Spring 2006

Zephyr: The Seventh Issue

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ZEPHYR
the seventh issue
spring 2006
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journal of artistic
expression
STAFF

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Welcome, wild North-easter! 
Shame it is to see 
Odes to every Zephyr; 
Ne’er a verse to thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY
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Welcome, readers, to the seventh issue of Zephyr! Do not be fooled by the slimness of this volume, as we have compiled the very best that our community has to offer. We have a wide array of submissions this year, from poetry and prose to watercolor and photography. It is yet another stunning year for the university’s artistic outlet, and I am honored to participate in its history.

So please enjoy, and let this be a testament to the beautiful things that happen when people put their imaginations to work.
MOURNED MORNING

Erin Kenney

Tangled limbs I see
Warmth of fatigue
overpowering me.
I won’t leave.

You tire with my vivacity.
Time sought for tranquility.
This moment of unrelenting time
watch as it passes by.

Melded to this place.
Wrapped in your embrace.
Synchronize this time
your heart and mine.

Drifting now apart.
Shards of my heart
cut me and I bleed
over these fallow memories.

Don’t sit this one out
dance with me now.
Patterns laid in the sand.
Come take my hand.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.
from dreams come
ingredients and things that matter:

"from a garden emerges
an empty lot,
we were not
what we thought,
as hours of neglect come
and seeds scatter"

new shoots rise
from undug stumps,
stones protrude
from humps
left by last year's plow;
amazing how
the day's clay hardens
to my shoes,
the sun drops from view,
and birds begin to chatter:

"I listened more intently
to the evening chickadee
and he, like me,
seems to be,
to some degree,
briding the gaps between
song and poetry"

from dreams come:
the green worm that penetrates
my sweet broccoli,
and onions that grow
above the ground,
gardens that surround,
and fragrant airs that abound
with the tatters
of waking and of dream,
of edges that seem
to be the bounds
of endless platters:
"in the soil
is something new,
something that, from the
depths,
somehow grew

and the rain don't fall
it splatters"

(prowling the periphery)

'some love's standing,
some love's falling down"

along boundary lines,
along hedges, hedges, and woven
walls
the larger confusion calls
the edges to entwine
with the fences for secluding,
for the prevention of intruding:

"behind me lives
a world so fair
it seems unlikely
I was
ever there"
there are clouds in distant air, 
an grayness hovers where 
the garden meets the skies, 
where goodness and growth arise 
as clones of the same cutting, 
as flowers from the same stem, 
but if even love and butterflies can devour them

“what kind of predators are we prowling the periphery”

(crops)

“gray is my favorite color”

long skies shine blue 
but on the slender horizon 
is a line of cloud 
or mind, 
and gray is its color:

the day’s hard thoughts 
and shadows wed 
the sun sets 
down into its bed,

angels of evening begin to prowl, 
the neighbor’s dog begins to howl 
at the working wings of the garden bat, 
at the wanderings of our charcoal cat 
as he roams the breaks between the growing rows left wide enough for filling for softening the soil for hilling:

“I keep an eye on my seed potatoes hoping I can make them go an extra row, harvest half-a-bushel more, if I cut them right

I’ll dream of crops tonight”

the warm days melt to snow, 
summer gives no kiss before it goes,
no whisper of explaining;  
no cursing or complaining  
comes from the voice of wind  
as it begins to blow:

"the last burst paraded  
a path across the snow,  
the heavy cloud debated  
then turned to east to go,  
I was caught still and staring  
at a kind of 'calendar  
despairing'  
that a season shouldn't show

that was my last time  
out to heaven  
where it stares out  
to the sea,  
heaven as a place  
I could want to be  
trapped by education,  
groping for its light,  
trapped with wild delight  
in spite of me

the years make their circles  
tight

I'll dream of crops tonight"

The author is a former employee in housekeeping at the University Campus.
The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
Run away with me
Into the moonlight
And we’ll be all right
Up there in the sky
We’ll never know ‘til we try
Cover ourselves in a blanket of stars
Lying in the crescent’s cradle
Keep close, our skin’s so warm
Our breath white fog in the blue sky
The heavens will protect us
In our midnight adventure
Across the horizon
Just so long as you stay with me
Until the sun rises
So run away with me
Into the moonlight
And we’ll be alright
Up there in the sky
Yeah, we’ll never know ‘til we try

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English. She is the Editor in Chief of Zephyr.
AFTER THE RAIN
Sarah Tuttle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with degrees in English and Environmental Studies.
The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Marine Biology.
Finally, an evening of you and me. The sun has already set, the cold wind moved in to steal the night.

Inside, the warmth melts us, you and me are us. Walking in socks, music as background, dancing, face against your back, arms around your waist, smells of garlic bring me home. Chop, chop, back to the bed I sit.

You move as if I wasn’t watching, steps of grace, moments of indecision – in goes the parsley, Out comes...

She never thanks you when you cook. My gratitude comes in waves of water as I wash the dishes. The cook never cleans.

And I will learn in the most painful of ways that you still feel for another, not me, The way you feel for her.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with degrees in English and Secondary Education. She is a former Editor in Chief of Zephyr.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.
The photographer graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with a degree in Marine Biology.
AWAKENING
Jamie Thompson

She stands on the threshold,
her feet touching freedom.
As she looks at the water
melting into sky, the world
opens like the wings of a gull.
She mirrors its cry; caught
in her throat are the words she never
spoke. Fingers of anticipation make
their way around her heart
like seaweed clinging to a rock.
The water surrounds her now,
the only escape is in the surrender.
And it feels like falling
into the most beautiful reverie.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English. She is the Editor in Chief of Zephyr.
SUMMER FOREST
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUGUST MORNING
(MY DROWNING, A CLANDESTINE TRIP)

Benjamin Lavertu

Part A:
It's because so much concentrated (condensed) nature.
All the time (repeat). An August morning does not do much for me (nothing new).
Days, like these, are oh so casually painful.
Briefly, being overly constant and repeating.
Although. I'm not pathetically apathetic...
I can appreciate the air of being exclusive (sometimes elusive). In nature.
And on this stunning morning.
The description is like trying to make my words worth a thousand photographs.
I do say though. Contrast (variables) is (are) interesting.
Between: people & nature, old & new things.
Like these: Bricks (unsalvageable wreckage) lining the interior of a stream.
It's not special. And not easy to explain.
But it's something that caught my attention.
Still breathing? Good, I'll go on...
I know it's crazy.
Under fleeting water. The bricks stay the same. Their constitution is dottily daft.
But.
I can understand also why the bricks would be unappealing, appalling. They don’t really belong. Not really. They’re so informal. Cobble imposters loitering. Not that it makes a difference. Who can say what stays? And what should go? Who can really, really say? Not. Me.

As stated, conflicting and contrasting, you’ve done me a favor. I bend a bow in gratitude. Especially on this morning (not mourning). Even though these affairs and adventures are without context. I’ll take the smallest detail possibly available to me, and focus on that. From a minimalist point of view, the wind, the flies, the clouds, even everything...

Is too much. My eyes are sore. In a moment, I’ll need a moment, for a moment, just one moment, once upon a moment, Bricks & streams, insects & things, plants & pebbles, Were (are) really (very) important (insignificant), especially on an August morning. Constant and Repeating, might be misleading.

**Part B:**

Flowers and trees are splitting seeds. Like a pomegranate explosion. Covering the sky at night, every night. The moon’s face is full and rouged. Matching to the face of a sunflower. You can’t see though, your eye’s on the wrong end of the telescope. Quel conundrum.
Dark seeds are distracting, and forgetting...
For the sun. Time to begin again.
With uncommon grace. It's time for morning,
(This time, for mourning too).
Bye summer!
You can wave too! Go on.
Go. On.
August shakes hands with September.
Curiously, how young was I in August?
Quick (Cryptic) Answer: Compose (fully composed, of course) a list of events &
experiences of poignantly distressing moments that rigidly forced you to grow
up. Forgetting your birthday cake, just because I've woken up 6938 times, I
feel older. I know it's crazy, I know. But someone is going to have to remind
you that the shortest distance between two points is a full circle. And I hope
you never understand the ending to this poem. If you do just please leave me
the illusion that you don't, please do. (Such an actor)

Part Z:
Back in August I dropped my foot on the ground. My balance went too. I fell in
the stream, but like a pair of angels, these bricks caught my fall. I'm (so very)
glad they got to stay. I am all shook up. Under the shadows of floating leaves
and in a tomb of (bitterly) cold water. I'm wondering if maybe I may have
made an impression on the stream, at least as much as it has done on me.
(Here comes on ironic plot twist, get ready...) I'm not sure, but if I fell down in
the middle of this stream, right now, and nobody was around, would I make a
sound?

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with
degrees in English and Education.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Marine Biology.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.
UNTITLED
Adam Powers

It is very late, or maybe very early, and the dust of the road comes floating in through the window, and in the bed he cannot close his eyes. He tries not to wake her as he stands, the covers roaring in the quiet room. In the dark, past the teeming banks of peepers and past the damp smell of spring, the bones of a desert reach out for him.

She reaches for him, too. She finds his place cold, and knows he is standing at the window. He doesn’t hear her tired shuffle on the floor, but she wraps her arms around his waist, and brings him back. The smell of her sleep brings him back. Her cold nose and warm lips on his neck bring him back, almost. Almost.

Lying beside her again, he listens to the tiny snores of her breathing, and after a long time he lets the dream flow over him. It is deep, and dark, and maybe tonight it will finally wash him clean. He drowns in it until the rising sun slants through the blinds and dries it away, and he wakes with a start, surprised to be holding her tight in soft linens. The steel and the dirt vanish, but the fear does not. It is not fooled by the lacy dried flowers at the bedside. Under the bed, a scorpion clatters back into darkness. He swallows, and begins to think about his coffee.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.
UNTITLED
Catherine Giaquinto

11/08/02
12:33am

The desperation leaked
out of my eyes, fingers,
feet, as I made every attempt
to quell my need to reach him.

To just touch his hand,
run my tips over his knuckles
feel the hair resting
there, on its perch.

My feet jiggled, my fingers
perspired, my eyes swam,
over his figure; my attempt
was successful and I will end

another day knowing,
or at least hoping,
he has no idea of the thoughts
in my head.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with degrees in English and Secondary Education. She is a former Editor in Chief of Zephyr.
**A SUMMER CREEK**

Erin Kenney

Water trickles and flows
through the fields,
muddy toes.

Muddy toes.

Through the fields,
chasing memories.
If only time would yield.

If the day should end now.
Falling stars.
watch from the ground.

Days of perfection can’t exist.
So I state and
then insist.

Feeling too bereaved
with the wreck less abandon
I feel as I leave.

Shivering cold
walk among the ripples.
Feeling ten years old.

If the day should end now.
Falling stars.
watch from the ground.

Stones skip.
Leaves canopy above.
Stubbed toe trip.

Days of perfection can’t exist.
So I state and
then insist.

Feeling too bereaved
with the wreck less abandon
I feel as I leave.

Heat sweltering drips.
Tongue tasting salt
from my lips.

Days of perfection can’t exist.
So I state and
then insist.

Feeling too bereaved
with the wreck less abandon
I feel as I leave.

If rain should come
debating options.
Let me run.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.
The photographer graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2005 with a degree in Marine Biology.
A YEAR AND A MONTH AGO

Brittany Campbell

One year and a month ago
When I first started loving you
Autumn is our favorite season
But now I am alone
The leaves are changing
However they aren’t as bright
As the day we hiked up the hill
That claims to be a mountain
The leaves were so vibrant
Orange, red, yellow
Or maybe it was electricity
Pulsating from your hand to mine
That made them so beautiful in my eyes
And sitting on the doorstep
In the crisp, cool October air
You let me wear your sweatshirt
But now the pumpkin’s grin is not so wide
Without you
And cider doesn’t have that rich, tart flavor
When I can’t share it with you
One year and a month ago
When I first started loving you
Autumn was our favorite season
But now I am alone.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
LEAF AND SEED OF AUTUMN
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.
Charcoal gray, winter
at its trophy;
eggplant silhouette
singed into your side,
a solitary hair languishes
on the pillow, I
laugh at the maudlin effect.

My thrashing does nothing
to quiet my fears,
they've crept in under
the door, soaking my
heart with the travesty
of what we've become;

a banana lays unpeeled on the
counter.
STAGES OF POPPIES
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS
Joy Guerrieri-Bang

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.
Ties that bind me down.
Serpents of my soul
the glass which pattern shattered.
Framed memories of old.

Refracted lines of delusion
mirrored common place.
Seeking then confusion
the shapes of my face.

What am I without purpose,
the mirage of sanded time?
My taste is wet with verses
the terror of my eyes.

And if perchance I whisper
upon this waking dream.
Nightmares are less sinister.
The ends preempt the means.

The glass becomes the dust
which silts my clouded eyes.
The ties which chain in rust
reflect my own demise.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.
The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
I feel the sound
soft falling snow.
Frost painted tapestry
on my window.

And if this moment
I should tire.
Lay my head
upon frozen fire.

Sunlight streaks.
A crystal lattice.
A silent testament
to overwhelming sadness.

And sleep, if only
for dreams it brings.
Wishing, hoping
for finer things.

The inches thick
covers, a blanket make-shift.
Swiftly woven frozen cotton.
Warmth and memories forgotten.

I feel the sound
of fallen snow.
Drifting, blowing
outside my window.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with
degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.
The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
UNTITLED
Lindsey Cole

The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Marine Biology.
I believe in yellow rubber duckies,
in Will and Grace’s baby,
in the fall of Saddam.
I believe in the land of the free,
the home of the cowards,
the weak and the lame.
I believe in sheltering all
or none,
using a condom,
and melting down all guns.
I believe this country prays
too much,
does too little, and lives
life through celebrities.
I believe in babysitters,
family nights with pizza,
cats sleeping on beds, but
no dogs in the house.
I believe in compliments
from everyone, but criticism
only from yourself.
I believe this world is too small
and yet larger than we can appreciate.
I believe TV rots our minds
but opens them just the same.
I believe in lust at first glance,
love at first night,
and passion forever.
I believe in hard work
and sacrifice.
I believe in the power of music
and my water with cubed ice.
I believe in the weak helping the
strong,
And in the educational system for
what its worth.
I believe most of all,
In the power of the written word.
The importance of the spoken word.
And the strength of my resolve.
Together we can make anything
Happen, the challenge
Is to keep believing.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.
Zephyr would not exist were it not for the generous contributions of its friends. Those who contributed financially to this issue are listed on the following pages.

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