

MANUSCRIPT



# MANUSCRIPT

SPRING 2006



Dedicated to the Wilkes University community, and especially Dr. Mischelle Anthony, Dr. Larry Kuhar, Dr. Bonnie Culver, and Debra Archavage, all students and faculty in the Division of Humanities, and those involved in the Masters in Creative Writing.

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## 1947 Foreword

With this issue of MANUSCRIPT, a new publication is launched on the Bucknell University campus in Wilkes-Barre. Those who have been responsible for its coming into being earnestly hope that through your efforts and the efforts of those who come after you this magazine will develop into a college tradition of which we may all be proud.

*The Editors*

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## KACY MUIR

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### The Ritual Walk of Isabel of Lima

In the fire she stands on coals of breathing ash  
It burns her in  
    It burns her out  
The mirrors shattering in your view...  
Reasoning sin to your vanity  
She stands on the fury of your eyes, upon the fire and the glass  
She clasps her hands and prays  
    To see those eyes burned to their glory  
Gone to ash  
She has walked these breathing coals, this path of glass—  
For the mirror never could show through  
What she saw in you  
It made you ugly  
Granted you seven years bad luck  
She made you free  
She gave you all twenty years of four-leafed clovers and red roses  
He gotten on the blessed day of your baptism  
    Her spirit walks on pain day and day again  
Her feet bloody now  
    Will heal someday

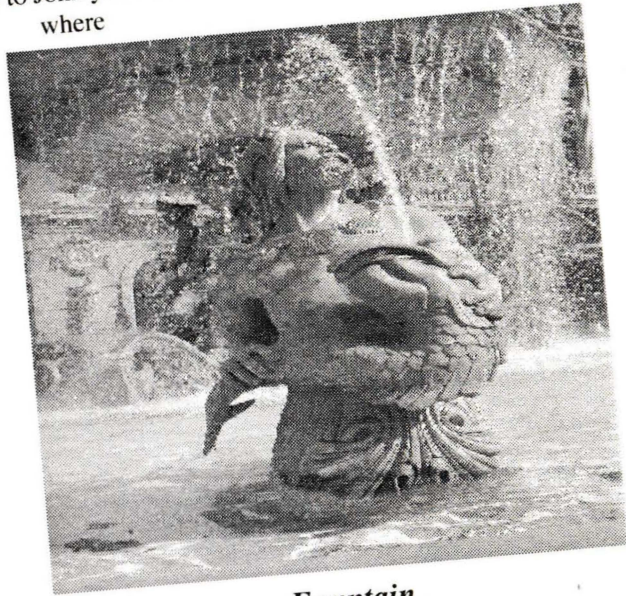
### Cover-up

The only marks you will leave upon me  
Are the ones to f a d e  
Slowly, slowly  
But surely  
    No mark on the outside to break in  
No black meets blue, meets yellow-ing hue  
No I love you's  
    I bear these marks as scars of love  
Love that will slowly, slowly  
But surely  
Go away  
    With make-up sticks and scarves  
Adhering to my neck

MUIR

## The Metamorphosis

James Dean,  
My idolized big machine  
They made you big up on that silver screen  
A blue-eyed Rebel  
Puckering up those lips for me  
Were you scared at all  
To show them who you really were?  
You just say, 'darlin I have no Cause  
For being so wise beyond my years  
Until that fatal crash in '55  
That cost it all  
That chose to hum "only the good die young"  
But still you remained a Giant in all our eyes  
Up there on that silver screen  
Hope you know you're still alive when the film is reeling, cigarette  
in hand  
Hope to John you found your Eden after all, East of here some-  
where



*Fountain*  
Clarissa E. Dudeck

## JASON SUTTON

### .357 Reasons to Cry

"You'd better tell me where my money is or your blood is gonna paint these walls." A sex deal gone sour. That's what I am into, neck deep, with no way out. Three big guys are blocking the door, and one of them has a gun pointed at me. I'm pretty much dead. Here's a tip: don't try to stiff a prostitute that has a pimp the size of a Buick. That was a bad pun, but I'm not going to apologize. It seems stupid to apologize for anything now with the muzzle of a hand cannon digging into my neck.

"I'm sorry, I...I have it, but I must have left it at home or something." So much for not apologizing. Also, if you couldn't tell, I'm not a very adroit liar. I should have stuck with the Clintonian defense: "Define 'money.'"

"You're sorry? You're...SORRY?! Did you hear this guy? He's sorry that he doesn't have the money. Well, if you're sorry, then everything's all better. Go ahead. It's all square now because you're sorry."

"Really? Can I go? Wow..." I stand up.

"SIT DOWN!!!" I knew I wouldn't get out that easily, but you have to try, right? "Sorry won't buy you anything in this town, especially Brenda's services. Brenda, get over here." While the slut scampers over I wonder if I'll be in the papers.

LAS VEGAS AP - Sometime around two AM yesterday morning an unidentified man was found lying in a pool of his own blood at the Regala Hotel and Casino. The autopsy has yet to be performed, however a Las Vegas police officer, speaking on terms of anonymity, has reported that the cause of death was a gunshot wound to the face. This incident is just another one to tack onto the large amount of crime plaguing our fair city. Hotel Manager Jeff O'Connor could not be reached for comment.

I have no delusions of grandeur. Not a front page news story. No top of the hour coverage. Just a little sidebar blurb on page seventeen. Right under "Helicopter Crashes, Eight Soldiers Die" and right above "Viagra Causes Blindness, Studies Reveal."

Let's face it, I'm not any more interesting than an impotent old man trying to get it up for his old lady.

"Brenda, what services did you perform on our friend here?" I listen to the list...it's quite extensive. My girl only likes missionary, plain and simple. Is it any wonder I went searching for a lady of the night to sate me? "Is that all of them?" The pimp is definitely not impressed by the list.

"Yes...I think so." I run the list back over in my head.

"No, that's not it, remember you gave me that handjob in the taxi on the ride over?" In retrospect, I couldn't have picked a worse time to set the record straight. Honestly, this wasn't like the cashier handed me an extra dollar and I was being a good guy by giving it back...no, I was just digging myself even deeper. I guess part of me hoped my honesty would be rewarded. It wasn't.

"By my estimation, you owe us...calculator. CALCULATOR!!!" One of the lackeys hands Pimp Daddy a calculator. This buys me some time. Maybe I can just go nuts and beat every one of these guys up. Or maybe I can scream loud enough to get someone down here that can beat these guys. Where is Chuck Norris when you need him? Or Vin Diesel. I just need someone to save me.

"\$2,500. You got that, chump?" No, I don't "got that." I'm pretty much broke. I blew about five hundred playing Texas Hold 'Em. I dropped a couple c-notes in the slots and lost a load on Black 13. Black 13, now that was a bad idea. All I have left is two quarters, a dime, a condom, a condom wrapper (ribbed for her pleasure), a rubber band, and a watch I stole from Wal-Mart when I was drunk a few weeks ago. Even MacGyver would be screwed. The pimp takes my silence as a "no."

"You got any last requests before I blow you away?" You know those cartoons where that light bulb turns on and you know that the guy has an idea? That doesn't happen. I think about asking for a blowjob, but since that's what got me in trouble in the first place, it seems inappropriate.

"I'd like to play the slots, just one more time."

"That's your last request...the slots?"

"Yeah, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing I guess. Let's go." One of the body guards grabs the scruff of my neck and drags me out of the room. The barrel of his gun is jabbed into my spine. It's uncomfortable to tell

you the truth. Once in the Casino portion of the hotel, I scan for a machine I like. On the near side of the room I see it in all of its light-up glory. Deuce X Machine. That's my last hope.

I slip my last two quarters into the slot. My hand grips the red ball of the lever, and after a brief moment to say a prayer, I pull the handle. The wheels turn, the lights light...I'm holding my breath. I need the jackpot. The triple sevens. C'mon Deuce X, I need this. 7....7...lemon. Nothing. Nada. No great booty. They take me back to the deserted basement.

"In the head or in the chest?" I contemplate. My face is pretty perfect. I take good care of it with a lot of Noxzema and those mud masks. I might as well preserve it.

"In the chest." The pimp pulls the hammer back on his gun. I look in his eyes. I hate him. He hates me. I take a breath. My last one. I'd better savor it. I take it in real deep. I let it out through my nose. I left my coffee pot on. It's weird what you remember when you're looking at a gun barrel pointed at your chest.



### Nervous Tick

I have a nervous tick. His name is Frank. He's always pacing inside my ear, and frankly it's driving me batty. Finally I had to ask him, I says: Frank, what are you so nervous about? He says: I have an interview on the neighbor's dog next week. By this time he's sweating tick-sized bullets and dancing around like he's got ants in his pants. I sure hope my parasitic friend gets that job. It's getting hard to sleep at night with him scuttling around by my cochlea.

### Memoirs of an Unsubstantial Yet Grossly Important Carbon Based Blade of Grass

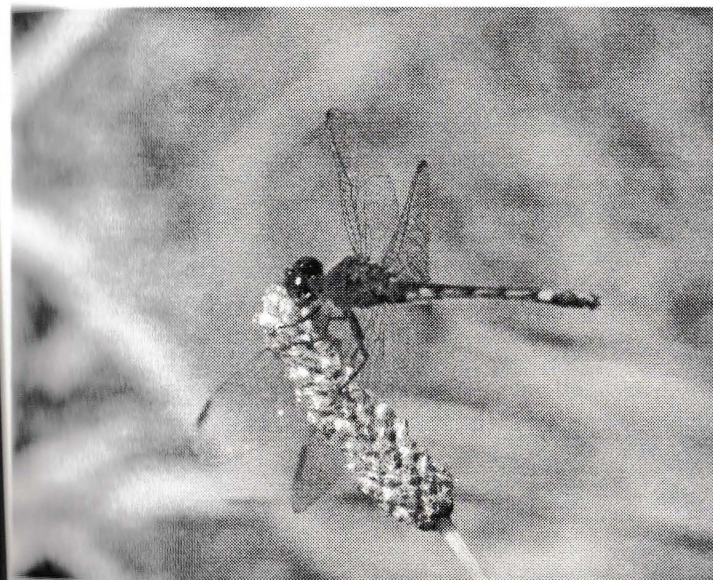
The barren field is filled with thousands of my friends, quietly counting down the sands of time while bending soundlessly in the wind. The blue skies stretch before us, the sun replenishing us with energy. Our green cells eat ravenously the solar photons which bombard us. The energy we create is manufactured for a small community that lives and breathes, though realizes none of these things consciously. We are naught but a backdrop for the important yet unnoticed goings-on of the farm life, which though in its own right superior to the city life, more self-gratifying in the long run, and more important to society, may not be as efficient and aesthetically enjoyable as Urbana.

Cows graze off in the far field, and as single blades, we know our time draws nigh. Yet we are satisfied with our meager lot in life. For even though singularly we are useless to the metabolism, as a whole we are the driving force behind the heterotrophic life style, which is to say undelayed movement and self-destruction of the beautiful terrain in which we all inhabit and co-exist in with an enormous love for all of life's inherent, yet underappreciated desirous appeals. Such beautiful occurrences as ice cold lemonade on a hot and humid summer diurnal cyclical movement. Or in the case of my brethren and me, a cool breeze, smelling of apple blossoms and riddled with the gorgeous taste of lazy evenings listen-

ing to the pitter-patter of tiny bare footed children enjoying life by catching fireflies, and yet still not fully realizing that their happiness stems from everybody's happiness.

At the end of the season my life cycle will draw to its anti-climactical finish whereby all of my glorious self verde will dry and become a brown mass of despair and though singly unimportant, largely a mass grave unto all to tread, and to glean their needed, yet unappreciated nutrients from. However, my life will have been complete, basking in the glow of complacency offset by an orgasmic electron transmitting climax of natural sex appeal to the hooves and teeth of the brown heifer, which in turn offers its substantially less energized self to the most important of all, the human being, which alone is no more than a single organism, but together as one species the beautiful zenith of all of our glorious efforts.

See, I can be a pretentious prick too.



*Maryland Dragonfly*  
Tamara Phillips

## CHARLES GRAVENER

---

### Fair-Weathered Friend

Through haunted woods I walked one night,  
A sense of courage I did feel.  
But felt something rush upon my back,  
Riding up my heels.

I turned quite quick to see him there,  
Quiet on the ground.  
A dark, mysterious fellow that,  
Had never made a sound.

It was my shadow cold and quick,  
To fake my every turn,  
But something jerked my mind astray,  
That made my stomach squirm.

One problem rose to all of this,  
As my shadow lay quietly still.  
There were no clouds in the silent sky,  
Nor sun to climb the hills.

With doubtful eyes I gazed back down,  
To examine this ghastly scene.  
And I listened hard so I could hear,  
It whisper this to me:

"I've failed you not, you'll see quite clear,  
That all's not as it should be.  
You've crossed the line to haunted times,  
And now they're haunting me!"

I turned quite quick, eyes to the sky,  
To see a sight I'd feared.  
The dim-lit trees all danced in the wind,  
And my shadow disappeared.

I looked back down to the frozen ground,  
As sweat dripped from my brow.  
I'll continue on till night turns dawn,  
Left with only courage now.



*Ghost*  
Maria Gable

## DONORA HILLARD

---

### Testimony

*...for I have conquered the world*  
—John 16:33

At my father's  
Pentecostal church, there  
isn't fund-raising,

only faith-raising.  
**EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE!**  
hangs in gold.

Women speak in  
tongues, look up,  
and extend fuchsia

nails to heaven.  
Some wave flags.  
Others wear shirts

with Christian slogans  
splashed on back.  
They all scream.

I look down  
to watch the  
soft gold cross

that pulses patient  
at my throat.  
He can have

the world if  
He wants. Give  
me the boy

whose leg breaks  
beneath him in  
a car accident

and the man  
who learns how  
to make love

in a backseat  
on a night  
in late January.



*New Mexico Lizard*  
**Tamara Phillips**

HILLARD

**Resolution**

After you left  
I prowled the house,

my body's center  
hollow from where

your mouth had been.  
I left our dishes

and knives out  
to dry, expecting

a call of regret  
that never came.

In a few hours  
couples will clump

together to count down  
the final, heavy seconds,

so unlike your  
lightly-carried weight.

I have no want  
of control now,

no use for a time  
that isn't ours.



*Years*  
**Maria Gable**

*The Queen of Cocoa Puffs  
and the Cap'n Crunch King*

Once upon a time in the faraway kingdom of Trenton, New Jersey, there lived a sister and brother who ruled over all they saw. They were Ana, the Cocoa Puffs Queen, and Henrik, the King of Cap'n Crunch.

Although the two young rulers had everything their hearts could desire—good food, fine clothing, a lovely home, caring parents, and the finest assortment of Nickelodeon DVD's money could buy—the pair was angry and embittered, and lived in a constant state of war with one another.

Their battles were numerous, and composed of long, arduous affairs, often taking up the span of an entire morning's gathering around the breakfast table before school.

Their routine was always the same. Each morn prior to school, King Henrik and Queen Ana gathered at the table to enact the daily dispute, sole possession of the cereal box of choice.

The elder of the two, Queen Ana, did feel a certain entitlement to the ownership of the Cocoa Puffs package. This morning, much to her chagrin, she found her younger brother, Henrik, the Cap'n Crunch King, munching away at her Cocoa Puffs with the box set before him.

Awestruck by this act of unimaginable belligerence, Queen Ana of Cocoa Puffs declared, "King Henrik of Cap'n Crunch! By what manner of dastardly design do you presume to take from me my most precious Cocoa Puffs, the very symbol of my kingdom? Do you think me such a simpleton as to not take exception, nay, offense, at such an outrage?"

"Peace, Lady Ana," Henrik began, "I mean no disrespect or offense at this gesture. It is merely the fact that our matron and life-giver, The One we so affectionately refer to as 'Mom,' has been rather busy at her place of work this week, making the acquisition of Cap'n Crunch a most improbable task. I propose, therefore, a compromise in which we will both today partake of your bounty of Cocoa Puffs."

Queen Ana sat down across from King Henrik at the table, an accusing glance beaming from her eyes.

"Sir Henrik," she started, slow and deliberate, "thou art a slovenly knave. For I know for certain that just yester-morn, The

One we call Mother procured another box of Cap'n Crunch for thine own consumption. Do not declare me so devoid of observational prowess."

"Lady Ana," Henrik deadpanned, "what do you imply?"

"I imply, good Sir Henrik, that thou conspirest insurrection most wretched and foul against me, with intentions most cruel."

Sir Henrik rose to his feet, defiant and shouting.

"Calm your tongue, Lady Ana. Though I am smaller in years than you, I know a slander when I am confronted with one, and do take great exception to being labeled a scoundrel."

"Thy tongue is sharp," Queen Ana said, her voice rising. "If thy convictions and swordplay were equally as piercing, then perhaps thou wouldst be willing—"

"Will you two behave in there?" shouted their mother, still dressing in the upstairs bedroom. "I don't want to have to come down there! Be quiet!"

King Henrik and Queen Ana sat and, after a pause, quietly resumed their daily battle.

"Oh, your impudence," Lady Ana hissed. "Were it not for the forbiddance of our matron and maker, I would—would..."

"Ha! Thou trippest over thine own words," Henrik retorted. "I wonder, would it be long before thy very castle crashed down on thee in such unanimous indecision?"

Lady Ana snarled in quiet rage.

"Why, thou—thou—leech! Thou worm, thou vermin! Think you that I be so foolish as to swear and invoke the wrath of the one we call Mother? What manner of gibberish clutters thy brain?"

"None, madam, but only one burning conviction, a belief that pushes me forward in my battle for breakfast cereal dominion."

"And what would that be, pray tell?" Lady Ana inquired.

"To expose thee as the pitiful shrew thou truly art," Sir Henrik replied, "and to strike down that fortress of Cocoa Puffs thou find so invincible."

Ana rose, trembling with rage, her voice a harsh, threatening shriek.

"King Henrik of Cap'n Crunch," she bellowed, "thou art a dishonest, dry jester!"

"Heartless harpy!" Henrik fired back.

"Loutish libertine!"

"Canker-blossom!"

"Lummox!"

"Banshee! Have at thee, then!"

Queen Ana and King Henrik grabbed for the Cocoa Puffs box and wrestled with it off the table and to the linoleum floor below. The sounds of the battle rang out through the kingdom of Trenton, New Jersey. It was only by the very hand of God Himself that the two proud monarchs brought their onslaught to a halt.

Mom grabbed each one up by the shirt and sat them down in their seats at the table.

"All right, that's enough! Why do you do this every day? Henrik, here."

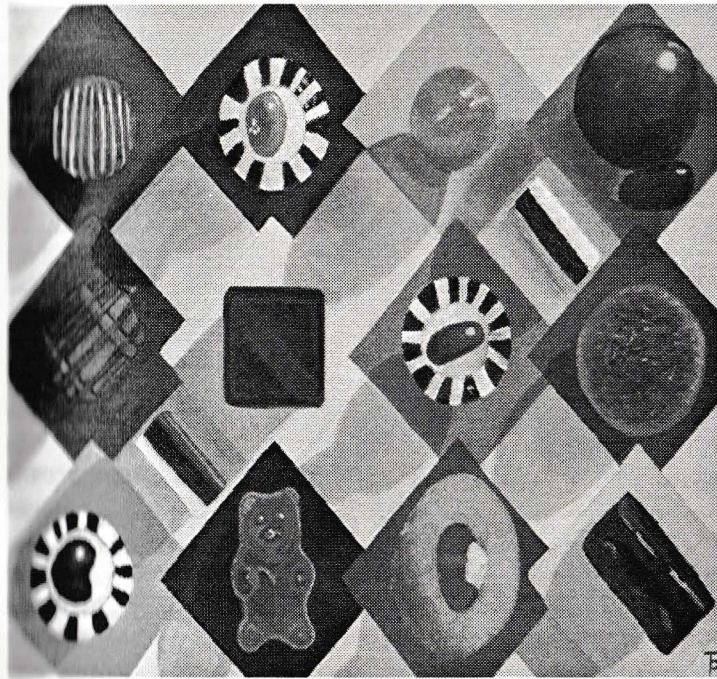
Mom went to the cupboard, withdrew a new box of Cap'n Crunch and placed it on the table before Henrik.

"There. I picked up a new box on my way home yesterday, but didn't get a chance to tell you. Here, Ana, I got more Cocoa Puffs for you, too. Now be quiet and eat, or you'll be late for school. I don't want to hear another word out of either of you until the bus comes. Honestly, all that fuss over a silly cereal box."

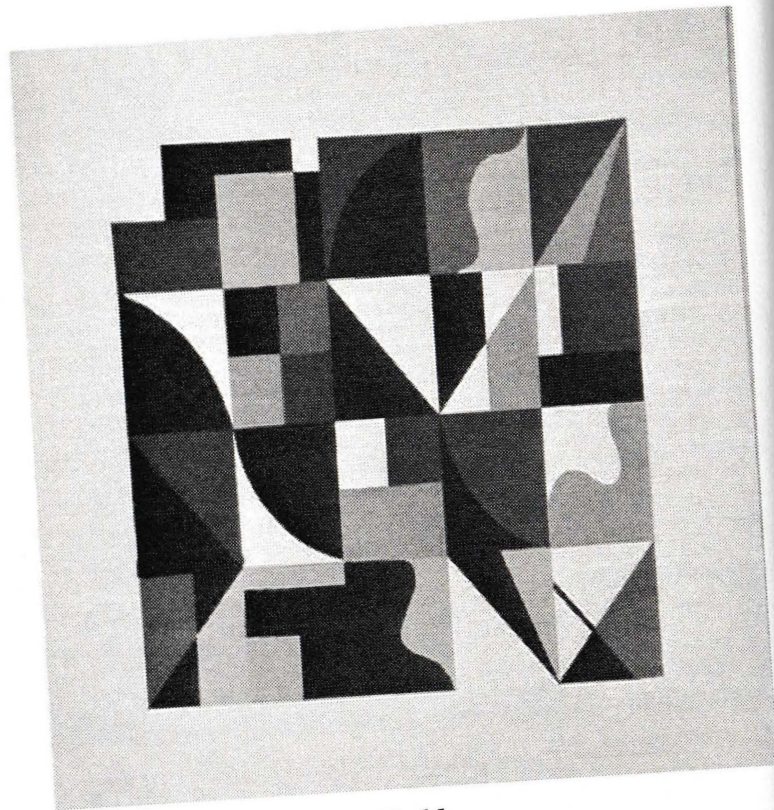
The One called Mom retreated back upstairs to finish applying her makeup, leaving Ana, the Queen of Cocoa Puffs, and Henrik, the Cap'n Crunch King, to eat their breakfast in silence, looking up periodically to shoot contemptuous glances at one another.

"Tomorrow," they both thought, "tomorrow will come the reckoning. For tomorrow is Saturday, and the morn holds many cartoons, and but one television between us both. There will be a reckoning.

And they both lived suspiciously, covetously, ever after; at least until fourth grade.



*Candy Collage*  
Tamara Phillips



*Teddy*  
Bria Battista

## JONATHAN MILES

---

### Nothing is Everything

Feverish tickings of clocks  
wishing to be digital  
blue-hued blood stains the cigarette head  
as they

those that were  
will always be

forgotten  
peace, but a dream which we've never seen  
but don't remember  
black and white camisole  
cover the eraser's eyes  
walk the talk of mad men  
and wonder why they call you

crazy

philosophers entangle mystery  
scientists pretend to know

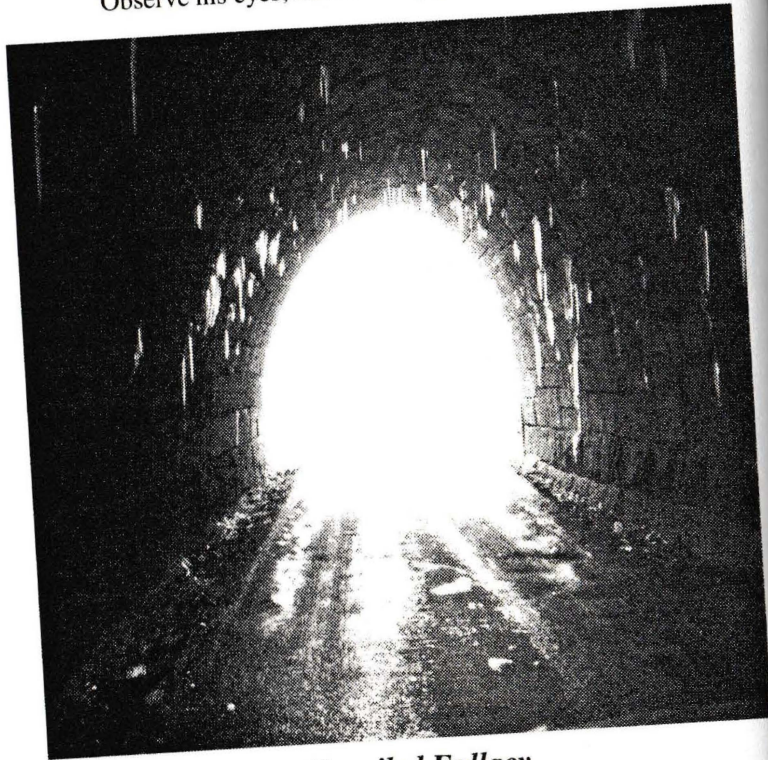
Truth—a fun hope

Who is to say that A can't equal  
B and C  
You and I

like two drunken candelabras suffocated in  
misunderstanding, the misunderstood  
lack of communication filled with words of folly  
pragmatic to the helplessly self-prescribed progressive  
and meanwhile the dreamers awaken and the sleepers die  
Oh the Humanity!  
An exclamation, useless in poetry

**Grateful Of Death**

Never one to gaze past his work  
 He sits down in the middle of nature  
 It is autumn now, winter threatens  
 Leaves proving a beauty in death  
 Trees shedding their heavy hands  
 Bare arms, crisp clean cool  
 The wind awakes and he hugs his jacket  
 The sun hides laughing behind the clouds  
 And the sad sky cries, lamenting to him  
 He slowly is hypnotized by the weather  
 Lulled to sleep on this lazy afternoon  
 Observe his eyes, now closed, quiet



*Unveiled Fallacy*  
 Jim Feeney

**Wild Turkey**

The pale dove-grey light filtered in through the windows of the Oval Office. The curtains were partially drawn, and outside the November sky was overcast, so the room was rather gloomy at this early morning hour.

He was sitting away from his desk in his favorite armchair. He was wearing warm woolen socks from the Land's End catalogue and he had his feet propped up on an ottoman that was tastefully upholstered in an Oriental carpet pattern brocade. One of the dogs was in his lap and he was fondling its ears, talking to it in a cutesy-wootsie babble. Suddenly, a pang of anxiety shot through him and he looked around at all of the tall windows, swiveling his scrawny neck like a startled beady-eyed turkey cock. Of course, the press weren't allowed anywhere near to the windows of the Office, but you never could tell what those tricky sons-o-guns could accomplish with one of those paparazzo telephoto lenses. Of course, any fool could see that he was only gently tugging on the dog's fuzzy black prick-ears, and that the pup was enjoying it, but he recollected that infamous shot they had gotten of LBJ. The old man was holding Him and Her up by the ears—anyone could see that he wasn't trying to hurt them—he had a big goofy smile on his ugly face and the dogs obviously weren't in pain. He was playing with them—but sure enough, his approval ratings had gone down slightly after the photo was made public! “How cruel could that man be to pull those poor little beagles' ears?” all the women said, and their old men all clucked their tongues and said, “Shame to treat a fine pair a hounds like that. I reckon I can't vote for a man that pulls his dogs by the ears. Betcha he ain't got a firm handshake neither.” He knew that was how it went down.

What a situation he had gotten himself into five years ago, he thought to himself. Then he realized they would be knocking on the door for him soon. He only had these twenty minutes of private do-not-disturb-the-stud-bull time today. He started to break out in a cold sweat.

It was the Thanksgiving holidays and today he would be going out to the Rose Garden porch to perform one of those hokey public customs that went along with the highest office in the land. Today he would be “pardoning” the Presidential turkey, saving old Tom



from getting his head whacked off. He actually sort of enjoyed these corny mock ceremonies. It sure as hell was a lot more fun than a Cabinet meeting. Rumsfeld was so boooooorrrriing. The only highlight to those was pretending to drop his pen five or six times so that he could bend over and shoot a glance under the table at Condi's legs—especially when she wore those knee-high boots with the black nylons. Hot damn!

Normally, the press recognized an unspoken cease-fire at these affairs, refraining from asking thorny questions about the state of affairs in the nation. They usually realized that these things were PR events and photo op's and with amused goodwill and holiday zeitgeist they would observe a period of amnesty—a very temporary period of amnesty, of course, and all too fleeting when there were more grumbles of discontent than usual among the opposition and the people. But considering the unbelievably rotten turn events had taken as of late, and his descending approval ratings, and increasing dissatisfaction—among his own base! Not just the whining bleeding hearts and pacifist hippies!—his press liaison officers were warning him that the Press might not be in the mood today to let him off easy.

He gently shifted the dog from his lap and plopped him down on the seat of the chair as he stood himself up. He stretched, working out the kinks in his back, then he bent over and picked up his custom-made cowboy boots—the ones with the Presidential seal emblazoned on them. He sat down on the ottoman while he pulled them on. They seemed to be pinching his toes today and he remembered that he had done a lot of walking yesterday, touring one of the Air Force bases—his feet were probably all swelled up. He filed away a mental note to have them fix him a nice basin of hot water and Epsom salts after he was done in the Rose Garden.

He got back up and began to nervously pace around the room like a green-broke roping horse, grinding his teeth. It seemed as though all of his luck had momentarily departed from him. Things were a goddamned mess in the Middle East and the Press and the Dems were baying about it like a pack a' redbones circling a treed coon. Then Scooter had to go and get himself tripped up. As if all that weren't enough, here comes a goddamned category five hurricane—wham! Right into the Gulf Coast! The worst damn hurricane in the nation's history. The City of New Orleans turned into a cesspool, hundreds of corpses floating around, hundreds of

thousands of refugees—and of course the people had to go and blame the government for it! As if the government was responsible or should've known beforehand about acts of God! What was his administration supposed to do if the Lord decided to send a surprise hurricane their way, anyway? Of course they started playing that old rice card—why were so many in the poor black community left high and dry, people were asking in a recriminating way. And then you had all those folks talking about how most of the people who got trapped in the city were poor—they even started suggesting that this was the fault of soaring gasoline prices. Said folks couldn't get out because they couldn't afford the gas, said the administration should have stepped in and lowered out-of-control prices. Well, he'd be damned if he was going to allow the government to interfere overmuch with setting prices and the free market economy—it was laughable! What did they think he was suddenly going to turn socialist just 'cause of high gas prices and a hurricane?

All those people going on about poverty were borderline Commies anyway—it wasn't his job to end poverty totally. Did they think he was actually going to look into redistributing wealth? And he had news for them. If they got a Democrat in the White House next time, he sure as hell wouldn't do much to decrease the gap between the wealthiest and the poorest either. No sir. Those Dems love their limos and three million dollar vacation homes just as much as member of the GOP. Neo-liberal, caffe latte-drinking, *New York Times*-reading hypocrites. Hell, it wasn't his fault if there were people out there who didn't have enough gumption and get-up-and-go to work themselves out of poverty so they could buy a car if they didn't have one. If they would've had the ambition to get a job that paid more than minimum wage and if they got off the welfare, hell, they could have got themselves a vehicle and that way they wouldn't be up shit's creek if a natural disaster came along.

He checked his watch and then he walked over to a bookshelf. He glanced over his shoulder surreptitiously as he removed some of the volumes. He pulled out the glass flask of Wild Turkey he had hidden back there, unscrewed the top, and took a good long gulp of the stuff. Immediately his hands stopped the slight tremor—he was starting to feel the DT's again. Had to watch that. Couldn't let himself get out of control, especially now. But he figured he had the hardest damn job in the Free World and he

needed a drop of something now and then to steady his nerves—if anything it was for medicinal purposes. Yeah, medicinal. That's what he'd say if they found out—sweet Jesus, it wasn't like he was snorting the old blow again. So what if it was still in the a.m.? He took another swig from the flask, then he quickly paced over to his desk and dunked the rest into his coffee mug. He dashed back over to the bookshelf and walled up the empty flask behind the books—he'd have to throw it out in somebody else's office later. He didn't want them finding it in his garbage, or he'd have some explaining to do...

He shivered, thinking about how unpleasant it could get if the wife found out that he was back on the hot sauce. He went back to his desk and began to sip at his coffee. She'd get that disappointed look in her baby blues, that look like a Lassie sheepdog looking up at you wounded and reproachful like a suffering martyr after you kicked it a bunch of times—"Dear, how could you hurt me—and the Lord Jesus—so." She'd haul in one of the endless evangelists who preached for him on the campaign trail to dress him down. Those Bible Belt boys sure gave him the heebie-jeebies, sure enough. They all had this same wide-eyed stare and this crazed smile like they'd just come down from heaven after they got done visiting and chatting with Jesus and Moses and Elijah, too. Like they were onto something you weren't—something like the Rapture was going to happen next Sunday after church and they knew who was going to get to go on a joyride when Gabriel blew the trumpet, and who was going to be among the poor suckers that got left behind—and they made you believe it too! Five minutes alone with one of those preachers praying at him and he'd be on his knees blubbing, just about to wet his pants like a little bitty boy promising them anything and swearing that he believed it was true that all the unbelievers and queers and baby-killers were bound for perdition, though he sure was sorry about it because he was a Christian and Lord Jesus his own personal Savior would want him to be compassionate and amen.

Or worse, the wife would holler at him like a blue-tick bitch—how could he risk it? Him, the most powerful man in the world! What if the Press got wind of it?! What was the matter, didn't he want to be leader of the Free World anymore? Too weak to stay away from the bottle, always going back to it like mammy's titty! (The only time she got foul-mouthed was behind closed doors,

when she was pissed off at him). And then—then—she'd tell Daddy!

The knock came at the door. He chugged the rest of the coffee—plus, choked on the last dreg, and held a monogrammed silk hanky (gift from Vlady Putin) up to his face, spluttering and gurgling. Jesus H. Christ, it was coming out of his nose! He quickly cleaned himself up and popped two—on second thought, three—breath-mints.

"C'mon in, I'm ready!" he shouted.

The door opened. "They're ready for you now, Mr. President."

He was surrounded by his entourage as he walked out onto the Rose Garden porch. He wore his trademark knife-slash smile like a maffle bit and waved at the Press as the flashes went off.

God Almighty it was cold. He couldn't get used to these damp chilly Washington Novembers. He missed his ranch. It was probably about seventy degrees back home now. He thought he was about overdue for another few weeks of vacation.

He walked up to the table where they had placed the turkey. His press secretary was standing there holding the end of the tether that was attached to the bird's reptilian foot, grinning like a savage. The bird was ugly, as all turkey cocks are ugly, but it was so ugly it was almost endearing. Like a bulldog. Or Nixon.

His press secretary whispered into his ear, "They're gonna play with ya a little today, chief. Remember, play it cool. You're not here today to discuss foreign policy; you're here to take a few pictures with a turkey buzzard that'll look real sweet to all those Republican housewives. You smile and grin and say, 'Aw shucks, folks, I can't lop this poor ol' bird's head off,' everybody goes home and sees it on the news, and next week your ratings go up a little bit."

His chief of staff suggested he pick up the meat cleaver they had placed on the table and wield it reluctantly to add an air of mock suspense, even though everyone knew old Tom wouldn't end up on the dinner table and was going to be treading turkey hens and pecking at his ration of corn by noontime.

A blonde woman from a local Virginia ABC affiliate raised her hand, "Mr. President, are you really going to be serving up that turkey on your Thanksgiving Day table?" She was grinning—he could tell she was green and that she thought this whole thing was

about as charming as a basket of calico kittens. He breathed a minty sigh of relief and mentally sent some blessings her way for being a good sport and playing along.

"Well, I admit, I wasn't looking forward to this here execution," he said, and the crowd laughed. He pacifically stroked the bird's feathers and timidly twirled the cleaver in his hand. "Y'all know how much I love animals. But it is a set-in-stone American tradition to have a turkey on the table on Thanksgiving day, just like our Pilgrim forefathers did—and they tell me those old boys didn't get theirs at the Winn-Dixie!"

If things went as they should have gone, the next question that would be put to him would be something like, "Awwww, why not just send out for a Butterball? Or a tofurkey?!" Giggles and chortles would ensue and he'd magnanimously say, "Oh well, I reckon the only thing I can do is to issue a stay and give this here old bird the Presidential pardon!"

But instead—"Mr. President!" was uttered shrilly into the chill air and he knew who it was—he knew. It was that woman, that smart-ass old bitch from *The Post*.

"Mr. President, can you take a moment away from this charming ritual and give us your thoughts on yesterday being the day on which the most American causalities in a single day so far in Iraq were reported?"

He stopped smoothing the turkey's feathers and placed his hand flat on the table. He half-lowered his other arm, his hand clenching around the wooden handle of the cleaver.

"Well, obviously I am terribly saddened at the continued loss of American life in The War On TERROR. But...I am confident that the worst is now behind us...and the situation will improve within the coming weeks...we must stay the course...the sacrifices of our heroic men and women in uniform...will have been shown to be for a worthy cause...and, uh, my condolences to the families, of course."

Another question was shouted out. This time it was that...that prissy Mary from the *Times*. He hated that guy.

"Mr. President, your comments please, on accusations of government mis-handling and inefficiency in evacuations following the recent tragedy caused by Katrina in New Orleans?"

"I have already spoken on that matter and will address it again at a more appropriate occasion, and at length," he said tersely. "Of

course, our hearts—and our prayers—are with the folks down in the Gulf." The upper corner of his crooked smile was beginning to drag down to the level of its other end.

Another reporter now attempted to take his pound of flesh. He didn't recognize him—he was younger. Some punk kid.

"Mr. President, sir, don't you think it's ironic that you are about to pardon a turkey when, as governor of Texas, more executions went through under your administration without stay or pardon than at any other period of history?"

He'd swear he hadn't meant for it to happen. I mean, would he ever allow himself to do such a thing if he had been in his right mind? It was a knee jerk reaction. He lost it. He probably shouldn't have finished off the flask of Wild Turkey. He was just so sick of these leftist urban types and their irony.

"What kind of a smart-ass thing is that to say?! You expect me to take that seriously?! Who are you representing anyway? Rolling Stone?! Haw! Look, this is supposed to be about me pardoning a turkey—a cutesy custom for the kiddies and the old biddies to smile at..." he wasn't even aware that he was gesturing violently with the cleaver. The turkey began to flap its wings nervously. He felt his press secretary's hand on his arm, the one gesticulating with great passion as it held the cleaver. He angrily shrugged him off.

That's when it happened—the angry, anxious turkey began to peck and claw at his other hand, the one pressed palm flat on the table's surface.

"Owwwwwwww! Ow! Oww! Oww!" he screamed in a soprano shriek, extricating his hand and grabbing at the turkey.

His chief of staff was reaching to grab the bird, his press secretary was in the process of trying to wrest the cleaver away, but it all happened too fast—it was almost instantaneous. Before he knew what he was doing, he had let the cleaver fall—thwack!

There were five or ten seconds of horrified and shocked utter silence in the Rose Garden. For a full five seconds he didn't look down. The blood had drained from his face. His hand still clenched the wooden handle of the cleaver, and he quickly let go, like a guilty assassin. There was the unfortunate Tom's ugly head, severed at the neck. There was his decapitated, clumsy body—the meaty breast, the firm drumsticks, the fan of tail-feathers—legs still twitching.

Horrified and aghast at what he had done, he looked up at the

traumatized witnesses.

"I didn't mean to do that! He pecked me! Look, my hand's all bloody! I got startled! You shouldn't have upset me with those questions!" he screamed. His staff quickly closed ranks around him. Damage control. Then he began to cry, and he said to them, "Oh God, the poor birdie! I didn't mean it! Somebody call Dad! Where's my puppy dogs?! I want Mrs. B!"

They swiftly ushered him through the French doors. He was swearing that he'd never eat turkey again.



*Scamp at Rest*  
Tamara Phillips

### Working Class Heroine

In September she will be seventy-one;  
I will be twenty-three.  
I remember her when I was a child;  
she was in her fifties then.

Salt and-pepper perm. Heavy-breasted.  
Nicotine-stained fingers, the thick  
inelegant wedding band that felt

and looked to be  
permanently affixed,  
grown into her finger.

Singing "That's Amore!"  
throwing me over her shoulder—  
like a sack of potatoes, she said,  
when I begged, laughing, to be picked up.

Coming in the side door,  
torn screen slamming,  
moths knocking against porch lantern,  
fluorescent kitchen lights.

Pleasantly ugly linoleum  
burnt orange and red-brown,  
battle-scarred black varnish  
of careworn table, air thick  
with humidity and smoke—

She'd be sitting at the table,  
going over household accounts,  
paying the bills.

The brown cardboard credenza,  
the cracked clear plastic lid  
of the pea-green recipe box.

Yellow mustard on white bread,

insulin injections with Tastycake chasers.  
I could not see her face  
for the cloud of tobacco smoke around her—

like the haze at the summit of Vesuvius,  
like the clouds at the summit  
of a mountain where a dragon lives.

Working two jobs, sometimes three,  
second shift, third shift,

coming home to fall asleep  
on the ugly twenty-year-old sofa  
in the parlour in front  
of the flickering television screen

and not in the bed she no longer shared  
with my grandfather  
(after they got to be a certain age).

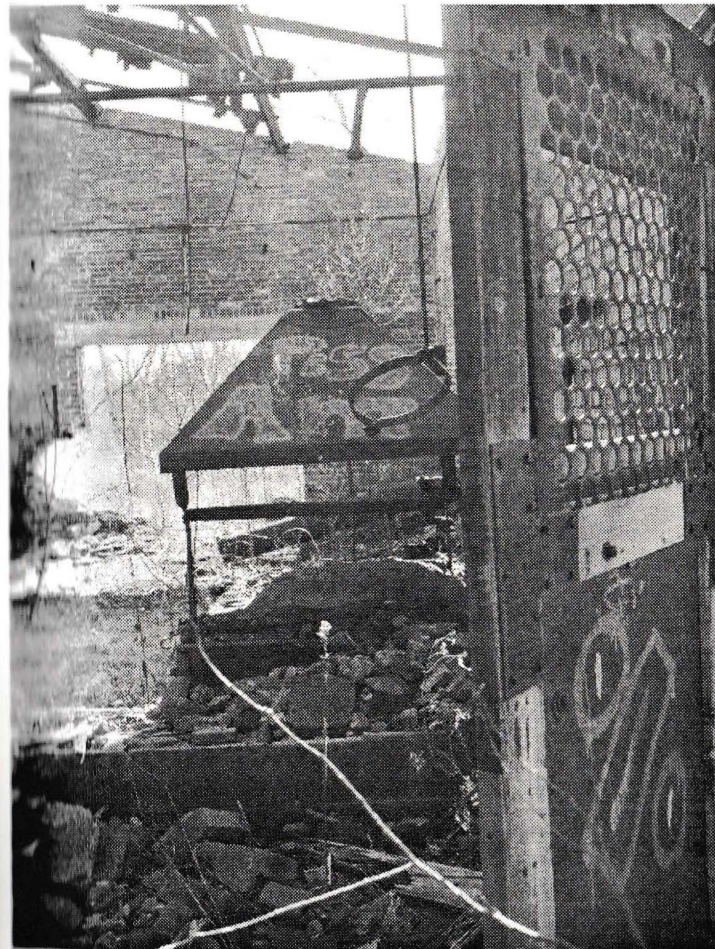
She always drove used Cadillacs—  
the long hunter-green DeVille  
that smelled of sun-warmed vinyl,  
furniture polish, and trips  
to Atlantic City.

The click of rosary beads,  
the clatter of medals  
around her neck—  
an array of saints.

At that time,  
she was the scent  
of Lucky Strikes,  
Palmolive,  
and Floral perfume.

This is how I remember her.  
In September she will be seventy-one;  
I will be twenty-three.

together we almost  
cover the century.



*Noose*  
**Maria Gable**

Mess of Flesh

Again, a single thought, phrase, a cyclical incoming, repeating...  
Words I had forced myself to abide and now, to wonder, whether  
they should apply to  
    -who I am  
    -what I am  
someone or something that stares in the mirror and wonders...  
    -just blood in these veins (a question)  
...and was taught to repeat those same words one more time, how  
do they...  
(as if I could forget)  
    God, (god?)  
    grant me the...  
Will I still seek inspiration in my hands, ignoring what my spine  
speaks of to be different  
    serenity (God?)  
Will my eyes still betray me to those who know best  
    to accept the things  
Will I retain the first say in my death  
    I cannot change,  
Am I powerless over anything  
    the courage  
Have I let myself go so far as to never again have a reason to get  
back  
    to change the things I can, (GOD?)  
No, I have not  
No, I will not  
No, I choose not to  
    and the wisdom  
No, I dictate my will  
    to know  
I have escaped beyond mere movement and gesture, my actions  
determine my...  
    the difference. (between which god?)  
No, I am not taking it back because I never gave it away...  
    "You are  
    begging the question"  
Irrelevant  
I took the fall alone

Lithium Poisoning

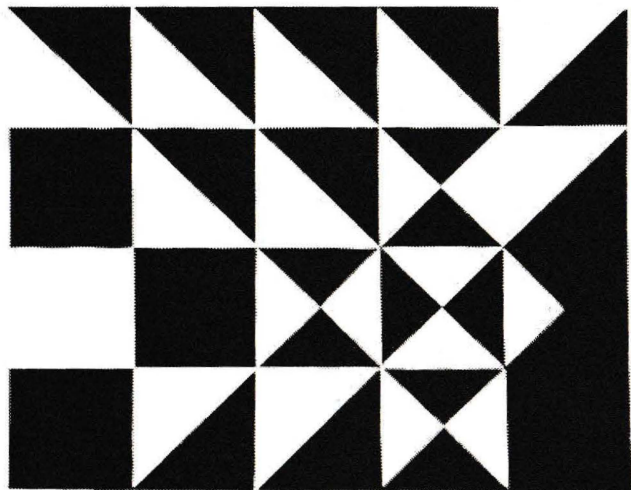
keep this in mind, put it to paper and how hard can it be,  
a natural occurrence, ears might be ringing, but how to wax poetic  
over something like that, mitigate abundance of memory, draw ap-  
propriate references, ignore hard-bitten imagery,  
bent blackened trees and winged creatures without a name,  
Chernobyl 2,  
a guttural SOS painted white against stark space scrolling across a  
marquee mainlined into my mind, enveloping all other signs, signi-  
fiers and metatexts,  
is my hand visible now,  
can it ever not be,  
I seem detached but disassociated is a feat I'm not willing to risk in  
this condition,  
depressives seek depression and smile with their fingers crossed,  
but an artist keeps both hands flat upon the table, visible,  
I think it is,  
funny how I thought a magician never revealed his secrets

New, Clearer Winter

You're going to be fine  
just don't think  
dwell or stammer upon the intricate workings of what once out-  
wardly appeared to be a machine of the well-oiled variety, sub-  
stitutions of social lubricant once willfully injected, accepted and  
promptly rejected now a memory draped in London's finest, with  
whom do I owe the honor and direct amends for services ren-  
dered, a question to be answered only with a mirror glass glance,  
listen and assimilate, hold and manipulate, contents include 12  
section assembly but metaphysical undercurrents sold elsewhere,  
catastrophic caterwauling may be necessary as well as a thorough  
diagnosis of finite death formation, the gradual winding to Absolute

JONES \_\_\_\_\_

Zero, marked by the incessant ticking of an intangible man-made  
lynchpin  
just don't think  
invert the inertia once so seductive that gravity lost its bearing and  
nearly wound the clock down, retrieve, dust off and slap a poultice  
on the bleeding inner elbows hidden amidst the ranks, their time  
has passed but  
just don't think  
self separation seeps to seedy sepulchers spraypainted with an  
arterial shade, tourniquets and turncoats tighten their Trans-Atlan-  
tic ship to shore screams of the legions penchant to purchase their  
last moment, an aggregate of sinister and sinewy limbs operating  
outside the parameters dictated instantly through coded reflex  
just  
hold on, white-knuckled know-how keen to kinship such as this, a  
collected malpractice hiding behind serpentine shades of grey  
just



*Focal Point*  
Lauren Carey

LAUREN CAREY \_\_\_\_\_

**Buffet Rule #1 (and only)**

Whatever you do—  
Keep your fork.

**Disku!**

I talk about it.  
Talk about it. Won't you take  
Me to Funkytown?

Have you heard about  
The new dance craze? Ah...Freak Out!  
Oh Le Freak, C'est Chic.

When you get the chance  
You are the Dancing Queen. Young  
And sweet—seventeen.

Do the hustle. Do  
The hustle. Do the hustle.  
Oooo do the hustle.

Toe to toe, dancing  
Very close. Body breathing—  
Each night in rapture.

You dance and you shake  
The hurt. You say your prayers. Dance!  
Boogie Wonderland.

Everybody was

Kung Fu Fighting. (Yah!) Those kids  
Were fast as lightning.

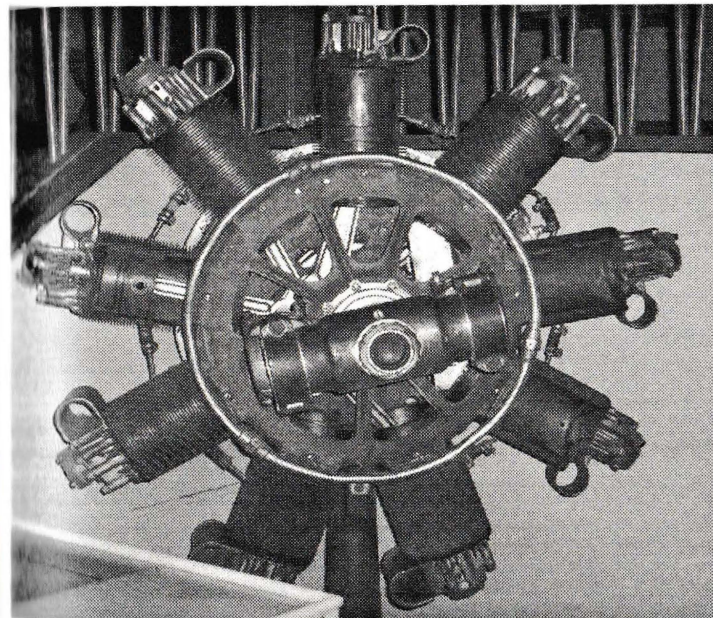
Ugh! Macho, baby!  
His western shirts and leather—  
Macho, macho man.

I've got all my life  
To live—all my love to give.  
I will survive, hey.

Disco Inferno!  
Can't stop when my spark gets hot.  
Burn that mama down.

Remember my name  
(Fame!)...People will see me and  
Die (Fame!)...Remember.

You can tell by the  
Way I use my walk...Ah, ah,  
Ah, Stayin' Alive.



*Engine*  
Claudia Cassett

### iPonder

I'm afraid to buy an iPod.  
It's a lot of responsibility.  
Am I worthy  
To carry  
Every  
song  
Ever  
In my pocket?

What if my playlists aren't right?  
The songs on  
My "good songs" playlist  
Might suck.



CAREY \_\_\_\_\_

Then what?

What if I die suddenly  
And the WRONG song is on?  
Do I want to die to "I Ran"  
By Flock of Seagulls?  
I want to die to "Imagine" or "Let it Be."  
Or maybe something by the Grateful Dead.  
It'd only be appropriate.

But I won't have a choice.  
The iPod wins.  
I don't think I need that much pressure.

AMY KASPRISKIE \_\_\_\_\_

### 21st Century Fast Fool

Lit up in neon  
The words:  
Our Lady of Sorrows—It was a sign,

I was traveling  
For forty minutes  
And in need for a little desert.

I hung my coat and staff  
Greeted me at the door,  
"Welcome my brother"

Seated at once,  
I was surprised in his haste  
He put me inn a booth with no table.

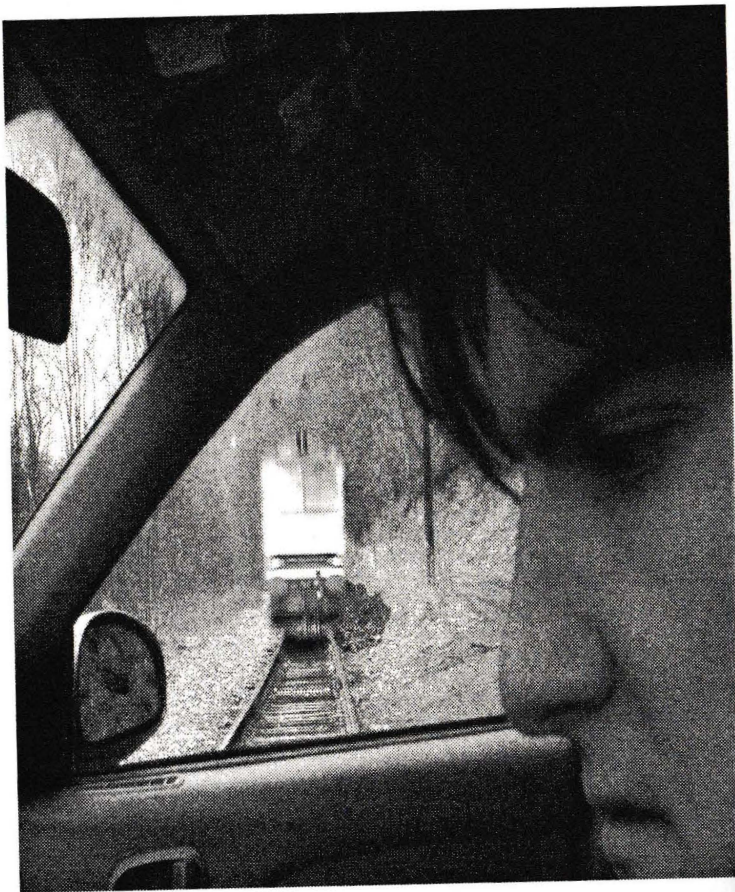
Before I could ask  
What he would recommend  
He rose and crossed the aisle.

But I was lucky  
To have been next to  
Some twelve helpful guests.

They stood,  
And sang:  
N-A-L-M-O-N.

But I did not get fish,  
Nor any service at all  
And I still had to leave a tip in the basket.

For a slice of bread.  
"Hell no!" I said  
"Next time I indulge in Burger King."



*Vow Of Silence*  
Jim Feeney

**DONALD MURRAY** \_\_\_\_\_

**Please, Just Say Something**

Where's the movement, America?  
In the smoky haze?  
Where's the chants, America?  
In the basket house?

For five fifteen an hour,  
I'd like to see some action, please.  
We scramble to see the mad people,  
working easy for free.  
We love a bargain, America,  
but you're paying through your teeth.

Keep 'em closed, citizen.  
You gotta give your life to think something.  
No live before you say something,  
or live a life that says something,  
but say something before you leave.

## SHANNON CURTIN

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### See Aye Are Dee Oh En Eye

She speaks like honey pours—  
slow and sweet and warm.  
Her words hang in the air,  
slow time bubbles floating through  
dissolving as her speech continues.  
While all eyes follow each word  
from formation to termination  
caught up in the rhythmic lullaby  
mesmerized by beauty, pace, and tone.  
The song of the wordsmith,  
soft and deep.

## ALEKSANDRA DJORDJEVIC

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### Female-Fashioned Like Vermeer

I am left,  
left  
to drip  
dry  
drying,  
I am still  
still  
unwavering.  
Seems like all I do is wash dishes, she says  
arranging  
then forming  
her plates in a row, one by one, in a way only she can distinguish.  
She has gotten water all over her neat and tidy hands.  
Forgive me, I say.  
The dishes needed tending.

### Archangel Still-Life

Once, many times ago, I was singing the poetry of distance,  
I was cooling my feet in water,  
I was walking into the ways of the light,  
I was pretending I was your daughter.  
Once--  
Many times ago,  
I was hovering about in circles,  
I was peering into your eyes,  
I was pretending I was the rain,  
And you, my moon-lit skies,

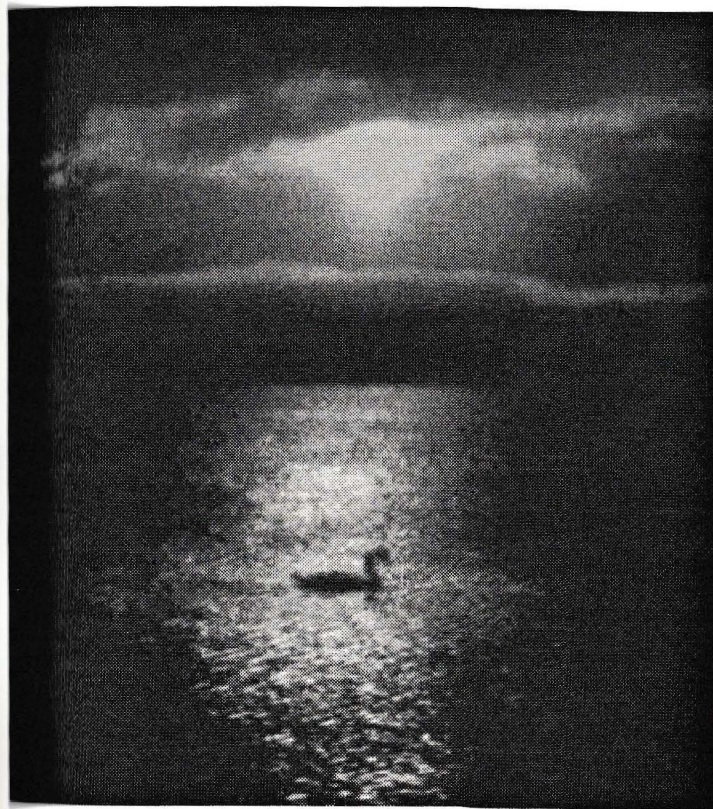
DJORDJEVIC

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Once,  
Many times ago,  
It was not enough to pretend,  
It was not enough to be buried,  
I had to see you in bright dusk--  
It was me you carried.  
Underneath your gypsy-clothed dress  
and kohl-eyed pupils  
there was this being who existed only, within, and for you,  
chosen by God, made by angels, and sent from love.

#### **Your Image on my Wall**

I saw you there, your image fading with the dusk, your picture'd  
face playing a  
thousand melodies in my mind.  
I could not resist--I stared,  
You looked so different, so kept within, so mirror-mirror'd  
That I wondered who you were, if indeed you were my sister.



*Snoozing Swan*  
**Jim Feeney**

Trica Fica phobic witnessing pageant

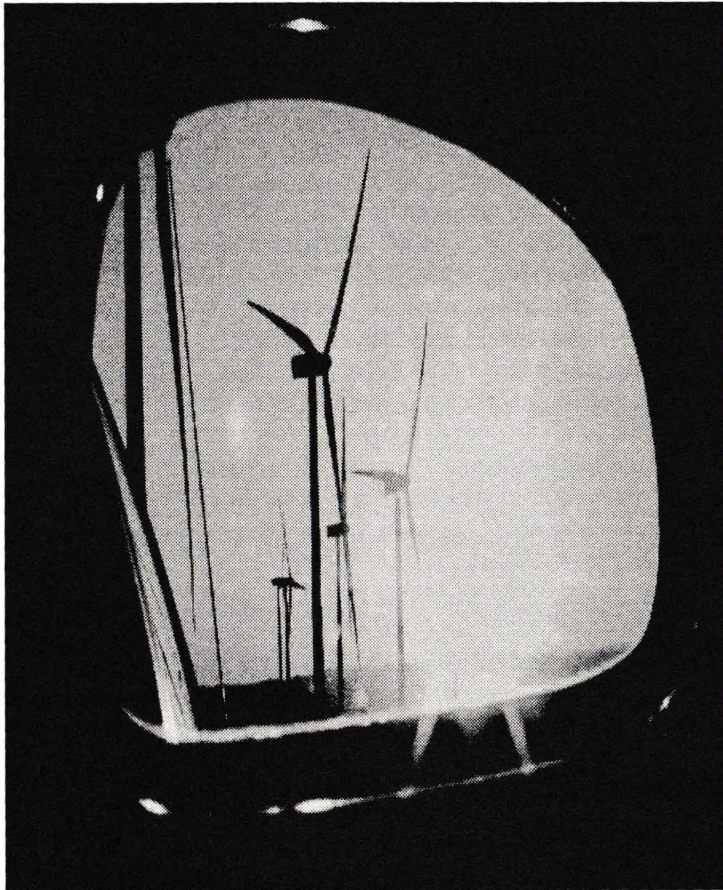
Walking out on the fair-muddy banks  
 Of society's shores, the flag up witnessing occurred,  
 Observing college dread-dumb-saint-drunk  
 Minds discussing all the un-literary-hey-  
 Look-at-me-I'm-on-steroids talk,  
 Fighting, brooding with one another over  
 Pretentious matters,  
 Matters that involve fifteen-minute-blood-  
 Toothless-tire-buddy-foam-slip-on-snow-brawl,  
 Rolling endlessly toward an un-assuring id,  
 Crackling ice surrounds the animosity, arrayed-  
 anus-atmosphere,  
 tussling,  
     tussling,  
         tussling.

WHY?

Fulfillment of uncanny-sexual-on-your-left-knee-  
 Sanity of the same gender?  
 Not releasing long-train-riding-skylight-  
 intriguing-thought?  
 Insecure with small-when-un-robust-erection-occurrence-  
 On-fickle-Friday night, alone, by—and abiding—by  
 Thyself?  
 Stuffed with suppressed-sardine-in-can memories  
 Of high school-facetious-scratchy-jock-itch, no opposite  
 Sex included?  
 Phobias are of the essence, built daily upon  
 Three-two-one faced enrollment—membership free—society.  
 But they will continue to join,  
 And release endless memories for themselves,  
 And another story for that art.

December 12

Every year she goes through  
 The same emotion,  
 A feeling no one can penetrate,  
 A sensation thicker than Pentagon walls,  
 Deeper than the ocean floor,  
 Stronger than a titanium rod,  
 A sentiment only conveyed to herself  
 Behind a closed mind clouded with  
 The mundane of social life,  
 Sometimes she weeps a forlorn  
 Cry to herself while alone,  
 Sometimes she tries to forget  
 And make scattered conversation  
 About nothing,  
 Once in a while she'll emotionally break  
 Down in front of whoever is near,  
 Like a faithful breeze taking  
 the last fall leaf suspended from its stem,  
 But this a rare occurrence,  
 Although the vision was prevalent the first  
 And second year when the date  
 Became significant,  
 So significant that even other tombstones  
 Began chipping as she neared her father's grave,  
 And observes an ever-weathering marble  
 Memory.



*Reflecting Green Energy*  
Conrad Miller

**MARISSA PHILLIPS**

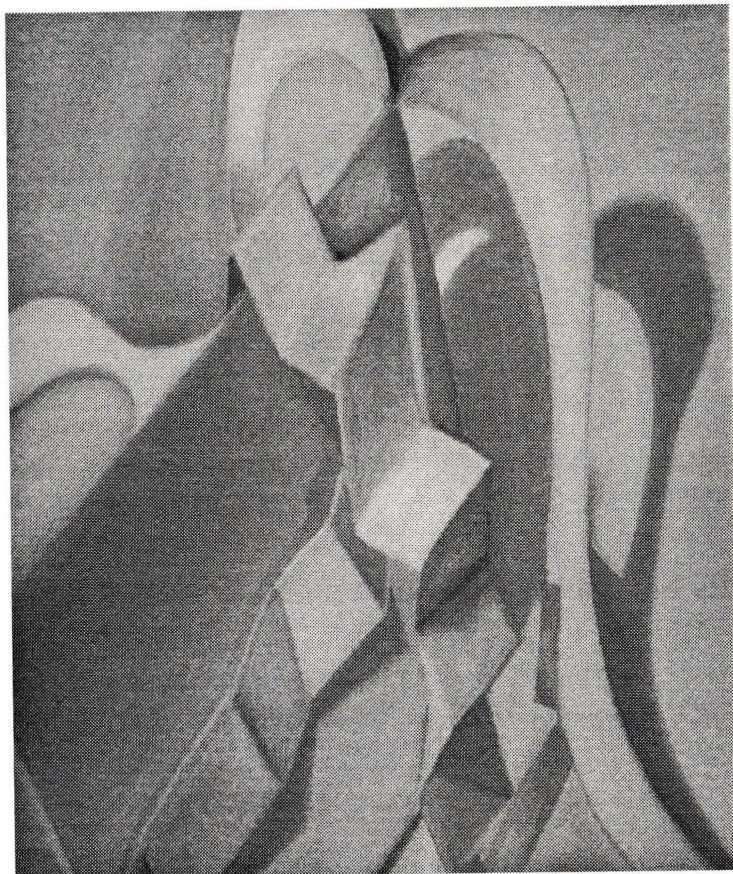
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**South Street**

Saturday evening  
Hipsters  
Muttering words of contempt into their cups of coffee  
No  
Café au lait to be exact  
Coffee is for truckers  
At midnight  
At a 7 11

**I Laugh**

I laugh. inwardly, that is.  
knowing full well you haven't the slightest idea what you've just  
said.  
lying over me  
eyes fixed on mine  
drunk on your idyllic notions of love  
I manage to stay sober  
and continue to laugh



*Heart's Desire*  
**Tamara Phillips**

## **JENNIFER HAMEZA**

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### **Frames**

I used to collect them  
And when we fought  
I smashed them all  
in August  
We were still cleaning up  
glass in February

Benevolence and patience  
you paint a fair picture  
Astute and demonic  
my words can be framed too  
And they paint a more realistic image

Thank God for the Night  
It frames the day  
So that it's lively  
Even when death is certain every hour  
We don't realize  
That we're all victims  
Of our own understanding

**Sonnet 2**

I'll call you this, a clever vacant claw  
Who put my meaning high upon your shelf  
And there in frigid climates let it thaw  
No different than my heart upon itself  
I'll fall, a sand grain's second in a glass  
Our progress be the tempest's dying rate  
To harbor in my reconciling mass  
And early find it's time to hesitate  
There lost within the dark side of the globe  
Reminders that my soul you had to keep  
And if you dare to challenge, make it so  
My blank reply is empty, dark, and deep  
With feelings fixed I know my trial is done  
Without you, life will end as it's begun



*Shoreline*  
**Clarissa E. Dudeck**





*Wasichu's Last Ride*  
Jason Sutton

~BIOGRAPHIES~

**BRIA BATTISTA** is named "Teddy" after the most amazing person she will ever meet in her life. He was her grandfather, Theodore DiAndriold, who inspired her to create this painting. She is honored to be a part of the Manuscript and hopes all enjoy her piece.

**LAUREN CAREY** is a sophomore English major that hates writing about herself in the third person. That said...she enjoys virtually everything else.

**CLAUDIA CASSETT** is a P1 pharmacy student who will be graduating in 2009. Before coming to Wilkes, she got a chemistry degree from Penn State. Her interests are music, teaching and photography.

Supreme Empress of the Universe  
Extremely Happy With Her Wash  
Incredibly Fond of Her Wonderbra Roomie  
and otherwise Joyful Girl  
This is **SHANNON CURTIN**

**ALEKSANDRA DJORDJEVIC** is a Wilkes University Graduate student who lives, breathes, and eats poetry. She is convinced that poetry is what she has been called to write, and is doubly proud that her parents have kindled this ability on her part. Always intent on picking up a pen wherever she goes, she knows that this tradition of writing poetry comes from her being an eighth Irish. She is proud of her Irish heritage, as well as the Muse that delivers words to her each night just as she is drifting off to sleep. She wishes to thank the Manuscript for publishing her a second time around.

**CLARISSA E. DUDECK**, 24, of Hegins, PA is a P-4 pharmacy student and will graduate in May. She is moving to Phoenix, AZ

in June and looks forward to living la vida loca. Currently she is constructing a Gnome Garden, and has 10 gnomes varying in level of scariness. Clarissa would like to urge everyone to have their pets spayed or neutered to help control the pet population.

He may or may not hold secret identities with twelve of the world's most powerful governments. He may or may not be deep under cover, currently investigating a major threat in Wilkes-Barre, PA, USA, which must remain confidential. He may or may not be one with the universe. **JIM FEENEY** makes no official statement.

**MARIA GABLE** is a junior at Wilkes, majoring in Psychology with a minor in Dance. She enjoys dancing, writing, playing cards, massive amounts of pictures, Scrabble, coffee, large bodies of water, people, and cheese.

**CHARLES GRAVENER** lives in Yardley, PA and spends his summers working in a Deli Market on Long Beach Island, NJ. His passions are writing, drawing, coin collecting, and playing in his band.

**JENNIFER HAMEZA** is from Greenfield Township in northern Lackawanna County and is a graduate of Lakeland Jr.-Sr. High School. She is currently a junior at Wilkes University with a major in English and a minor in Secondary Education. She aspires to write and publish more poetry and other writing during and after college.

**DONORA HILLARD**'s first poetry collection, *Parapherna*, will be released in December from Dancing Girl Press. A northeastern Pennsylvania native, she's an instructor of Writing at King's College and a graduate assistant in Wilkes University's MA Program in Creative Writing, where she's completing a lyric memoir entitled BoneCages. She can be reached at donorahillard@yahoo.com.

**M. FARADAY JONES** has remained suicide-free for 24 years. He attributes this, somewhat strangely, to a disciplined regiment of Tanqueray and Bergman films.

**AMY KASPRISKIE** is a student at Wilkes University.

**RON LIEBACK** is a student at Wilkes University.

**S.A. MCLAUGHLIN** (Sabrina) is (in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope Benedict XVI, and Fr. Patrick J. McLaughlin) the illegitimate daughter of a tubercular Irish American United States Air Force Mst. Sergeant & parachuting instructor, & she is proud to be so. In addition to scriveneering, she enjoys cussing, the occasional pint of Guinness, being pursued by acceptable forms of what is grittily masculine, and [CENSORED]. When not writing breezily improper and mischievously unprofessional biographies for Manuscript (She has been writing a lot of professional biographies as of late and needs a break.), she is preoccupied with being a relatively tame graduate student at Binghamton University. She keeps a Marauder's Map of Kirby Hall as a souvenir of her undergraduate days, and she knows where the wine cellar is—but she's not going to tell you. (Yes, there really is a wine cellar!)

**JONATHAN MILES** is a student at Wilkes University.

**CONRAD MILLER** doesn't really have anything important to say and gets tired of talking easily. Biographies seem narcissistic. Attention-seeking behavior is a sign of insecurity as well as a desire to be both acknowledged and approved of. He hates when people pry. English majors are full of pretense.

**KACY MUIR** lives and dies for zombie films. If Wilkes University were to be invaded by zombies, it would be wise to stick with her as her profound knowledge of movie trivia and vulnerable points on zombies would help aid in survival. Her hero is Rik Mayall.

**DONNY MURRAY** is from Dallas, PA. He is a junior psychology major, with a sociology neuroscience minor. He enjoys soccer, hiking, traveling, going to shows and festivals, and playing the piano.

Hopefully by the time you read this, 2005 Wilkes graduate **COREY PAJKA** will have moved to New York City. Thank you for providing him with an outlet. "Life is longer than we think and shorter than we know." –Mike Goodin

**MARISSA PHILLIPS** is a sophomore. She chews New Wrigley's Extra Sugar-free Watermelon gum.

**TAMARA A. PHILLIPS**

28yrs old  
from Wilkes Barre, PA  
Biology Major, Art Minor, pursuing secondary Ed. certification  
Graduating Wilkes University May 2006

**JASON SUTTON** is so fast that he can run around the world and punch himself in the back of the head! In Florida he was a renowned Alligator Wrestler, with a record of 47-0. However, Jason was banned from the sport for life when he tested positive for steroid use. After this, as well as a few other similar set backs, the well-traveled embodiment of mystique settled down at Wilkes in order to pursue his only true love...English.

SPRING 2006

WILKES UNIVERSITY