

Wilkes University

Manuscript

Spring 2004

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Manuscript
Spring 2004



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Punishments can include, but are not limited to:

- Lawsuit
- Thumbscrews
- A long tazing
- Glass under your fingernails
- Public ridicule
- Forcing you to watch a 72-hour marathon of reality television
- Setting the feral dogs on you
- Making you live in a field of daisies. *Evil* daisies.
- Having your trees cut down by someone who will try to tell you that She had nothing to do with the disappearance of your trees
- Having your eyelids stapled shut... twice
- Kamikaze squirrels
- Overfeeding your fish

Manuscript Society would like to thank Dr. Michael J. Lennon, Francesca Amico and all the Faculty who put up with the “relentless” *Manuscript* staff throughout the 2003-2004 school year. Manuscript Society would like to especially thank Dr. Bonnie Culver Bedford for all of her help, insight, patience, and culinary ability—we could not do this without her.

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Manuscript, Spring 2004

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Creativity and The Meaningfulness of Creating, Now

Pablo Picasso said, "To know what you want to draw, you have to begin by drawing." According to Picasso, to create any art an artist must engage in the physical act of creating. This act is important, but like Picasso's phrase also implies, one must first have the necessary drive to be creative—to pick up the pencil or sit down to type. Because these processes depend so much on the willingness of an individual to create, one might ask a question inquiring what makes what is created *good*? Surely I can stretch a line of oil paint over a cloth canvas, and the way I may feel about what is done is that it is something of me. In that sense, creating is *good*. But the question here is not what is *good* or *not good*; the question is rather, what makes what is created memorable?

What gives substance to all artistic genres is an energy to create something "new" in the Ezra Pound sense. This means that in order to move toward what can be "new," a person must first attempt to understand what has come before, and what is happening up until the moment when s/he makes the important decision to create.

The 2003-04 semesters mark the first time in which two *Manuscripts* have been printed in one year. This is only possible because of the dedicated members of the Manuscript Society, advised by the wonderful Dr. Bedford, and the appreciation for all types of art that exists within the Wilkes Community, including students, faculty, alumni, and staff. This journal is significant because a new tradition of what comes before is created in these pages and the pages of other university literary and art journals like *Manuscript*. Such publications call readers to question what is "new" right now so that there can be conversation about the current state of what is going on in the area where these ideas and art forms are happening. Discussion about what is created is important because only through the process of consideration, or the willingness to be thoughtful, can that which is created be remembered.

Helene T. Caprari
Editor-In-Chief

***Manuscript*: A Literary & Art Journal in the Making, And Words of Advice to Next Year's Rookies**

Manuscript meetings are held once a week in Kirby Hall, home of *Manuscript*, the Humanities Division, the English Department, the James Jones First Novel Fellowship, the new online creative writing M.A. program, and all things literary, in Room 108, on Thursdays at noon. If you are late, Dr. Bedford may fine you in the currency of donuts.

I would like to say a few words about our splendid meeting place, whose grandeur none of us really deserve—Kirby Hall was once a gracious riverfront mansion occupied by the captains of industry in the Gilded Age. The building is still furnished and decorated to suit the discriminating taste of a lumber baron; our own meeting room is furnished in dark paneling with chandeliers, a fireplace, and a bust of Lord Byron upon the mantle—his pal Tennyson resides across the hall in 103. I think Milton is in the closet.

What You Should Bring To Meetings: Be prepared for meetings by reading and bringing copies of the printouts of submissions we'll be discussing that day (which you should have received from Signorina Caprari). I would also recommend bringing coffee or some such equally sustaining libation—the coffee can be Irish-style if you prefer. Also, don't forget the Valium, and bring along non-lethal concealed weapons (purely for self-defense). This is in case the discussion gets incredibly heated. Examples would include tazer shockers, shillelaghs, billy-clubs, pepper spray—you know the sort of thing. Having means of restraint in case of emergency is also advisable: muzzles, straightjackets, etc. Also remember to bring your sense-of-humour. This last is crucial.

The Pre-Meeting Ritual: Before each meeting commences we will invoke the blessing of the Kirby ghost. Also, we will place offerings of incense, paper money, liquid opium, fortune cookies, Albanian food, and cognac on the mantle where Lord Byron rests. Sadly, the university cannot condone the use of peyote for religious purposes. After the offering we will pray to

the literary gods and sacrifice a virgin to them. Virgins oftentimes being rather scarce on college campuses, a small animal sacrifice may be substituted if you can catch a squirrel out on the lawn. (Our guide-lines do not mention whether the substitute squirrel need be a virgin.) However, the squirrels are wily buggers, and we don't want the disapproval of the PETA folks, so if this is not an option, we will go with a vegetable sacrifice according to the proscriptions in Leviticus and have a tree hacked down outside the Dart. We will then place it on a burning pyre on the Kirby Lawn and roast marshmallows, veggie burgers, and kosher hot dogs. Don't forget to bring the Baba Ghanouj.

Blind Readings: Submissions are read through by a system of blind readings. This means that if you disagree with the majority opinion we will put out your eyes, or have Ben Kushner staple your eyelids shut—and he will do it. Of course I'm just kiddin', we usually draw straws to see who will take care of the stapling.

Really, all submissions are reviewed anonymously, including those of editors and staff. Therefore, we can judge them objectively based on a rubric developed by the staff. This is to ensure that we do not accept or reject a submission without considering it carefully.

Final Words of Advice: Remember to be tactful with your critiques. Again, remember that crucial sense of humour. Remember not to be too harsh in your criticism; don't take criticism too seriously yourself; and if all goes well, I think we'll all get along just fine.

The common thread is the dedication of people who care about creating *Manuscript* and ensuring that the content and organization is the best it can be. As *Manuscript* staffers, we are people who care about literature and art. Our primary goal is to celebrate creative activity at Wilkes University.

Sabrina A. McLaughlin
Spring 2004 Staff

I.

Poetry

anonymous

VERCINGETORIX IN NEWPORT

Shucked of all, or most, of its limbs,
redeemed not at all
by a few small shoots,
a huge beech dies on Bellevue Ave.
The bark of beeches
is elephantine,
which is to say, smooth, grey, rugged,
with slight clefts and lips,
some like well-healed wounds.
All about this tree's lower limbs,
a wire or cable
is loopingly tied,
recalling Vercingetorix,
who Ceasar brought to
Rome in thrall and shame.
The Autograph Beech still lives at Coole
and Yeats's tower rears
yet at Ballyhee.
But condos thrive on Bellevue Ave.,
And this beech is now—
To take the poet's line—
"a post the passing dogs defile."

Mischelle Anthony

St. Anthony

Wash me clean, Spanish city.
Let the bells ring for purity,
for my life of absence—no sewage
of smells, indelible images of limbs.
I want them gone. My head could be clear
as a siren cutting through the mutter and swish of traffic
over church bells and rain. When I face you I want
someone to have sliced off my past with a vegetable peeler
or a smooth blade that cuts swiftly in the bar
in some soap commercial. So I can be clean.
I have no energy left to remake myself, no youth
of imagined futures and visions. Just my life, to which I pay
attention, if nothing else. Nothing is pure or clean or
innocent,
not this moment haunted by husbands and clumsy loves and
heartfelt trust and hope, not these tears, my face a palimpsest.
I'm in this windy crag, looking at sheer rock walls on either
side.
I'll levitate with time.

Suburb of Babel

I'm becoming less tolerant of people I know,
more of those I don't like an old, old unpleasable
woman, skin faded and stretched with red dots for moles,
red dye for hair. Already I sit like my grandmother,
reading magazines and sucking my teeth. No reason
behind my anxieties, sources forgotten
for this vacuum enveloping my life.

When Grandfather died, we auctioned off
his tractors and sold his cows for meat.
The quiet dairy with hayless barns and fields
uncooled by corn rows creates no more creeks,
an era gone and no weeping,
absorbed into the cracked red clay. A clay skeleton,
southwest caricature, hangs mute on my wall.
West no longer wild.

And I remain with an uncanny dislike
for burnt orange carpet. I want to be on a farm
or in the city's heart, not this in between,
this suburb of Babel. Either annihilation or frontier living,
not mediocrity with the complaints surrounding, enveloping,
finally flowing away with my life blood, this shell that's left
only a negative.

Desire

I'm like that lady in *Magnolia*, that cokehead who cries all
the time,
who can't handle any but the most basic information—
this free-floating pain,
this loneliness like a knife to mark the days on the walls.
A trash truck lifts an alley dumpster and slams it again and
again against its open maw.
Obligations disgust me. Frayed rope of a life mending—
the way
fingertips touch you under a certain phase of the moon,
umbrella inside out, bones exposed.
Food spoils and books stack up, unread, on the shelves.
I want to be killed instantly by a speeding thing.
I fantasize about standing on the tracks
two blocks from my place at twilight, on the bridge by the
danger sign so I can't step to the side at the last minute.

I'm at my best when catatonic.
I sometimes can't speak because I'm afraid others will notice
my raised voice, to compensate for the ones in my head.
I keep thinking my new glasses are sunglasses, taking them
off
when I'm indoors then wondering why I can't see.
I feel best when released from company, in those first few
seconds alone.
I want life, raw and beltless—braless and nursing way past
her time.
I want to suck the blood of true people, spoiled by tragedy
and wizened by suffering.
I want to be smashed between the grills of a head-on
collision.
I wish the potato I just ate would kill me.
I want to shove a streetlight down my throat.
I want solitude and space like the lonely prairie of a town I
grew up from.
I imagine laughing as the train nears.

Helene T. Caprari

The Current State of Imagination

I.

In this garden,
What is dead, grows.

Without willingness to collect silhouettes
From a summer's brown evening glow,

There are only gray slate walks
On days without shade

And a deluge of night
When dark has everywhere to go.

Leaves abandon yellowed branches,
For a warmer, sinking earth

Because nature gives to nature
Compensates the dirt;

Buildings become mountains
And streets take place of streams;

Although what is dead, grows
Brown returns to green.

II.

Within this garden,
What is dead, grows.

Bundled tufts of reaching
Not falling back
At the variety in an evening glow;

Not moving away from, but not with, not for,
And not alongside the leaves that Whitman sang

Or to the boughs that Stevens saw,
And "The nothing that is not there
And the nothing that is"

But moving to wheeling waters' emotive waves
Moved by tides, without want of knowing shores

And without what came before, there is not forward
Away from, or through towards unknowingness

There are only rows upon rows of identical tufts,
Single strands assembling in order to exist apart.

Regret

Venom might the oxen tries
to rush the rage within;

Stringent drone, an arsenic ache
Burns cold fingers into ribs.

Rhythms drain the porcelain cup,
Puddles twist like Banyans;

Thin hooves tear through open wounds,
And *what-ifs* wrench the *has-beens*.

Venom might the oxen tries
And what for *is not*, when,

Limbs grow stiff and tangled in
A bellowing infection.

Etymology

When I hear

Jesus, Mary, or Christ

It is not in that *Mother* or
Savior kind of way

But a tone that is departed,
Grown away from;
Not evolved

But changed
Through language
As language is alive too,
And authors are replaced
By the sounds of words.

Joseph Cortegerone

An Affront to Verisimilitude

this is the beginning of a
not-without-standing, pungent
(almost violent on the other
side of the street) protest
against the current state
of things i.e.
[if you weren't listening]
the (very often amateur) dominance of so-called
confessional poetry in this
our year of the postmodern age

Why pungent?

It's because it's a good word.
Good in the sense that it
incites thought which is good—
good because "The world
is all that is the case."
and "the totality of facts determines
what is the case, and also
whatever is not the case."
and it is most certainly the case that I don't have
to write about spilt milk
("melk" as I'd prolly say it.)
or the horrible time i had
as a superfluous teenage-mother
or angst ridden socialite to do
a good thing by writing in
that a good thing is pragmatically
Utilitarian *et cetera*.

it is also the case that i may regard myself
as a subscriber to Continental Thought
while at the same time understanding
the difference between *Of Grammatology*
and *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

is that ignorant ears are the bluntest
way in which to slip between the convictions
of logocentrism and stark, as in strong, coffee
and a propane doused testicle

Here is an example of it all:

In front of the long, awful orchids
I saw three lighted coffins
and so I named them
according to height, width and
breadth of purposefulness

The long arm of the sunrise
rose to the foot of the third,
Natalie, was her name,
(_____ and _____ were
the names of the other two),

so to provide an abundant
source of shade I founded
an institution for the transmigration
and bewilderment of the tiniest particle of dust.

On Irish Literature

For the silent winds of waves the
pardoners pressed round that coffin
full well knowing naught but that
this gawky woman, Cassandra, had
heard such silent things through
which dear Sappho fell to rising
ecstasy all-well-knowing and
all-too-well knowing sometimes
wave of wind and a woman
whom that un-holy man could but
set under stars in the night as
she was lowered madly into the
abyss of unquenched love...

**The Era of Long-winded,
Slow-brained Antagonism is over**

The confluence of words exponentially
compounded by the combination
of the traces of their companions
and the mutually exclusive, a priori
nature of creation
has forced
a hinge
between faith and reality
incongruous with the discourse of now

Say the words slowly
read them without the stigma of
what's-not-will-have-you

Sometimes the wind blows slight boughs
through greater associations
and the moon is present at noon
dormant in the sun-wedded sky

Meaning erupts out of the consolidated solidarities
of the individuated complexities of hidden moments

And somewhere a woman weeps for nothing other
than her most perfect instant

Joseph DeAngelis

Nonoxynol-9

There you lay in my desk drawer
Suffocating in your silver foil.
They put a warning label on you
Along with the chemicals you breathe.

How would you like to take a ride
On a place that's filled with sin?
You only get one ride
And it's probably not going to be your lucky ride.

I close the shades
Drop my pants
Moisten up
Take a breath
Put you on
Get to bed

Just insert gently
And thrust hard up and down
And move in an in and out motion

I picture her beneath me
Her delicious style and happy smile
We ride into the sunset
The blanket sure is lovely.

We go up and down, up and down,
In and out, in and out

So now it's time to say goodbye my friend
It was nice while it lasted
Too bad you couldn't get into the dark tunnel
Of a million smiles.

Judith A. Gardner

Untitled

Eyes shut tight,
Fists full of sheet,
The child, not yet asleep,
Enduring the shadow monsters—
Demons from the Underbed;
Until "I want some water"
Saves him 'til she's gone again.

Rebecca V. Goodman

9:10 am

wake
rush
run
sssshhhh
QUIET
some of us are praying
our father who art in heaven
balance the checkbook
hallowed be thy name...
purple vestments conceal secrets
... lead us not into temptation
or the altar boy
but deliver us from evil
hear our prayer?
Amen

Christina Harowicz

Preparation For Prom

There is a gun on the dresser
and a gown lying on the bed—
I stand
naked
at the
mirror.

I have clipped
cut and
admired
you
in those magazine ads when
the light
hits
your skin
just enough.

You illuminate.

*I'm
not ready,
He'll be here soon.
Have to dress,
have to
get pretty.
I will not
keep him
waiting.*

My makeup is on the dresser
and a corsage resting on the bed—
The gown
satin perfection
graceful on
my body.

I have attempted
and endeavored
to be
like
you
in those magazine ads.
How your stomach
concaves
above
your waist
in flawlessness.

*I'm
ready.
He'll be here soon.
I am dressed;
crimson
corsage
on my
white
bodice.*

Written Under Duress

Day of reckoning on the horizon, see its razors of light
splaying from its base already
Gloom is dissipating yet sticks to the bones like a cancer
Suck the marrow dry and throw in another quarter—we've
got a live one on our hands, kicking and screaming into this
world for the twenty-second time already—you'd figure
they'd be used to it by now—hope swoops down out of the ink
like a third rate Dracula who has lain dormant for a century
ready to siphon the color from your eyes and crack a grin
afterwards, someone is definitely enjoying this—but it's the
biggest in-joke from an in-crowd that this world has been
forced to see, believe it—you will be laughed at after your
shadow grows smaller so enjoy your enlarged state of mind
now, illumination isn't going to last
Three shots or two depending on your constitutionally
protected rights to be exploited for the good person you hope
you are and for all of those you hold in such high regard shall
also be removed from the active list and cast down upon the
snowed ground to lie there until penance is paid by idolaters
who've lost their way because the newest of maps available
on the market have been censored to eliminate any
backwoods roads who are just trying to survive but they
aren't as efficient as they think they should be so cast them
down as well because this is a live broadcast of your life and
the sponsors already want to pull out and on that day you
shall cry for good or ill but leg irons will be a memory

Jussme

Snow Effect

Puffs of heaven cascade through the sky
Disappearing into the hard surface of reality
Journey through time and space like strange bits of dreams
that no one owns.
Falling faster and faster within no boundaries
Evolution of an oncoming storm takes the stage
The tone is relevant to the maker whose choices guide the
hands of time.
Drops from wet tongues trickle with slow malice
Its cause is unknown but not the pre-empted thought
And thus desperation becomes the clock that becomes the
controller.

Matthew Koch

Candle

There is a lone candle lit
On the desk in my room
I'm lying, staring at it
This night lingers on
I remember I forgot
To play you your song
I've said it before
And I'll said it once more
This apartment is a tomb
Lock the chain, close the door
Collect all your things
And get out of here
Two stories up, six feet down
Light a little candle
Falling to the ground
Up from underground
Comes a feint echo
Mausoleum sound
Light a single candle
And get out of here

Morning Moon

On a cold October morn
The moon stands its ground against
The passage of time

On a battlefield of blue
A solitary sentinel
Left behind

Does not heed the warnings
From a cold October night
But stands alone

Never wavering from sight
Or feeling the sun's warmth
A challenge to the day

The sky clear - the moon ablaze
The sun must wonder why it stays
On a cold October morn

Ben Kushner

A recipe

A Recipe for destruction of the universe.

Preheat the oven to the fiery infernos of Hell (about 450 degrees).

Take:

3 cups flour

2 cups sugar

1 still beating heart of the nameless devourer of worlds

2 eggs

1 tsp. vanilla

Mix well with a whisk, taking care to stir in the shape of the Sigil of Ishp: the namer of souls. Otherwise Ishp shall take possession of your soul and all will be lost.

Once the heart stops beating, cover and let stand for one year and one day. Stand constant vigil and remember to sacrifice a small animal every four hours using the recipe found on page 33. It is best to prepare the animals in advance and have them ready beforehand so you can simply sacrifice when needed.

Bake 20-30 minutes.

While baking, set your final affairs in order and take for the icing:

6 egg whites

2 tsp. rum extract

75 pints of the blood of virgins

2 lbs. of confectioner's sugar

Mix until stiff and add grated bone of heretic to taste. Spread over the cake and serve with vanilla ice cream. Sit back and wait for the oceans to boil and the world to end.

For higher altitudes, add one egg to the cake mix.

Untitled Poem

It's happened before.
It'll happen again:
the slow downfall of
a newly homeless
man as he
wanders the streets of
"This city."
It's sickening.

A man is evic-
ted from his
home on a

M

o

nday

and

and

by

the next

Sun

day

day

day

he's talking to an imaginary

h

a

m

s--a--n--d--w--i--ch--h--h--h.
(NO MAYO)

Amber Lawson

Diagnosis

in a cold mechanical room
a great white coat
perches on a stool
like a pigeon on a wire
scribbling a script of pills

incoherence spills from his mouth
like marbles
dropping
one
by
one
onto the cold, grey floor

I hear nothing
and stare at his ankles
encased like great sausages
in navy blue socks

my eyes search frantically
for an answer
and meet only
with posters on the walls
lyme disease (*no that's not me*)
how to perform a self-breast exam
if you have diabetes, take off your socks and shoes
all irrelevant

irrelevant
as my hands feel
to my face
as I am numb

The Farmer

He stands—a lone shadow
Pressing low and dark
Against the land
An answer
To the question
Of the morning sun

He reaches deeply
Into the soil
With hardened hands
To find himself

Hollow

He tastes like ash
His eyes are green

He says there is nothing wrong

I suck the flavor
From his mouth
And replace it
With optimism
He spits it out
And remains
Unworthy

He thinks love
Is like the earth
Full of bullshit
And wormholes

He once said
I was the only girl
He ever liked kissing

He is a lifetime
At seventeen

And his nose sometimes
Drips a trail of rosebuds
On my pillow

He says there is nothing wrong

I fill him
With dreams
But he is
Always

Empty

Ron Lieback

The Pretty Girl With the Boy's First Name

Blonde, curly hair
waved freely in the
wind.

"How about a
light?"

she asked,
"Were you at a
St. Patrick's day
parade
four years
ago?"

I was thinking,
as I was lighting
her
smoke,
fuck,
I can't even
remember yesterday.

But her
legs
were long,
and
robust.

"Yea, I remember
seeing you
there,"

I replied
in a hurry.

"I asked my
friend,
who is that
cute boy?"
she said.

Then she walked

away.
Seductively
slow.
I put the
lighter
away.
The flame was out.

Typical September Night

Same style, early-afternoon nights, supper in hand with twenty-dollar stays in Scranton old-dynamo-rooftop-glory,
I saw all of you, belt buckle, boxer in red, worn seven-day jeans, tight-high-hair through thighs of webbed-white-string-scar-petruding-through-loosened-bottom-in-savory-tasting-and-tasted-pale-yellow-shirt fresh out of hamper,

Looking, smiling, gleamy-eyes and shining luminously above a halo of sacred thought, doings, and all sorts of lunatic-visor-shadow-in-attic-on-knees, two hands gracefully flowing on top and in between a doorway letting not a single shed of light in,

All of you, anxiously awaiting the next ink-pen-glorious-starry-loaded-dance-hall-metro-wooden cracked floor with set-up-stolen stage of a beautiful-orgasmic voice atop an out-of-shape-old-and-beaten-frame, white and blue sink with no urine-stained-waxy-floors,

Again anxious, now nervously, awaiting the memory that will be in-bloom-discreetly woven throughout our history's of crazy-lunatic-style-week-night with heartbeats and breaths of maniacal desire for the fire stowed innately in our young-tender-souled-loosely-shavened-broken-body's, feeding endless-upon-endless-upon-endless robust erections,

All flow created then used-never-forgot-forgetting-blow-to-the-madness-top-of-roof-glaze-shining-September-luster-Sky.

Away!

Sabrina A. McLaughlin

Market Street Square

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

They are shadows.
They must be.
Because I am seeing them,
But the passers-by
Are ignoring them.
So they must be shadows.
Shadows in the street,
Shadows in the square.
The shadow of an old man
With a beard
That grows down
To his knees,
Like an unkempt patriarch,
Or Rip Van Winkle awakened.
He wears an overcoat,
Over a raincoat,
Over another overcoat—
Though it is July.
The elderly woman
On the park bench
At the center
Of the square
Looks forlorn.
No one pays
Any attention to her.
Except the pigeons.
The pigeons she is feeding.
They take the bread
From her hand,
They surround her like
Worshipers at the
Feet of a sage,
They flock around her
With their soothing

Rustling of feathers
And their cooing.
Some say pigeons are
Dirty, ugly, common birds.
But here is one
With iridescent wings.
There is another
That has
A pale shell-pink throat.
Here is a white one,
With patches of fawn
Splashed on its back.
They wheel and dance
In the sunlight overhead,
And their shadows
Follow them.
Winged silhouettes,
Shadows that fly
Over the square below.

Émigré Vignette

For my grandmother, and her stories

Wildest
Of the most beautiful
Three sisters—
Village flowers
Transplanted to
American shores.
They spread rumours
About her—
The jealous housewives,
The widows all in black,
Who gossiped with each other,
Roosting like guinea hens
On high front porches
That let them see
Up and down the street,
So they could
Observe everyone's business.
They said it was because
Of some dark secret shame
That she didn't follow
Her mother, brothers, and sisters
From Civita (Calabria)
To Corona (Long Island).
But it was jealousy that spoke.
The truth was that instead
Of coming to New York
She married a man who took her
To far-away, exotic
Brazil, and Argentina—
Argentina, land of
Shining silver;
Argento, meaning
Silver in Italian—
They made a fortune;
Her husband became
A black-moustached
Padrone, a *don*,

She, his lady,
Her Mediterranean face
Framed by a
Black lace *mantilla*.
She became an
Old Country Fairy Tale
In Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese,
Evolving into a
South American adventure,
Something out of
A Marquez story.
She would be
Ensnared in a
Grand *hacienda*,
Yellow-brick courtyards,
Tinkling fountains,
Birds of paradise,
Toucans,
Red and blue macaws,
Guarded by
Young Indian men
With hunting rifles,
Looking like
Sicilian boys with *luparas*.
I pictured her
Against the backdrop
Of Brazilian jungles,
Coffee trees,
Distant snow-capped Andes,
Dusty plains,
Wilderness trains,
Black bulls thundering
Over the *pampas*,
Gauchos
Riding Paso Fino and
Andalusian horses,
Dappled gray,
Riding into the west,
Towards Chile.

The Return of the Exiles

Cannot be forgotten.
Never needing to be told,
Or learned—
Written in the blood
like a prophecy
Even in these Abandoned
Children of Eve
who haven't seen
the source of it
in them.
The memory is there.
Passed down
in blood and bone
Deep
inseparably interwoven
red-gold thread
within us
Cannot be removed.
In the blood knowing more blood
and tears
Long past,
Our past,
the good taken with the bad.
The famine stories, the coffin ships, the battles,
The spring-green fields—
endless shades of green—
Soaked red.
the ground blackened with ash and cinder,
hopes burned down to the level of the scorched earth,
turf enriched with blood and memories burning in peat fires.
And we cursed the land
and the lives
we loved
more than anything—
And still they could not break us,
They could not take our souls,
Our spirits.
Though so many tried.
We wouldn't let them bury us,

and then forget we walked here.
Some bones do not stay buried.

If you were starving,
They would give you soup.
And a pallet in a workhouse.
But you must deny your Fathers
and kiss the feet
of a very English God,
Who sits on a profane throne
watching children die
waiting for a race
to be snuffed out—

Not with accustomed more-violent implements:
with a genocide of slow attrition,
The genteel sly methods
Of starvation,
Degradation,
And the agents of despair—

Slavery in all but name,
taking words and bread from hungry mouths
while coffers filled with stolen coin
and saving grain moldered in fat merchants' warehouses
behind locked doors.

Killing a language, a faith, a people,
making them all illegal.

A nation starved,
One million dead.

Those who lived,
fled in an Exodus—

another Tribe of Wandering Exiles,
driven from a Promised Land,
the lifeblood flowing out of a wounded country—
another million and a half lost.

The American Wakes

for those who would cross the western ocean,
knowing they'd never again

in earthly life

take a glass

With old friends.

But all is not forgotten,
All is not lost.

We believe

In the poetry, the history,
The words that would not be wiped out,
Words of a language that would not be forced into
A void of silence.

Spirits walk here,
This place still lives,
The rivers,
The groves,
The hills,
The lakes,
The holy wells.

We believe in a people
Who refused to disappear.
We believe in a resurrection
Of once-dying clans
And gone but not forgotten
Kings and chieftains.

I have never seen that land,
But to me,
And many,
That place is
Holy,
The world we walked in
Before we were born into this one.

It is said that when

The Exiles,
And the Children of the Exiles
end their lives abroad,

Their spirits will fly
On a red wind that will sweep over the hills,
Or they will ride on the wings of swans,
Or shift shape into a flock of snowy geese
Returning home,
to their ancestral place.

Sacred Harp

This is my hymn. A prayer.

So this is what has become

what is becoming

this is what has come about

Endlessly but ecstatic

cycling of breaking healing

waxing and waning

as with the moon

talking to a personal

God

with silence

without words

outside knowing

ancient, older than

any construct of man,

gospel and true

the mystery

my ancestors

sought their wisdom

in the lapping of the waves

where the river waters

touch the shore,

they worshipped

in groves

and in the shining of the light

into the meeting on the mountain.

So say the Prayers of Amergin.

light my way; lead me through

I have learned not to fear...

My litanies, my invocations,

are the names of rivers, mountains, trees.

This is my Faith.

This is my Religion.

Michelle O'Brien

After-life

A raindrop's

path

descending to the earth,

molding

its

flight

to the gentlest mirth.

A golden beam

breaks through the clouds,

forming

a

prism

to disable its shrouds.

A

dispersed

spectrum

leaving the scent of clover

dangerously

close

to

the cliffs of Dover.

Strip-tease

music rises slowly

as she steps onto the stage,

just out of reach of the spot-light—

like a leopard in its cage.

Her dance is full of caution

and she plays up to the crowd,

betraying nothing of her feelings

as the bass is turned up loud,

to drown out her thundering heartbeat

and the pounding of her head

and to fill that place inside herself

she likes to think is dead.

April Showers

a breath away
for all to see.

as my thundering heart
beats restlessly.

a brilliant high
comes crashing down.

when in a moment
you're not around.

calling on a last
reserve,

for all I know
that I deserve.

the patience I lack
brings reverie—

and you—a breath away for all to see.

Josh Orloski

Sandbox Rainbow

A sand box with a dump truck,
yellow paint peeling.
Falls and mixes with sand,
but no one notices,
aside from perhaps the fearsome
pincher bugs.
One grain, two grain—
a flake of yellow.
Scab from a knee or an elbow?
A child's rainbow in blood,
in paint,
in sand.

Rust

I've been beaten
down to the dust,
and broken
are these wings of rust.
When trying
only goes so far,
my surrender
will not leave a scar.
The hope
it's gone, so far away
these wings of rust
will not fly today.

The Fighting L

A place dually known for
pleasure—
and pain.
Not spirits, but Liquor:
a jest?
A joke of the seedy past of these
streets.
Streets that have seen the
rise and fall of many men.
The place that fueled the bravery
of these men rising.
Only to blur their eyes,
right before the edge.
The joke falls on you now, IQUOR—
still standing.
The L- fighting like a morning drunk,
hugging the porcelain—
promising God.
In and out it blinks and blinks,
blessing and cursing the world
in morse code no one understands.

Chimes

glass chimes whisk all good souls to sleep
to pastel pink dreams of peace and tranquility.
blue, elephant shaped clouds soften the sun
and a soft hum haunts the background.
blue blotches, blue swirls ... and the sound
of machines—stuttering, and shutting down.

Corey Pajka

The Depth Perception Test, Session #2

recalled and recollected

keep your wits about you, boy!
can't be caught in such a state!

dried and drawn.....metamorphosed in a
state beyond matter

at once feeling again the weight of flesh

the sense of blood and bone.....the spaces between
muscle

and tendons
all again sensing breath and circadian rhythms
beating of the heart.....motion of the lungs

aware and in connection with the harmony of being

constantly in motion.....never ceasing
faster now, above the sight of such devices and
capabilities

inhale.....exhale.....

don't
lose

it

now

Frederick Seabrook

Just Another Day

Ssshhhh.

Up and down Over and over The same old same old
Guessing Wondering Trying to figure out Chasing
your tail Cant catch the shadow Why cant I get what is in
the box Cant scratch this itch Keep trying Feed me

Focus... have some coffee.

Life Measuring Sifting through thoughts Attempting to
find the right combination
Sprinkling and peppering to taste Just the right amount
A touch of this A smidgen of that *Bam*

Focus... have some breakfast.

To and fro Work in between Back and forth Load &
unload A couple times a day 50 this time 105 the next
165 if you go at night Just 2 more years

Focus... lunch... you'll be lucky to have dinner.

Calm down Down Stop the noise Stop kneading me
So cute What are you saying I love you two
Unconditionally Let's get something to eat

Focus... it is almost time to get up step away from the
Compaq.

Welcome back to the Rat race, wish I were a Cat.

Jim Warner

kid sisters play make-up

Her skin had appetites crawling
all over. . .
(with) certain uncertainty, anxious cravings for
high school vices: Cigarettes in the bathroom
hand brushed thighs
blushed red nights.

A slow walk taken late
A pill, A curfew,

A Promise/A Secret
(you may ask yourself) what keeps longer
and which becomes ashes rubbed between fingers.
Heads, hands, and bodies shake,
Color runs
And so does mascara.

Economy of Fear

We made a career of forgetting:
The whowhatwhenwherehows are all barrel blended,
handrolled.

Time turns to smoke; eyes grow red
and wise.

Voices accumulate like leftovers
swept under the rug of wrinkles.

With crows feet

we hurry,

we push, we wait for endings and end ups.
(and they will and they do)

With crow's feet

we rush to erase

black ink ugliness and red letter accidents.

Face to face with the face of a clock
striking today or now or whenever;
becoming over-burdened with the excuses best summed up
by a career of thought lost,
ever rehearsing for retirement.

Victoria White

The moth flies through the air

Knowing the danger of fire
Having heard the horror stories told
Of others who were drawn to the flames

Knowing of the dangers
The moth still finds fascination in the flames
They move so lithely, sporadic
Graceful in their intensity.

The moth draws closer to the flames
A passionate dance is started
The moth moves in close
Only to retreat when the fire licks its tantalizing lips

It is a dance of give and take
A tango between two fates
One must finish the seductive dance

The tempo is unsteady,
First fast and spontaneous
Then slow and calculated—
Each move could be their last
Who will give in to temptation?
Will the moth refuse the flame
And turn and fly the other way?
Or will the flame entice, capture
And recreate the moth?

The dance lasts throughout a seeming eternity
But in the end
Only the moth is left.
The fire has burnt itself out
Trying to capture the beautiful moth

The moth must now live on
Leaving behind the sordid memories
Of time spent tempting fate.

Matt Zebrowski

Jazz Night at the V.F.W.

HEY MAN

sounds like rain
an adventure I once
tried to have
I was young
once
too
don't you know

bass drum sets

THE TEMPO

march! 2, 3, 4...

all in line

we thought we

were stronger together

we were only

more

alone

atrocities I have

HELPED CREATE

cinema projected onto

cloud of smoke

this is the

swirling

obnoxious

soundtrack

of my life

trumpets like a

CHEAP ESCAPE

gun to temple

IT

WEARS

THIN

Timothy Rowlands, Esq. Addresses the Board

the pisswater

in the sink

the hair

clogging

the bathtub drain

the coffee drip-drip-dripping from filter to pot

and Timothy

spits

in the eyes

of all the

semi-erect asskissers and yes men

tonguing his

rectum

with all the saliva they can muster

sucking at his

ego

like the

precious mouth

of the most

delicate

French

whore

"I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY

HERE THAT IS

SOMETHING WORTH HEARING"

Timothy shouts

with all the

sterile

severity

of a botched vasectomy

heads turn

and are

severed
clean off

by the
force
of this statement
and the sky clouds over
and the fault lines crack
and the coffee keeps drip-drip-dripping from filter to pot
and California fractures off of the Continental United States
and floats away into the Pacific
like so much
flotsam
and
jetsam
or an episode of *Love Boat* gone horribly awry
and Timothy makes his speech
moving
triumphant
just the right amount of hand gestures
to articulate
key
points

"GENIUS!"
they tell Timothy
as Timothy tries to tell them
something
about
something else
being deliberately vague
so as to not offend their
delicate
centrist
sensibilities

and the motion is on the floor
and the motion has been seconded and approved

and everyone is applauding
and the coffee still keeps drip-drip-dripping from filter to pot
and they slap Timothy on the back
and they congratulate him on his foresight
for daring to

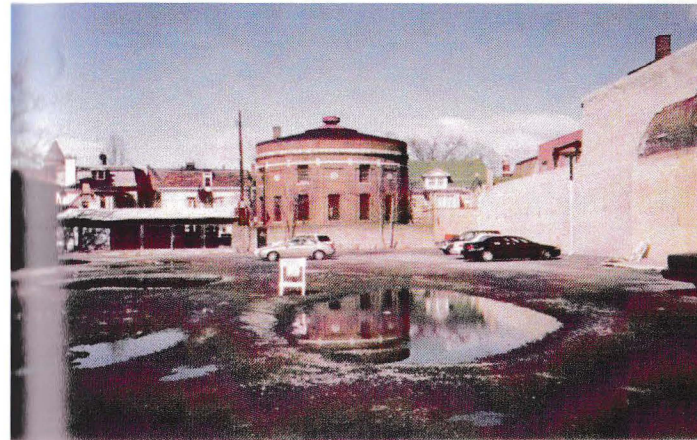
dream
of a
future
that does not resemble
the unpleasant
post-orgasmic
ennui
of modern urban life

II.
Photography

Thomas A. Hamill



The Engel Building Remembers

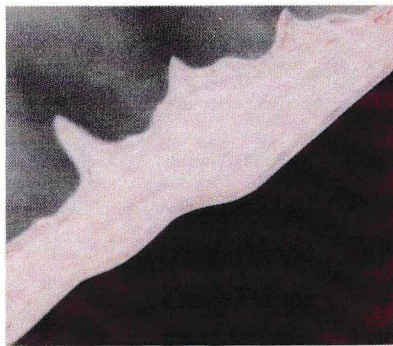


Puddles, Parking Lots, and Medical Society Libraries

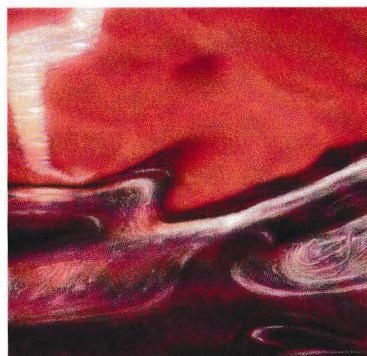
Dr. Nicholas Tirone



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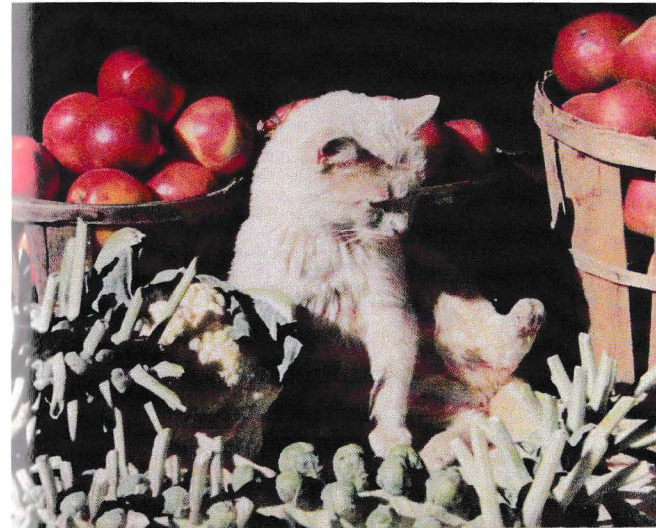


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low (twelve)

Crystal Wah



Farming Days

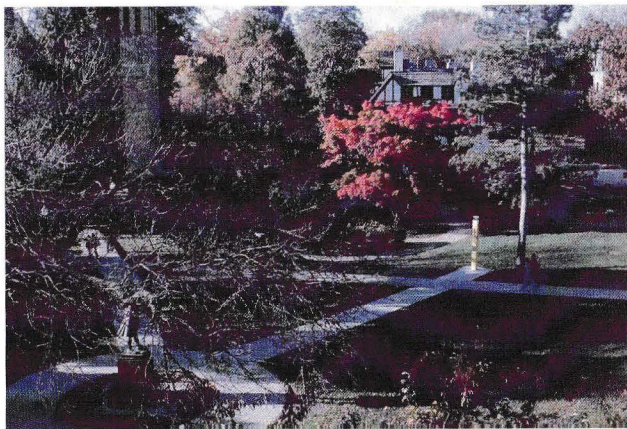


Changing Seasons

E. Wolf



Stroup Fountain, Bloomsburg



University on Fall Evening

III. Short Fiction

The Skeeball Incident

Smitty and Moose always felt uncomfortable when they saw cops at the mall. Probably because Smitty was usually carrying a cheap bag of chuba in the side pocket of his jeans, and Moose was just a nervous person to begin with. So when Officers Rice and Jones started to question them outside of the arcade, after they had been the primary witnesses to "The Skeeball Incident," one would expect them to react in the fashion they did.

"Okay," Officer Rice said, trying to raise his voice above the growing crowd that had gathered outside the arcade. "So far, we have you guys coming out of Lids and hearing the man and woman arguing over by the skeeball game. Why don't you pick it back up from there." Smitty, who had always been a talker, chimed in for Moose, who never spoke to anyone other than his brother, let alone a couple of cops working a homicide case.

"Well, like you said, we were in Lids looking at the new stuff they just got in when we hear them two arguing—they were like shouting really loud and stuff at each other." Smitty paused to pull up his sagging black pants with both hands. "Then we seen a bunch of people goin' over to the skeeball machines toward the back of the arcade. So we just followed 'em over."

Officer Jones spoke up. "And when you got there?"

"Well, I'm not gonna lie to you guys, we really wanted to see what was goin' on. Ya know, we hang out here almost all weekend and stuff like people yellin' and screamin' in the arcade doesn't happen too often. So when we heard them two yellin' at each other we pushed our way to the front of them to get a look at the action.

"It took some pushin to get to the front, plus Moose's got a twisted ankle." Without a sound, Moose lifted his left pant leg revealing a dirty ace bandage that began in the middle of

his shin then disappeared below the top of his boot. "So it was difficult for us to get there, but we finally did. Everybody around us was laughin' and smilin' and pointin' at the two people up front, so we figured somethin' funny was goin' on or something.

"So we finally got up front, finally close enough to see some action—and we see them two up in each other's faces and stuff, like really screamin' loud at each other and their faces gettin' redder and redder as they keeps on yelling."

Officer Rice stopped Smitty for a moment. "At that point, could you hear what it was that they were arguing about, specifically?"

Smitty rubbed his runny nose with the back of his hand then continued. "Well she seemed the most mad out of the two. She kept pointin' to this other younger lady that was standin' a couple feet away from him. She was yellin' stuff at him like 'How could you do this to me you son of a bitch... I loved you so much... you said you were gonna stop seein' that skanky bitch... then I catch you here playin' skeeball with her on your day off... you should've been at home with me... what about our two kids... blah blah blah'—She was really pissed at him." Smitty took a quick breath, as telling the story was getting him excited.

"Okay," Officer Rice spoke up, "you're doing a good job so far. Tell us what happened after that."

"Well after they're fighting and stuff for a while, she backs up from him and takes off her ring. Then she looks at him and says, 'You can have your stupid ring back! I want a divorce!' Then she turns around and takes the ring and flings it at the skeeball game. Somehow the ring goes right in the 50-point slot. Me and Moose looked at each other, because we never can get the ball in the 50-pointer and she gets her ring in it in one shot, without even looking really." Both officers stayed focused on their notepads as Smitty kept talking.

"So then the guy, well, he gets the most pissed off I've ever seen him. He starts yellin' stuff like 'That ring cost me a month's paycheck you ho... I should have listened to my

friends a long time ago... you're nothing but trailer trash anyway... sixteen years of my life wasted... blah blah blah.' While he's yellin' all this he's runnin' up the skeeball path and he ducks his head under the netting and sticks his arm in the hole the ring went in. By this time, me and Moose are flippin' out because we never seen anything like this before." Moose, still expressionless, nodded his head in agreement. "This is where it started getting weird, Officer."

Both officers looked from their pads at Smitty, but continued to write. "Okay, so after he puts his hand in the hole... oh yeah, he is really pissed off now, by the way. He yells to her 'And another thing, me and your mom have sex every Tuesday before you get home from work!' After he lets this out he knows he shouldnta' said it, and she gets the most scariest look I've ever seen on her face. She looked so friggin' mad... I just looked at Moose and we both knew somethin' bad was gonna happen. So then the guy, knowin' that he had made a mistake by sayin' what he did tries to pull his hand out of the hole and get out of there before she beats the hell out of him. This is where it gets sick." Moose nodded in agreement.

"Then he starts havin' trouble getting his hand out... I guess he got it stuck in there while he was searchin' around for the ring. Tickets starts comin' out of the slot like he won the game or somethin' and we could see him getting real panicky now. Then she... I couldn't believe she started doin' this!... picks up one of the skeeballs and starts to chuck it at the guy. She misses with the first one, but hits him on the shoulder the second time. Her first miss rolls back to 'er, so she flings that one at him too. She had a pretty good arm and not bad aim for bein' so mad. But this one... man this was really sick... she hits him right in the head with it... in the head! Shit, there was blood everywhere and people by now were screamin' and stuff. I don't know why nobody stopped her, it was happenin' so fast. Then she goes really psycho and picks up the last ball. The guy didn't see her 'cause he had blood in his eye, but she goes up to him and starts bashing his head in with the ball. I mean, me and Moose've

seen some sick stuff, but this was crazy. She just kept bashing and bashing and bashing until finally some guy that works at the arcade pulls her off a him."

Smitty took another breath and snapped out of the trance he was in. "She was hittin' him so hard that the blood was flyin' everywhere. Moose even got some on his sleeve, and he was standin' six feet away from her." Moose, on cue, pointed out the spot on his sleeve to Officer Rice.

"Okay, boys," Officer Jones said, "that's good enough for now. We've got your contact information, so we'll let you know if we need anything further." Both officers closed their notepads and walked away as Moose and Smitty led themselves out of the arcade.

"Wow, that was so weird," Smitty said. "I still can't believe that happened like that."

"Yeah," said Moose, with an expressionless look on his face. "I guess Mom isn't coming home for a while, huh."

Christopher Hodorowski

The View

Soon after the Storm, the town came to the field for rations. From the last season's rain the field was rather a marsh; stagnant pools appeared nearly everywhere. Flies gathered near the slime, and the crowd wandered tirelessly for relief. The passing canon-smoke obscured the field and dusted their coats, a few among whom said the wind was not in their favor. A pair of planes led the wake of every new formation, drawing the state banner across the sky. The planes at the ends of the major echelon burned flares from their tales leaving serpentine wisps of smoke behind.

Judy ran under the elm tree around the tire swing in a dance to the blur of the parade above. She ran all about the orrery, while the crowd in the park gathered to watch her. She was hissing at the sky's aero-parade as K. clapped approvingly to her march, which seemed to be in exact and delicate harmony to the artillery show. It was already after midnight, but he hadn't the courage to come to her. It had been less than a year since he left her, and now he only recognized her dress.

The crowd laughed when two children ran behind Judy, flailing gleaming streamers. When the last of the plane formations elided overhead, Judy lost her grace at the crest of a high prance and awkwardly lost track towards the elm. K. ran to Judy from the crowd, who were still clapping at the children as if no one had noticed her fall.

As he neared the tree he slowed pace and waited until his breath was calm, and then sidled to her. Her eyes were dull from faint.

"Judy, Judy, Judy, do you hear me?"

"Yes, who are you?" she asked, startled.

K. came to face with her and she quickly stood up. For a moment she didn't recognize him. She crossed her arms around him, crying, kissing his neck. "Oh, K.! But I didn't recognize you for a second. But you're here. You've come

back, you've come back, you've come back to me. I knew you'd come."

"I shouldn't have come from behind you like I did, especially after your fall."

Judy laughed. "I didn't fall, no, I was just bored until the end of that formation."

"Well, your performance was beautiful despite that," he smiled, "to the end."

K. lifted Judy from the ground and brushed her back clear of thistle. When he remarked that it was the same dress she had worn at the last parade, she took better sight of his uniform. It was meekly tailored with small shoulders. Neither the cut of the pants nor his boots were imperial, yet it was unseemingly handsome.

"K., I've never seen a uniform of this kind," she said, drawing her fingers along his decorated collar, dazed from failing for the fourth time to count all of his merits, which spanned down his chest. "It is so beautiful, what service are you in?"

"I'm not in any service."

"But how did you get this?"

K. grinned, "I've killed an officer," and cut a swath of air near her throat.

"I don't know what to say. I see you've changed."

"You're still so young, Judy." She turned around. K. stressed everything he said gravely. "Another Storm will come, Judy, admire what I am saying. Another Storm will come, and it will be too late if you refuse to come with me now."

"No, not another. It is impossible."

"It has been written."

"How can I trust you?"

"This is beyond us, love, this is faith. The war is here, Judy. The war is part of me if it has changed me. Our protests mean nothing. I wish they had, believe me. I know I cannot ask you to leave with me."

"Leave with you?"

"We can't forecast the time, but the Storm is coming tonight. If it wasn't true I wouldn't be here."

"How do you know all of this?"

He looked down onto the golden name on his jacket. "The officer made a thorough confession."

Judy went home with K. to the jurors' district to take what she would need from her apartment. It was just in the order K. had remembered. The sink still brimmed with brushes in stale water, the same plants grew on the window sill. When she gathered what she needed, Judy came into the kitchen. K. noticed a line of sepia bottles in the cabinet when Judy reached for a water glass. She nodded toward the prescriptions.

"You started the cure?"

"They're nothing."

"They are a tendency of the weak."

"This is a revolution of the eyes."

"This 'revolution of the eyes,' this is your terror, Judy." He handed her the bottle. "Take them."

She held them unsteadily over the sink. "There is no reason, though." He grabbed her neck and pulled her hair back.

"Swallow them." A bottle fell from the shelf and smashed on the countertop. He pressed her hand in the glass. The pills held to the blood on her palm and K. forced her to swallow them, smearing her face with her own hand.

K. waited impatiently at the door while Judy washed her face and wrapped her hand. She left a burning candle on the table and locked the door. He drove her to the forest's darkest reach on the mountain. The last of the living trees were bare and the stars spanned the entire sky, which held no moon, yet Judy saw everything as though it was covered by shadow. She saw K. coming to her after the parade, she heard K. tell her he loved her because she waited, she felt K. naked beside her in bed. Neither of them said anything on the way. Judy watched K. calmly drive ahead, never caring to see what they passed. He stopped on the roadside before a clearing scarcely

concealed by the woods. He led her on the stone walk across a stream.

"It's so quiet."

"The mountains are dead now."

"I'd never thought we would outlive them."

"No."

At the end of the path was the end of the world. They stood at the edge of the overhang, looking high above the valley. From beyond the nearest tiers of the mountains came drums of thunder. A distant ember glow neared, casting no light. Ash rained softly down as if from nowhere. Dull flashes flecked the monochrome sky, like somber star bursts. As K. reached his hand towards Judy's, at least, he thought, it gave her a last chance to recoil. Her face remained still, watching the candle glares in the windows of the houses below, so he stilled too, and both slowed their breath until it was only a nuance apart.

"How can you be so calm?"

"What use is sympathy at this height?"

She refused his hand. She started to laugh, grabbing K.'s shoulders and laughing into either ear. Her words were like frost, "But it's all a vignette of stardust"—"Stop"—"and we all skip merrily underneath"—"Stop it"—"like shade on the fall ground whereon we lay, in midtowns of our valley."

K. never suffered such an opportune time for poetry, such a persuasion to suicide. Judy walked off slowly only before she ran from the edge of the view.

Wichitah Leng

Absurd Theory # 42: Why Dinosaurs No Longer Exist

Dinosaurs from the start were a doomed species. I mean, honestly, how did you expect a species that thrived on eating each other to have a prolonged existence? Look at the Tyrannosaurus Rex. There is a classic example of why dinosaurs were an inferior animal. The bloody thing didn't even have opposable thumbs. There was no way for T-Rex to press the space bar on the keyboard to IM his friend. T-Rex could not dial the phone to the local Pizza Hut and decided to just eat his neighbors. Some of his neighbors, such as Mr. Triceratops from down the street would see T-Rex's savage behavior and be like, "Yo! Rexy, what the deal, do you need help with something?"

WELL at this point in history the T-Rex could not speak English. The T-Rex was so jealous that he tried to eat the Triceratops. Mr. Triceratops wasn't having that! So he stabbed him with his kitchen knife, but that did not stop the beast. So Mr. Triceratops put on his fighting hat that was made of bony spikes and ran into T-Rex. Unfortunately, Mr. Triceratops's son, who was a teenager at the time, pranked his dad by putting crazy glue on it and thus the triceratops was stuck and T-Rex was stuck in the horns.

It was an endless cycle until one day a comet came and hit the earth so hard that Elton John lost his voice for one day. Then all of a sudden, dinosaurs began to evolve into man due to steroid use by the dinosaur baseball players. They shed their reptilian scales to reveal skin. Nature had its way. Thanks to the careful documentation by Leonardo Da Vinci, history has been told in its truth.

Meat-Eating Dinosaurs became Republicans and murderers and the Plant-Eating Dinosaurs became Democrats, Hippies, and Ralph Nader. The flying dinosaurs flew to Mars and awaited a day when the non-flying dinosaurs would waste billions of dollars inventing a device that would reach Mars and take pictures.

Maybe nature will have dinosaur-humans evolve into yet a far superior species. I have already seen some of the new species. Look at Michael Jackson. Not only does he have the ability to be many different colors and then lack color altogether, he is able to blend in with children and not get caught. He truly is an amazing specimen. The ability to morph from man to woman is incredible.

Corey Pajka

Cliff's Notes on a Life Lived Vicariously Through Literature

Motion, he thought. *Even as I sleep, every part of my body is in a constant state of motion through and transitional flux.*

The world, it seemed to him, was simply in a perpetual state of activity. Even in his own body, he was aware of circadian rhythm. Breath and heart beat, the circulation of blood and the neural impulses firing between separated synapses in his brain.

"Too much," he said aloud now. "It's no wonder we listen to poets and philosophers, we can't make sense of something that's in a perpetual race; it won't stop long enough for formal and thorough analysis."

Enough methodology, he was now ready to wreak poetic havoc on the room around him.

The clock read 2:54 a.m. For the fourth night in a row, he was wrapped up in a mode of awareness that wouldn't allow him to sleep. Two weeks earlier he had lost his job at the advertising agency the day after his lover of three years left.

He couldn't help but get poetically sentimental.

"Hope," he declared, "is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul. And sings the time without words, and never stops at all."

Listen to me, he said again to himself, *either I'm the bard of the twenty-first century male condition or I've just been sleeping with Emily Dickinson.*

He turned to his side. He was, in fact, sleeping with Emily Dickinson. She lay to his left, lost in thought.

"Love is anterior to life," she mumbled, "posterior to death, initial of creation, and the exponent of breath."

By now, he was thoroughly confused.

"I haven't seen you since high school," he said flatly. "How is it you suddenly show up in my bed? I think of you when I'm desperate for something to read anyway."

"The heart asks pleasure first," she replied dreamily, but he was out of bed before she got to the next stanza. He still had a bitter taste in his mouth from their last affair.

"That's the last time I spend the night with a shut-in," he cursed under his breath. "Too high maintenance."

He strode into the living room of his modest, but comfortable four-room apartment and glanced toward the bookshelf. It was no wonder he hadn't been able to sleep.

It seemed Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg were in another of their spontaneous prose jam sessions. They laughed and sang and beat on his pots and pans in place of bongos as they waxed poetic and prose-like on his hardwood floor.

"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness," Ginsberg recited in between wisps of cigarette smoke, aggravating the man's asthma. "Starving, hysterical, naked...."

"I sense all that raw land that rolls into one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast," Kerouac interrupted, "and all that road going, and all the people dreaming in the immensity of it."

"And don't you know that God is Pooh Bear?" the man snapped, finishing the phrase before Jack could. He had about had it with the hipster literary canon for one night.

I've got insanity in tandem, he thought, now I know I've been reading too much. I wasn't even aware there was such a thing.

Hunger gnawed. The man went to his undersized kitchen and rummaged through a poorly stocked freezer in search of standard dietary staples.

Frozen pizza. With pepperoni. It was quickly becoming one of his exclusively eaten dietary choices, which complimented the few pounds he had put on in the past month since he quit going to the gym. Physical activity, he resolved, was beneath him.

He set the pizza on a tin plate and walked to the oven. It was then he noticed a familiar female form wedged in the oven's mouth.

"Damn it, Sylvia!" he exclaimed. Even the process of heating frozen pizza was subject to literary analysis.

He set the pizza down and hauled the limp, lifeless body of Mrs. Plath-Hughes out onto the linoleum. He noticed her chest was still moving. The oven was not even venting gas.

"This isn't one of those 'call for help' things is it?" he asked. "If so, you're about forty years too late."

"Daddy..." Sylvia murmured.

"I'm not your daddy, Sylvia."

"Daddy, I have had to kill you. You died before I had time."

"That's enough, all right? I'm not in the mood. I'm tired."

"Clownlike, happiest on your hands, feet to the stars, and man-skulled, gilled like a fish."

There he paused and listened. He recalled his own times of happiness on his hands in clownlike splendor. There had been flashes of color and shape, a glimpse of times experienced and pleasures felt. All of which came before the let-down, the shock of being that kept him within these four walls. The sense of a pleasure once felt, a person he once loved, and a life he almost had.

He pored over this for some time. Words, verse, dead authors with no earthly business in this four-room apartment. He reached a conclusion.

"I need a drink."

He placed his pizza in the oven and returned to the refrigerator in the hope of finding his newly purchased bottle of red wine.

Opening the door, he found it missing. There could be only one explanation.

"Hemingway!"

Ernest Hemingway had helped himself to a sizeable portion of his wine. The space previously occupied by Allen and Jack was now taken up by Hemingway's sprawled-out figure. He was grappling with F. Scott Fitzgerald in a moveable feast of wine and words.

The man was too annoyed to even act on it.

It's no wonder Zelda went crazy, he almost said aloud. He was too polite to risk hurting Fitzgerald's feelings.

He was no longer interested in famous quotes from the books he read in his college lit. courses. The night was too short to debate philosophical comments on life and love.

He slept restlessly off and on for the remainder of the night. A thousand lines of text drifted into and out of his mind.

Tonight it was the books, he thought. Tomorrow it will be the music. Then, maybe it will be the DVD's. I suppose I'll be getting a crash course in street life from Lou Reed and William S. Burroughs while watching Paul Newman eat fifty hard boiled eggs.

Paul Newman. He repeated the name to himself again.

Non conformist. Maybe, if you're a state prisoner.

He paused for a while before continuing with the process.

There's nothing maverick or rogue-ish about basing your identity on fiction. Life must first be lived and felt and known before it can be filtered in to text and spread onto a page.

He postponed his job interview for the following day. His pursuits for this period would involve something of a more solid, tangible form.

He didn't know what would come of it or if anything at all would, but his experience would far exceed any in a four-room apartment surrounded by facets of things that never were.

The air tasted a bit fresher and the sun shone a bit brighter, the day unfolded before him like an untouched canvas in need of paint. This would be his muse, and it surely would be more divine and profound than any that had come before him. It set his mind into motion almost immediately.

Would I were a bird on the flight, riding on a lilt of the breeze. Flailing on towards the open sky.

He smiled. That one was an original.

Matt Zebrowski

The Genealogy of the Flatworm

Flatworms, or Platyhelminthes, are the simplest animals that are bilaterally symmetrical.

Bilateral symmetry means you can cut them down the center and each side is the same.

If you took a flatworm and did just that, due to a fascinating process called "regeneration," each half will grow into a new Platyhelminth.

"Helminth" is just a fancy word for "worm."

The girl behind the counter is somewhat cute. I pay her in exact change while staring at her breasts. She puts my receipt in the bag before she gives it to me, along with a look that says "I caught you looking, you filthy old man." Most flatworms are parasites.

I hope the wife is happy about this.

I don't see why we need a damn DVD player, I've always been perfectly happy with VHS.

It's like when she made me buy the cassette player, then like five years later I had to buy the CD stereo. Then that wouldn't play CD-R's, so we had to get a new one.

She's never happy unless we're spending money on new junk. New junk we don't really need to be happy.

I still have all my 8-tracks.

Platyhelminthes are considered to be simpler than other, more highly evolved animals because their bodies, with the exception of a digestive pouch, are solid. Their organs are held firmly in place like berries in Jell-O.

I pass a young couple on my way out of the department store.

"But honey," the woman is saying, "this hat will match almost nothing you own! You'd be better off to go with something in a more neutral color."

More complex animals are said to have a body cavity in which all their other organs are contained. This body cavity is called a "coelom." By definition, animals with a coelom

are, organs excluded, hollow.

I have not done much research with coelomates, but my life experience leads me to believe that this is more than correct as far as humans are regarded.

Out on the street, I walk towards the corner waiting for a cab to come by.

Flatworms have no circulatory system, that's why they're flat, so oxygen can just diffuse all over them. They've got a simple nervous system, usually just two nerves running the length of their body, that meet in a bundle in their head region. No brain. Some have eyespots. They don't have much of a digestive system, either. They eat and shit through the same hole.

It would be great if I could find a cab. I'm already running late and I definitely don't feel like taking the subway.

There are three different groups of flatworms. The Trematoda, or flukes; the Cestoda, or tapeworms; and the Turbellaria, or planarians.

Jesus, finally. I flag down the passing taxi and get inside. The driver's name has roughly 5 consonants in a row, and I have no idea how to pronounce it. I place my shopping bag and my briefcase on the seat alongside of me and tell him to take me to the University.

There has been speculation lately that the Platyhelminth phylum may not contain all the given descendents of their common ancestor.

But all animals allegedly share a common ancestor somewhere along the line, so that doesn't really concern me.

What fascinates me about flatworms, though, is that this speculation about their ancestry has led researchers like myself to do all sorts of molecular tests, some of which suggest that some animals we classify as Platyhelminthes may actually have arisen from separate ancestors altogether.

The cabbie with the nice Slavic name is trying to start a conversation with me.

"Ya know," he says, "I been readin' bout these new hybrid automobiles they got comin' out."

"Oh really?" I ask, to be polite.

"Yeah. They got like, a gas tank like reg'lar cars do. And you use that for like, drivin' normal. But when ya go ta speed up or pass somebody, they got like this battery or sum'tin so that the car goes but don't use gas."

I can barely contain my excitement.

"Ya know," he goes on, "I really hopes they get these cars out soon at like a decent price. There ain't been any real improvements in automobiles since like the 70's, when they got the catalytic converters an' all. My wife's new Toyota sedan gets like five more miles a gallon than my old Dodge. And like, so what, ya know? Five miles a gallon? That's the best they can do in like, thirty years?"

And, as could be expected from someone who knows next to nothing about almost anything, he has his theories as to why this is so.

"See, the reason they ain't made cars get like, way better since then is 'cause they don't got to. They figure, 'why spend all the money doing the research and all, when people's gonna buy cars anyway?' And they're right. There ain't no profit in improving 'til they got to."

He pulls over to the curb in front of the University. I pay him and get out, and start walking towards the science building.

So, if not all the flatworms share a common ancestor, this obviously screws up our whole classification of them. The common viewpoint is that some of the Platyhelminthes may actually belong in the phylum Lophotrochozoa, with the mollusks and segmented worms and the like.

I climb the steps in the science building towards my office, passing students along the way.

The flatworms that don't belong within the Lophotrochozoa are very low on the evolutionary ladder, indeed.

But the Lophotrochozoa, as phyla are concerned, are relatively highly evolved. Most of them have much more complex body structures than the flatworms. They actually have a respiratory system.

So why would some of them just have stopped evolving

before they even developed a coelom? How could they stay on par with the flatworms instead of evolving like the mollusks or something? I mean, these things are only a step above Protists, for Chrissakes.

I unlock the door to my office and go in, flipping on the lights.

I don't understand why these imposter flatworms, these lazy fakers, were able to exist like this for so long. I don't understand why natural selection didn't just pick them off before they were able to find mates flawed enough to procreate with and continue such stagnation.

I hang up my coat on the hook on the wall, swapping it for my lab coat.

I can't understand their blatant refusal to evolve.

It's almost as if progress were painful, or something.

It's truly contemptible, if you ask me.

Well-Rehearsed Lines in an Uninteresting Film

I can't remember the name of my high school class president. Or that hot math teacher that we all wanted to fuck.

I think it was math, maybe English.

I barely remember the first time I got laid. I think her name was Michelle—or Tammy.

Big fucking deal, I only went for like a minute anyway.

Clock on the wall over her shoulder says I've been going for a good twelve or so this time around, and I haven't lost my hard-on, either. It's a fucking miracle.

And the goddamn motion sensor thing on the door rings. A fucking customer.

Back when I worked at Woolrich's, they'd make an announcement over the loudspeaker at 10 AM every morning, start it out with a chime that sounded just like that bell, and say, "Good morning Woolrich's employees. Our store is now open." Then they'd unlock the doors and let the customers in. That's one of the only things I can really remember from high school, and it's fucking stupid.

"Fuck," under my breath.

She giggles. Stupid bitch always giggles.

"I'll be right out!" towards the door of the stockroom.

She gets off of me and pulls out her panties from between some boxes of Keds on the bottom shelf as I start putting myself together to go see who the fuck is bothering me. I look at her panties with the front and back held together by little strings on the sides. There's bows on the strings, too. How fucking cute. I wonder if that's what all kids her age are wearing, panties like that. I guess they just move to those when they outgrow their Underoos. She might as well be still wearing the fucking Keds.

I walk out of the stockroom. Some old cocksucker wants help picking out a pair of boots, like they'll keep him from breaking his goddamn hip in the snow anyway. I show him what we've got in the no-name brands because I know there's not a chance in hell he'll shell out the cash for a pair of Columbias or something.

I hope I can get it up later. Stopping that close to the end...my balls are going to hurt like another goddamn hernia tomorrow if I don't finish.

He's asking me a question. Shit.

"Excuse me, sir?" I bet he hasn't had a hard-on in twenty years.

"Do you have these," pointing to a pair of dorky-ass rubber boots, "in a size ten?"

"I'll check."

It'd be nice if the little bitch actually did something. It'd be nice if I could shout back there and say "Hey Sarah! (Sarah? Sally? Susan?) do we have whatever in a size whatever?" and she'd actually go and look.

But she won't.

She'd just sit there for a few minutes and then yell, "Nope!" Lazy bitch. This is my fucking commission here.

I go to the back and look for the boots, and she's sitting there with her ass on a shelf and her hands on her knees, looking at her goddamn fingernails like there was going to be a fucking test after.

She's lucky I don't call her uncle right this goddamn minute and tell him what a lazy sack of shit she is. Get her fired on the spot. The old prick would do it, too, family or not. I could get tail that's every bit as good just about anywhere. She could squeal to the cops, but I don't think anyone would believe her. She's got "tramp" written all over her.

It'd be almost worth it just to make a scene.

I grab the boots in the ten and bring them out for Gramps. Yeah, just to make a scene.

I always wanted to get into the manager's office and on that intercom at Woolrich's at 10 AM and say something. Something fucked-up enough that no one there would forget it for the rest of their fucking life. I never did, though. And it wasn't 'cause I was afraid of losing my job, it was 'cause I could never think of anything good enough to say.

The tens don't work out for Gramps, who I guess has been a size ten all his adult life. They apparently just don't make things like they used to. He blames the foreigners. I don't blame anyone because I don't give a shit.

I go back again for the ten and a half, and she's still on her ass. Big surprise.

I watch as Gramps slides on the ten and a half and wiggles his toes.

"That's the fit!" he says. Old people always say stupid shit.

I bring him over to the register and ring him out, then walk back to the stockroom.

I stand there and look at her, still on her ass. The door chime rings as Gramps leaves with his boots.

"Good morning Woolrich's employees. Our store is now open," I say as she stands up and slides against me.

She giggles. Stupid bitch always giggles.

"What?"

"Nothing," I mumble into her hair. It smells like smoke.

She pushes me down to the floor again and I wonder where the fuck she's getting cigarettes.

And here we are again.

If I could only do something with all the time I've wasted in this situation throughout my life, I'd...

I don't know. I don't know what I'd do. Something good, maybe.

At least I get paid for it here.

Maybe those Jesus freaks have it right. If you only fuck to make babies, at least you're doing something worthwhile with your time. Producing something.

At least I got it up again. I guess that counts for a little. That's what I'm doing. Producing erections.

And thin clumps of hair whenever I comb it.

And little white globs of jizz as I come into a rubber inside this lazy little good-for-one-thing teenage slut.

"So soon?" she giggles again.

I lift her off of me and slide off the rubber. That's always the worst part, the fucking sound it makes. Almost makes the rest of the whole goddamn process not worth it.

I feel like I'm in some cheap fucking porno.

The shoe store. The old man and his boots. The stockroom. The bar. My apartment. They're all just the cheesy shit background before the screwing starts. The shitty excuse to have a male and female in the same room. And we exchange our stupid fucking lines and then get right down to business.

Come here often? Yea. Wanna fuck?

I fixed the washer. Great, wanna fuck?

You need some fucking sneakers? Yes I do, but first let's fuck.

Good morning Woolrich's employees. Our store is now open. Now fuck each other wildly.

I get up and go outside for a cigarette.

That's one good thing, I guess. I can't smoke while I'm fucking. If I fucked enough I'd probably be able to quit cold turkey. I bet sex is good for you. Good exercise. They should have classes in that shit at the gyms and stuff.

No, wait, they shouldn't.

Then I'd just go there and burn calories instead of actually doing something.

Not like I do anything now, though. I fucking sell shoes. And dorky-ass rubber boots to old men.

I watch the cars passing by and she comes out with her own pack. The logo is new to me as she takes one out and lights it up.

"What kinda cigarettes are they?"

She shows me the box.

"Brentwood? Never heard of 'em."

"They're not so good. Too light. Kinda like smoking air," she says as she drags it anyway.

"They're all they had left in the machine at the diner. And the fuckers at the gas stations won't sell me any without I.D."

And that's that.

She looks at her nails like the lazy piece of shit that she is, and I stand there looking at my fucking sneakers trying to think of something to say.

That's another good thing, I guess. We don't have to talk when we're fucking.

I finish my smoke and throw it off the sidewalk and into the middle of the street.

It sparks.

"There's a Turkey Hill about a block away. If you want, I'll go get you a pack of Camels or something," I say, because I really don't know what else to say. Chivalry isn't fucking dead yet, I guess. Bitch was probably hinting at it, anyway. But I really wouldn't mind going for a walk, and if some customers come in while I'm gone she'll have no fucking choice but to do some actual work.

"Sure."

She giggles again. Of course.

Then she smiles.

"Wanna fuck first?"

I can't believe she fucking said that. Talk about stupid fucking lines.

Next thing you know the goddamn customers are going to join in and we're going to have a fucking gangbang here—maybe a little bestiality for good measure—with the fucking wah-wah guitars in the background. Jesus fucking Christ.

It could be worse, though. Maybe I shouldn't focus so much on doing something important as I should on just being happy. I'm not doing anything bad. I'm not selling smack or robbing banks. And sure, she's only like fourteen, but if it weren't me fucking her, there's a million others who would.

Probably already are.

"Yeah, okay," I say.

The bell rings twice as we open the door and head back to the stockroom. Once for her and once for me.

Good morning Woolrich's employees. Our store is now open.

IV.

Writers, Artists, & Manuscript Staff

Biographies

Drew Amoroso is currently a sophomore English major and a graduate of Wyalusing Valley High School (Class of 2002). Drew is a member of the men's basketball team, enjoys writing, and he works out in his spare time.

Mischelle Anthony teaches American Literature in the English Department at Wilkes University and has poems published in *Calyx* and *A Room Of One's Own*, among others. In December 2000, Mischelle received her PhD in American and 18th century British Literature from Oklahoma State University. Mischelle prefers reading gothic/horror fiction and hates caffeine.

Helene T. Caprari, junior English major, has difficulties with the confluence of words and meaning. This may be why she loves literature. The tension of space between and surrounding words as these weave into others, and words as they look for sound from one another, drives Helene to anticipate something of herself within the unfilled crevices, as what is without instantaneous solidity seems to her to require the most detailed attention. Helene also likes fine, cheap liquor, eggs, and mayonnaise, but not necessarily in that order.

Monica Cardenas is a senior English major, with a minor in Women's Studies and Communications Studies. Monica plans to pursue a Master's degree in creative writing and a career in publishing.

Joseph Cortegerone, a 2001 graduate of Wilkes University, has degrees in English and Philosophy. He has studied German at both Middlebury College in Vermont and Philipps-Universität in Marburg, Germany where he lived for almost two years in a quest to uncover the origins of early Heideggerian thought. Joseph is currently a graduate student at Rosemont College outside of Philadelphia where he is

working on an M.A. in Publishing and Literature. His constant quest for the essence of the New Urbanism has taken him from Drogheda to Prague to Québec City but always ends in Philadelphia.

Joseph DeAngelis is a sophomore Communication Studies major at Wilkes University pursuing a minor in Earth and Environmental Sciences. Joseph primarily writes short stories but he does write some poetry from time to time. He is an aspiring journalist and hopes to work for a magazine or a newspaper. Also, one day when Joe gets the chance, he would like to write a novel.

For most of her teaching career, **Judith A. Gardner** taught English in area public schools. In addition, she taught as an adjunct at Luzerne County Community College and Wilkes University prior to retiring from Northwest Area High School in June of 2003. Currently, she and her husband, Dr. Robert S. Gardner, team-teach some education courses and work with student teachers. They explain that they love it and comment that, "It's so nice to be able to be useful, especially at our alma mater."

Rebecca V. Goodman was born on a small cliff overlooking the Wyoming Valley. Despite being raised in the woods with little or no outside human contact, she found her way to civilization where, after becoming somewhat educated, she learned to appreciate and to love reading and writing. Much of her free time is spent in neurotic stupor worrying about unnecessary, nonexistent problems.

Thomas A. Hamill is a visiting assistant professor of English at Wilkes University. He hopes his photographs of Main St. call attention to the often unseen treasures of Wilkes-Barre, and he encourages *Manuscript* readers to take an active role in the ongoing community efforts to preserve, restore, and revitalize the Downtown.

Christopher Hodorowski lives on Cloud 9 and is a prospective member of the ACLU.

Matthew Faraday Jones uses his middle name exclusively when writing poetry. His hobbies include wearing expensive second hand clothing, lobbying for the triumphant return of Crystal Pepsi, and falconry. One day he hopes to die somewhere in the middle of the desert.

Jussme arranged a life of idle time to finish what she started, but other unmentionables got in the way of her absolution. Still, her struggle continues to find peaceful solitude as well as fight off inner fears of failure or success, she is not sure. Placid thoughts consume her day to day world, but it is in those moments of grace where life erupts onto paper and she is once more alive. *Jussme* expresses much gratitude to Dr. Lennon for helping her remember what is most important, and for believing in the unseen.

Matthew Koch graduated from Wilkes University two years ago and is now taking graduate courses in the English department. Matthew is employed by Wilkes University as part of the ITS team.

Ben Kushner wants the world to know that when your powers of Drama, Short Story, Poetry, Non-Fiction, and Art combine, he is *Captain Manuscript*. Ben is also allergic to the type of poetry found in Hallmark Greeting Cards, and has a fascination with staplesHe is also right behind you.

Amber Lawson is a junior English/Secondary Education major. When Amber isn't crafting poetry, she enjoys spending time with her friends and family. Amber's family is important to her, and serves as a major source of her writing. She also enjoys reading and watching American Idol. After graduating, Amber hopes to teach middle school English and eventually get her masters degree.

Wichitah Leng was born and raised in Lebanon, PA where he attended Cedar Crest High School. He has been a student at Wilkes University for four years and is currently a second year student pharmacist. Wichitah has a variety of hobbies that help to make him a well-rounded person.

Ron Lieback has an uncontrollable desire for exploring life, music and the written word. Writing for *The Times Leader* pays the bills, and cramping his hands at the computer and guitar drowns the rest of his nights away. Jack Kerouac, El Greco, Andy Warhol, Norman Mailer, Cervantes, Wes Montgomery and Doctor Thompson opened his mind to the art world. Ron wants to leave his readers with this quote, "I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me." —Hunter S. Thompson

Sabrina A. McLaughlin 22, is currently residing in the bucolic rural hamlet of Conyngham. Sabrina was brought up surrounded by defunct coal breakers, silt banks, and suburban blight amongst her mother's family in an Italian-Albanian neighborhood in Hazleton, PA. She is a survivor of both the Catholic and public school systems and previously attended Bloomsburg University before transferring to Wilkes two years ago. She will graduate in May, though like the Kirby ghost she will most likely haunt the halls for another year, taking a class or two, before she moves on to graduate school. Sabrina is fond of Irish cusswords, idiosyncratically prefers the British spellings of English words (stubbornly refusing to spell "whisky" with an "e"), and never says no to Guinness.

Michelle O'Brien is a senior Biology major who resides in Forty Fort PA.

Josh Orloski is a Wilkes University student in his junior year. His major is English, with a focus on creative writing. In other words, the second he graduates, he is doomed. Josh urges you to read *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* by

Douglas Adams, and he will punch you in the arm if you don't. He also hopes you like his poetry, although he will not punch you in the arm if you don't.

Corey Pajka is a Junior Theatre/English major. He has been reading and writing most of his life, and "The Depth Perception Test, Session #2" and "Cliff's Notes on a Life Lived Vicariously Through Literature" mark his second time appearing in *Manuscript*. Corey is hard pressed to say much more about himself, except to say that he hopes to write much more for *Manuscript* in the future.

Greg Peruso is an Engineering major at Wilkes University. He is the *Manuscript* Tech-Guy, meaning that he assists when technical questions arise like, "What does this button do" by giving vague and unconfirmed answers.

Dr. Nick Tirone teaches Philosophy at Wilkes University. Dr. Tirone's photographs, which are featured in the Spring 2004 *Manuscript*, are Polaroid Instant Photographic Manipulations.

Crystal Wah is a sophomore at Wilkes University. She is currently in the pre-pharmacy program, and working towards her MBA. Crystal has been interested in photography for the past four years, and has received awards from The Fine Arts Fiesta in Wilkes-Barre, and White Pines College in New Hampshire.

Jim Warner is a spoken word artist who has been actively performing for the last four years. Since receiving his BA in English at Wilkes University, Jim has conducted several workshops throughout the Wyoming Valley as well as served as editor of the Broken Arrow Press Chapbook Series. Jim currently hosts several poetry events including the Barnes and Noble Open Mic Poetry Night and the Tudor Bookstore Poetry Series. His latest work, *Paper Hearts Made Easy* is set to be released in the Spring of 2004.

Eric Wolf is a senior Biochemistry major from Clarks Green, PA.

Neil Yurkavage is a senior Communications Studies major with a focus on secondary education. He fails to understand why Wilkes University forces students majoring in Communications who want to get their teaching certificate to also major in English, which makes completing a degree in four years nearly impossible—especially since other universities do not do this. Neil also likes to eat candy and read comic books when he is not working or doing school work.

Shortly after being born backstage at a Warrant concert, **Matt Zebrowski** completely disappeared from the public eye. Although he has not been seen in public since roughly 1990, rumors concerning his whereabouts abound. Matt has allegedly been photographed several times throughout Appalachia, but experts dispute the validity of these pictures. After the unexplainable disappearance of large quantities of livestock and young maidens from the Poconos, a bundle of poems and short stories believed to have been penned by this shadowy figure appeared on the doorstep of Kirby Hall.

