2003

Zephyr: The Fourth Issue

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Preferred Citation
Faculty Advisor, Zephyr; Bibeau, Matthew; Shuttleworth, Andrew; Cherry, Tiffany; Curtiss, Lisa; Dobson, Angela; Ellis, Lindsay; Emery, Jaedra; Fournier, Stephanie; Hardy, Anne; Haug, Judith; McElhenny, Kristen; Scilipoti, Paula; Wong, Charissa; and Worster, Kristie, "Zephyr: The Fourth Issue" (2003). Zephyr. 4.
http://dune.une.edu/zephyr/4

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ZEPHYR

the fourth issue / spring 2003
the university of new england's journal of artistic expression
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cover photograph by Erik Paabo
printed by Old Port Press, Portland

This magazine is printed entirely on recycled paper.
100% recycled, 70% post-consumer

Zephyr has been published since 1999 by an organization of students at the University of New England in Maine. If you should like information about the magazine, including details on how to submit your artwork, please e-mail Dr Jaime Hylton at jhylton@pipeline.une.edu, or write to her in care of the University of New England, 11 Hills Beach Drive, Biddeford, Maine 04005.
Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every Zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY
A Zephyr for another spring

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Over the last four years, Zephyr’s roots have deepened within the community and its branches have spread over the aging fences of intolerance and mistrust, bringing people with common interests together to celebrate in the cool shade of camaraderie. United, we have nourished and harvested the fruits of creation, and you hold before you the ripened product of eager seeds and friendly soils.

I have come to know Zephyr as a place where differences can also be celebrated, transforming local creativity and perspective into the essences of life. Traces of the essence will forever be at the tips of our fingers and tongues, but here, they meet and dance upon the page in a timeless tribute to the art of art.

If we have succeeded in capturing these essences, Zephyr will make you laugh and cry. It will fill your heart and it will break your heart. It will guide you. It will lose you. It will find you, and it will carry you. It will because it is a part of you.

Enjoy in peace and love.

Matthew Bibeau
March 2003
breakfast morning
emily detterman

It was a towering, colossal
Breakfast morning.
Scrambled and waffling
while fresh white socks
lay jilted on the bedroom floor.
She undressed,
only to get dressed again.
Lingering in rare nakedness,
in the middle of June.

The sky was fog
Then gray
Then blue,
and her coffee turned cold
on the breakfast table.
She couldn't tell if it was raining
or if she was sweating
or if clouds would soon sweep through
and open up –
spill,
like orange juice on a white table cloth

Emily Detterman participated in the College Exploratory Program.
annunciation

Jennifer Lunden

So this is what it's like to drop out of the sky, plummet to impending disaster. Things crumble at highest altitude. Everyone knows, Things fall apart.

What I want to know is that Victorian question, What's underneath? Is it the heart or the spine that holds these wings in place?

I wish I could renounce all the things that do not fit. I wish I could piece together the things that might. Wax is unreliable. Baptism by fire. Plunging headlong into the roiling seas.

The lay of the land, the land abutting the water, this umber color, this indigo sea, the wound that you have opened. I am seeking to cauterize it.

Jennifer Lunden graduated in 2002 from the College of Health Professions with a master's degree in social work. This piece is from a portfolio of her poems that was awarded the University's Bluestocking Award for Creative Writing in 2002.
the night
elisa washburn

For me, night can't come fast enough.
A place to forget and rest.

Put a distance between all the nights I couldn't
Run fast enough
Hide well enough
Talk with a tongue that spit flecks of honey.

The hopeful face I put forward
Shifting with the wind and your moods
Never stopped the thud of your fists.

You were the artist.
I, a blank canvas for your rage.
A human mosaic of purple, black, and blue
You needed to see, and then forget.

Each of us living in denial
In our own insignia of pretend.
I covered my bruises with pancake excuses
You covered me in promises and regret.
Each time running into the next
Until I realized your hands
Would never open to me.

For my mother
the familiar glow of hands, selves, souls, aspiring in space to meet, embrace, unify. purity of love, of intent. exploration, expectation. the touch of lips, explore, taste, nip, entwine and embrace, electric, hah, now? perhaps? feel me now. find me. find us. you're right there, reach. call. what am i to you, we love yes, we laugh, uneasily at first, we burn, we move, we... touch? yes, do love. my neck, your lips, an embrace, the universe in a cold parking lot, yes. pull away now. no more, you've had your taste. say "hello", say... does he know? of course, but does he care to? i know not. hands entwined over a sticky bar table, shrouded by a cloak of smoke, stares and drunken love... heat, hot... it arrives so absent, so distant, NEED... lets adventure, lets grow, marvel at the distance, feel it? or is it my mind. perhaps. no more parking lots... clinging... chest to chest, hip to hip, entwined, scent, heat... stumble back... so close, do not touch my lips... dancing nerves, waves of electricity and why not, it is the love. i feel in love. a dream that i've composed. you. simply there, always, but NEVER THERE... hah. love you... don't i? no more saying that without meaning never again. how virginia, did you do it, kiss the river so deeply. i never would. deny yourself the kiss... it builds, moments fade, appropriateness lost, no electricity... or too much... an explosion... now I wander, my mind absently considers the bed... more sleep? my books, my aspirations, my writing. shall i type. i know not. that i must make my peace with. now your voice over the waves... i hear it, disembodied. a chill... singing, harmonising; "excuse me if I walk away, but you let me down, there's nothing left for me to say", no. no breaking, hah, no... sustain, perpetuate, how long? i cannot lift my eyes, i know not the hour, nor
the hour of commencement. so virginia, do i push? do i grasp and dig, sort through it all and allow release, familiar, deep ... let it go love, live fully amid beauty, throw yourself in, you shall not drown... caution, head above water? yes, but not this time, try it. let us see... no more decrees, no more impressions. dive in naked, shocked at the reception the water offers. feel it pull the self to its chest with strong arms, perfect fit. and yet, breath virginia. i live, i do not surrender my breath. just breathe. no faking, let it go... love, live, embrace and grow, no faking. perfection is objective and subjective, aspire to it, yet see the unmatched beauty of imperfection, of spontaneity, raw pen flowing, raw ink, thought, she. no refinement... intoxicating. i am free. hah. beautiful. freedom. love. yes. but it fades as i darken, sun set upon and within me. is that familiarity? or naming that which does not exist, hopefully labelling a void, as though its absence is attributed to that ‘familiarity’. i know not. yet again. (*smile). again. revelation joyce, revelation. perhaps transcribed into revolution – the day shall come, perhaps it is already upon us.
On the road, a leaf.
In the middle of summer.
For some, death comes too soon.

On the forest floor
fallen leaves surrounding me.
once unreachable.

anthony capobianco, d.o.

Dr Capobianco finished his studies at the College of Osteopathic Medicine in 1984.
untitled  

Joan Mueller

one droplet  
glistens in the sun  
sparkles in the sea  
glitters in the shining star

one drop holds within  
all the water of the world

trickles onto leaf and limb  
rains down on pavement and pathway

travels through space  
to where I sit just now

a tear

Joan Mueller is a student in the Teacher Certification Program.
exchange  jennifer lunden

When you get irretrievably lost in
wet winding alleys
in the light rain, in the cold,
in Venice, on the first day
of January, after arriving in the dark
loaded down with luggage
amongst the “Bon Natale” revelers

dthis is some other Venice
than the one envisioned
when dreaming from a bed
in the familiar place
you have just come away from

more beautiful and more
infuriating, when all you want
is something to fill the emptiness in your
belly, some kind of nourishment
and every menu in every window tells you
the cost is too high, even reckoning
the rate of exchange, and
what is this sojourn, anyway? How many times will you seek to fill this empty belly? In Venice you can find machines in the alleys. They spew money in lira. The exchange rate isn’t bad but what the hell, it’s still money and you don’t have enough to begin with much less finish, this spendthrift budget trip to Italy.

Donkey paths. You always thought medieval places would be somehow transporting, like churches with stained glass and domed ceilings, but everything is so narrow here, there’s no way to see what’s beyond the next turn in the path, and you can’t help but feel somehow betrayed by this unfamiliar territory.

In this city of water it’s the streets that are difficult to navigate.
hand to mouth

Jennifer Lunden

The way that rock forms
our of sand and weather
collisions, contractions
wearing down
the wasting by time
I have been
still am

a prisoner.

Wind blowing, blank fields, stubble
crows circling the pasture
I cannot harrow this land
it harrows me.

I've been a prisoner of this desert
for 31 years. The landscape wearies me.
Too much brown and black. Too much
puckered fruit. What I want: a
Ripening, a tree laden
pungence, knowledge, temptations
answers, auguries
stained glass
reckless blue
a domed ceiling.
Listen to me, Father. Despair is my normal state.
Chronic misery, I suffer from it.
I suffer for two, pregnant with grief,
and all that is unspoken between us.

Someday I will bear an offering,
my own, wrapped in swaddling clothes,
bare it to you like my own
embodied poem, a rough draft.
That's what it said – or it could have been “Berserk Woman Mad with Grief” – I can’t remember exactly. The Distinguished Captain, in an exclusive Channel 9 Eyewitness interview, said, “Well, Dan, you have any idea what it costs to insert a SWAT team in a situation like this? The public demands and deserves results, after all.”

“"We couldn’t just stand there with her jumping around up there like that in those slippers – she could have hurt herself.”

“I really thought she had a weapon – we all did. It was one of the best shots I ever made – 370 yards, and I laid that laser dot right between her eyes for a three-round burst.”

Neighbors say she had been despondent after the death of her aged poodle. The shiny object at first believed to be a knife or a broken bottle turned out to have been a rhinestone collar inscribed “Poofie.”
“My men are out there risking their lives for the public like this every day, and you just can’t be too careful.”

CUT

“She always kept purty much to herself there. Real quiet. We sure never ’spected she’d do nuthin’ like this. When my boy here, Fred Jr., saw her out there mumblin’ aroun’ on the roof, we knowed sumthin’ wuz up. It was my wife who callt in the cops. We jus’ figgered they’d like talk ’er down ’r sumthin’, ya know, like on TV. Ever one in the bildin’s purty much shook up over what happened. We ain’t had nothin’ like this go on here since Ralph Hanson shot his mother-in-law in the foot while he wuz cleanin’ his shotgun.”

CUT

“And when you come into a situation like this, you don’t know what to expect, so my men are trained to make snap decisions and react to threats quickly and decisively. We’ve learned from several tragic incidents in the past that hesitation and indecision are poor substitutes for a daddy who doesn’t come home again ever.”

---

*John Daugherty is an instructor in Learning Assistance Services.*
I am not mad. Admittedly, at this time of year the world vexes me, and my nervous condition worsens. But I am merely frail, not mad. I have learned to hide my weakness beneath a calm and stable exterior, but the dreadful stress of Christmas wears me down, and I fold into myself, unable to cope.

I have sought help. I have consulted phrenologists, read treatises, even resorted to spiritualists. All for naught. Yet I assure you I am not mad. My doctor says I am merely too sensitive, overwrought by great burdens. “A diseased intelligence,” he vaguely concluded. “An excitable constitution has sharpened your senses, exposing you to enervation.” But mad I am not!

A peculiar story demonstrates that it is not madness that plagues me.

Once upon a Christmas dreary, I lay in bed, weak and weary, wide awake from restless fright. A storm whipped crossly, cruelly, rattling my fragile windows. Snow shot through the darkness, offering brief speckles of light to my hectic imagination: was that the movement of a stranger in the courtyard? The swirling snow gave sporadic illumination to the sky, confounding my ability to see and confirm my fears. I saw a pair of eyes peering through the window, vacant, glowing, leering! Or was it just the snow glistening off the trees? Even at mid-day, it was still too dark to see; in bleak December, the Arctic light is poor.

The nape of my neck was cold and moist. I turned over in bed, facing the pillow to try to continue napping, but feverish thoughts kept me alert. The wind moaned, cursing the fact that it would soon be Christmas Eve. My hearing acute, I sensed a gentle tapping. Was that a knock upon the door, or merely a distant branch rapping against
a garden fence? My breathing grew shorter, shallower. My soul within me burning, I listened for strange sounds. Was the thud upon my roof a prowler, or just snow falling off the overhanging trees — or even no thud at all, merely the pulse pounding against my temples? My heart thundered, as I pulled the blankets higher over my face — or was it the heart of an intruder, standing in the doorway? I sprang up in bed, crying out — “Who’s there?” There was no answer but silence. I listened for the angry beckoning of the ghosts of Christmas, but heard the wind and nothing more.

To avoid madness, one must comprehend one’s fears. I have come to understand the sharp pains stabbing my chest from within. I know the nausea that races through my bowels. I have felt the sudden vertigo, the dread of rooms shrinking, walls closing in. I have suffered the desperate desire for open spaces, casting about from room to room, craving unrestricted air. I am aware that mere domestic events can slowly, gradually, lead me to a nervous frenzy. But I know conclusively that I am not mad!

In an old house once, with creaking floorboards, walls covered with scarlet tapestries, I crept along the edge of a corridor, searching for the parlor. In unfamiliar abodes, darkness is even blacker than in one’s own home. Without warning, cobwebs grasped at my face, a spider crawled up my arm. The sole sound was the two and fro of a clock’s pendulum, beating a hollow beat. With no lamp or outside light, I missed the sharp left turn to the parlor, and found myself stepping down a flight of stairs into pitch blackness. Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing. A cat ran under my feet, hissing, and I panicked, fleeing the house before my work was done.

At night, I am tormented by torrid dreams of entrapment and escape. Here is one: I am slithering up a narrow crawl space toward a pale light. Soot from dying embers coats its walls, covering me with pitch-colored dust. The space is scarcely wide enough to allow my girth through, and the heavy bag I carry doubles my burden. I strain to climb, my arms weak from the sack, my legs tired from the long evening. As I struggle near the top, my belt hooks on a jutting brick. Helplessly suspended, I am unable to reach around to free the belt. A light flips suddenly on, and I hear shouts and clamor in the room below. From my red coat I pull a penknife, and cut off the buckle, freeing myself through gashing my arm. Blood, crimson blood, throbs from me as I reach fresh air.

I wake from such dreams with sweat cascading from my forehead, my limbs shaking,
my mouth parched, desperate for water.

But I am not mad. I know the difference between paranoia and rational fear. Is it paranoid to consider that somewhere a depraved mind might have laid out poison for you, unsuspecting? Is it treasured innocence, or fatal naïveté, not to be cautious when eating morsels left by strangers? Once upon my rounds I sipped from a carafe left too long by a fireplace – the drink tasted foul, bizarre, lethal. Slowly an acrid, caustic taste trickled down my gullet. I clutched my throat as a burning sensation entered my nasal passages. Ghostly grim, my skin was first pale, then blue. Dizziness overtook me, as I crashed to the floor in a sudden thud. I started up, my head spinning, and found open air in time to void my stomach of the venomous liquid. Are my fears fatal madness, or sober prudence?

Some years, I haven’t had the nerve-force to leave my bed, and, feigning illness, have sent surrogates in my place. The struggle comes when I am strapped down, packages slowly being loaded behind me. Other friends have flown before, I try to reassure myself, to no avail. A shudder catches me unawares. Twitching, trembling, I am shaken by portents of evil: I envision storm clouds tossing me about in the night sky. I see ebony birds menacing, mocking, circling, cackling, lurching, laughing as they swoop around the sleigh. Over decaying lakes, I smell pestilent vapors rising up to choke me. Landing on darkened mansions, I test for roofs caving in, mighty walls collapsing into dark and fetid swamps.

No singular perversion, no unbalanced humors explain these fears. They must arise from some congenital neurasthenia, some ancient family frailty defying the laws of medicine. Over many a quaint and curious volume of psychology do I pore, but still the nameless panic, still the mysterious illness, haunts these hallowed halls of Christmas lore.

But it is not madness. It is weakness, and nothing more. Nothing unconquerable, nothing untamable. This year, I will not shrink from Christmas. This year, let my heart be still. This year, I will gird my loins, face my demons; I will pull on my suit, and deliver presents as I ought. For I am not mad!

David Kuchta is a visiting assistant professor in the College of Arts and Sciences’ Department of History.
i don't want to make
my confessions to you

Jennifer lunden

I've been burned a million ways,
tied to something that looks like a cross.
One by one they've removed my fingers.
They always save the heart for last.
It wrenches.

I loved it when you held my wrists.
And I know now why it is I submit to Catholic boys
like you: You know how to worship,
your senses ready, always, for the next
religious experience. Veneration
runs through your blood
like wine.

I was not raised to fall down on my knees and pray.
I was not raised to make the sign of the cross.
I was not raised to take communion;
but I will make communion. And your pleasure dome
is my place of worship. Like Magdalene,
I'll brush my hair against it.
This time the torture is not so bloody. It has the quality of water to it. Dropping. Slow, steady. Relentless.

But there, between my legs, that familiar burn. The memory, the waiting, the knowledge.
I live in the shadow of my own trinity:
I feel. I fuck. I love.
Stars slung overhead like a beacon light,
Along the shore dark neap tides are dancing.
Keeping my distance, I can't help glancing
To recall the way you look in the night
Or how your words sound, spoken in the dark.
I wonder at the creatures who sleep on
This ocean's floor and how this sand was gone
Ages before pounding waves make their mark.
Your movements are familiar to me still
Though cast with the shadows from this new place.
Shyly, our fingers meet and interlace
As the gulls cry their warnings, far and shrill.
  Between us a terminal silence is hung.
  Some songs are meant to remain unsung.
I have stood on the edge of the water, scraped my heart on the rocks to get it clean.

You are the one at the banks of the river. Every day I wrestle with the thought of you. I am wrung out, bled dry, spent. I want to leave my money on the floor of the temple.

This is the cup I'm left to drink from. This is the cup you offer up. It's the hair of the dog that bit me, sour wine.
I stopped at the end of a large gravel parking lot and looked off into the quiet winter
trees. A slight, cool wind swept across my face and chilled my reddening cheeks. A fine
wisp of hair blew across my eyes and reawakened me from my momentary thoughts.

I was about to walk into the environmental education center but I was interrupted
by a distant sound. While it sounded as though it was quite loud at its source, I heard
only the muffled echoes. At first I thought it was the sound of a distant, swift-running
stream. Hesitating, I listened. Then, again I heard it: a swelling of children’s laughter
filling the cold February air. The children must be near a brook, I imagined, for their
voices sound like the rushing of waters.

The other day I took a group of children to the Pine Grove. Although I asked them
to try not to speak, they kept forgetting and couldn’t help but whisper excitedly. Their
echoing voices were breaking through the canopy, and they sounded just as a brisk
wind does when it whips through the branches and is torn apart by the needles.

I take children to the Pine Grove because that is where it is easiest to quiet them.
They don’t yet know that if they are quiet the forest trees will speak to them, and
there is so much to learn. But, unable to help it, eventually the children do quiet all
on their own. The forest voices become louder than their own. It is now that I must
watch most closely: like the brook, the children follow the forest voices, and are apt
to wander off.

Sometimes when the children and I are hiking along the trails, the trails have
difficulty casting their magic on the children. The children may walk with too fast
a pace, and hunched up against each other with their faces pointing at the ground or at one another's back, they follow each other blindly. Their senses dulled, they are prone to chitter-chatter about television and trivia. Amid strange terrain, this chatter maintains a safety-line to the familiar home environment, and then the children may hardly notice the pine cone chewed by the hungry squirrel, or the faint antler rubbings of a buck against a tree trunk. They might not notice the five kinds of lichens, some quite tasty, on a gem-filled rock next to their feet, or the sets of minke and coyote tracks they have happened upon. They may not notice the many inquisitive wild eyes upon them, watching them from the tops of the tree canopy to the well-camouflaged ground burrows.

It is not my task to demand structured lessons, but merely to guide the children's own innate senses away from each other, and open them to the awe, wonder and immense teachings of the living forest. Such as brooks provide. Guided only by the forest voices, the children's eagerness to be together is forgotten. A brook calls the children to follow its waters, promising discoveries of unmatched magnitude and tickling delight. For hours they might follow floating leaves or count tiny waterfalls. They are apt to explore brook-side burrows and gaze longingly at the colorful multitudes of wet stones. They seek to unveil salamanders, frogs, crayfish and pollywogs. They are prone to hop rocks, track wildlife, and embark on great expeditions in an effort to discover the very source of the mysterious waters.

I listen to the children laughing like the brook laughs. Before I go inside to prepare for my day of teaching, I am reminded to include in my lesson plan the places where the forest voices speak to the children, and the children understand.

---

Cynthia Simon is the Environmental Studies Internship Coördinator for the College of Arts and Sciences.
I made her a tape and told her the clouds looked crazy. The sun was shining through them — more like down them, like rays from heaven in cartoons. They were white and contrasting the gray sky, piercing the gray water. Rain had fallen earlier and it would fall again before the day was through, like me, falling and falling and standing up again all day long. The song on the tape made me cry, then laugh, because it was the first time I'd cried in months. For a song? It really wasn't even that good a song. Sometimes it’s easier to cry for nothing at all.

It was an in-between day, like a Wednesday, but it wasn’t Wednesday. I was in between the ground and the sky and the sky was in between rain and the sun and my room was in between mess and cleanliness and my car was in between running and dying on the side of the road and my pocket was in between emptiness and holding a few bills. My phone rang, and I let it ring again so I wouldn’t seem too eager, but still caring, and it was a telemarketer asking for someone who no longer lives here or maybe never did. She spoke for a full minute before I could tell her the news, and she seemed genuinely upset that I’d wasted her time. I lit candles in my room for the first time since I’d gotten the lavender-scented ones. My room didn’t smell like lavender, though; it was more like wax and matches and smoke, but no flowers or perfume. I wished I smelled like lavender.

I blew out the candles and went downstairs to try to get something done and realized there was nothing to do but pay the bills I couldn’t really afford. The seal of the envelope tasted like mint laced with glue and paper, and I resented the envelope
for trying to trick me into enjoying licking its jagged, unfriendly edge. I gave up at 12:30 and fell asleep on my couch, curled in a blanket even though it was too hot. I woke up with messy hair and finally gained the energy to stand and realized there was nothing to stand up for. My arms felt heavy, but I played the untuned piano, badly. I read a book that I thought would teach me to live, but I put it down two chapters in to go live the rest of my day.

And that song is playing now, but I've forgotten why I cried. The clouds are still crazy, but in a puffy, sunny day way. I'm still in between, but today is Saturday. And my room is clean. And I can smell lavender.
ode to a snowflake

Like a white shiny butterfly
you burst from your cloud cocoon
and migrate south for the winter,
on a unique set of wings
made of the finest crystal,
shattered
and intricately woven
with artful symmetry.

Your uniqueness and beauty
are matched only by the faces of the children
that will slide on you, roll you into men,
bail you up and throw you joyfully at each other.

There are billions like you,
shunned from their homeland.
A mass exodus to a place more grounded
where you cling to each other,
and become one again.

The destructive force of your numbers
is a blizzard in the face
of the grace and softness
that each of you possesses.

You are a precious diamond with endless points,
a gift to this world.

Your community provides a playground
for people of all ages,
and building material for igloos,
where your icy walls keep families warm.

You are the white blanket
of death to the grasses
and of survival to the Hare and the Owl.

In your own death you provide nourishment to all earthly life,
as you return, in the spring, to your embryonic state,
raging down mountain sides
and soaking into thirsty valleys.

Joseph Wodzenski is studying marine biology and psychobiology. He plans to graduate in 2005.
shade
leslie ricker

farmyard lilacs beat
the violets to bloom
spring air through an open window
disinfects the winter room
memories as cobwebs
are whisked away
by a reborn broom

sandhill pasture
"not even good enough for hay"
donated by the farmer
for the dead to lay
gravely making the worthless – sacred
"until the earth
spins the other way"

brightly-painted steeple
new against the sky
the old sun off its freshness
a glare to bend the eyes
Leslie Ricker is on the housekeeping staff at Facilities Management on the University Campus.
7 pm battered ♀ group  
katherine williams

7 PM BATTERED WOMEN'S GROUP
The sign on the wall sparked a memory
Deep and black
Drawing from the words caught in the corner of my eye
Spreading wordy fingers of fear all over again
Pretty yellow paper hanging
Innocently on the wall advertising
The weight of so many women's lives
I wonder why it doesn't fall from the wall
Under the weight the words printed there hold
But while I watched
The advertisement lightly fluttered in the breeze and weighed nothing at all

Katherine Williams is studying marine biology and environmental science. She plans to graduate in 2004.
You were sitting on the porch, eating cucumbers from the yellow bowl. It was late August and the garden was prime for your daily harvests. Your sister sat next to you snapping beans, saving them all, not eating even one. You were wearing your overalls with grass-stained knees and leaning on the railing. Your sister sat in her fresh sundress with her knees together and her feet spread apart and her eyes looking intensely at the blue bowl in front of her. You looked up and saw me loading my bag into my car and asked carelessly, “Where’re you going?” And I had to think for a minute, “Nowhere.” And I walked in the house and unpacked my clothes, hanging my shirts in the closet next to your mother’s skirts.

I went downstairs and pushed your sister on the swing while you climbed your favorite tree. You were so beautiful in that tree, like you were free; well, you always looked free, but it was as if you were finally up high enough to see the full scope and depth of your freedom. And your eyes shined and you let your teeth show in your easy smile.

Your mother came home and was angry that I hadn’t cooked anything for dinner and had let you girls pick all of the snap dragons from the garden and put them in a big blue vase on the kitchen table. I cooked pasta and let you pick the tomatoes while your sister set the table, and we laughed and sang along to the opera on the radio. Your mother went upstairs and shut the bedroom door. She didn’t come down for dinner that night, and I took her a plate. I knew it would soon be over when she wouldn’t even eat. She’d always been able to eat.
“Hey – aren’t you even hungry?” I’d said, hoping that my peace offering would do the trick.

“No, just leave me alone.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, god yes. Why can’t you ever just leave me alone?”

I could tell she was sitting on the window seat; her voice was far away, and she must have been staring out the window like she usually did when she was upset. She just stared out the window and didn’t say anything and was closed off and all locked up.

I wanted to escape that day and, in your simple way, you knew it. You stopped me by making me remember that someone still loved me; you reminded me that I still meant something in that house. I never wanted to leave you behind or even let you leave me. Ever.

Your mother and I haven’t been together for years, but we’re friendly now. It was hard on you and even harder on your sister because you were always better at understanding love and the difference between your mother and yourself. I didn’t get to see you as much as I would have liked to in those years when you slowly stopped climbing trees. Now you’re the kind of woman I always knew you’d be, and you’re so good at reminding me that I have purpose. The other day you came over and begged me to make my special onion soup because you had a bad day and it was raining, and I couldn’t think of anything I’d rather do.

“Hey, Dad?” you’d said, looking at me as if you had a problem no one could solve.

“Yeah?”

“Would you do me a huge favor and make me some of that onion soup you make on my birthday? I mean you don’t have to, but I’ve been craving it all day and it would be so perfect and cozy right now, wouldn’t it?”

And you were right. It was perfect. I wanted to stay in that kitchen listening to you talk about your day and the people in your life that sound so much like the people that were in mine at your age. I wanted to cook for you forever and let you sit there on the stool, sipping your water and watching me and reminding me that I am needed.
So, I'm sorry I tried to leave that day or ever had that thought, and although we were apart soon enough after that, I would've missed seeing you in your peak of freedom. Missed learning of your ability to make people want to stay with you simply because you love them and they can tell.
I see her now
A broken shell
Cast out and forgotten.

Where once within
Her eyes light shone
Aglow with life and energy

Now all that's there
Are depthless pools
Where emotions have since drowned.

A soul once strong
Stands bent over
Withering from neglect.

She struggled so
For life to treat her well
Through all her troubled past

But a monster came
Into her life
And took away the same.

Still she lives
A hollow life
On threads as bare as mange.

I pray for hope
For this damaged child
That she may enjoy her life again.

Lucinda Vakas works at the University Libraries as Assistant to the Vice President for Information Resources.
When he saw you, Daughter,
it seemed he wanted to please you,
to bring some entertainment or excitement to a dreary day.
He said he didn't remember many kid songs,
then magically produced a harmonica in his palm
and proceeded to play a nearly
perfect rendition of "Oh, Suzanna."
When he blew the hot breaths through,
we could smell hard liquor,
but you were delighted by this interruption
of the usual, hushed bus ride.

I imagined that this was like "old times" —
same kind of poor people gathered in a boxcar, or bus,
listening to the drawl of the harmonica,
accompanied by a banjo or guitar
maybe even singing by Burl Ives himself
in his railroad hobo years.

My romantic reverie was interrupted
by the bus driver's voice over the harsh intercom,
“Would the gentleman with the harmonica 
stop playing on the bus?”

His performance stopped 
I wasn’t sure whether he’d heard her 
or just completed the song. 
He looked up through watery, colorless eyes, 
lifted his calloused hand to give the driver a courteous wave, 
smiling his toothless grin 
lifting his hat respectfully to reveal sparse scraggily white hairs. 
He turned back to you and winked, saying, 
“Maybe next time, Kiddo.”

On we rode, 
gently swaying with the rhythm of the bus 
in our silent, disappointed isolation. 
I had the impression that his once common form of expression 
was outdated, 
now uncommon, 
as obsolete as boxcars for the homeless (?) 
I lifted you to help pull the string for our stop 
we clambered out, waving, 
crunching into the tall, crusty snow bank. 
As we picked through the snow to our apartment you said 
“Maybe we can one day sing a song to someone through a harmonica.”
Circles
are a metaphor for
living. One relationship
connects another. As we relate and
listen and store these intimate details
shared, they germinate under the soil,
until their benefit to another becomes
apparent. I love to be the connecting current
in the circle: sharing, exchanging,
illuminating, weaving and piecing each one
of us with another. Acknowledging
individual truths, some deeply
resonating, some floating by.
Integrating always whatever fits
into our hearts and souls.
Circles.

wanda johnson

Wanda Johnson plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Health Professions with a master's degree in social work.
chinese adoption

Kirstin Watson

She hummed herself to sleep each night 'cuz no one sang to her.

Far away a mother cries into her long dark hair,
The first she saw those big black eyes she tried not to fall in love.
She could be a mother to a daughter or a second son.

Held only for a moment, someone then whisked her away.
Into a house, into a crib, with another baby girl.
She hummed herself to sleep each night 'cuz no one sang to her.

One day they came, smiling, happy, and ready for their girl.
They brought her to America and gave her all she’d need.
She loved and laughed and learned to dance, and when she grows —

She will sing her daughter to sleep each night 'cuz someone sang to her.

---

Kirstin Watson plans to graduate in 2004 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
untitled  
dean sherman

How do I look  
Away from you?  
What I want to do,  
Stay in true  
Awe of you.

How do I get  
To see you soon?  
Under moon  
And sunlight,  
Fight to share  
Your time,  
Have mine.

How do I try  
To make you grin?  
With sinful thoughts  
And gentle dreams  
That make ‘us’ seem  
Irresistible.

How do I find  
Out what you think?  
Drink of your company  
Before I sink  
Into those eyes  
To brink of happy drowning.

Dean Sherman is studying physical therapy. He plans to graduate in 2003.
Paul Colloton is a resident of Saco.
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
an anonymous photographer
Anne Hardy plans to graduate in 2004 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
RUIN OF ARANN
Anne Hardy
Peter Brannen plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
Angela Dobson plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Arts and Sciences' pre-physician assistant program.
Kelsey Walton plans to graduate in 2006 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
AS TIME GOES ON
Kelsey Walton
Jason Richard Dugal plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
Erik Paabo plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in liberal studies.
Emily Malanchuk plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in health sciences.
CANDID
Emily Malanchuk
SAINT FRANCIS
Emily Malanchuk
Cecelia Duchano plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in sociology.
Calm in the Moment
Kimberly Croce

Kimberly Croce plans to graduate in 2004 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in art education.
The artist plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
AFTER THE STORM
Matthew Bibeau
Matt Wallent plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Health Professions with a degree in physical therapy.
SYMMETRY
Bill Croninger

*Bill Croninger is an associate professor of occupational therapy in the College of Health Professions.*
Christina Michele Sites plans to graduate in 2006 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in medical biology.
Cindy Meng plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Osteopathic Medicine.
It is no longer a choice, my friends, between violence and nonviolence. It is either nonviolence or nonexistence.
SOLDIERS IN PARIS
Cindy Meng
Jamie Vaughn is a lab technician for the College of Osteopathic Medicine.
THE DIVIDE
Jamie Vaughn
can you see me
lindsay ann roth

Enviously I watch
envisioning my body dancing
and my arms swaying
through the air
I want to feel beautiful
the music spins around me
inviting me
“Fly away!” it whispers into my ear
my heart wants to lead
and my head to follow.
As I am passionately swept away
into my own breeze,
can you see me?
floating like an angel
my hair is swinging
a step behind the turns of my body
my curves will flow around
like the music in the air
I'll point my feet on the ground
as my eyes gaze to the sky
and smile,
because my soul is free

Lindsay Ann Roth is the granddaughter of Glen Ellen Roth, Administrative Assistant in the College of Health Professions’ Department of Occupational Therapy.
He loved her hair. The way it smelled and the way it didn't quite touch her shoulders. He loved the way she laughed at even the crudest jokes. He loved the way she sang along even though she didn't know all of the words. He loved the way she gave him a little more than everyone else at every meal. He loved the way she wouldn't take any shit. He loved the way she lounged in the sun and the way she kissed him softly and how she could hold a conversation until five o'clock in the morning. He loved the way she brushed her teeth and tried to hide her foamy mouth.

He met her on a boat. Learned to love things about her right away. They talked about concerts and family; their mothers had the same name. He would sneak a glance or a kiss when no one was looking. He ran off into the woods with her when they weren't supposed to. He traded clothes with her when it was no longer appealing to wear the same thing for the seventh day straight. He held her hand tightly when they were stuck in the dark. He looked at her when he thought she wasn't looking. He tried to make her jealous. He told her things he'd never told anyone before. He sang to her.

He loved a lot about her. Thought she was beautiful. Knew she was smart. He saw something in her that no one had ever seen before. He loved her passion and her dark side.

He didn't love her.

Weeks, months, years later, he thought of her. He knew he'd hurt her. Wished they could've been friends. Wished he could've loved her. Wished he could sit on his
front porch with her in the sticky-sweet summer and reminisce. Wished he hadn't used her. Wished she hadn't been so naïve. He wished he could be back on the boat where they had met, living through his hell again for those moments when he thought he could have loved her.
He once told me
“Survival is for the fittest”
He was the fittest

He found the best Mary
And bought the best house

He and his wife
Raised their children with pride
He worked long and hard
To help his family get by

They met life’s challenges
And learned how to cope
They instilled in their children
Great strength and hope

Their children soon grew
And made homes of their own
They continued on living
As they had been shown

The kids remain close
Though the distance is wide
Forever in their hearts
They stand side by side

He watched life pass by
And was happy to see
His children fulfilled
Independent and free

He once told me
“Survival is for the fittest”
Because of him
Our family is the fittest
We will survive

He and his Mary
Shared the most powerful love
They never expected
One would be called to above
When Mary was gone
Norm lost his way
But she stayed in his heart
And helped him live day by day

Although his heartache
Caused him much strife
He lived ten more years
Without the love of his life

He taught us how people
Don't always part
But they keep on living
Deep in your heart

The life that he loved
Has shown us great strength
Don't ever give up
No matter what length

He was the fittest
As the years pass us by
We remember this man
Who taught us in life
You must live while you can

So remember life's short
Live a life that you love
And wherever life takes you
Don't forget where you're from.

Amanda Walker plans to graduate in 2004 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in English and secondary teacher certification.
It was hard for her to look in the mirror. At one time she had been pretty, even beautiful. She had put a lot of energy into looking good; it was the one tangible thing she had. She had grown used to being noticed, but now at fifty the admiring glances had stopped. She felt like an invisible woman. Her friends had just accepted it, but she was steadily growing more depressed.

All the things that once were the foundation of her life were gone. Her one child was far from the nest and only occasionally visited or called. The marriage that she thought would last a lifetime had slipped through her fingers at age forty-five. She wasn’t exactly sure what had happened, except that there was a cool indifference between them that just grew and grew. She had tried to keep his interest with all those things she had read about, but nothing made him look anymore. She had thought of working at one time, but the demands of being a mother and wife had stopped her from really considering it. Her husband had said she could work as long as she kept her real job first.

She had been shocked and ashamed when her husband announced he wanted a divorce. Her parents had been married for forty years. They fought a lot, but they were still together. Her mother was always giving advice on how to be a good wife and mother. Keep your figure, always smell good, make sure you’re pretty when he gets home. She had never questioned any of this until the divorce, and recently with looking in the mirror. When she told her family they treated her as if she had done something wrong. Her father told her she should go back and get him.
Instead, she had taken to going to the bar for a little attention. People were nice to her there. It had started out with just a few nights and had quickly progressed to a nightly ritual. The alimony checks still let her live in style.

After about five years of this, the booze started to show. Whenever she looked in the mirror she needed a drink. And then, after a while, it didn't matter so much anymore. She stopped looking in the mirror and just drank.
faster towards the end

Driving through the quiet night (too quiet)
Watching the street signs go by (too fast)
Never knowing which turn I will take next
(Never knowing what I will do next)

I can see the exit for happiness (coming closer)
As I drive right by it (not looking back)
I never want it to be that fake.
(Never want to be like you)

Going faster and faster,
This seatbelt is fastened too tight
I can barely breathe as the world flies by
But I am safe from you in my car

There is a fork in the road (which way?)
The road more traveled calls me (screaming my name)
But I go the other way
(the other way you wouldn’t take)
I see your shadow in the seat next to me (still there)
When you used to be the same (as me)
This car is lonely now without you
(but it isn’t just the car)

Going faster and faster
And now the seatbelt is off
I can’t breathe as I drive past you
Because I am not with you in my car

I smile as I drive into the other lane (faster)
A sigh leaves my chest (no more breath)
The headlights blind me as I (can’t stop now)

My eyes slowly close (forever)
My hands let go of the wheel (and drop)
The rain starts to fall (to the ground)
As my heart beats its last beat
For you

Chris Pasay plans to graduate in 2005 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in marine biology. These lines, he tells us, are meant to be set to music.
dare to fall
lindsay ann roth

“Have I ever been in love?”
I’m looking into your eyes
trying to resurrect a sparkle
from the past
pain, fear, passion.
passion so intense
that your mind refuses
to think rationally
love for another person
so incredible
that even your dreams dance in the
clouds
as you tiptoe along the line of reality and
fantasy
creating miraculous realizations
about life, about yourself
did everything look different?
did it last?
questions that have to be rescued from
the dark, closed off caves of your soul
speaking these words, I’m inviting them
to join the air
and to once again
become fresh in your thoughts,
ruminating for us to experience
perhaps an unfamiliar smile will appear
a memory
or a tear will fall
and moisten a downward slope
on your lips
have you ever fallen?
for when someone has been touched
by something so special
its beauty should be released
out into the clouds
where your dreams
once tickled their cheeks
they have cried for you.
and as a cool drop mixes with a tear,
kiss it away
with the meeting
of her lips and yours.
the sound of prayer
sarah lillian crocker

Rising from the depths
Of a heart,
Pulsing from somewhere,
A woman moves her voice
Song tipping its way from her lips
Like water splashing out the sides of a pail
Gently she sways her head
side to side
Her long black braid swishing the back of
her synthetic sari
like a snake over hot sand
And the tight
Ti-da plucking of the tabla drum
Follows her melodic female whinny
straight to the house
of god

A pack of dogs sound
Their soulful fighting cry
And a single flute rises out of the unassuming darkness
Tickling their noses
Cooling a moment's heated anger
The low rumble of city traffic
Men jerking their motorcycles to an overconfident start
Flicking the butt of their three-quarter-smoked cigarette
To the ash fault below
Check for
Something . . .
And speed away

It's Friday,
a day for the mosque
Bells ring from Pooja rooms.
Cars honk from traffic
Rod iron gates clank to a close
As men come home for the evening

A lone match strikes
Hard stone
Scented white smoke curls its way upward
Through diamond-shaped bars
Of a window
As the summer breeze settles its last cry for dusk
A Jasmine flower loosens and falls from the tree
on a concrete driveway
It will wait
Patiently,
Perfectly,
An offering in prayer.

Sarah Lillian Crocker plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in environmental science.
above the pile

the may tree's gone,
the summer sun
grows pallid,
    indistinct,
the hindrush
    of fair seasons
is sadder
    when she thinks
that all must fade
    and quicker thread
trails
    of 'moveable feast'
    and steady bed
by now
    extinct

sunflower smiles,
bows her head,
    rests awhile,
the day's been long
    and she's been
    loyal
standing straight
    in regiment
    as royal
as the gifted
    above
    the pile  

the ancient ones
matthew bibeau

There was once a great conflict upon the Earth
a people hating people
hurting people
killing people
most were for the gain
of riches
others in a never-ending chase for security
and others yet full of rage because of their differences
misunderstandings of intention
and satisfactions never satisfied

These were a people long removed
from their ancient roots
roots that came not from land
but by sea
and now the wise

ancestors knew
time had come
to bring home those who still loved
and leave behind those who held nothing
but hate in their veins
to burn each other into the ground
and return to the oceans in peaceful form
and unity
flowing down from streams and rivers to be reborn
as people of the sea

One by one the sea-men and sea-maidens Cloaked in fur
and masked by water
Would come to shore
and drop their coats
to lay about the rocks and beaches
waiting for those who
held in their hearts
The primal love —
the love of the sea
The love that kept these few
peoples of the land
From hating blindly
yet seeking blindly
The place that drew them
gave them comfort
From the ills of their cities of war
And their teachings of
trickery and deceit

When the dry sea-lovers
walked their beloved shores
drawn by the sweet
salt-sprayed winds
guided by a seashell song
so fine and true
it would be here that each
would find a person
naked in the sand or amongst
the dangling rockweed
and the wanderer
by will of the whispering winds
would near
as the beauty before his eyes

held out her hand
bringing his calloused skin
and work-warn rags
close against her soft wet body
To give a kiss of life
that spoke a thousand
ancient words
drawing out his purity —
tears of the sea —
that streamed from long lost
eyes newly found

Alas the naked one
would bend
and scoop the folded skin
from the pebbles and sand
pulling apart two layers from one
placing the newest
in the arms of the beholder
before slipping back
into the skin of the seal
diving into the ocean
of life and love
turning for her chosen partner
to drop his rags
and seal his fate
returning to the world
that his kind shed so long ago
As children of hope
upon lands once submerged
Now
waiting just offshore
the sea-skinned one would call
the song of peace
and bliss and happiness
so the land-kin would
stretch over his hairless body
the eternal blanket of life
and dive into the waves
to join his mate for a sacred swim
always close and always warm
all-embracing and all-knowledgeable
everything that needed to be
nothing that he had
known before

And the angry brutes
of the land fought on
for security
for prosperity
for fortunes and riches
status and rank
and rights of exploitation
but this battle was self-defeating
as the ancient ones knew
for lacking was their
call to the wild
the piece of them
that had dried up
like spilled blood
under a desert sun
never to know the true
origin of their need
their want
that could only be quenched
in the nurturing womb
of the liquid earth
safe from the greed
the hate and the war
Back to the sea
where all kind could swim free

Matthew Bibeau plans to graduate in 2003 from the College of Arts and Sciences with a degree in environmental science.
snow dance
joanne smith

White perfection from the sky,
pouring down, softly, quietly,
in a tranquil dance of the season,
in a rhythm that can hypnotize.

Blanketing the earth in white splendor,
sHELTERING THE WARMTH BELOW,
an intriguing transformation,
in its pure and innocent candor.

There is no discrimination of its path,
it envelops all of nature, taking hold,
how ironic that it warms my heart,
and makes my spirit want to laugh.

The stillness of this early dawn
allows the snow to dance its dance,
it calls to me in haunting rapture,
fulfilling destiny with its glorious song.

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Joanne Smith is Office Manager at Student Support Services.
untitled

dean sherman

One rainy Alaskan eve
An old man
Creased with smiles
And long winters,
Walked beside his wife.

Their small stature
Was exclaimed
By a large red umbrella
The man
Dotingly held
Over her head.

As I passed
They assented greeting
Between shared smiles
And in that moment,
The man was ageless.
How is it that we say goodbye?
Do we gnash our teeth like wolves,
then pull at the roots of our hair that
have been growing wild?

Or do we walk away silent with
our eyes swollen shut from longing.

How is it that we say goodbye?
After six years we cross our arms, hands fidgeting.
We don't know how to use our ringless, spider fingers.

We touch without touching.
We talk with little darts that
land in large pulsing veins.
And we moan and wail in our own private corners.

How is it that we say goodbye?
There are no words for the distance
Only the space and the wind that blows between us.
The keys that used to fit so well in each of us,
can't be nudged into locks that have changed shape.
So we wave, shuffle our feet, and move on.
If I could go back
I would have sat at the dinner table with you more often
I would have thanked you for ironing my shirt
I would have been with you everyday
And I would have bought you a dozen roses, instead of three

If I could go back
I would have sat on the porch with you
and listened to the rain, longer than we did
I would have taken more naps with you
And I would have taken pictures of us

If I could go back
I would have asked for your advice more
I would have held your hand tighter
I would have asked you to teach me your prayer
and I would have said it with you

If I could go back
I would have been there every Saturday at 3:30
I would have done those dishes and washed that laundry
If I could go back
I would have tucked you in every night
I would have hugged you a little longer
I wouldn’t have worked Memorial Day
And I wouldn’t have gone to that damn appointment

If I could go back
I wouldn’t have taken one breath for granted
I would have questioned less and listened more
And I would have realized the importance of every day and every moment

If I could go back
I would have told you that I loved you, every chance that I had
And I would have made sure you knew how important you were in my life.
River rushing
over stones
Smooth and smooth
we both become.

Rushing music
in my ears
Soothe and soothe
my weary soul.

Musical current
flowing fast
sing and sing
my heart a song.

Current lapping
frolicking too
splashing and splashing
against the banks.

Lapping licking
my inner being.
Speak and speak
my river poet.
circling waves  lindsay ann roth

My head is dizzy
spinning...
lost.
help me, please
I've flown away
nothing will focus
the lines have disappeared
they're dancing
around me
inviting me
holding myself back
because I know I cannot go
please
I'm lost

just draw the lines
put our eyes back together
tell me everything
all of the secrets
trembling,
the waves took me away
I closed my eyes
and they sang
for me
they danced in circles
my heart freed itself
no tears,
no shaking,
just waves.
There were four books from the library, five books that I had borrowed in a fit of I'll get this back to you as soon as I'm finished, and shelf after shelf of my own, untouched. Lately I lay in bed and counted books like that. My head screamed, Move, so I turned back to the newspaper strewn to my left on the floor. Easy enough. Now look again under Furnished Rooms.

I got up off the bed and walked to the other room. I waited maybe a minute, checked the number, and waited another minute. The dial tone sounded loud to me. Make the move. I'll be there at two o'clock.

I went to brush my teeth. As I leaned up against the counter, I got my pants wet. I'd been told I had the bad habit of spilling water on the counter when I washed my face. I moved his lather brush out of the way to reach the toothpaste.

I had thought it was a suburban address. I was right. It was a ranch among split-levels. The grass was brown and the landscape was unkempt and overgrown. At the door, there was a mosaic of construction paper and foil with the address number. It had been there for some time. Hand-made by a child, maybe?

I rang the doorbell and suddenly felt I should be collecting for St. Jude's Research Hospital. Probably a nice lady. She'd give me five dollars, talk to me, I could nod my head understandingly and move on. She opened the door and gave me the once-over while inviting me in. She had been painting, let her get her shoes on. I could take a peek at the rooms to the left there. The one was newly painted. Just last week. One was pretty well taken already, but I could take a look. Then there's one at the end...
of the hall. Let her get her shoes on. I walked to the end of the hall. She followed behind me.

"Bookshelves," I said. I ran my hand over them and turned to check their proximity to the bed. She was standing by it smiling at me. It was a single. The bedspread was fake zebra skin. The curtains were made of a thin brown and red material with jungle patterns on it. The carpet was purple. A mirror with plastic flowers entangled around it was above a dresser that had been coated with black paint. Great care had been taken to make this room appealing. And it was. In a bizarre, almost erotic way. I wanted to close the door and lay on the bed and listen to the house sounds this woman made.

"And here's the closet. It has lots of room. See." She turned to go. I had a sense she had some kind of aversion to this room. I followed her as she went on talking.

"Now this is the one that is taken. See." We stood in the doorway so as not to disturb the room. After she had pointed out and named the furniture (this is the bed, and the desk), she thought a minute and stepped inside. "Well actually, she hasn't made the deposit. Her boyfriend liked it so much, he said she had to take it. It has the desk, so she can practice her typing."

She took me to the room at the other end of the hall, but first showed me the side entrance. This was the door she let her renters use. It was more private, but if you were a girl, you couldn't let men in at every hour of the night. But see, this was the other entrance. She opened the door to show me how it worked. I could park on the street or in the driveway. But she didn't want too many cars. The neighbors called downtown. They didn't like her renting.

"But I can hold them. I can close off the living room and rent that if I have to. See, there's that one, and that one, and the basement, which is more expensive because it's bigger, and this one. I finished painting it last week."

The room was painted white and had no curtains or furniture — only a dark carpet. We strolled the room in a circle. Since there was nothing to see, I stared at the baseboards as I walked. I looked out the window at the stuccoed side of the neighbors' garage.

"I don't know what I'm going to put in this room yet," she said. "Let's go look at the kitchen. Let me get my shoes on."
We walked briefly through the living room. There were plastic flowers and plants on the coffee tables. There were oriental and Egyptian things on the walls. The carpet was two shades darker than a beaded aqua-blue chandelier that hung above a dinette set. I wondered how she had found a chandelier to almost match her carpet.

Renters had access to the kitchen. She showed me the inside of the fridge and how to work the oven. A coat hanger had been rigged to keep the oven door shut, but it usually worked just fine. It would cost three hundred dollars to get the oven fixed. She might as well buy a new one. So she was just going to wait until this one broke for good.

"I tell you. They get you any way you go."

I laughed. We caught each other's eye. She left the room to get her shoes. I stood in the kitchen and imagined opening cans of soup. There had been a bottle of cheap wine in the fridge. Maybe she'd pour me a glass and we could sit at the dinette and talk for a while. She would tell me where she got the chandelier, I would tell her I always wanted to be a dancer.

When she returned, she had high-heeled slip-ons on her feet. I noticed that her toenails were not painted, and for some reason I thought they should be. I watched her shoes slap the bottoms of her feet as we went downstairs.

The basement had a small bath, a bar counter with a sink, and a large sitting room. It was mostly decorated in early 1950’s style: Formica, plastics, paneling. Again, there were Egyptian things here and there. The wall opposite the counter had been painted as a desert scene with pyramids. There was a green bust of a pharaoh on one of the tables. It was very dark. She went around turning on lights.

"The young man who rented this before had black lights and posters down there. He liked that sort of thing. There are over 200 light fixtures in this house, so that's why not all of them have bulbs. See, my husband was in light fixtures. My daughter says, 'Why don't you put bulbs in these?' I say, 'Do you know how many light fixtures there are in this house?'"

"Two hundred."

"Yea. So, every time one burns out, she brings me another bulb. Now this one is screwed in so tight I can't get it out. That girl's boyfriend is going to change it. He
knows something about electronics or something. That one is a little too big, but these hanging over the sink are just right, see. Just enough to kind of separate the kitchenette from the rest of the room. But they hang down so you can see through them. You want that when you wash dishes. That one has a short, it just needs.... There. See.”

I had moved into the main room to turn on the lamp with the short. She went on talking, and my head began to swim. I remembered a story I had read as a child in an Alfred Hitchcock collection called “Ghostly Gallery.” Something about a wax museum. The story had scared me to death, but I had kept on reading. It felt so dark and cold down there. I noticed there wasn’t a single window. My plants. They’d never survive. And I wasn’t going to leave them behind when I moved. What was I doing in this place anyway?

I returned to my posture of Research Hospital collector. I went towards the steps and said something about its being a big room. I went up the steps while she turned off the lights.

“Well, if you’re at all interested, give me a call. There are more people interested, so....”

I told her I had to look at a few more places. There were no more places. I thanked her, and she shut the door behind me. I walked across the lawn to my car on the street. The sky was still overcast, and my engine still ground when I turned the key. I drove by all the split-levels with the attractive lawns and was very aware that there was not a single person in the street or in the yards.
two haiku make room
for an autumn moon

Robert Steven Chance

For six weeks I've watched
time, a wave of colors, wash
uphill through the trees.

Bare trees like broomsticks
sweep stars from a slate blue sky
mirrored by the sea.

Hoot owls herald the rise
of a big gold moon.
Does the shore whisper to the chattering trees?
Does the sly wind whistle, and the ocean sigh?
All nature seems to speak, and heed the cry:
"Glean the fields, and clear the sky!
Make room, make room!"
Hands dance
and lips meet
like the sunlight on a blade of grass
sing for me,
awaken my senses,
lead me.
we lie next to each other
still as the bed of snow
your breath hypnotizes me,
I listen to its rhythm
like a swaying breeze in the distance
and tickles my neck
and floats across your eyelids.
my hand brushes along your back
like a peaceful wave meeting the sand
wrap your arms around me,
tighter.
our feet leave the floor
and we fly
as if we were leaves
brushing the cool pavement,
as the summer rain meets the ground
I melt into you.
faith
amanda walker

Too many days
Have left me
    with too many
    unanswered questions
Every ounce of me
Wants one thing
Above all others
For once in my life
I want
To sit across a table from you
And look into your eyes
I wish to hear your voice
See your smile
And hold your hand

At times my paths are crossed
    and I am lost
My decisions are forever pending
I need your knowledge
    your foresight
And your wisdom-filled advice
I need you in my life
I believe in you
    and know you’re there
I feel your presence
    and live for your song
the beaten plath

Haunting, twisted melodies
Swirl haphazardly
Through the dank
Recesses of the labouring mind.
A past, contorted by sorrow,
Erodes the façade
Painstakingly prepared in
Anticipation of the perfect life —
The faultless daughter
Strayed from the well-planned path,
Blindly wielding newly found sexuality,
Violently thrusting its
two-edged blade into the
Stone hollow of mother's heart...

Yet another lover who will never know
Lust from love,
A mother who finds
only sorrow in the birth of her children.
Another unconscious victim,
A woman destroyed
By the visions that
Life created in her.
Brilliance housed in a
Broken soul,
Lost among the
Crashing waves of
Existence.
Remember all those days...
all we wanted to do was stare at the rocks
you sat there holding me, watching the waves
torture the jagged edges
as gray quickly turned to charcoal
singing our love
conducting the waves
to the beat of our hearts
summer rain
splashing our feet
dancing on the gray floor
you spun me around
and I knew
its beauty.
You lie next to me in the grass
grass so green it looked as if it could
ignite itself
into a furious wave of life,
and we lay together,
admiring the gray sky above us.
It was midnight
and the headlights caught the corners just in time
I squeezed your hand
and something brought us there...
to that time
when we soared out of our seats
and down the chilled path
back to the place where the moon
united with the water
creating the most breathtaking gray
I have ever caught sight of.
passion arose,
and we couldn’t hold each other tight enough
the rush of the waves
and our embrace
made me realize
no one has ever made gray so beautiful.
Suddenly, I find myself in the midst of our second semester in medical school, staggering around like Rocky, surprised that I haven't been knocked out of the ring yet. Others seem to be settling in, as well, getting comfortable. I am even finding that there are, indeed, personalities within this class. I, myself, did not lose my personality. I think that I only managed to misplace it temporarily last semester, along with all of my important papers. Certainly, I've realized that I can make it through medical school, I think. However, contrary to what I expected prior to entering school, the biggest obstacle for me to success in medical school is not the schoolwork.

At times, feeling more than a little stunned, it seems that my brain, more than I care to admit, has become a machine of rote memorization, a machine which tends to disregard my spiritual needs for myself and the world around me. I rush through meals. I tell myself I don't have time to exercise. My room is a mess. My car needs a tune-up. I struggle to keep up with the affairs of our nation and the world beyond. My friends and family are distant memories who have all put me in their “lost at sea” category, and I definitely haven't smelled any flowers lately.

I often catch myself forgetting my reasons for coming to medical school in the first place and worry that I may have been foolish and frivolous in the ideals that led me here. I spent several years pondering the decision to attend medical school and recognizing, somewhat, the risk I was taking, told myself, “No problem.” I knew I was entering a system which was far from perfect and that it would take much of my time, all the while demanding more. At the same time, I also could see the great potential
of this profession. Now here, I believe that this profession will only gain momentum as we, as students, and UNE, as an osteopathic institution, gain enough confidence in our vision to lead with it.

It is this last realization that is starting to save me. My education is truly what I make of it and the experiences that I seek out. It could be quite easy for me to fall into the role of just another cog in the system. I have found myself jumping when the professor or the latest multiple guess exam says so and chiding myself along with the cold judgment of the histogram that comes down from on high. Proclamations like "Gee, you're dumb," or "I guess you do have some brain waves," have been known to assert themselves as self-evident truths from what normal people would say was a mute piece of paper. The endless bingeing and purging of information wears on me, and my mind begs for no more when I am overloading it with information about which it has not the luxury or time to think.

Luckily, I know that I am not alone in falling prey to this cycle, which, if nothing else, makes for some solidarity with 120-some-odd pour souls who stumbled into the same trap I have. In addition, I have, at times, found my way out of it, and I seem to be more successful with this battle as time goes on. Toward the end of last semester, I started to seek out other forms of education and individuals from whom I could derive inspiration. Finally making a conscious choice not to study at times, I sought out people who seemed to be doing things I wanted to be doing, and in the ways that I wanted to do them. While I knew many of my classmates were cramming for the last few weeks of classes, I was meeting with health care professionals who were involved with the kind of medicine I hope one day to be practicing. I met with people both at UNE and in Maine who were seeking to take care of populations that otherwise tend to be forgotten and were more than willing to open their worlds and schedules to me. I have gotten to know many of my classmates in a way that is much more redeeming than the ways we usually see one another during a typical medical school day. I spent a weekend hiking in the snowy mountains of New Hampshire, getting to know two of my classmates who also chose to skip on the "study bug" as something other than strung-out medical students. I have taken time to get involved with the political goings on of this state and this country. All of this has taken great effort, as there is
a side of me that tells me that I can’t let go for a minute of something other than the test of the week. However, the time does appear, and the tests are passed, and my spirits are higher.

I have no illusions that medical school or my subsequent career will get easier. However, I am learning how to not only survive, but also maintain, the ideals for medicine with which I entered school. This has been critical to my well being and my continued drive to plod through the ever-accumulating information. I will see if this so-called new wisdom of mine will survive the coming weeks as the load once again builds to a frenzied pace. I also know HMOs and budgets, increased responsibility and mistakes, along with many unforeseen pitfalls, all lie ahead of me. Perhaps I have dealt with only a small piece of the struggle, but, nevertheless, I have and, for now, that is enough. Reaching out and trusting the lead of my ideals has put me back on a course that will sustain me. The work toward my ideals that I have done outside the classroom is the work of which I am the most proud so far at UNE. I am certain it will serve me and my future patients well.

Chris Edwards plans to graduate in 2006 from the College of Osteopathic Medicine.
surfacing
beth bongiolatti

lost in the familiarity of
the creation and sustenance of
passion, the surface is
momentarily broken –
the grimly hewn beauty
of the inner self, exposed;
a breath of vulnerability
as the eyes regain their
sight and gaze upon a
world held fast.

intoxicated by the beauty
of perfect imperfection, the
body smoothly accepts
the rhythm, easing into
its own, fluid movement.
chords, selves, fused
in an electrifying embrace
of the senses –
a seamless union:
Harmony.
MARLOWE'S GOLD TOOTH GOES POST-MODERN

THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION
It was hot in the city. Suddenly, a shot rang out. As if in response to a signal, a huge, yet pleasantly pink lightning bolt rent the heavens asunder, and thunder rolled and reverberated in a deafening and seemingly unceasing cacophony. Tens of thousands died in the tidal wave, and most of the upper east side was engulfed in lavender magma. Even the fish deserted the park. None of that mattered to me, however, because I was with Marlowe’s gold tooth.

Long had I coveted it. If I live to be another day older, I’ll never forget my first glimpse of it. Wracked with motion sickness and antique Mad Dog 20-20, disgusted by the loss of my last kazoo in an underground Yahtzee parlor, and hypnotized by the freight car’s subtle clanking rhythm, I followed the swaying kerosene lantern’s kaleidoscope of shifting shadow and was nearly blinded by that sudden smile shining from the darkness by the potato sacks and rat poison in the corner like the sun through storm clouds after a crucifixion. Yes, it was that unmistakable glint — the Gold Tooth.

We hit it off immediately. Later, I hardly minded that Marlowe had broken the bottle over my head while I lay dreaming of that glorious tooth. I was a little more dismayed to find my right shoe missing, but I still had one, and Marlowe, naturally, required but one. By all reports — and I’ve collected several — Marlowe has never been more greedy than absolutely necessary.

I didn’t see that tooth again for nearly twenty years, although I dutifully visualized it every day at least a few times. It was nearly always the last thing I chose...
to think about each night before losing consciousness — you know, to sort of channel
the course of my dreams in the right direction. I was hopping down what had once
been San Miguel Boulevard at midnight after the Fortieth Annual Black Day in
Frisco celebration. I never got the knack of left-footed walking, after all. The accident
hadn’t helped, either. Anyhow, a one-eyed, one-armed messenger service quicksilver
stoolie on a motorized unicycle chanced by waving a mint condition miner’s hard hat
from a meathook. I guess the rock hit the switch, although I wasn’t aiming at it. In
any case, it cast its actinic beam into the dark alley behind me, and, across the street
in the few fanglike shards of glass remaining in the gaping maw that had once been
a pawn shop window, I saw reflected that long-awaited and unmistakable glint once
again. “Oh heavenly one,” I crooned as I whirled, dervish-like, unsheathing my stiletto
as I spun.

But it was already too late.

Only the faint echo of laugher unlaughed and an empty plastic cup stained bile
green gave proof in the night that Marlowe had been there.

That was literally hours and hours ago. Now it’s mine and the whole damn world
can go straight on closer to hell than it is already.
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The *Zephyr* staff also wishes to extend its gratitude to Undergraduate Student Government for its continued support.
To answer brutality with brutality is to admit one's moral and intellectual bankruptcy

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI