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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
Letter from the Editor 5

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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.

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

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

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

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

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with degrees in Marine Biology and Psychobiology.
PROWLING THE PERIPHERY
(A GOODBYE TO UNE)
Leslie Ricker

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,
bridging 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)

sunshine lightning,
burning eyes,
cloudless rains realize
they have no backing,
are moisture lacking
as their make-up dries;
fingers fumbled bootblack laces
tied in darkened spaces,
though shallow sleep was abandoned
the depth of feet
somehow landed
in daylight’s proper places

‘love as star’
the fist line went,
‘outshining
god or government’,
‘managing
with lack of management’;
without light,
in necessity, I invent
a margin,
a path gone out around:

“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,
a 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.
APPROACHING THE END
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
INTO THE MOONLIGHT
Brittany Campbell

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.
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.
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 author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2002 with a degree in English
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.
AMBER NIGHT
Michael Kyle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Medical Biology.
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,
tumbles lightly.
chasing memories.
Muddy toes.
If only time would yield.

Shivering cold
Through the fields,
walk among the ripples.
chasing memories.
Feeling ten years old.
If the day should end now.

Stones skip.
If the day should end now.
Leaves canopy above.
Falling stars.
Stubbled toe trip.
watch from the ground.

Heat sweltering drips.
Days of perfection can't exist.
Tongue tasting salt
So I state and
from my lips.
then insist.

If rain should come
Feeling too bereaved
debating options.
with the wreck less abandon
Let me run.
I feel as I leave.

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

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.
UNTITLED
Catherine Giaquinto

10/26/02
12:58am

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.

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 artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 2008.
MIRROR  MIRROR
Erin Kenney

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.
REFLECTION OF WINTER
Cheryl L. Miller

The artist is an Editorial Assistant in the Environmental Sciences Department at the University Campus.
SNOWBOUND
Erin Kenney

I feel the sound
soft falling snow.
Frost painted tapestry
on my window.

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

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

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

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

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.
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.
THANKS TO OUR PATRONS

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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