Spring 2007

Zephyr: The Eighth Issue

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

CHARLES KINGSLEY
ZEPHYR
THE EIGHTH ISSUE / SPRING 2007
the university of new england's journal of artistic expression

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And so begins another season of Zephyr! I am very excited about this year’s issue as we have a great variety of submissions. There are several prose pieces, including an essay and short story; poems; illustrations; and photographs. The diversity of submissions truly demonstrate the diversity of our community.

This is the beauty of Zephyr: to celebrate the unique creativity that we should be proud of. So read and enjoy, and I hope all of you will be inspired to share your talents with us next year!
Wet with morning dew,
droplets of water form on the delicately folded petals.
As I carefully lift the pink rose up to my nose,
my finger is pricked by a nasty long thorn.
And I watch the deep red blood trickle out of my tender flesh.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in History.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English.
MIDNIGHT AIR
Tyler Gowen

Nothing
No, something.
Something is in that midnight air.
Each night it calls to me in the melancholy song of a cricket, in the gentle breeze
passing over each sleeping leaf, and the dew which lay on the blades of grass,
waiting for morning.

The harvest moon casts its glow upon the earth below, forming silhouettes of
ancient trees and the secrets they keep.
Its warm yellow sheen flows upon the cool black ground like a stream with no
destination. The tired moon smiles down at me, and I back at it while I stand in
its wise, majestic light. Cast by this full strawberry moon, my own Shadow hides
behind me, wondering in a child-like way, what is in the midnight air.

I stand in its presence connected to Earth. My feet bared to its awesome glory,
touching its untold life. The Mother tenderly holds me close to herself, as a small
bug scurries up my leg and leaps into the breeze. In the distance, a firefly dances
back the darkness with its solitary flight. Each blink letting the world know that,
amidst the night, he's still there.
My feet begin to chill and soften as the dew soaks into my skin. Still, I do not care as I remain, and take on the wonder of the world over head. Silver clouds trail from the golden moon high above, stretching across the darkest blue sky to where the stars break through the heavens like the firefly in the dark.

The night's sweet twilight scent fills my lungs as I take one more breath. Deep, thick mist sweeps into my lungs filling me with a heavy gentleness, a majestic comfort only offered by the midnight air. It carries me in its placid arms letting me know that it will always be there, as long as I know to search for it. Setting me back down, I exhale the phantom which crosses my lips, returning to the songs of the cricket, the gentle breeze passing over the sleeping leaves, and the dew which now rests on my bare feet.

Something is in that midnight air.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in English. He is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in History.
BEYOND THE RIDDLES
Brittany Campbell

The fire burned bright
Eternal and strong
Thought it would last
Never knew we were wrong
Left in the dark now
Alone in the cold
Stuck with a paradox
Afraid to grow old
Lost all my faith now
Believed lies for truth
I wasted my years
The best time of youth
Walk away now
You think nothing has changed
Ignorance your pastime
You’re lost in your ways
Beyond the riddles
Beyond the rhymes
I don’t have a reason
Don’t have the time
Everything now is disparate
You may not realize I’m done
As our friendship fades each day
Slowly one by one

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
WINTER SHADOWS
Carol H. MacLeod

The photographer is an Assistant Professor in the Dept. of Nursing.
YOUR WIFE

M. Saraceno

If I were your wife,
I'd bring you coffee in bed
Gladly measuring my life out in coffee spoons for you.
What I would give to see your face every morning.

If I were your wife,
I'd kiss your mother's hennaed hands,
Sit with her and listen to her stories
About the powers of the jinn.

If I were your wife,
I wouldn't trust you for a moment
I've watched you with other women,
Your allurement as subtle
As a tiger on the prowl.

A Persian poet once said
That love is like musk.
It attracts attention.
You've caught my attention
And you can take my heart, too.

If I were your wife,
If only you didn't have a wife
Already.

M. Saraceno is the author's pen name.
I WOULD PREFER YOU

I would prefer you,
To be a little less condescending,
A little less manipulative,
To please just stop pretending,
Or tell me what is real.

I would prefer you,
To actually hear me when I speak,
Or feel enough to make you weak,
Or tell me when something is wrong,
And not drag it out for so damn long.

I would prefer you,
To try to make things right,
Try to get me to just stay still,
Try not to start a fight,
Or to actually hold on until
I can stand on my own.

I would prefer you,
To make something of yourself,
To try just a little harder,

To push yourself father,
To motivate you when I can’t,
Or just put some effort into something, anything.

I would prefer you,
To be a little less self-involved,
To pick up the phone when I’ve actually called,
To avoid the messy things,
To clean up your own mess,
And not make one for me.

I would prefer you,
To hold your own,
To start a new life,
To build something you can share (but not with me),
To not try to drag others down,
Because one day, you’ll find, I’m no longer around.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Medical Biology.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with degrees in English and Environmental Studies. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
Your breath is wet on my neck
Makes me nauseous.
This bed isn’t big enough for the two of us
(I like to sprawl)
and you’re invading my foot-space.
I can’t find a cold spot.
Overheating
you’re a furnace
(internal inferno)
YOU’RE BURNING ME
GET OUT
and you did.

My neck is cold,
my feet are lonely.
I can’t feel my toes and this bed’s just too big
for the one of me
(curled up in a ball).
Chills, sheet of ice
I wish I had my own personal furnace
(internal inferno)
to keep me warm
I WAS WRONG
I AM SORRY
COME BACK
but you won’t.

VR is the author’s pen name.
NH SHOWER
Nancy Rankin

The photographer is an Assistant Professor at the College of Arts and Sciences.
BEYOND SOLACE

Brittany Campbell

Sad eyes look back at me from the mirror
Yellow as a cats, cold, empty
Like the heart encased within my ribs
Although blood still beats through my veins
My heart is broken
My being empty, soul flown
Beautiful beyond solace or solution
Empty case, empty visage
I died long ago
And in my place a mask to deceive all
All who find me and believe I am real
I, who was left for dead long ago
In the heat of passion, ended in despair
Always in despair, my heart aches
Then I remember
I don’t have one
Alone with only my tears
I weep in the night

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in History.
LESTAT
MaryAnn Caret

Darkness brings a sense of peace
The cold and rain I crave
Bound by these chains, there is no release
In my head, in this prison, I stay.

Sweet sleep seems my only refuge
The morning light brings dread
My eyes remain closed, but my thoughts come alive
Swirling like cyclones in my head.

Would that the clouds would cover the sun
An excuse to stay in it could be
Pretending is exhausting, consciously sleepwalking
From this mask that I wear, I’d be free.

Yet as the sun sets, so too must she rise
Lights, cameras, action, it’s time
Costume check, do you like my disguise?
Same show, different day, brand new lines.

How dark, you say, how morbid, too
To detest the light of day
But memories haunt me, like the shadow of you
And shadows at night fade away.

The author works as an Administrative Assistant in the College of Arts and Sciences.
PUPPET SHOW

Brittany Campbell

And this is how the story goes...
A dream I have
In it I am ripping at your flesh
Tearing away at your body
Hoping that you still have a heart
Knowing that if you do it's encased in ice
Cold
Even chipping it away I doubt would make you a decent person
You've already signed the devil's black book
Selling your soul for the powers of betrayal and manipulation
You are the puppeteer and I am your puppet
Strings tied tight around the arteries in my wrists
To remove them will end in pain
Death perhaps
And so it is that I am captive
In a cage of emotion
My only saving grace is the knowledge that one day
Only your own company will keep you
While you rot away in everlasting loneliness
And that someday I may be free from your tricks
No longer hearing the laughter above the stage
As you pull on my puppet strings
Every night I dream this
And every morning when I wake up
One more piece of me falls back into place
Soon I will be rid of you

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in Psychology. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
A ruthless passion building inside her
Waiting to burst out in a fit of despair
No place for her passion to escape
Not a soul to receive either
To be seen as a delight or an enigma
Who is to decide
It is her decision and hers alone
She must guide her soul
She feels she can’t, but she must
Her passion consumes her day by day
Relentlessly tearing her to shreds
She yearns for so much, but has so little
Her passion now a monster
Fierce, unstoppable, red eyes and claws ready
It is too much to bear
The pain she inflicts on herself to silence the passion
Shall lead to her demise
Days later
Bloody arms
Dried tears
A girl with a ruthless passion takes her life
Did she know my passion for her burned so great
Does she know her demise lead to mine

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Medical Biology.
The photographer is the spouse of Deborah DuDevoir, a Lab Instructor in the Biological Sciences Dept. at the College of Arts and Sciences.
ROCK 2
Sarah Tuttle

The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with degrees in English and Environmental Studies. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
And she takes my religion away
As I slowly lose myself in her care. But I don’t. (care)
I let her lead, I silently follow,
I watch her shadow fade into black as I turn pale. She,
She is above me, and she takes my religion away.
Her voice ebbs into me,
I’ve strangled to hear her voice,
And when she comes back, I can’t breathe.
It’s me all along, the one without life, but it’s her who gives me air, it’s her who gives enough. It’s her,
she is always there and I cannot escape her.
And she takes my religion away.
As she takes my pain away.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Medical Biology.
He’s angry again
My tears soil my makeup
“Waterproof” blue–black rivers down my cheeks
People don’t change.
I always think my lovability can transform a broken man into a prince
That I’m strong enough to lift them up
Instead I’m so weak I sink down.
I’ll never change.
My eyes are bloodshot and under them is blue–black
Like me and it’s raining outside
Raw and ugly
Like me inside.

People change.
I will change.

VR is the author’s pen name.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English. She is the Editor in Chief of Zephyr.
So you thought I was perfect?
First to be accepted.
First to decide.
First to drop out...
I guess I thought I was perfect too.
Something in my head just pulled a cord.
The city bus screeched to a halt.
I throw myself off.

It wasn’t for me.
not the right fit

Three hours isn’t that far,
but it was an eternity for me.

So what?
I’m not perfect.
Hey Houston!
We have a problem!!!
My plan…it just didn’t work.

Hold up–
That’s not a problem at all.
Just back out gracefully the way you went in.
It was a dead end to the maze of life.

Get over it.
Take that right…maybe you’ll find your way there.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2008 with a degree in English. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
Everything is static
suspended in air
pain alleviates and my toes are numb
time stops.

...and he says simple words to form such complex ideas and he doesn’t
realize—
he doesn’t even realize that, as he’s talking, the words are finally reaching me
and I can see my life unfolding
like puzzle pieces coming together at my feet as I step, piecing together. Just
in time I can see this:
my life in front of me.
My whole being:
A shell.
The wind blows hard against me and what’s left of my shell is sifting away bit
by bit. Each gust of wind, a piece of me gone.
...with these simple words and I see this and
I can’t breathe.
Because this isn’t a rehearsal and this isn’t someone’s fault if
a personality is just meat and we’re all just living with what we’re born with.
But if not,
if it’s beyond that—
and plastic—
then it’s someone’s fault after all.
Mine.
And I can’t breathe.
(Discovering personal truths can be devastating if you're not the person you thought you were.)

Maybe this is how change happens.
Maybe this shattering in my stomach.limbs.head is the beginning.
Maybe this gutwrenching pain and cold sweat is the beginning of a revolution.
The phoenix must first die before it can be born anew.
Phoenix rising from the ashes of its own ruin.
Perhaps I, too, shall rise.
The first step is admitting it, right?

(What if there's nothing more than this?)
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with a degree in History.
I was halfway home from the grocery store when the snow began to fall. The snowflakes swirled slowly in front of my windshield, then evaporated into oblivion once they touched the glass. Snowflakes reminded me of Yusuf and how much he'd loved winter. I no longer looked forward to this time of year, especially since the accident, but I tried to make the best of it. It was the holiday season, after all. This December, everyone, regardless of religious denomination, would be celebrating. Hanukkah had been two weeks ago; tomorrow would be Eid e-Qorban, followed by Christmas, then Kwanzaa. Despite my feelings, I went ahead and draped tiny strings of white lights around the bushes in our front yard, made cookies and bought clothes and gift cards for our loved ones. Now that the groceries had been purchased, all I’d have to do was prepare for tomorrow’s big dinner. Razia was not up to cooking, so this year we would have dinner at our home instead.

As I pulled into the driveway, I noticed Tariq’s car parked in my space. My brother-in-law had been visiting us at least three times a week this past month. I wondered if Razia were with him. Usually they’d join us for lunch after juma’aa, though she hadn’t been lately. She worked at the beauty supply store near the mall and explained that during the holiday season she was scheduled to work the Friday afternoon shift.

I planned to make turkey, pilaf with walnuts and pomegranate seeds, naan, creamed spinach, okra, mashed potatoes with gravy (at my insistence) and baklava. Abid, my husband, wanted lamb, of course, but he didn’t have time to do the qorban. Last year, he and Tariq drove out to a Windham farm, returning that evening with several heavy bags filled with lamb chunks, which were promptly dispatched to the freezer downstairs. Our home smelled like a slaughterhouse for days afterwards. I gladly bought a halal turkey this year.
Armed with the groceries, I made my way into the house. Abid and Tariq were sitting at the kitchen table drinking tea. A tray of pistachios and dried mulberries sat between them. Tariq most likely came straight from the hospital. This was the last year of his residency. The long hours, in addition to Yusuf's death, had aged him by a decade. His clothes were baggy and wrinkled.

"Abid-jan, would you try talking to her again?" He cracked open a pistachio and ate the kernel. "Maybe she'll listen to you."

I didn't intend to eavesdrop, but the fact that they were talking in the kitchen instead of the living room, was unusual. Tariq must have wanted me to hear what was being said.

"Just because I'm her brother doesn't mean she'll listen to me," Abid told him, "I'll try, but I'm not Faheem."

Tariq drummed his fingers on the tabletop. "After all of this time, she still won't talk to me. I wanted to talk to her upstairs just now but she refused to open the door. She doesn't seem angry, though," he paused, "Being angry would take too much effort. I don't think she cares about anything anymore."

It was hard to see him this way. The strain of the past year also showed in his face. Despite the many visits from family and friends, despair still clung to the both of them.

The day of Yusuf's burial, I went to Tariq and Razia's home to pay my respects. When I arrived, the women from the mosque greeted me. An old woman sitting next to Razia beckoned me to join them on the couch. She must have been at least 80 years old. A long white chador partially draped her gray and henna-streaked hair. When she spoke to Razia, I noticed she was missing most of her teeth. Every so often she would touch Razia's forearm while she spoke to her. Razia seemed comforted by this, nodding or smiling in response. I watched as the other women cupped their palms and prayed aloud in Farsi. Hours later and after many cups of tea they left, leaving behind a fridge full of food. Razia would not have to cook for weeks. After the dishes stored in the fridge ran out, however, dinner was seldom made. If Tariq weren't eating at our house, I later found out, he'd make himself a bowl of Cheerios with sliced bananas for dinner.
Weeks later, they went to Boston and spent the day shopping on Newbury Street. He bought her three beautiful kashmiri shawls, which she had yet to wear. Even his most recent effort, a visit from the imam’s wife, accomplished nothing. Razia was polite and respectful, of course, but did not have much to say. Tariq had more patience than any man I knew, including Abid. But how long could a man wait? I wondered if he’d stopped asking her to sleep with him. Would they eventually divorce? What if she didn’t want to have any more children? Would he look for another wife?

Tariq sighed, “Allah knows how much I’ve tried. I don’t know what to do.”

“Things will get better, inshallah,” Abid reassured him, “Just be patient with her.”

He nodded his head, “Inshallah. Whatever happens, it’s my naseeb.”

After the groceries were put away, I started on the breakfast dishes. When I looked out the window I noticed the snow was still falling. It had snowed the night before Yusuf died. When he woke up the next morning, Razia would later tell me, he couldn’t wait to go outside to play. She bundled him up and told him to stay in the backyard, where he made snow angels and threw snowballs at the trees. To Yusuf’s delight, the streets had already been plowed, leaving behind high snow banks, or “snow mountains,” as he called them. He begged his mother for a walk around the neighborhood to climb them, to which she unenthusiastically obliged. After awhile, her toes got cold so she suggested they hurry home for some hot chocolate. Yusuf ran ahead. He was half a block ahead of her, crossing Mrs. Jensen’s driveway, when Mrs. Jensen ran him over. She hadn’t seen him at all; her vision had been obscured by the snow banks.

I could remember many times when Yusuf and I had taken walks together, mostly on the days I babysat him while Razia was at work. One day, in particular, came to mind. After lunch one afternoon, we decided to walk down Deering Street, past the synagogue and large, colorful Victorian homes with their bay windows and atriums filled with big leafy plants. This was our favorite part of Portland. Before crossing over to Ashmont Street, we stopped in front of a house whose front yard was covered with flowers from sidewalk to porch. He bent down to smell the irises.
They're pretty, but don't smell like anything."
"No, but aren't they pretty?"
"Yes. Here, Khala," he plucked off a flower and handed it to me, "For you."
I put it behind my ear and thanked him.

As we were walking up Ashmont Street, a white cat trotted out to see us from underneath a parked car. At first he was scared, not being accustomed to cats. He grabbed at my skirt, frightened. I told him not to be afraid and bent down to pet her. "See, I showed him," gently running my hand along her back, "Now you try it."

He cautiously put out his hand to touch her. When his skin touched her fur, his eyes widened and he smiled.

"Khala," he said to me, "Let's look for more cats to pet." By the end of our walk, we'd petted twenty-three cats.

The sounds of Abid and Tariq's voices brought me back into the present moment. I told them I would try talking to her. It was time—she and I rarely talked anymore and the silence was awkward.

Tea, as always, would be a good idea. It was rare for Razia to refuse a cup of tea. I made a fresh pot, put it on a tray and carried it upstairs. Balancing the heavy tray with one hand, I knocked on the door with the other. "Razia, I brought you some tea."

The door magically opened. She smiled wanly, sniffled and thanked me.
I placed the tray on the table, then sat down next to her on the sofa. Not only had she aged, like Tariq, but she'd lost weight, too. I'd always envied her figure and her vitality. She was not only my sister-in-law but also my mentor, teaching me to cook rice properly and how to tie a hijab in five different ways. But she no longer cared what she wore. The beautiful shawls Tariq had bought her remained in the closet, untouched. Now she wore bulky drab sweaters and black skirts.

She took a slurp of tea and I fiddled with the remote. CNN was broadcasting footage of the Hajj. On the screen were thousands of men and women crowded on a rocky Meccan hill, the Jabal Rahma, or Mountain of Mercy. It was the ninth day of the Hajj, the Day of Arafat, when believers
supplicated from dawn to dusk. According to Muslim tradition, on this day all prayers would be answered. The camera focused in on several old men, palms upturned with tears running down their faces, weeping like children. Tomorrow would be Eid e-Qorban, the last day of the Hajj. Hajj pilgrims and many Muslims the world over would sacrifice an animal, usually a sheep or goat, commemorating Abraham’s willingness to sacrifice his son. How strong his faith must have been, I thought.

"Do you want to watch this?" I asked, "If not, I can turn it off."

"It doesn’t matter. I haven’t really been paying attention."

I knew tomorrow would be difficult for her. She took another sip of tea, fished out a cardamom pod and placed it on the saucer. "I’m thinking about visiting Faheem next month."

Faheem was my other brother-in-law who lived in Fremont, California. Fremont is the largest expatriate community in the country and many Afghani families had already moved there from Portland.

"Really? That would be great. I heard it’s nice out there. Would you guys drive or fly?"

"Oh, well, I was planning to go myself. I’d probably fly out."

I didn’t want to pry and wasn’t sure what to say, so I just nodded my head. "Tariq hasn’t done anything wrong. It’s me. He tries his best, I know he does. I haven’t been very good to him, though."

"You’re too hard on yourself," I told her," This is a tough time for you both."

"I know, but being with him is so difficult. When I look at him all I see is Yusuf."

"What will you do then?"

She took another sip of tea. "I don’t know. We’ll see, inshallah."

I glanced at the TV screen again. The Hajj coverage was over, now they were broadcasting live from Baghdad. How would the Iraqis be celebrating this year? Would they be celebrating? It seemed obscene and somehow, complicit, to continue watching such destruction. I grabbed the remote and turned it off. I asked Razia if she would come downstairs to help make the naan dough. She agreed, since my dough always came out too sticky. She
told me to use less milk and more flour. When we came into the kitchen, Abid and Tariq left us to resume their conversation in the living room. We made the dough together in silence.

The loaves had just been covered when Tariq came in and said it was time to leave. He had to be at the hospital early in the morning. Abid and I would have to be up early, as well, to make it on time for the Eid prayer. Razia and I waited by the front door while Tariq went outside to warm up the car. When he came back in, he stomped his feet to get the snow off his boots and said it was getting cold. Razia pulled up her hijab from around her shoulders so her hair would be covered. Tariq grabbed her coat off the rack and help her put it on. I told her I was glad she came over today and kissed her cheeks.

“See you tomorrow, inshallah. Khoda hafez,” I told them.

“Khoda hafez,” they replied in unison.
They walked slowly down the driveway, his arm wrapped around her waist. Once they reached the car, he opened the passenger door for her. After she was inside, he dusted the snow off the roof and the side windows. Then he got in and turned on the headlights. After the wiper blades cleared the snow off the windshield, I turned off the porch light and closed the curtain. It was time to get started on the baklava.

M. Saraceno is the author's pen name.
A HAND TO HOLD
Sarah Gorham

The photographer is an Assistant Professor in the Art Dept. at the College of Arts and Sciences.
AUTHORITARIAN
Sarah Tuttle

I don't remember being three, and having my heart severed
when a toy was taken
or a story denied.

I don't remember the shrieks
with which I rent the air,
a banshee mourning
at shatter-glass pitch.

I remember hating a nap,
wanting my Wizard of Oz tape
that had been chucked in the trash
for not eating my vegetables—
or some such offense
now forgotten— oublié,
obliterated from what I
guess is an adult mind.

But I hear your screams,
your sobbing, your three–year–old
wails
that shred my heart,
and I would do anything to stop your
tears.

After all, it’s just giving in
to one tantrum,
what could that hurt?
What harm is in a bedtime story,
read to you even though you did
exactly what your parents said not to?

I don’t remember being three
and having my heart severed—
but I’m a grown–up.
We forget.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with
degrees in English and Environmental Studies. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Marine Biology.
(time, consumer of all things)

A small tin box
marked with rust,
the tattoos of a long existence,
lies beneath layers of life
like a tomb
long forgotten.

It is a mystery of anthropology
how it could be that years of life
can fit in such a place.
Distilled memories, dead hopes and
dreams
all contained, shut in, alone.
Possessions now artifacts,
the real now surreal.

Swallowed by a desert
never to return.
Preserved and observed,
lying along the fertile banks,
but not to drink of the living and the
breathing.
Content to seem wavering between
two worlds,
where past and future collide.
CHANGE

J. Conrad Gagnon

It used to be a sound in my pocket; something that McDonald's claimed as an automatic return. As a young person, it was accepted and even desired, because it meant different, out-of-the-ordinary, and certainly not boring. It was considered the consequence of "growing up" and "moving on." Change was good.

Now, having attended my recent 40th reunion as a graduate of Saint Francis College, the word takes on a different hue...

My memories, mingling with the waters of the Saco River, move out to sea and become part of the Ocean of the Past.

My fresh experiences, through time and distance, have been both cleaned and polluted.

For sure, they have evolved, and so have we who attended "Saint Francis for Boys on the Atlantic."

I recently navigated nostalgia with sixteen appreciative comrades who came and cared...came and shared...the youth exuberance of days past with friends, family, and me. Warm fires of shared experiences were relit and stocked by collective breath, mind-meld and less-than-total recall.

In the early sixties, a poster was held up to my classroom door window by a student peering into my French class. I wasn't able to read the sign, because of the angle. I laughed, thinking it to be a joke. His face dropped. Shifting position, I read "President Kennedy shot!" It was Hugo Ricci who had held that oh-so-significant sign. I had forgotten it was he. Someone reminded me. It's not the same campus...indeed!

The closest things to skirts in our memory are coarse, Franciscan robes. Frankly, at times, just the sweet sound of a female voice was a missed luxury.

We were formed, however, in a special way that prepared us to meet the world and do our part in making it better. We attained vocation – a peculiar, specialized function – and changed with an already fast-changing world.
In forty years you become a soldier, get a job, have a family, retire and get to watch the grandkids. And, in the process, you can live several lives. I’m twice-married, have five children and a grandchild, and am single. Yes, I am a statistic, a proud one at that, for all my kids live within an hour from me, and I get to be with them regularly.

We do not react to change in the same way. Upon my discharge from the Army in 1967, I made a beeline to find a friend to whom I had been close for years. It was as if he didn’t know me, as if we had NEVER met! I was emotionally blind-sided, back-handed into umpteen tiny emotional pieces, and forced to learn an important life lesson: Some people could care less about tapping into the past. It hurt, yes, but it’s OK. It’s their choice. It’s OUR choice.

On Friday afternoon, I walked from the campus to the end of Hill’s Beach and back, soaking in the beautiful fall air and the familiar smell of the Maine coast. Saturday, I was provided a day with one foot in 1964 and the other in 2004. We saw the vibrant, stirring campus of the today, chock-full of aspirations, potential, and energy...young men and women mirroring us in a facility that has changed and grown to meet the needs of today and tomorrow. It’s interesting...When I told that I was a junior high French teacher, people would react by saying, “Oh my God!” I know what they meant. It’s a tough time of growing up. It’s loaded with physical, emotional, and social changes that are so significant in the lives of young teens.

But, there was a basic truth shared with them. I would tell my students the real secret: “Hanging around you, I might get wrinkled...I’ll never get old.” The same holds true, regarding the reunion. Yes, there are added lines to our faces (hair where we don’t want it and none where we do) but, the retouch of brotherhood and fellowship of those who care brings satisfaction, peace, and continued meaning.

To our knowledge, we’ve not lost anyone in the class of ’64 to the Ultimate Graduation. “Lucens et Ardens” continues to reside at the junction of Saco and Atlantic, where the warmth of the past can be held in head and heart. Go University of New England! Go NOR’EASTERS! Now YOU carry that lamp of learning! And GODSPEED!

The author graduated from Saint Francis College in 1964 with a degree in French.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English. She is the Editor in Chief of Zephyr.
REPRESENT
Sarah Tuttle

My generation flocks to movie theatres
chows down on fast food types 100 words per minute
(all without grammar) doesn't care
as long as it's NOT IN MY BACKYARD,
but when confronted we hold ourselves proud and say:
"I can believe what I want, do what I want,
I can be liberal or conservative or unallied, and who are you to judge?"
My generation worries about oil and scorns politics,
knows that the media controls us, loves it anyhow,
knows more than we tell, cares more than we admit,
and when told we are wrong we reply:
"What's your point?"

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with degrees in English and Environmental Studies. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Marine Biology.
MY HEART IS AT HALFMAST
Hannah B. Rothermel

My heart is at half-mast

A soldier–doctor cradles and Iraqi child –
Her family caught in the cross fire.

A divorced mother–of–two is Missing in Action,
The whole Hopi nation praying for the miracle of her safe return home one–day.

An American bride–to–be waits – and wonders – is her English beau among the ten
Being flown home to the British isle for a proper burial?

A 32–year–old New Jersey Marine, father now of four, will never see his twin girls,
Born a month after his deployment overseas.

Four American men, sons of now–grieving mothers –
Brothers, fathers, uncles, friends to others –
Killed as they approach a taxicab, responding to the driver’s apparent call for help.

Has our world gone mad? How does one remain hope–full?
Three friends get together to share their thoughts and hopes and fears on paper –
A feast of friendship that feeds bellies and souls.
Families hold hands around the dinner table, giving thanks for warm food, warm beds,
Fireside–popcorn and conversation – and each other.
Sisters call each other – even if it’s not their birthdays.
Husbands at–home are grateful that they’re at–home
And that they can help with dishes and laundry and even the dust –
Thankfully not the dust of the desert storm.
Mothers write their soldier–children notes of reassurance and mother–love.
Friends share a beer – and tears.

We must live Life – our fist to share with one another in all the ways that say “yes” to Life. And trust in Gandhi’s words:

“When in despair, I remember that all through history there have been tyrants and
Murderers and for a time they can seems invincible, but in the end, they always fall…
The way of Truth and Love has always won.”

And the way of Truth and Love will, once again, prevail.
Yes, once again, Truth and Love will win.
Let us each be that truth and love for one another – and for our wear war–torn world, so in need of that truth and that love.
Amen.

The author is a family member of Dan Rothermel.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Marine Biology.
FIREFLIES IN THE MISSED
J. Conrad Gagnon

Presence is a power, a gift and a friend,
A hallowed call to energy, we hope will never end.
But, life is not perfect and flows with ebb and tide,
The daily task of give and take, undulations, we must bide.

And I find myself watching fireflies in the mist,
The joys of life that magnify the good that DOES exist,
The flicker of recognition, in the moments of my day,
The wonder of you being here, maintaining spirit stay.

Love is all-reaching, the food of our existence.
It comes, it stay, it aggrandizes, with joy of its persistence.
It encompasses and pierces to the core of our soul,
The slice of bread eternal and the map to our goal.

And I find myself watching fireflies in the mist,
The joys of life that magnify the good that DOES exist,
The flicker of recognition, in the moments of my day,
The wonder of you being here, maintaining spirit stay.
Will of God is wonderful and cold sometimes, it seems.
Often, it appears purposeful or shatters our dreams.
But, the end is not in sight, our goal is hard to see.
He loves us like we love our own, allowing CHOICE to you and me.

And I find myself watching fireflies in the mist,
The joys of life that magnify the good that DOES exist,
The flicker of recognition, in the moments of my day,
The wonder of you being here, maintaining spirit stay.

We walk this path oft rocky, stumbling on the way.
The boulders, we must walk around and prove that we won’t stray.
Continuity, to some of us, is allowed through progeny’s dears.
The candle lit at both ends still burns through all the tears.

And I find myself watching fireflies in the missed
Watching fireflies in the missed...

The author graduated from Saint Francis College in 1964 with a degree in French.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2007 with a degree in English.
I want to leave this small town,
Dusty roads,
Long forgotten memories
To big cities, fast cars
Let’s get lost and scared
And laugh about it later.
Cows and horses, you know we’re
Longing for something more.
Everest tall buildings glinting in the sun
Disappearing in a vanishing point
In the far distant sky.
Maybe then I’ll appreciate
Fields and farms and fences
Or find a new place for my heart to belong.
I’m leaving tomorrow,
Are you up for an adventure?
FARM TRUCK
Carol H. MacLeod

The photographer is an Assistant Professor in the Dept. of Nursing.
The photographer is an Assistant Professor in the Dept. of Nursing.
I swear I saw Jack Kerouac
driving around Lewiston on
Valentine's Day,
forty years after he died.

"I love you!" said
the mylar balloon
bobbing beside him
on the frontseat of his K-car.

"You better," I thought,
and (worse) I said,
"And you better not be
drunk again."

Dolores Wallpaperpaste is the author's pen name.
The artist plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2008 with a degree in English. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
REVIVAL
Sarah Tuttle

Cold frosts the back of
your throat down to the core where
it stalls, and returns
to appear as moist
mist in the snow-laden air—
just as you dreamed in

August when your breath
came heavy and your shirt stuck
to your back, lifeless.

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2009 with
degrees in English and Environmental Studies. She is on the Editorial Board of Zephyr.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Marine Biology.
PADDY'S COVE
Carol H. MacLeod

The photographer is an Assistant Professor in the Dept. of Nursing.
A MAINE BAPTISM

I sit on the edge
Between land and sea
With sand in my socks.
The rocks hold the waves
From sweeping me away
Into the deep ocean.

What will it be today on the edge?
Tears of pain
Or tears of joy
To drip into the bay.

What can the ocean tell me
Through the whisper of the waves?
I listen and listen and listen.

I am like one of these rocks
Sitting over the ages
Witness to the glory of the sunrise
Softly blowing the first rays of the day
To wake me from the cold night.

I am like one of these rocks
Sitting over the ages
Of endless time
Day fades into night
And night brightens into day
Like the tide that comes and goes
Each wave brushes my sides
And reshapes my mind and soul.

Under the cathedral of the sky
This baptism
Washes me in the story of the sea.

I am the rock!
Smoothed over time
That offers to others
A place to sit
And to finally see.

The author graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2006 with a degree in Physician Assistant Studies.
The photographer plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Marine Biology.
SHELLS, WOOD ISLAND HARBOR
Raymond DuDevoir

The photographer is the spouse of Deborah DuDevoir, a Lab Instructor in the Biological Sciences Dept. at the College of Arts and Sciences.
As the sun inches over the horizon and trickles to me
Through the lightly swaying leaves
I feel the warm bits of light reaching for my face
Through the crackle–chill of morn.

The lake leaves the shore with loving care
With unending waves of kissing sound
As the glistens grow in intensity
In scintillating bursts of surface–shine.

Birds call to one another
Delighting in the scent of pine–day
Their shrill chirps punctuated
With crow–caws of greeting.

I feel the reassurance of nature’s noise
Drowning the cacophony of man’s hustle
The overpowering call to the natural
With my back turned toward man’s industry.

I dive into the waves of peace
Reveling in music of primal call
And interiorly begin the dance
To the soft pushes of my heart.

It belongs here
With the beat of day’s return
And the spray of warmth
From the sun’s persistent hug.

The poignant pines
Ceaselessly lift their boughs in praise
Giving in to breezy thrusts
And sway in reverent waves.

I breathe the sweetness of Maine
Where I first inhaled life
And I am reminded again
Maine is forever my home.

The author graduated from Saint Francis College in 1964 with a degree in French.
SAND IN MY SNEAKERS
Lauren Garant

Sunny Tuesday afternoon;
Bell rings, we rush into the world.
The clock reads 2:25 p.m.
I move toward doors to leave and then –
She grabs me by the arm too tight,
“Come to the beach, the weather’s nice,” she says.
I have a million bits
Of things to do and things to fit
Into my day, ‘fore I’m too tired to stand,
And fall down dead asleep.
But so, I cannot miss this trip.
For eight straight days the rain has dripped
And seeped into my mind and soul,
And each gray drop left its own hole
‘Til naught was left to hold it in,
and everything I had within spilled out –
“Well, will you come?” her eyes
implored me for one last good time.
And though I’d had too much to do,
I answered, “Sure, I’ll go with you,
‘Cause Lord knows it’ll rain again,
so let’s enjoy this while we can.”
We drove in silence down the Ave,  
Away from school,  
Radio blasting  
Over sounds of the outside.  
Together but alone we drive. 

I'm not dressed too appropriate  
For this; studs rust when they get wet,  
And sand gets in your sneakers fast,  
And hats on windy days don't last -  
Just like this moment, on my mind  
Etched deep, but not the face of time,  
That which my chisel cannot mar  
With memories of her dirty car  
Or salt-spray-scented oceans deep,  
Or every quiet tear I weep  
For lives that know not love nor pain,  
For sunny days that follow rain,  
For miles of moments flying by  
In blinks of some celestial Eye -

The author plans to graduate from the College of Arts and Sciences in 2010 with a degree in Athletic Training.
The photographer is the spouse of Deborah DuDevoir, a Lab Instructor in the Biological Sciences Dept. at the College of Arts and Sciences.
we arrive intact, unbroken...
...but not for long;
soon Life crashes us and dashes us,
often when we least expect it,
often in ways we don’t even know -
‘til much, much later.

perhaps to become whole again, to heal,
requires that first we be broken...
so that we can put the pieces back together
in a way that makes each of us uniquely who we are.

were we never to experience brokenness,
whole would not have the same meaning.
we yearn for that which once was,
for that which could be,
for that which we’ve dreamed of
but never experience in the ways we’d imagined or hoped.
when at first we are broken,
our edges are sharp and they can cut;
we endure – and sometimes cause – pain we never knew we would, or
could.
our edges, over time, become less jagged, rounded, softened...
our beauty is more subtle, softer
– lovely in a different way.

the storms of Life have tumbled us, tossed us, shaped us.
we are beautiful...in many different ways:

some of us are large and round
some small and smooth and simple in our beauty
some more polished than others
some get buried under accumulations of pain and grief and sorrow
but, with time and endurance and great determination,
even those who had become buried can eventually express and expose
the treasure that is theirs alone to share.

Yes, we are beauty–full in so many different ways.

The author is the spouse of Dan Rothermel, an Associate Professor in the Education Dept. in the College of Arts and Sciences.
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