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Vol. XXXVIII  
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*The Third Shore* .....  
*Untitled* .....  
*from Deserted Fields* .....  
*Untitled* .....  
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### **Ironwood**

Iron-gray in umber loam,  
Your trunk of wrought and  
tarnished ore,  
Shimmer in your dark  
boughed forest  
Pungent, damp and warm.

Stroke your smooth-skinned,  
upthrust shaft,  
Encircle slender, strong—  
veined power,  
Contort your concave  
contoured frame,  
Lonely in my hand.

Gilded, glistening, tearful  
limbs,  
Weary, magical, selfless  
child,  
Stand in silver-shrouded  
sorrow,  
and ironwood of shades.

**Darlene Miller**

**The Third Shore**  
*translated from Urdu*

Once we were beautiful, too  
Our breath was quite like the fragrance which resides in old books  
We drew pictures with many untold words  
Once we were beautiful, too

Kiss us on the forehead  
Because we are going to the land of butterflies and lightbugs  
Lightbugs of colors and butterflies of glitter are calling us  
Kiss us on the forehead  
Kiss us on the forehead

Once we were beautiful, too

**Altaf Khan**



J. B. Earl — Untitled

from **Deserted Fields**

the courtyard weeds  
are children

in the summer  
it is hottest

and the wolfhound with his red-eyed gaze  
is pressing through the evening haze.

the city shadows  
stretch and twist and strain  
their shapes through concrete paths—

in the city  
it is the hottest

and the buildings rise to lonely roofs  
tied by line and underwear  
no breezes there, just smoke—

the wolfhound with his green-eyed gaze  
is pushing through the evening haze.

the summer guns are shouts  
in the city  
it is the blackest  
and the cannons crumble dust and bone—

the courtyard weeds are children  
and one whispered  
what would you die for  
and the wolfhound with his white-eyed gaze  
is pressing through the evening haze

to set dogs free  
to make dogs equal  
to clean the street

and wipe the gutter

where dogs sniff  
on scattered leaves

and leave their marks

where women pray

and soon the dogs and leaves and weeds  
upgathered in the city smoke  
will thank the wolfhound in his tree  
for setting all the children free.

**David McInerney**  
— *King's College*



**Untitled**

old men playing cards  
in Public Square . . .

square are those khaki  
hats and

square are those marble  
tables

and i suppose that  
square are their lives.

like some pre-Columbian belief  
the earth ends here

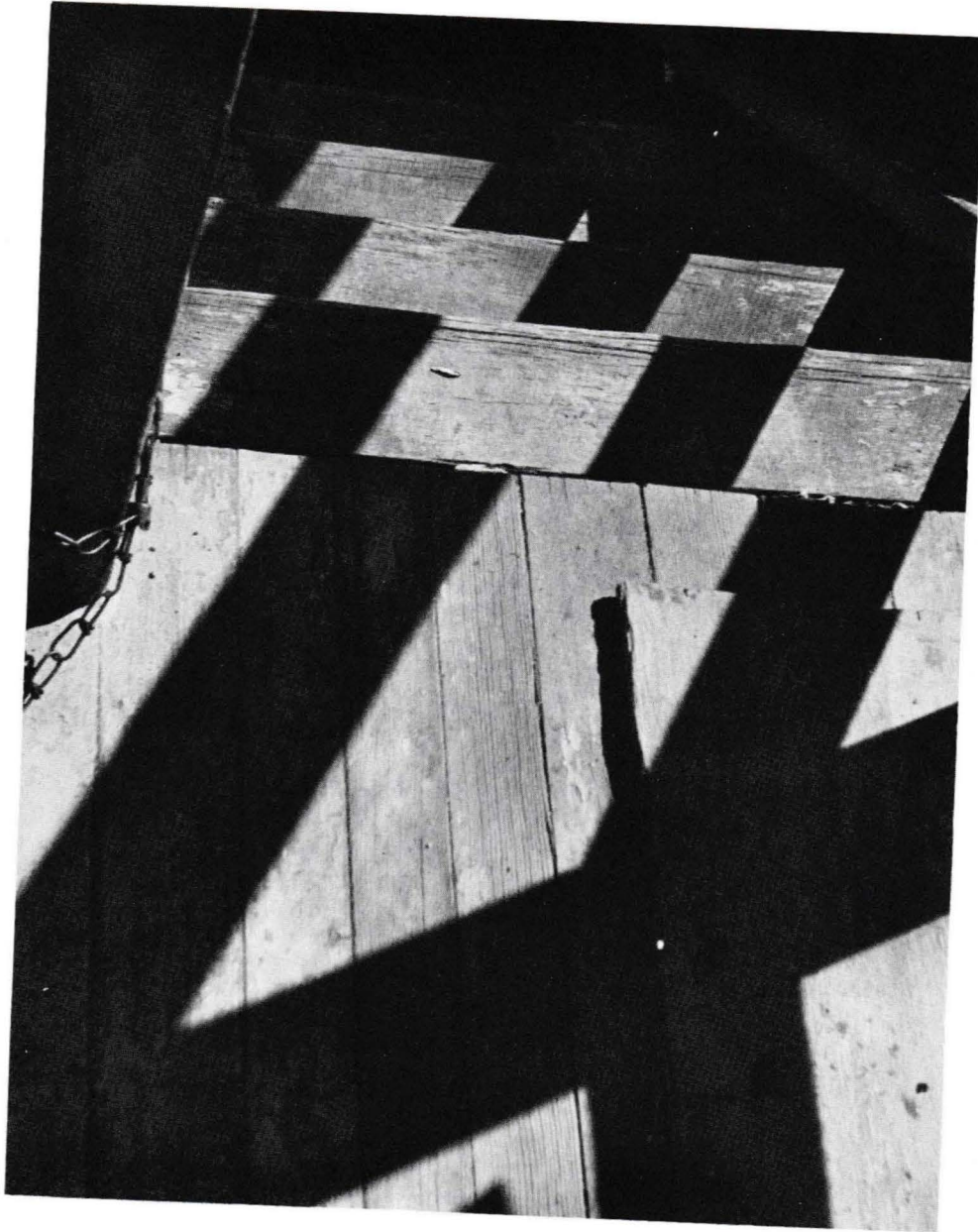
slipping toward the edge  
of one more  
square

he bought a funeral plot today  
next to his wife

she selfishly left him alone  
at the fourth corner of the  
season—last winter

it was 10' by 10'.

**Kim Supper**



**Murnal Abate — Untitled**

I w  
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The w  
I saw  
And e  
and n  
As I p  
the wo

### **The House of Dreams**

I went to the House of Dreams  
and saw millions of people dreaming,  
caught up in ideals and inspirations  
but asleep beneath the stars.

And no one was trying,  
and no one was listening.

Everyone was just surviving in their own time and space.  
In that endless place, the House of Dreams.

I went to the House of Ideas  
and saw millions of people crusading,  
caught up in illusions of power and grace  
and killing those who wouldn't understand.

And no one was changing the world,  
and no one was listening.

Everyone was talking of the world they wanted to see,  
but the world stayed the same  
In that endless place, the  
House of Ideas.

I went to the House of Death  
and saw millions of people dying  
For a cause they didn't understand, for a dream, for a plan,  
Caught up in visions of glory and hate,  
leaving blood on the hands of time.

And no one destroyed the weapons of war  
to stop our children's children from dying in horror.

I went to the House of Love.  
The world's survival was written on the walls.  
I saw millions of people reaching out to touch.

And everyone was listening,  
and no one was turning away.

As I passed through the sacred halls  
the words "IF only" echoed . . .

**Sara Lundberg**

**Untitled**

He was as I will be at the age of 73.  
Consuming his midday meal at Arthur Treacher's  
Head bowed, eyes staring unfocused at his fish filet.  
Oblivious to the sights and sounds around him,  
He chews mechanically without expression.  
Coleslaw hangs from his chin,  
As if this mayonnaise moustache had somehow released itself  
from the man's nose,  
Only to slide like tears down his face.

He was as I shall be at the age of 73.  
Providence had seen fit to give this aged child a protector,  
A barrel-chested, potato-faced, duck-waddling angel—  
A wife of many years no doubt.  
She flitted around the man,  
Attending to his needs, watching for his safety, speaking to his soul.  
He sat bovine-like,  
Motionless, chewing some cud of sustenance—at the age of 73.

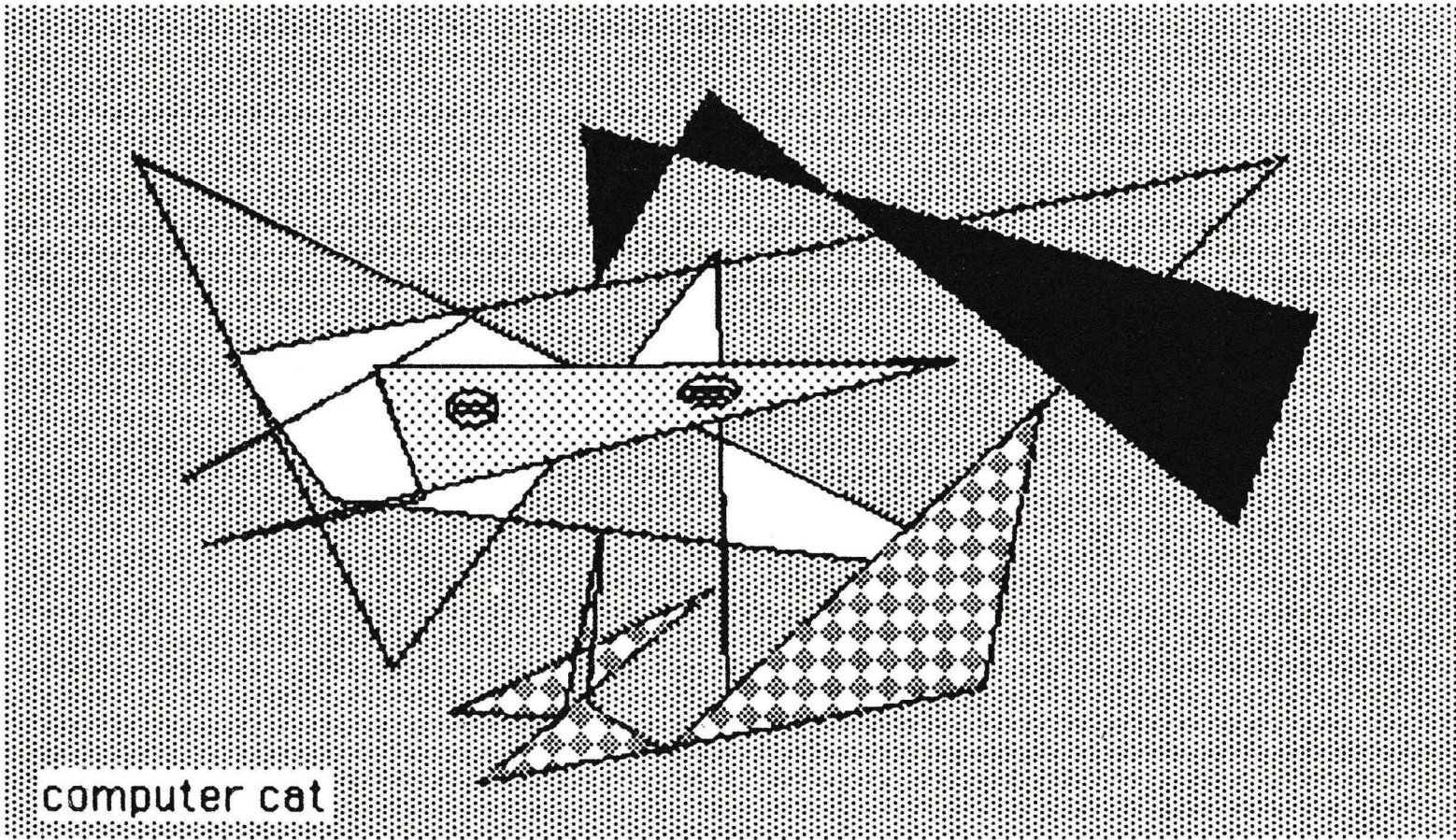
He was as I will be at the age of 73.  
And I hope and pray that come some day  
There for the Grace of God will go I  
A starfish in the tide  
Butterfly by my side  
At the age of 73.

**Murnal Abate**

**May 1983**

There rests a smooth and silken  
elegance in this peace  
of days.  
The air is drunk with flower  
breath.  
This place called home right now  
moves past me and carries  
me there too.  
I am taken from myself  
by the laughter of my  
friends;  
A river comforts me and  
flows through sobbing  
wind.  
I have often thought as I  
stood in the midst  
of event  
how some unknown called  
time  
would bring memory there instead.  
Now, tops of trees wave  
and move and dance  
in a new dress of green;  
and day clasps hands with night.  
Sweet nectar breezes born  
just now  
Kiss this day of light.

**Belinda Housenbold**



computer cat

Tim Williams

**Intense**

You're so intense  
You wear an earring  
You're so intense  
Put your underwear back on  
You're so intense  
You sleep in tents  
You're so gifted  
I feel your presence  
Too bad I never got one

You're so intense  
You're unemployed  
You're so intense  
Your hair won't cut  
You're so intense  
You're such a puke  
You're so intense  
You make me nervous  
I mean tense  
Yeah, so intense

**Anne C.J. Roche & Jean Gaiteri**

**Untitled**

girl, this room stunk.  
i spent half the night  
burning the incense  
trying to forget the  
acid iron curtain  
of extinguished ash.  
grey-grey-grey.  
bits fly now in  
morning, as i  
sweep your floor.  
i tidy up so to  
say. i've made  
your bed with a  
lover's concern.  
i've dusted your  
desk and dresser  
with the dulled  
eye of a housewife.  
i've licked up that  
sense of neglect  
in the ashtrays  
like a visiting  
aunt. now, now  
i invite the sun.  
i've paved him a  
way in. and now,  
upon your bed i am,  
in his fist clenched  
tightly, protectedly.

**Kim Supper**





Sandra Long — Segment 3

### Notes from an Activist

It was a cool fall evening. The autumn leaves lay in a blanket along the sidewalk crackling as I silently walked through them. The church service I had moments before attended occupied my mind. The large group of people I was with walked with me in silence.

When we arrived at the large stone building I paused for a minute to inhale deeply. As our fairly large group gathered on the sidewalk next to the prison, people began to stop on the other side of the street. We stood close together while the press worked their way through us taking pictures and asking questions.

It was a little past 9:00 p.m. The execution of Linwood Briley was scheduled for 11:00 p.m. I thought how slowly that time would pass for me and how quickly those last precious moments of life would pass for him. The crowd on the other side of the street got larger and noisier. They held signs saying, "Fry 'em" and "Burn, Briley, Burn." They cheered and drank and shouted at us. We began to sing. Traffic moved continuously down the street. The police directed it and kept the people on the other side of the street in line. There was a striking contrast between the commotion and our singing and holding candles.

There was a sense of peace in the unspoken fellowship of those around me. At 10:30 we began a silent vigil. Time seemed to stand still. All of my attention was on the candle I was holding. It had grown short and was in danger of going out. As the hot wax dripped on my hand, it seemed as if Linwood Briley's life itself depended on the flame staying lit. A white cloth was waved from the prison to signify that the execution had been carried out. An ambulance sped by with its lights and siren on while the crowd across the street cheered. The candle was dangerously close to burning my hand, so I was forced to blow out the flame. The life it had come to represent to me had already been snuffed out. I stood and cried with the people around me. A few who had been with the other crowd came and walked among us. I thought at first that they were there to start trouble, but they seemed to want to see what it felt like to be on our side. I wonder if they felt the love.

**Shannon Bridget Murphy**



**Murnal Abate — Self-Portrait**

### A Play

(A room in the Concord Resort Hotel. Man and woman are getting ready for dinner).

Carly *(looking sourly out the window)*: City girls just seem to find out early, how to open doors with just a smile.  
*(Cries without tears or noise or feeling.)*

Simon: We're gonna find out pretty mama what it really screams.  
*(Moves to the sofa.)*

Carly *(laughing at the wart on her thumb)*: But he knows where she's going as she's leaving.  
*(Carly shuts the door to the closet.)*

Simon: And then you'll have to eat your lunch all by yourself.  
*(Simon runs to the TV and barks at the dog on the screen.)*

Carly: I got a world of trouble on my mind.  
*(Hits her head repeatedly with a blunt object—2 bricks.)*

Simon: Every night, I'm lyin' in bed.  
*(Ties his left shoelace.)*

Carly: You can't hide your lyin' eyes.  
*(Looks at Lincoln's picture on the wall.)*

Simon: Sparks fly from her fingertips.  
*(Simon drinks an imaginary glass of water.)*

Carly: You can spend all your time making money.  
*(Blinks her eyes 3 times.)*

Simon: I'm already gone.  
*(Opens the door and sets the imaginary glass down.)*

Carly: Another frame.  
*(Puts on her glasses—one lens is clear, the other yellow.)*

*(They leave for dinner.)*

THE END

Anne C.J. Roche

### **A Pig's Curly Tale**

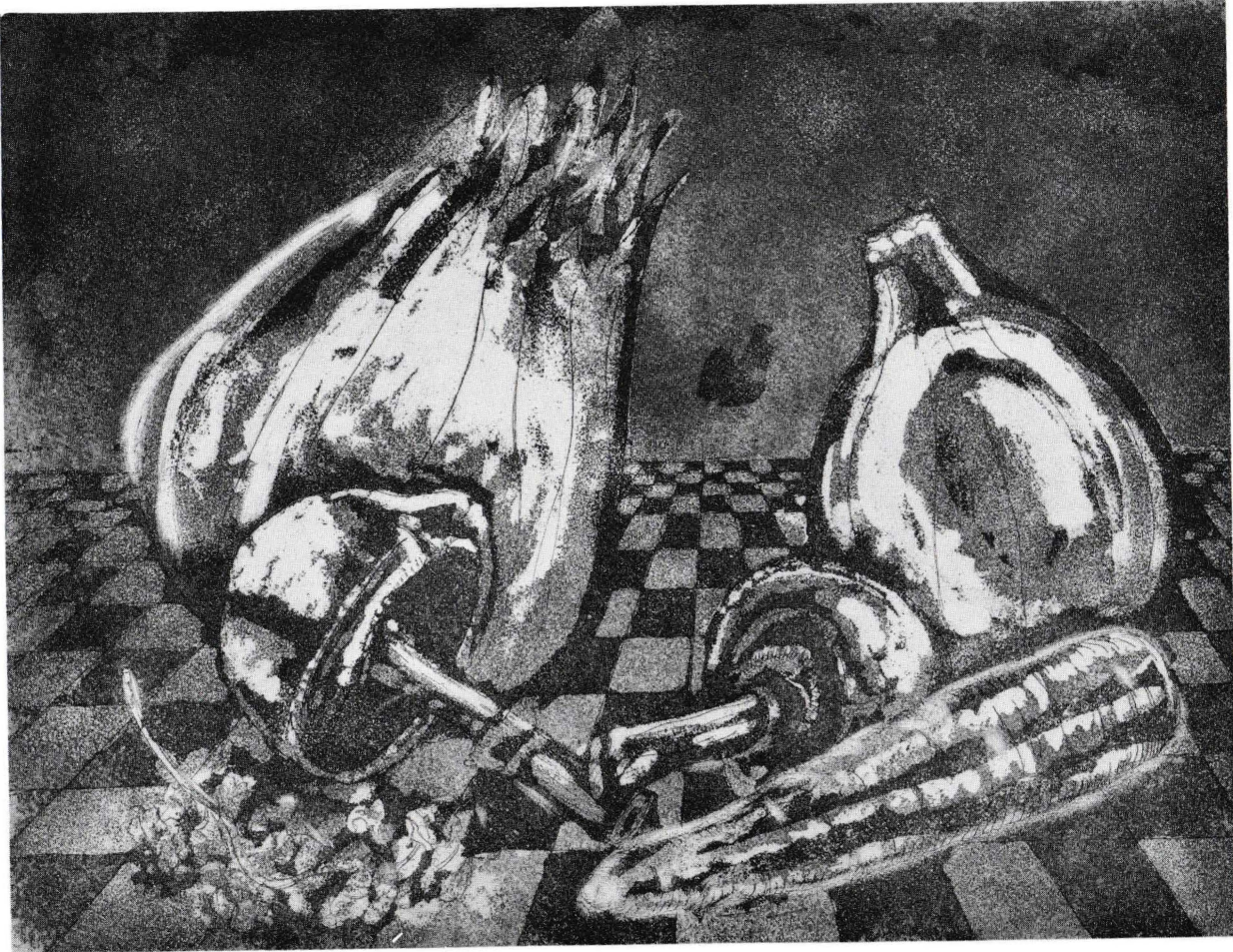
Mr. Piggeldy had a flashlight that he never used.  
"If the sky should fall, then surely I would need the services of  
my trusty light."  
And with that, Mr. Piggeldy waddled through life  
Flashlight clutched to his breast.  
He never stopped to illuminate the way for those who stumbled  
through the darkness,  
For Mr. Piggeldy's light was all his own.  
But alas, Mr. Piggeldy fell before the sky did,  
And in his coffin they placed them both,  
Pig and Light.  
If the late Mr. Piggeldy only realized  
That his coveted light had no batteries,  
Maybe he wouldn't be so lonely in the dark down there . . .

**Murnal Abate**





Bruce Lanning — Study #2



Michele Herstek — Before the Soup



*from* **Deserted Fields**

The morning sun is scattered streets;  
A thousand shops and bus stop smells,  
And newsprint in the gutter.  
A shutter lifted on the world,  
And smoke about the window curled  
Invades a tattered room.  
A woman in her housecoat  
Folds her arms to press the gloom;  
The smell of coffee, sausage, ham,  
Slipping by the kitchen door,  
Settles in her fragile hand  
And waits for time to mend the past.

**David McInerney**  
— *King's College*

### **Sandcastles out of Snow**

I fell asleep in class Monday morning leaving behind standard deviation, loops, and arrays, and I built a sandcastle on an empty Hawaiian beach for my sister to laughingly destroy as an orange-red sun set the world on fire.

**Sean Connolly**

### **Those Special Nights**

Those special nights (when my father would break down and let that ugly, hyperactive mutt in our family room to watch the movie with my sister and me in our pajamas with the feet and eat popcorn and knock over our sodas while my parents snuck kisses on that old green couch after my sister and I would fall asleep cuddled next to that smelly dog blanketed in the warmth of love) are gone forever. I'm afraid.

**Sean Connolly**

**Untitled**

I didn't want to rain on your parade,  
But, you see, I woke this morning  
And like a cloud all grey and chilly  
I felt the calm, and knew the storm was near.

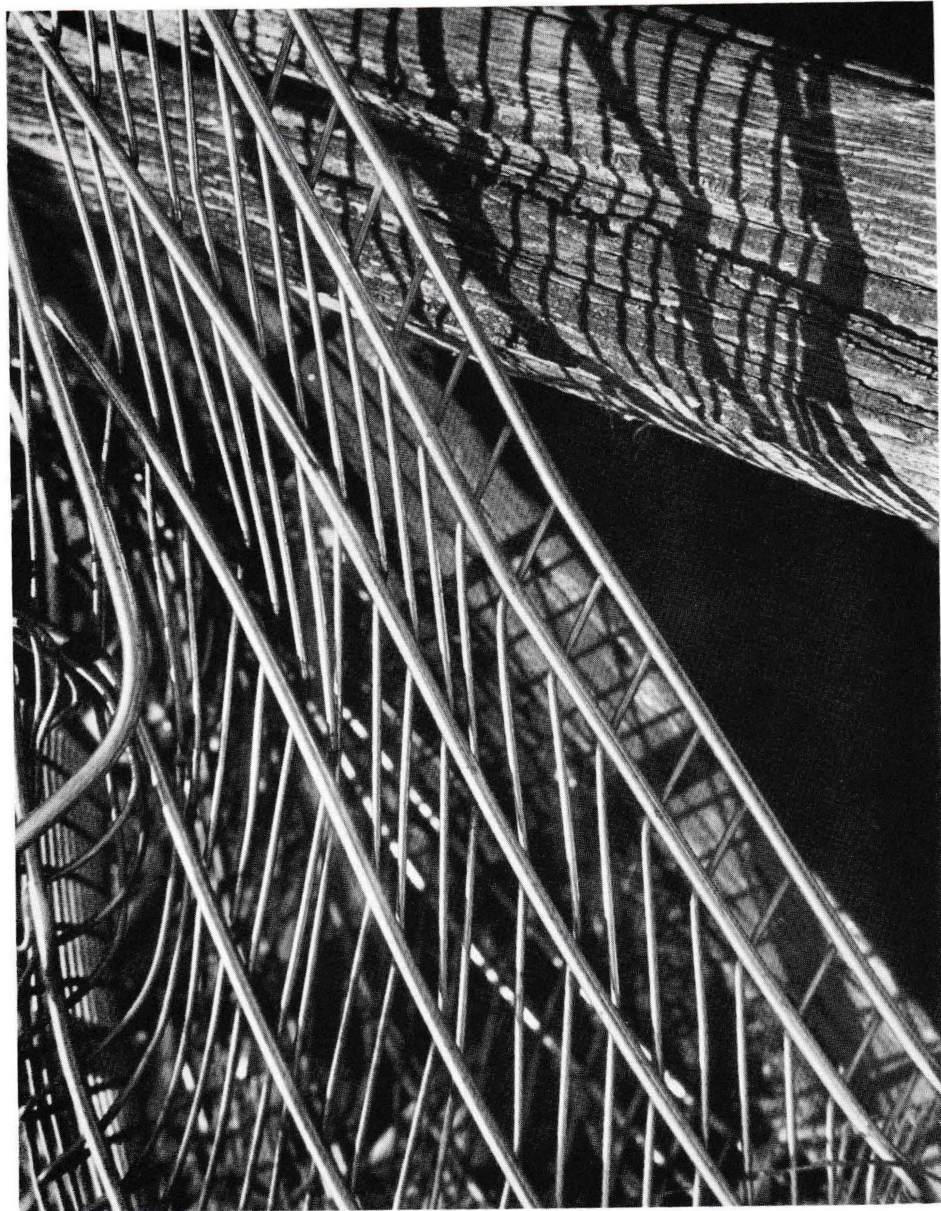
I didn't want to rain on your parade.  
Perhaps the gaily colored uniforms and oompah of the band  
Brought to me some understanding  
Which precipitated the emotions of my soul.

And like the man with broom in hand  
Who trails the wild procession,  
I labor to sweep the piles of confetti and popcorn  
From the gutters of my mind.

I didn't want to rain on your parade.  
It's just that clouds belong up in the sky,  
Not in crowds with cheers and brightly colored balloons  
So here I sit and watch you — and cry . . .

I didn't want to rain on your parade, today.

**Murnal Abate**



Murnal Abate — Untitled

Did you

He stood down and thought, "turned aw carpeting I waved after marvelled house.

Of course curled up. he planned machines was not the he would

He reclined removed his tie, just had a lilt in him feel good thought, "ossal, dwa a long, pair room took of Dave Br ly with the whatever

On top never knew girlfriend. let him re some sort that he ju he'd know and almo viding, of and friend his future at all.

As the chest, as as he felt it off with

## THINKING IN TENSE

Steve Gutin

### 1 ahead

Did you ever feel like you were in someone else's dream?

He stood at the giant picture window, high as the twenty-foot ceiling, and gazed absently down and across at the vast metropolis flooded with nightlife below and around him, and he thought, "This city is mine—my love, my life." Smiling what he supposed was a wry smile, he turned away from the view and strode effortlessly across the deep pile, cream-colored carpeting toward the oversized, cushiony, creamy sofa. The translucent, shimmering curtains waved after him in the artificial breeze that blew from the cleverly concealed vents, and he marvelled at the fresh, delicious, cool, really quite chilling feeling that pervaded the pent house.

Of course, it was nice and toasty warm on top of the washer and dryer across which he lay curled up. His mom was doing the wash and would be back down any moment, but until then he planned on enjoying the sense of security that was born of the warmth emitted by the machines (and the rocking motion they made). Nevertheless, a bright, warm laundry room was not the only place he could have felt content. He went again to the cool, clean penthouse he would one day call home.

He reclined upon the beautiful, soft sofa, which was actually big enough to call a bed, and removed his dinner jacket, draping it over the back of the sofa with one hand as he loosened his tie, just a bit though, with the other. "Relax," she said, and grinned, laughing lightly. She had a lilt in her laugh, her eyes, her face, her whole body, that raised his spirits and just made him feel good every time he looked at her. He tried hard to remember her name and then thought, "Spirits, that's the ticket," and motioned casually toward the bar underneath the colossal, dwarfing Miro. "Perhaps a nightcap later, my dear," she . . . breathed, and pressed a long, painted fingernail to the remote sound and lighting board. The lights muted and the room took on a beautiful midnight blue tone as it grew darker, and the smooth, sexy sounds of Dave Brubeck's *Jazz Impressions of New York* infiltrated the room and mixed ever so lightly with the constant hum of the hidden fans. "For now," she breathed again, "let's just do whatever comes naturally."

On top of the hypnotically humming machines he wondered what would come naturally. He never knew what came naturally, and therefore was not looking forward to calling his new girlfriend. He would have liked to have called his brother instead, but knew that he should let him relax in solitude. It was a shame not to be able to talk to him, because at least he felt some sort of bond between them. With everyone else he never knew what to say, and wished that he just did not have to deal with anything with which he was currently dealing. But before he'd know it, Mom would be down with another load and he'd be dragged out of his peace and almost quiet, and it would be eight o'clock and as unwretched a time to call as any. Providing, of course, he could remember her name. So, until then, he would send fond wishes and friendly vibrations across the sea of the subconscious to his brother, and it was back to his future, wherein he would always know what to do, or better yet, would not have to do anything at all.

As the room became as dark as it would get, as he felt the familiar breeze on his exposed chest, as Brubeck danced about the room with the city lights bouncing off the blue-white walls, as he felt her soft, sexy lips upon him, he mused over the fact that he had managed to bring it off without saying a single word.

## 2 back

The post-rainstorm smell of wet wood and leaves was almost real as she inhaled as deeply as she could and remembered how it used to be. It had been so easy then. Small, giggling girls and boys would be marrying each other left and right every afternoon in the schoolyard. Engaged in the morning, married at recess, divorced within a day or two, these had all been standard stuff—the institution of elementary school romance. The romantic atmosphere had been all the more enhanced by the red skies and cool breezes and the golden leaves that had crunched beneath her feet on the way home from school that autumn when she had first begun marrying boys.

But that was then and this is the way it goes, and she no longer felt innocent and young, despite what her grandfather had said about her ever-sprightly appearance. I mean, be real, she was thirteen! The kid stuff was over now, and she knew that things were just going to get more and more complicated from here on in. Dating protocol now dictated a wealth of intricacies that she was not used to, such as Does he like me?, Should I like him?, Is he too ugly?, Are his friends too stupid? It was just too much to think or care about.

Used to be everybody liked each other, and that was that, and if a girl and a guy felt like having a serious conversation with no one else around there might be a bit of kidding, but nothing to get worked up over. It had all just seemed . . . no, it had actually all *been* quite casual.

But now, huh! Dating had to be such a major production. Conversation had to be *meaningful*. There was apparently a “rapport” that she was supposed to create with her boyfriend, but frankly she wasn’t so sure it was worth it. He was kind of goofy, never talked about anything but his brother, always daydreaming. He never gave a thought to what *she* was thinking about, so why should she spend her time thinking about him? What was it that made him so special?

. . . Could he make me feel young again? Could he take me back to the wet wood *or* the crunchy leaves of ages ago? Could he find my innocence? What the hell is he thinking about all the time? . . .

Damn. Swear words without giggling, the first sign of old age. She gazed at the blank wall ahead of her and wondered what to put on it. Drawing a blank, she let out her breath, checked out the time (eight o’clock already), and lay back dejectedly on her bed, wondering if he would call.

## 3 about thinking

He jabbed at a small wad of wax paper and thrust it inside the oversized plastic garbage bag. It was eight o’clock. He could go now, but instead he continued scanning the lawn for hidden pollution, just trying to make this world of ours a little bit of a nicer place to live in.

Course it was a lot easier to sit back and think, What could I do for myself? or How could I make my own life just a little bit more exciting? Well, maybe that was good enough in the old days when he was a kid; after all, the kids might as well live while they can, right? Sure. The easy life was made for kids. They were embarking on new adventures every day, seeing new sights, making new friends. It had made his heart leap to see his little granddaughter the other day, looking so cheery and . . . radiant. Her boyfriend had seemed a decent sort, too, though rather distant, apparently distraught over some problem his brother had. That was a sign of compassion, though, a rare trait nowadays, and they had both acted with an air of maturity, but he knew that it was just that, an act. They would be kids for a long, long time yet, before they lapsed into the solemn, unadventurous “golden years.”

The courtyard was emptying out now as the college closed up for the night. He jabbed his way toward a figure on a bench whom he eventually made out to be a man whose name he could not remember, one of the new professors. He like watching this character because he

spent a lot of time in the courtyard, virtually all of it devoted to watching girls. Teachers, students, or cafeteria cooks, nothing with two legs in a dress escaped his vision. Nor his advances, for that matter. He made moves toward plenty of them, any who would return his gaze. So far, though, there had been no reciprocation in the form of a date.

He gazed upon the professor with envy. He watched as the guy made attempts to secure company for the night. He remembered a time when he had wanted girls in such a fashion, when he had aggressively pursued them with a lustful force that would have propelled a locomotive. The crushes of early boyhood had quickly given way to the needs of adolescence, and from then on it had been one long scheme—how to get it, where to get it, how to justify it, and how to forget about it and move on to the next one. These problems had plagued him for decades, even after he was married, and he had relished their resolutions.

But the brilliance had decayed. He grew not to care anymore, and when his wife had died he had not re-entered the game, as a few of his friends in similar situations had. It just didn't seem important anymore, such irritation and carrying on. What *were* important were his family and his job. They were all he had, all he needed, and all he cared about. His job was just as important as any of the professors'; he did it perfectly, and with a smile on his face. Ten years ago his own son had called him an ignorant cog on a tiny wheel in the massive clockworks of the capitalist system. It had hurt then, but he didn't care now. Frankly, he just couldn't be bothered.

He watched as the professor called to a rather pretty girl who was walking on the other side of the courtyard. She turned around, apparently recognized the professor, and stopped. He had to use hawk-like accuracy in order to jab the large wad of wax paper with mustard dots on it immediately as it hit the lawn that the professor threw it on as he bounded towards the girl, looking scared as hell. He probably thinks he looks suave, he thought as he unskewered the paper into the bag, my pleasure.

He wished he knew exactly what the professor was thinking. He wished he could remember.

#### 4 too little

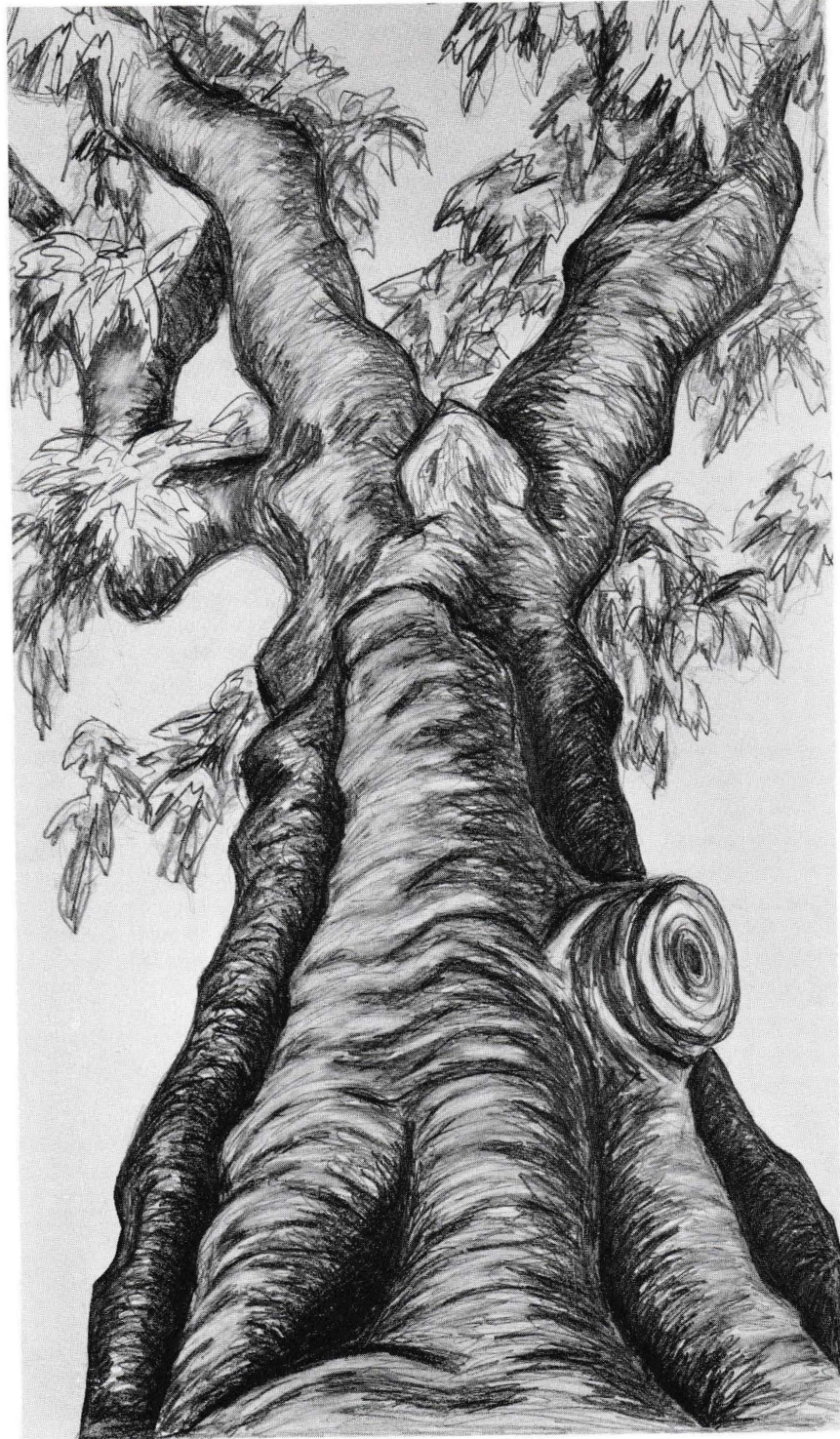
He nonchalantly tossed another tictac into his mouth and then nonchalantly propped his left arm on the back of the bench, crossing his legs nonchalantly. He reflected that the ham on rye had gone down with superlative ease, positively void of chalance. He gave his suit the once-over for crumbs, reflecting nonchalantly that plaid really *was* his color. Nevertheless, he wasn't so sure that all this reflecting was doing him much good, but then reflected that it would be all right as long as it was done with nonchalance.

Throughout these deep musings he continued to monitor the feminine action in the courtyard. Eight o'clock and nothing yet. Actually, no luck the whole semester, really, but he would persevere. The head of the department was already frowning on his mock-arrogant attitude, and tenure was *definitely* a joke, so he might as well make the most of his stay here, brief as it would apparently be. I mean, life's too short to spend doing something you don't like, right? He might just hop the next train out of this loser's town, anyway. New women, new job, new life. That's the way it'll always be.

Okay, so the divorce itself hadn't been a barrel of laughs. But, what the-hey, nothing worth doing ever is, am I right? Okay, so the "Free At Last" party had been a few giggles, more than a few, but I'm entitled to my fair share of chuckles, correct? Okay, so so far he'd struck out all across campus, but he was new, not too well known yet, take some time to work his way up society's ladder (not to mention its negligee), so hey, cut me a break, alright? I mean, one's confidence tends to get a wee bit undermined when the only offspring one can manage are one kid who thinks he's a freakin' mute and another who acts like a goddamned schizo faggot!

I mean, am I right or what?

At this point in his profound soliloquy he spotted a familiar and pretty face across the court-



Darlene Miller — August Oak

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yard. He wondered if her name was as pretty as, oh, what the hell is it, she's in the workstudy program, hangs around the office photocopying tests. But who cares about names these days. Things happen too quickly for names, she'd smiled at him when he'd called "Good Evening!" and was apparently waiting for him to come to her. I mean, a rose by any name at all, right?

As he sauntered casually toward her, he noticed the senile groundskeeper gazing at him with what was probably contempt for his pseudo-lechery. Well, suck on this, you old fart: I'm gonna get in this hot young thing's pants tonight just to spite you and your generation's tight-assed morals. I'm gonna have me some fun.

And so, tossing to the wind all his cares of a moment ago (along with the sandwich wrapper for Pops to break his back over), he determined that things would work themselves out—they always did, right?—and swaggered over to the sweet young flesh to begin his attack, working out the angle best suited for spotting the name on the front of her notebook. He popped another tictac into his mouth.

Chalance? I don't know the meaning of the word.

## 5 too much

Sshhhhh . . .

Listen.

With every twisting cavern in the depths of your ears, listen.

Please. I must insist on total silence.

Feel.

Allow ever pore on your body to expand, unclog, breathe in, and feel it.

Stop moaning, be quiet. Don't say a single word.

Because It's coming.

And there's nothing you can do to stop it. There's nothing you can do except prepare yourself. Prepare to meet It. Just . . . be . . . *still!*

. . . and listen.

He pressed back against the wall as hard as he could. Harder . . . The expansive, expensive house was supposed to be empty, as his Dad usually stayed out late. There was no artificial light on now, but moonlight shone in abundance through the massive picture windows. Beyond them he could have seen the long, maybe endless beach of blue-white sand, and the tide washing up and out with clockwork accuracy, monotonously marking time for eternity. But he didn't want to see that. He knew it was there. He could feel it. And that was more than enough.

It's eight o'clock. He knows that much. And it's as good a time as any for It to come. He's been waiting quite a long time, months, years, I guess all your life, huh? but his skin is sweating more freely, his heart is beating faster, and his eyelids are open wider than ever before. Standardized time is passé. It is now *his* Midnight Hour.

Tense? Don't hassle me about *tense*. Too busy to think about whether it's today or yesterday, no time to worry about whether I'm dreaming or not. Person? Gimme a break. I don't know about you, but I always think about *myself* in the third person. It helps to detach myself from my predicament, which unfortunately concerns the Present, right Here, right Now!

. . . sshhhhh . . .

. . . are you done now?

Then Shut Up.

Don't say a single word.

Try to think about tense. It's okay to be tense. Where's my mother? Is she here? No, she's

not, why not? Because you're at your father's house (but that doesn't explain) yes, it does. You *know* they don't live together, but why can't / be with her? Because someone else is. My brother. Yes. My brother.

. . . well, why can't I see *him*, because you need to rest, but I want to talk to him, but you can't! . . . So forget about him, right now. Be silent . . . and wait.

. . . but who can I talk to, you've got me to talk to, but I need more, but that's all you've got . . . Can I talk to my father? Hah! Did you ever try to talk to that imbecile? Don't call my father an imbecile . . . he's my father. Oh, come off it, he's never here, and when he *is* here, he *really* isn't here. He doesn't know you, doesn't *want* to know you. He doesn't understand. He says you think too much. So what are you supposed to do, stop thinking? He doesn't have the first idea of what's going on with you, and he won't let you tell him. You'll get no help from him.

. . . but he's my father.

So?

. . . He waited a while longer. And then it started. First he heard it. A beat. Where was that? In your mind, no, I'm sure I heard it for real, so? Old beach houses creak, maybe, but this house is brand new, I'm sure of it. Look, it's so fresh and clean and . . . cold. (So what, do you want to be first blood?) No, come on, that's not funny; I know when I hear something, and I hear a continuous, unsteady, but definitely real beat! You're crazy, no, I'm not, It's here!

He struck his hands hard against the wall, over and over and over again, arched his neck, shook his head violently (no please no) and bounced it off the wall again and again and again and again without feeling anything.

And then he felt it.

An ice cold chill crawled across the back of his neck. From where, for God's sake? The midnight blue room was sealed tight, no drafts possible. Where could a breeze be coming from? It's a sign; for God's sake will you shut up, you're not supposed to say anything!

A low hum grew rapidly in his head and threatened to explode it. It is coming. It will be here now.

Am I going to die? Is he going to go insane?

Did you ever feel like you were in someone else's dream?

He braced himself as best he could . . .

. . . and waits . . .

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It will be here

### Untitled

tonight,  
the stars were right.

the memory of your face  
moves in this void space  
before me  
am i really free  
(can i ever be)

for,  
though i know there's more  
to love than holding tight  
i shall not again fight  
this tear  
it is really there  
(yes, i do care)

tonight,  
the stars were right.

**Kim Supper**

*from* **Deserted Fields**

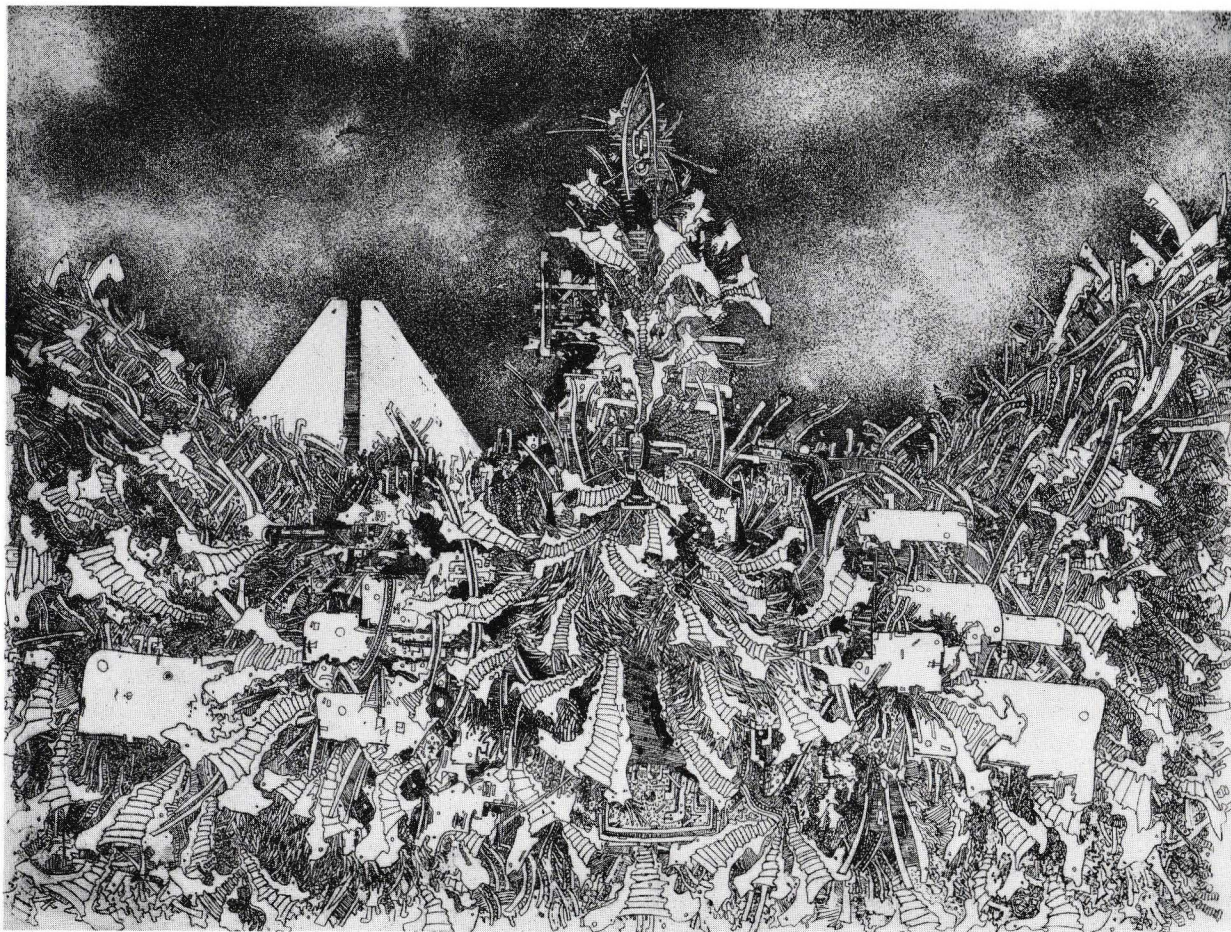
The stone facades are risen towers,  
Ivy vines spiralling upward  
Stretching, taut and sinewy,  
Clinging green root on red stone;  
Mingling webs of leaf and stem,  
Moss-consuming serpentine patterns  
Strangling the rock of church fronts.

**David McInerney**  
— *King's College*

*from* **Deserted Fields**

Down brown valley bowl  
Gray men, looking men  
Black coat hung men,  
Side walk shuffle down  
Smoked brick and  
Bus stop smells,  
Pigeon drops we  
Drudge the days  
Cloaked down  
Brown valley.

**David McInerney**  
— *King's College*



Eric Roth — Another Quiet Day in Utopia



Sandra Long — Untitled

**Untitled**

I am the reef  
'Round the island  
—my fragile child  
I am the beautiful  
Coral that  
Breaks the waves  
And keeps them  
From touching  
You.

**Kim Supper**

**The Burden of Consciousness  
(I Don't Dance; Don't Ask Me)**

Would I really be better off  
If I went to a disco and didn't care  
If I ever danced,  
Could sit idle and stare into space  
listening to nonsense conversations  
Instead of bringing a book along,  
Watched TV for hours, or at least  
felt threatened without its  
comforting glare,  
Read the papers, waited for the news,  
and was able to discuss the  
"current events,"  
Dressed for church on Sunday  
just to wait for the preacher  
to say amen?  
Is this what I should try to be?

Or should I travel the globe  
in my easy chair,  
Ruin my ears with music,  
Celebrate a sunny day at the box office,  
Go to the park alone?

Pretend I'm tired, that it's an effort  
to go out and have fun  
(or at least give it another try)  
Failing to remember until the next  
time how much fun I really have  
Trying to look comfortable and  
occupied, and skinny and unaffected  
Guilty at my first (these days last)  
wobbly step?

Is it really crazy to get angry  
To take every second of every  
wasted minute personally  
Pray for indifference, or at least  
the ability to refrain from it all  
and not have to pretend?

Which is better? Loving to dance  
or dancing?  
Which is the thing to wish for?  
Which is the thing to die for?  
Can dance partners ever hear  
despite the music,  
or maybe just a fool who  
tries to shout?

**Anne C.J. Roche**





**Bruce Lanning — Advance**

### Encounter II

Rising up from hell beside  
The wine and chatter, cheese-talk guests,  
Smoke and Bach and glasses  
Drift about a clouded room.  
Beside the talk the evening passes,  
Words converge and separate  
And drift by faces pale and flat,  
Linger in pools, then dissipate.  
"Manet is real," she turns and sips  
Unafraid of contradiction.  
The silent man has no conviction,  
Brushes at his brown lapel,  
Slipping by the words that fell,  
Retreating to his drink. "I think  
You're cute," she titters, gleams,  
Pressing his arm with beaming eyes.  
He glares, withdraws, with rigid jaws,  
His fingers tense about his glass,  
Unsteadily moves to the window sill  
Looking out at night and a concrete mass.  
Out the window where time is thick  
With dust and bones and lonely men,  
He dropped nine flights and everyone then  
Had much to say about strange young men.

**David McInerney**  
— *King's College*

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