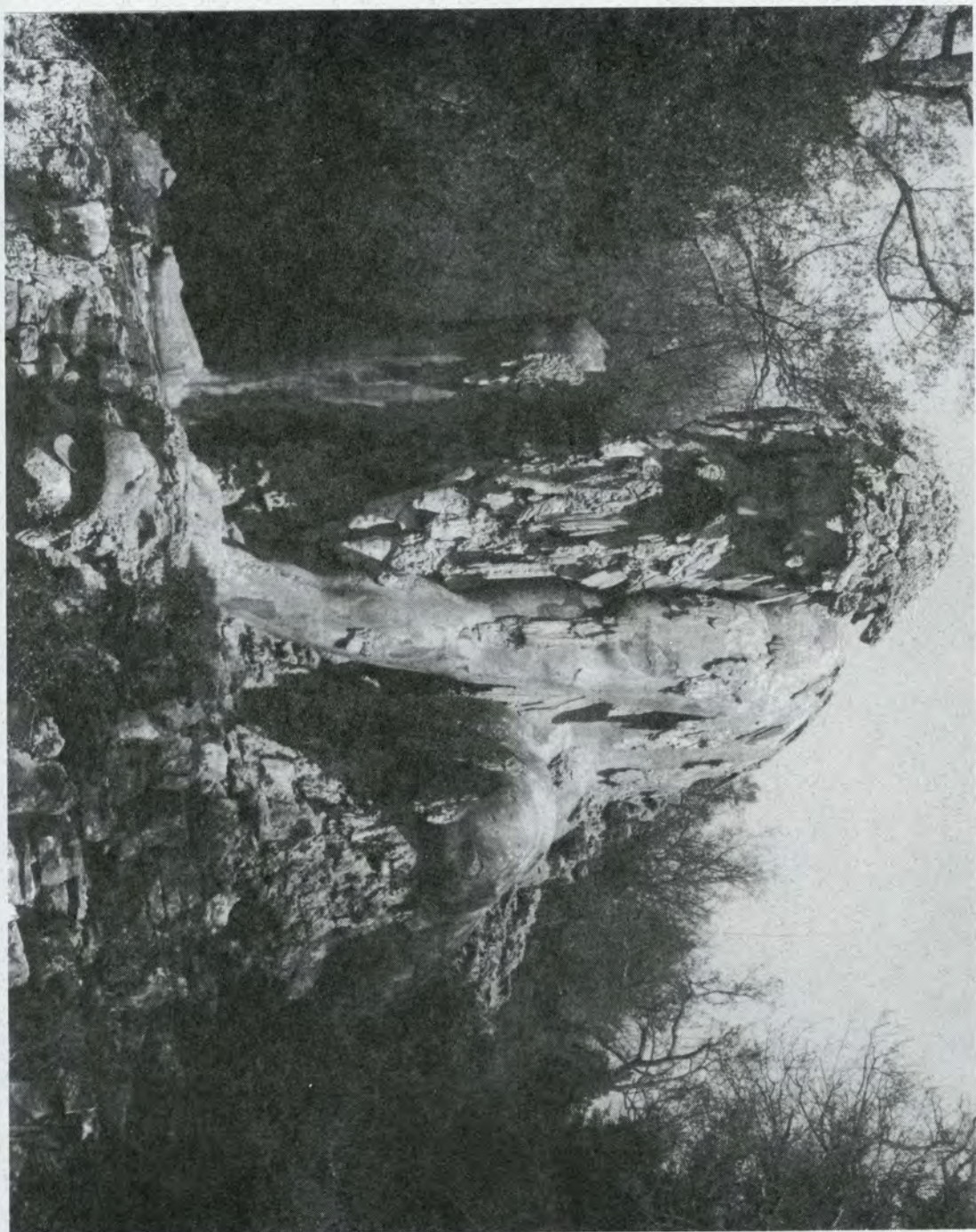
I can keep playing that like a record.



### *Loss of Innocence*

What does it mean to be in touch with reality? Does one lose his innocence after years of enhancing his reputation and status? The eminent figure who no longer understands the roles of self-discipline and love. He focuses on personal gain and the stock market. Prioritizing what is relevant- his loved ones, no longer on his agenda. Time and personal possession is his only vision and passion. We are no longer existent in his life. One can hold pride for all his accomplishments and status, yet, lose all innocence if he places materialism and personal gains above loved ones. No matter where one stands, he is not infallible. He can still drown if he neglects others and loses his understanding and compassion for his followers.





*Old Man*



There are  
Several experts  
Working out this  
looping even  
as you read  
this.



There seems to be  
some hope that  
we have  
this condition  
now been  
will only be temporary  
made aware

We assure you  
that the  
no one is more  
pattern seems  
frustrated by this  
to flare up  
the mosaic  
every 20<sup>th</sup> page



We now continue...  
Again.

excuses from the night

my body sinks lower until there's nowhere else to go

down i fall into sleepless nights and dreamless days

tripping my mind with my own insanities

the day's peculiarities run through my veins

and so it becomes a part of me

until i lose myself and become everything at once and once again

there's nothing left but darkness and reality

which seeps through the walls and falls crudely onto my empty thoughts

permeating stifled spaces and breaking the silence

barriers shattered by unintended circumstances

it defeats me and i am defeated

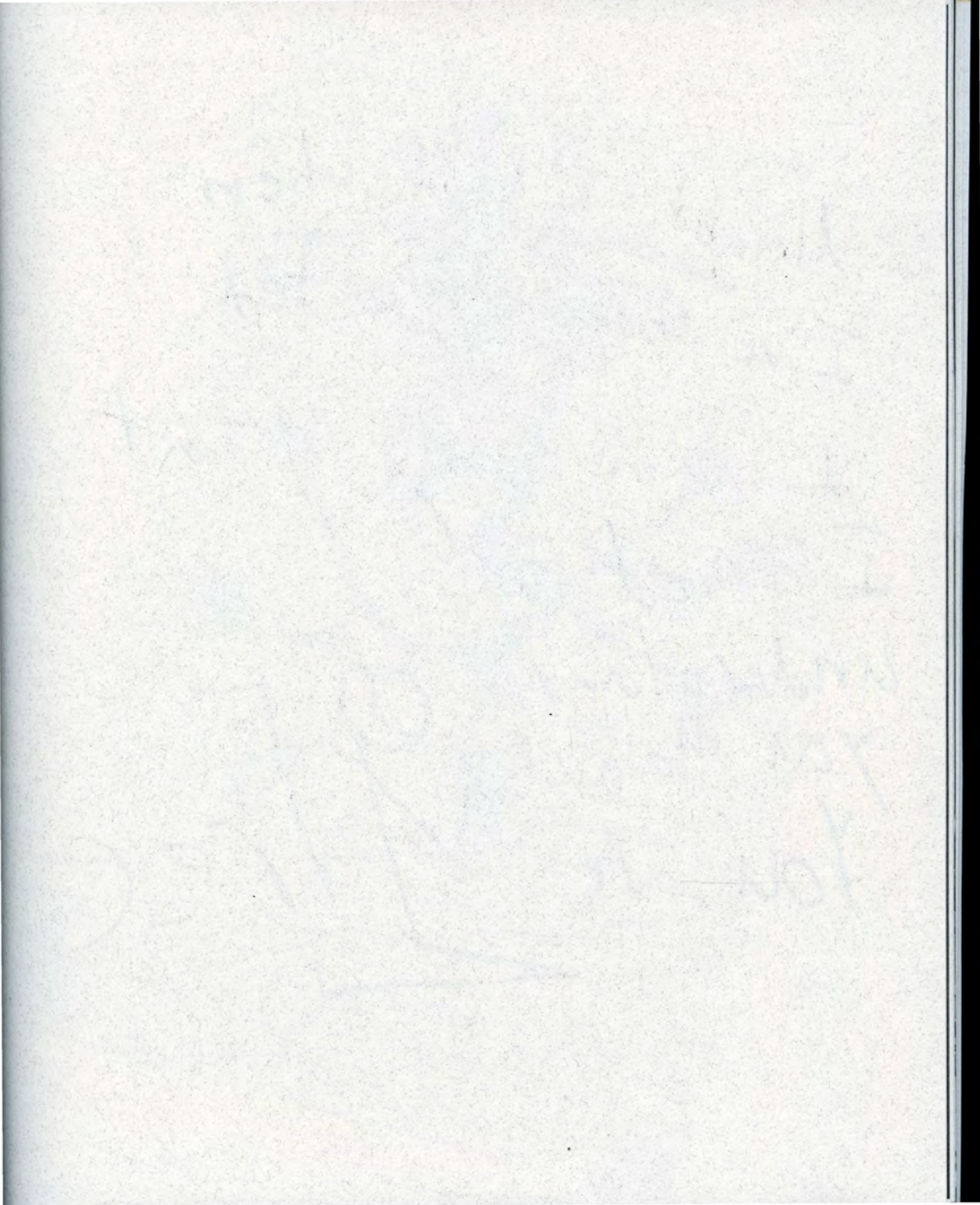
waiting, checking the time framed and suspended in neon space

i am enclosed and one

and i feel nothing

MEANING

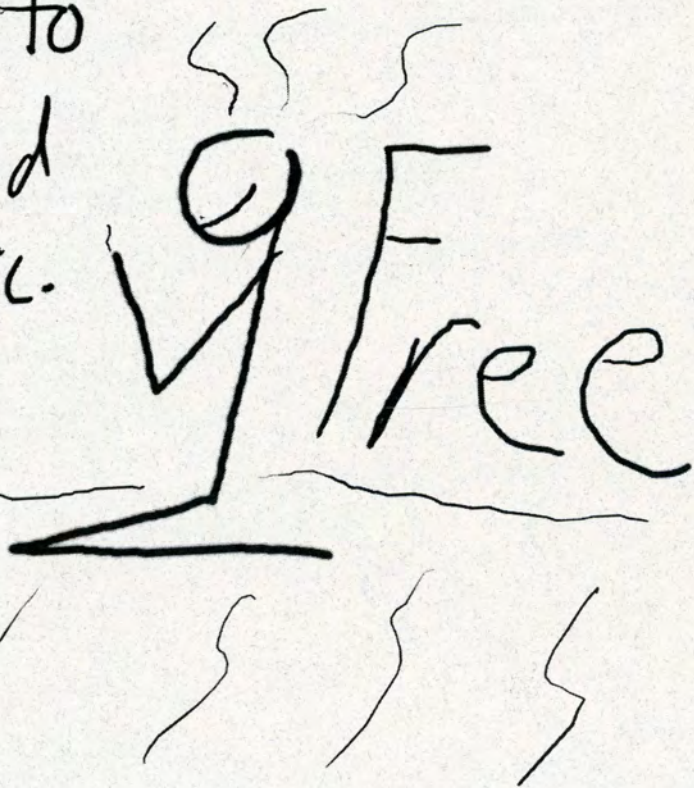




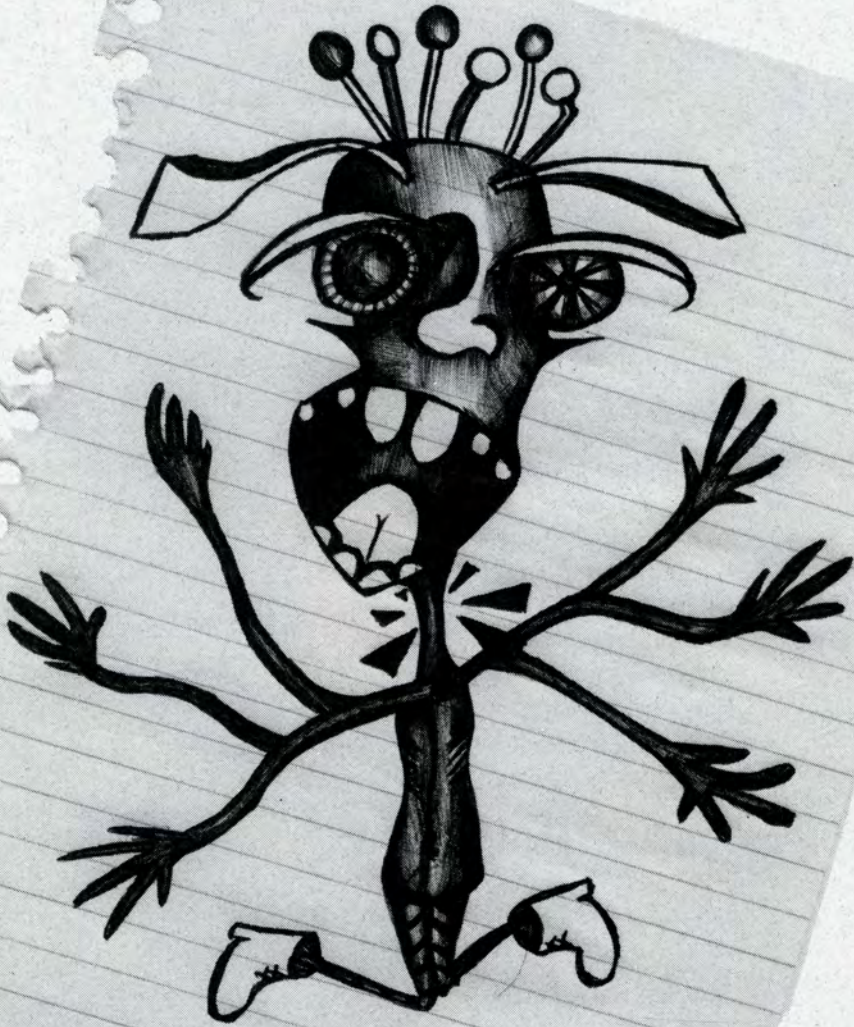


Alright. I know when  
I've been defeated.

I am sorry that  
I tried to  
understand  
you Mosaic.  
You are









*Dead Sea*

Deep in the gray mortar  
That rests between continents,  
There is a pool,  
A red oasis that steams and rages, Angry kettle, hot blood cell,  
It bursts with sworn secrecy.  
Love, what has happened to me?  
How it burns, this seasick carpentry. The world, she aches  
Alone out there,  
Her veins seething with  
A molten chardonnay.  
It is in me now, I fear,  
Snaking ever closer, cradling  
Those sailors lost at sea.  
Earthen plates are  
Swept out from under me,  
Make a saddle of my skin  
Which bears no pavement.  
I carry the dead in my stride,  
But somewhere in the center of  
All this heaviness,  
There is a spark,  
A bright and awful light.  
Here it comes again,  
Flooding my eyes with its  
Dark spectrum, and  
I fear it is in me still,  
My lips a cherry red,  
A kicking in my belly,  
Another mouth to feed.



But

Did

The

Way

I

It

same

Mosaic



*"Oh my  
Tuxedo birds!  
Won't the poor buggers melt?"*



*The Looking Glass*

In the mirror,  
I saw myself  
Lilied and laced.  
White statue, china doll,  
Not a hair out of place,  
Not a stain on the carpet.  
The gauze hangs heavy and flat  
From the crown,  
A veil of sorts, a hat  
Full of petals and thorns.  
In the glint of your iris, I twirled  
Like a mad top,  
A spinning wheel.  
There was no veil,  
No porcelain pout,  
But cheap plastic  
Smothered in spray-paint.  
I was choking on cellophane,  
Clawing at my eyes,  
The veins in my throat  
Like fat slugs,  
Pulsing with blood.  
And like Oedipus,  
I felt for the pointed glass  
And plucked out my eyes  
So that I could see the truth  
For myself.

There was blood  
Down the white of my sleeve  
And my side,  
It dripped hot and  
Hardened like beeswax.  
But no matter,  
We will get a new mirror,



New sleeves, an eye patch,  
The works.  
The tailor is a genius, a dabbler;  
Through his needle-eye,  
He draws down the stars  
From the sky,  
To beguile us.  
No one must know I was broken.  
He will cut around the spear  
And the rusty screws.  
He will cut around the crown,  
Where the skin starts to pucker  
And brown blood drools from the spot.  
He stitches up nicely;  
The scars are as blatant as air.  
I have done this before,  
A silly goat, to think that  
I could see such clean visions.  
Me, in a wedding veil,  
Me, the white dove  
With the olive branch  
Caught in my beak.  
Me, a mad top, a spinning wheel.  
Such absurdities!  
One would think  
I'd have drowned in my reflection,  
And a flower bear my name.  
A laugh, to think the pauper  
Is a prince!  
A laugh, to think a mirror  
Holds more virtue  
Than a husband!



# *One Night*

Popcorn is popping in the microwave  
On the counter.

Wind from the window asks her hair to dance  
And she smiles.

Her head back,  
She laughs at the world.



She sits on the couch,  
Legs folded beside her.

The kernels explode,  
Leaving that distinct smell hanging in the air.



*Comatose*

Resting his head on  
A pillow of soft azaleas,  
He draws about his shoulders  
The earth, a dark blanket, and  
Tucks it under his chin like treasure,  
A secret well-kept.  
Tree leaves chitter and sway,  
The wind like a sigh through  
Their branches.  
It lulls him, the leaves and  
The cricket song,  
And the way the moon-glint  
Rises from the water, in shafts, Swanlike.  
He is ready for sleep,  
His eyes under soil and grass,  
His crown against the headboard,  
A tombstone, the date freshly  
Chiseled upon it.  
He lies, in repose, with  
The rocks cutting into his back, Handsomely embalmed.  
He is primed for departure,  
For slumber.  
The sand fills his eyes  
Like a cup.



*Emoish*

Outside the last gates,  
my race is ended...  
still running,  
but only meters to go,  
and we all know who's where...

The zenith laughs as the crimson shades my smiles.

Right eye blind style,  
kids asking questions,  
and your wallflower sensibility smoked away.

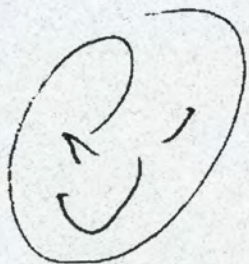
Sans the 86ed talk,  
Let's leave this city tonight.

I'll ask you to dance,  
and you can say no.

We'll laugh on all this soon.

Who cares what Peninsula holds my name...  
It's all the same...





Two hours and too long.

Two hours and too long. Not alone;  
alone.

Bad mood again, eating at my  
~~emptiness~~ emptiness.

One half; not whole.

Change.

An empty symbol around my neck;  
choking.

Cut through my arm with this  
blade; pen.

Deteriorating backwards; irreversible.

~~Note~~

Two hours and too long. Not alone;  
alone.



## *Register Two*

None of the checkers really liked register two. Even if the checker on two had one or two customers waiting and registers one and three were empty, sure enough people went to register two's line. It happened all the time, every worker knew about it — most guessed that because the lane for two was widest most of the customers felt more comfortable going there. No one knows for certain.

"Debbie, you're on register two" said Tammy, pointing over to a line of dirty, out of date registers that all had at least one if not many broken parts. Register two's conveyer belt was broken.

It was around 6 o'clock when Debbie noticed them, two girls, 19 or 20 by her guess. They looked exactly like the girls on the teen fashion magazines — she could barely tell the difference between the two. They wandered around aisle 4, the chips and cookies aisle, talking about nothing in particular as they looked around the shelves for sometime, before picking up a box of generic low fat oatmeal cookies. Without hesitation, they walked to register two.

"I've got to tell you, I'm done. I'm serious, no more work, I had a good first semester but no more work. It's just too much, you know?" said one of the girls, looking at the back of the box in the middle of the lane.

"Totally, it's ridiculous. Before break I had two papers due. I mean, come on" said the other girl.

"Good Evening, Did you find everything you needed today?" asked Debbie robotically — they must not of heard her, they didn't respond. Debbie never went to college but often imagined what it was like. She could have gone actually, had she had the money or freedom to. Her scores were generally above average, but she was the oldest in her family and had to help contribute to the family income after graduation. Her father was on disability from the docks and her mother made scraps working in a grocery store very similar to one she stood in



now. She didn't really mind missing college if it was to help out her family, after all there would be time for college later on — she had thought so, at least.

"I'm so glad we have this break, the last two months have been terrible. I think I'm going to quit SGA, I mean, I need the priority points and all but this is insane. We have two meetings a week, don't they realize we have lives?"

"Seriously, you should" said the first girl, placing the box on the broken conveyor belt. Debbie then remembered she had to pick up her younger daughter from her parents after her shift in four hours. The older girl was with some friends. It had been tough since her husband's passing five years ago, but they were getting through it. The funeral was the worst part of the entire event, not because anyone was terribly emotional, the girls were too young to understand what had happened — it's just that so few people came. Six or Seven people in all — it was embarrassing. She heard customers talking about funerals of 100 or so people, that's the kind she would like.

"If I fail Stats this semester I'm seriously done. My parents are already upset with me. If I fail Stats they'll cut me off, and I'm not getting a job on campus, I'll tell you that much"

"I know, they pay 7 dollars an hour, it's like a sweatshop. We should call the secret service to arrest them," said the second girl. The first one laughed.

Debbie scanned to box and placed it in a white plastic bag in one fluid motion.

Her husband's passing had — been a financial hit to the family — not that he was all that well-off, but a steady full-time check from the liquor store seemed like heaven to her now. It was tough working for \$6.50 an hour — especially after they cut hours from 50 down to 40 a week — not that she had a choice. Either that or meager unemployment checks. They had promised her a raise to \$7 after her first year working, but never got it -  
- something about profits being down.

"Good thing is that in a couple weeks we have winter break, all we have to worry about is finals"

"But winter break is only a month this year, come on. My cousin gets 6 weeks of break, our school is so cheap" said the first girl.

The motel her and her daughters lived in wasn't in the best condition but it



was something, they had built up a tolerance for the noises of the train and the bar next to building. Her daughters didn't even know half of the words the drunks yelled out anyway, so it wasn't too bad. Not that she had a choice, wasn't anywhere better to live -it was either the squalid, dilapidated Shore Palace Motel or one of the boarding houses next to the train station, and she wasn't about to introduce her daughters to that sort of atmosphere.

"Your total is 3.49" mumbled Debbie, careful not to interrupt their conversation.

"Oh, OK said the first girl, looking at Debbie for the first time. She handed her a \$20 bill.

"Your change is 16.51. Thank you for shopping with us. Have a good day" Debbie said for the 82<sup>o</sup>d time that day, handing the first girl the change. The girl flashed a fake courtesy smile, somewhat robotic, no shred of humanity or genuineness in it, and grabbed the bag.

"Alright, where to next?"

"Let's hit an ATM, I need cash for the mall trip on Tuesday"

"Good idea" said the first girl, both walking out of the store. Debbie turned to the next customer, an older local couple. "Good evening, did you find everything you needed today?"



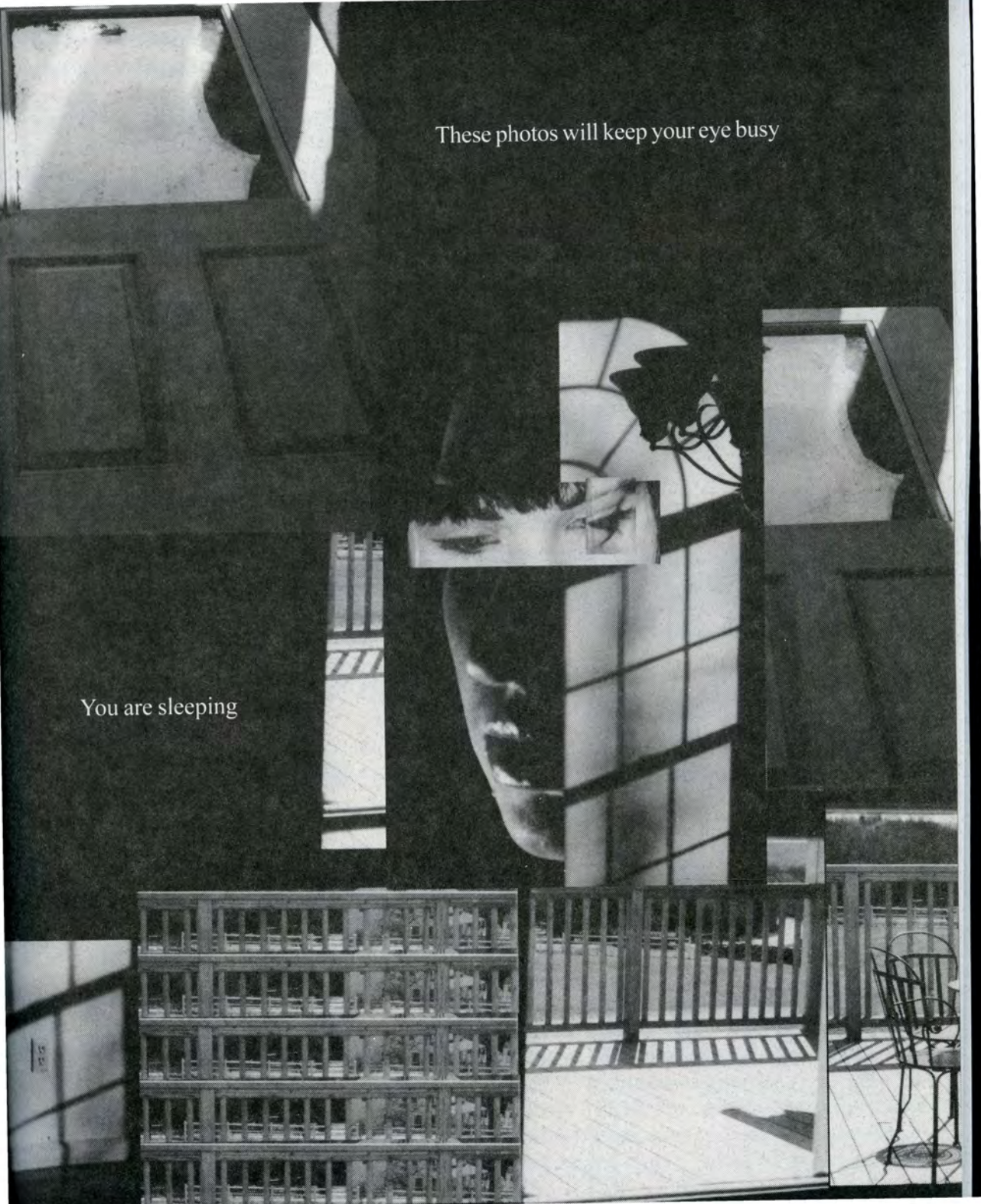
*Contrast*

The warm Spring breeze blows away my fears  
given by the life outside this natural world  
Stroking the velvet petals that embrace and bring color  
to the grey stone, so strong and clustered...like a family  
helping one another;  
Oaks providing shade to the green beneath,  
who bring sustenance necessary for life  
Each with a purpose...the balance of life  
I feel so removed...until I am here,  
textured bark upon my fingertips,  
softened earth beneath my feet, speckled with colors of change  
and rebirth  
Irreplaceable art....alive  
before my eyes..



These photos will keep your eye busy

You are sleeping





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Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

A special thanks to the following:

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

There are other names as well

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

some things are forgotten some remembered

Karen Conklin Traynor's dad

Toni Williamson Burns's dad

Amy Laura DeMarzo's dad

Karen Conklin's mom Jason Morrisson's dad

Toni Williamson's mom Daniel Fitzsimmons's dad

Amy Lau's mom Raphael Kosek's dad

Laura DeMarzo's mom Jax Hubbard's dad

Taj Garcha's mom Rick Ambrosio's dad

Tony Messina's mom Mike Traynor's dad

Justin Calderon's mom James Burns's dad

Joanne Villani's mom Laura DeMarzo's dad

Laura de la Llave's mom Taj Garcha's dad

Diana Alvarez's mom Tony Messina's dad

Cyndi P's mom Justin Calderon's dad

Anna Tawfik's mom Joanne Villani's dad

Erin Gannon's mom Laura de la Llave's dad

Matt Ragucci's mom Diana Alvarez's dad

Tad Richards's mom Cyndi P's dad

Jason Morrison's mom Anna Tawfik's dad

Daniel Fitzsimmons's mom Erin Gannon's dad

Raphael Kosek's mom Matt Ragucci's dad

Jax Hubbard's mom Tad Richards's dad

Rick Ambrosio's mom Jen Goldsmith's dad

Mike Traynor's mom James Burns's mom

James Burns's mom

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born

Everyone who was ever born



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That's right,  
a whole page  
with nothing on it.



## *ER Diagnosis*

9:23 PM. Incoherent, disarrayed woman rushes into the emergency room screaming "... won't take bath, won't go to sleep..." Woman was wearing jeans with holes in the knees, t-shirt with sweat marks under the arms, socks and one sneaker without the shoelace. Front of t-shirt seemed to be water soaked and splattered with spaghetti, both sauce and noodles. There was a sign taped on her back that read "Looney Tunes."

Symptoms: Recurring nightmares, unbearable migraines, spouting gibberish, bald spots. Uncontrollable shaking

History: Relatively young woman with three children complaining of the above symptoms. Woman was reportedly in excellent health until first child reached the age of two. Doctor dismissed first symptoms as "that's life." Sent patient home with a shake of his head and an audible "Phsaw!" Symptoms increased with sporadic spasms of nervous tics as the number of children increased to three. Doctor still unsympathetic, recommended an occasional night out without the kids. Seventh babysitter quit. Patient began to pull hair out. Doctor recommended a live-in-nanny. After one week, nanny fled the country. Patient was torn between love and hate, compassion and despair. Nothing seemed to work. Children running amuck. Patient began banging head against the wall. Doctor unable to save patient from self-inflicting wounds. Recommended a shrink. Patient worried children may be deaf. Pediatrician found no signs of hearing loss in the children. Suggested children were manipulating mom - only heard what they wanted to hear. Patient finally sought the aid of a shrink. Shrink declared it's too late - was already talking gibberish to herself - insisting that no one listened. Patient's mind was shattered - lived in a hell dominated by little human drooling creatures, treading dirty, sticky bare feet all over her. Bald spots began to appear as teenage years took their hold and mom pulled hair in exasperation. Shrink admitted defeat when woman put a bib on him, and, holding an armor shield to protect her person, fed him



strained spinach while dodging invisible items, singing, "I love you, you love me, we're a happy family..."

**Diagnosis:** Emergency room doctor very young. Could not treat patient. Sought the advice of the on-call Psychologist. Psychologist recognized symptoms immediately; has dealt with the problem many times. Pronounced patient's recovery hopeless until children reach adulthood. Too many children, born too close together. Children viciously inflicted years of abuse. Patient sought medical attention too late for doctors to help. Patient ignored advice of sane, childless friend who enjoys traveling, adult, meaningful conversations, money, and thick beautiful hair.

**Treatment:** Endure pain and suffering until children reach age of responsibility. In the meantime, treat with sleep aids to knock out the demons of the evening, lot of Excedrin, a gibberish translator, and a pretty wig. Eventually patient will make a remarkable recovery when children have children of their own - a mother's ultimate revenge. Until then, the bald shrink, with four preschool children of her own, will keep the patient supplied with plenty of Valium so patient can emanate a persona of sanity. The patient is granted one appointment a week to visit the shrink's shrink who allows therapeutic thumb sucking and rattle shaking.



