Forté

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Dear Readers,

What you now hold in your hands is the first, and last, Forté edition of the 1993-94 academic year.

While we intended to continue the ongoing tradition of Forté by bringing the readers one issue each semester, financial cuts in the Forté budget by Student Forum have made a second issue not possible.

We hope you enjoy this edition of Forté and we'll see you in the fall of 1994.

Stephen Erdmann
Board of Publications,
President
A REALISTIC VIEW OF LIFE

Life,
the pleasures and pain.
the source of
ture knowledge
and lesson.

Why?
a question of a meaning.
Such things do not
exist in one
with no sense of
direction or being.

Joy,
could it be realistic?
Will it be attainable
in the mind of ambition?

Sorrow,
Mistakes come from
situations not
circumstances.

Hope,
the aspirations of many
with the sense to realize
and also
to be human and survive.

Life,
the pleasures and pain
The source of
ture knowledge
and lesson.

Laura Hart

MADNESS

Let's see hear
Now, where did I put that?
Now, now, now I
want to
Is that?
No, not chickens!
chickens bad, bad, bad!
Is that
Jean
jean is
that...YOU?
But you're
Dead!!!!!!
if I just close my eyes
squeeze tighter
tighter
What?
Bob? Bob, what are you...
Cheese! Cheese! Cheese!
1, 1, 2, 4, 3,....
What's next?!
Dear God I can't remember what's next!
Why can't I remember,
crying?
Why am I crying?
Tetris!!! I want tetris!!
And some of those
tiny hotdogs
they want me to
DIE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Why...why...why...why...why...
Oh, look, are you my friend?
Are you looking at me?
Why are you staring?
STOP! STOP IT!
If you keep staring, I'll melt away.
STooooooopp!
The man, the man, the man is....
He's coming...he's coming with
No, not that.....ahhhh!
Pain, pain, pain, so much pain,
I wish it was dark
so very
dark
I think
I think I'll sleep
Sleep, sleep, sleep
Sleep forever.
Yessssssssss, that's good.
goodbye
goodbye
goodbye
goodb.......... 

Anne

SHE WASN'T NAKED

She wasn't naked

In my eyes
But strangers see what they choose
Her shape identified the black covering
Underneath two shadows conforming to themselves

She wasn't without anything that exposed herself
To innocence or irreputable consequences
Her presence was only one of want and desire
Shrilling themselves from my soul

But she wasn't naked

Jeff Downey
EMPTY EVENING

Waiting
until the clock
falls to ash
chiming once
as it powders the floor
Tapping a crusted spoon
on a sticky counter
I will never wash
Staring out the window
at nothing
The sun has gone
and murdered the moon
leaving me alone
but not lonely
on an empty sabbath
evening

Danz...
I AM A MOST PECULIAR MAN

As I sit on my floor weeping,
With crumpled paper by the can,
I can't stop myself from thinking,
"I am a most peculiar man."

Oh Lord, why have you forsaken me,
To this one agonizing brand?
My body bound, my mind is free.
I am a most peculiar man.

In a cage of conformity I refuse,
To sit and pretend to be amused.
Against the iron I will ram,
For I am a most peculiar man.

A rock or island of personality,
This is what and who I am.
I will not be a Richard Cory,
I am a most peculiar man.

The songs of my mind remain unfinished,
As if all are part of some master plan.
Deeper into my mind I fish.
I am a most peculiar man.

Sometimes I sit on my floor thinking,
With the sounds of darkness near at hand,
"Why can't I stop weeping?
Am I the only peculiar man?"

Jack Daniels

CASTLE

Long ago voices
Whispered secrets.

Ghostly webs, trail
Searching fingers.

Worn stone bloodied,
Anguished battles.

Ancient walls stand watch,
Sworn to protect all within.

Cries of tomorrow,
And yesterday ring hollow.

Sarah Koester
UNTITLED

Sweet love, hear me
when I die
I want to soar where eagles fly
I want to know where Eden lies
Carry my body
to the mountain
where we lay the summer past
bury me under the oak, the elm
the best bed for my last
Take me to the ocean, Love
where we met that cool spring day
as the world we thought we knew
melted away
my ashes, scattered by the wind
carried far, and home again
by the vengeful sea I learned to love
When I am gone, Love
visit the mountain
sleep by the sea
remember the past
and then think of me
No chance for tomorrow
my future is gone
But don’t live in sorrow
remember my song
Eden is far, but you’re closer still
Remember my spirit, remember my will
when all is forgotten
you’ll whisper my name
We’ll meet then in Eden
forever
again

Heather Homann

MARY

Crystal shards,
Screaming lights
No one knows her beauty.
Golden grasp,
Street scar
She glows in blackened halls.
She steps across broken glass
And smiles as she bleeds.
Red sun rising,
Sleepless rising,
She has seen the dark side of creation
Knows the plot of Eve,
Betrayal of Adam,
And trusts in those who say they never existed.
Untainted white,
Droplets of ale,
Bright eyes radiate,
Her cheeks flushed in a sparkling laugh.
Shimmering blue,
Unblinking lashes,
She devours his image
As she leans carelessly over the rail.
Loves what is below her.

Kerrie Gulczynski
WISTFUL FEELINGS

Sitting at my desk
Looking out the window
Seeing a smiling couple holding hands
Feeling a tear slip silently onto my cheek
Thinking of the last time you took my hand in yours
Wishing you had never said goodbye

Erika Hoffmann

HAPPY HOUR

The door slams
Uh-oh—he’s home
and he’s mad
Oh shit
he’s drunk
even worse
maybe if I hide here
he won’t find me
no such luck
What’s he saying?
I can’t even underst---
WHACK!
Darkness,
Silence,
No more fear.

Millie Collins
Secrets
hot and sweet
pulsing whispers
reaching into all encompassing
darkness closing in
seeking to draw the pleasure
into my heart
lapping at the tip of life
drinking the essence of love

Sarah Koester
SO FAR

So far in
A moody tranquil thought
Flouncing through the aisle
In the drawback of the drapes dangling
Downward to the stage of their descent

Quilting forces feel their faces fall
Tearing from scrawny bones the flesh of futility
Hierarchy waves conviction of motives
Without a single After thought

The mindset is synthesized into
An uncontrollable mixture of
Fancy philosophical filandering
While Cyclitic censes cause

The Future of another

Jeff Downey

BITTER WIND

A solitary soul
Reaching with
Lonely hands
Trying to
Grasp on
To hold on for
Just a little while
Longer
Searching desperately
For a grip
Within another reality
Of existence
Not as a
Solitary being
Falling back
With cold fingers
That found
No warmth
To kindle the fires
Of life within
A heart dying
So the blanket
Of unfeeling
Is wrapped
Tighter
And tighter
Each time
The bitter wind
Strikes
And draws blood
Until Finally
There is no way
In
Or out
Of a heart
Of a being
So concealed
That it withers
Inside the confines
It made
For its own
Protection
From the storm
That surrounds
A solitary soul

Anne

CRITTERS

Some critters ate our dinner, I say to him,
and he blanches, because we have no more money.
This means we must go home,
to civilization,
which is where we've been hiding from.
I hunger for the way he looks in the light of our
fire,
built together like this relationship
and with just as much vigor.
Feeling warm, I wrap our quilt around me
as he roams the forest, searching for
whatever he left out there last time.
He's looking, but I can't help him find what he's
lost.
I smell like smoke and burnt marshmallows,
and I need to brush my teeth.
So I light a cigarette, because it can't get much
worse.
What does he think about when he's out
on his predator's prowl? What does he hear?
Maybe the trees whisper secrets to him about the
land,
which he covers so quietly I never hear him
approaching,
and he never hears himself going.
Sigh.
Where he goes, I cannot, so I wait,
and curse the critters,
who ate our dinner.

Carrie Hoffman
To love deeply
But am I loving deeply?

Strange; there is but a slight physical desire,
eyet my being is consumed by his existence

If I do not love,
why does the flame of jealousy run rampant
through my soul?
why do I endeavor to spark jealousy in him?

Hate
do I abhor his presence?

Strange; he is my principal confidant,
yet his lies are the root of my pain.

Confusion sets in.
Inner turmoil grieves my soul.
I love him.
I hate him.
I love deeply.
I die of neglect.
In him I find everlasting life

And death.

It is the meshing of souls across time.

Gina Jones

Waiting.
Always waiting.
Patience.
Have patience.
I'm tired of having patience.
Of doing the right thing.
Being a good girl.
Don't drink.
Don't smoke.
Don't have sex before marriage.
If you have sex before marriage, don't get pregnant.
Don't sleep around.
Then you're a slut.
Always use a condom.
Don't get a disease.
Do well in school.
Get good grades.
Kiss your teachers ass.
Graduate.
Find a job.
Find a good job.
Get married.
Have kids.
Be a good neighbor.
Lead a life so fucking boring.
Stay within the lines.
Fuck that.
I don't want it.
I want my life, my way.

Anne
MAKING LOVE

Daylight fills an empty sky
Sunlight fingers stretch across the floor
No light spills over evening sky
Coaxing delivers us to rise once more

Hidden eyes in shades of grey
No sadness or pain blinds our way
Knowing that you're going to stay
The daylight seems to fade away

With your sultry eyes you move my way
Smiling lips ripple in radiant pleasure
Passionate hips harden as they sway
Encompassing our bodies search for treasure

Two moist bodies glisten in the moonlight
Making love, precipitation seeps in
Sighs of lost announce it's alright
Hardness thickens, motion quickens, it begins

Hand in hand, molded hair loses shape
Fingers clenched tight, two figures as one
Being in love, making love, cannot be replaced
The coaster glides but the ride's not done

Engulfed in kisses, tasting you on my mouth
We hasten our friction, heat increases
You sitting up, I'm moving south
With velocity, fluid releases

Your pristine body lies in the room, chilled
Moisture and marks gather on my back
I wonder if you've been fulfilled
You wonder when I'm coming back.

MARK MEDLEY

DAMAGE

slivers of a shattered heart
you tore my fragile world apart
how I wish I could undo
the damage that was done by you
fragments of our tattered past
remnants...love could never last
a dream, it seemed so damn unreal
learning how to live, to feel
now you're gone; there's nothing left
of a life bleak and bereft
how I wish I could undo
the damage that was done by you
how I wish I could forget
the damage done the day we met
how I wish I could break free
of damage that was done to me

Heather Homann
UNTITLED

I've loved you all my life
Your name is all over me,
In me,
Even before I came into the flesh
I was already promised a soul
And you to share it with.
There hasn't been a dawn or
A shimmering star in the sky that hasn't
Whispered your name,
Or kissed my lips with sweet memories.
When my eyes first found you
I denied what I knew
Yet when you first took my hand in yours-
When you first touched me with your heart-
Our fate was sealed.
So much we knew of pain
So much more than that which we created for
ourselves
And even though we beat our love with angry
Fists it held on
And we sang it soft lullabies after each storm.
I have loved you all my life.

Kerrie Guleczynski

Timmetha Harrington
THE AMERICAN DREAM

Close your eyes, America
Close your eyes to the homeless masses
to the hurt, to the pain
to the death, to the shame
to the drugs, to the hate
to the missing food on the plate
to the AIDS, to the junk
to the cults, to the drunk
to the murder, to the rape
to the endless mass of red tape
Close your eyes, America.
It's easier that way.

Noah Tonk

TO BELIEVE OR NOT TO BELIEVE

This is the question that plagues my mind.
The one true answer I can not find.
Tired and weary as if drained by a wraith,
The ghost of religions, beliefs, and faith.

Faith, fathering, and fondling fools,
Uses his followers as instruments or tools.
A humongous time bomb waiting to click.
So many believers it makes me sick.

Do they really believe in what Faith teaches?
Do they really believe in what Faith preaches?
Do they understand the meaning of Faith?
Why do they follow as if it were fate?

So many follow but know not what.
The ones who don't follow will supposedly rot.
Do they follow of fear or doubt?
What are they there for? Faith should throw them out!

Beliefs do not come from the brain or mind.
They are found inside the heart where they cannot leave.
So, with my anatomy uncovered I find,
I have no choice but to believe.

Jack Daniels
CONFIRMATION

Lord, I pray my eyes be wide,
my soul be strong.
Should I, open my heart to you
thus risking loss of self?
If I were to follow your wishes;
to accept you as real,
would I soon learn my error?
And if I strip my armor,
leaving myself naked;
vulnerable,
for your approval,
Would I find I'm alone?

Jennifer Mazzuckell

NOAH'S ARC

All fears are realized at once
The rivers run unchecked.
For forty days and forty nights,
Aching grief prevails
Starvation and isolation-
Insanity hovers like a vulture.
The dove drives insanity away,
Bringing with her a ray of sunshine.

Sarah Koester
Masks

There are those who hide
Behind the masks
They have been given
Or have given themselves
Sliding behind
Barriers that conceal
The vulnerability
The lies within their souls
A fear of living an existence
And not a life
Where they connect
With another's heart
So they wear their masks
And dance
Around each other carefully
Carefully
So as not to disturb
The picture of what
Is presented
Without ever finding
The beauty
Of what is within

Anne

A SHORT, SHORT EPIC

Jorak was happy. He had just finished a week-long meditation ritual that all men must undertake before they are married. He longed to be with Ayda, his bride-to-be, and looked forward to seeing her when he got back to Dan-Jalar, his village. Peering out of the meditation hut perched on the edge of the woods, he awaited the arrival of the village priest, who would conduct the final rights. The priest, after judging that Jorak was ready for marriage, would bring him home. Once home, there would be a great feast to celebrate his return. He was impatient, eager to eat real food instead of the dried meat that had been purified by the priests for him to eat during his trial. Following the feast, of course, would be the wedding, binding him to the beautiful Ayda.

He sat down, trying to keep his mind occupied until the priest came to fetch him. Jorak's thoughts drifted back to Ayda, remembering how he had first met the beautiful woman, back when he was just a child, watching the warriors and wishing he was old enough to have a sword. It was on one of those days that he had met Ayda. Ayda and her mother had arrived in Jorak's village, Dan-Jalar, as refugees after their village had been destroyed by the Klarr-Jan.

A few years before, a band of nomads, the Klarr-Jan, had crossed the Adar Mountains from the famine starved land to the west, and had been pillaging the villages of Arrandon, the land on this side of the mountains. They traveled the countryside killing and burning villages. The peaceful people of Arrandon were forced to take up arms to defend themselves. Dan-Jalar was lucky, having succeeded in fighting off the ban-
dits twice, giving her K'lar-Jan second thoughts about attacking again.

A village border patrol had found Ayda and her mother wandering the countryside after the marauding bands of K'lar-Jan had destroyed their village. The little girl had been terrified of the Dan-Jalor warriors, believing them to be the K'lar-Jan. The warriors treated her with kindness, and eventually she overcame her fear. Jorak, seeing another child his age, wasted no time in trying to coax Ayda out of her misery. At first she drew away from him, and was frightened, but soon Jorak was rewarded one day when she laughed at a funny story he told her.

They quickly became playmates, playing swords and sorcery, fighting with make-believe dragons and evil warriors. But every time he got make-believe K'lar-Jan involved, she would shrink away, and he would see that terrified, wide-eyed little girl again. The scared girl had long disappeared, growing into a tall, strong woman. He smiled to himself, longing to hold her slender body in his arms. He was impatient for his wedding night...

His thoughts were abruptly broken as he smelled burning wood. At first he thought the forest was on fire. Leaping out of his hut, he stepped back, reassuring himself that the hut was not on fire. It was then that he saw the smoke rising from the direction of the village.

Panic surged through his body as he found himself sprinting toward the village, sword in hand. A dozen different emotions raced through his soul as he tried not to picture the worst. Reaching the top of the hill separating the village from the forest, he stopped in his tracks, horrified by what he saw.

Buildings that were once considered the finest wood craftsmanship throughout the plains, were ablaze and quickly disintegrating to the ground. People lay dead or dying in the streets as the dust clouds of the bandit's horses pointed to a western retreat. His father's house...

Letting out a cry of anguish, he raced down the hill, attempting to cover the remaining mile to the village as fast as he could. The smell of burning bodies assailed him like a slap in the face as he entered the village. With horror, he sighted the body of his mentor, the Swordmaster. He had taught Jorak everything he knew about the art of swordsmanship. Jorak could see that the Swordmaster, lying amidst the carnage, would teach no longer. He had been cleaved in half, freeing his entrails to lie on the ground next to him. His mouth was caught in an evil deathlike grin for eternity as his head burned, freeing gobbets of fiery flesh to drip upon the dusty ground.

Retching, he doubled over, sick from the smell of burning flesh. As he stood up, a glimmer of metal caught his eye. A metal emblem had been tied to a spear in the ground. It made an eerie sound in the evil silence as the wind caused the medallion to sway back and forth, bumping softly against its anchor. As recognition came, horror and hate coursed through his veins. It was the talisman of the K'lar-Jan.

"Nooooooooooooooooooouu!!" He screamed, unable to accept the death of his world.

He remembered little of the next few hours. Memories drifted through the night, of Jorak wandering through the streets for hours, calling
the names of the villagers until he was hoarse. He recalled standing in front of his father's house, his father's body dangling from the wall, held by a spear to the smoldering ruins. His mother's body lay among the ruins. Eight months pregnant, her child had been cut away from her body, leaving it to die a slow, strangulated death.

Jorak had heard stories about the Klar-Jan, but nothing had prepared him for this. The devil-worshipping Klar-Jan had no mercy, killing for the cruel sport of it. He stumbled out of the house, dry-heaving. He found himself holding the decapitated body of his bride-to-be, rocking back and forth, crying and softly repeating her name over and over again. Sobbing, he cried himself to sleep.

Morning found Jorak already at work, piling the bodies of his village for a funeral pyre. He leaned back to take a breath. He had finished. Bending over, he lit a torch from the smoldering remains of a building. Once it caught, he hesitated. Looking at each body, tears came into his eyes as painful memories of each person came to the surface. As he stood there, the stench of decaying bodies hit his nose like a wave of death. Repulsed, he covered his nose, bid a silent goodbye, then threw the torch into the mound of corpses, setting it ablaze. At that moment, the last of the Dan-Jalor made a silent vow never to rest until he had killed every last Klar-Jan on the face of Arrandon.

He would remain in the village no longer. Gathering the meager supplies he had managed to salvage from the remains of his home, he buckled on his sword and set out on the trail of the Klar-Jan. He knew that years would pass before he would complete his quest. He felt as though he were setting out on an epic odyssey, like the ones the elders spoke of around the fire at night. Holding his head erect against the noonday sun, he felt immortal. He was still feeling immortal when he tripped over a stone, fell into a ravine, and hit his head on another rock, killing him instantly.

Noah Tonk
THE PICTURE

 Explosive colors
 Jumping, dancing

 Pinwheels spinning
 Out of control

 Prancing skeleton
 Topped red and white

 Castle looms over
 Buckets of fire

 Flying jelly beans
 And red hot peppers

 Dandy dandelions
 Shooting diamonds

 Bears jumping
 A purple moon

 A turtle swims
 Across the night

 Red devil perches
 Clenching a dollar

 Ballooned ideas
 Fishing fish basket

 Razor sharp teeth
 Guarding Roman pillars

 Recluse cabin
 Sasquatch trails

 Queen of diamonds
 Jack in the block

 Spectacled blue sun
 Golden sky dawning

 Each day is new
 As each picture is seen.

 Sarah Koester
JACK O'LANTERN

Jack o'lanterns giggle,
Faces twisted and queer,
Slanted brows, gnarly teeth

Flickering shadows,
Casting evil glares.

Ghouls and ghosts
Happily unaware.

Failure sinks in,
Lights are extinguished,
And death shrivels slowly.

Sarah Koester

Timmertha Harrington
HOME

This place will swallow you
muted anger paints the walls
a red that never dries and
bleeds the carpet
We walk barefooted
quietly on our toes
hiding from the monster
breathing between the walls
He will swallow you
He will swallow you
I cannot lend you a hand
I'm holding on to the ceiling
holding my breath to keep in
what my mind is screaming
look fast under the bed
block the closet door
feel it trembling
see me trembling
no arms will hold me
it's all coming down now
don't try to catch my fall
I will just swallow you

Danz...

UNTITLED

With bruised lips
And warm whispers still fresh upon my cheek
You let me go.
Penetrating eyes
You could have told me you hated me
And I wouldn't have believed you.
Now my sins avenge
The life I gave them
Hiss black vengeance that only
Hurt will cure,
I have not suffered enough.
One chance
In a single breath, it's gone
And you let me go.

Anonymous
THREE YEARS AFTER THE BALL

Cramped and huddled
in a dirt grey room
With tattered paper walls
my ears ring painfully
with an off-key tune
piped in from fickle memory
I lick ashes from my lips
and savor the ghost of your foot
heavy on my crooked toes.

Danz...
SEX

Why is it that when
You see her walk
The elements contrict
Her form to recreate
The essence of such
Primitive desires
But she stands
Silent for she
Knows not of your
Wishes.
Instead for a
Second the thought of
Her in your life captivates
You to the point of
Envisioning her in a
Slide show of atmospheres
But she starts to walk
Away without knowing
Your thoughts

Jeff Downey

UNTITLED

She left with another again
Why must my identity be tainted
With those of witches
Encircling their prey on brooms of gold
Devouring helpless hearts and ambitions
In a blood feast they deny
Why must I be likened
To demons of the evening
Scratching a lambs pride until it flows
From his purity
Why must these battered never revolt
Or call to arms what they know is theirs
And fear taking
Why must they be slaughtered
With blind eyes
And silent lips
To the coaxing I give them
Beyond this hell
Of unending defeat
And into my sheets
Of eternal peace

Mary Nemchausky
LOVE

The great mythical beast
Elusive, escaping me
Lost in a world of hostilities
I cannot find shelter
In the arms of another
So I wander about alone
For what seems like forever
Day after day
Without anyone
To hold me
To kiss me
To need me
To touch my soul
Left only to feel
Condemned to a life of lonliness
While I feel the better part of me
Dying everyday
From the slow suffocation
Of disuse

Anne

UNTITLED

The sound of the rooster outside the window wakes us all up. It's 4:52 AM, and the day, in comparison to what is coming, is still very cool, about 80 F. The sun won't start to really shine for a few hours yet. Even so, the humid air teases the lungs with the threat of working through another mercilessly hot day. A day with little shade, and the scenery that resembles post World War II Germany. I hate that damn rooster.

The morning routine starts as it always does. Wake up, struggle out of the hammock before sleep reclaims the body, then scramble to get dressed in time to get to the work sight by five. Downstairs, the sounds of someone singing the familiar "I feel like chicken tonight" ring through the concrete frame we live in.

The walk to the work sight gives a depressing look at real life in Mexico. The streets are lined with the crumbling concrete structures these people call home. Nothing here is made of wood, there are no trees. Every house has a cement wall surrounding it to keep out thieves and animals. Many of them have broken glass imbeded in the top of the walls, a primitive sort of barbed wire.

This is Mexico, not Cancun, not the tourist traps and fancy hotels. This is Mexico. We are on the outskirts of Merida. This is where the real people live. They don't speak English, and they don't mob tourists in the street, trying to sell them cheap souvenirs and silver trinkets. They live in poverty. This lifestyle is one that few people in America understand, many refuse to even acknowledge it's existence.

The work sight, a house recently purchased by the Down Syndrome Institute of Merida, is the
reason all of us are here. I use the word 'house' in
the loosest sense of the word, in reality it is only a
stone frame, and it's our job to make it usable for
the down syndrome children. Every day from 5
AM to noon we work, trying to improve their
quality of life. None of us know how much good
this will really do. So much here needs to be
fixed, it's like trying to fill the ocean with a water
pick.

After the day's work is done, we walk back
through the poverty stricken streets of Merida. I
begin to wonder why it is I'm here. Will this
really help anyone in the long run, or am I
wasting time and resources on a futile task. Who,
if anyone, will benefit from this?

Then I saw the boy. He was walking down
the street toward us, a bottle of Coke in his hand,
and a bright colored parrot on his shoulder. I was
reminded of some ridiculous, poorly animated
Saturday morning cartoon. This boy, by himself
in the street, with the expensive tropical bird on
his shoulder seemed very out of place. He
couldn't have been more than five years old.

We talked to the boy for nearly two hours.
With my three years of high school Spanish I was
able to communicate clearly with him, and even
translate for some of the others. "The parrot was
a gift from his father, who raised it himself. No,
the bird can't fly, but it does talk a little bit." To
this day, that boy is the only person I have been
able to speak to in Spanish, without a dictionary
to help me, or an embarrassing stutter. However,
the one thing about that boy that I will never
forget was not what he said, or the parrot perched
on his shoulder. It was the way he reacted to us.
It was his smile.

Alex Gross
UNTITLED

I can stare at your reflection
Forever in my tears
As you dance around me
From one
To another
To another
And smile at yourself
In my overflowing eyes
I am so paralyzed
My tears could refresh you
If you could step away from the mirage
Stop giving the breeze your kiss
I would cease to weep
Your image would be gone
Become entranced in the ecstasy of truth
Dance in the silence of my heart.

Mary Nemchausky

DEATH OF A CONCEPT

His bitter words strike my flesh
Piercing it like shards of glass
I want to speak
To explain my actions
But I just stand there,
Silent.
Numbly I accept his decision
When he turns his hate filled eyes away
I realize he is taking his heart with them
As I watch his leave,
I know my own heart has changed forever,
Quietly I feel the retreat of
A valuable part of myself
And my soul cries out in anguish.

Anne
AN INSTANT

for an instant
brooding clouds
dark and mean
unsheathed claws
gnashing teeth
angry pools of
green lightning
stubborn denial
huddled torment
reluctant reply
grudging smile
friends again
forever, always
all forgiven
certainly forgot
in an instant

Sarah Koester

CHILDHOOD TRAUMAS

The needles broke my skin
rusting as they breathed air
I was a vacuum
ey they had just escaped
and even though it pained me
all the years they had scraped me
I was glad to see I was bleeding
they had wanted out so badly

Danz...
NOVEMBER SNOW

Snow falls
Silently
Building and building
Higher and higher
I stare out my window
Childish hopes
Intrude my thoughts
Dreams of building
The tallest snowman on the block
Sledding down
The monster of all hills
With the wind brushing back my hair
Drawing angels
In the clean white snow
As perfect and pure
As my childhood fantasies

Erica Hoffmann
PAINT

Vibrating colors
Clashing, blending

Skidding uncontrolled
The colors hit head-on

Blood drips across
Draped white sheets.

Sarah Koester

HOLLYWOOD

Just a highway length
Across a destined finish
Perforated guidance
Toward a lasting impression

Sun spot and Heaven’s tears
Changed textures and vantage points

Just a billboard mind
Clocks change character
Winding through zones
Beyond twilight’s borders

Heat waves to clouded air
Responding to a single picture

Jeff Downey