ZEPHYR

spring 2001 | the second issue
the university of new england's journal of artistic expression
Anyone in the UNE community may submit to *Zephyr*. Submissions undergo blind review by the Editorial Board and are evaluated on their artistic merit. If you'd like to submit poetry, prose, photography, or drawing, contact:

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...or stop by her office in the English Department in Marcil Hall, in Biddeford.
the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

poetry

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to know
without learning,
or it's only a
piece of paper
by John D. Daugherty,
CAS Lecturer

They sling red nylon knapsacks over one shoulder
and trudge willingly to the mill.
Their packs are their anchors, burdensome, but unnoticed.
Laughing, they fill them with lead. See how firmly
their eyes are fixed to that point always just beyond.
It is an ignorance borne of strength. It is their armor.
Lucky are they to have never known it differently,
like chrome bumpers and nickel coffee.
See them laughing still now by the door to the furnace
to be deloused. Look how they fit with unconscious grace
all their varied selves to these rows and rows of identical
seats, all this bright blue plastic and dull aluminum.

These are production standards; this is the bottom line.
It is a standard of living never before known, and they
whisper, or they shout, and their answer is "yes."
Laughing, then, they fill their packs with old lead. These packs are their anchors, burdensome, but required and, finally, unnoticed. They sling red nylon backpacks over one shoulder and trudge willingly to the mill.

And they listen. Surgically implanted, at birth, the loudspeakers whisper, or they shout, bringing the news right up to the minute.

Today it's another once in a lifetime opportunity to save big:

There are diamonds here, nearly as costly as bluejeans after a war, but not nearly so useful. And here we have many items of gold, useful ones — paper clips, nutcrackers, and a whole set of salad forks.

Finally, there are utensils of a more esoteric sort — tooth extraction devices of rubber, fetish photographs of nurses in drag, and several cakes with obscene icing. These things are getting old. Everything must go.

Our budget is cut. We have new stock on the way. Values like these many never again be seen. We'll pay you to buy now. Our leader has lost his mind. You could be a winner. Haul it away — it's cash and carry. You can save big by spending every cent you have — only if you act now.

So, still laughing, they congratulate themselves and each other on the necessities they've acquired, the deals they've made,
the satisfactions they feel.
They sling their red nylon backpacks over one shoulder and trudge willingly to the mill.

And I — the observer — do I envy or pity them?
'Twas the night 'fore preceptor, and I'm in the sack, 
My gear? 'Twas all ready and stuffed in my pack. 
Excited as ever, as I tried for some rest, 
My nerves were all jumpy, too anxious, at best. 
'Twas all I could think of, midnight on the clock, 
'Twas the following day, I was to shadow a doc. 
As I dozed off to sleep, one thought crossed my mind, 
What happens to patients, whose ailments we find? 
Do we tell them of problems that might not cause danger, 
At the risk of displeasing and causing some anger? 
Do we tell them outright, “Hey wait, not to worry, 
I've got just the meds, for you, in a hurry. 
No shots and no salves, no prescriptions to fill, 
No iv's, no Band-Aids, not one bacte to kill. 
'Tis a virus you have, the “rhinoceros” type, 
Two NSAID's for you, some sleep, and no hype.” 
As we write down our “Dx,” in ink as we dock it,
No cost to our patients that 'tis "out of pocket."
(We'll just call the Health Maintenance Organization,
And tell them to pay us, without hesitation.)
We'll send them on home for some hot chicken soup.
And we'll tell them to pray, it might help, couldn't hurt.
We'll tell them they're special, we'll be thinking of them,
They'll send us their friends, once or twice, then again.
Our practice will grow, our office will flourish,
Our prices will rise (and so will our insurance!)
'Tis easy to see that our patients won't holler,
As for us, we'll be fine, we'll have the almighty dollar.
We'll pay back our loans, we'll have some to spare,
To pay for that "Beemer," and all that airfare.
Compassion and nurture will still fill up our hearts,
After all, 'tis the sick we care for, whose health we impart.
With our treatments be gentle, our mendings be tender,
Take care with the young ones, cause they will remember.
If we're into the "Pedes," we must recall faces,
For the patient and doctor may someday trade places.
And whom shall we thank, for 'tis us they endorse,
Inhabitants of Alfond and Maris, our teachers...of course.
aspirations
by L. Ricker,
Facilities Management

intentions, in small jungles,
   await transplantation
sown in the senses,
   with unusual delight,
they've passed through
   seed and soil mutation
to
   'watch and water'
   'love and light'

liberties, in her greenhouse,
   grow
into organic desire,
and though she tends them
tenderly
most
end up compost
   "too near the fire"
seedlings sit
among the magic
feeling bound
feeling tragic —
too small a pot
for too big an aspiration;
denied, they died —
root asphyxiation
transitions
by Cynthia Simon,
CAS Internship Coordinator

It begins in my feet, I think. I sit and watch my toes begin to wriggle, one foot at a time, then rat-tat-tat, my ankle jolts and my foot breaks into a rapping. I am looking at both of my feet now and sure enough they are rapping and tapping and wiggling all over the place. “Time to go,” I say to myself. With hurried steps I walk upstairs, swing my backpack over my shoulder, and head out the door.

I decide last minute to visit Situ along the way — I can’t say what I’ll be doing these next few weekends, so I better commit to calling on her now. Grandmothers are sacred, transcendent, and mine is particularly special to me. I have much to learn from her and have already lost so much of her wisdom. We will have a good time. I jam the backpack onto the floor, the last remaining space in the old car Dad gave me, and hop into the driver’s seat.

Road trips are one of life’s great and mysterious adventures, and for me they are the link between an old life and a new one. Today is one of those road trips. I have finished my third and last semester of schooling and am about to begin my final semester as a Field Teacher /
Naturalist and Expedition leader. The job is an internship, a gateway to the field I love, and marks the end of my Master's requirements. Today is my travel day between those two worlds, and as is the case on many such road trips, I do not know how I will feel at the end of this thought-filled odyssey. I expect I may have many interludes of sadness, melancholy, or indecision intertwined with the usual sense of anticipation and mischief. In consequence, I have learned to prepare my music choices before I depart in an effort to stimulate a preferred travel mood. Struggling with this decision for quite some time, I reach for a well-worn copy of porch blues.

By the time I reach 70 mph along familiar route 6, I have lapsed into auto-pilot and transgressed deep into my memory. One great life-adventure after another flashes through my mind, leaving fragments of pictures dazzling me behind my glazed eyes, and all I can feel is the aftershock of each transition. One after another, from home to college to London to New York; from New York to an eight-month backpack excursion throughout Europe to a six-year stint with Greenpeace to an outdoor traveling Environmental Education Master's degree that roamed through three of America's greatest bio-regions; and now an eight-month wilderness teaching job that doesn't pay enough to keep me longer. I haven't a clue where I will be a year from now.

Ironically, I relish these transitional feelings, since I can only actually experience them when I am in the midst of yet another pilgrimage. Such as right now. When I am not in one of these transitions, I can describe what the experience feels like, but I cannot actually relive the feeling itself. Only in a transition does the exact feeling return, as full and complete as it was each and every other time. Mindfully chronicling these past lives I have lived helps me now. It gives me familiarity and comfort as I become increasingly aware of the pounding of my heart and the tight clench of my hands on the steering wheel. I recall
the faithful emotions, even invoke them, as my stomach begins to quietly and steadily churn.

I anxiously remind myself how much I love change, travel, and exploration, just in time to notice that my nose is starting to burn and my eyes are beginning to swell. I tell myself how happy I am with the completion of my previous life and the beginning of this new one. Yet my ritual transition ceremony commences all the same. Although I love them and seek them, transitions make me cry. And I do not simply weep. My transitional crying is marked by a sudden and torrential wail, full of agonizing desperation and terrifying loneliness. It is a cry of yearning.

Turning up the car stereo, I begin to meticulously note the natural environment I am driving through. I cannot help it. Somewhere out there are all the flora and fauna and waterways and habitats I have chosen, or been chosen by some greater power, to steward as my life's work. When the hard wailing subsides, I turn off the music and drive in stunned silence for quite some time. I hold onto the feelings a bit longer, relishing the comfort they offer: for they delay the forthcoming feelings of loss and abandonment. Not finished with my ritual, I drive past Situ's house and park along a once-crowded and famous beach, now polluted and strewn with litter. My life work is too big for me, yet it must be done. Finally, with a new resolve, a calm, smooth sensation begins to bathe me, and it washes away my sadness. It is relief. Like a river of fresh, cold water, the beach, solitude and resolve refresh me and pull me out of my memories and into the task at hand — visit Situ.

Skeptically, I turn over the ignition and drive back to Situ's mournful home. Seeing her at the door floods me with the ancient instincts to love, nourish and protect. She looks good during this visit. She is getting frail, and tears swell in her eyes with every laugh, every memory we share. My tears for both of us are buried now, and only
laughter escapes my face. Situ asks me all about school and my new job, and about my life plans. She loves that I am a teacher but cannot grasp what it is that I teach. I tell her not to worry. I tell her how happy I am. “How come you travel so much?” she asks me, and, “When are you coming home?” “I love what I do, Situ,” I answer her, and “I haven’t a fear in the world.” Then, with a slight ache, I swallow hard and explain to her that I can’t stay long, only until tomorrow.
Drawing by Georgeann Sobotka, CAS Second-year.
man-of-war
by Matthew Bibeau,
CAS Second-year

Oh man-of-war, how did thou come to be
crossing open ocean unattached,
sailing aimless in the tropic sea
your existence yet to be outmatched!

From afar your floating ship does drift
too far off I think to cause me wrong,
beneath your sail doth lie a sacred gift
how could I know your secret was so long?

By breath of wind blows fate of haunted prey
the wrath you leave behind I shan't forget,
how can you be so very far away
and lace me with the poison of your net?

Oh man-of-war, I know your secret well,
but now my lifeless corpse may never tell!
alone
by Shannon Fossey,
CAS First-year

You sit in the center of a crowd, surrounded by voices and noise and people you know. Yet you feel completely alone, lost, as if no one knows you exist. You try to speak but are held back by an unknown force; it overcomes you. There is no way to beat it. But you must break free. You reach out, and someone reaches to you. Just as your fingertips touch, you are whipped back by that dark force. Everything turns black. You are alone. A deep red glow comes from somewhere. You know it is him, he who has the powers of all dark forces and stops all good deeds dead in their path. He calls to you, beckoning for you to come toward him, pulling at your body from all sides. You fight; the darkness is better than his light. His arms encompass your body like a boa wraps around its prey. He has your body, but your mind still fights. He is strong, but your will is stronger. You must overcome him. There is only one way to destroy him, stop evil. Feel the will of good and you shall be saved. But he is sly: he knows your weaknesses.
the flume
by Sarah Berry,
CHP First-year

A lazy summer vacation,
to the White Mountains we traveled.
Joined by members all in relation,
connected stronger than blood.

Jamaican born, he was our fearless leader.
Twenty-three years my elder,
my dearest childhood friend.
Adopted into our family
as one of us, to see the world.

Hiking up steep terrain of mountain tops
through the craggy paths.
A Cog Railroad descent from the clouds.
Fresh strong air lifting spirits.
Illusive moose, wildlife exciting all.
Old Man on the Mountain was visited next.
Strong, proud chin, symbol of state pride.
All mountain ranges echoing,
“live free or die.”
Last stop was the Flume,
majesty of nature's own concoction.
Up the trail, we trekked
against the downward flow.
Marveling at every pool of prisms
cast by each torrential waterfall.
Higher and higher, up the mossy path
to reach the best view of all.

In the exuberance of youth,
a stranger here was slightly jostled.
Terrifying words were snarled.
Wicked and cruel,
to my dear friend.
What does color have to do with nature,
what has skin to do with waterfalls?
Shouldn't the falls carry away the hate,
ebb it away in the flood?
Instead they wash away childhood innocence
rusting shiny misconceptions
of mountains born tall with pride.
Majestic peaks of equality lost
Eroded in waves of hate.

Tear drops spill,
water — even Flumes — can't carry it away.
The vacation comes to an end.
Weary hearts turn towards home.
All men are created equal,
except at waterfalls.
honoring
by Joseph Wolfberg,
Elderhostel Program

Nature is bountiful in all of its beauty: the leaves, the rainfall, the sky. The earth smells of the richness and displays the color of the true value of life and living to its fullest dimension. We have opportunities to let go, let be and celebrate with all the vitality and vibrance our soul will allow us to express.

Go forth and bring your gifts to be shared, to be learned. To love one another as we love ourselves. The power of living and loving is here for us. Our choice is...to choose life over death, light over darkness. To move forward or remain hidden in the forest of fear and self doubts.

As we open our inner doors, so we open ourselves to the sun and the rays that help us to reach out and blossom. In opening our hearts and minds, we open ourselves to receive all the beauty and color of life.

To live, to learn, is to
CELEBRATE, is one choice.
she's special

by Emma S. Boucher,
CAS First-year

Two generations ahead of myself
a beautiful woman
stands,
Not so tall —

In the house,
Always stored with cookies
And milk:
She lives.

I've watched her grow old...
    Heard her sing
    Seen her smile —
      The smile my heart beats for.
I've kissed her cheek
And held her in my arms.
She's special.
She's slowed over the years,
Disease has set in —
   Her voice is gone
   Strength,
Leaving.

Her step is soft,
Skin,
   Pale.
Her eyes are tired,
She's growing older.

Last
(But not the last)
I saw her,
we sat together
swinging in the chair
made by her husband.
She held my hand,
It was colder than before
And softer —
Frail.

I wanted to cry,
I held it back.

Strong as I could,
I held her.
Words
Are not powerful enough
To tell you
What I feel for her.

She knows —
    It's happening
She knows —
    Time
    is passing
She knows —

I love her.

The family comes together
Always at her home.
Where we all grew.

We share life, love, laughter, and tears
Grammy shares more tears...

It's hard,
To watch
Age.
I look in my eyes,
Focused and green,
And see what's inside the orbs:
My mother, my brother,
my sister and father
The little punk who lives down the street.

My eyes show me nothing
And everything else
My eyes are confused little things
I look to my eyes
for help with the problem
but instead I discover the source.
Drawing by Michelle Blanchard, CAS First-year.
the rose

by Jocelyn Brown,
CHP First-year

He gently picks a single rose from a bed of flowers
And watches the dew fall like tears.
He observes the beauty in each petal and each leaf
As he runs the finger along the silky petals and down the stem.
He feels a slight prick, and blood streams down his finger.
He feels the pain,
But his feelings toward the rose do not change.
He has never known beauty till this day,
And he wonders if he will ever see something this beautiful again.
He glances across the garden and knows
That this rose does not belong
With the daisies, daffodils, and geraniums.
He takes it home to put it in a vase with water,
And he notices that the dew is gone.
He brings the rose slowly up to his tender lips,
And softly kisses a petal,
Bending to his touch and seeming so fragile,
For this rose is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen.
He will never forget this once-in-a-lifetime moment,
When he finds the joy in something that seems to feel the same way.
fire!
by Holly Couture, MS II

This fire within
Intoxicates my soul
Past and present meet
As stars run to meet a predetermined setting

This fire roars
Over my head
And engulfs any reason
I once knew

Lady death comes upon me and asks
“Will you die to live?”

You make me want to jump
Over the cliff of my fears
Into the vast unknown
Where the possibility of death
Walks hand in hand with all life.
I cannot deny what I feel
Yet I must hide my passion deep within my body
Until that fateful day when
The rain comes to the desert.
old
by Ryan Eling,
CHP Third-year

Is when you know
all the professors on campus
And you greet half of them
by their first names.

When you find a thrill
in explaining how freshman year is
SO easy,

But you know in your mind
that it was
the scariest
hardest
and most exciting time ever.

Old is when you read
the first letter you wrote home
— stained with tears and shaky lettering —
And realize it was
the only letter you ever wrote.

Old is when you are scared
of leaving.
Losing all that has bloomed:
Acquaintances to friends to lovers to soulmates.
Afraid to start again,
The freshman year of Life,
Filled with hope, fear, and openness.

God, I feel old.
the giving tree

by Matthew Bibeau, 
CAS Second-year

Seedlings from the giving tree
Are sprouting from my mind
Budding, blooming, blossoming,
With fruits of every kind!

Earth provides the nutrients
From which my tree will grow
So I may someday pass to you
The wisdom that I sow.

When my giving tree is ripe
The fruits are yours to keep
So plant my seed inside your head
And knowledge you shall reap.

A day may come when strong and wise
Your tree prepares to give
And it is with this sacred gift
That lets my vision live.

Lessons passed from nature's lore
Are difficult to see
Until your roots embrace the earth
And set your spirit free!
I look down and see the tattered edges of his baggy jeans falling over the tops of his sneakers like a cascading waterfall, and something strikes me as familiar. I recall the image of his sneakers, as they are the mirror pair of the ones on my feet. Save for the fact that he opted for the black shoelaces while I went gray, they are as much alike as identical twins. The black dragon found on the heel of those Vans skate sneakers is not visible under the excess length of his jeans, but I know it’s there. The shade of his deep blue denim fades to a lighter shade as my eyes travel up the length of his leg and again back to the original shade found near mid-calf. They don’t look it now, but they were once the blue color that the sky turns right before a storm. I remember.

My eyes wander further up, until the blue denim color gives way to an odd shade of black. It’s a black that’s been so worn that, for a moment, I wonder if it isn’t black at all, but more of a deep blue. The color is nothing new. He wears his soft cotton t-shirts until they are so threadbare, full of holes, and faded that his mother might mistake them for dust rags.
The skin exposed below the sleeve of his shirt and at his neck reminds me of the color of freshly cut, unstained pine, but I know that under his shirt lies a much paler shade. It is so delicate that even a small kiss from the summer sun would turn it to a rosy pink hue. Freckles complement his light complexion like grains of sand wind-blown across a white stone path.

Around his neck lies a necklace made of the smallest chips of sandalwood. If the pieces were any smaller, the hole would be bigger than the bead. It sits on his collarbone like a snake basking out in the sunlight on a rock. Above the delicate strand of brown sandalwood begins the evidence of his reddish-brown facial hair. Select few hairs are scattered about his neck, just long enough to be noticeable, but too light to appear as a twilight shadow across his neck. The scattered fuzz becomes thicker and longer around his chin and under his nose, where his goatee is obvious. The hairs that make up his mustache drip down and run into the light pink color of his upper lip. The ones found here are coarser than the soft and light hair atop his head, but they provide a pleasant scratching on my chin when we kiss. Beyond that, the hairs return to their scattered pattern and trace out the path where his beard would be, had he decided to grow it out. They form the stepping stones past his ears, where they turn a darker shade, less red and more brown. The brown sits in a mop of short loose waves on his head. He sweeps them off to either side by a left-side part and the aid of a dab of clear blue styling gel. Some curls remain upon his forehead, acting as a picture frame to highlight the rest of his distinct facial features. The last little bit of hair on his face is found in his eyebrows. At times, when a section of music becomes intense and he is forced to blow hot air harder and harder through his sax, his forehead resembles that of a pug dog. His face scrunches and wrinkles like a sea of rolling waves. It is at these times that his eyebrows stand out. They are dark and give him
the aura of a person with immeasurable amounts of power. When he is relaxed, though, they lie, peacefully, as just another addition to his face.

His lips are as soft as a rose petal and about the shade of a light pink version of the flower, as well. When they join together, they produce a smile worth more than gold — a smile that makes me feel as though I could melt. On either side of that smile, perfect dimples form. They are so deep and round that I can’t help but reach out my finger and give them a little poke to make sure they’re real. In addition, a glimpse of white sparkly teeth is revealed when he smiles. They sit in his mouth in a straight row, like soldiers waiting for orders. The only tooth that appears different is his top left front tooth. There is a tiny area that is a shade lighter than all the rest. It is all that remains from the chip that was once there. A similar chip at the same spot on the same tooth caused from the same incident can still be found in my mouth, however. His dentist insisted on filling his, while my tooth, along with the memory of that evening, was left untouched.

His round, wire-rimmed glasses sit atop the bridge of a straight and strong nose, but even though his nose is so even, his glasses never sit level. They are always slightly lower over the left eye than the right eye. I think it’s due to the fact that the lens over the left eye is a little stronger, a little thicker, and a little heavier. The difference is minute, but I still notice it. He keeps the lenses extremely clean, and when I look deep into his eyes, I sometimes forget that there is even a piece of glass there to begin with.

His eyes are not from this world and are incomparable to anything that I know. I can almost see a wizard holding those orbs high up into a lightning storm. With every flash of energy, the gray ball turns to a brilliant glassy shade of blue. When the storm ceases, remnants of both the blue and gray are left churning. The colors mix and blend until the wizard is happy with this new shade of blue and returns them to their
proper residence. The electricity from that storm remains trapped deep within, and surfaces during times of happiness and excitement. When I look into those spheres, my life freezes for an instant, and everything seems possible.

His powerful arms wrap around me for an even tighter hold and I inhale a deep breath. The faint, rich scent of Old Spice enters with just as much necessity to my life as the oxygen that comes with it. In these arms, I feel the safest. Nothing can harm me in his presence. He takes my hand in his and kisses me ever so softly on the forehead. I look down at our hands, and for a moment, I can’t tell which fingers are his and which are mine. Our fingers are twisted and knotted together so tensely that it almost appears to be one fist and not two different hands. Just as our fingers are forever locked together as one, so are our hearts and souls intertwined. Nothing will ever be able to pry them apart.
1. Photograph by Taylor Bain.
2. Photograph by Paul Star.
3. Photograph by Paul Star.
4. Photograph by Paul Star.
5. Photograph by Paul Star.
6. Photograph by Paul Star.
7. Photograph by Paul Star.
8. Photograph by Paul Star.
9. Photograph by Rebecca Olszak.
10. Photograph by Rebecca Olszak.
11. Photograph by Rebecca Olszak.
12. Photograph by Chris Bailey.
13. Photograph by Chris Bailey.
14. Photograph by Taylor Bain.
15. Photograph by Taylor Bain.
16. Photograph by Melissa Mailhot.
untitled
by Shannon Fossey,
CAS First-year

I stand alone.
Many have stood here before me,
Hoping for the one true answer.
But is there really one answer?
An answer that could solve all problems
And end the insanity?
I am not sure there is
And yet I stand here like all the rest
Hoping, wanting, needing that answer.

The wind blows from somewhere,
It’s the world’s way of saying it cares and understands.
It caresses you.
Wanting so badly to tell you
And yet it can’t,
For that would be cheating Life.
Once the knowledge is known, you must go on
And she doesn't want you to leave her womb so soon.
She cares for all her children.
As each passes beyond her caress
She weeps.
Wishing she could keep them all forever.
the sphere of me
by Daneille Chabot, CAS First-year

Confusion
My mind running
And thinking
In circles.
My heart pangs
And stops
In pulses
I know what
I want
To be true
But I fear
It's not
The same
For you
These mass feelings
Of confusion
Push me in
Circles
Towards you.
Confusion fills the dark room
With an uncomfortable silence
Between us.

I can make out only his shape but
I feel his eyes on mine and
His glare makes me wonder even more.

I wish I knew what I wanted —
I would tell him, but I don’t know,
So I can’t say anything at all.

I sit there
Still and silent
My eyes darting from one inanimate shadow
To the next...
The coffee maker, the TV, speakers, and finally,
Back to him.
All I want is for him to read my mind
So I could
Remain speechless, and he would just
Understand.
winds of change
by Amanda Walker, CAS First-year

A numb body
standing frozen in time
eyes swollen and red
scanning others as if I am not one
looking upon me in pity
I don’t want pity
I made my choice

Staring blankly at these strangers
crying
the breeze carries their moans
all these people
who were never there
when needed
decide to show up now
and cry
bitterness stirs inside me
but
I made my choice

What is to love and lose?
to die?
to live?
to want to die?
to want to live?
to be alone
not gratified
empty...
lost...
but
I made my choice

The wooden case glares at me
overflowing
with roses
of fake sorrow

The winds of change
burn the tears
that promote my healing

departing
reflecting
content
with the choice I made.
Drawing by Jenny Cunningham, CAS Second-year.
chinks in the cavern

by Nancy Kane,
USM Fourth-year (GPACU)

I gathered up the dirty coffee cups, crumpled linen napkins, and errant silverware, then hoisted the tray onto my shoulder and made my way through the dim, almost deserted restaurant. Only one party remained, and that last “six-top” seemed destined to stay all night. It was late — it had been a busy, short-staffed night, and even Frank’s digitized voice sounded tired as he belted out “New York, New York” for the umpteenth time that evening. I ditched the tray in the kitchen and then walked back through the dining room. I opened the door to the deck, and the night air drifted in, bringing with it the soft sounds of late summer. Crickets’ chirps, the smell of drying pine needles, and the lap of lake water all mixed with the drift of lazy cigarette smoke and clink of cognac glasses. I extinguished a dripping candle at one of the empty tables, then wandered by the party of six in case anyone wanted to catch my eye. The host was deep into a long narrative and all the diners pleasantly ignored me. I made my way into the bar.

“Think they’ll ever leave?” I sighed and leaned on the polished counter, absentmindedly poking at some moisture droplets with my
fingernail.

The bartender shrugged. “As long as they keep buying....”

The doors to the kitchen swung open and Colin, the dishwasher, shuffled out. He filled a glass with Coke, plopped in a few maraschino cherries, then eased himself onto the barstool next to me. “How long, O Lord,” he muttered and pulled a soggy, worn paperback out of his back pocket.

The doors swung open again. This time it was Pete, the chef. He went behind the bar and picked up a half-empty bottle of brandy. “Long night,” he said as he poured himself a tumbler full. Just then the party of six burst into laughter. The sound echoed against the walls and melted into the shadows, leaving a stillness that grew until it surrounded us all in an intense loneliness. Outside, a muffled motor boat passed down the lake, followed by a shimmering moonlit wake. We remained silent, each of us momentarily lost in their own thoughts.

The CD player switched over to Natalie Cole. Unforgettable. Someone at the table laughed nervously. Colin cleared his throat and read, “If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.”

The bartender grunted. “Yeah, man. Jim Morrison was deep.”

“Jim Morrison didn’t write that — he just ripped it off.” Pete leaned back and slowly lit a cigarette. “Aldous Huxley. The Doors of Perception. 1970. I read that book in the tenth grade. The teacher had assigned Brave New World, but it had already been taken out of the library, so I read the other one instead. Changed my life — turned me on to all sorts of mind-altering experiences. That poor English teacher never knew what she’d done.”

“And here you are thirty years later — just traded in the acid for brandy,” I teased. “Besides, Huxley didn’t write that line either.”

“It was Blake,” Colin said. “The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. Pretty
wild stuff."

Pete and I laughed. Colin was our pet project — one of those smart outcast high school kids who reminded us of who we once had been. Pete would slip him Castaneda — I'd slip him Wallace Stevens. He'd discovered Blake on his own.

"Oops, back to work, Nancy." Pete motioned towards the dining room. "Time to do what you do so well."

The man at the head of the table was looking my way. I sighed, straightened my black skirt, grabbed the carafe of coffee, and put on a charming waitress face. "Refills of cognac all around and coffee for the wife," he instructed. As I leaned over to pick up "the wife's" coffee cup, she accidentally knocked her spoon onto the floor. I knelt down to pick it up. She grabbed my arm. She was a little tipsy.

"Tell me what you folks talk about while you're waiting," she asked, and gestured toward my compatriots at the bar.

"Oh," I said glibly, "we just discuss the secrets of life and the mysteries of the universe."

Her hand tightened on my arm. "And do you have any answers?" Suddenly her perfectly coifed hair, glimmering jewelry, and exquisitely tailored linen suit receded, and I saw only a trapped, frightened, aging woman entreating me from behind faded blue eyes.

I looked at her for a moment. "Well," I hesitated, "I think there's a balance. A balance between wanting to understand the universe..." I looked out at the moon shining across the water, then back at her eyes, "...or just loving it."

She sighed, smiled, and patted my hand. "You're a good girl," she said. "Now help me up. I need to use the ladies room." She staggered a bit as she rose, and her napkin dropped unnoticed off her lap. She steadied herself on my shoulder, then made her way across the dining room, a dignified drunk.
I picked up her napkin and went to get more cognac. When I got back to the bar, Colin was still reading: "For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern."

"And what the hell does that mean?" demanded the bartender.
I cannot remember the exact reason why I nearly committed suicide on that cold winter afternoon. Only the feeling. I found myself trapped in a dark tunnel that wound further and further down into the earth, and I longed for the only light I saw — the shining golden light that promises heaven, the end of all sorrows. I did not see an option, looking out of my living room window into the dim winter light that was disappearing behind the horizon. Through eyes glazed from tears, I saw the last streaks of the day, a day so cold that nature had no colors for it. The window was cold, too, and as I touched it, I watched my hand turn the deep violet that tells of a lack of circulation.

The house was quiet like death; the cold had engulfed all noises and activities. I was alone, physically and mentally. It was then, as I started to shake from the cold that crept further into the core of my body where my heart is; there, in the house of hopelessness, I decided to commit suicide. I was the lamb that was to be slaughtered. Immediately, my vision seemed to become clearer, even though tears were still streaming down my face. My goal was the golden light; its temptation possessed
me. The hopelessness that was my soul embraced the idea of waking up in Paradise. All that was left to do was depart this blueblackviolet cold. Mechanically and with renewed spirit, I walked into the kitchen and grabbed the knife. The meat knife, the one that cuts chicken so smoothly, leaving only clean cuts and surfaces that remain unviolated. There is no blood when cutting chicken: it is a clean cut, and the knife remains shiny. I knew where and how to cut: down my arms, down my legs. Then wait for death.

My plan was set. With the knife in my hand, I walked towards the bathroom, taking in every detail of the colorless apartment — the rugs that had seen too much traffic, the cheap curtains that spoke in a blend of beige. I paused before the old, stained chair where Gateway, my cat, napped. He, too, is black and white. I kissed him and told him, “You are gonna be OK. We are all gonna be OK. I’ll miss you, buddy. But Toby will take care of you. Don’t worry. Everything is going to be better.” As I put him back into the old stained chair, I wondered why I had never noticed this absence of colors in my life. The here seemed like oatmeal, no real texture. The life after beckoned, promising every­thing that could not be gained in an old, cheap, empty, joyless apart­ment. I continued, glancing out of the window one last time. All I could see was indigo dust with black silhouettes. The dark has always frightened me.

In the bathroom, I lighted candles that flicked nervously, and I filled the bathtub full of clean, sparkling water. For the first time in what seemed forever, I was happy, expectant. I smiled when I thought of the solution. So easy — why cry for the life that means nothing but pain? I eased myself into the water, its warmth engulfed me, warmed me. Lying in this mother’s womb I noticed the cleanness of the bathroom, its smooth surfaces, but also the absence of character that stems from such flawlessness. The candles smiled at me, reminding me of the soft
golden light that waited at the end of the tunnel. But not yet. I sighed. I was enjoying myself, saying goodbye, knowing that I was off to better places. Content, smiling, feeling protected in my mother's womb. I looked at the knife, the tool, silver, heavy, with a black handle. My favorite knife. In its silver perfection I caught my reflection, my face flushed, like that of a girl waiting for her lover. My lover was warm; the steel that was once cold had conformed to my body temperature. I weighted the handle, black, heavy, with "Farberware" etched into it. Testing, I pressed the sharp blade into my skin, where I was about to make the cut.

The knife did not make a cut, only a dent in my forearm. I saw my veins, a blue labyrinth under my transparent skin. I saw the smoothness of the skin, its firmness. My view wandered from my left arm to other parts of my body, and I rediscovered this shell of mine, as well as myself. My abdominal muscles formed defined muscular knots under the brown tanned skin of my belly. I thought of all the work I put into shaping them, the countless crunches. I saw the black curly hairs that formed a triangle just above my vaginal area. My perfectly shaved legs were muscular, yet slim, and very long. I had always been proud of my legs. Looking at myself all over, admiring my own body, I realized that it was going to take much more than pressing the knife into my arm to cut all the way through to my veins. Suicide is a blood-filled, messy affair. It meant mutilating myself, mutilating this firm body that reminded me that I had not yet fulfilled all my functions in life. My breasts resembled youth; still full and round, they had never nourished an infant. My skin in all its firmness did not tell tales of a long life full of experience. What I had seen so far was only the beginning.

The illusion of suicide extinguished within me. The violet cold had left my soul. I tossed the long silver knife onto the white tiles, and with satisfaction heard the "cling-clang" it made upon impact. Looking at
toenails painted a vibrant candy apple red, I realized that I loved my body and that I could never hurt myself. In my own way, I was a goddess. And goddesses don’t die.
next generation

by Luke Morrison,
Physician Assistant Program 2002

In our time of need
In our time of speed
Between the dark of night and day
Between our time of sleep
And the hours we reap
The shrunken rewards of our pay

Can you imagine a time
When time wasn't money
When everything fell into place
By the cycles of the moon?

Pollution and retribution
Unholy rites of massacre.
The daily blasphemy against nature
Not salt, we are the scourge of the earth
Now, as the moon wanes
Our Earth’s life does too
Our time is short
So we’ll squeeze her for all she’s worth

Our fat hands won’t let go
Because no one wants to show
Mercy for the next generation
Drilling and dumping
Sewage bilges pumping
Our problems onto the next generation.
the invasion of the beast
by Benjamin A. Wiggin,
CAS Third-year

A droning, consistent breeze brings in the story of the tide. Its tale is not a gentle one. Its rough words are heard. Swells of water surge as the chest of the sea rises to take in a powerful breath. The water shows a militantly unbridled energy in its will of constant movement. A field of cold water blasts onto the tiers of jagged rock. A path of white foam is left in the wake of the thunderous collision. Successive waves break angrily upon the rocky surface in a stream of constant assault. Crests of intimidation follow and reach heights capable of dwarfing the mounds of rocks they are descending upon. The ancient structures do not go down without a fight, however. They proudly stand their ground as the empire of water overcomes them. Within time, the rocks’ valiant efforts can be seen sinking below the blanket of an incoming tide as their distinguishable jagged features are lost in a swirl of deep blue. In the background of the one-sided battle lie diverse tide pools enjoying a temporary sense of safety. The pools vainly flaunt an array of color before their vibrant beauty is submerged below the depths of icy water. Mussels and tentacles cling desperately to the bed of granite in order
to prepare for the onslaught of the sea's approaching force. Abandoned puddles of stagnant water amidst crannies of rock wait in anticipation to rejoin the moving army of the sea. They need not wait long; their time is nigh. The now howling wind carries the message of the incoming beast. All the land can do is stand and watch the arrival, waiting to be conquered.
As I walked around the main streets of Madrid with braided strands, staring at the art, the red and other passionate and vivid colors reflected the warm life around me. Over 100 degrees of heat from the sun was shedding the cold memories from my skin. Sandals upon my feet, I walked and walked with my eyes and heart wide open, trying to absorb the current that came from the Earth and radiated up into the people. Meals of Valencia yellow plums so good I could swear off chocolate. Miles upon my feet, always returning to the same starting point. Cathedral after cathedral. Statue after statue. Peering at images of Saints long ago embodied in stone. I learned to pray in their native tongue. I searched for meaning in my faith as sparked a long time in the past by this beautiful homeland in an archipelago nation to the far east, the pearl of the Orient. I found an aging religion, and fear filled my conscious mind. This was the fear of uncertainty as to the significance of my existence, as superficially no new clues manifested themselves. A line from an old Christian hymn played over in my mind. It was "MIND WILL NOT SEE, EAR HAS NOT HEARD WHAT GOD HAS
GRANTED TO ALL THOSE THAT LOVE HIM.” What else could be the most substantial gift but knowledge of his existence and the presence of ultimate love? Our five senses may not be able to perceive the proof, hence the definition of “faith.” Progress is not always a straight path, and thus I seemingly have traveled in circles.

Lost in thought, I walked by old museums in stride with the madrilenos. Later I could no longer keep the pace and stood still in reverie. A flood of perfumed people passed by. Then, suddenly, stopping before me and staring directly at me (as I was at him) was a being of so much beauty, I froze. I could not remove my gaze from his eyes. Eyes of a green you could only imagine seeing in the lightning-struck water of the Amazon in the misty dawn on a humid and thundering summer morning. Eyes I had only seen the likes of on the cover of a National Geographic a decade prior. With sandals upon his feet, tattered jeans, bronzed skin, jet black hair, a native woven shirt, and a dark mahogany-colored Spanish guitar draped over his back, he peered at me. The guitar was secured by a hand-sown band embroidered with turquoise and pearly white beads.

I will never forget those eyes. I doubted whether they were human. 2

2
inside out
by Danielle Chabot,
CAS First-year

Scar tissue left from another's pain
Stab wounds that hurt still yet
But your presence makes all that's been done
VANISH.
You make my smile appear again
You wipe my staining tears
You open your ears to my voice
Holding my fragile heart in your hands.

The memories of ages past
Play the maker of my future
Silently placing me in shackles
Refraining my shaky voice from telling you
That you've changed my life.

Wondering still how you perceive me
My lips forever hushed
I guess I will never know
I'm afraid to let you in
Once you're in and see the real me
It's even harder to let go
But I guess I will never know.
of all the lessons
I have learned

by Victoria Haskell,
CAS Third-year

Of all the lessons I have learned
Thou shall not steal!
To steal a Hershey bar,
Chocolate smeared all over my face.
Mom, I really needed that
Oh no, you did not need that
Now we must return to the store
Oh child, what can you pay with?
My favorite bear for fifteen cents
I am sorry ma'am I stole your candy
My eyes welled up with tears
I sold my bear to pay you back
Lesson learned and that is that!

Of all the lessons I have learned
Thou shall not kill, even pretend!
To hang a doll, make my sister cry
A smirk on my face without a reason why
Mom, I hate that stupid little doll
    Silly child, do you know what you have done?
Now you must apologize!
    Did you know she cannot sleep at night?
So, I read to her night after night
    I am sorry sis, you shouldn’t cry
As my heart filled with tears for what I had done
    I will play with you and your dolls to pay you back
Lesson learned and that is that!

Of all the lessons I have learned
    Thou shall not lie!
To tell my uncle I cannot work
    So, I can dance all night with friends instead
Mom, Uncle Woody is dead because I lied
    Don’t be silly and please leave me alone.
Now am I the only one who cares
    A life is lost, am I to blame?
Self-abuse disguised as mere stupidity
    My lie, did it kill my Uncle Woody?
My soul was drowned in a sea of tears
    I promise I will do well to pay you back
Lesson learned and that is that!

Of all the lessons I have learned
    Thou shall try to do your best
To save the planet and all the rest
    I give myself to my heart
Mom, I am sorry that I have sinned
I'd do my best to mend the damage done
Now I will learn how best to live
Survival is best as a lesson learned
Study harder in work and life
I know now how to make a difference
Of all the signs the world can give, reading tears is the gift I give
I cannot stop the tears that flow, let them teach me your woes
Lessons learned are the gifts I seek
for that is that, and time moves on
A lesson learned is mine to keep.
untitled
by Katie J. Tumiel,
former College Exploratory Program

Her life is simple.
A normal day is occupied by
Class, smoking, computer games
Under the influence of a good blaze,
Then food, and then of course,
The boy.

She's happy
In pajamas 24-7
And if not, then
In the boy's clothes — even better.

Every day at noon,
She smiles and asks for
Ham and two slices of American on a roll,
Then devours it.
She starts on the outside and spirals her way
Almost to the last bite, the very middle of her precious sandwich,
Pauses and says, “The middle is the best part!”
then happily eats it.

Excitement comes with a phone call from Mom,
A high score on Snood or Sextris,
Or a playful fight with him.
Others laugh as she excitedly slaps,
And sometimes, weakly punches him,
Screaming and giggling as he dominates,
Bending and slamming her into the bed.

She loves sleeping as much as smoking,
But only with the air penetrating the layers of blankets,
And surrounded by pink, stuffed pooh bears and fuzzy pillows.
Some days she sleeps until three in the afternoon,
Then swishes down the hall to his room, slides into his arms,
And sleeps some more.

She loves her life.
She loves him.
She loves sleep, and pink, and pooh.
And she loves ham and two slices of American on a roll.
I guess I stopped crying the next day, outside Harrisburg. To begin with, I was leaving behind friends, family, our courtship, and the concrete landscape I had walked for the past twelve years. Then of course, Jeffery was cussing a blue streak trying to drive the twenty-foot U-Haul with a small trailer attached (which we called the little doggy) through New York streets. Twice I gave him the wrong directions. This only made me cry more. We stopped early and stayed in an overpriced HoJos with a pool, but couldn't get to our swimming suits in the dresser somewhere in the back of the truck. Oh well, all our possessions and no way to get at them. The following morning I began to calm down and the land became pretty, lush farms and rolling hills. I started to get very excited coming into Columbus — even after twelve years it still felt like going home. We had to park the truck and the little dog at a bait store across the country road from my parents. Rip Van Winkle woke and helped us maneuver it so we could get it out of there the next day. The family had a small picnic early-birthday party for me that night and gave me my grandmother's fifty-year-old hand-crochet-
ed bedspread. Since Mom and Dad had a Dutch tennis coach for some local tournament staying at their house, it was a little less intimate than I had hoped. I was too exhausted to discuss European social health care on my folks’ back porch, so Jeffery and I retired early. We set out for Misery early the next morning.

Indiana and Illinois I’d seen a million times, and they’re fine places, but St. Louis, Misery, and the rest of the state sucks egg rolls. Major traffic jam at two pm (what does all of St. Louis do at two pm?) in sweltering humidity (we didn’t want to overheat the damn truck using the A/C) and unbelievable cussing from Jeffery. Granted, you couldn’t see a bloody thing to change lanes in traffic with that U-Haul. The green lushness was still around, but it felt oppressive. There were billboards every hundred feet on the Misery highway for Anita Bryant’s Dinner Theater, The Osmonds Country Barn, Glen Campbell’s Good Time Place, Tony Orlando’s Resort, The Jesse James Wax Museum, and the creepiest of all, The Precious Moments Chapel starring the Chapellettes. The rest stop was even off to the left side of the highway instead of the right, and the mosquitos were seven inches long and proceeded to attack me mercilessly. I hated Misery. We stayed somewhere outside Springfield, I think — this part is all kind of like a bad dream — in a Best Western, thinking a cold beer would taste terrific. Of course the town was dry. We went to a spooky old restaurant with an all-you-can-eat buffet. We passed on the buffet, and I mistakenly ordered the broiled halibut that mixed the flavor of cardboard with the texture of asparagus bottoms. I looked up at Jeffery and said, “It’s awful.” He snorted. I yelped. We began giggling uncontrollably. This drew disapproving stares from the huge, pasty people listening to the Barry Manilow tunes and waddling over to the buffet for thirds.

By the time we hit Oklahoma the next morning, we were ecstatic.
The land changed so drastically it was like landing on the moon. Beautiful vast sky and pancake-flat farms. The soil was so red that next to a green field and white silo, it looked like a two-dimensional PlayMobil set. Absolutely no billboards and no gas stations either, unless you counted the oil drills in the distance. We went looking for gas and got stuck, unable to back up. After about fifteen minutes of jacknifing the little dog, a toothless farmer who had been mowing asked, “Do you want me to move her?” He jumped in and, with the art of Chuck Yeager, turned the truck around in three maneuvers or less. We speechlessly nodded thanks and he casually waved goodbye. I liked Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweeping down the plains. We found a local dinner and had Bar-B-Q beef sandwiches and homemade coleslaw. It was ok that ok took so long. After much peaceful silence and wind whipping through the window and land spreading out so far and wide (keep Manhattan, just give me that countryside), I decided to sing camp songs.

The Texas panhandle is just like in the movie “The Last Picture Show.” I couldn’t quite put my finger on why the land was different from Oklahoma but I think it had something to do with barren loneliness or some depressing thing like that. Of course, I liked this part of the country a lot. They have billboards, but these advertised for seventy-two ounce steaks that are were if you can eat them in an hour. We stayed outside Amarillo and had a delicious steak dinner (neither seventy-two ounces, nor free) served by a pretty young woman who looked like she was just itching to get out of there. Many country songs will be written about her later in life. We went to sleep knowing we would make Santa Fe the next morning.

The first thing Jeffery said to me the next morning as we lay in bed was, “Happy birthday.” He bought me some Route 66 tumblers at the gift shop and we were on our way. Now we could see buttes and mount-
linda shary ) 69

ains and blue sky, so we knew we were close. We had spent the latter part of the trip trying to figure out how to back the truck into our cul-de-sac and realized we would have to unhitch the little dog and roll it by hand. Worked like a charm. When we unloaded, we discovered the antique game table base had split during the move.

☆ ☆ ☆

“It’s such a shame,” the furniture restorer had said. Well, yes, it was. But nothing to lose sleep over. So why at three in the morning was I thinking about the game table? As I laid there staring into the black, I could hear the constant rumble of trucks (who the hell else travels at three am, tourists?) along St. Francis drive, which was two houses from our rented Santa Fe home.

I convinced myself it had all started with the game table. Things were not going as I’d hoped. I felt restless and angry and out of place in a vast landscape. Yes, it was the table. The furniture restorer would have to try to glue the pieces and place veneer over the cracks. I knew the restorer felt a craftsman’s pity for the damaged wood, but at this hour I was thinking of the decrease in value. Oh well, it could be worse.

It was worse. What else? At the top of the list was having nothing to wear to work tomorrow. No, take it back from the day the table split. OK, three weeks ago the VCR ate the videotape before dying. Then, the left channel went out on the stereo receiver. What else? Could I possibly list them all? The drip in the bathroom valve. The leak in the kitchen faucet. The clogged toilet last weekend. Was there a theme here? Water problems in this arid climate? The final blow was the flood that I came home to on Friday. Everything was under an inch of water and I had no way to shut off the main water line. Call the water company. Oh yeah, the main water line can be shut off with a key from the water company. Great. Just great. It was Fiesta weekend in Santa
Fe — the entire town had been out celebrating since they woke up this morning. I watched the water rise while I waited for the water company and called our landlord. Our landlord was in labor and due anytime, but she managed to call her plumber in between contractions. Three days later, the plumber had dug up the floor of the house looking to replace the main water line and had left dirt-piles the size of Volks-wagens and trenches like grave sites in the living room.

There was more I could list. But for god's sake, let it go. I tried to breathe through my toes as a relaxation class had once taught me. Breathe. Oh god, what if someone was looking in the window right now? I hadn't slept on the first floor for twelve years, and I could not escape the feeling of being watched. Don't be silly. Just because you are not in a fourth-floor walk-up with car alarms going off on the street below doesn't mean that the locals are looking at the gringa through the window twenty-four hours a day. Just breathe. It was no use. My toes don't breathe, and I know it. Besides, I'm probably just breathing in a lot of dirt kicked up from the archaeological dig under way in the living room. Dirt was floating around and forming a patina of dusty brown on everything. Oh dear god, please don't let them find any ancient Indian artifacts under the floors or who knows how long this could go on!

Jeffery was convinced the problems and inability to cope began with a curse from the old guy at BIG BAG OF BONES on Highway 285 (specializing in animal skeletons and other Southwestern stuff). The old man — grey beard, face like an old saddle and bright blue eyes — said something like, "You gotta find your niche around here or else..." Jeffery was sure he had finished the sentence with "or else there will be eternal hell to pay." I was sure he hadn't mumbled anything resembling a curse, since he had ended it with a wink and "...otherwise you can always come over and share mutton and beans with me." Still, I had
felt a strangeness, like blood rushing through my body (maybe it was all those skulls laying around). We’d left big pile of bones with an aspen pole for hanging our Mexican blanket on the wall, feeling like a shadow was following us. When we went up Highway 285 two weeks later, big pile of bones wasn’t there, or at least not where we had remembered it being.

I sprang up from the bed. I was frightened. Should I wake Jeffery up? What was I doing here? Oh god. Everything was still. No rumbling. Nothing. It must be close to dawn. I quietly put down my foot, convincing myself there were no monsters under the bed. I walked out of the room. The dust on the floor felt soft and cool under my feet. I paused in the kitchen. The rumble of the trucks on St. Francis filtered back into my ears, and suddenly I remembered traveling with my family as a child — the thrill of staying in highway motels, the sound of people going places, falling asleep under crisp, clean sheets, with a journey ahead. The moon must be full because I could see the Sangre de Cristo mountains through the kitchen window. Or maybe it’s just the dawn’s early light. I thought about the fact that I’d never, my whole life, lived near mountains, real mountains.

The smell of the earth from the living room drew me. I stopped at the door and fell to my knees in the dirt. I began to crawl over the pile, moving the dirt between my fingers as I moved forward. Then, on my belly, I slipped down into one of the grave-like trenches.

I lay down inside with the smell of the earth around me and slowly watched from the darkness below as the lines of light above me changed.
mirror
   by Ryan Eling,
   CHP Third-year

I look into my eyes
   while scrubbing my teeth
And gaze fully into the creature before me.

The iris of emerald
swells and expands
like magic marshmallow soft

I see through the goo
And behold the mind
Which unfortunately is
a far stickier stuff.
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First Floor, Assisi Hall
Second Floor, Assisi Hall
Third Floor, Assisi Hall
Belissimo Salon, South Portland
Coastal Awards, Biddeford
The Department of Life Sciences
Dupuis Hardware, Biddeford
Happy Dragon, Biddeford
Hypatia’s Bath, Biddeford
Third Floor, Padua Hall
Richard S. Kenney, Scarborough
Portland Yoga Studio, Portland
Rea’s Foods To Go, Biddeford
Samantha Reed, Wilbraham, Massachusetts
James A. Rollins, Chester, Pennsylvania
Cheryl Shuttleworth, Portland
Super Sub Shop, Biddeford
Wild Olive Multimedia, Portland

The Zephyr staff wishes to thank all its contributors, financial and artistic.
Welcome, wild North-easter! 
Shame it is to see 
Odes to every Zephyr; 
Ne’er a verse to thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

A fresh new Zephyr has blown in.