

### Credits

**Front Cover: Tracks to Auschwitz**—Rebecca Scheenbaum—Photo

**Title Page: Butterfly**—Molly Hanson—Photo

**Back Cover: The Debt of Humanity**—Brian Barrett—Pen and Ink

### Deadlines

#### For next year's winter edition:

October 31, 2006 for written work

December 1, 2006 for art and photography

Submission Forms are available in Room 415, the Publications Center

Note: In the interest of fairness, all Tower entries are evaluated anonymously to ensure that no bias is present. All names are removed once the entries are received, and each author's name is replaced with a number.

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### Colophon

#### col·o·phon *n.*

1. An inscription placed usually at the end of a book, giving facts about its publication.

Source: *The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition*

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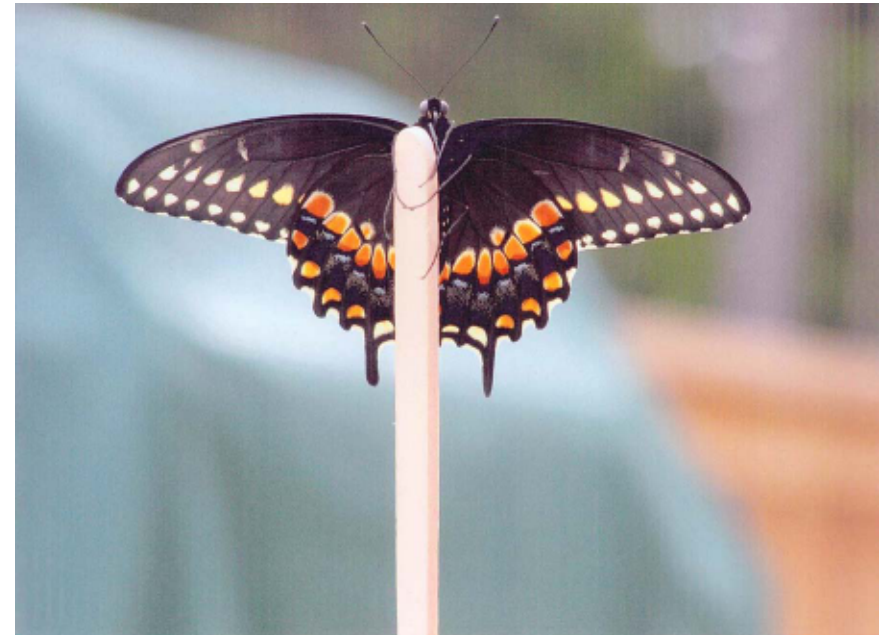
Page layout for *Tower* is done using PageMaker 6.5. Individual entries are typed and formatted using Microsoft Word 2000. We also used Adobe Photoshop 7.0.1 to scan and resize pictures. The body of the publication utilizes the OCR A Extended and Times New Roman typeface by S. Morison, S. Burgess, and V. Lardent. Rights to all typefaces are owned by Adobe Systems, Inc.

The cover price for *Tower* is \$3.00. The production cost is more than \$4.00 per copy. The difference in price is paid for with the assistance of *Tower*-sponsored fundraisers and financial support from the Pinkerton Academy administration.

The production of a single issue of *Tower* constitutes approximately 700 staff hours of work. About 300 hours are spent reading entries, about 300 discussing and voting on those entries, about 100 on layout and other administrative tasks.

# Tower

A magazine for the literary and visual arts



Volume LI Issue 2

Spring Edition

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Dear reader,

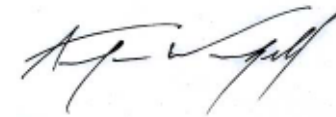
The Spring Edition of *Tower* often includes more form poetry than the Winter, and this is no exception. Within this volume, you'll find villanelles, pantoums, and sonnets. These combined with free-forms, stories, play, art, and photography create a well-rounded magazine.

The *Tower* staff greatly appreciates all who have bought magazines, cookies, or floppy disks. We would especially like to thank Mr. Richard Keller for his generous donation to the magazine. Their contributions help keep *Tower* in production.

We are also grateful to the staff for their many hours of reading, voting, and proofreading that made this volume as good as possible. And, of course, thanks to the many students who submitted their art and writing to the magazine.

Both editions of *Tower* have been great this year, and I am excited to see where the magazine will go in 2007.

With all due respect,



Amelia Winchell

**Rebirth**

The snow slowly melts  
 all around me,  
 as the first warm  
 b r e a t h s  
 of spring  
 blow through  
 the trees'  
 naked arms.  
 Dead grass starts  
 to show its hair,  
 covering the  
 frozen earth,  
 waiting for it to thaw  
 enough for green  
 blades to slice  
 through the dirt.  
 Snow reluctantly  
 recedes from sidewalks,  
 and street signs,  
 leaving only mud,  
 and puddles,  
 as a reminder of the winter,  
 left behind in the  
 R E B I R T H  
 of Spring.

Kara Wamsley

**Spring Sprung**Jonathan Potvin  
Photograph

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Tower Officers

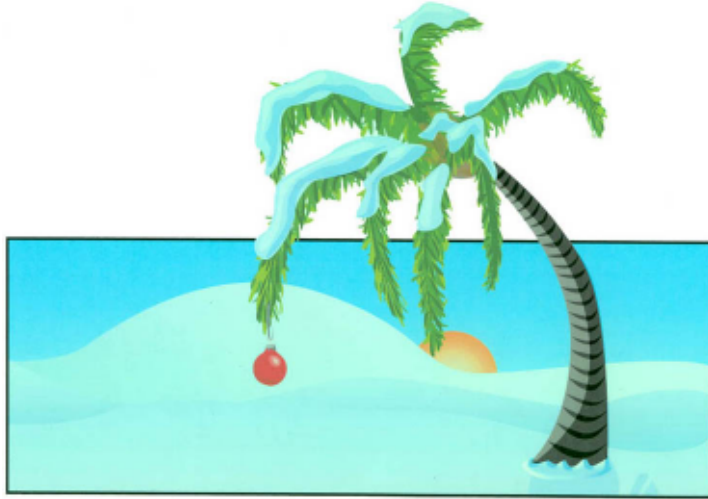
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### Palm Tree Christmas

Norma Bates  
Computer art

### Relative Joy

The doorbell chimes with festive glee  
as eyes widen and children flee.  
The crowd gathers while minutes pass.  
How long can they stand there?  
How long will this last?

The entrance creaks open  
apprehensive, and slow.  
The more sluggish it moves,  
they'll freeze in the snow.

But through they all push,  
arms outstretched, dreadfully eager to see,  
how much we've grown,  
how old we must be.

Jolly with laughter,  
with holiday cheer  
plastered with smiles,  
ours masking the fear.

Wearily I leave this place behind  
through the automatic doors I make my way toward home  
one of the privileged that may see behind these hospital walls  
while the patients remain  
waiting to see the outside world once again

Jessica Collyer



**Auschwitz Gate Tower**  
Rebecca Schneebaum  
Photograph

**The Dings of Life and Death**

A whirlwind of senses  
 smells, sterile and uninviting  
 scenes of bland waiting rooms  
 with anxious patients and family members  
 the television mounted in the corner plays trite soap operas  
 as people wonder, wait, hope, pray,  
 Will they make it through? Why them? Why me?

The elevator dings, the doors whoosh open  
 a moment's hesitation—  
 is it good news or bad news?  
 was a new, beautiful baby born  
 or did a lost soul leave our precious Earth?

Ding—the cradle appears followed by the beaming parents  
 warm smiles that cannot be broken  
 because of the miracle of new life  
 the tiny features, soft hair, eyes closed dreaming of its future—  
 the world is the child's to conquer

Ding—a death, a tragic accident  
 a life taken too soon from us  
 a disease, long and painful, or a snap  
 in time and then suddenly no more  
 cold, abandoned, empty, and alone,  
 everything that matters left behind

I walk through the twisting hallways, wandering, not yet lost  
 I can't be lost—I have a mission  
 a vial of blood, a specimen, medication, maybe flowers or a card  
 the rubber glove in my pocket makes its way to my hand,  
 a necessity in a place like this  
 ER to Intermediate Care, Medical Records to Pediatrics  
 all over the hospital I travel, running errands

Scenes that haunt me run through my head—  
 patients lying still as death, unconscious in their beds  
 wires and tubes connected to life saving devices  
 I step in the darkened room to deliver a card  
 a chill runs through me as all is silent  
 except for the steady beep of essential machinery

Mom pushes us forward  
 with a nudge and a glare,  
 as we think to ourselves,  
 “O God they're all here!”

Sure enough not one's  
 gotten lost or astray.  
 Taken the wrong exit.  
 Or forgotten the day.

With childlike glee,  
 the first one descends.  
 Hearty Farty Uncle Marty  
 with that finger he extends.

Then come hands, those demoralizing mitts.  
 With their bumps and their jabs,  
 Poke and prod Grandma Maud  
 Grips and she grabs

Before passing us off,  
 as we flinch in her clinch, to  
 Pinchy Winchy Aunty Linchy,  
 Who's looking kinda Grinchy.

Our heads swirl with pictures,  
 this must be the end,  
 all the signs are in place!  
 Our home we can longer fend!

The sky is falling,  
 The Christmas tree is on fire  
 There's coal in our stockings  
 And Santa's a liar!

He told us we'd get  
 whatever we'd like,  
 so who was the fool  
 who asked for Rand and Rave uncle Mike?

I'd rather eat sweat socks,  
 or swim with an eel,  
 than sit down and eat  
 with Bottomless pit Uncle Neil!

I refuse to get angry!  
 I refuse to get made!  
 I'll just get even...  
 I'll be naughty and bad!

This Christmas that fat man,  
 Down the chimney he'll descend,  
 and reach for a cookie  
 near the night's end.

I'll poison 'em all,  
 teach him to lie!  
 All I wanted for Christmas  
 was an action figure guy!

Jonathan Potvin

### Mere Love

If love were merely  
 A blissful brilliance of adoration, brimming,  
 Crooning, calling softly with swift sighs and cold spells of witless thrill  
 Parched partners whispering of petals and petty things  
 Eyes drinking blue and emerald while the everlasting moon melts like a chocolate  
 wafer  
 In the sky, if love  
 Were made of only hearts and holly, drifting dreams of delicate devourers  
 Songs of enraptured souls, ditties in the dark  
 Pink and crimson laced with lavish culinary confections  
 Pursed kisses and puckered lips  
 Then surely  
 Love would be a small thing to lose

Kara Holbert

And you smile  
 smirk at her urgency  
 to play with something new  
 wondering how the fuzzy ball is more important than the jangling fish  
 before you notice the time  
 in a panic, rush off to work  
 as it's far more important

Amelia Winchell

### Snowshoeing on an Early Morning

I don't typically commune  
 with nature; rather,  
 I am a poseur  
 spouting Transcendentalist theory  
 (normally while watching squirrels via  
 windows from the nice warm cozy sofa).  
 Thoreau was gutsy, hoo boy,  
 living in a technologically-deprived cabin  
 and I wonder, now lumbering  
 through the forest  
 for a blue-penned A  
 if he ever missed it.  
 Probably not;  
 he was the radical, after all.  
 Looking at the wooden contraptions  
 attached to my feet  
 I hope I have his resolve  
 but I know deep down  
 that I'm the Emerson,  
 an idea person but not a doer  
 and will spend my life  
 spouting wisdom from a sofa  
 and watching from a distance

Heather Lefebvre

## Priorities

Life is a cat  
     scampering around your house  
 with a precise zeal  
  
     first she's here  
 and now she's there  
     with a pink fuzzy mouse  
     or a worn scratching post  
 on which she would be able to sharpen her claws  
     if she had any  
  
 she pauses a moment  
     getting her bearings  
 listing slightly to one side  
  
 and then, with renewed fervor,  
     she's off  
     over the sofa  
     under the table  
     up the stairs  
 to where a new  
     and far more exciting  
 plaything resides  
  
     she stares it down  
     cautiously bats at it  
 chews its edges to see how it tastes  
     it could be important  
     a paper, a deed  
     but she doesn't notice  
 all she knows  
     is that it is hers  
     and it needs to be eaten  
  
 and so she goes  
     this way and that  
 on an urgent mission  
     unbearably important;  
     she must sprint  
 to get there on time

## Diana's Portrait

"Where is it?" he exclaimed. "Where is it?" He looked frantically around the small cabin, in his pockets, in his coat, on his hammock. He could not find it anywhere. "I've lost you," he muttered, melancholy touching his voice. He looked up, rising from the sea chest. "Those midshipmen! They've stolen it!" He stormed from his small cabin into the wardroom, where he nearly ran into his fellow lieutenant, Hill.

"Frank! Where are you going?" asked Hill. He smiled. His yellowing teeth appeared white on his sun burnt face.

"The midshipmen have taken something of mine," said Frank darkly.

"You're awful quick to blame them," said Hill.

"Why shouldn't I be? They're all little buggers, thieves or worse. They want to see the end of Frank Jameson by driving him mad!" he said. His voice lowered to a whisper.

Hill's countenance acquired a concerned expression. "You need sleep, Frank."

"I don't need sleep. I need to get it back!"

"What is it?" asked Hill.

Frank felt his ears turn a brilliant crimson. He rubbed the bridge of his nose as he thought of how to say it. The miniature portrait that he kept of his lovely Diana was a bit embarrassing to mention. Certainly, others had similar portraits of wives and sweethearts. He had seen some. The thought of people knowing that he had someone dear to him was a bit unnerving. He desired that people had nothing to hold over his head, nothing to drag him into misery. He sighed, thinking that he could trust Hill not to say anything. "A portrait," he said, simply.

"Perhaps you dropped it somewhere," said Hill. His expression told Frank that he was attempting to be helpful, perhaps even worried for his colleague. All Frank could think, with the word "dropped," was that the portrait could have fallen from his jacket and into the sea and be lost forever. He thought he would have heard the splash. He wanted to convince himself that it could not have fallen. He rarely wore his uniform jacket unbuttoned, and he knew his own handiwork would not fail. He had sewn a pocket onto the back of one side, specifically for the portrait. The makeshift pocket even included a buttoning flap at the top, so that nothing would fall out.

"I hope not," replied Frank. He paced back and forth. Hill shifted uncomfortably as he made suggestions as to the possible locations of the portrait. They ranged from in Frank's cabin to the ship's hold.

"Where did you have it last?" asked Hill.

Frank looked up. Hill's words barged through his thoughts. They had drifted to years ago, when he was on land the last time. Shore leave, he liked to say, but in truth it was a lack of a ship and a commission. At that point, he would have gladly become a lieutenant leading the press gangs, despite that being a dead end job with potential injury to his person. He had known several pressed men, many who had attempted to desert after. It was at this time of unemployment that he met Diana.

"It was in my cabin last night," he said. "I may have missed it when I looked for it earlier."

Hill pursed his lips in thought. His brows furrowed, making the weather beaten lines on his forehead even deeper. Responsibility and years at sea had

aged Hill greatly. Frank remembered the shock that he had felt when he learned that Hill was just a few years his senior. "Perhaps," began Hill in a slow, considerate manner, "it slid beneath the walls." That was a possible explanation. The walls were merely canvas. Therefore, they were removable and some were not the correct length, allowing small items to slip through. This may not have been the case on other ships, but on the HMS *Siren* funds were, on occasion, lacking.

Overhead, they could hear the ship's bell clang, signifying the beginning of a new watch. Frank paused. "It's my watch," he said, mournfully.

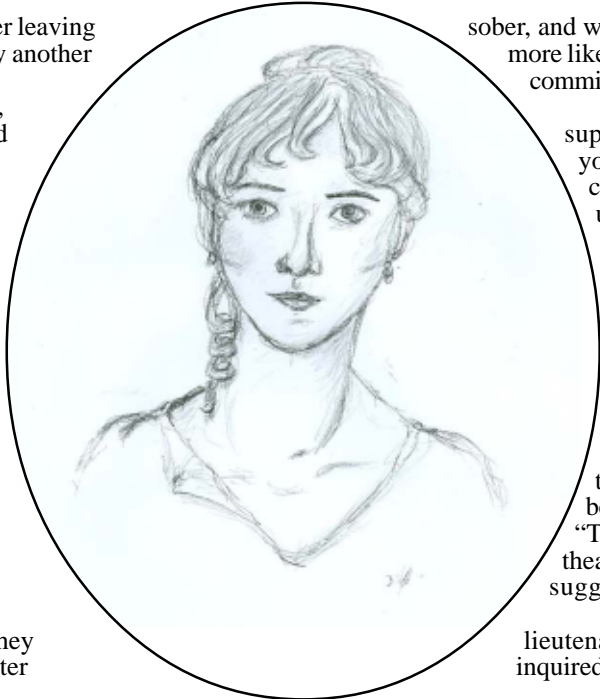
"I'll see if your portrait's slid into my cabin or someplace else in the wardroom," said Hill. Frank nodded, expressing his thanks as well, and went on deck.

\*

Frank could not concentrate. His mind continued to return to thoughts of the portrait and Diana. He could not believe his luck the day that he had met her. He had been in London, returning from the Admiralty. Yet again, Frank had been calling on behalf of receiving a commission. Every day it was the same, go to the Admiralty, wait to meet with someone and never get a chance to. He became close to several other lieutenants in the same predicament as he, men now reduced to live on half-pay. One was Matthew

Scrivenor.

After leaving the Admiralty another day without commissions, Scrivenor and Frank were walking in Covent Garden, talking and trying to decide what to do with their pay. Scrivenor suggested drinking the town dry, but Frank thought that becoming drunk was a poor idea, saying that they would do better



**Diana Shaw**  
Bethany Wolfe  
Pencil

sober, and would be more likely to get a commission.

"Aye, I suppose that you are correct, as usual," said Scrivenor. His eyes moved to take in his surroundings, as though he had not seen them before. "There's a theatre," he suggested.

The two lieutenants inquired as to what

### Clock

Tick-a-tock-a-tick-a-tock-a  
Runs the little bearded man, soft upon the stair  
Watch his robes rustle, ripple  
Crimson flutters catch the air and  
Tick-a-tock-a-tick-a-tock-a  
Waver down in folds of velvet  
As his wooden shoes go tapping, clacking,  
Clicking on the stair  
And his beady eyes are whispering  
And his listless whiskers frisking  
Tick-a-tock-a-click-a-clock-a  
Trots the ancient after-year  
Spent with summer, autumn, winter  
Drained as spring renews the season  
Lightly strolling  
Up the staircase, Father Time  
Is stepping to the  
Sound of  
Clocks  
As awkwardly the outer world persists its rambling  
Father darts  
To greet the day and dawn, the birthing of another  
Blunderous morning

Tick-a-click-a-clock-a-tock-a  
Click-a-tick-a-tock-a-clock-a  
Tock-a-tick-a-clock-a-click-a  
Tick-a-tock-a-tick-a-tock-a  
Runs the little bearded man, soft upon the stair

Kara Holbert



terrifying. Flames shot up to the ceiling from all around the room, and the smoke made it nearly impossible to see his hand in front of his face. Nick ran into the empty room, lighted brightly by the fire and saw a dark shape ahead of him on the floor. The smoke was unbearable. It filled his lungs and made each breath sting with pain he had never felt before. Coughing and choking, Nick ran toward the shape and fell down to his knees before it. A boy, unconscious and pale, lay on the floor. Nick reached out and tried to feel if the boy was still alive, but a sudden attack of coughing caught him by surprise, and he fell to the ground unable to breathe. *No*, he thought, *this boy needs help*. But it was too late, the heat from the burning fire around him and the deadly smoke was too much to bear. Nick crumpled to the floor in a heap, breathing thin shallow breaths and lay only feet from the boy as everything around him turned as black as the city night outside that burning building.

Jessica Collyer



**Freedom Lies Through Death Gate**

Rebecca Schneebaum

Photograph

the performance was going to be, and learning that it was *Twelfth Night*, decided that they might as well go. Frank enjoyed comedies, especially those written by Shakespeare, and Scrivenor claimed to not care what they did. Frank knew that his friend would rather roam the city, gambling and drinking, but the good soul that Matthew Scrivenor possessed caused him to do otherwise.

“Look in the box!” exclaimed Scrivenor. He pointed to three ladies seated in a box. Two men were with them, but appeared to be brothers of the girls rather than husbands. The girls were all very pretty, but one especially caught Frank’s eye.

She was not the prettiest of the group, nor was she the plainest, but she held herself in such a manner that implied grace. A smile was on her lips, which made Frank wish to smile as well.

“Isn’t that lass in the green lovely?” said Scrivenor, referring to a more solemn girl with delicate features and fair hair.

“Mm, certainly,” said Frank, his eyes still on the smiling girl. A companion of hers tapped her shoulder, perhaps to tell her that she was being watched. The first girl appeared to be giggling, and whispered in her companion’s ear. Frank blushed, and sat down to watch the show.

Once the actors had taken their final bows, Scrivenor said, “Well, we might as well meet them, now. Come on, dear Frank!” He jokingly grabbed Frank’s arm, as if to pull him up.

Frank laughed, pushing away Scrivenor’s hand. He rose and placed his hat beneath his arm. “Why, certainly!” He could feel his spirits rising. “That would be grand.”

The next few minutes were a blur in Frank’s memory. Somehow he was standing in front of the lovely girl, bowing and kissing her hand. “It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Shaw,” he said.

“The pleasure is mine, sir,” she said, smiling as she curtsied. “But please – call me Diana. I am not the eldest daughter.” Her voice was high yet pleasant to listen to, not like the disagreeable pitching that Frank’s sisters’ voices contained. He found, however, that he could not place her accent, though it was of the British Isles. Years at sea had dulled his once excellent ear. Over time, everyone (unless they fought it violently) had acquired the same accent.

“Certainly, Miss Diana,” he said.

Diana smiled, looking at her hands. “These are my sisters, Emily and Isabel.”

Scrivenor was already speaking quite happily with Isabel. She had a demure manner, and seemed very timid, shying away from company and just listening to Scrivenor’s anecdote. She smiled whenever he reached an amusing part, but seemed unable to laugh. Though Isabel was beautiful, Frank thought that she was terribly boring.

Emily and Diana were much more energetic. Their brothers, one was an officer in the army (Frank always had difficulty keeping track of army ranks and regiments, and, that being the truth, did not remember) and the elder (as well as the eldest) was a barrister. The girls were very interested in discussing the play, commenting on their favorite parts.

“I found it quite amusing when they had Malvolio dress in the yellow stockings,” said Emily quickly.

“H’m, yes, yes, but I liked the mistaken identities. Poor Viola! Thought to be a rival of Sir Andrew’s! But it all ended well.”

The conversation went on in this fashion, with Frank and the Shaw brothers adding their own opinions. More often than not, however, Frank found

himself simply listening to what everyone else was saying. It was simpler that way; he would not become too confused and would not risk saying something unintelligent. Internally, he sighed, thinking that he held too much faith in the opinions of others.

His mind was brought from that day to another, not so much later. He and Scrivenor were staying at the same inn. A knock came on the inn's door. Being closest to it, Frank answered it. On the step stood a ruddy, corpulent man who had an official look about him.

"Scuse me, sir," he said. "Are ye –" he looked at the letter in his hand, "Captin Maffew Scriv'na?"

Sadly, Frank said that he was not. "He is staying here, though. Would you like to come in? I'll alert him of your presence."

"Certainly, my good sir. Certainly."

"Scrivenor!" called Frank up the stairs. He assumed that Scrivenor would be sleeping or reading. "Scrivenor!"

"P'raps I should come back at anover time, guv," said the messenger.

"No, no, just have a seat in the parlour." He pointed to a dark yet well cared for room, even if the curtains were over a decade out of fashion and the couches and chairs were beginning to be threadbare in appearance. The messenger took one look and sighed, taking a seat.

Frank scaled the stairs two at a time. He dodged the landlady's cat, a fat creature that Frank swore was the spawn of the devil. The cat hated him, always trying to trip or scratch Frank. It often eyed him like a mouse, never blinking. Frank was certain that the cat possessed a strong desire to claw through silk stockings.

"Scrivenor! Scrivenor! There's a cove here to see you!" Frank yelled as he pounded on Scrivenor's door. He had fallen into the speech of streets a bit. In his mind it was a sure sign that the land was beginning to corrupt him.

"Just keep it down, Jameson. You'll wake the whole bloody inn," came Scrivenor's muffled voice from behind the door. He emerged a few moments later in his waistcoat and shirtsleeves.

"You'd better put on your jacket."

"Why? Going for a walk?" said Scrivenor, his voice thick with sleepiness and a touch of liquor.

"No, no. Like I said, a cove's here to see you."

"I'd rather see a lass," replied Scrivenor at the same time as Frank said, "from the Admiralty."

"Admiralty?" repeated Scrivenor. "Dear Lord!" He disappeared into his room, reappearing in his uniform coat and a new, cleaner pair of stockings. "The Admiralty!"

He followed Frank down the stairs, still voicing his surprise. It was beginning to annoy Frank very much. He wished that Scrivenor would be quiet, but did not bother to tell him so.

When they had reached the parlour, Frank noticed that the landlady had served the portly man a drink. He was redder then when Frank saw him last.

"Are ye Maffew Scriv'na?" asked the man.

"I am," replied Scrivenor.

"I've a letter for you, from the Admiralty. I'll just take me pay an' be on me way." Scrivenor dropped a few coins into his hand. "Thankee greatly, sir." The landlady showed the messenger to the door, leaving Frank and Scrivenor in the parlour.

### III.

Nick lay awake that night still thinking about his troubles with Connor. He understood his son's need to break the rules every once in awhile but still didn't approve of his friends, who were constantly being punished for their bad actions, and he resolved to compromise with Connor. Although it was late into the night, Nick pushed aside his bed covers and left his wife sleeping soundly. He crept through the dark hallway lit only by the dim moonlight that shone weakly through the windows. He pushed open Connor's bedroom door at the end of the hall and the bolts squeaked as the door opened into the dark room. "Connor?" Nick whispered to the empty blackness. There was no answer. He turned on the light and the room was a bright block of whiteness. His eyes adjusted to the blinding light and Nick looked toward his son's bed. It was empty. Fear washed over him at the sight of the bare mattress, blankets strewn across it. Unsure of what else he could do, Nick ran downstairs frantically, found his car keys, and sped away from the house in search of his son.

He drove through the city night, the sound of police and ambulance sirens sending evil thoughts into his head of what could happen to his son with those disobedient friends of his. He drove down street after street searching for any sign of a group of teenage boys who refuse to follow the rules. He knew he needed to find Connor before his mother found that he was gone. He just couldn't allow her to have that fear in her heart. After what seemed like hours of searching with no progress, Nick knew he had no other choice but to turn to the authorities and hope they could find him.

Nick turned down Maple Street, an abandoned industrial park, and continued on toward the police station passing by the old, crumbling brick buildings. A sudden flash of light caught his eye and Nick turned to see what had grabbed hold of his attention. He felt as he had so many years ago on that night in September when the old man's flashlight had caught his eye and indirectly caused the death of one of his best friends. From the fourth story of one of the abandoned warehouses flames licked the windowsill and smoke poured out, pulled toward the sky. He stopped the car and ran toward the building unsure of what to do. Several dark figures appeared from the back door of the burning building and ran into the night away from the fire. He stared closely and suddenly recognized the boys: they were those trouble-making friends of Connor's. *Of course they would be the ones to cause this.* It was rumored that the city's homeless people often spent their nights in these abandoned buildings to escape the cold temperatures, and Nick knew that with tonight's chill there must be someone inside. "Hey! Stop!" Nick shouted to the retreating bodies, but they couldn't hear him and continued to sprint away.

Without a thought of the danger he could bring on himself, Nick tore into the building and up the stairs to the fourth floor. He ran toward the door from which thick, gray smoke billowed out and kicked it open. The scene before him was

road. They had made the trip to the store and home in this condition so many times that it was just as easy as if they had not been drinking. Nick sped up as he turned onto a back road, a half of a mile of straight, smooth pavement. He continued to accelerate, the gas pedal pushed completely to the floor. Josh, the driver of the following car mimicked Nick's lead and pushed down on the gas to catch up with his friend. Suddenly a flash of light on the side of the road caught Nick's eye and he turned to look at what it was. The thin, weak beam of a flashlight cut into the black night as an old man stepped out of his driveway holding a leash in his hand attached to his dog trotting ten feet in front of him. As Nick turned his body to look toward the source of the light his body turned too, the steering wheel with it. The car began to go off the road. "Nick, what the hell are you doing? Get back on the road!" shouted Tim. Nick turned the wheel to bring the speeding car back onto the road but he couldn't move it. He lost control and hit the telephone pole in the next yard traveling 85 miles per hour. A sickening crash of metal on wood broke the stillness of the night as Josh screamed and Christopher simply stared wide-eyed at the sight he had just witnessed.

From within the mangled pile of metal Nick blinked his eyes and looked around. He could hear voices yelling around him but the pain in his head was too unbearable to comprehend their words. He slowly turned his head to the right. The airbag had exploded and was pushing into his face, making it impossible to breathe. There in the passenger seat, slumped against the door was Tim, dead. Blood dripped from his face and arms, and there was a hole in the window where his head had hit the glass on impact. The massive trunk of the tree stood hauntingly solid next to the car, untouched despite the vehicle's condition.

"Are you two boys all right? Shouted the old man from the end of his driveway. "I'm going to go call 911!" Christopher and Josh looked into the car, trying to see if their friends were still alive. They called out their names and listened for an answer. But there was no reply, only the smoking of the engine broke the eerie silence of the night. Suddenly the boys felt completely sober. The reality of the situation seemed to drain every drop of alcohol they had drunk that night from their blood, and they stood in the cold staring at the mashed pile of metal in which their friends were trapped, perhaps dead.

They played every weekend and never thought of the danger they put themselves in. Underage drinking, driving under the influence, having fun all the while. Although he never questioned it then, Nick knew now that that game could have ended his life as it did Tim's. He understood that by some miracle he had survived and believed that there must be a reason. He didn't want his son to go through the pain that he had felt as a teenager. The guilt Nick felt from that night was still with him and he knew that it was something that would haunt him forever. Nick feared that the friends Connor had would lead his son to the same awful fate that Tim had met so long ago.

An expression of surprise descended upon Scrivenor's dark features. "Frank, will you read this?"

Frank took the paper from Scrivenor. A brief glance down the sheet told Frank all he needed to know. His stomach sank and he felt ill, worse than any occasion that he had been seasick on.

"I've been made commander of a brig, the *Mary*," said Scrivenor, driving the sad words that Frank was reading into his head. "A commander. No more half pay, a ship of my own!"

Frank forced himself to smile, trying to suppress his disappointment. "That's... wonderful, Matthew." Scrivenor grinned, but it only annoyed Frank more. He wanted a ship, to be out at sea once more. Land was such a restrictive place. His friend had an escape. He did not.

"Thankee, Frank," said Scrivenor. "Shall we celebrate the good fortune?"

"You go. I think I'm falling ill," said Frank. His voice was oddly in a monotone. It sounded dull even in Frank's own ears. He could not imagine what it sounded like to Scrivenor.

"I was going to call on the Shaw family, if you wanted to come."

Frank stopped, half way up the staircase. He wanted to go, but he did not know if he could bear being around Scrivenor, especially if they were going to talk about his promotion and commission. He was disappointed. He should be the one with the commission, not Scrivenor. "I... suppose I could," he forced himself to say.

"Very well. Shall we leave in an hour?" asked Scrivenor. Frank nodded, and continued his trek up the stairs.

\*

The ship bell clanged. Frank shook his head. He had a half hour left in his watch; one cursed half hour before he could continue his search for Diana's portrait. He hoped very much that it would be found. He had never been parted with it for so long – it was a bit pathetic, really, he thought. Something made him wish that he could forget Diana, but he found he could not.

"Who is the portrait of?" asked Hill, joining Frank on the quarterdeck.

"My betrothed," he said, simply.

"Oh. Is she pretty?"

"Yes. Prettiest lady I know. Lord, how I miss her. How I miss her," said Frank. He looked over the deck, surveying everyone, seeing that work was being done. It was, thank the Lord, and oddly for the crew of the *Siren*, it was being done quickly.

"I've a wife," offered Hill after a moment or two of uncomfortable silence.

"H'm." Frank just wanted to be miserable by himself. Hill was being oddly open. Normally, the burly lieutenant was silent as a stonewall, only barking out orders in a deep, harsh voice. Hill droned on, talking about his wife. Frank listened to some of it, but looked out at the steely sea.

\*

Frank did not celebrate Scrivenor's good fortune with the Shaw family. He had been sleeping. Frank sought to escape disappointment and, since he was not a drinking man, sleep was the thing. He awoke to the sound of Scrivenor's pacing feet in the neighboring room. There was a rhythm to the steps, walking to one spot, pausing, returning, pausing. Frank rolled out of bed, pulling on his

trousers as he did. He knocked on Scrivenor's door.

"What're you doing?" he asked as the door creaked open.

"Packing. I must be on the *Mary* tonight."

Frank heard the chimes of the downstairs clock. "It's three in the morning," he whispered, so that the other lodgers would not wake.

"I know. I have to catch the five o'clock mail coach to Portsmouth."

Scrivenor placed a few shirts into his sea chest. "Scarcely enough time...I suppose that I'll buy an epaulette in Portsmouth...Frank?"

"Aye?"

"I wish that I could appoint my own lieutenant. You've been a good friend."

Frank smiled weakly. "As have you. May I join you when you go to the stables?"

"Certainly."

They spent most of their walk in silence. When they did speak, it was primarily comical memories of their attempts to get commissions. Somehow, their conversation turned to the Shaw family.

"They're leaving for the country today," said Scrivenor. He put his hand into the pocket of his great coat, and gave Frank a small, carefully wrapped package. "This is from Diana. She was upset that you weren't with us last night. She also asks that you write to her."

"Thankee, Matthew." Frank took the package from Scrivenor, wondering what could be inside. By now, they had reached the stables. "When you're an admiral," said Frank, helping Scrivenor put his sea chest into the coach, "don't forget us poor lieutenants without commissions!"

Scrivenor grinned. His smile soon broke into a laugh. "I won't. Don't worry."

"Farewell, Matthew," said Frank.

"Goodbye, Frank," replied Scrivenor, grasping his friend's hand before climbing into the coach.

\*

Frank's watch was over. He made his way down into the wardroom, fully intending to look for the portrait. It appeared, however, to already have been found. On the table, nestled amongst the papers and navigational equipment, lay Diana's portrait. It had obviously been placed there, because a letter was accompanying it.

"Found this below deck," it began in a large, childish script. "It is too nice to belong to anyone other than an officer. I am sorry about the chip in the corner. I could not find the missing piece." It was signed with one initial – *L*.

Frank smiled, the one of the first real smiles that had graced his face since he was young. He wondered who the finder was, but that thought soon passed. He had his portrait back.

Bethany Wolfe

"You don't know my friends. They're the only people who get me. They don't expect me to be someone I'm not!"

*He'll never understand.* Both Connor and his father Nick thought to themselves as they walked out of the kitchen fuming. Connor, a seventeen-year-old high school senior stomped up the stairs to his room, concentrating on the loudness of each step he took and slammed the wooden door behind him. He ran his hands through his thick blonde hair as he lay on his bed, exhausted from the continuous bickering with his father and wished it would all just end as he buried his face in his pillow.

Back downstairs Nick slumped onto the couch in the living room and shot his wife a questioning stare as if to ask, "Can you believe him?"

"Stop looking at me like that," said Kirsten with an obvious tone of finality in her voice.

"But did you hear the way he yelled at me? I'm the father and he needs to realize that. I know what's best for him and those kids he hangs around with only drag him down."

"You do realize that you two are alarmingly alike. Yeah, you both have the blonde hair and blue eyes I've always loved, but you're both so stubborn."

Nick looked at her with doubt. "No, he doesn't understand where I'm coming from."

"I don't want to talk about this. I know his friends aren't the greatest kids, but we can't change that so there's no use in arguing about it." Kirsten stood up, kissed her husband on the forehead and walked out of the living room, leaving him to sit alone on the couch.

Deep down Nick knew he couldn't do anything to change his son's opinion of others. He himself had been in Connor's shoes when he was in high school; a troublemaker, bad group of kids, he knew how it felt. But he also knew the consequences of behaving like that and didn't want his son to have to go through what he had.

His senior year of high school Nick had lost one of his closest friends. The popular game among his friends back then was to drink as much alcohol as they could, and when they ran out of it, teams would rush to the store and back, trying to be the first to return with more alcohol. One Saturday night in September the friends were drinking and finished several bottles of hard alcohol and several cases of beer. Nick and his friend Tim were on a team together against their friends Josh and Christopher. Nick could barely stand up, never mind drive a car, but still, he and Tim raced to the package store in one car following closely behind Josh and Christopher. The four boys made it to the store in record time and they were even more pleased when the clerk behind the counter didn't bother to question their age.

On the way home Nick and Tim led the way down the dark winding roads of their rural town. Even with poor motor skills the boys knew every curve of the

### Burnt Bridges

#### I.

With the return of his consciousness his head felt as though a thousand sharp knives were being slowly driven in. The dim moonlight shining through the window seemed brighter than any he had ever seen, and he blinked, trying to look at his surroundings. He could see the faint whisper of smoke settling down to the floor on which he lay. The pain was unbearable, unlike any he had ever felt before. He could hear the distant sound of ambulance and police sirens whining their way through the city night. He continued to slip in and out of consciousness, waking each time in more pain. He tried to get up, but the heavy weight of his head restricted him and he lay back on the floor, his head pounding.

Sudden, fleeting flashes of light caught his eye. *Help*. They seemed to be coming from outside the window on the wall furthest from him. Though he could not remember where he was or what had happened, he knew something was wrong. It wasn't just the fire burning around him or the deadly smell of smoke choking his lungs, but a strange premonition. The man tried to get up to walk, but his chest seared with pain and he was forced back to the ground. He lay there for some time, letting the salty taste of sweat drip down his face from the effort of standing up. He slowly crawled toward the source of the transient lights. He grasped the windowsill, first with his right hand and then his left. He pulled himself to his knees and balanced his weight on the window ledge. He could see policemen and firefighters on the ground four stories below the window on which he leaned. Brick buildings surrounded the one that he was trapped in, desperately seeking to get out. Spectators gathered in groups watching the scene from below with wide eyes. Several gasped, some screamed, and many pointed when they saw the man's head looking down from the window.

*What is happening?* He thought. *I need help or I won't be able to stay alive much longer.* The strong power of the smoke was still in his lungs stealing away all of the air he needed to survive. He dropped to the ground and slithered slowly across the hard concrete floor towards what he thought was the door. A faint glow in the shape of a rectangle appeared, a sign of help just beyond. As he neared the exit, a large obstacle only a few feet ahead came into view, preventing the desperate man from reaching safety. He reached out to the object and felt a clammy, wet texture like the massive slabs of meat sold in the butcher shop, dead and cold. He tried to pull the mass toward him but it was too heavy so he pulled at one side of it instead. The dark lump rolled over, the limp, motionless form of a human. As he examined the body more closely memories of what had happened to him rushed back, triggered by the lifeless body that lay before him, his son.

#### II.

"Dad shut up, you have no idea what you're talking about!"

"Connor, I'm not asking you to find new friends; I'm just asking you to reevaluate the ones you have!"



**Hope**  
Jonathan Potvin  
Photograph

### Transcendental Flow

#### A

rayed sun  
surrounded by  
white clouds— no,  
not a sun— the moon  
hiding stars behind. An eye  
the pupil dilating and contracting  
as it seeks focus. The iris, darkness  
flecked with golden light. The hard iron  
spikes of a wheel churning the rich, green earth  
The celestial spheres move in a magic dance. A window  
to the universe— only a narrow thread of connection. Focus  
is upon myself, or perhaps the entirety of eternity. Beheaded, de-branched trees  
cry rivers of poison black sap. Falling through black and white  
A never-ending dance, full of the knowledge that every  
soul is taken into the swirling patterns, eventually  
entwining about other souls and being  
embraced in return. Deep waters,  
a glimmer of light penetrating  
the gloomy depths. Floating  
in the cold, taken entirely  
I existed, I am, I will be  
Certainty is lost on  
everything but  
this

Samantha Claussen

### Ode to the Community in My Closet

The town of colors and textures exudes out from the shadowy box  
 it is the home of pants  
 where they hang from light to dark,  
 a straight, streaky sea of denim  
 color coded shirts on the right side,  
 the rich part of town, a rainbow of red to blue

Everyone in the community of the closet has a space,  
 everyone has a home—  
 belts live in the back,  
 shoes reside on the floor,  
 purses and hats have the penthouse shelf above,  
 only the most popular get luxury housing,  
 the gym shirts are forced to the dresser drawers,  
 while the privileged look out from the gated community

The polos hang next to the sweaters,  
 but they don't associate with the t-shirts—  
 just as the sweaters don't like to share living space with the blouses

Coats on the left side, zipped up on hangers  
 so the others will respect their privacy,  
 formal dresses are their next-door neighbors,  
 though they don't get along well  
 the sequins on the gowns are like tacky neon signs  
 hung together in a row  
 and the coats are too cold and unwelcoming  
 for the rest of the town's inhabitants

Everyone takes turns to leave his home on business—  
 for it is the duty of every member of the community to dress the mayor...  
 me.

Jessica Collyer



**Into the West**  
 Samantha Claussen  
 Pencil

**How to Escape to Neverland**

refuse to grow up  
 that's the number one most important way  
 to secure yourself a place on the Jolly Roger  
 declare Toys "R" Us your bedroom  
 only shop for clothes at Kids "R" Us

insist that your parents call you  
 by your lost boy or girl name  
 keep your room looking like a nursery  
 one that Nana always has to pick up  
 with mobiles hanging from the ceiling  
 when your parents suggest you get another pet  
 demand a crocodile

buy fairy dust and master your flying  
 at sleepovers tell only stories about Peter Pan  
 when he finally comes to visit you  
 plead with him to take you to Neverland  
 explain that it isn't your fault that at birth  
 you didn't have enough sense to fall out of your pram

if Tinkerbell refuses to let you join them  
 steal Peter Pan's shadow  
 another approach is to threaten Captain Hook  
 with the crocodile that your parents bought you  
 he'll capture you for a punishment and  
 whisk you off to Neverland  
 exactly what you wished for

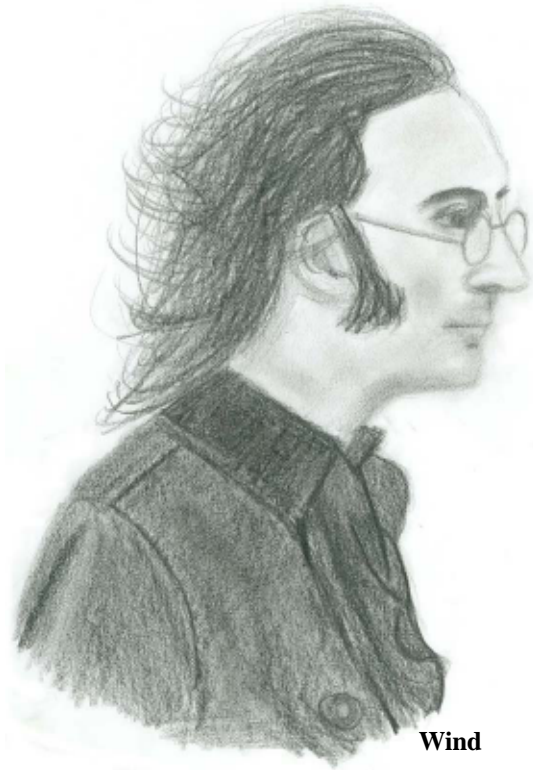
if all else fails  
 ride the Peter Pan coach bus  
 get on at the stop second to the right  
 and ride it straight on 'til morning

RayLynn Tustin

**My Library**

The time is here  
 The night is still  
 The midnight tradition begins anew  
 Why is it that this hour  
 Makes the ink flow from my pen  
 Until I fall asleep on the page  
 With the words pressed against my cheek  
 Soaking through my skin  
 Into my sleeping mind  
 Infiltrating my dreams  
 Pick a book, any book  
 I have a library of thoughts  
 For you to read to me tonight  
 Because the words I write just aren't enough  
 Read me a memory  
 It doesn't matter which you choose  
 Just keep away from those dusty tragedies  
 Everyone's sick of Juliet and Romeo  
 I don't feel like waking up with dried  
 Tears in the corners of my eyes  
 Just hurry up and pick one  
 Sit close by my side  
 Read in your softest voice  
 And help me sleep peacefully, tonight.

Taylor Sands



**Imagine**  
Samantha Claussen  
Pencil

**Wind**

Have you felt the wild whistle of the  
—Whipping whiffling wind, said I  
When earth detaches, patching pieces of  
My puzzled mind in patterns on the air  
There were  
Sweet temptations of tomorrow's  
Sun, with sifting, wafting wings the wind  
Tore—world away, taste the terrifying  
Wonder of—bitter, brittle brokenness fall far below  
Me  
I think  
That nothing nips the soul like—nimble  
Nudge of—prickly, bristled breeze in tickled  
Frizzled whiskers—dandelions dream and I  
Dip, dazzle, fizzle  
Soar

Kara Holbert

I roll him down the rock after mango and walk back to my house  
he's been convicted  
reaching into my fridge, i pull out another vegetable  
this one is corn.

Michelle Noyer-Granacki

**Deathday of St. Valentine**

Here I stand wilting  
at a clunking  
aging  
dusting  
register, in the land of fluorescence  
where everyone scents money  
appearing  
equally abysmal  
cynicism  
the undercurrent beneath us  
behind the prototypical smiles  
as I ask, "How are you today?"  
and am ignored  
by the person with six bottles of vinegar  
seventeen plastic snowmen  
two squishy I-love-you! pillows  
(clearly last-minute)  
or the curio miscellany of glass  
which I wrap willingly  
pleasantly  
bidding the customers to have a good night  
which then evokes Mr. Thomas  
staring at me with a vacant expression  
but I push him away, with difficulty;  
this is an entirely different type of good,  
on a rare evening of the year  
when people are pressured to care

Heather Lefebvre



**Green-aftertaste, zucchini-vegetable**

will it fly away?  
 The lunchbox regatta  
     launches zucchini that sizzles  
     unparalleled, into my tin box  
 the transition is a milestone,  
     mapping free fear  
 simple suspicion  
     i open this box of nutrition  
 and gaze inside at the perfect delicacy  
     a still life of beauty, only natural and never forced  
     a landscape of lush vegetation  
 yellow sunrise bursts from the center of his core  
     a comrade in a silky orange dress stands by his side: mango  
 i've never made this exotic choice before  
     it was rather ethnic of me and, frankly  
 zucc did not care for it  
 "we're going to picnic,"  
 i tote these partners in crime to the ocean  
     we three, we sit on a rock and watch the waves come in  
 i'm feeling a gnawing in my stomach  
     it's time, i tell them  
 the tin box slides from the rock as i reach over for mango  
     seemingly by will she flees away  
     down the rock toward the waves as i watch in disappointment  
     she flew away  
 or could it have been that mastermind, zucchini, all along?  
     he was the first invited into my lunchbox  
 and i don't think he enjoyed sharing the limelight  
     excuse me, zucchini light  
 i give him a wry look; i'm onto him  
     i knew he was a criminal all along  
 the box has come to a stop and he stands there, on trial  
     the juggernaut imposed makes for a pulpy almuerza  
 a green mess  
 it raises the grim question of tart pops  
     (bothered tastebuds)  
     bitter aftertaste  
 ...stuff of the sour  
 virtually tasteless, this zuchinni... a poor choice

**False Illusion**

Leaves litter the ground  
 thrown from their branches as  
 a form of misguided rebellion  
 left to decompose and give back to the earth

Here,  
 Foliage tumbles across the ground  
 taking on a new life  
 as if gamboling across the pavement

Leaves strewn farthest from the tree  
 struggle the hardest to catch the breeze  
 just right  
 to get as far away from the tree  
 who abandoned them

watching this  
 from my little niche  
 There in my confined room  
 wishing I too could drift away in the breeze  
 as those before me have  
 they had reached their peak

A cold

Swift

Frost

Reached into their souls  
 drained their life  
 abandoning their usual appearances  
 leaving them with a newfound beauty  
 A false illusion

A mask

An allusion to their deaths.  
 My happiness is a leaf's chlorophyll  
 there for a season  
     gone for the next

beyond my control  
 My chlorophyll has run dry  
 short of the winter season  
 left me colorful and vibrant to others  
 but withering away

on the inside.

Sammi Martin

## The Hitchhiker

Pat slammed on the brakes to avoid the person standing on the corner of Devil's Curve. It wasn't enough. His stomach dropped when he heard the terrible thud of his car contacting with the hitchhiker. "Jesus!" He leapt out of the driver's seat and dashed over to the prone form lying by the cornfield in the rain.

"Are you all right?" The figure in the darkness moaned and sat up.

"I think so." It was the voice of a teenage girl.

"I'm so sorry—I couldn't see very well, and Devil's Curve is unexpected, and at this time of night, I didn't think anybody'd be here—" Pat realized he was babbling and calmed himself. "Is there anything I can do for you? Can I give you a ride?"

"Yes, please." He could not see the girl's face—the hood of her thick green coat and the shadows caused by the headlights fell in a manner that concealed everything. She stood and gasped as she put weight on her left leg. "No, it's not broken," she reassured him as he started forward to help her, "just bruised. I think." Pat watched as the mud-spattered girl limped to the passenger seat and slid in. He gave her a worried glance as he settled himself behind the wheel, pushing his wet brown hair out of his face and wiping the rainwater from his green eyes.

"Where will I be taking you?"

"It's a little nowhere-town, south of here. You've probably never heard of it."

Pat nodded to himself. Ohio was full of little towns like that. He pulled back on to the road and left Devil's Curve behind him, the awkward silence between the two of them punctuated by the patter of the rain and the swish of the windshield wipers. The car was filled with the stink of burnt rubber and wet clothes, causing his nose to itch. He ignored it. Another scent slowly emerged as the bad smell of the rubber was left behind—it was lilac. He hadn't smelled that in an age. His nose itched even worse with the strange combination of smells, and he sneezed violently.

"Gesundheit."

He sneezed again.

"Gesundheit," the girl laughed.

"I'm sorry," Pat muttered as he felt in his pocket for a dry tissue, "it's your perfume, I think. I haven't smelled lilac for a while, not since my mom died."

"Oh, I'm sorry." She sounded like it, too.

"She used to wear it all the time." Pat felt as though he needed to fill up the silent void. "I had a sister who wore it too. She never really did know when to stop spraying it on."

"*Had* a sister?"

"She died when I was nine."

"Oh." An awkward silence fell between the two of them. Pat stared at

## Cult, Overturned

The people have closed their eyes on us,  
thrown masks upon their once visible faces  
They have gone from dark realms,  
to pristine countrysides

Remember, my sweet  
when they worshiped us,  
bowed down in the presence of such glory  
Not now, for a new entity has revealed itself  
One of righteousness,  
one who preaches humanity

They are so quick to turn their backs  
on something that once seemed so beautiful  
They throw away their learning and  
the memories they have shared  
Even the loyal ones,  
the ones who drank blood from our fountains

They have moved onto promises of heavenly stature  
Leaving our once glorious palace,  
shrouded by the darkness we exhibit,  
for pearly gates that harbor celestial grace

Now dear, it is you and I  
Here, among the majesty of our beliefs  
And you tell me,  
in silent whisper,  
that you are leaving as well

Alex Ryan Scarelli

so let it burn  
     white and pure  
     bright and soft  
     fading away  
 dying  
     into a blackened char  
     a blotch of wax  
     a dead white octopus  
 it has its job; you have yours.

Amelia Winchell



#### A Short Summary on the Death of a God

Brian Barret  
 Photograph

the road ahead, his mind not really on driving. He hadn't thought about his deceased relatives in a long time. He felt a guilty pang and set his mind on his father instead, the reason he was driving this way in the first place.

His father lived in the same town he had lived in all of his life: Fayette. It was a tiny place where everybody knew everybody, and gossip hung around for years. The topic of his mother's death was still picked over—cancer—(though they never talked about it around his father) even though she had passed away two years ago. Even his sister's death was still a topic that was pulled up now and again, which was a very painful subject for his father. She had died so young—fourteen or so. He had been there when it happened.

"Don't be a brat, come on!" Ellie seized his hand and started to pull him down the street.

"I don't wanna go to Ronna's!" Pat threw his wiry nine-year-old body back in an effort to get loose from his sister's death grip on his wrist, but she knew his tricks and kept a tight hold on him. "I don't like it there!" Ellie glared at him with her piercing green stare, her brown hair framing her annoyed face. The smell of lilac exuded off of her, and he pulled a face, half in defiance, half at the heavy scent.

"Don't be stupid, I have to watch you like mom and dad said, so I'm going to watch you... at Ronna's."

Pat thought about how he could refute this. It was very tricky thinking, he had to admit. "But it's so far away."

"Not if we cut through the fields."

Pat scowled at her. He couldn't stand her logic sometimes. "No."

Ellie sighed. "I'll race you."

Pat visibly brightened. He liked racing! "Okay!" he shrilled enthusiastically, and shot off down the street, Ellie on his heels.

They ran across their neighbors' lawns, down the sidewalks on Main Street, cut through an alleyway and the grocery store parking lot, jumped over the ditch that separated the parking lot and the road, and began their furious race through the fields. They weren't supposed to do this, but nobody really cared as long as they didn't destroy any of the crops. They had five fields to cross before Ronna's farmhouse, the finish line. This year, the crop rotation made it so the first field was uncultivated, the next two were beans, the fourth was a wheat field, and the last one was a cornfield that stopped right by Devil's Curve. Ronna's house was just across the street from there.

The two of them crossed the uncultivated field with ease, and then started on the obstacle-courses that were the bean fields. Pat liked racing over the beans best— you had to jump over each of the low-lying rows into the tiny dirt paths the tractors rolled along, and he liked jumping almost as much as running, and it was one of the only things he was better at than his sister. He came out slightly ahead and pelted towards the wheat field. He liked to pretend that he was flying through a golden sea, although Pat had never seen the sea. He could hear his sister crashing behind him. She was going to lose! He leapt over another ditch separating the wheat and dodged into a row of cornstalks. The cornfield was all right, but he didn't like the leaves on the stalks because they hurt if they hit him with their surprisingly sharp edges.

Ellie a few feet behind him, he burst out of the green cornstalks onto Devil's Curve with a yell of triumph. Ellie's own scream rang out over his.

“Pat! Look out!”

He saw the car screeching towards him and felt his sister give him a violent shove that knocked him out of harm’s way. His head hit the pavement, and as he began to black out, he saw the car hit his sister, standing where he had been...

The girl next to him cleared her throat nervously, bringing him out of his reverie. Pat looked at her again. Her hood was still up, drawn over her face. Wisps of light brown hair stuck out from beneath her hood. He thought she sounded very young. She had a very small build: slender and short. The smell of lilac caused his nose to twitch again.

“What made you decide to hitchhike?”

“I was trying to get somewhere.”

“Well, that was obvious.”

“I was trying to get a ride. I’d been trying for such a long time.” She sounded very wistful. “You were the first person that stopped for... I don’t know how long.”

“Why did nobody stop?”

“I suppose they just didn’t see me.”

“Were you hiding?”

“No.”

“Then why wouldn’t anybody stop?”

“I don’t know. They just couldn’t see me, is all.”

Pat nearly sighed in frustration. This girl certainly liked to dance about the answer...

Another car came from the other direction and passed him. The headlights flickered over the girl’s face, and he caught a glimpse of green eyes and a thin face. She looked oddly familiar...

“Have I met you somewhere before?”

The girl looked startled. “No, I don’t think so...” Now that he listened closely, her voice sounded very familiar as well...

“I think I have. What school did you go to?”

“College, or high school?”

“Whichever.”

“I’ve never been to college, but my high school is around here.”

“Maybe we saw each other at a school event. I’m Pat Tonneson, if that rings any bells.”

“It does,” said the girl, “now that you mention it.” There was a strange tone to her voice now. Pat chose not to question it and changed the subject.

“Are we very near to where you live, then?”

“It’s just off this road ahead.”

“This is where I was heading! What town do you live in?”

“Fayette. And it’s lived, not live. I don’t live there anymore.”

“That’s where I’m going!” What were the odds that this girl would be

### In Flames

burning brightly

dancing lightly

glowing softly

melting surely

dying slowly

we’ve created this—fire

we’ll feed it

give it life

something to consume

all we ask

is that it give us fragrance

give us light

a little more happiness

we must request

it remain in its place

enshrined on a candlestick

unable to escape

so we give it a meal

whose job is to be eaten

by our creation, our fire

so ravenously hungry

we warn our children

“don’t feed it, lest you too be consumed

the waxy string does its job

yours is to stay away

let it be devoured completely

that must be what it wants

or it would not be a candle

would it?”

but does it?

does anything, really,

want to be eaten?

devoured by flame?

consider its alternatives

a piece of wax encasing an old string

it can have no other use

but to sit on a shelf—useless—forever

**Past, Present, Future**

Jonathan Potvin  
Photograph

**Tides**

A Pantoum

Brilliant crashing waterworks  
Gulls scream, cackling far overhead  
Who knows where your deep secret lurks?  
They cry as if mourning the dead.

Gulls scream, cackling far overhead  
They swoop and pull a crab away  
They cry as if mourning the dead  
Lifting, in perfect time they sway

They swoop and pull a crab away  
Laughing till their voices are hoarse  
Lifting, in perfect time they sway  
And return to their former course

Laughing till their voices are hoarse  
The sea yawns, it swells, and it falls  
It returns to its former course  
To darkening skies and unseen squalls

The sea yawns, it swells, and it falls  
Who knows where your deep secret lurks?  
In darkening skies and unseen squalls  
Brilliant crashing waterworks

Bethany Wolfe

going to his little nowhere hometown? "I'm going to see my father. Are you visiting someone?"

"Visiting." The girl sounded rather weary. "I used to go there all the time, but I haven't been there for a while."

"Who are you visiting? I've lived there for almost my whole life, until I left for college. I know most of the people."

The girl remained silent. She shifted in her seat uneasily.

"I would know, unless they had moved there recently."

"I don't know." She sounded very uncomfortable now. Pat decided to back off the subject a little.

"Well, what's your name?" he asked, focusing on the dark road ahead as they reached the edge of Fayette. "You never told me."

"I'm Ellie. Ellie Tonneson."

And as he drove towards Fayette, the smell of lilac lingering the car, he knew that there was nobody sitting next to him.

Samantha Claussen

**Summer Rest**

Jonathan Potvin  
Photograph

**Midnight War with My Thoughts**

Wicked phantoms arrive in the dark night.  
Necromancy engorges in my head,  
And I engage in the monstrous delight.

The sinful starry sky blankets me tight.  
My eyes shut on the world for I am dead,  
Wicked phantoms arrive in the dark night.

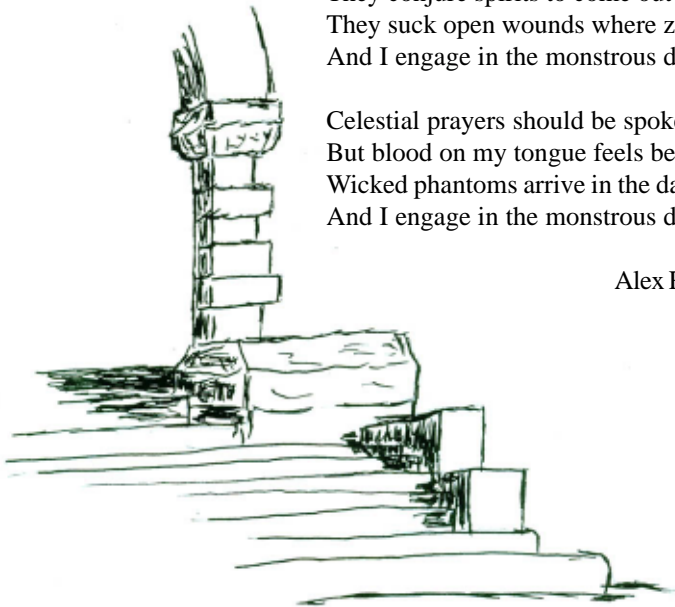
I travel their trail of blackness in flight.  
They exude blood in the color of red,  
And I engage in the monstrous delight.

They show me desires not seen in light.  
A war ensues among the waking dead,  
Wicked phantoms arrive in the dark night.

They conjure spirits to come out and fight.  
They suck open wounds where zombies have bled,  
And I engage in the monstrous delight.

Celestial prayers should be spoken tonight,  
But blood on my tongue feels better instead.  
Wicked phantoms arrive in the dark night,  
And I engage in the monstrous delight.

Alex Ryan Scarelli

**What Happened to the Senior Steps?**

Brian Barrett  
Pen and Ink

**DEATH:** *turning to Tommy* Ah, yes. That is okay, Tommy. You don't need to worry about knowing that just yet. Right now, you're just to worry about being a boy and playing with your friends. *{He moves closer to him.}* Do you know what *to appreciate* means?

**TOMMY:** No. Maybe?

**DEATH:** *As he moves closer to TOMMY, PATIENCE becomes noticeably tense.* It means *to value*, in sorts.

**TOMMY:** Okay.

**DEATH:** It means that you should be thankful. Do you know thankful?

**TOMMY:** Yes!

**DEATH:** *reaching towards TOMMY* How do you be thankful?

**TOMMY:** Well, you can thank people and stuff. Like thank friends for playing, and thank Mommy for letting me. *{He thinks.}* And thank air for being warm, and sun for being warm, and ground for being there and playing on. And making food. And lots of things! There's lots of things to thank. It'd take a while.

**DEATH:** Yes, but you have a long time to thank everything. You have your whole life ahead of you! And I know that you can't comprehend that, but keep thanking and thinking all your life, and then you can know. *{He makes a motion as if to tuck the hair behind TOMMY's ear, but then does not touch the boy and moves the boy's hair as if by wind. PATIENCE sighs and relaxes.}* All set then?

*All nod, and TOMMY smiles innocently. DEATH takes a few steps backwards so as to face all of them and more of the audience.*

**DEATH:** *continuing backwards* Then you all understand? We have an understanding? *{They nod again.}* Please heed what I have said. You'd be wise to do so. I'm not the person whom you want to be upsetting. *{He turns briskly to face the desk.}* Let's go, Natalie.

All freeze as the lights cut out completely, with no dimming, the moment that he speaks his last word. Close curtain.

Meaghan Cassidy

*She opens her mouth as if to speak, but is struck dumb.*

**PATIENCE:** *finally* You can't possibly know anything about my love life. Don't begin to tell me what I should and should not do.

**DEATH:** What makes you think that I don't know anything about your love life?

**PATIENCE:** What do you mean?

**DEATH:** What do you think that I mean?

**PATIENCE:** I don't think—

**DEATH:** Is that it? Do you ever think?

**PATIENCE:** So what am I supposed to do? Am I supposed to get Thomas to the babysitter's, go home, undress, put on whatever black silky lacy sexy thing is buried in the back bottom of my bureau, and get downstairs and cook dinner? Whip up his favourite salmon dish with fig sauce and capers, drink white wine? Be waiting on the kitchen counter or back of the baby grand when he comes home? What kind of a take is that on feminism? Am I just supposed to be catering to his whims: food, sex, desire, everything?

**DEATH:** That's what he's been doing for you since you met. And you *do* seem to already have the idea.

**PATIENCE:** So I sort of owe him a...

*DEATH nods a few times while letting out a low, exasperated sigh.*

**PATIENCE:** But what about—

**DEATH:** Don't flatter yourself. You have things to do, and I have more important people.

**PATIENCE:** I should get home. Thomas, are you feeling better?

**TOMMY:** Mommy, I didn't feel worse in the first place.

**DEATH:** *quickly, sternly* Keep him here. You're not leaving yet. *{DEATH turns to NATHANIEL.}* You, old man. All that I have to say to you is—

**NATHANIEL:** Catch dinner. I know, sir. I can't wait; time doesn't, and you certainly don't.

**DEATH:** *after checking his watch* You're very right about that, Nathaniel. Catch dinner.

**NATHANIEL:** And—?

**DEATH:** Not today, Nathaniel. Not today.

**NATHANIEL:** I knew that it wasn't my time yet, sir. I just knew. This isn't how I end.

*DEATH nods and smiles.*

**TOMMY:** I still don't know what you mean about Halloween, sir. But that's okay. Maybe I'll know someday, too.

### Dust Washed Over

Dust

Washed over the land, spilling sand over highways and  
Rusty tilling channels, chilling panels of metal and glass and  
Past the byways, lustrous mills and towers speckled and  
Tanned with musty grains of sifting, shifting

Dust

And

Rain

Glimmered, shimmered, shattered iron bars with  
Dripping dew, renewing life as slipping, nipping drops with  
Specks of blue brimmed and lined the rims of earthly scars with  
Tears, the fears of death collapsed as birth began from

Rain

And

Wind

Howled and scowled, scouring the ground with screams of  
Sheen desire, the fiery sound redeemed the rusty earth of  
Dust and blew the morning dew and rain around the mounds of  
Hills, the jowls of air's resounding hounds distilled the

Dust

Washed over the land, spilling sand over highways and

Rain

Glimmered, shimmered, shattered iron bars with

Wind

Howled and scowled, scouring the ground with screams of  
Dust

As

Nature's passion swelled

Kara Holbert

## The Deserving

they become visible  
 they creep up to my feet  
 a sudden tickle  
 causes a sudden shiver

the water in the pool flows  
 like the ocean tides  
 bringing towards me  
 all the life  
 in the pool  
 sometimes they gather in the corner  
 the forbidden corner  
 where the dead  
 float together  
 in unison like mass graves

Some  
 I feel bad for  
 like the dragonfly  
 they eat the pesky mosquitoes  
 so I save them  
 pulling them out from  
 their misery  
 I blow on them  
 they fail to move  
 I go about to save the others  
 and when I come back  
 they're gone  
 it doesn't matter I'm sure  
 I will see them  
 tomorrow feeding

spiders somehow flow  
 with the leaves  
 and the pollen  
 they hide in the masses  
 or they walk like there is no water  
 crawling, slinking, slithering

the horseflies, the bees  
 they bite  
 don't be fooled  
 they aren't dead  
 they just want me  
 to think they are  
 so that they can cling on  
 to me  
 they bite away  
 to pretend they have a chance  
 but I don't like bees and horseflies  
 they only do harm  
 who needs them?  
 I make a fake tsunami  
 push them towards  
 The True  
 End

landing like a crashing plane  
 onto the open runway  
 more bugs plunge to their death  
 each time I try to skim the pool  
 it never ends  
 they're always there

I hate the bugs  
 but I stay in the pool  
 to save  
 The Deserving

Sara Angelosanto

quite short, trust me, I know—then there's no use living. Even if she doesn't love you back, why risk it? Love for Love's sake. Amor amoris gratia. If you are in Love, then something has gone right. Why test that?

**JEREMY:** I don't know.

**DEATH:** It seems that you've done an awful lot of thinking to no good.

**JEREMY:** But it's hard.

**DEATH:** Life's hard. Death's easy.

**JEREMY:** You don't even know the situation!

**DEATH:** Is that because I haven't asked or because you won't tell me? But nevertheless, I don't have to know the situation to understand this. If you Love Eva, then tell Eva and be with her. Britni is just an excuse: something to buy time. She's not worth it if you're already in Love with someone else. Understand this, and practice it, if you still have time.

**JEREMY:** What?

**DEATH:** Just trust me on this one.

**JEREMY:** What can you know about Love? You're Death!

**DEATH:** Have you ever met Juliet and Romeo?

**JEREMY:** No. They're not even real.

**DEATH:** Then what about Thisbe and Pyramus?

**JEREMY:** This doesn't have to do with anything.

**DEATH:** It has to do with everything.

**JEREMY:** No. They're a myth! They're not real, either! These are just stories!

**DEATH:** All stories are founded in Truth.

**JEREMY:** I don't care.

**DEATH:** About Eva?

**JEREMY:** I do care about her.

**DEATH:** Then listen to me: tell her. There's no argument against telling her. You've far too much to lose and far too little time in which to lose it.

*JEREMY eyes him suspiciously. pause DEATH leans forwards towards JEREMY until DEATH is at his eye level and they are face-to-face. They make prolonged eye contact, trying to read each other. Their facial expressions convey a conversation, with final resolve and understanding. DEATH turns to PATIENCE.*

**DEATH:** And you! You owe your husband a Romantic night. *{He walks over to face her.}* Like how it used to be. Use your imagination: phantasize. You can't just forget about him. You may think that you've changed, but you haven't. You can feel that you love him, and you're afraid of falling apart, so you're trying to separate yourself from him. How does that make any sense? Surprise him. Let him know that you still love him. He still loves you, Patience. He still loves you.



**JEREMY:** Two?  
**DEATH:** You tell me.  
**JEREMY:** One.  
**DEATH:** Whom?  
**JEREMY:** It doesn't matter.  
**DEATH:** It might.  
**JEREMY:** Anything might.  
**DEATH:** *after a pause* Well?  
**JEREMY:** I don't know.  
**DEATH:** All that thinking and still nothing?  
**JEREMY:** It's kind of hard to discuss Love with Death.  
**DEATH:** Is it?  
**JEREMY:** Well, like she said before...  
**DEATH:** But haven't people thought about it before? *In Love and Death?*  
**JEREMY:** The Used? How do you know the Used?  
**DEATH:** *avoiding answering* You haven't answered my question.  
**JEREMY:** You haven't answered mine.  
**DEATH:** I have a scythe.  
**JEREMY:** Fine, then. People have thought about it before. So?  
**DEATH:** So I'm an authority.  
**JEREMY:** Fine. We've established that. Can we move on?  
**DEATH:** Who says that I'm moving on?  
**JEREMY:** You don't mean...  
**DEATH:** Do I? So, who's the girl.  
**JEREMY:** Eva, this girl Eva. But I'm not seeing Eva. I'm seeing Britni.  
**DEATH:** How does she spell Britni?  
**JEREMY:** She doesn't spell it; her parents did.  
**DEATH:** Just answer the question.  
**JEREMY:** B-R-I-T-N-I.  
**DEATH:** And you chose that over E-V-A?  
**JEREMY:** What?  
**DEATH:** B-R-I-T-N-I, right?  
**JEREMY:** Yeah.  
**DEATH:** How much coke had her parents done? Damn, did America lose all guise of orthography in the eighties?  
**JEREMY:** Hey, why do you speak English? Why not, like, Sanskrit or something?  
**DEATH:** So you chose this girl over Eva? Well, what's the deal?  
**JEREMY:** I'm in Love with Eva.  
**DEATH:** Then tell her, and leave Britni.  
**JEREMY:** But—  
**DEATH:** No *buts*. It's simple. If you are in Love with Eva, then there's no use temporizing. If you can't just see how short life really is,—and it can be



**Ghostly Tree**  
 Molly Hanlon  
 Photograph

**in silentiæ**  
a villanelle

et dum, sub forma salva animæ,  
(a fortisan insana dicitur)  
te amor aget per silentiæ.

confundens, nesciens movent. vitæ  
intellegent. sub aura tenetur  
cuncta, sub forma salva animæ.

dum ambo delectæ et lætæ  
esse nobiscum in hoc videtur,  
nos amor aget per silentiæ.

integre, hoc est vero. ac meæ  
tu ardes. vero ac te ardeor,  
cuncta sub forma salva animæ.

et mihi regnum da adfirmandæ  
fidei causa. scis iam amemur!  
nos amor aget per silentiæ.

sed optimus: quam agemus super  
amorem, quam amore ducentur.  
et dum, sub forma salva animæ  
nos amor aget per silentiæ.

*distance. These things continue throughout the performance.*

**PATIENCE:** You're Death! What can you know about sex? What does that even matter, anyways? *{obviously overly agitated}* What does sex measure? Stamina!?

**DEATH:** Well, no. I was just beginning to pity your husband.

**PATIENCE:** You know nothing of my husband! And you would be wise to keep your mouth shut.

**DEATH:** Are you trying to hide something with your avoidance?

**PATIENCE:** Are you trying to prove something with your frankness?

**DEATH:** Yes.

**PATIENCE:** O, well then. I don't know.

**DEATH:** Don't know what?

**PATIENCE:** About Lamont.

**DEATH:** *in a girlish manner* Neither do I! Do tell!

**PATIENCE:** He—what is this any business of yours!?

**DEATH:** It could be big business of mine!

**PATIENCE:** You don't mean...

**DEATH:** Do I? You ponder that. But first, I'm sick of you. That said, in the mean time, listen to me. I suggest that you start paying attention to your husband instead of attempting—poorly, may I add—to live vicariously through your son. He's a boy; let him be a boy. He needs childhood, not adulthood at six. You never know: he may not even reach adulthood, even teen hood. *{TOMMY gives DEATH a quizzical look, and DEATH smiles back. PATIENCE looks horrified, but does not comment.}* You live your adult life. Let him live his boy life. And while you're trying to live well, consider your husband. How do you know that Tommy here'll outlive him? How do you know that your boy will outlive you? Why waste what could be considered precious last moments? I bet you that Lamont doesn't necessarily love having such a stiff of a wife. No ironical pun intended, of course. Now, *{he moves towards TOMMY, but then continues to JEREMY}* you've been awfully quiet this whole time. Have anything to say?

**JEREMY:** I've been thinking.

**DEATH:** Well, good for you! That's more than I can say about most of this crowd, I think. 'Bout what?

**JEREMY:** I don't know.

**DEATH:** Aw, you've gone and killed your whole image. How can you think but not know?

**JEREMY:** It's possible.

**DEATH:** But you just don't want to tell me about what you're thinking.

**JEREMY:** I'm thinking about a girl. Two girls, really. One girl.

**DEATH:** That's why. Well, which is it?

**NATHANIEL:** I don't know. I thought that I had.

**DEATH:** Thought?

**NATHANIEL:** When I was a boy... but no.

**TOMMY:** What? I'm a boy! What happened when you were a boy?

**NATHANIEL:** I used to... *{pause All occupants are clearly listening, save Natalie, who continues her secretarial work.}* I used to go with my family to this beach house. I met Helena there. But before then, sometimes I'd wake up early in the morning. This was only in the summer when we were there, mind you. And when you're on the waterfront, it's alluring. So when I'd wake up early I'd go out into that foggy dawn and walk the shore, on the flat wet sand below the high tide line. There was this one part of the shore that went out a little bit, just sand, mind you, the rocks were farther inland, but still under the tide line. The little sandy peninsula went out. And every morning when I'd go on these walks, there was always this fisherman there. He'd be standing out in those fisherman overalls made all of rubber. He'd cast out his line over and over again. You had to walk around him, so that you didn't get in his way. Anyways, I don't think that he would have minded. And only once I talked to him, in all those years that we were there. Only once, because when I went to university I didn't summer there anymore. I'd met Helena by then, anyways. But only once I talked to him. I asked him what he was doing. He said that he was catching dinner.

**DEATH:** *after a pause* And you haven't lived that?

**NATHANIEL:** I'd like to catch dinner there. Sometime. Just once would be enough.

**TOMMY:** Why don't you?

**NATHANIEL:** It's this bum leg of mine. My knee—

**PATIENCE:** But you don't need a knee just to stand in place. Get it locked in place. Catch dinner.

**NATHANIEL:** *eyeing her questioningly* It wouldn't be worth it.

**DEATH:** It's better than the alternative.

**NATHANIEL:** You don't mean...

**DEATH:** Do I? *{to PATIENCE}* And you, young lady. Where do you get off instructing this man? How would you even know how to live you life?

**PATIENCE:** I beg your pardon!

**DEATH:** When was the last time that you had sex?

**PATIENCE:** Well, I never!

*DEATH laughs, which fades into extended awkward silence. During the conversations with other patients, those to whom DEATH is not speaking sometimes fiddle with odds and ends, sometimes pay attention and react, almost interrupting at points, and sometimes appear to be ruminating upon the words spoken. NATALIE continues her secretarial work, in and out of the OR door. Mumbled announcements sometimes are heard in the*

[While under beauty of a flawless soul,  
(perhaps by insanity, it is said)  
a Lover moves you through a silence, sole.

Confused, unknowing they do move. They know  
of life. Under their atmosphere is spread  
all, under the beauty of a sound soul.

While to be both delighting and aglow  
it may seem, to be with us in these heads,  
Love moves us through its own silence: ours, sole.

This is in truth, honestly. And you glow  
for me. And in truth I for you burn red,  
all under the beauty of a sound soul.

And give a kingdom to me to endow  
again faith. Now you know that we are loved!  
Love moves us through its own silence: ours, sole.

But this is best: how over Love we go,  
how by this thing called Love we soon are led.  
while under the beauty of a sound soul,  
Love moves us through its own silence: ours, sole.]

Meaghan Cassidy



**The Wanderer**  
A Villanelle

Always awaiting, there by the chill sea  
I wade to ankles, knees, in that cold bay  
Wondering where my journeys will bring me

Perhaps I shall reach distant Tripoli  
I'll stand in far Africa, greeting day  
Always awaiting, there by the chill sea

I've heard stories of jewels of Araby  
Of lamps, rubies, statues, so one does say  
Wondering where my journeys will bring me

To mountains, higher than eyes dare to see  
I wish to climb up, there in the sun's way  
Always awaiting, there by the chill sea

In far India there's a deity  
With an elephant's hump, wise head of grey  
I wonder where my journeys will bring me

I sit beside a weather-beaten tree  
Where I am rather loath to stay  
Always awaiting, there by the chill sea  
Wondering where my journeys will bring me

Bethany Wolfe

**Anticipation**  
Jonathan Potvin  
Photograph

**TOMMY:** Well, all the dead people get to walk around from midnight to midnight and then they go back to sleep in the ground.

**DEATH:** *sarcastically* All the dead people get to walk around! Wow! Then, isn't it always Halloween?

**TOMMY:** What do you mean?

**DEATH:** Tommy, you—

**PATIENCE:** That's enough! Tommy, stop talking. *{turning to DEATH}* And you! Who do you think you are, talking to a boy like that!? How can you even say things like that!?

**DEATH:** I'm Death, Patience. And things like what?

**PATIENCE:** Things like all the dead people are always walking around!

**DEATH:** I don't see any compelling argument against it.

**PATIENCE:** But we're not dead!

**DEATH:** Are you sure? How can you tell?

**PATIENCE:** You're being utterly ridiculous.

**DEATH:** If you'd like to experience Death, I can...

*PATIENCE stares in horror, gaping and trying to speak.*

**DEATH:** Well, what about you, Nathaniel?

**NATHANIEL:** I, sir? What about me?

**DEATH:** You've experienced death.

**NATHANIEL:** I have, sir. *{He stares at the ground.}* But that's not really relevant.

**DEATH:** Sure it's relevant. I'm Death! You've surely learned how to live.

**NATHANIEL:** What does it matter if we're all the walking dead?

**DEATH:** Aye, man! It does. You're not dead *yet*, are you?

**NATHANIEL:** Well, am I? You tell me, sir.

**DEATH:** Well, how am I supposed to know!?

**JEREMY:** You're Death! *{pause}*

*All turn and stare at him slowly.*

**DEATH:** Am I? And if I am, how does that qualify me to know if you're alive? I am not you.

**NATHANIEL:** Okay, I'm dead.

**DEATH:** No you're not.

**NATHANIEL:** But you just said!—

**DEATH:** What did I just say? Are. You. Alive.

**NATHANIEL:** Barely. Sir.

**DEATH:** Why are you alive?

**NATHANIEL:** I don't know. There's no point. *{pause}* Anymore.

**DEATH:** Then why are you alive? Have you lived all that there is to live?

**Natalie:** O, hi. Again. Is everything okay?

**DEATH:** I've had this backache that's been hurting like hell for the past few days. Won't go away. *{He turns around and motions.}* See, right here. Like you've never even known.

**NATALIE:** Well, I don't know if there's much that I can do about it.

**DEATH:** Nat, you're a—

**NATALIE:** Why are you here?

**DEATH:** O, you know, the—

**NATALIE:** Okay, okay. Just, just go and sit or something. I've got work to do.

**DEATH:** That's not what you said—

**NATALIE:** Just go and sit down.

*DEATH turns around to face the prospective patients. TOMMY stares at him, then smiles. TOMMY starts swinging his legs. DEATH approaches the chairs, but never sits. The occupants all stare at the ground.*

**DEATH:** *humming* Well, the devil went down to Georgia, he was lookin' for a soul to—

**PATIENCE:** *staring in disgust* Wha—

**DEATH:** I'm sorry. Would you have preferred Christmas carols?

**PATIENCE:** But you're—

**DEATH:** It's too early for Christmas carols, isn't it? But it seems that we keep getting ready earlier and earlier every year. It makes you think that people— But yes, I'm Death, yes, I know. But that doesn't mean that I don't know how to have a good time! I've been to a few Christmas parties in my day. Office parties, at that! O, have you ever heard of Haliburton?

**PATIENCE:** No.

**DEATH:** O, well then. You're Patience Younge, right?

**PATIENCE:** *hesitatingly* Well, I, no? How— I'm not— How did you know—?

**DEATH:** Let's just say that I have my connections. But that's really of no matter right now. What I really want to know is who this little guy here is! *{to TOMMY}* Hey there, fella! You're Tommy, right?

**TOMMY:** Yes! I really like your costume. But it isn't Halloween anymore, is it?

**DEATH:** Well, what's Halloween?

**TOMMY:** What's Halloween? What do you mean 'what's Halloween?' Haven't you heard of it? How can you not know what Halloween is?

**DEATH:** What do you think Halloween is, Tommy?

**TOMMY:** It's when you get lots of candy, and you walk around in a costume. Then you get the candy. But you have to ask for it first.

**DEATH:** How do you ask?

**TOMMY:** Nicely! You say, 'Trick or treat!' and then the people give you a candy.

**DEATH:** Is there anything else?

### Dawn's Rivals

Day melts into night  
all around the world  
even in the Galapagos  
not much versatility in the earth's rotation.

The brightened colors mixing velvet against the darkening sky  
the beauty before darkness boasts the joy of night  
light is the only vaccine for darkness  
but still the moon soars, high above the earth

### The lunar reflection

Reaching past the stars and meeting with saints  
the international guide through the night  
creating its own glow  
leaping into the limelight

Taking all the glory away from the sleeping magnolias  
who are waiting for the sun's sparks to lash out against the moon  
creating a replica of the day before  
leaving the moon's lumination behind

Folding its darkness into the pockets of the sun  
Filling them to the edge

Like corpses  
Fill the ground

Day flirts with the night  
and as the sun tucks in the moon  
the world becomes nervous  
the arctic warming a degree

The moon retreats back up to the angels  
until the reflection is an echo of the night before  
a rancid reminder for the sun  
and leaving the sun's and the moon's rival for  
dawn the next day

### Perceptions

I place my faith in what man can achieve,  
Beyond bias, static mental regime.  
Is it possible, or am I naïve?

Leaving behind notions once misconceived.  
Surpassing hatred, ignorant extremes.  
I place my faith in what man can achieve.

Embrace diversity, give malice leave,  
Hold all in regard, in total esteem.  
Is it possible, or am I naïve?

Purge adversity, disparity relieved,  
To alter attitudes and the way things seem.  
I place my faith in what man can achieve.

To change the way diversity's perceived,  
Rebirth of mindset, man's chance to redeem.  
Is it possible, or am I naïve?

I hold steadfast to what I believe,  
Devotion to all, this equality dream.  
I place my faith in what man can achieve,  
Is it possible, or am I naïve?

Jonathan Potvin

### Killing Time

*Characters (in order of appearance):*

*PATIENCE YOUNGE and THOMAS (TOMMY) YOUNGE*

*NATHANIEL WHITE*

*JEREMY JAMES*

*NATALIE SOUTHERFORD, R.N.*

*Death*

*Setting: Bright white lights blaze upon a stark white hospital scene. Downstage left stands a white doorframe, which exits to street. Upstage centre stands a double doorframe, which exits to the Operating Room (OR.) Stage left of the OR exit, a white and metal desk is positioned. Four chairs are situated in an arc from downstage right towards centre stage, so that audience members can clearly see all chair occupants.*

*A faint, garbled, neither male nor female voice murmurs over a distant intercom. Open curtain. PATIENCE YOUNGE sits closest to the audience with her son THOMAS by her side. PATIENCE is well-groomed, with dark brown curls cascading from underneath a powder blue wool cap onto a matching jacket. Her son has her dark eyes and fair skin and is dressed in boys' play clothes. On the other side of TOMMY, NATHANIEL WHITE sits. NATHANIEL is an old man, worse for wear. His clothing is neat but clearly threadbare, as his hair appears to be. To his left is JEREMY JAMES: a good-looking young man fresh from graduate school and ready for the world. He is dressed in neat, preppy clothing and appears slightly nervous, anxious, or uncomfortable. All save TOMMY stare somberly at the white hospital floor. NATALIE SOUTHERFORD, dressed in a nurse's uniform, writes and files, appearing to be doing secretarial work.*

**PATIENCE:** Tommy, dear, come sit over here. *{She stands and switches seats with her son.}*

**TOMMY:** Why, Mommy? Why did we—

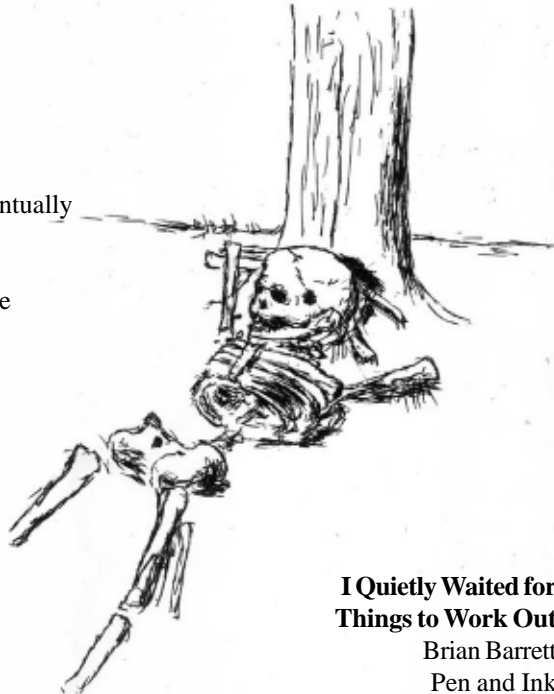
**PATIENCE:** Never mind, dear. Just do as I say.

*TOMMY peers over at NATHANIEL, who has momentarily forgotten waiting room etiquette and quickly snaps his gaze back down to the floor again. NATALIE picks up the phone and dials, and then she says something inaudible to someone unknown. DEATH walks in through the exit to street. He's wearing a black cloak and hood and carries a scythe on a knobby staff. None of the patients look up. He checks his watch and walks up to the desk. NATALIE swings the mouthpiece of the phone away from her mouth.*

**Comforting Shroud**

Death is a blanket  
 Everybody has one at some point  
 a certain favorite  
 fancy or simple in design  
 Omnipresence is its second name  
 Found in hospitals, it covers  
 the ill and injured  
 and lies in the bedrooms of young  
 the middle-aged  
 and is the final shroud of the old  
 Comfort  
 in the darkest, coldest nights of your life  
 when you feel as though you can't go on  
 Should you have an accident  
 or become terribly sick  
 it is one of the first things proffered  
 holding you tightly  
 It is upon your bed by night  
 and waits for you there by day  
 Each has a distinct smell  
 whether it is old or new  
 Sometimes they can be ugly  
 hideous  
 or sometimes they have  
 beauty  
 All people feel the touch eventually  
 and everyone  
 with reluctance or relief  
 will be wrapped in its embrace  
 at the end of the day  
 For death is a blanket

Samantha Claussen

**I Quietly Waited for  
Things to Work Out**Brian Barrett  
Pen and Ink**Falling Whispers**

The sound of men exchanging soft goodbyes  
 holy ground breathes cadaverous arctic air  
 The dissident melodies of our lives.

Children huddle close, together they cry  
 lonely, algid, young in utter despair  
 The sound of men exchanging soft goodbyes.

Mothers embrace while they express soft sighs  
 gelid hearts are lorn, beyond self-repair  
 The dissident melodies of our lives.

Whispering wind cuts though a field of rye  
 all heads are hung, entrenched in prayer  
 The sound of men exchanging soft goodbyes.

Falling snow covers the place where you lie  
 petrified, unprotected in nightmare  
 The dissident melodies of our lives.

A few small lanterns dance like fireflies  
 fortunate to be free of this affair  
 the sound of men exchanging soft goodbyes  
 The dissident melodies of our lives.

Josh Gerry

**In the Shadow of Faneuil Hall**Megan Cassidy  
Photograph

**Summertime Heat**

the intensity of summer comes from  
 a million vibrations of love on the horizon.  
 a crackling-sizzling-campfire  
 feeling of new and old friends  
 reveling in the freedom of the season,  
 soaking in the radiant summer daylight  
 and emitting back energy  
 ten times more brightly.

the fabric to flesh  
 sticky heat of summer  
 does not just come from one tiny orb in the sky  
 (the sun stays  
 while the season leaves)

the head of the season comes from  
 nervous-excited-jumbled  
 handholding.  
 the friction of dry soil  
 grating on flip-flop feet.

even cool green grass gives heat in summertime  
 tickling between all ten toes heat.  
 no worries, bouncing, rushing, feeling of going  
 sock-less, shoe-less, heat.

inside our winter skin  
 invaded by ice and snow,  
 we'll grieve for the fleeting love of summer  
 and recall how the heat went straight to our heads.  
 a hot prickle in our hearts.

Allie Tompkins

**Ebb and Tide**

dreams are like oceans  
 each night we wade in comfortably  
 first our feet, then our legs  
 our hips, and our shoulders  
 (until finally)  
 we are  
 over  
 our heads.

cool, tranquil water glides  
 between  
 our (toes, ears, fingers, hair  
 until the tide grips our ankles  
 and knocks us off our feet  
 capturing us, transporting us  
 to another) world

where the cresting of waves  
 can only be heard  
 with each sigh. or murmur.  
 that spills from our mouths

as we drift for days  
 or weeks  
 or months  
 or seconds

stars illuminate our bedrooms  
 casting shadows  
 into a whirlpool of fantasies  
 that seem to make sense

(until a quiet tune  
 listlessly brings  
 us back to where  
 grains of sand prick and tingle  
 beneath our toes.

K. Calabrese

**Lighthouse**  
 Molly Hanlon  
 Photograph

