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Zephyr: The Third Issue

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The heaven’s cool breath rouses me from this dream, the thickening reality calling upon the passion of my life’s-breath. Held fast in the beam of blinding resolution, my self begins to fashion its future in the light of this communion. Among these vast heights, the realization of our seamless union gives rise to internal jubilation — we are humanity. Standing fast in freshly hewn solidarity we defy our self-made prison, our iron bars and look together upward, the truth of our existence — written in the stars
we are with you

by Karen Coakley

For the Hanson family, 11 September, 2001

Our lives have changed for reasons no one can explain
But this does not mean we are not with you.
Right now we are looking down on you;
As long as you remember all the comfort we gave,
As long as you find a way to carry on your way,
We are with you.

In your worst times, when sadness was holding you down,
We were always there for you;
When your long days turned into long nights,
We were there to see you through.
Our love is very real and true;
Knowing this you must, please, stay strong
Because we are with you.
In the coming moments when you reach out
And are not able to be heard, keep in your
Head and heart our voices and we will be heard;
As the seasons change and time stands still,
Keep us close to your heart
And the harsh somber winds will not get at you;
Keep alive and strong with your head held up high.

For you and for all, these are trying times,
And although our lives have been changed,
And yours rearranged, we will never leave you.

We will never forsake you,
So, in return, keep within you
The comforting thoughts
That we are with you

When the sadness lifts and you feel your courage replenished,
In that very moment we are beginning to refill
The emptiness of your heart
Because we love you.

You, our dear friend,
Our cherished loved one: you are not alone —
We are with you.

Karen Coakley will graduate from the CAS in 2003. She is an employee of UNE Security.
I buried a seagull today,
How still and quiet he lay.
"You shouldn't touch him," my mother said,
"because we don't know why he's dead."
But then she gave consent,
And so to work I went,
To prepare a place for him.

To the side goes the seaweed on the dune,
To the side goes the sand, so cold to my hand.
Around the roots of the beach grass I go,
but I cannot go far,
so it's rather shallow.

I pick up the gull,
So limp in my hand,
I feel his soft feathers,
Dusted with sand.
And I lay him to rest
The way I know best
At home by the sea.

Back goes the seaweed on the dune,
Back goes the sand
Still cold to my hand.

"Not two sparrows fall, apart from His will," they say,
and so I know where the little gull is today:
In Paradise.
imagination

by Lindsey Roth

Take a moment and fly away
soar through the sky
gaze at the moon and sit on the edge
go to a place where all is quiet and
your mind is at ease.
Lay in a calm field and follow the clouds
or climb to the highest mountain and
take a deep breath of its fresh air
dive into the bluest ocean and
spin through the water
carelessly float in a lazy river and close your eyes.
Leave the door to your imagination open,
for with it . . . you can go anywhere.

Lindsey Roth is the granddaughter of Glen Ellen Roth, the administrative assistant to the Department of Occupational Therapy.
It was Jim's determined tone of voice which let me know that our friendship was at stake. He was standing in the doorway, expecting to be paid. "Renaldo, I don't run a charity operation here. Beer costs money." Once again I had failed to come up with five bucks for a few Sunday afternoon beers. Hell, I was broke. I looked around in desperation and spotted the Monopoly game on the floor. "Here, take this." I ran over and grabbed a pink five-dollar bill off the game board. "Give this back to me whenever, and I'll give you a real five in exchange. Look. I'll even sign it. 'Legal tender. Renaldo Renardini.' There, it's real." I held out the note, waiting for him to take the bait.

He gave me a look like I was a cross between Jerry Lewis and Ivan Boesky, but it seemed to work. He begrudgingly stuffed the bill into his wallet and sat back down on the couch to watch the Bears get creamed for the third week in a row. The combination of the beers and the Bears made us forget about the funny money in Jim's wallet, and Jim went home that evening without even mentioning it.

In fact, I didn't think about it at all until Wednesday, when I saw
Jim approaching the house after work. "Shit." I ducked beneath the window sill and listened to the door bell ring four or five times, then waited what seemed like an eternity before I stood up again. I got Stephanie on the phone. "Listen, Steph, can I borrow fi—, er, ten bucks for a few days? I, uh, lost my automatic teller card and forgot to go to the bank today... You sure it's all right?... Thanks, you're a dear... OK, I'll come right over."

Now, it's not like I have a habit of doing this. I really did lose my ATM card. I don't like being indebted to people, so I brought along a bright yellow ten-dollar bill and gave it to Stephanie, so she'd know I intended to pay her back. "What's this?" She looked puzzled when I handed it to her. "Well, I don't want you to feel I'm taking advantage of your generosity. I mean, if I was, I'd ask for more than ten bucks. Take it. It's got my signature on it. Just return it to me when I pay you back." She tossed it on her dresser, gave me two fives, and I left feeling like an honest, credit-worthy citizen.

I had intended on going straight from Stephanie's to Jim's in order to return his five, but I got distracted by my own thoughts. "Hey, this is pretty easy. Just sign a few more, and I could be my own money store. Consolidate my debts. Pay off old loans." I wondered how long I could keep this going. "Would the corner grocer accept one of these phony notes? He knows me pretty well. I buy the Tribune there every day." I'm no gambler, but it was worth trying, just for the sport of it. I grabbed a bright green twenty, signed it, and went over to the grocer's to try my powers of persuasion. After a bit of negotiating and a few suspicious looks from the grocer's wife, I came out with some hamburgers, buns, a big bottle of Pepsi, and $6.49 in change. Real change.

Now, I know what you're thinking. You can see the headlines already. "Funny money dealer bilks quiet neighborhood out of millions, flees to Panama." I really had planned on paying everyone back. I like
my friends. I like my job, my house, my car, and I never had the slightest intention of going into exile. It was more the whimsy of it all, using Monopoly money for real money. After all, what’s so real about real money? If you go to a bank and hand a five-dollar bill to the teller, what are you gonna ask for? Gold? You’ll just get a new five-dollar bill.

I thought about this while I munched on my hamburger. “In God we trust.” Is that who we trust when we hand each other these pieces of paper? Why should this paper be any more trustworthy than any other? I mean, Jim and Stephanie at least know me, but when’s the last time they met the Secretary of the Treasury? And if they did meet the Secretary of the Treasury, what’s he gonna do? He may not even be able to give them a new five-dollar bill.

“It’s just a matter of who you trust,” I told Karen as I handed her a yellow ten. “Give it to a friend, or a shopkeeper who trusts you, whoever. It really works.” I tried to mute my enthusiasm, so that Karen would consider this more than some cockeyed scheme that stoned college kids might dream up. She said she’d give it a try. After some prodding, so did Daniel. So did Chris. Mike was so pleased with the idea that over the course of a week he bought 100 dollars worth of Monopoly money with my signature on it. My God, I was in business. After six weeks of convincing some cynical but interested friends, I had exchanged 335 U.S. dollars for the equivalent in autographed Monopoly money. Things were going fast, and in my direction.

I assure you, I’m not stupid. I didn’t go out and spend all that quickly acquired cash, as if this wouldn’t catch up with me. I knew it would.

And, of course, it did. Sharon approached me one sunny afternoon with a smile on her face and an orange fifty in her hand, asking me for fifty U.S. bucks. I looked it over to make sure it was real. “But this is your signature, Sharon. I never gave you this.” “Of course you didn’t. I’m
giving it to you. Don’t you trust me?” “Yeah, but. . . .” It’s a lot harder
to be on the receiving end of one of these fake notes. It took me a min­
ute, but, well, I’d known Sharon since high school, and she had taken
some of my money, so I accepted it, and we swapped currencies.

Sharon wasn’t the only one who realized that trust could be a two-
way street, and after several months, I had a wallet full of different
colored notes with different people’s signatures on them. It became sort
of an index of my friendships, as well as an easier way to keep track of
who owed what to whom. I no longer argued with anybody about past
debts. And the funny money became an inside joke, adding a bit of
camaraderie to our everyday meetings.

It’s now been, oh, almost a year since my initial deal with Jim. The
Bears are back on TV, losing again. But my currency scheme seems to
be a real winner. Most of my friends accept the money; in fact, I almost
never use U.S. dollars any more. The Post Office is the main exception.
Just yesterday, on a lark, I tried to give my grocer a U.S. five-dollar bill.
“For old times’ sake,” I urged him to accept it. He looked at it, held it up
to the light, asked disdainfully, “Who is this Lawrence H. Summers?”
and tossed it back in my general direction.

David Kuchta is an instructor in the Department of History and Politics.
Budweiser, Colt, Michelob, Coors,
Reservation road signs; aqua windows and doors.
San Ildefonso littered with housing by HUD
Fallout from an Anglo bomb,
Adobe mixed with native blood.

Children and mongrels venture forth on this day,
An exiled one arrives — all must stay away.
Old cracked faces behind old cracked eyes
Watching plastic roses
Beneath a troubled sky.

My Bean jeans and my Tevas
Suddenly feel tight.
I put my Nikon in its case,
My Gap bag out of sight.
I wear a cloak of Anglo guilt.
Tight around my soul.
Shamefully I bow my head,
Tears balance on my cheek, then roll.

I have not found a dying tribe,
I have found that which I seek.
I have found a people silent, but proud.
I have found that I am weak.
When I see you in my mind
in a ring of explosive thought
a heart beats faster,
my own longing increases
a breaking point comes on
to the point of unbuttoning my wits
my senses reel
through possibilities
of touch

Stephen T. Hawkins is a Learning Specialist in the Learning Assistance Center.
ode to a
pizza hut roach

by Flower H. Noble, CHP 2003

Determined little one
Her species' existence
has seen many others
come and go:
Her ancestors picked their bones
clean.
We have tried to destroy
her family, even her.
The Orkin man comes
every two weeks,
feigning systematic, scientific methods,
spraying his poison
behind the cabinet of paper towels,
under the salad bar,
over the dishwasher,
between the booths.
Her frantic beating of water
is doing little
to keep her head above
the hurricane of the sink.
Bits of floating
week-old mushrooms
provide unreliable support.
She reaches for them
like a child clinging to a
slippery beach ball.
The oily, orange, French-dressing water
has cruelly slicked back
one of her antennae.

The only lives worth saving
are innocent, uncorrupted lives:
Babies, animals . . . roaches.

I aim the tip of the dishtowel
in front of her squirming legs.
She attaches herself to the dirty rag immediately
as I pull her out of the slimy, stinking water.
She drags her soaking body
up the towel.
Her resilience astounds me as
her hind legs gain strength and speed
as they, dry from the towel, climb
toward . . . MY HAND!
I reflexively swat her down.
She lands on the floor
next to a stale crouton.
Startled but strong,
she escapes under the counter:
a counter that the Orkin man hasn't sprayed,
and which is covered with crumbs.
She is probably going to make babies,
I think, smiling,
Noble.
I'm a socially conscious sort, and even though my wife and I have no children of our own, we are much concerned with the future, about what will be left to those who follow us. What sort of world will they have left to them? "What will be the fate of the planet itself, unless we start thinking about the future now?" is a question I've often asked myself, but, until just a few days ago, I never got an answer that wasn't mumbled or illegible, so usually, I've just turned away in embarrassment and hoped that no one saw or heard me talking to myself and, worse yet, getting no reply. But a few days ago, I forgot my wife was home, and started off with, "What will be the fate of the planet itself. . . ."

"I don't know, but we'd better start thinking about it right now," she finished for me, thinking I was talking to her. "But there's really nothing much we can do about it for the time being," she pointed out, rather pointedly, I thought, but not until later, "so why don't you just go and hook up that brand new NEC-870 Scriptwriter personal laser printer you just had to run out and buy for the goddamn new computer you just had to have?"
Taking that as a cue as well as an excuse to leave the room, I strode purposefully into the office/sewing-room, former part-time guest room and full-time junk collection and opened the huge and colorful box containing our brand-new eight-pages per minute ¾ of a mile in ten seconds 600 dots per inch NEC-870 Scriptwriter personal laser printer that had recently won that coveted Computer Shopper laser printer shoot-out “Best Buy” award in its category.

“You’re right, of course,” I lied over my shoulder as she passed by on her way to the kitchen.

“Of course,” she agreed. Usually, she’s not so quick to agree with me.

First, I unpacked the contents of the box: the printer itself; the paper input tray; the secondary output guide; the toner cartridge; the photoconductor cartridge; the software CD’s; the customary customer harassment survey; the Official Incomprehensible Warranty Card; and, finally, the NEC-870 Scriptwriter Owner’s Manual.

Many of my friends and associates think of me as “The Computer Wizard.” My dirty little secret is this: I read the manuals. This manual, the NEC-870 Scriptwriter Owner’s Manual, was the source of my inspiration, the inspiration for my Modest Proposal that will, I believe, and I think you’ll agree once you’ve read it, someday be seen as one of those turning points in the course of human events that reverberate through the ages alongside such weighty phrases as, “We hold these truths to be self-evident,” or “Fire when ready, Gridley,” or, “Please leave two quarts.”

While reading the NEC-870 Scriptwriter Owner’s Manual, I learned that the little vents on the back of the machine were not, as I had assumed, for the purpose of allowing excess heat to escape from the printer engine; they were there to facilitate the escape of ozone, which, I was informed, is a by-product of the laser printing process. I was cautioned to not use the printer in small, ill-ventilated, enclosed spaces,
such as offices. So that was why laser printers are always hooked up in the middle of open fields — I’d wondered about that, but not often.

It was then I was struck by the inspiration — OZONE!

Of course, I wondered why no one had thought of it before — then I realized that SOMEBODY had to be the first to think of any good idea. It just so happened that I was that somebody this time.

Now, as I said at the outset, I’m a socially conscious individual, and such matters as the depletion of the ozone layer over Antarctica and its implications for future generations have weighed heavily on my mind. Likewise, I have been much concerned with the plight of the hordes of low-skilled or unskilled Hispanic immigrants crossing the borders of the Southwestern states from Mexico in search of a better life — at the very time in our history when most good jobs in manufacturing that would be suitable for lifting such persons into the middle class mainstream of American life have been exported to Third World countries where the prevailing wages are much lower. These factory jobs are what made good Americans of the Irish, the Italians, the Czechs, Poles, and Lithuanians who preceded the recent influx of Hispanics.

I thought, as I was reading the NEC-870 Scriptwriter Owner’s Manual section on ozone as a by-product of laser printing, how ironic it was that there wasn’t enough ozone in the atmosphere over Antarctica, but there might be too much ozone in the atmosphere surrounding a departmental printer in some office cubbyhole, when suddenly the clear light of reason cast its brilliant, all-illuminating beam into the furthermost recesses of my brain.

“EUREKA!” I exclaimed.

“Stick your finger in the wall socket again?” my wife inquired sweetly from the kitchen.

“No, honey — it’s even more electrifying than that!”

“Don’t tell me you’ve come up with a way to solve that ozone deple
tion thing that’s weighed so heavily on our socially conscious minds,” she said.

“No — it’s even better tha... uh — what?”

“Well — what is it?” she said, a little testily, I thought.

“You said not to tell you,” I replied, more than a little reasonably.

“Must you always be so literal?” she asked, a bit sarcastically, I thought.

“I can’t help it,” I admitted, perhaps just a bit too honestly.

“You mean you actually HAVE come up with a solution to that ozone depletion thing that’s weighed so heavily on our socially conscious minds?”

“Yes, dear — that’s precisely what I mean. It came to me in a flash while I was reading the section in the NEC-870 Scriptwriter Owner’s Manual on ozone as a by-product of laser printing.”

“Wow,” she said, “so that’s why they always hook those things up out in the middle of open fields — I’d wondered about that — but not often.”

“Yeah — me too.”

“So what is it?”

“So what’s what?” I asked, a bit mystified.

“Your solution to the ozone depletion thing that’s hung over our heads like yesterday’s fish and that’s weighed so heavily on our socially conscious minds — that’s what!” she said with a bit more exasperation than the formerly joyous occasion warranted, I thought, but, wisely, keeping it to myself.

“Oh, that. Well — it’s obvious, isn’t it? We just put all the laser printers in Antarctica where they’ll do some good with their by-product of ozone! Not only that — but workplace environments all across America will become good, safe, ozone-free zones!”

“That’s a great idea, honey — but what about the hordes of Hispanic
immigrants illegally crossing the borders of the Southwestern states in search of a better life in the good old U.S. of A. only to find that our scum-bag socially unconscious executive class has exported all the manufacturing jobs to Third World countries where the prevailing wages are much lower than those of developed nations, such as the U.S. — the very jobs that would lift those immigrants into the middle-class mainstream of American life, as they did for the Irish, the Italians, the Czechs, Poles, and Lithuanians before them? What can be done to prevent their institutionalization as permanent dependents on the welfare system, producing a social time bomb fraught with the most dire of political consequences?"

“Well, honey,” I replied, quite reasonably, I thought, “that’s a really good question. . . .”

“Two questions,” she pointed out. Talk about the pot and the kettle.

“Yes. Well, honey,” I re-replied, “that’s a good pair of questions — I’ll have to put on my thinking cap.”

But, as it turned out, it took so long to find it that I was too tired and had to go to bed. It had somehow gotten covered with cat hair anyway, and looked more like one of those hairy Russian things, so instead of putting it on, I just slept with it under my pillow. But it worked anyhow, because when I awoke the next morning, the answer was crystal clear. It was yet another example of the old two birds in the hand is/are better than a stitch in the bush thing of which we socially conscious, yet efficiency-minded, sorts are so fond.

“EUREKA!” I shouted, sitting bolt upright in bed — but to no avail; my wife had been awake for hours. According to the note on the refrigerator, she had grown bored waiting for me to awaken and had taken the dog to the beach for a walk without me.

Finally, when the front door opened and Sarah Jane, our German Shepherd, bounded in, overjoyed, as always, that I was, once again, up
and moving, I tried it again.

"EUREKA!" I bellowed, at the top of my lungs.

"No, dear," my wife replied as she hung the leash on the hook by the door, "It's a Hoover."

Damn — I'd hoped she'd forgotten that name the vacuum thing I'd been into.

"Not that kind of eureka, honey," I clarified, "the oh boy what an amazing revelation kind."

"Don't tell me that you've solved the thing about the hordes of Hispanic immigrants illegally crossing the borders of the Southwestern states in search of a better life and figured out what can be done to prevent their institutionalization as permanent dependents on the welfare system, producing a social time bomb fraught with the most dire of potential consequences."

"All right," I agreed, a bit crestfallen.

"You're doing that literal thing again, aren't you?" she observed.

"Oh. Am I?"

"Yes dear," she said, evenly. "Your crest has fallen again. Let me put it another way. Tell me what you're eureka-ing about here this morning."

"Okay — here's my plan. You know what I told you yesterday before I had to go searching for that thinking cap?"

"Yeah — and put that thing in the laundry basket, will you? It's absolutely covered with cat hair."

"Okay. Here's my plan. Like I said, we put all the laser printers in Antarctica where they can do some good with the ozone depletion thing that's weighed so heavily on our socially conscious minds, right?"

"Right — but what about the huddled masses yearning to be free?"

"Uh — that's not what you said yesterday. Yesterday, you said, 'What about the hordes of Hispanic immigrants illegally crossing the borders of the Southwestern states in search of a better life in the good old
U.S. of A. only to find that our scum-bag socially unconscious capitalist executive class has exported all the manufacturing jobs to Third World countries where the prevailing wages are much lower than those of developed nations, such as the U.S. — the very jobs that would lift those immigrants into the middle-class mainstream of American life, as they did for the Irish, the Italians, the Czechs, Poles, and Lithuanians before them?’ and you went on to ask, ‘What can be done to prevent their institutionalization as permanent dependents on the welfare system, producing a social time bomb fraught with the most dire of potential consequences?’”

“That’s true,” she replied, “I may have said that whole thing about the hordes of Hispanic immigrants illegally crossing the borders of the Southwestern states in search of a better life, and I may have gone on to ask, ‘What can be done to prevent their institutionalization as permanent dependents on the welfare system, producing a social time bomb fraught with the most dire of potential consequences?’ but what I meant was, ‘What about the huddled masses yearning to be free?’”

“Well — that’s a different question altogether,” I observed, quite accurately, I thought.

“Mr. Observation,” she shot back, a bit nastily, I thought.

“Well, Ms. Imprecise,” I replied, quite wittily, I thought. “That’s not the problem I’ve solved — and I don’t see what that has to do with laser printers in Antarctica, anyhow. The problem I’ve eureka-ed about this morning because I’d solved it in my sleep has to do with the hordes of Hispanic immigrants illegally crossing the borders of the Southwestern states in search of a better life in the good old U.S. of A. thing. And it has to do with what we can do to prevent their institutionalization as permanent dependents on the welfare system thing. As you know, that would produce a social time bomb absolutely fraught with the most dire of potential consequences. These are just the sort of matters
that weigh heavily on the minds of socially conscious persons such as ourselves, you know.”

“I know that. I know all that. But what I want to know is how putting all the laser printers in Antarctica is going to help the huddled masses yearning to be free — don’t you feel any sense of responsibility toward THEM?”

“Of course I do — and it may very well be that many of those Hispanic immigrants I’ve Eureka-ed about this morning are also members of the huddled masses yearning to be free — there’s no rule of logic that excludes huddled masses from crossing borders looking for a better life, is there?”

“Not that I know of. There are, most likely, some actual laws. But I’m more interested in the huddled masses thing than I am the hordes of Hispanic immigrants thing.”

“Well, that’s your right. Now, do you want to hear my solution for the hordes of Hispanic thing or not?”

“Might as well — I have a feeling that there’s no avoiding it, anyway.”

“As always, you’re right again.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.”

“So tell me.”

“Okay. Here’s my Modest Proposal. Getting the signal to each individual laser printer in Antarctica requires the installation and maintenance of a giant network of fiber optical cable and multiplexing stations from all over the U.S. all the way down to Antarctica, plus the distribution network in Antarctica itself. So, that alone will provide a lot of work, the actual physical kind, the fetch and carry kind, just in construction and maintenance, not only of the network itself, but also of the physical plant required for the construction personnel and the even-
tual maintenance and operations personnel and administrative organization. Manufacturing jobs will be provided by the thousands — by the tens of thousands — because of the increased demand not only for the materials, but for tools, winter gear, temporary and permanent housing and so on and so forth. And furthermore, somebody has to drive all the trucks and push all the brooms; somebody has to brew all the coffee and scrub all the toilets; somebody has to dial all the numbers and wring out all the mops; somebody has to operate all the forklifts and wash all the dishes; somebody’s gotta french fry all the french fries and flip all the burgers — it just goes on and on. Plus, this is Antarctica we’re talking about here, so everything has to be well-insulated, heavy-duty, and expensive. Hell — if it’s expensive, we can make it right here in the U.S.A.!

But all that’s not even the half of it! Once the printers print, somebody has to go fetch the hard copy and bring it back to the office, right? It’ll be like, ‘Say, Juan or Pedro or Hernando or whoever — run down to Antarctica and get me that memo, would you?’ It’ll be sort of like the old Pony Express thing, but on bicycles, jet-skis, snowmobiles, and so forth. Whattaya think?”

“I’m dumbfounded,” was all she could say.

NEXT EPISODE: In the Patagonian Clearing House

John D. Daugherty is an instructor in the Department of English and at the Learning Assistance Center.
scribbles
by Debbi Galante, CHP 2003

I scribble in the sand stories that the tide washes away details that no one ever sees, pages of poetry that the waves erase. Each wave brings a new beginning as my writing is smudged into the sand. Rocks roll in the surf as the words roll off of my tongue. The pleasure and pain are washed away as my story starts fresh with each crash of surf.
manufactured feelings

by Kirsten L. Browning, CAS 2003

The starlight whisper of directions
that fade

The chime of electric love
glistens above

The length of my soul at
its shortest is weak

The troubled feelings I get when
we meet

The dominant gene spills my
eyes

The loudness of crime brightens
the time
The meekest shall sail
on crystal blue
silhouettes that
fan the tale of
sprinkles that drowned
when you made no
sound
sweet memory
by Angela Dobson, CAS 2005

How I will remember
The sweet scent of each lighted candle
The clutter of things
May not look like much to another
But for me it is what brings me back
I see these things
Each time with a new light
New sense of what it is all about
These things make a person
As special as she can be
With the gold tennis pin
And always a paperback romance
The shells with the salty smell lingering
Provoke me to put one to my ear
The soft roaring brings me to the shore
Where she and I walked together
On the soft warm sand
And splashed in the gentle, rolling waves
Or even danced
To the sound of the soaring gulls above
Every spring I return
And see these things that remind me of the one I love
The grandmother who loves me too
Nostalgia is a very strange emotion. It is a homing instinct, a carryover from the early days of humanity, when safety was so fragile that one needed to return to where one felt protected. But, like so many other primal instincts, it serves little real purpose in the modern-day world. We no longer need to return to the place where we were born to find comfort and safety, as our real needs can be met nearly anywhere. Yet it lingers in virtually every human psyche.

I discovered real nostalgia ten years ago, when my wife and I moved here, to Devils Lake, North Dakota, about the smallest town I had ever been in. We were following her career in marine biology, and somehow it tore us away from the coast of Maine and brought us to the state university here. Little time passed before I realized how significant the move was; wheat fields are a poor substitute for ocean, if ocean is all one has ever known, as it was for me.

She — the ocean — had been a vital part of me since the day I was born. The maternity ward rooms on the seventh floor of Mercy Hospital in Maine have plate-glass windows that overlook Portland harbor, so
she was there with my family to welcome me into the world. A piece of her would never leave me, never, no matter how far inland I ventured. She was in my blood.

Growing up, I seldom wanted to do much more on an unhurried, sundrenched Saturday than to go to the ocean, be it the touristed beach of southern Maine, old-fashioned Commercial Street in Portland, or the rocky Downeast coast. She was fun for me then, the ocean; an older, wiser friend, she offered fleeting escapes from my seemingly hectic eleven-year-old world, and gave me an ephemeral glimpse of something eternal, something I'd never really understand. Nevertheless, she was little more than a casual companion whom I would greet at a chance encounter. I had not yet begun to need her in her absence, to want her desperately; I had not yet fallen in love.

After high school, I attended Saint Francis College, a beautiful school perched upon a small peninsula in coastal Biddeford, Maine. The sea was very much a part of Saint Francis. The dusty blue of the water contrasted with the wine-red maple leaves of fall; the swell the current from the Saco River makes over the end of the breakwater as it fights against the incoming tide; the harbor vista seen from the walking paths in the College’s woods — it was a backdrop that made me happy to be where I was, and yet somehow, it was much more than a mere backdrop. During my four years there, the ocean offered me something, wordlessly. I understood, and accepted in turn, as wordlessly as she.

On a peaceful day on an island in Portland during my first year of graduate school, I was sitting on a dock lolling my feet in the ocean; she and I were conversing philosophically, with fewer words than breaths, as one can only do with a very close friend. I was sharing my soul with the harbor that day, and she revealed to me some of her perpetual, heavenly secrets in a way I felt only I could understand. It was a pure and seamless moment. We were interrupted, however, an uncommon occurrence
on that isolated island, by a small group of men and women in kayaks. I was startled enough to forget the ocean for a long enough moment to insult her, and to insult the part of her that was within myself.

One of those women in the kayaks later became my lawful wife. At the time, she was an associate professor of marine biology at the College of the Atlantic, in Bar Harbor. Our mutual love of the ocean brought us together and made for conversations over more than a few dinners. I never realized until recently, however, that our conversations were never as profound as our thoughts — as my thoughts, anyway — and that they were superficial, light talk, almost scientific in nature. That is, after all, how my wife sees the ocean — she views it only scientifically, as an ecosystem to be studied and photographed and documented and measured as a mere thing, never an entity unto herself.

For a long time, I felt like an adulterer in my relationship with my wife. The more I listened to the way she talked of the sea, the more I felt that it was indeed no more than a body of water, certainly not a thinking, living being, not to any extent. I felt foolish loving the ocean as a person, and when I would visit her, I would feel as if I were cheating on my wife, as silly as that sounds. I began to see the ocean less and less often. I began to stop using the pronoun she when speaking of it.

It's been eleven years now since I've even seen the ocean, and as I sit here on the back porch of our home in the prairies of North Dakota, I can see no more than wheat fields, grain elevators, and railroad tracks. The scenery is lovely, yes, and vast and deep, and if I close my eyes, the howl the wind makes as it scours the wheat sounds almost like the ocean, angry and from a distance. . . . But alas, it is not so. I slowly realize that it was never the ocean that was my mistress, but North Dakota the wheat — my wife.
a second chance
by Amanda Walker, CAS 2004

Desolate surrounding walls
pictures hung meaningless upon them,
Cold unfamiliar white sheets
poking and prodding to keep a lonely heart in motion,
A feeling of emptiness
accepting the loss and admitting defeat,
Willing to let go
of everything,
Everything that has been achieved,
fought for,
Laughed for,
and wept for,
Everything that has caused extreme happiness
and extreme pain,
Remembering the things that could have been done
and should have been said,
Not comprehending this could be the end.
But
A warm loving smile,
    A lucky twist of fate,
A new look at death,
    A second chance at life,
A battle to fight
    A struggle each day,
But knowing in the heart
    that I'll make my way.
i promise
by Dean Sherman, CHP 2004

I promise . . .
To be a chair for you
When we sit out in the shade,
To hold you in my strong arms
And wipe your tears away,
To kiss your cheek and hold you close
When no one is around,
To watch your beauty sleeping
And not to make a sound,
To talk to you ’til dawn
And go dancing in the rain,
To help you through the hard times
And hug away your pain,
To take your loving arm in mine
And walk the world with pride,
To know how much it means
To have such beauty by my side
    ... I promise.  

39. Photograph by Paul Star.
41. Photograph by Paul Star.
42. Photograph by Paul Star.
43. Photograph by Paul Star.
44. Photograph by Paul Star.
45. Photograph by Paul Star.
47. Photograph by Paul Star.
48. Photograph by Paul Star.
49. Photograph by Paul Star.
50. “Infinite Lust.”
Photograph by Cecelia M. Duchano, CAS 2005.
51. "Fontana di Trevi."
Photograph by Cindy Meng, COM 2005.
52. "Fisherman's Regatta."
Photograph by Melissa Mailhot, CAS 2004.
53. "Stairway of Dune."
Photograph by Heather Laverriere, Information Technology Services.
Photograph by Ryan Eling, CAS 2002.
55. "Natural History."
Photograph by Matthew Bibeau, CAS 2003.
58. "A Jolly Good Cup of Tea."
Illustration by Jamie Vaughn, Animal Room Technician.
59. "Dragon at Windsor Castle."
Illustration by Jamie Vaughn.
60. “Lost in the British Museum.”
Illustration by Jamie Vaughn.
61. "Visiting with the Raven."
Illustration by Jamie Vaughn.
Oops, a mark dare say was left,
In a manner unintentional at best.
Only to be hidden — expeditiously erased,
If only the finder could know its origin's lovely place.

Why cover all traces of such a mark,
As though a sheet to be hidden amidst a sheet of dark?
The answer lay to maintain innocence,
No matter how pristinely beautiful its creator's intentions.

So the mark is eradicated — made extinct from sight,
To be seen again only in the memory of its creator's flight.
Why then was its existence put to rest?
Oh yes, a mark dare say was left.
little league
by Bob Fronko, CAS 2004

Zigging, zagging, running by,
Hoping that you'll catch that pop fly.
Stumbling, falling, crashing down,
Landing with a thump upon the ground.
Rising, determined to get the ball,
Forgetting about your previous fall.
Grabbing the ball with a smile,
Remembering that it's been a while,
Since you last had this much fun,
Playing ball under the setting sun
sand dollars
by Amanda Walker, CAS 2004

Since the beginning of my story
You were there
Enfolding my childhood in open arms
Belonging

Tiny granules mesh together
Under the weight of our feet
Thick Atlantic mist seeps into my lungs
Renewing

Our footprints
Signify where we have been
And where we are going
Our hands intertwine
Yet as we walk
There are no words powerful enough
To express my feelings toward you
Sand dollars sparingly find their way to us
You say, 'that's someone from above
    showing you they're with you'
That stays with me forever

I have spent my life
Longing for one thing
Attempting to be complete
Searching for true happiness

You were there the whole time
But I did not see you
And I'm sorry it took me so long

The deep sea crashes onto the shore
Angry with me for my ignorance
For the ocean knows the answers
We desperately seek

The hours we spend watching the waves
And talking
Are the hours I live for
You are my reason

You have shown me the greatest love
And the strongest faith
Because of you
I am who I am
Time is never slow enough
When it comes to those you love
Thanks for changing my world
And being my one piece of heaven

You were my life

Wherever this place takes me
I'll always have you with me
And in the future
Please send me sand dollars
From above

For Nana
biker bride
by Wendy K. Ulmer, CED

Roaring through the plaza
Steeds of black and silver shine.
A picket fence of Harleys
Around Saint Francis wind.

Long black braids, bandanna halos,
Red, orange, yellow, green;
Butt-tight blue jeans, thick-heeled boots,
Long fringed jackets scream.

Wooden doors open to altared time,
Juanita freshly scrubbed in white.

Nuestro Padre que está en el Cielo
Flying eagle on a field of orange
Replaced by Pablo's gray pin stripes.

... hasta que la muerte nos separemos
Black leather backs in prayerful restraint,
Silver chains in quiet repose
Saint Francis watches breathlessly,
  *en nombre del Padre, del Hijo y del Espíritu Santo.*

Sunstreams bounce off mariachi horns
Pink hearse wears tissue flowers
Pablo and Juanita race through raining rice,
  Cheering bikers beneath cathedral towers.

Roaring through the plaza,
Black steeds take joyous flight.
A day for Spanish fiesta,
A night for Spanish delight.
Dedicated to my son

Every time I close my eyes
thoughts of you arouse my
conscious. I can feel my soul being
carressed by the tenderness of your heart.

I wish I could evaporate like an early
spring dew so whenever the wind
blows, you could feel my soul
embracing your heart, my sweet little
angel.

Sleepless nights, lonely nights and
daydreaming about you. I miss
being around you. If tomorrow never
comes, I will always cherish you
from the bottom of my heart. I miss you
angel.  

Pierre Slyne Cherfils graduated from the CAS in 1991.
"I hate dandelions!"
was repeated throughout the commercial.
The yard of my Grace Street home
was an empire of red North Carolina clay,
Grass survived in random clumps in the backyard,
while scraggly dandelions, violets, buttercups, and purple clovers prevailed.
We planted a wildflower garden
bordered with assorted rocks from the glaring yard.
Adults laughed when they discovered it on our hill,
under a crooked tree and the boulder that made the tree crooked:
A garden of weeds
transplanted with love.

My grandmother's fort of a yard had grass that was bristly and greenly grotesque.
Its sharp pokes interrupted my barefoot adventures.
Grandma had “never known a girl so happy in dirt!”
The tidiest pile of pine needles
(doubtlessly raked to preserve the beloved grass)
scrutinized me and dared to violate her
from my seat in the nearby tree swing.
She stood just close enough for a forbidden plunge.

My grandmother’s neighbor had a maple tree
whose healthy limbs hung over the un-neighborly fence
which my grandmother had erected “for privacy.”
Grandma planted mistletoe,
not to secure a charming winter kiss,
but to execute the flourishing maple
and prevent the annual seed and leaf distribution
from being hosted by her immaculate lawn.

Before I knew about the adult dandelion phobia
I would blow a dandelion’s fuzzy seeds
(such force usually reserved for birthday candles)
to the far corners of the earth, I hopefully imagined.

My grandmother now ignores me
for the imaginary dishonor
her bastard great granddaughter bestowed on her
She sends an infant-size white dress
collar of lace and embroidered pink roses,
return address instead of a card.

The dandelion hater says,
“Scotts Turf Builder saved my lawn.”
I drive by my grandmother's yard
bearing a handful of pure white dandelions,
spreading my seed.
a generation's thought
by Ben Wiggin, CAS 2002

Staring at the professor of knowledge as deemed appropriate by society's standards, I attempt to construct some contingency as to what is being preached out of his cardigan-khaki appearance as though he is in the confines of his bathroom practicing to present the spectacle of information. What does this lecture of forceful intentions of the mind have to do with the contemporary crisis of votes being counted in the geriatrics of the sunshine state? It is no more like the oranges pie than the apples citrus. But yes, the anecdotal dam breaks open in a drenching flood of what the academic leader finds to be fruitful and productive when put into comparison with roots drawn from childhood memories of nuns who maliciously slap those who choose to form manuscript with their left hand. One can guess with the certainty of a rigged lottery what is to come next as the claim is made as prophesied by all grandparents alike that our generation has it better than theirs every dreamed of. It is as though we are drawn into an illusionary picture to roam in fields of gold where fountains of beer flow like honey from our intoxicant consumption without the hindrance of worries. No, the grandfather
says we do not have any corrupt politicians who prefer a good cigar to the honest truth, nor the threat of biochemical annihilation as we drink from the fresh plastic taste of bottled water. The backside soon becomes stiff from the plastic chair's uncomfortable compromise with gravity and brings awareness to the mind's wandering tangent. In a seemingly systematic manner, the man at the head of the class professes the fact that computers have not made us come to the realization of just how good we have it, like a generation at the end of its time still wearing bell-bottoms to a breakdance competition.
shadows

by Craig M. Jordan, CHP 2002

As darkness creeps among the walls
I see a figure standing tall.
Endless is the fear that grips me
Hands around, suffocation hits me.
Why am I stuck in all these places?
Of memories and lifeless faces.
Staring eyes from all around
The peace I seek cannot be found.

A fortress built around my soul
Its stories held cannot be told.
As sand slips in between the glass
The truth be known will never last.
Iron gates around these walls
Keeps what’s in from getting far.
Try you may, to escape
But lost you’ll be within its cape.
Now as the walls close in,
I feel myself begin to cringe.
As shadows cross along the floor
And make their way upon my skin.
Time does not mean a thing
Their tightened grip that binds my wings.
Troubled thoughts are here to stay
Make these shadows go away!
thank you
by Amanda Walker, CAS 2004

I know I've told you
a million times,
I know I've shown you
in a hundred ways,
I know I've yelled it
and whispered it,
I know I've laughed it
and cried it,
I know I haven't said it
when I should have,
And I know I have forgotten
at times to let you know.

I know there have been
empty mailboxes for me,
And too many I love yous for you,
But I know no one is perfect,
you taught me that.
So, for all of this,
I know I've told you
    a million times,
So this makes a million one,
    Thank You.  

How can three little words have such power and thrall over the human heart? They can mean so many things. It all depends on when they’re said, and by whom.

Leaning against your mother, covered and snuggled in an afghan, the words mean security and an underlying connection. You are of her flesh and bone, and no one can ever break that bond.

Giving your best friend a hug or hanging up the phone on a long distance phone call. It says be safe, I’ll keep you in my thoughts. You are a part of my heart, and I’ll never forget you. Talk to you soon, my friend.

The words tumble out in a moment of passion. Every nerve on sweet fire, and it’s the only thing you can say that won’t sound cliché. It may or may not be true, but in the heat of the moment, it’s what needs to be said.

That first time you look into someone’s eyes and say it and really mean it. Thank you for always being there and for accepting me for who I am. For accepting my faults and quirks, just as I have accepted yours.
And no matter what happens in the future you have made me a better person.

Sliding that ring on your finger and looking as you try not to cry. A quick whisper of reassurance as your souls become one. One heart, one home, you’re your own family now. Acceptance and promises of a future in those quick syllables.

Two bodies meeting together in a timeless embrace. It flows between you, and it whispers the hope of a new life. The words have no meaning, because the feelings you see in each other’s eyes say it all.

The final good-bye and a thank you. For the good times, the bad times, and everything in between. For having someone by your side to watch your children grow and have children of their own. Knowing that they hear you, if not in this place, then the next.

Three little words. Three syllables all together. Infinite meanings.
the first snow
by Matthew Bibeau, CAS 2003

Sleeping on my couch to see
At first awake and giddy glee
The presence of a world in white
Which Mother Nature sent for me.

Plant-forms of a distant shore
My jubilation does adore,
Snowy bush and water's edge
Distinguished like never before.

Where branch was bare and wood so dark
My tired eyes joyously hark,
For now the trees and shrubs are free
From lifeless monotony!

And still it streams from covered sky
A storm that's not yet passed me by—
Put on my boots, my coat and hat
And let the outdoors satisfy!
no softness
by Leslie Ricker

time —
‘how they said it flew’,
and stars and moons pirouette
around
and
around;
in the time it took
to lift another shoe
and set the sole
down
and
down,
we were born
and met
and through —
poetic beginning,
sweet middle,
and hard ending, too;
waves and whispers fly and flaunt the air
weaving baskets for molecules to misconstrue
into vacuums and brooms
    that leave the ground so bare
there's so softness for the morning dew,
no softness
    at the finish
    for you

Leslie Ricker is on the housekeeping staff at Facilities Management on the University Campus.
Before the risen sun
there was a
burden in my heart.
I have realized
that most people are blinded by
their
own ambition,
which will always lead
to desperation.
It is an optical illusion
to try to fight the madness.
The capacity of the human spirit is unknown,
but
we should have a profound
respect for life.
It is an awful feeling to let tragedy bring us in harmony. Instead, we should try to find a way to love each other.

Also, I have realized we should hope and pray to be the best we can be. To realize our unique and beautiful potential as human beings.

Hopefully, someday the wounds of yesterday will be like dead souls. And after our last breath on earth, we can all high five the angels in the holy city.

Pierre Slyne Cherfils graduated from the CAS in 1991.
Without you, Mom, life would not know me,
Without you, Son, life for me would not be.
Oh Mom, it was you who taught me to stand on my own two feet,
And Son, it was you who showed my heart a different beat.
Without you, Mom, my sky would hold gray clouds,
And because of you, Son, I have stood tall and proud.
For Son, I have taught you what I believe to be right,
And Mom you have been a light in times of darkest nights.
Your light has burned strong, and warm, and long
And knowing you’re by my side has shielded me from wrong.
I have watched you grow, my boy, throughout the years,
And you have overflowed me with delightful joy and anguished tears.
But you are no longer my little one,
You are a man that I pride in calling my Son.
For now I have started a journey that you helped inspire,
The next four years of my life, I can mold what I desire.
And although the door of your childhood house closed when you moved away,
In my heart, Son, it will be open every single day.
Of course it will, Mom, for my quest has just begun,
And it was you who etched much of what I have become.
So, I will watch you from my distance as your life unfolds,
Filled with confidence that you are ready for the challenges life holds.
For to achieve my goals and dreams, there is much left to be done.
Inextricably linked, a Mother and a Son.

Karen T. Pardue is an assistant professor of Nursing. Her son, David A. Pardue, is a student at Springfield College.
to remember
by Dodie Morton

Early morning, light is dawning upon my feet.
Ready to take on any challenges I must meet.
I pour the steaming coffee; magical powers I'm sure it holds.
Heading out to where the dollar's made, not far down the road.
The routine just beginning, the children are at home. Time to let the
echo ring, to awaken their sleeping souls.
One cries out. I can feel it coming, she doesn't feel well, could I fix it somehow?
The pull begins, I am torn, overcome with guilt.
To her ears I sound bothered, an intrusion of her needs.
I silently, without an utterance, speak it loud and clear. I am.
I encourage her to face the day, believing I am there. To close her eyes
with visions of arms around her tight. As I'd always hoped to show
her morning, noon, and night.
Still whistling rather happily, all is gay and bright. I then receive a
message, the car is ready now. Thankful what I tucked away I
needn't bother count.
Wrapping up the day of work, unscathed by events thus far.
I head for the chariot waiting, better known the car.
The driveway around the corner, my place of rest so near. I walk the
distance to the mailbox, hoping to retrieve a friendly letter from
someone, speaking just to me.
My eyes become like saucers by what it is they see. A statement of
finances truly looking bleak. Oh my God, I cry, I cannot carry on.
All the strength I've mustered now is truly gone.
I enter through the door, well-tattered by the day. Sitting without
thinking, the TV coming on.
Sounds of horror echo out to me. My eyes cannot believe what they see.
Where once stood monuments of time, now remnants of a collision
crumpled to the ground.
People cry out in pain, fear and despair. Running here, there
everywhere.
Searching for safe haven, seeming nowhere in sight. They are blinded
by the darkness that once shined so bright. Now the horror
reflecting in their eyes.
People from all over run toward the terror of night. Desiring to
do something, anything they can, lending helping hands.
Thinking not for an instant of the life they may give, their own.
Oh, the children who shall never call home. At times when I am
frightened, needing peace of mind, I walk along the ocean shores
to see what I might find.
Now the vision before me, what it is I see. The tears of the many crying
out to me.
Searching for the answers, or where it is they'll find, the love they called
Mom or Dad.

As I awaken now I am grateful for the chatter, for the cry to hit my ears.
So thankful I am there to wipe away their tears.
It is my hope that I may one day succeed in displaying, just for an instant, the courage that I've seen.

Dodie Morton is on the housekeeping staff at Facilities Management on the Westbrook College Campus.
A UNIVERSE
The droplet of dew
Cradled by a leaf
Holds the dawn on its surface

A SONG
The couple will dance
To the melody of death
Until the light fades

A DEATH
A little white moth
Flaps to get free from the grip
Of airless water

FEAR
Dark shapes looming
My screaming echoes
In the vast night
saying goodbye  
by Mark Johnson

As the sun sets on the coast  
my edge  
a border between  
deep unconscious currents and me  
or what I know of myself

the sun rises  
beyond the horizon  
Tír na Nóg

the land of youth  
immortal elfin realm  
West . . .  
just a little further West  
like chasing the rainbow's end

It fades further in the distance  
as you attempt to approach.
Stop trying and relax and the current takes you there.
   Forever is now, you know (just ask any elf).

Leaving and arriving
    always simultaneous
    always continuous
    always
Friends and lovers whispering
    to each other
    as we pass in the dark
    seeing brief glimpses
    of Familiar People behind the faces
    (Hello beautiful child!)

Too little time spent doing the really important things

We raise our heads above water
    for a life or two . . .
    a moment or two

into the joyous baking sun
    we rise
    bursting with dolphinsong
    the joy of the moment
    birthpains and breathing
    newly born with each leap
    that would carry us West
    if we didn’t swim in other directions
Out and in
   fade and flicker

   places and times
   false façades
   with which to fake separateness

Silly lovers
   deciding to be apart for a time
   just so we can experience the joy
   of reuniting

in and out
   flicker and fade
   dancing with the waves is so sexy
   exploding through the surface into the air
   falling back naked into the sea's embrace
   so alive

Saying goodbye
   is a little bit like letting go
   and allowing the current to take you
   toward the setting sun
   into the pacific places
   where the sun rises
   in ethereal golden dawn

to say hello.  

Mark Johnson is an assistant professor in the Department of Environmental Science and Studies.
maple mornings
by Angela Dobson, CAS 2005

When nights are cold
And days get warm
You know it's time
For the sap to be boiled
Over an outside fire
So that all may smell
The fresh aroma
And actually taste
The warm syrup
Poured over pancakes
In their homes
And feel
The sticky goo
Slide down
Their throats  🍅
the lilac
by Beth Moyer

Stately,
limbs raised to the sky
tipped with pink and blue exuberance.
Many Springs have thus been
heralded and celebrated.
Leaves flutter girlishly.
Despite the years
Heart's blood gushes
the thrill of working the moist dark brown earth
Again.  

Beth Moyer is an assistant professor in the Occupational Therapy program.
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The Zephyr staff also wishes to extend its gratitude to Undergraduate Student Government for its ongoing support.
Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every Zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Zephyr speaks again.