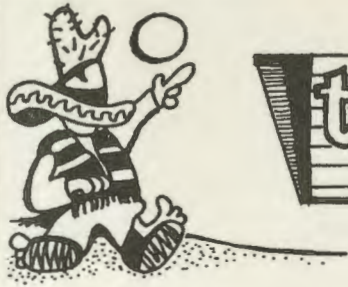


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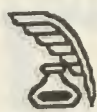
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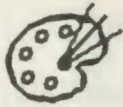
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--the Lamron staff, especially Diane Allen

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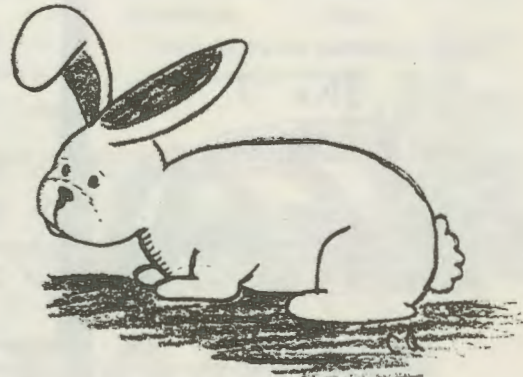
--Marion Giseke

--Contributors

--And all those who have made this issue possible

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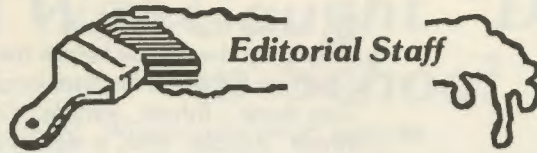
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except to people who don't understand."

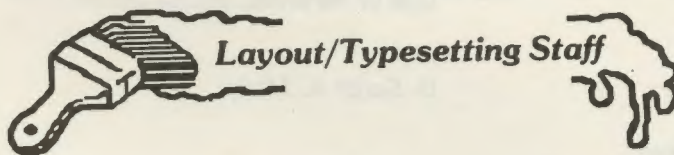
--from The Velveteen Rabbit

by Margery Williams



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HYPER TENSION

Writing- an art, a release,
a stimulation.
Expression- an idea, a feeling
deep
down
inside,
put into words.... as follows:

There once was a turtle who lived
beneath a rock next to a tree
beside a creek close to a fence
by the edge of the road.

And in the morning, when the sun would
rise, the turtle would open his eyes,
peek out of his shell, look around to be
safe, and stretch his arms and his legs.

To write- is not to fill an empty page
with words and ideas of your own.
To write- is to turn the page and uncover
what is already there; what is unknown.

After a few deep breaths, he ventured
out from under his rock and went to
the stream. slurp...swallow...slurp...
swallow...slurp...swallow. And away
from the stream he would go.

Each step he took was so carefully taken.
Each place was so carefully chosen.
Step by Step by Step by Step by Step.
Until he would reach his destination.

To write is to know your conclusion, but
not know how you'll arrive.
To write is to think of what you're
looking for, but not really know until
you can find it.

Up the tiny hill he went (a mountain for
a creature of his position). And around
the great stones that stood before him
he would go.

By this time, his legs were growing tired.
He was moving very slowly.

But his mind was set on one direction
and that direction he would go.
Burrowing through leaves and grass,
trudging through the mud, taking each
step, each breath, so painstakingly
to make it up the hill.

Elation is the emotion which surges
throughout a writer when he recognizes
his conclusion after the journey with
his pen.

Accomplishment.

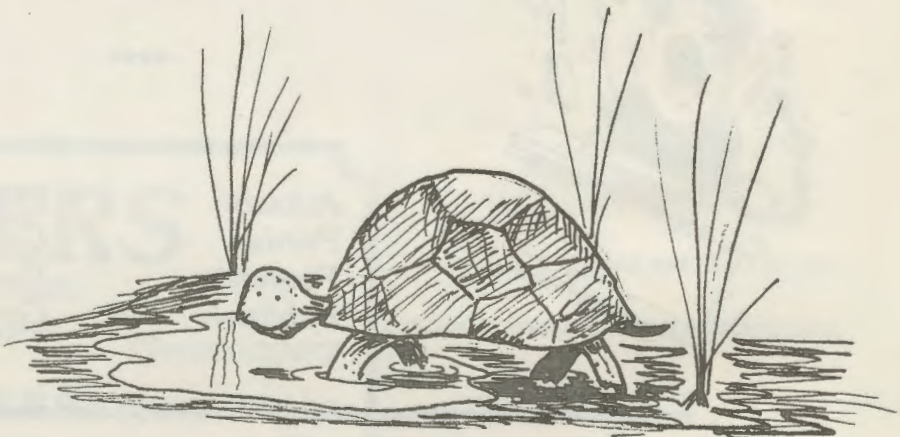
Up, up, up the hill he goes.
Only a few last steps before the crest,
which he knows is his final landing.
Two more... Inhale...exhale...One more...
Inhale...exhale. Ahh, a sigh of relief
and the turtle looks back down the hill,
over the stones, above the grass and leaves;
all the way to the stream where his
journey began. Now he can return to his
home beneath the rock. For now he knows
what is at the top of this hill and,
perhaps... Tomorrow? another journey
will surprise him.

To write- is to explore the mind.

- is to uncover the secrets
that have been kept behind
the veil within our head.
 - is to journey through the
unknown and find great wealth.
- over and over and over and over and over and over and over

There was once a penguin whose habitat
was in the arctic and he would.....

□ Sarah K. Mady



The Day I Was Caught "Day Streaming" in School

I was one of those elementary school children who went home for lunch every day. Some kids would have given their best magic marker set to have this privilege, but I did not appreciate my good fortune. I wanted to pack a meal and be like everyone else. One autumn day in second grade, I experienced a lunch hour that I will never forget.

I had prepared "mon repas" the night before. I crammed my rarely used "Coco the Clown" lunchbox with a thermos of strawberry-flavored milk, a bologna sandwich (halved diagonally), five Oreo cookies, and two napkins. I was ready to feast like a real second-grader.

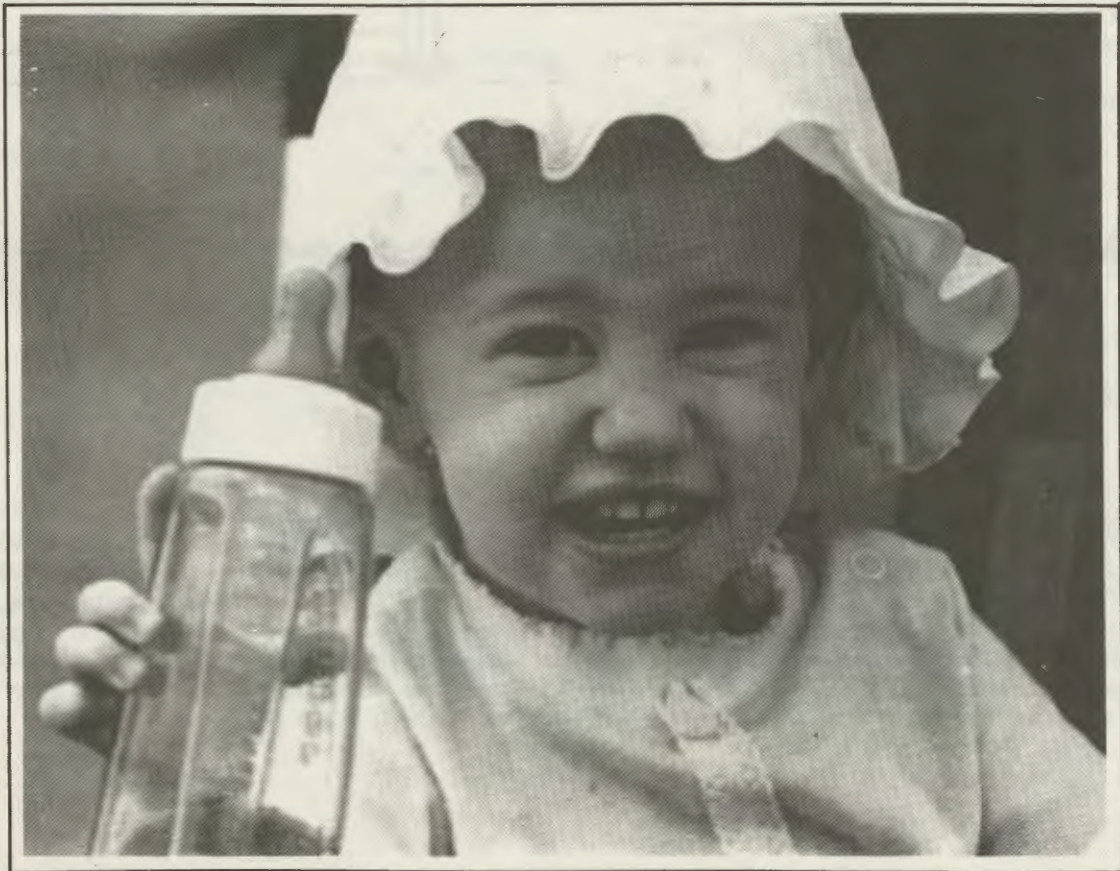
That morning stretched for an eternity. At long last, the 11:45 a.m. lunch bell rang. Each student was to eat at his/her desk, but I drew a crowd around mine because I had strawberry-flavored milk.

Bologna was never again as satisfying as it was on that memorable day. I gobbled everything, except the Oreos, within seven minutes. As I tried to trade my cookies for Jennifer Johnson's crumb cake, a mother/monitor came to escort those children who needed to use the lavatory down the hall. Little did I know that this would be my last chance to utilize the facilities.

A quarter of an hour later, the students were escorted to the playground across the street. I participated in jump rope, hopscotch and Simon Says. Halfway through the third round of Simon Says, my bladder urgently informed me that it needed immediate relief. I approached one of the mother/monitors and requested to be crossed. "Oh honey," I can still recall her response, "you should have gone before. I can't cross you now. You'll have to wait."

I tried to explain that I could not wait, but my attempt was in vain. Tears started to stream from my eyes as another different sort of stream trickled down the insides of my crossed legs. I flattened myself against the short brick wall that partially enclosed the playground, hoping to make myself invisible. I could not believe that a big second grader like me could actually wet her underpants. To make matters worse, I was wearing the school's uniform skirt. Filled with hatred towards the mother/monitor who would not cross me, I began to cry harder. Diane and Lorraine (the twins whose last name I never learned) trotted over to see if I had maimed myself. I could only hang my head with shame. I finally squeaked that I had, "peed in my underpants," although it was already somewhat evident. After whispering momentarily in their broken

(continued on page 16)



Childhood is

*Childhood is bubblegum,
baseballcaps and
bubblebaths.*

*It is skinned knees and snakes and sneakers
that double as bicycle brakes.*

*And games of ghost in the graveyard
played at seven o'clock.*

*It is naps at noontime after lunches
of peanutbutter and fluffanutter.*

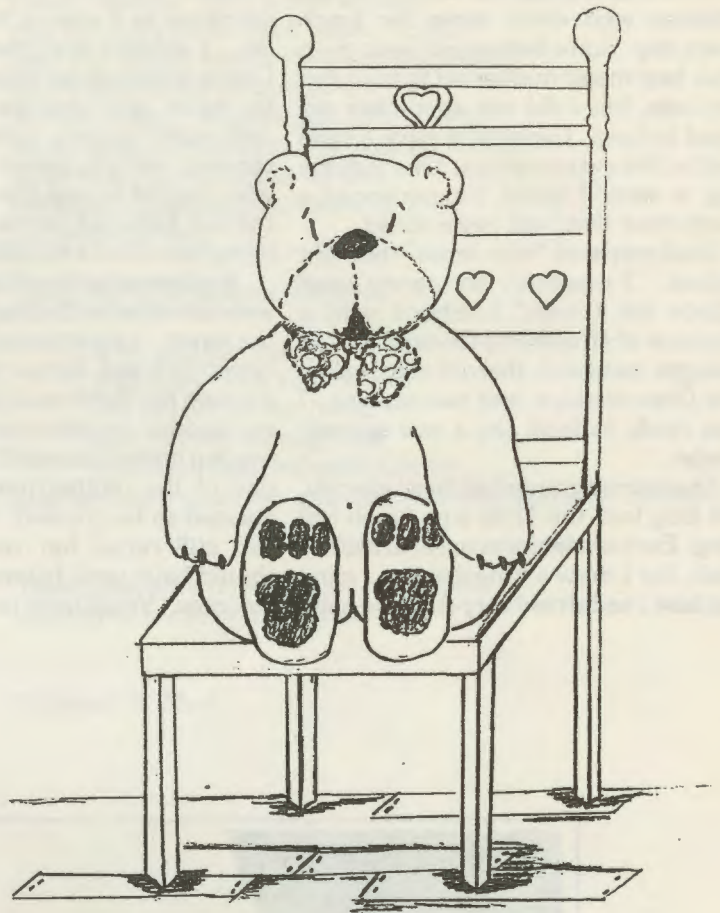
*Childhood is monsters that hide under your bed.
And not being ashamed of sucking your thumb.*

□ L.E. Platt

Sorry, Teddy

*Teddy sat on his head all day.
It's all my fault--left him that way.
It wasn't that I didn't care,
He normally sits upon his rear.
I accident'ly left him there,
Upside down on a wooden chair.
He's much too dizzy now to play;
Teddy sat on his head all day.*

□ Shelli L. Stiverson



Emerson

Globs of cruel sleet bombarded my face and eyes. "Emerson?" My timid young voice struggled to pierce the din of the storm. "Emerson..." Only the howling wind answered me. A hot tear streaked down my chafed cheeks. I swiped at it awkwardly through my Mickey Mouse mittens, completely soaked and plastered to cold flesh. Where was she? "Emerson!!!" I cried out at the top of my lungs in utter frustration. I turned for home, my steps heavy, my heart like lead. Suddenly- a flash of grey crossed my path. "Emerson!" My eyes flooded with tears of joy. I hugged the stinking wet bundle close to my chest, suddenly oblivious to nature's rage all around us. "I'm so glad I found you!" I cried to the shivering little German Shepherd who was licking away my tears. I grabbed a fistful of her ruff tightly so she wouldn't get lost again. Together we headed home.

□ Diana C. Wolf

Burning the Midnight Oil

*There was an old blue pen
And try though as he might,
He had a case of writer's block
And didn't know what to write.*

*He drew a sketchy doodle
Of a chicken, and a fist
He scribbled, "Liz loves Brian"
And Wednesday's shopping list.*

*Two pop tarts and a beer
The night was then complete;
The paper-ripped and tossed
And the chewed pen went to sleep.*

□ Kimberly Eagen

Scrying Ball

*In an oaken chest, in my room,
Hidden from all the light,
Lies a ball of glass awaiting me,
As clear as the clearest night.*

*The secrets contained within this sphere,
Are both ancient and yet to be.
To many it fills their hearts with fear,
For its secrets are not given free.*

*Called witches' orb, called wizards' friend,
It's known by many a name.
No matter what it is called although,
Its power is dark the same.*

*I gaze into my scrying ball,
Prepared to pay its toll.
The price it asks is not very large,
Just a fraction of my soul.*

*Deep within the ball of glass,
The mists began to swirl.
Colors appear to take twisted shape,
Until I'm looking upon the world.*

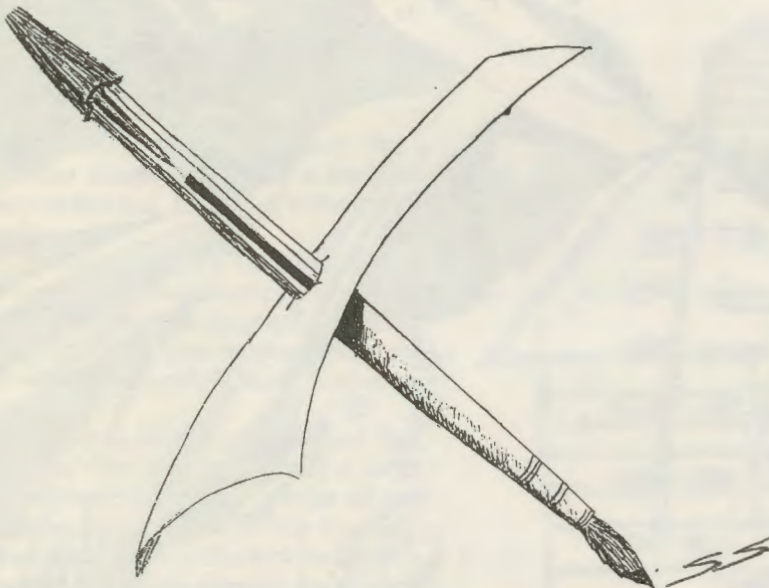
*Complete control of time and space,
Is now within my grasp.
I open my mind, and ask my piece,
Then watch its spell be cast.*

*The air is charged as powers grow,
And the darkness closes in.
The only light throughout the room,
Comes from the orb within.*

*It grows and expands to encompass all,
Its power blinds my mind.
Then all at once blackness falls,
And order is restored to time.*

*Then back into the oaken chest,
I return the ball of glass.
Swearing on what is left of my soul,
That this time was the last.*

□ John C. Jaeger





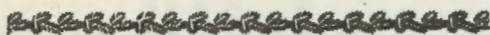
Grammy's Cabin

His Grammy had nail scissors in her hand and was carefully snipping at the window screen. He heard her muttering reproachfully, "Mean spirited, little so and so's. Keys go under the flagstone, for Pete's sake."

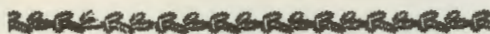
Grammy always talked to herself. The same way Randy chatted with his toys. Grammy's mouth was always busy. She took on T.V. commentators as if they were contentious guests; jumping up from the couch, waving her brawny arms and yelling, "Unbelievable! Unbelievable!" At those times Randy's small, blonde mother would smile a tight lipped smile at Randy's dad, behind Grammy's back.

Grammy turned toward him slightly so he knew she meant to address him. "This screen is nearly 50 years old, Randy. Grandpa Will installed it. We did most of this place together. He never had much use for women who couldn't do things."

Randy looked up at her through his wispy hair. He was warming his bare feet under the sand. There were pine cones, wintergreen, and black bits of sunburned twigs and bark scattered



"Close your eyes with me and take a deep breath."



here and there in the white sand. He squatted down and ripped a leathery wintergreen leaf, breathing in the minty smell.

"There!" she said. Two sides of the window screen had been cut. She lifted the flap and folded it diagonally. Smiling down at Randy she motioned toward the window and said, "Okay sweetheart, in you go."

Her hands shook as she lifted him through. He had to help her a little, leaning most of his weight on the sill and climbing like he was on the monkey-bars. Tumbling into the sink he set off a mousetrap, nearly clipping his finger. He yelled and Grammy leaned through the window with a finger to her lips, shushing him.

She ignored his sulking when he opened the door. Her boots echoed on the bare pine boards as she marched to each window to draw the curtains aside and admit the afternoon sun. Then she

paused in the middle of the big room and lifted her eyes to the wagon wheel chandelier as if she were witnessing a beautiful vision. Catching up Randy's hand she whispered, "Close your eyes with me and take a deep breath."

Randy closed his eyes and breathed in. He felt thirsty and hoped Grammy had brought Kool-aid.

"Do you smell it sweetheart? Don't you remember?"

He opened one eye and peeked at her. Her hand was pressed to her breast and she was holding her face toward the ceiling, her eyes squeezed shut.

"I don't know, Grammy. Just wood, I guess. And maybe a little smoke?"

Her hand trembled in his, and her breath became ragged, as if she had been running; "It's summer, Randy. I smell summer."

Randy began to giggle and Grammy opened her eyes. Smiling, she took hold of him, under his arms, and began to swing him as she spun in a slow circle. He let his legs rise out in front of him, and fixed his eyes on the chandelier. Then he closed them, and

experienced one breath-taking moment as if he was rising and falling on an amusement park ride. He opened them quickly to make sure of where he was.

The cold nights had cooled the bay so they could not swim. Randy ran to the beach and jumped in up to his knees, but Grammy just put her hands in the water.

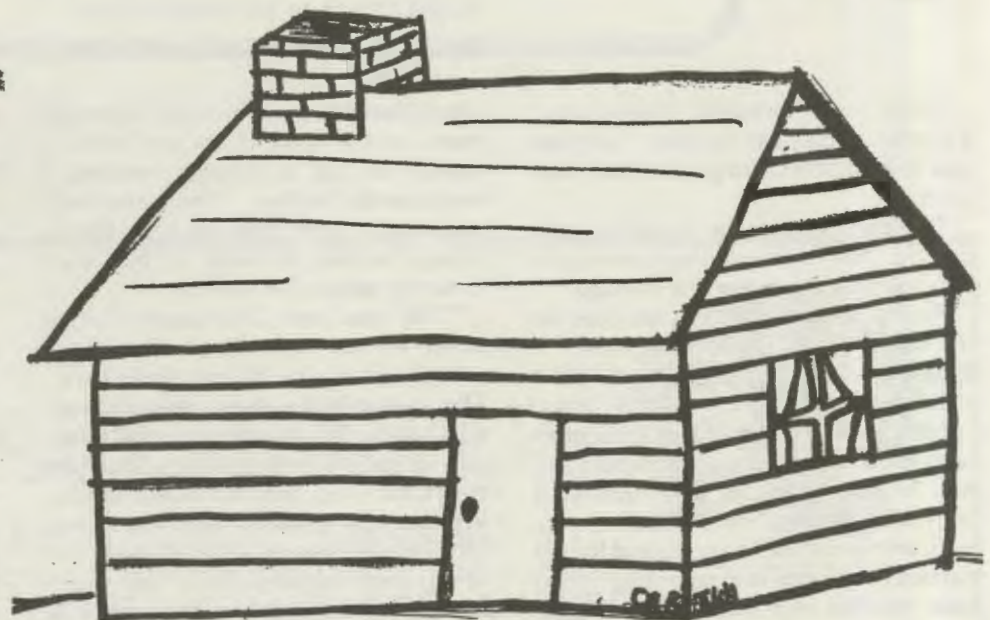
"You don't mind missing a few days of Kindergarten do you sweetheart?" Grammy sat back in the dry sand above the waveline and looked at him.

"We won't stay long. But we've got to do some fishing. Been too long since we caught perch together." She rubbed her hands, freeing the sand, and settled back on her elbows.

"Long enough to do some fishing and see the stars." The seagulls had discovered them and were circling empty beach a few yards off.

"Weather this nice means people will be here this weekend."

Randy shrugged his shoulders and lunged to his right, to block a school of minnows. Just the suggestion of his shadow sent them speeding toward open water.





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"I don't care, Grammy. I like it here. If Jordan comes we can play." Jordan had been in the cottage next door last summer.

"We can't stay for the weekend," she quietly. "We'll stay until tomorrow. It's sup-pose to rain tomorrow anyway."

Randy nodded, keeping his eyes on the water. "I still like it better here."

"Me too," Grammy answered. "I like it better here, too."

Later they turned over logs and stones near the sodden logging road where she had hidden the car, and harvested worms for fishing.

Grammy carried the poles and Randy carried the worms in a paper bag. It had pine needles and moss in it, and he could feel the worms through the paper when he held it sideways.

The path they followed through the cedar swamp was spongy from centuries of fallen trees and moss. It smelled dark and cool, and was dappled with light

where the sun came through. Here and there, at the base of ancient trees, a spring had cut a rivulet, revealing a white sandy bottom. The water here was much colder than the bay. Randy always wanted to taste it, but even Grammy would not let him.

"This was our Champagne Spring when we first built the place, and we actually used wine glasses down here. They always looked funny in your grandpa's hands. His fingers were real rough and spread out from his work. But they suited him fine. He had lovely hands. We were so pleased with ourselves, lying here like people with nothing better to do, and bragging about how much better the water was here than anyplace else. Things change so fast now, Randy, so fast. You wouldn't think it to look at this place, but you can't drink it now."

That night, they sat up late, waiting for the stars. Grammy built a fire and lit the kerosene heater. They played Old

Maid at the kitchen table and Grammy told stories about summers at the cabin before he was born.

"Faces of grown-ups don't tell me anything anymore, Randy." Grammy sighed and caressed the worn table absently.

"I can look at your Daddy now and all I remember of him when he was a little boy are the photographs I have on my wall. That's why I have to come here." Grammy's voice wavered, like the shadows on the wall. "When I'm here I can see my whole life, the best parts of it, in this room. All those sweet little faces and the beauty. It was an immense beauty, it could swallow you whole. Such power."

"Isn't it pretty here now, Grammy?"

"No Randy it isn't. Not the way it was. Not the way it should be."

Randy nodded. His eyes were sleepy and faces of his parents, grown-up faces on small bodies, swirled through his



brain like ash fragments from the fire.
"I never showed you my new place Randy. It's full of old ladies like me. Except they're all rich. It's real hoity toity there. Stuffy. First time I've ever been bored in my whole life. Nothing alive and growing. No water. And needlepoint up the.... All they do is have card parties and dirnk too much gin. I go sometimes but I don't drink. Now that bothers them."

She laughed, and Randy jumped.
"When they aren't playing cards they go to the shopping malls to buy expensive presents for 'ungrateful grandchildren.' Then they have lunch and wrangle with the waiter over the size of their portions."

"Why do you live there, Grammy?"
"Because your Daddy and Mother very kindly bought it for me."

In the morning it rained and they packed. Randy carried their few belongings into the woods to the car. Then Grammy found a cardboard box full of beach towels in the closet, and emptied them onto the bed.

There was a painting of the beach on the mantle. Grammy took it down and laid it gently in the box. "Mrs Caitleman painted that for us, before that red monstrosity went up. It was real wilderness then and nobody came here.

The fashionable people stayed on the west side where they had spas. Doesn't look like that now, does it? Too many boat hoists spoiling the view."

Randy followed her up the loft ladder

where she stripped the twin beds of their blankets and let him drop them to the box below. "Hudson Bay five point. Bought in '49 for ten dollars. If I'd known what they'd cost today, I would have got a warehouse full."

Downstairs, she rolled up the small rag rug at the base of the ladder and took an old wine glass out of the cupboard. Then she paused for a moment, her eyes searching the floors, the walls, the ceiling. The wagon wheel chandelier rocked lightly with the breeze through the open door, and Grammy stared at it for a moment as if she were considering adding it to her box. she stood so long that Randy felt restless and tugged at her sleeve. Grammy took his hand in hers and pointed it at the window.

"They've redone the curtains." Her voice was peevish. "You noticed that didn't you Randy? They used to be whitish like the sand. Curtins are always the first thing folks do when they buy a place. Lavendar for heaven's sake. What could they have been thinking of?"

When the car was packed, Grammy took what was left of the kerosene and emptied it onto the bed, the couch, and around the base of the main room. The last thing she did before throwing in a match, was to take the set of keys from the nail by the door, and put them under the flagstone.

□ Betsy Urban



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"Where are you?"

*I know that somewhere,
a special someone exists,
to love and be loved by me.
He walks in my dreams
beside quiet bubbling streams
as only a prince can be.*

*And as green turns to red
and colors explode,
Falling silently down from the sky,
I hope, day by day,
that he won't turn away
and once again make tears fill my eyes.*

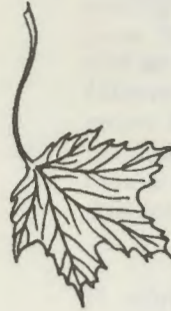
*But cold closes in
to deaden my pain;
the anguish of my heart burns low.
Too soon resurrected,
the knife of rejection
fells my heart like the archer's bow*

*Will life ever come?
As the cold disappears?
Hope is my lifeline from despair
But someday I'll see
that he'll be standing by me,
and has probably always been there.*

□ Kathleen Hallinan

*I just got up
I opened the door and I walked slowly outside
I felt the chill of the air against my skin
I felt the wind brush by my cheek
and through my hair as it raced toward me
I heard the sound of the thunder
as it echoed from across the fields
I felt the light touch of the rain
as I looked to the grey of the October sky
And I felt glad to be alive.*

□ Kym Graham



XT

Delicate Romance

*Guarded by a wall,
you stand before me
like fragile china in a closet.
The closer I get
the more dangerous the game becomes.
I reach out to touch you,
but the glass is cold.
My palm leaves an imprint,
but no sensation is received.
All you feel is my feeble attempt
to possess you.
And I cry, watching my precious
gift behind a closed door.*

□ Jeanette Weyer

*Burnt sugar leaves
run in and out of
puddles in parking lots.
Rain edged in ice
cuts in on the game.
Scorned, one paisley
attempt to dilute
The winter with the
passing of fall.*

□ JAKJP

Someone To Talk To

A 6-foot red chicken
Sits on my white bedspread.
It doesn't talk
Unless
You ask it a question
Like,
"Why do the white walls look so white?"
Or
"Do you hear the bars on the window laughing?"

My chicken
Is my real friend.
He doesn't eat my food
And
He likes my new white jacket-
The one with all the buckles.

I don't get many
Visitors.
The faces
That peer through the glass panel
In the white door
Never come in.
But at least I have
My chicken.



□ Kimberly Eagen

"Just do the rest of the problems the same way. Call me if you get stuck," my math tutor and neighbor said as I gathered my books together. "Thanks a lot," I called as I stepped outside. It sure had gotten a lot colder during the hour I was in there. I stuffed my hands in my pockets and began the trudge across our lawns. What was that?! I stopped dead in my tracks and listened intently. Nothing. Cautiously, I resumed walking. It all kind of reminded me of the opening scene of "An American Werewolf in London." These two boys were walking alone in the dark, much like I was, when they hear a noise and suddenly- No, no, that was just a silly movie. It did seem kind of real though. Fearfully I gazed into the woods at my left. No, nothing there- Wait! There were two shiny beady eyes staring right into mine! My feet were running before my brain even gave the order to go. Panting, I reached my front door and fumbled for the keys. "Hurry! Hurry!" I screamed at my clumsy fingers. Any second I knew I'd feel six-inch fangs ripping into my back, claws tearing at my face- The door finally opened and I threw myself inside, slamming the door. I locked it, dead bolted it and held it shut with my back. As soon as my heavy gasps subsided, all was still. Slowly I turned around, expecting a ferocious hairy face with bloody fangs to leap at the window. I was greeted only by the twinkle of the front porch light. Gathering all my nerve, I pressed my face right up to the glass and stared outside. All seemed quiet- no! Oh my God! The beady eyes- they're coming closer! As I crouched paralyzed with fear, my monster stepped into the light of the porch. I wonder if I scared that raccoon as much as he scared me.

□ Diana C. Wolf

The Assassin

*Pink rays of dawn sunlight
slip through a crack in the blind.
I look out at the street below,
empty except for the litter in the gutters
being pushed around by chill autumn air.*

*I run through everything in my mind
one more time,
tracing my escape route
to the location of the getaway car,
tracing my escape route
to the airport where my ticket will
be waiting.*

*The rifle sits beside me,
already mounted on its tripod,
black muzzle pointing like an accusing finger,
crosshairs resting on the stage,
centered on the podium you will be standing behind.*

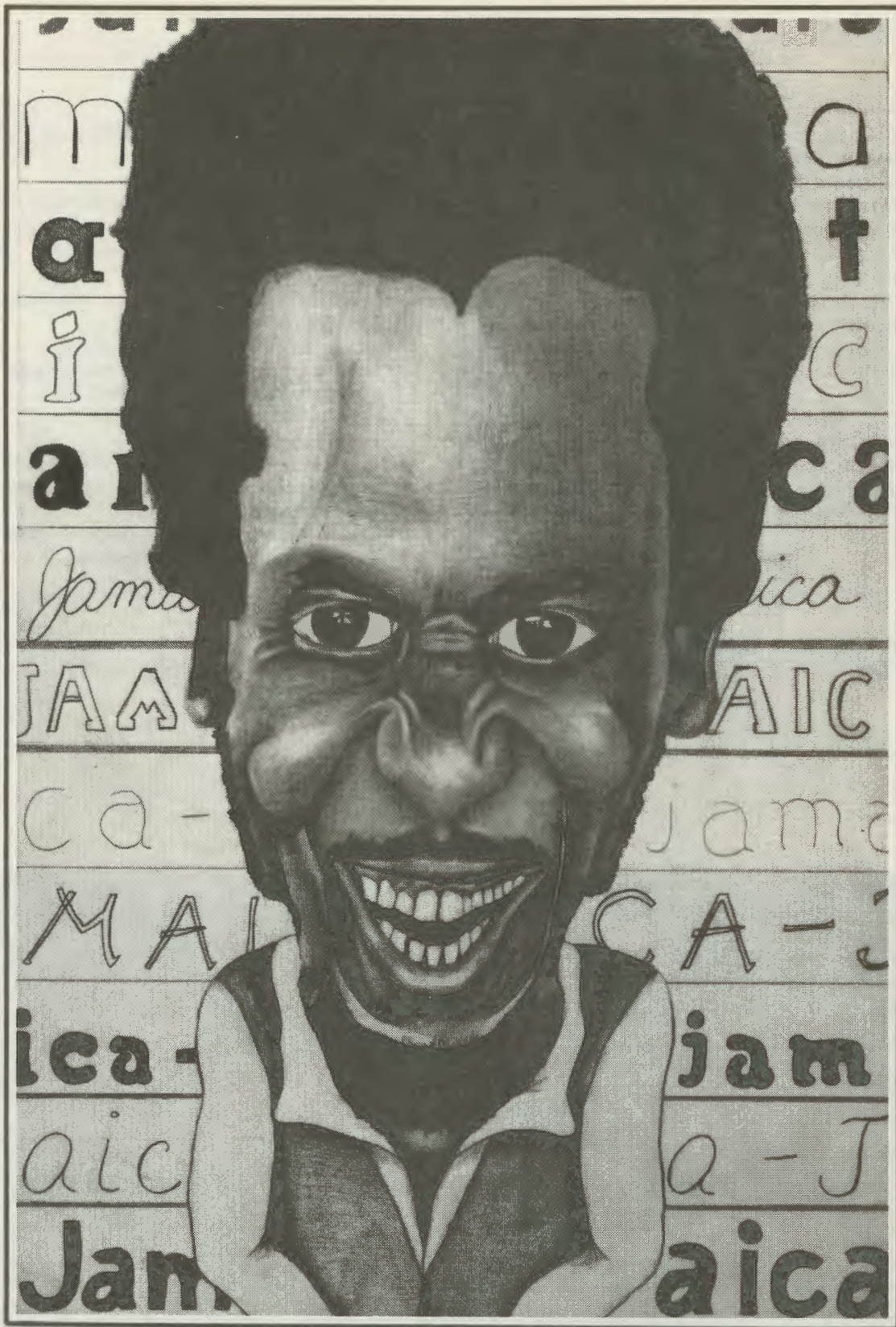
*Window is open just a crack
and my breath is clearly visible.
Open just a crack
for a true shot,
a shot that will extinguish the flame of your life
in the blink of an eye.*

*I rub my hands together for warmth
and go over my plan again,
cold light flickering in my eyes.
I look at the trigger longingly,
waiting to feel the pull that will
send fragments of bone and tissue flying,
waiting to feel the pull that will
loose the blood
and set me free.*

*I survey the street below,
empty except for a stray dog wandering aimlessly,
and I retrace my plan again.
I know exactly when you will be coming,
and you don't even know I'm here.*

□ John Sweet





(continued from page 5)

English, Lorraine surmised that it was O.K., while Diane consoled me. She suggested that I would feel better if I stopped crying. My friend Trish bolted over, reviewed this spectacle, and word-

lessly handed me a Kleenex. I didn't know where to apply it first. To complete the scene, the toilet-denying mother/monitor briefly joined our foursome. She apologetically stated that she did not know that I needed to go THAT badly. The other three girls giggled and I giggled too, but certainly not as easily

as I am doing now.

I never again ate lunch in school, unless it was absolutely necessary. And, to this day, I avoid strawberry-flavored milk at all costs.

□ Teresa Andreoli

paying the ferryman

yellow ashes
orgy bashes
by the lake
minds bake
drink the juice
feelin' loose
take the pills
have your thrills
never say goodbye
together we'll fly
against the law
yes he saw
smell the weed
see the deed
flee to tell
break the spell
run the race
fist in face
smell the weed
make him bleed
again again
amen amen
say goodbye
let him die
in the river
eternal shiver
bloody skies
lifeless eyes
in the dark
i won't bark
time rolls on
we're still going strong
till one bright night
filled with fright
now they know
time to go
say goodbye
but never cry
i'll be gone
yes for long
behind the bars
with all the scars
time rolls on
i'm not strong
i just might
make it right
make it fair
go somewhere
i use my tie
for my last goodbye.

□ Sharon Purcell

Protection

Mirrored sunglasses,
A poofy do.
Who are you trying to kid?
False lashes,
Tinted contacts
Taken out at night.
Fashion clothes,
Fake nails
Breaking off in a week.
An actress?
A model?
An everyday woman?
All three?
Just hiding,
Never showing the real you.

□ Wendy Roblyer



Grasshouse
My friends have a home
pots pans cups bowls
Horse in the yard chomping on weed
Roach in the crack of the floor
Shake the rug collecting dust resale
value million fold
'shrooms in the cellar
snow in the attic.

□ JAKJP

Mass Confusion
in this World of Illusion
Myth and Reality
Twist, them Combine

Anarchy Looms
Life Lost in the Haze
Minds Begin Drifting
and Falling Behind

Shattered Visions
of What Might Have Been
Black Capes of Deception
Hide the Truth from Our Eyes

□ Susan Swadner

It all happened too suddenly. So suddenly that I didn't even have time to think about it. That night Emmitt and I were working at Images, a non-alcoholic dance club/bar on our college campus, just like we did almost every Saturday. We'd heard that afternoon that there was going to be some action, but neither of us worried too much about it because even though rumors like that often circulated around campus, it was rare for anything to happen. Usually, by the time it's late enough for anything to get started, everyone's too drunk or high to care. You see, supposedly Images is a non-alcoholic bar, but that just means that alcohol isn't sold there. Plenty of people sneak stuff in or show up drunk, so maybe Emmitt and I should have known better than to shrug off the rumors because that night was different. That night was the Saturday night before fall semester finals, everyone's last chance to get soaked before cramming for the big ones.

We showed up at ten to get things started, clean off the counters, pop the popcorn, and hook up the Coke taps. Images opens at ten thirty. Most people usually don't start to arrive until eleven, after they've done a round of all the frat parties and gotten slightly sopped. That night the place was packed by a little after eleven. Things seemed all right for a while; the bar's sales were doing fine. Then things began to speed

up, not the bar sales, but the people and the music. After a while, the D.J.'s were only playing fast music, not moderate or slow dances, just the hard stuff. Even the red and blue strobe lights seemed to flash faster and faster. They illuminated the crowd and made the floor of jostling dancers seem like some sort of huge, live animal that wasn't sure where it was going. The music kept playing, faster and faster... I jumped when Emmitt tapped me on the shoulder.

"Keep an eye on the crowd," he said. "I don't think that rumor is just a rumor anymore. I'll keep an eye on the bar. This place reeks of gin. You smell it? I don't think it's ever been this bad."

"Me neither. Okay, I'll go mingle and try to find out what's going down," I replied.

"No!" Emmitt shouted, "If anything goes down, the safest place to be is back here. You slam down the bar gate, lock it, call campus security, and get under the bar. You got me? If you're out there, you could get hurt. And chances are that when security gets here, they'll arrest everyone except the D.J.'s and the people behind the counter. Stay back here, just keep a look out for trouble."

I sighed. Emmitt softened his tone and added, "Look, I don't think anything's going to happen for sure, I just

think there's a chance that it might, and I don't want to see you hurt, okay?"

"Emmitt, just because I'm a girl..." I started.

"It's not because you're a girl. I have to go to the bathroom now, so hold the fort. I'm locking the bar door behind me, so you'll have to let me in when I get back," said Emmitt over his shoulder as he left.

I turned to the bar to wait on a customer, her breath smelled like peach schnapps and she was giggling uncontrollably.

"Yeah, what'll it be?" I asked as I tried not to get intoxicated from her odor.

"Um, do you, um, you know, do you, um, have any, um, thing to drink?" she giggled. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched a guy pass out, spilling his Diet 7-Up all over himself and the bar.

"Yeah. We got Coke, Diet Coke, 7-Up, Diet 7-Up, orange, and a whole bunch of New York Seltzers," I recited. The strobe lights were blinking on and off, like a bunch of Christmas lights gone crazy.

"I'll um, take a um, a... a..." she began.

Someone shouted. The music stopped. Suddenly everyone was taking swings at everyone else. I jumped up on the counter and reached up to pull



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down the gate. Someone shouted riot. A glass bottle flew past my hip and smashed against the wall behind me. I grabbed the gate and pulled it down, letting it slam against the countertop. I pushed the lock closed and another bottle came flying my way. This one hit the gate. Little shards of it came through and almost hit my hand as I reached for the phone. I ducked under the bar just as a barrage of bottles smashed against the gate. Terrified, I told myself to forget calling security and stay there, but then, over the din, I heard someone pounding on the door. Oh my God, I thought, it's Emmit. Emmit's out there! But how could I be sure it was him? It could be almost anyone pounding on that door. But if it was Emmit, I would have to let him in somehow without letting anyone else in with him.

"Oh shit," I moaned. The barrage of bottles still had not let up. To get to the door, I would have to creep across the room army style, and take my chances of getting hit. Judging by the sounds of the riot, it was not going to let up any time soon. I sighed and started off slowly across the floor. Every time I advanced, I encountered salty popcorn and tiny bits of broken glass that tore my clothes and lodged themselves in

my stomach, hands, and legs. It seemed like forever until I was halfway across the floor. Every move I made lodged the glass pieces farther into me. It hurt so much that I almost gave up.

The pounding stopped. The shouting stopped. In the distance, I heard sirens.

Everything stopped and was silent. I could feel the blood rushing through my body. The sirens grew louder and closer. I got to my knees and waited. An eternity passed. I could hear people crying. I looked down at my hands; they were all dusty and red from the blood the glass had drawn.

I waited for the police to come. Everyone did; I could feel them waiting. I got up, stumbled to the door, opened it, and peered out.

Emmit was not there. The whole room was a mess of battered people, broken glass, dusty popcorn, and spilled soda, but no Emmit. There was a boy in a frat t-shirt lying in a heap on the floor, in his hand was a broken whiskey bottle. His head was bleeding.

Finally the police came inside. They methodically started to search everyone, and sort out the drunks and the people who were hurt. They ignored the pleas of innocence, and treated everyone with angry indifference. I still did not see Emmit.

A cop came over and asked me if I was working the bar. I nodded, and he took my name and asked me for a Pepsi. I got him a Coke instead, but he did not notice. He did not notice the blood all over the waxed cup, the blood from my own hands. The cop asked me a few questions, but I do not remember what they were; I was too busy watching for Emmit.

By the time the cop left me alone, everyone was gone except campus security and a few town and state police. One of them told me to go home, led me outside, and pointed me in the direction of the dorms.

The cold wind sliced at the cuts as I walked back to my dorm. I wondered what had happened to Emmit. Had he been arrested like almost everyone else? Or did he get hurt, and have to be taken to the hospital. I do not remember seeing any ambulances, but maybe I just did not notice. Either way, Emmit was gone.

As I walked back to my room, I thought about him, and started getting pissed. Emmit and I were supposed to study together the next day for our History of Western Civilization final. Now that he was gone, we could not. How could he do that to me? I went in my room and dive-bombed on my bed.

That night, I dreamt of mazes with walls too high to see over, and snakes that just could not see.

□ L. E. Platt

BY THE



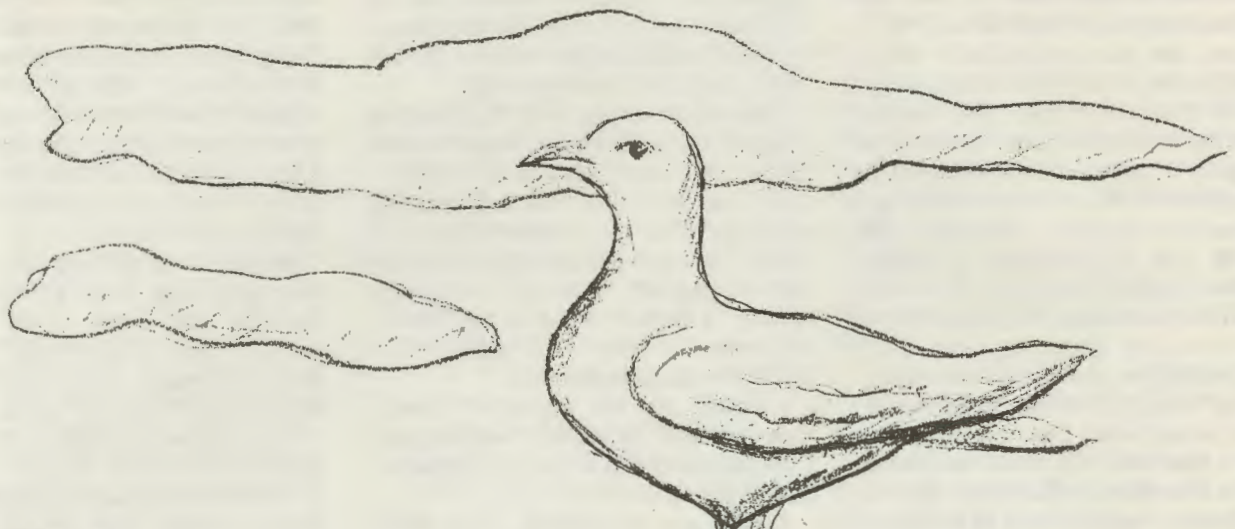
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Sand Castles

*Specked darkness slowly crept upon the day;
A boy was sitting on the beach alone.
There on the sand he'd played the day away;
I wondered why he hadn't left for home.*

*He still constructed castles in the sand
Around the walls each one displayed a moat.
So neatly by his careful hands:
Ten-toothpick fantasy, a dimestore boat.*

*The rolling white-capped waves along the shore
Crept closer 'til they washed the castles down.
Today the little boy would play no more;
He left with tearful eyes and puckered frown.*

*Although his castles wash away,
the boy returns to build again each day.*

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

The Rose

Life is a bouquet
of blood red roses.
Sometimes we feel the scratches
of the thorns,
yet when they heal
we cherish
and admire
the blossoms.

□ Dana M. Paradise

Even a Rose Has Thorns

When you first saw him you were swept away.
So handsome, strong; so charming, intimate.
And your faith in this love grew day by day.
He said your lives would never be separate.
His mask in place- epitome of grace-
Left brokenhearted- myriad of sweethearts.
So much was shared to end with one embrace.
For he said you must now forever part.
So now you doubt your heart will ever mend.
You feel the price of romance is too high.
When you ask me: will this occur again
On this remark you always can rely:
Dear child, beware- for you have now been warned-
The sweetest rose will bear the worst of thorns!

□ Brenda L. DiModugno

Satin Beds

She was lying so still,
as if she were sleeping.
I wanted her to smile because
she was so proud of me.
She was smiling, a pasted smile.

Her dress was one of her favorites,
a floral print that she had sewn herself.
Her light gray hair was perfectly placed
into subtle waves, framing her pale face.

At first, silence fell upon us all.
Then came the weeping, the mourning,
Some embraced, while others stood
strong and silent.
I cried alone at the foot of her satin bed.

The unknown faces then came.
People I had never seen before
told me they were sorry.
I said thank you.
All her friends seemed to love
her so much.
"She was a good woman", they said.

Bouquets of flowers, saddened faces, crying
(would they please stop crying), the wooden box,
a huddled figure sobbing in the corner:
All these images spinned in my mind.
I wanted to run and hide,
to be by myself and cry,
Alone.

□ Susan Swadner



Intrusion

As I gaze across the lake,
The water is
As smooth as glass.
Chirping in the brush behind me.
Far across this beautiful lake,
I see the lights
With their reflections
Shimmering on the water.
I smell the honeysuckle
And nothing can penetrate
The sweet, sweet smell of it.
By this lake
The world is peaceful,
Until I hear
The grinding of gears
and smell the diesel,
And remember the sight of
The highways and cities.

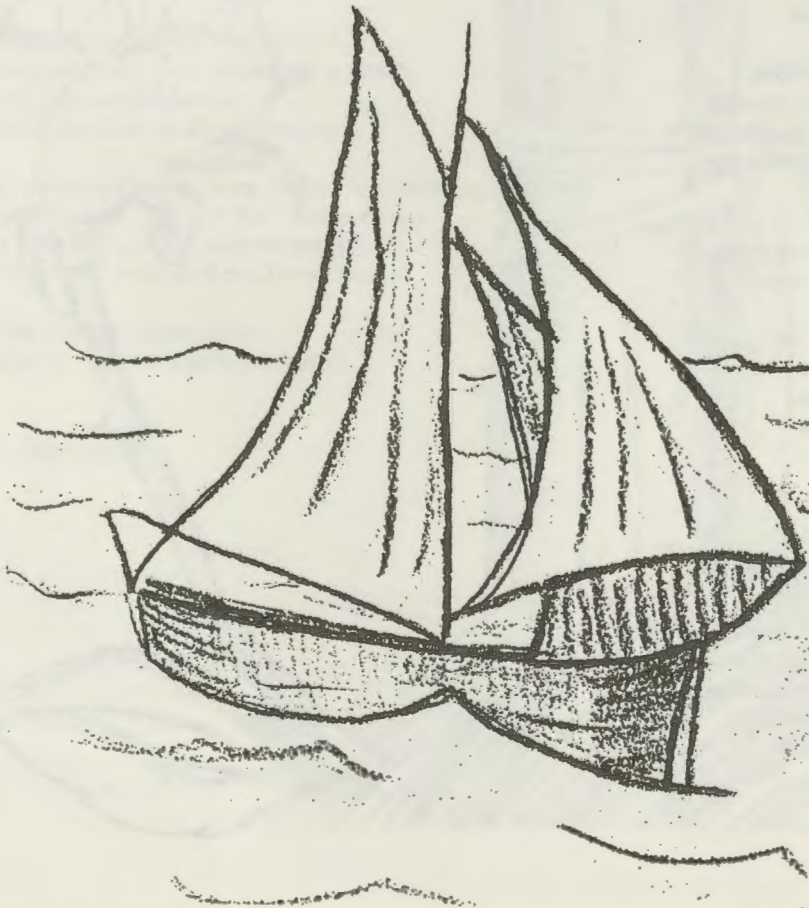
□ Wendy Roblyer

Sensing Leaving

If you had dared staring me in the eye,
swallowing the depth of the sea
(out past the foam, the crashing tide)
sensing
my undertow pulling you in;

I would have dared washing you up on to your shore,
feeling fresh footprints
(so soon licked away)
leaving...
sunrise, empty beaches.

□ Laurie Filipelli



A Sonnet of Life

Appreciate life, my children,
and all the joy it gives.
Work around the pain and then,
see how others live.
Thank the Lord for trees so green,
iridescent blues of the sky,
And all the things that can't be seen-
just don't let life pass you by.
Look past the things that sadden your heart.
Find the joy in the sparrows' song.
Have faith in yourself and the strength of your part,
and life's play will n'er go wrong.
Appreciate loving, and days without strife.
So long but so short; Appreciate life.

□ Kathleen Hallinan

Stood alone on a boat in the harbor,
Looking toward where the sky meets the sea
Full moon rose slowly out of the water
While the sea gently rocked me
like a mother rocking her child.
Heard a single seagull's cry
Echo in the darkening sky
Took a deep breath
of the salty air
and sighed.

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

Evening Reflection

On the outside looking in,
I see levels of where I've been.
I see the paths that I plowed.
I see where I am fighting now.

Here are the stones I overturned
in my past and before I learned,
that masks are a thin disguise
that cover up your alibies.

Standing on the fresh laid seed,
stress is felt for days to be.
What will be my destiny?
Am I to fail or succeed?

But in that moment I am filled
with answers that once left me chilled.
My future is clay to mold,
the sculpture is mine to hold.

Today died like yesterday, but
tomorrow need not be that way.
The future is eternal truth,
so let its strength return your youth.

□ Jeanette Weyer

Here's another one:
It's shadowy; I'll have to think a moment-
if I can remember the first line,
I'll remember the rest.

Something like- Soaked in sweat,
I sink in the cushions,
study the ceiling, the sticky attic air
sickeningly dense.
I'm limp flesh, half-aware
even the walls sweat tonight,
they glisten in the artificial light.

Then I think it goes-
My blank gaze falls on a mosquito
sucking at my forearm-
As if it sees my stare it flees.
I quickly brush a thought of you away,
of licking the salt off your taut skin.
The atmosphere is poised, tense;
the cicadas drone a gradual crescendo.
I suffer in the lingering reek of hot tar,
watch a grim thunderhead pass
without breaking.

Something like- The black sky turns slowly gray-
I'll stumble through a waking sleep today,
I'm empty as a shed cicada skin-
I'm all alone and I don't care,
But if I dream I'll find you there.

-Something about wanting to be angry
but lacking the energy;
a stanza full of rhythm that rhymes too often;
a good line that goes:
sleep and dream of another dawn,
and I forget the rest.

□ Jason Fox

For Better or For Worse

He awoke with the familiar lower back pain he had had for the past five years. His thin light body shook uncontrollably; there seemed to be a draft.

He felt for the edge of the blanket to draw it up, afraid the cold would wake Argelle. His hand touched the rough mockingly empty sheet...so empty. His mouth was dry, and he swallowed hard, pulling the quilt up close to his chin, unable to get warm again.

Jonathan Miriam sat in his well-lit kitchen in the early morning hours when the windows were still black. He slowly sipped his saccharin-sweetened coffee and stared straight ahead at the blaring television, listening intently. Walking quickly to the refrigerator, he removed peanut butter and bread and he smiled to think how he used to chide June for her love of peanut butter and toast breakfasts. Now, it was his favorite. June and Frank were coming up with Betsy that afternoon; they would all visit the nursing home together. Jonathan had been telling Argelle about

His hand touched the rough, mockingly empty sheet...

the visit every day, preparing her and wishing for a response.

Suddenly, Jonathan wondered whether they would want baked potato or rice for dinner. The thought worried him tremendously. Ellen had taken him shopping the day before, so she wouldn't be by again for another week. He groped frantically in the cupboard to see if there was any left.

A murmur of voices like a soft, distant bee-hive, then the door opened with that slight sucking pop, and June, Frank, and Betsy walked tiredly in, their arms pulled low by suitcases. Everything seemed pretty much the same to June; the clock ticked comfortingly on the mantelpiece; the rug lay soft and faded on the floor; every sculpture was at its respective post. That pervasive musty smell was there, too.

"Dad!" she cried as she was encased in his big bear hug.

"Hi, Grandpa!" chirped Betsy laying down her suitcases slowly.

Frank shook hands, "How are you?"

Jonathan immediately took charge of things, leading the way into the kitchen.

"Well, we'll get things squared away here, and then we can visit Mother, if that's agreeable to you folks," he announced. "Got some soup going, if anyone's hungry!" his voice boomed back to the living room where Frank and Betsy still stood, dazed.

They arrived at the nursing home soon after, and the first thing which hit them was the terrible pungent smell. They threaded their way through invalids in wheelchairs lining the halls. The eyes of the aged were vacant and terrifying; their soft mouths sagged as they tried to speak to the passers-by. Frank and June smiled and said hello to each one, but Betsy tried to make her shoulders narrower and to keep her eyes straight ahead.

Argelle lay almost flat; she seemed like a shrouded body. Jonathan walked confidently over and gently laid his hand on her forehead. He kissed her and called softly.

"Argelle, Argelle. Honey, it's June, Frank and Betsy." His voice was tender and low, a special private voice.

She finally stirred softly; such a painful effort to return to the bright, sharp world. June and Frank looked down from the sides, clutching the bed rail, while Betsy went from one foot to the other. Argelle looked around inquisitively with wide-eyed innocence.

"How are you feeling, honey?"

She didn't answer a word, simply looking curiously from one face to another.

"Mom..." June infused the word with deep meaning. "Oh, Mom," she sighed. "Your hair is still so lovely." She stroked the thick gray tresses. Argelle's eyes echoed the love being poured into them.

Soft, gentle sunshine fell into the quiet dead room. The shiny metal rails on either side of the bed reminded Frank of a prison cell, somehow. He aimlessly stroked one of them, awkward in his helplessness. June seemed to have everything under control...

Jonathan busied himself in a million familiar ways, getting juice, watering the flowers, combing her hair. He dutifully read her the postcard from their old friend Charlie, imagining that she under-

stood.

That night Jonathan slept peacefully and deeply, all alone in the big double bed.

□ Sarah Ruth Pagano

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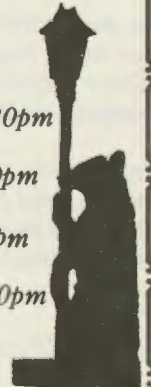
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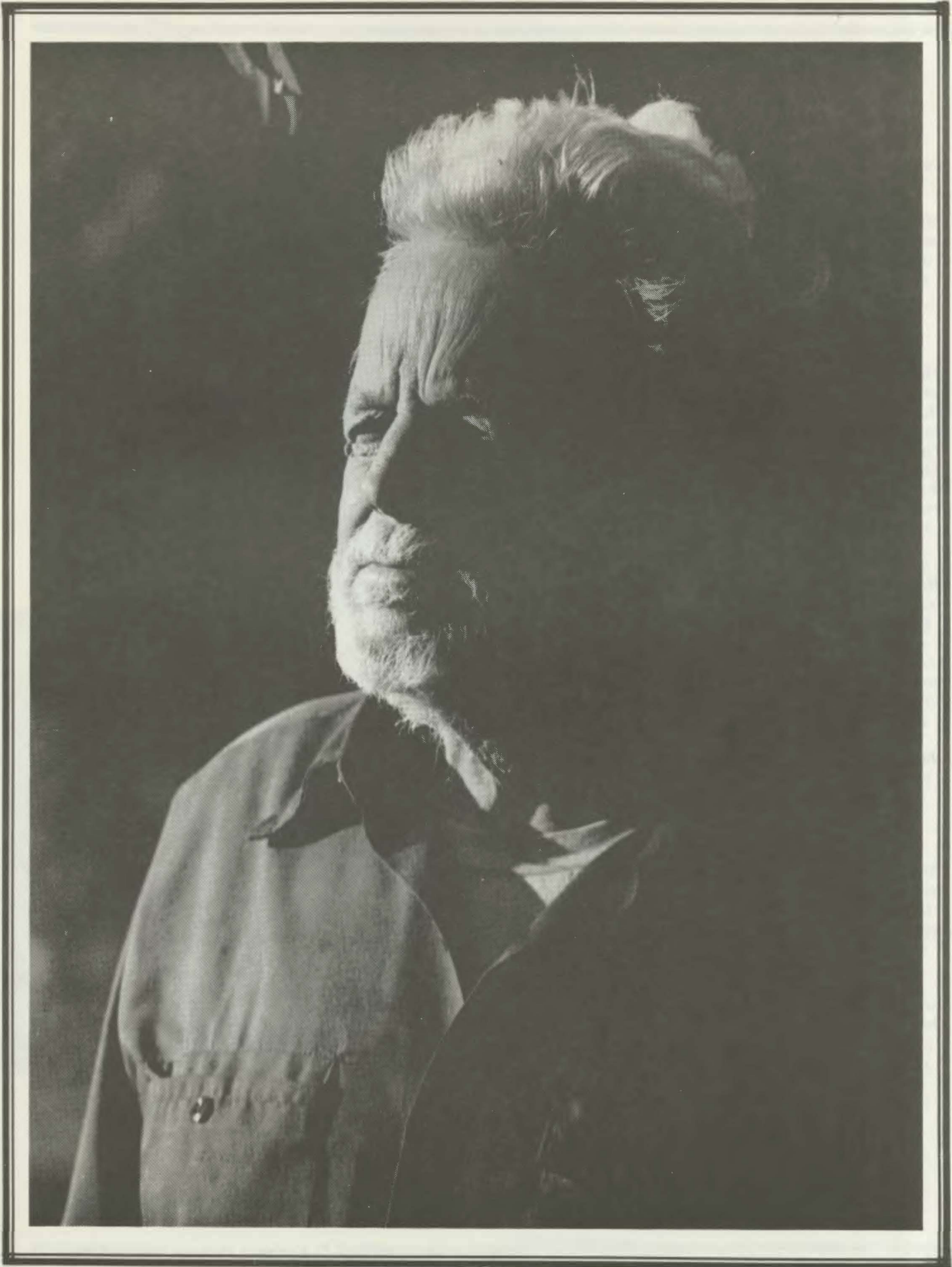
M-Th 5:30am - 9:30pm

F 5:30am - 10:00pm

Sat. 6:00am - 9:30pm

Sun. 6:30am - 8:30pm





Tell-Tale Thread

My sweater lays
scattered
among a pair
of jeans
a shirt
a sock
and a pair
of sneakers.

The white sweater
on my floor
Has woven
in its threads
The tale of
Our First Night
But it is more
real than
any storybook
or
storyteller
Because not only
can I hear
the story
and the music

I can
smell your body
(And suddenly
I am alone
with you again)
how it was
entangled
with mine
(in that darkened room
just you and me)

And I can
feel the soft
touch
of your lips
on my
neck and
shoulder.

And I can
hear your
breathless
words on my
ear
and the music
growing
more and more faint.

And I can
feel your
hands
caressing
the curves of my
body
and your
fingers
running
gently thru my
hair.

And suddenly
I am alone
with you again
in that darkened room
just you and me

And I relive
the entire night
How it started
with a dance
How it ended
with a kiss

And I'll never get
you
out of my mind
or
out of my heart
No matter how
far apart we
may become
Because you are
always
with me
In the threads
of my sweater.

□ Sharon Purcell



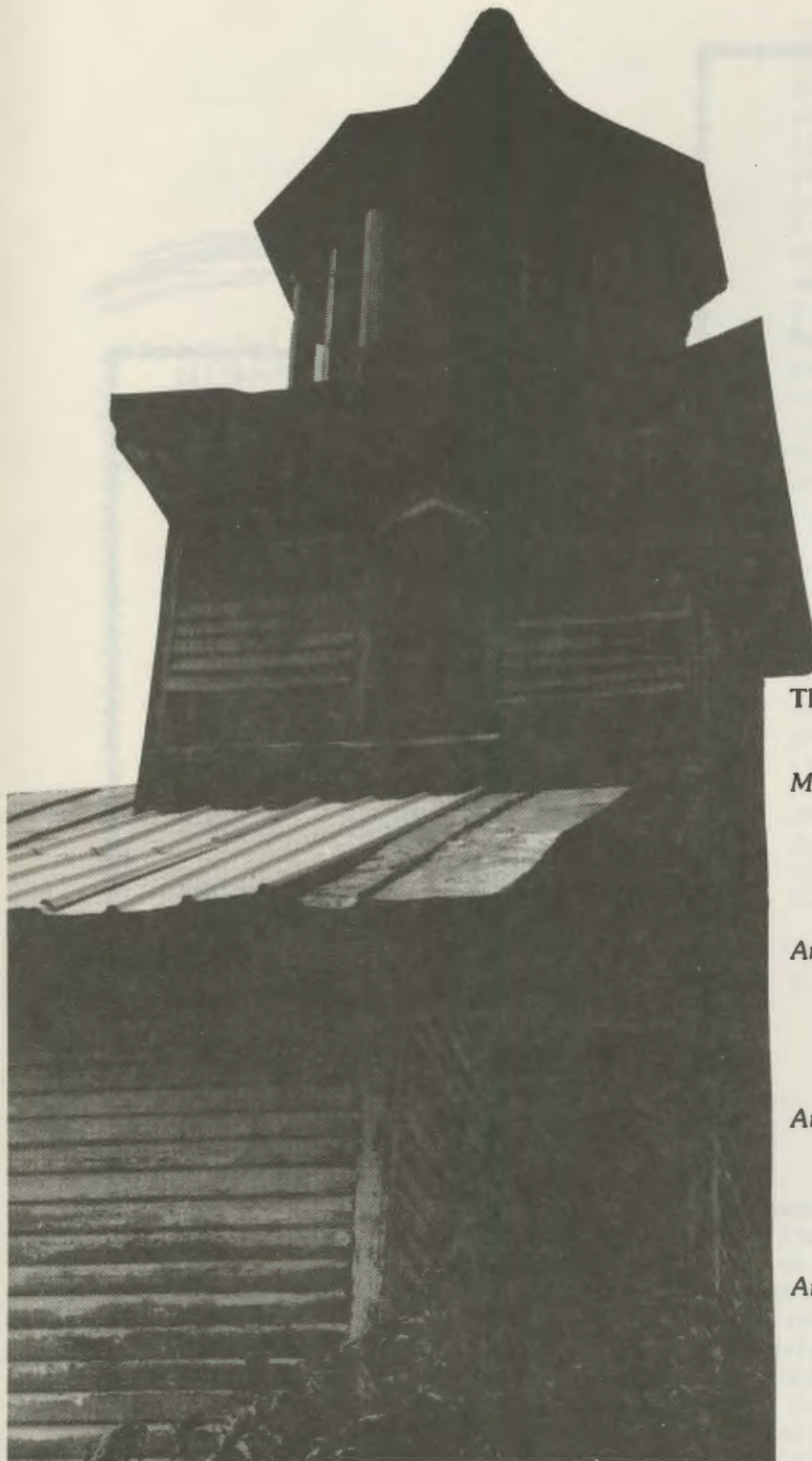
"Do you ever...?"

Do you ever think of me?
Do you ever call my name?
Am I ever in your dreams?
Are you still the same?
Do you miss the times we shared?
Laughing, hand in hand?
Eating ice cream, shooting straws,
Walking on the sand?
Do you ever miss the little notes
on the windshield late at night?
Teddy bears in doorhandles,
and dinners by candlelight?

Do you ever miss the little things?
Stars and fireflies up on the hill?
And do you remember a lifeguard
and meatball subs from Frills?
Do you ever think of Barnum?
The tympany always off key?
A tennis game and crutches,
And a white rose...

-Do you ever think of me?

□ Kathleen Hallinan



The Hunger

Miriam-

*do you remember that ancient time and place
along the Nile where pyramids cast black,
angular shadows across the desert of your heart?
And Aurolla, her nectar kiss stolen and
traded for unspeakable horror. A hunger.*

And Miriam-

*can you remember being a Lady of the Court
with austere beauty, and your icy hot love
burning in the castle of your heart?
And Lyndsor, his velvet kiss, devoured and
drained by razor- sharp lust. A hunger.*

And Miriam-

*will you remember living in Florence, amongst
the painters, and sculptors, and artisans? Oh,
what joy Lareda felt when her full, ripe lips
touched what she thought would be honey, what
terror when they encountered hungry teeth. A hunger.*

And Miriam-

*Please remember New England and the sound of
the roaring, crashing waves on rocks as jagged
as your heart. Jonathan, with his rustic pride,
stooping to brush your lovely neck with the
faintest kiss. And his neck, locked in a
crunching frenzy by that delicate mouth. A hunger.*

And Miriam-

*Tonight. You won't forget. They didn't love you.
They couldn't. You will never be alone now, you
will never feel the hunger.*

And Miriam-

My dearest, let me kiss you....

□Wade Bennett

The Diner

Freezing, in the ice cold rain, stands he,
in the doorway of the diner staring longingly
into the blackness of the surrounding night,
watching, waiting for something, anything to happen.

One wonders why he seeks not shelter in the warmth
of the brightly lit abode in whose shadow he hides
but something in the stone of his features forces
us to realize it is rather unlikely he would do so,
for she is there.

The one person in his world who has the power to
save him is lost within the brightness, unable
to see his shadow. She, his strength, worries
furiously as he, her love, wanders aimlessly,
both lost in their separate worlds of light and dark
to meet only in the greyness of indifference and indecision.

She knows nothing of the darkness of his world,
of the ice cold rain, of the silence of the shadows.
He knows only what he sees of her brightness,
of the light that burns inside her soul,
of the fire of her passion.

He does not see the depth of her desire nor
the force of emotions which keep her from
venturing into the blackness to find him.
As she cannot understand what it is that holds
him back from stepping into the light in search of her.

So they remain, still, in their separate worlds.
He, standing in the ice cold rain staring into
the brightness that surrounds her. And she,
trying to discern a human form in the shadows,
intently focuses on him but is unable to move
from the warmth of the brightly lit diner.

As they stare at one another, each fails to realize
that both are filled with light and dark,
both are grey, each trying to be distinct in a world
filled only with shades of indifference.
So neither makes a move in fear of breaking
the complete silence that surrounds them.

□ Susan Inneo

The Adirondack 38

Half moon--white
sky--powder blue
soft breeze
anticipation
soaking into hot cement,
drenching the heavy air.
Musak filters on to the platform.
Doors screech. A truck rumbles.
Still
no train.

Too far away,
the band takes stage
I want to slam each second to a screeching
Halt
on the rails.

The sun's last rays sift over buildings
through links of a fence.
I stretch to see graffiti
and strangers gathering--
families slouched on suitcases,
lovers extending goodbyes--
connected to me
Only
by steel, iron, and coal.

Then
a rush--distant vibration--long whistle
screaming, sighing, smoking.
Relief.

A familiar friend scurrying
from the back of a car
into light, fading
and arms, outstretched.

□ Laurie Filipelli

Enclosed Please Find Silence

Through my window filters distant traffic sounds,
the baby won't go down,
but somehow just the same,
silence reigns-

Looking up from the deserted street
you could see a wan yellow light,
but the shades drawn shut mask me.

I replace the moon,
drew clouds across,
silence reigns-

If you looked up from the deserted street
I wouldn't see you, and you'd not know
what thoughts that curtain hid,
or deduce the yellow glow
could be versified-

And silence reigns despite my wish to split it
with my intellect, chop it up and ship it-
to you-

I put on the same old song, hum the tune off key,
I can't carry the elusive melody,
but the song pounds in my veins-
and it carries me-

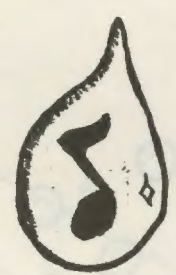
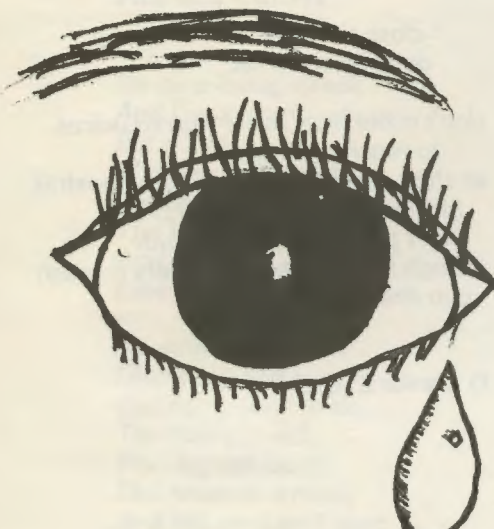
Music broken by the busy city
and the keyboard klikklack
assails my ears with
snippets of verse

I cannot write
for fear-

Mozart reigns.

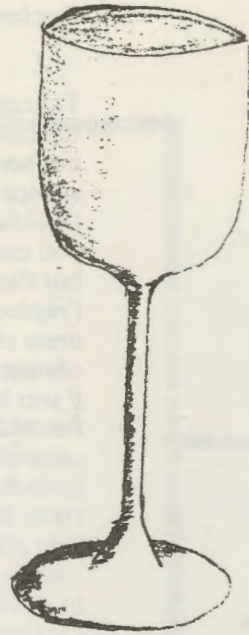
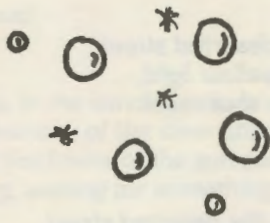
Requiem winds down, song quavers, batteries die-
this time I don't think I can cry-
but I'll try-

□ Jason Fox



--And the dark chill of a starless winters eve
won't cut into my soul like cruelty
but the night will be filled
with music and harmony
and a cloudless sky will beckon unto me
For a candle has been left burning
to lighten the dawn
and I feel as if I'm wanted where once
I didn't belong
I welcome you to come and step into my song
bringing with you only friendship
to speed the music on--

□ Kym Graham



Saturday Night

*knees to chest
pillow over head
wall cold against your face
salt water cakes your cheeks*

*close the door
don't let them see*

*don't allow their liquor-slurred voices
to reach your ears
or their yeast-stench to fill your nostrils
for their alcohol-numbed brains
can't penetrate your solitude
though the laughter that filters through
can destroy your heart*

□ Janice E. Brill

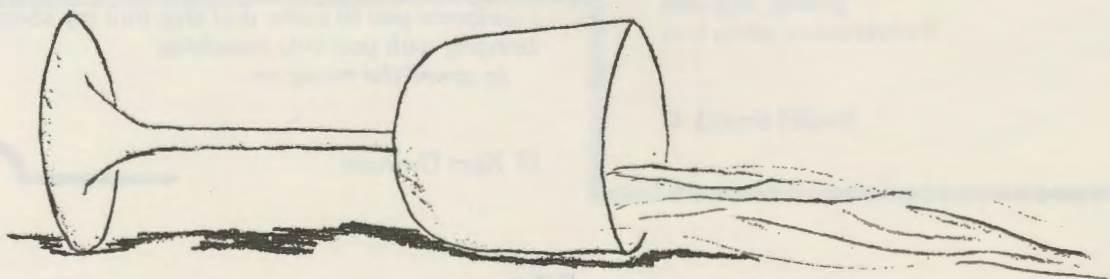
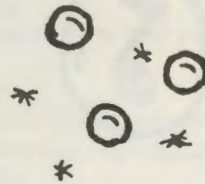
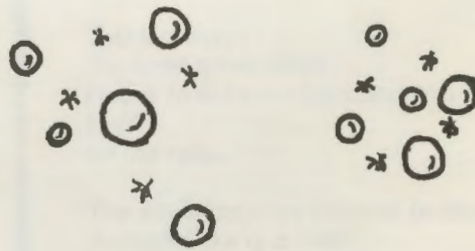
Why?

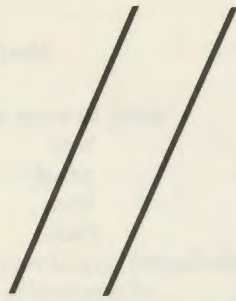
*You were my friend-
You shared my secrets
You solved my problems
You supported my decisions
You lifted my spirits
You provoked my smile
You prayed for my dreams
You accepted my shortcomings
You loved my ideas
You made my day.*

*One Wild Night
One Extra Drink
One Foolish Decision-
Ended it all.*

You died.

□ WendyLynne Weber





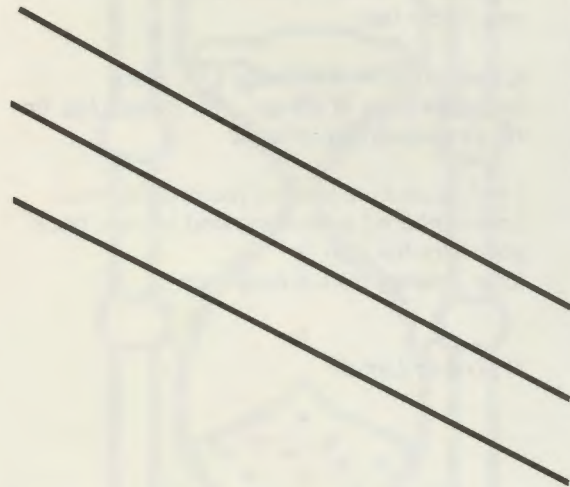
Pins and Curlers

*I'm on a losing streak
And I'm going no where,
But down.
The car won't start,
The diet won't work,
The kids won't listen,
And I'm late,
Late for school.*

*No money to spend,
I flunked a test,
Got homework to do,
The kids are sick,
The dog ran away,
The house is a mess,
And the car won't start-
Yet.*

*Worked up
Pooped out
Tied down
Laid to Rest.
I'm on a losing streak
And I'm going nowhere,
But down.*

□ Valerie Putney



*Rosanne Raneri
9/12/88*

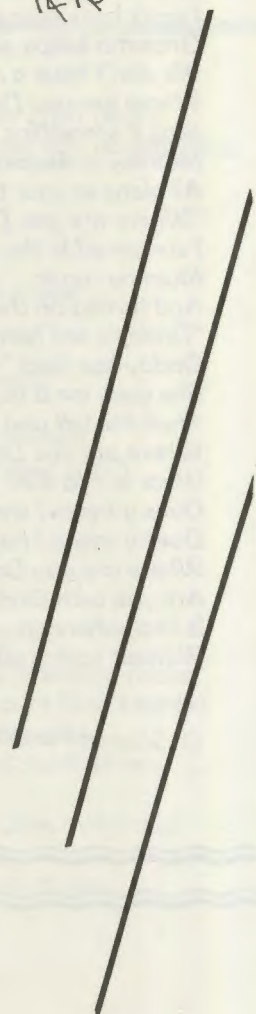
Outer Shell

*I look in your eyes,
I see what lurks behind.
I know what secrets you keep
Deep in the back of your mind.
I see emotions beneath the surface
Just waiting to burst out and be free.
I sense thoughts and ideas just
Waiting to be expressed.*

*I look in your eyes,
I see pain and fright.
I see the scars placed by man.
I can feel the timidness in your action.
Yet on the surface, I see an actor;
Very bold, very confident.
A man with no compassion;
A human with no feelings.
One that portrays no flaws,
(except the ones that I can see).*

*I look in your eyes,
I know all about you;
You don't suspect a thing.
I know what you keep
Under your protective armor.
I can see the man who
Can get by on his own.
Yet I can also see the little boy
Hiding in the shadows
Reaching out for help.*

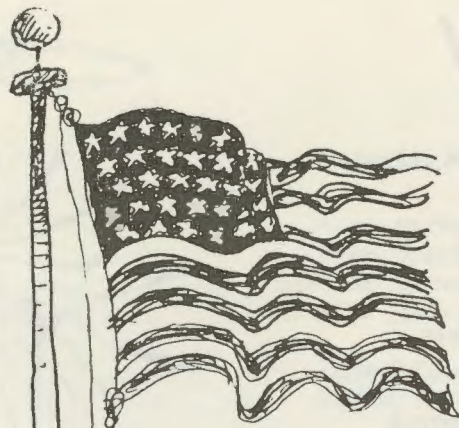
□ Sarah K. Mady



All About Daddy

Where are you Daddy?
Where have you gone?
Mommy is crying
Like something is wrong.
Where are you Daddy?
Why aren't you here?
We're all in the church
For the first time this year.
Where are you Daddy?
Why aren't you found?
What is that thing
Being put in the ground?
Where are you Daddy?
I can't hear your voice
Gramma keeps saying
We don't have a choice.
Where are you Daddy?
Was it something I said?
Mommy is sleeping
All alone in your bed.
"Where are you Daddy!"
I screamed in the night
Mommy ran in
And turned on the light.
"Daddy's not here
Daddy has died."
She gave me a hug
Then she left and she cried.
Where are you Daddy?
What is it to die?
Does it mean I should be sad?
Does it mean I have to cry?
Where are you Daddy?
Are you with God in the sky?
Is that where you went
Without saying goodbye?

□ Sharon Purcell



Was feeling tired, way down deep in my bones,
sittin' on the pad
cleanin' my boots
talkin' to Jones.

They'll give you a medal man
you did good out there
he didn't answer.

I guess you don't care
about medals
when you're dressed in plastic

Though the frags in your head
made you sorta spastic
later you were calm,
in the chopper, over my knee,
all you did was bleed
quietly

Here come Doc and Tim; he's smoking a cigarette
he offers me one
no thanks Timmy, I don't smoke
you know that

Come on man, let's leave Doc alone
he'll take care of Jones...you know...tag 'im
they're sending him home

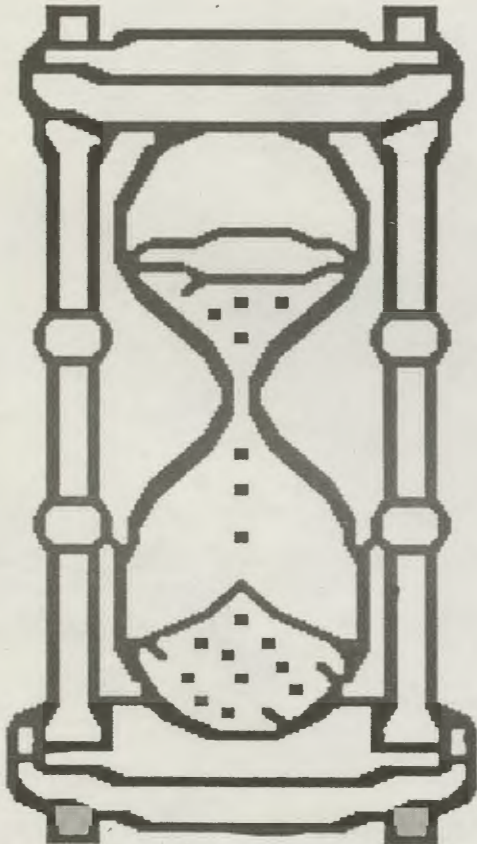
I got up and we walked toward the track
I remembered something and turning back
gave him the sign
later Jonesy, take it easy man

□ Trevor Urban

Life Cycle

We're born to grow
and
learn
and
teach
our accumulated knowledge
to our offspring who,
in turn,
will be born to grow
and
learn
and
teach
their accumulated knowledge
to their offspring who,
in turn,
will be born to grow
and
learn
and
teach
their accumulated knowledge
to their offspring who,
with any luck,
will be intelligent enough
to see the pointless circularity
in which life is lived,
and strong enough to change it.

□ John Sweet



Seasons

Sometimes I chase the moon
until it stops and I am still
I never knew the hurt could make
such a scar
It has scorched like the deepest
ray of the sun
until the rain heals like a
pup who licks its wound
But then
just as suddenly
the wind reaches in and
stirs the pain
And the bitter cold seals it
for eternal sleep

□ Christina Boemio

If you knew...

Play with sweet baby-doll,
her eyes so real (except they don't blink).
Limbs to bend, and twist...she can do anything,
(except touch you).

Oh little girl,
if you knew the softness,
and the texture of what lay inside...

Wash and scrub,
cleaniness is next to Godliness.
(The dirty can't be Holy).
Wooden tub, bathe sweet children
(Make sure you get behind your ears).

Clean little boy,
you don't know the horror
in that cake of soap.

Turn over sweet, black soil-
blades crushing the ground, breaking rocks.
(Blessed are those who respect God's earth).
Sow the seeds-row by row by row...
Now, in the Fall, rip the fruit from its bed.
Strong, young man-
you annoint the earth with fine, white dust.
If you could feel the souls
that will enrich this hallowed ground...

□ Wade Bennett

(This poem is dedicated in memory of the innocent
lives that were stolen and slaughtered by the Nazi
reign of terror.)

Pain

*Pain comes swift like the wind
Hard like a rock
It grasps the center of your soul
The nucleus of it all
Then it smashes into your wall
Pain burns like fire
The flaming sun
A candle-wick's run
It torches your heart
Then it freezes it
Until it tears it apart
Pain makes your eyes small
Lest the tears begin to fall and fall
Like the rain that came
It stained the avenues of love
To never wash away.*

□ Bernardo Rafael

Famine Panorama

*A day so vivid it
can never be
forgotten,
a memory so solid
its weight always
pulls
at the mind: these
are what we crave
as we
sit in our darkened
worlds, walls of grey and
clouded windows
separating us from
the brilliance we
desire.*

□ John Sweet

Nineteen is Nothing II

*I don't know when
disillusionment entered the picture.
It blended in so subtly
that I only saw it
when I dug that old roll of film
out of the glove compartment,
dusted it off,
had it developed...*

*Life shifted into neutral
and I sat behind the wheel
recalling with wonder
how I used to enjoy
April downpours of awareness
and the sweet film
later shining
on the open road.*

□ Laurie Filipelli





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Photography by:

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Showdates: Fri. Dec 9th -

Tues. Dec. 13 7-9pm

Opening Reception:

Fri. Dec. 9th 7-9pm

Parallel Opus Gallery
1st level Geneseo College Union

Last Word

I never realized how much fun chaos can become until I walked into the first Our Time meeting this past fall. I was left in charge of putting out a magazine that was of literary merit, and of bringing together a staff of former and new members. I had to listen to the traditional ways of getting things done as well as new ideas of how to do it. It seemed like an impossible task, but you are now reading the results of that creative union.

It was not just my doing that joined this magazine in holy matrimony. My staff deserves full credit for dressing up and ushering this edition of Our Time into your hands. They are an exceptional group of people who helped me keep my sanity by their ever-ready support.

I must also extend sincere thanks and appreciation to all contributors; without you, Our Time would not even be an integral part of campus life. I do regret that we did not have the space to publish all of your creative efforts, and I must admit at times we did have difficulties in selection.

I hope that this issue has been enjoyable to all those who have read it. We hope to continue producing a successful magazine.

*Lynn E. McCaffery
Editor-in-Chief*

