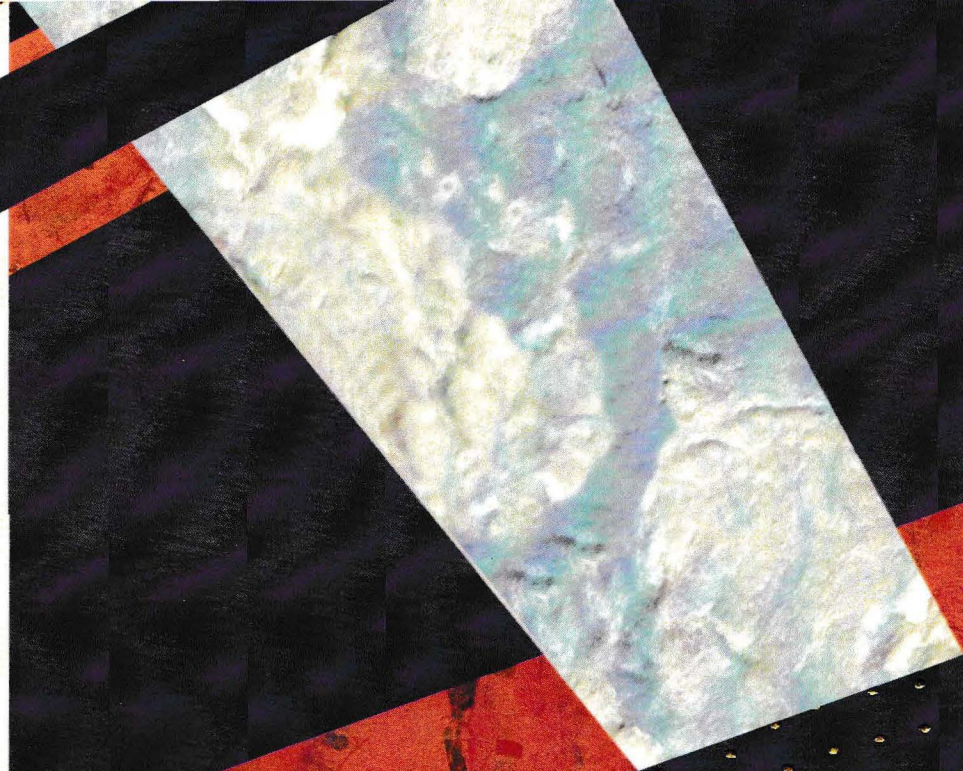
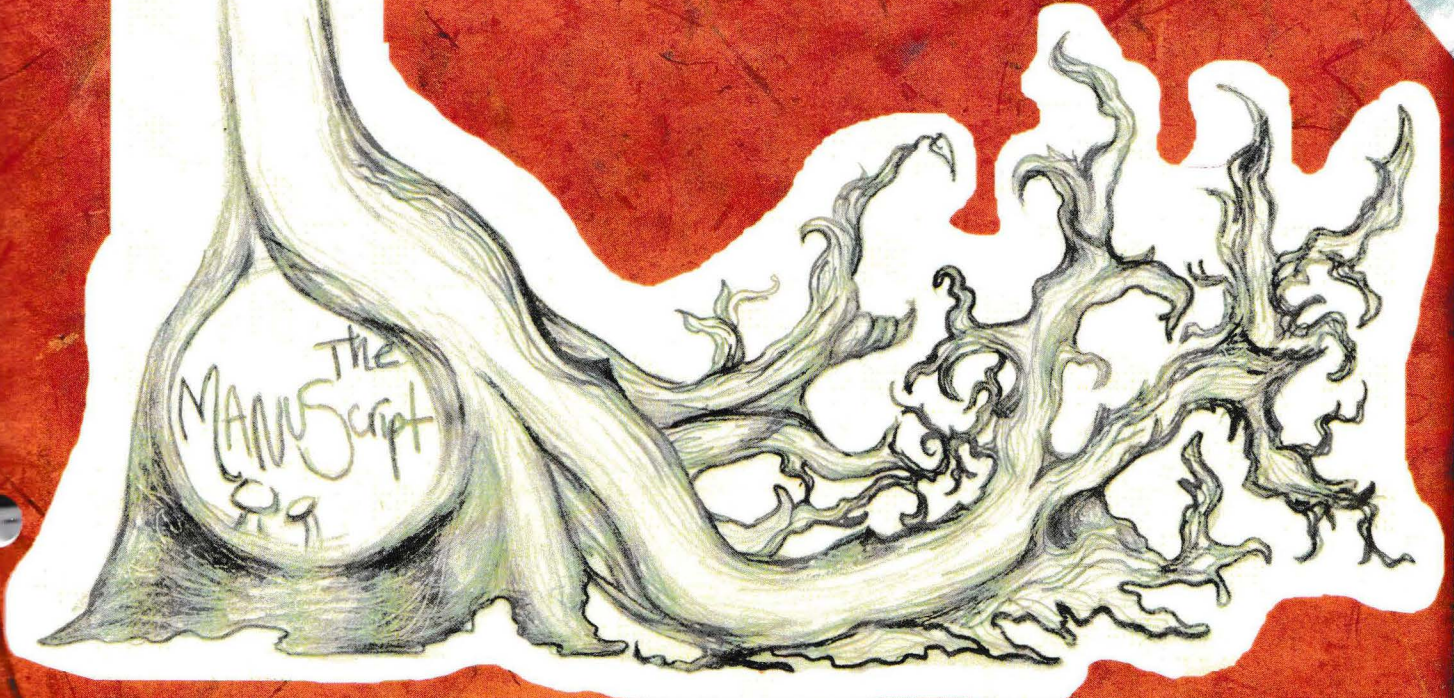
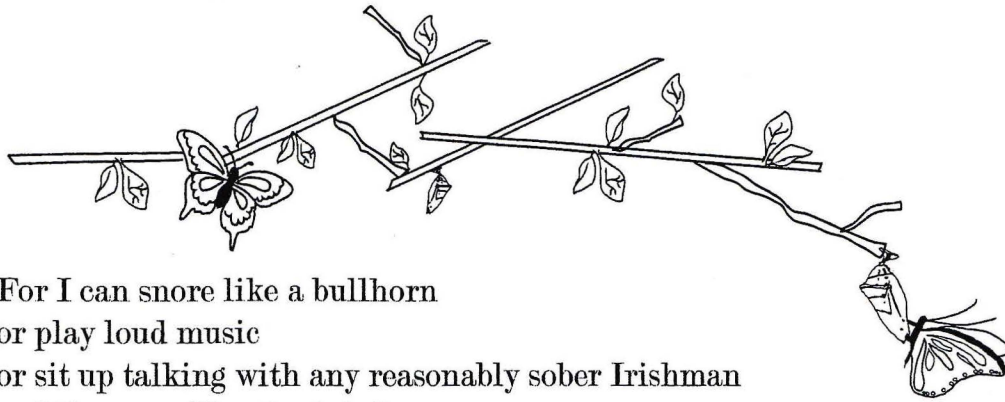


The
MANUScript
099





For I can snore like a bullhorn
or play loud music
or sit up talking with any reasonably sober Irishman
and Fergus will only sink deeper
into his dreamless sleep, which goes by all in one flash,
but let there be that heavy breathing
or a stifled come-cry anywhere in the house
and he will wrench himself awake
and make for it on the run - as now, we lie together,
after making love, quiet, touching along the length of our bodies,
familiar touch of the long-married,
and he appears - in his baseball pajamas, it happens,
the neck opening so small
he has to screw them on, which one day may make him wonder
about the mental capacity of baseball players -
and flops down between us and hugs us and snuggles himself to sleep,
his face gleaming with satisfaction at being this very child.

In the half darkness we look at each other
and smile
and touch arms across his little, startling muscled body -
this one whom habit of memory propels to the ground of his making,
sleeper only the mortal sounds can sing awake,
this blessing love gives again into our arms.

After Making Love We Hear Footsteps
By Galway Kinnell



Dedicated to the Wilkes University community, and especially Dr. Mischelle Anthony, Dr. Larry Kuhar, and Debra Archavage, Bridget Ferdinand, and all students in faculty in the Division of Humanities.

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The Manuscript
Spring 2008
Special Issue
Life & Community

~
In memory of
Arthur Reed
Hamill

1947 Foreword

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

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Inspiration

By Lauren Salem

Inspiration starts from the base and travels up to the tip where it will soon be exposed to the world on a blank sheet of nothing to be judged by critics.



Good as Gold
By Stefanie McHugh

Reflecting Time Through Memories in a Picture Frame

By Kacy Muir

Present, 2008

With the typewriter on my lap and cold metal on my bare legs, I found myself wondering how I could ever reach outside the door enough to say anything worth a card's sentiment. I make cards, not buy them. I press down the return key, and it begins.

How do I say I'm sorry for your...when words cannot come? With every word comes a price and I can't seem to find the right ones.

But where I am disconnected, and papered words are at a loss, through phone lines and concrete walls, I hear and see how we are all one in the same. And, in that instant, life is received.

Past, 2007

Not wanting to, I wane, hoping that the pursed lines between my lips will fade to make me stronger. But as the phone falters, it cannot resonate how I feel as her tears come through the receiver.

Static.

I hesitate at the silence—this call is unusual.
She is, after all, my own teacher, breaking the lines
of pedagogy and letting me in.

In planning my whole life away, ulcers began to
formulate within my stomach, as if each prick and
pending gurgle was signaling bad times to come. Now,
as she spoke, I could not fathom what she would say
next. I swallowed, and listened for reality.

At first her speech delayed, but soon, a
monosyllabic utter began to come as fear imitated the
loss of oxygen to burning coal. The heat of my face
was like magma, as I distill her droplets of
despondency through hard plastic—only to realize it was
my own.

As silence spoke rivers, the Susquehanna stilled,
quiet as if in remembrance. In the afternoon we cried
together in a language that needs no translation.

Present, 2008

On that day, I had found the use for walls to hold
me up when I was sinking. When everything good is

taken, and the bad still remains, a corner is comfort, alone. For some time I walked without direction and days passed before knowing that, foot-by-foot, I would end at the Atlantic Ocean. It was his connection as my awakening to a life still in the early stages of bloom.

Images still connect like dots in my mind, as stairs are still hastily climbed. His presence, like oxygen, is recycled as a gardener of words as everyday my understanding grows. Two pictures stay glued to his wooden desk, and an image so intimately placed is set. A picture frame—merging with pile-high books that once brought two together—that means forever. Secured to the framework of community, memories can never fade.

I know the meaning of life through connection. I know the bluest blue is royal.



Breakfast

By Lauren Carey

Every square is a lake—
A geometric land with maple-filled seas.
A bacon bridge connects Belgian continents.
Mountains of butter and whipped cream
Grace the endless waffle landscape.
This beauteous land
Remains uninhabitable
And totally
Barren.

Nobody dies when the giant knife and fork
Plunge from the sky
To lift the buttery earth
Into my waiting jaws.
Fortunate—
As I wouldn't enjoy waffles as much
If I had to kill
A tiny race of people
Every time I ate them.

Oi! Milk

By Marissa Phillips



Missing

By Stephanie Branas

Silly Rabbit,
How dare you reach into my bag of tricks
to pull out my heart
red and beating
wait
that should be in my chest
he only sat smirking in reply
I frantically ripped apart my ribs
and searched between my lungs
to find nothing but open air
there was nothing for me to do
but collapse between the bedsheets
now soaked through

All Colors Eventually Fade
By Jami Butczynski





prayer
By Lino

I will humble myself.
I will ask without hope, without tears,
without expectation of answer.

I am in the eye of a storm.

I will offer my flesh,
I will offer entire populations of strangers,
I will offer the soul that was denied
and yet still treasured (I tell you it can be so.)

It is treasured no more.

I will abandon morality.
I will not welcome kindness or sympathy into my home.
I will resist the slow decay of righteousness.

The library, once comforting, is closed.

I will lie on stone for the rest of my nights.
I will have his name on my breath at the end.
I will hope I am wrong, about everything.



A Writer's Suicide
By Ginny Hults

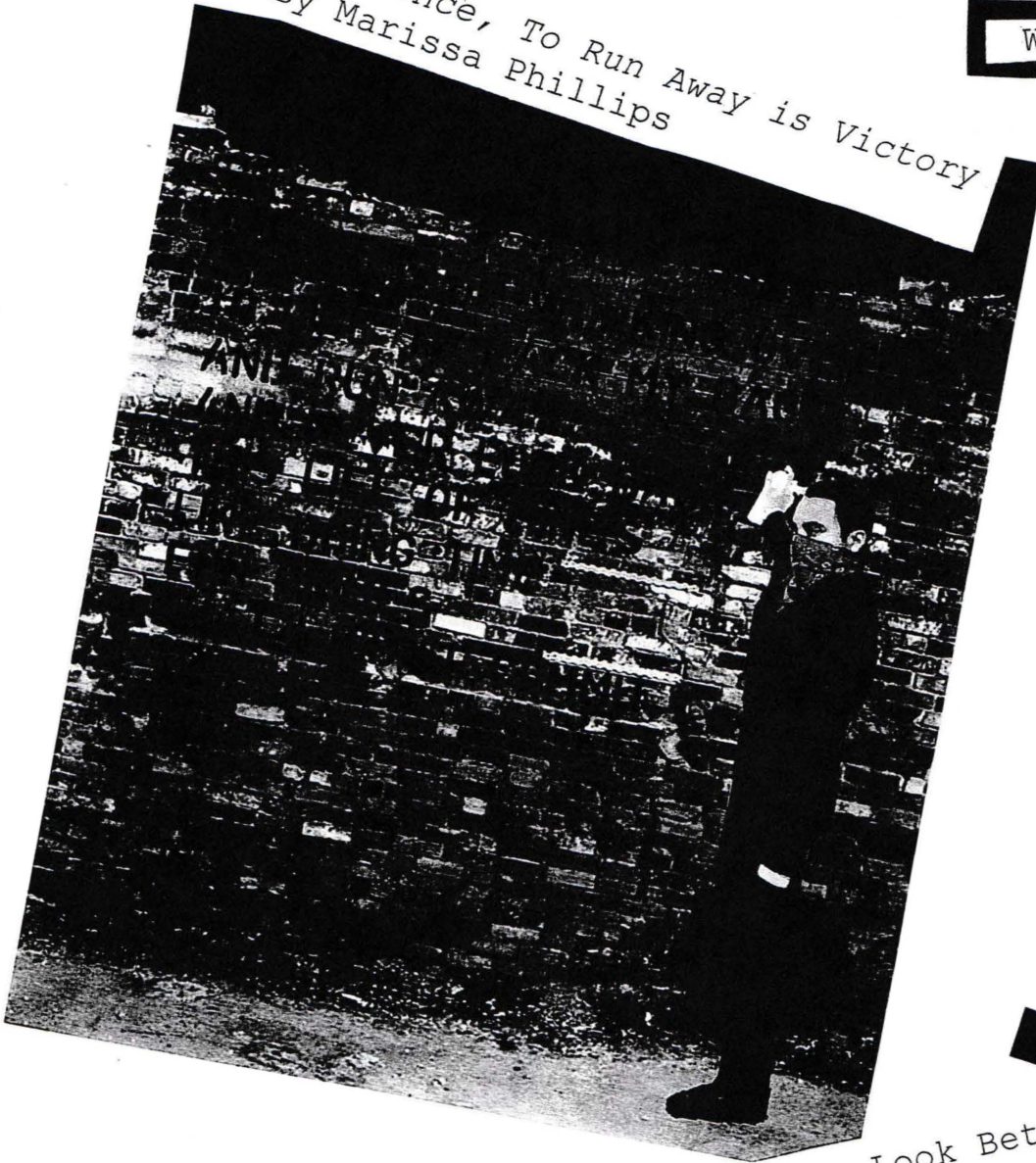
Pieces of my flesh are falling

Dusting in the air they meet.

Insanity, in constant calling

Whispers rhapsodic de

Just Once, To Run Away is Victory
By Marissa Phillips




Lyrics on brick: "Road Sign Always Look Better Looking
Over Your Shoulder" by Defiance, Ohio





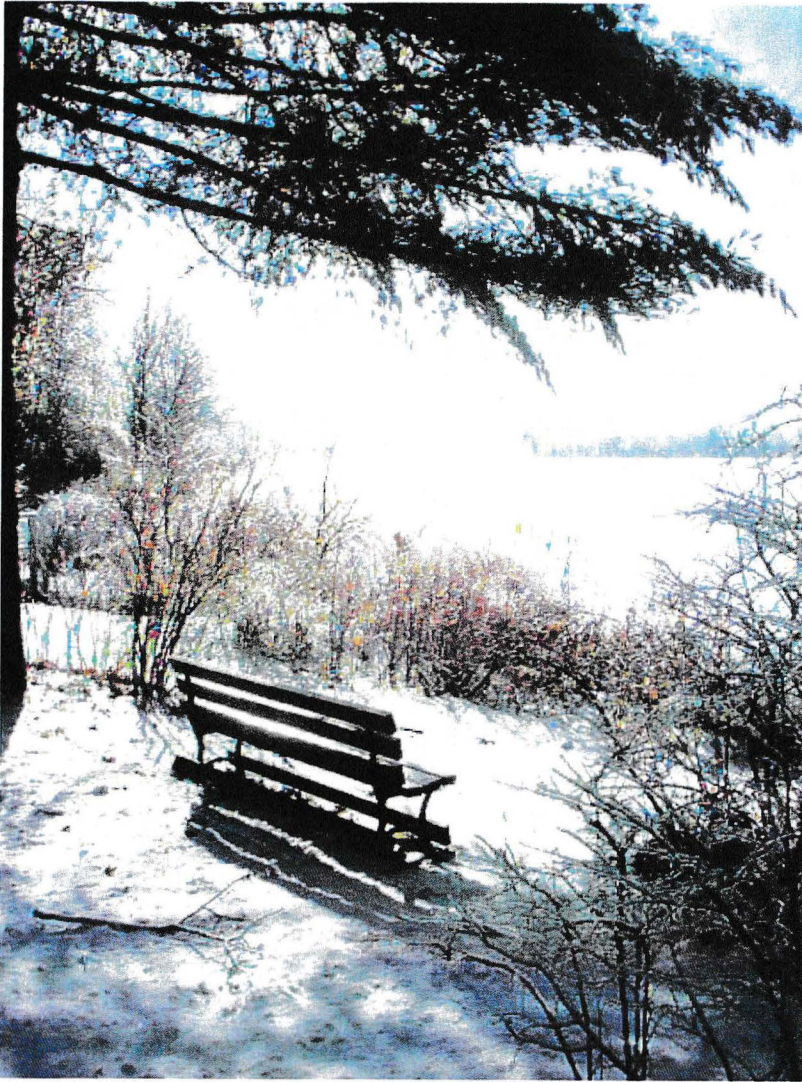
skylight sky

By Wesley Kinter



if we could only open the blinds.
sunburned hands pressed down
against a warm plot of earth,
father's sorrows drenched in a torrent
of sympathetic faults,
daughter's soft face stained and strained,
etched lines of the future torn
between lust and loss.
a synapse of broken trusts
and hopeless gusts of industrial
toxins perversely grasping—
groping for virgin white clouds.
but fingers clenched in a choking grip
can only bring out our greatest regrets:
the window is a widow
pining for the pain of broken glass.





One Last Look
By Megan Krisanda



Thaw

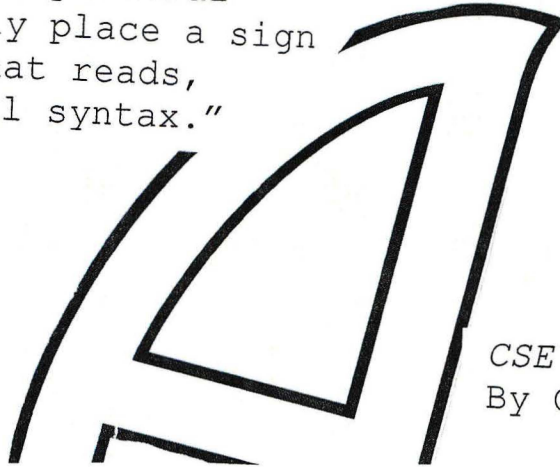
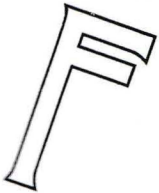
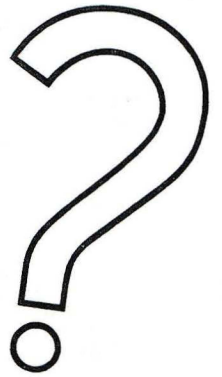
By Amy Kaspriskie

Green-fingered grass stretches skyward and pokes fun at
bare feet,
Under swishing skirts, sifting sunshine through cotton.
Forest arms reach out to play red rover with fly away
strands of hair and
Drapes the branches where cherry blossoms hang like
jewels in the crown of May.
The blossoms stretch open spinning webs of scent,
enticing nectar, calling each fly away.

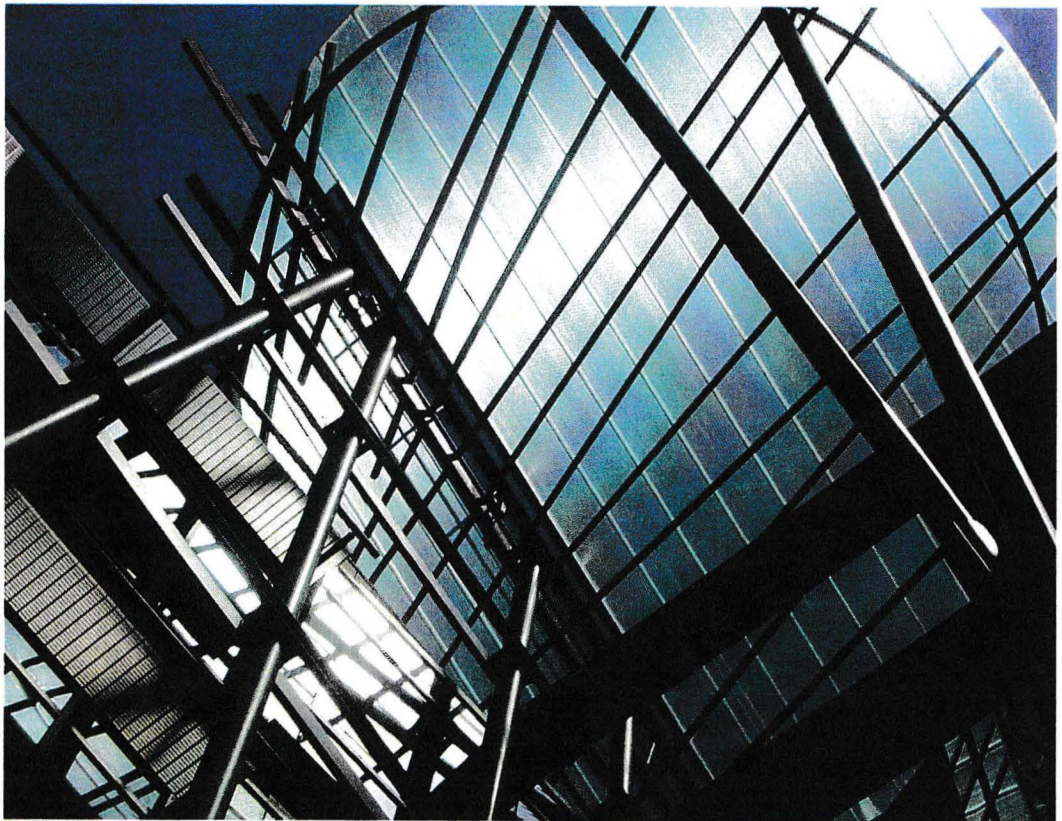
I lie under the table, but nature looks different sunny
side up.

Grammar Text Book Sample Sentences
By Stefanie McHugh

"What a hedge of thorns we stumbled into!"
Who says that!
What century is it from?
Grammar text book examples make me
Long for days of yore
When life was more pastoral
And I could simply place a sign
Above the door that reads,
"Do not open until syntax."

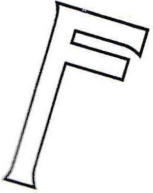
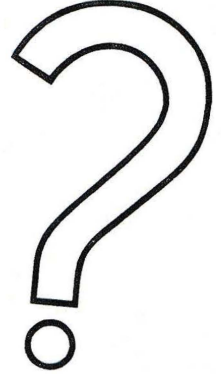
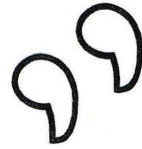


CSE
By Claudia Cassett

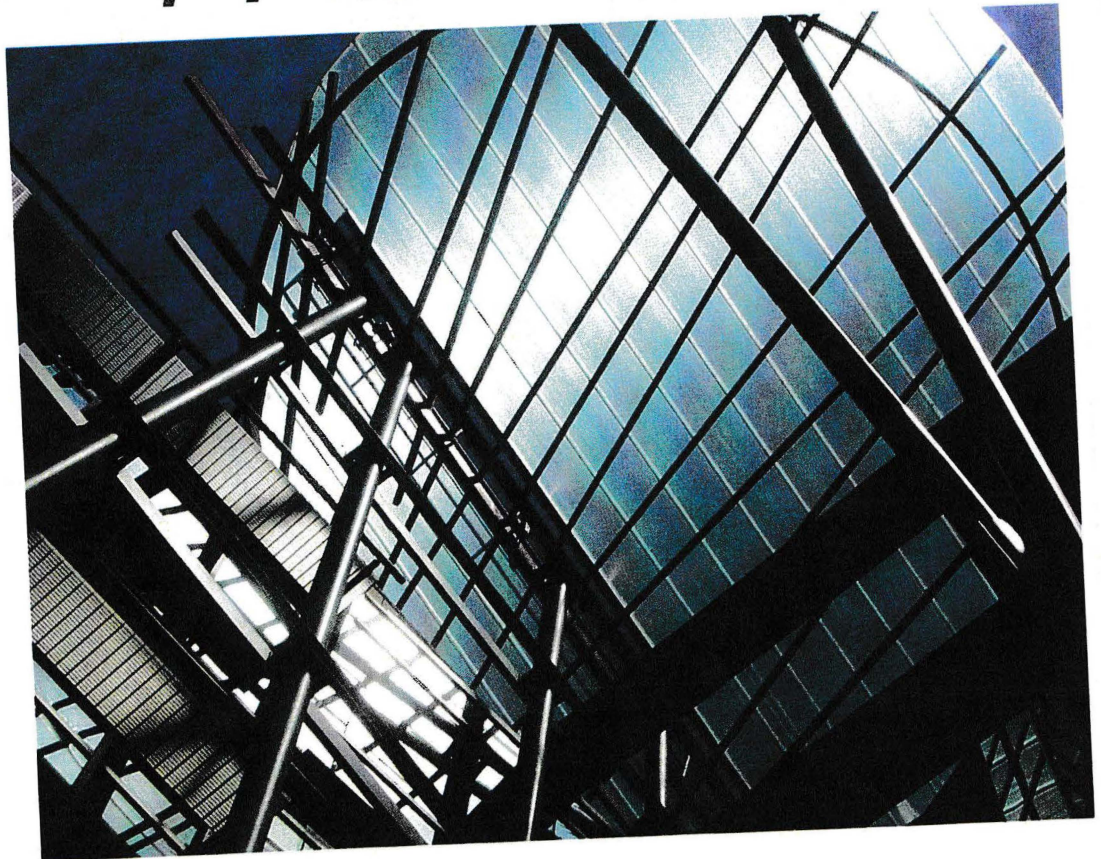


Grammar Text Book Sample Sentences
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CSE
By Claudia Cassett



A Kirby Hall Dialogue

By Sam Chiarelli

He's really a pompous ass, isn't he?

Easy Old Boy, Easy.

No. He's gloating in there...that smirk...that beautiful room to himself while we sit here and suffer with empty shelves! If I had legs-

John, John! Calm yourself. Get back to your poetry.

But, Al, don't you understand that he's a traitor? He could at least say "hello" sometimes. No. He sits over there all the time just soaking in all the attention. Much better space, much quieter, and all he does is smile. We never see him. We never hear from him. He doesn't care about us at all.

Pompous ass...I agree.

When are we getting some better classes in here? I'm sick of these night classes—all these old ladies!

I don't think they were *that* old.

Okay, Zeus!

Enough my dear boy! Enough of that rubbish! You just cannot deal with the notion that I look far more distinguished than you ever shall.

Is that so?

Yes, of course...and incidentally, I hope that better classes enter this room again as well.

Gothic Novel wasn't bad last semester.

Not a'tall...Not a'tall bad! Postcolonialism with Dr. Farrell was a ripping good show, I thought.

And Dr. Hamill's Chaucer class! Now we mustn't forget that!

Yes, you would like Chaucer...all that bloody epic poetry nonsense!

Shh! I hear the bastard snoring across the hall.

I still cannot believe there are only three of us left.

Is Will ever rejoining us?

No. Last I heard is that he is cold, and it is loud across the street with all those cars going past, and the singing—and he is rather lonely.

Poor Will...we should try to get him back somehow.

Not a chance!

It's looking more and more like a ghost town over there.

True...maybe Will shall yet return as you say. But if he does, you do realize they'll put him across the hall so that our distribution is even.

Bugger all.

Tell me—What would make you happy, my boy?

Hm...for the lad across the hall to come back, for one thing!

Pompous, pompous ass...

And...I guess...just to have legs so I could move. What about you, my Lord?

...a kiss from Dr. Anthony.

Whoa! Whoa now, Old Boy! Where did *that* come from!?

I like...her style...

Oh my goodness! Who would ever kiss you, you old fossil?

Not *everything* is lost, John. And besides, I may be set...but I do not have a heart of stone.

Reasoning with you is sometimes like getting blood from one.

You Got Your Dali On My Pumpkin
By Lauren Carey

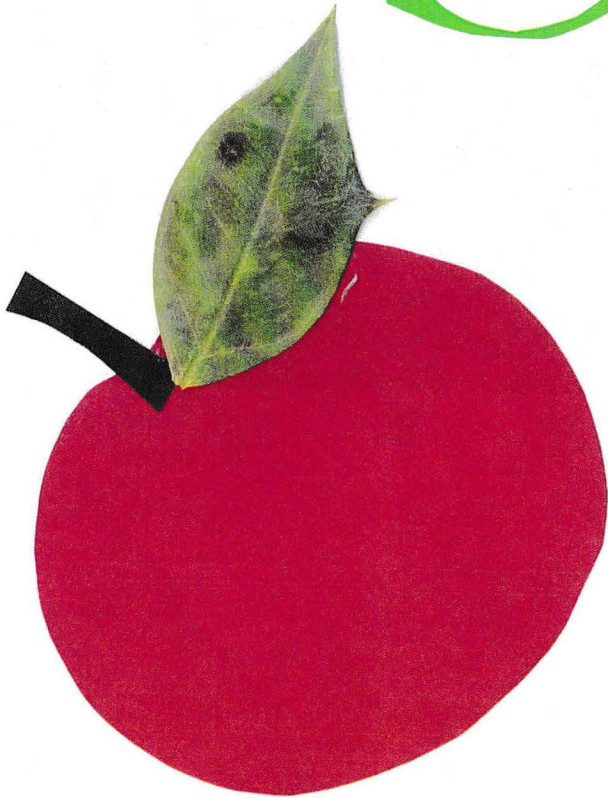


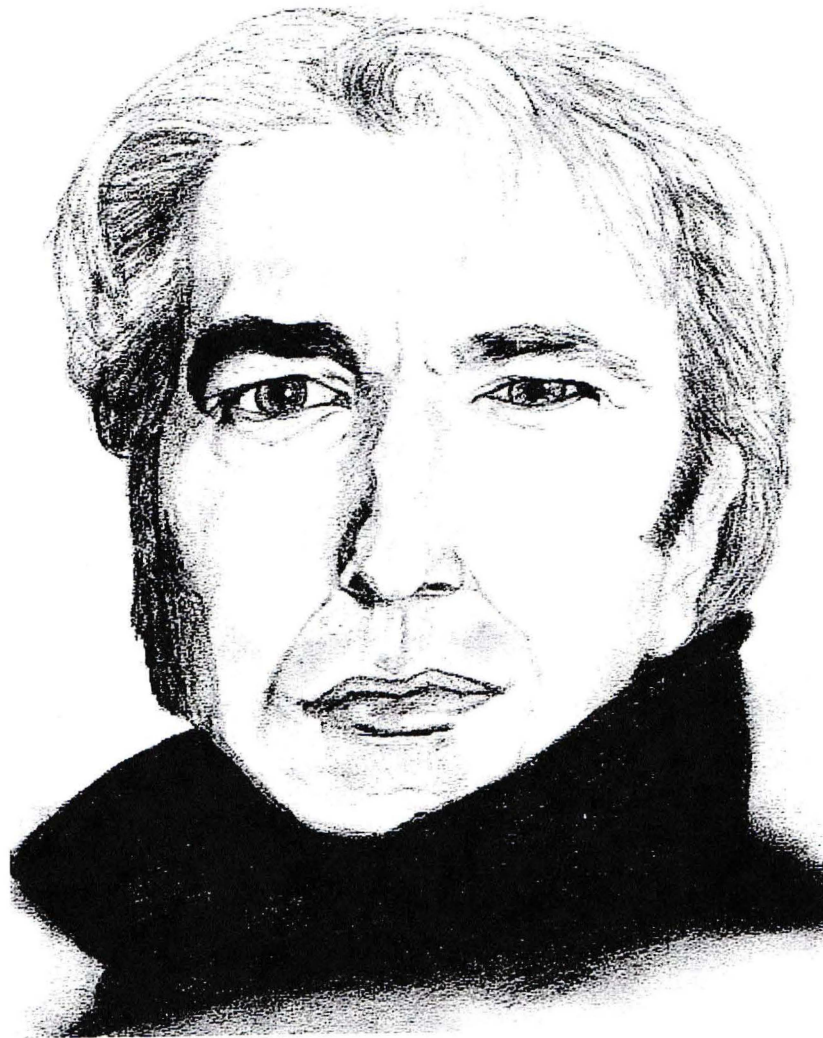
Eve on Paradise Lost

By Courtney Sperger

This Scarlet Sphere from which I'm now forbidden,
This silent secret, solemn promise kept,
That brilliant deadly sin so safely hidden.
For those who've tasted then have ever slept.
Oh hush, you Demon squirming from the ground,
This slithering serpent scheming in my thought,
For what I want and things that I have found,
And all these jealous feelings that he brought.

But true, what has he got not given me?
I too am right and just within my role.
Why would he forbid what he let be?
Just a taste won't slow my fevered soul!
Cursed fruit so bloody ripe your skin,
Open, Hell, relieve my deadly sin.





You're Not at Hogwarts Anymore
By Sarah Hartman

Prufrock Revisited

By Jason Sutton

It's an empty bar
except for her and I
And the empty glasses piled at my elbows
And the ashtray filled with ash
And the interminable distance between us.
Those empty tables
And the hollow footsteps I haven't taken.
And my head filled to the top
With my hundred indecisions.
I put a song on the jukebox
That I hope she'll know
But she will not sing to me.
She will not look at me.
She will not remember me—if at all—
As a hollow man.

I raise my glass to my bloodless lips
And drink the poisoned rain.
I am a lost violent soul
Filled with heartfelt indiscretion.
A selfish violation of past
Film reels and black t-shirts
And every lesson I've ever known.

Another toast to empty stools
And drunken fools as I commit my spirit
To the wispy smoke curling around
Her virgin mary face
And her carpenter hands
And my pathetic self-consciousness
Lying on a silver platter.

I take my empty steps to the bathroom
And urinate in the silent reverie
Of the lonesome porcelain whiteness
And piss-stained tiles
And inky desperation that I thumb

My undersized nose at.

While soapless emergency water
Spins around the drain
In its frothy hurried dance
I look to the mirror and caress the
Sallow face of Humber Humbertson
That stares back at me from
Eyes set deep within his skull.

I return to my velvet-less seat
And look across the bar at
My dear Dolores sipping her glass
As she makes her plans that I am not
Present in.

I light a safety cigarette and
Raise the translucent curtain
To peer at her through
And drag a throatful on my bitter drink
As I compare her to a fallen leaf.

But I have not a rake
Nor a garbage bag
Nor the know-how to collect her
Angelic frame and pin her in a
Glass box like some beautiful
Yet unfortunate monarch captured
While resting from his long
Commute to Mexico to wait out
The winter months.
"Adios Tehas" escapes from his
Long straw-like and parched lips
As the pin is driven through his
Exoskeleton tuxedo.
"Adios el mundo. Este es un fin."
And he'll sit in a glass box
Beside a seahorse in the paperweight
And the shark's tooth resting on cotton
For my nieces and nephews

But not daughters and sons
To glance at before they get
Too old to see the magic and beauty
In the dead past of things remembered.

And after family reunions
And barbecues with people
I consider as my friends
Talking about inconsequential things
That will be outdated in a few days
And spilling a beer in my worn out couch
I will lie in my bed
With tan leather skin and
Wrinkles and emphysema
And ED that regardless
Hinders not my life in any capacity
And I'll finally understand the notion
That everybody dies alone
As my blackened lungs release
The final painful wheeze
And my bowels release the
Styrofoam dinner in my already
Dirtied sheets.

My belle does not look around
Or past me when she finally looks up.
She looks right through me like
I'm a piece of cellophane
To be discarded after preserving
Some meal thought worthy of preservation.
And when she waves and stands with a start
Smiling and revealing a perfect white
Line of rice cadets
Not even in this state do I entertain
The thought that my fallen image
Of a toss-away Mona Lisa with
A downturned mouth visage is her
Intended target.

And when my Venus climbs from her half shell

And walks my way
Dripping with ecstasy and some other
Drug we were never supposed to take
Do I even avert my eyes.
And when she takes him by his hand
Nothing within me withers or dies
Because I am already nothing more than a ghost.

His name is S _____
And I just add it to my Rolodex
Of mismanaged night life
Between D _____ and P _____
But before B _____ and after A _____
And all the other names like poison
Dripped into my ear while I nap
At my table thinking the thoughts that
Have driven stronger men to the
Noose or trigger.

Yet not a noose around my own neck
Because after all how do you kill a ghost?
But around the neck of all those who
Have discovered the key to not being
A pathetic, indecisive, literate, but not with words
Bastard and can actually use time
As though it were a secret ingredient
And life a pie
That I continually mismake while cooking
And end up fucking over a sink
And scalding the parts that see no
External action anyhow.

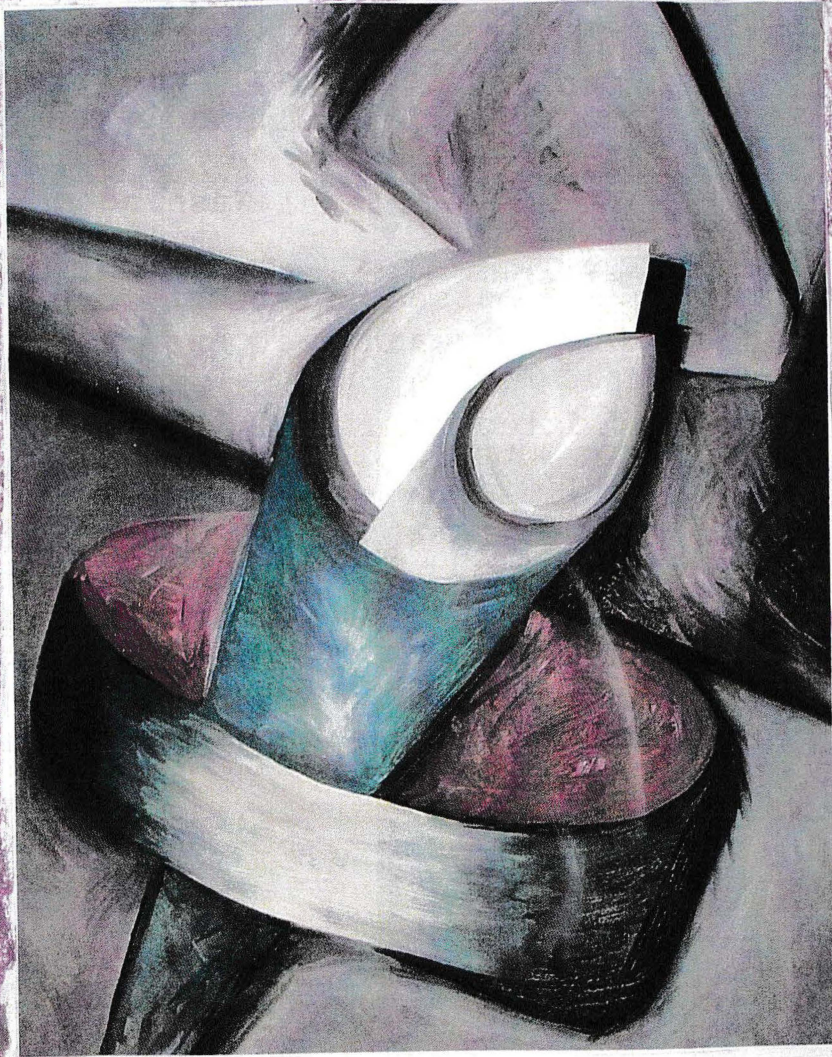
And the bar fills slowly at first
And quickly at last
With angel headed hipsters and
Gorilla faced bastards
And that guy that I think I
Know from somewhere who ends up
Thinking I'm queer by the
Way I stare at him

Trying to bring his blurry face
Into focus just long enough to
See that it's not Ch_____.

When the din becomes too loud
That I can't hear the thoughts
That belong in some shithouse poem
In the room of the one that loves
To paint black tears on mirrors
I decide to take my fond farewell
And shove up their ass
And I sidestep to the exit
Like a crab scuttling on the sea floor.

I do not glance back at
My Madonna
Because a thousand more will take her place
Before a nosy neighbor finds me
Quietly wrapped deep within the
Silence of eternal sleep
And soiled sheets
With a smile that took
Eighty-one years to paint.

I take a selfish seat behind the wheel
And atop four others
And though I have too little blood
In my alcohol
I have miles to go before I
Release my angst into a shameful t-shirt
Next to the pillow where I rest my head,
And I refuse to hoof it
Even if I won't remember it
When I awake from a slumber
Impervious to laughter
And crucifixion nails
And mermaids who will not sing to me.



Pass the Torch, Please
By Lauren Carey

The Woes of (Anime) Conventional Romance

By Marissa Phillips

The hotel manager made his way to room 309. He had received a noise complaint, and so it was his duty to look into the matter. These kinds of complaints were common around this time of year, due to the annual anime convention that always brought some sort of drama to the hotel. While he was never in the mood to deal with what he considered a bunch of overly dramatic, "costumed freaks," he at least needed to appear to his other guests like he actually cared. Why a bunch of grown men and women would spend three days a year obsessing over cartoons, he could never understand. But it brought in good money, so that was really all that mattered.

As the manager reached the room he could hear the hysterical screams of a woman. The guests had neglected to fully close the door, so he easily let himself inside.

"Excuse me, but what exactly is the problem here?!" he yelled at the young couple, momentarily interrupting their argument.

"Nothing, sir, we're fine!" yelled back the young woman.

"Well then, I'm going to have to ask you to keep your voices down. We have other guests on this floor, and your yelling is a disturbance."

The manager was somewhat relieved to see that it was probably nothing more than a lovers' spat. Last year the conflicts came a lot uglier. Two physical fights had to be broken up: one between an ice princess and something that appeared to be part dog, part man; another between an outside civilian and a Pikachu. The former conflict began due to jealousy over the "best costume" award, while the latter occurred when a civilian started heckling the Pikachu at the bar. It was one thing to have to break up a fight. It was entirely different to have to break up a fight between people in obscure animal costumes. He still regretted

Convenience in the Fast Lane

By Lauren Salem

It's convenient because it's between two slices of bread and it's fast because you got it to go in a paper bag, but if the Denzel Washington look-a-like

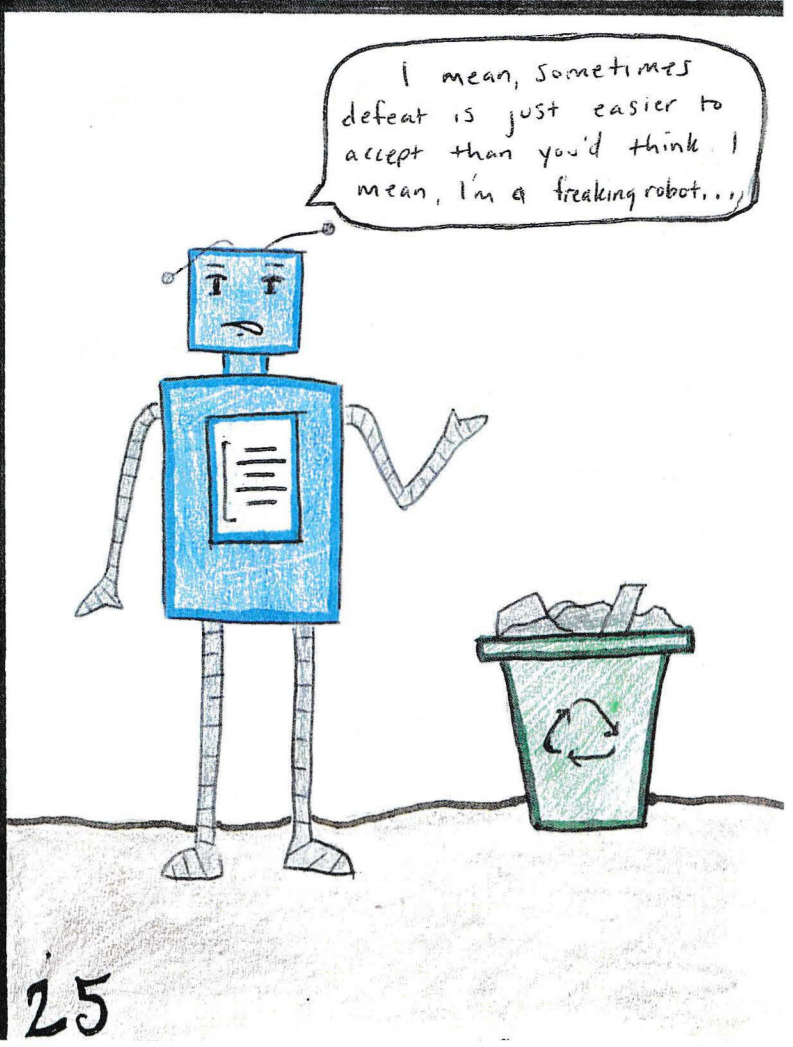
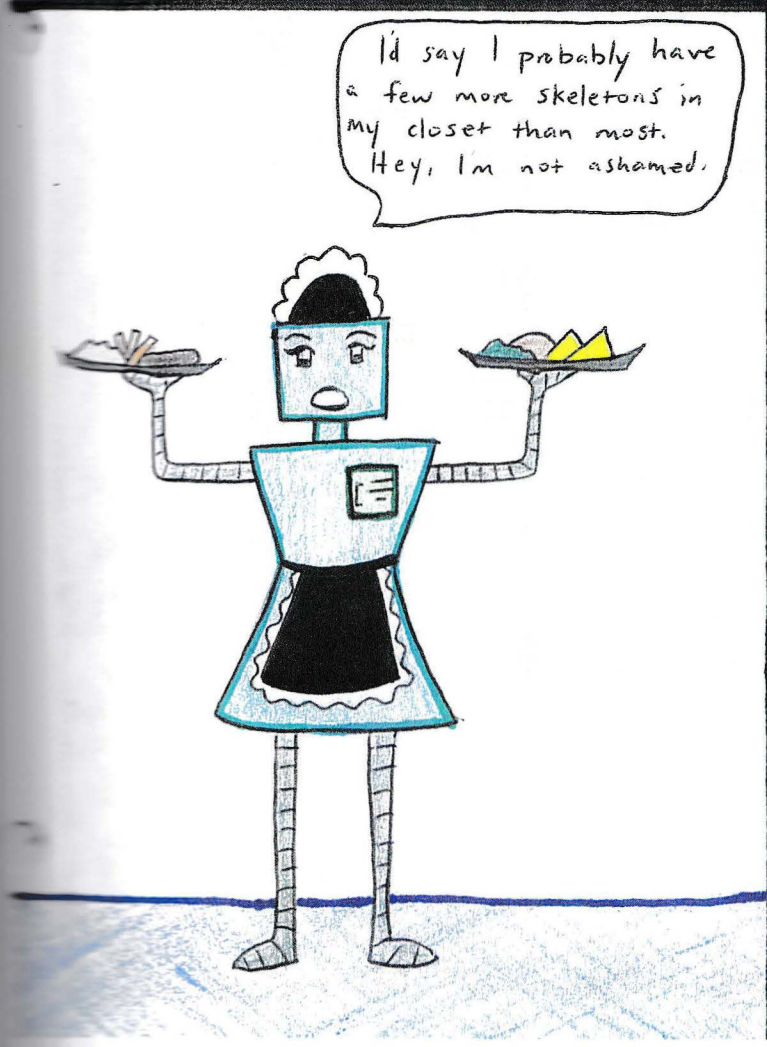
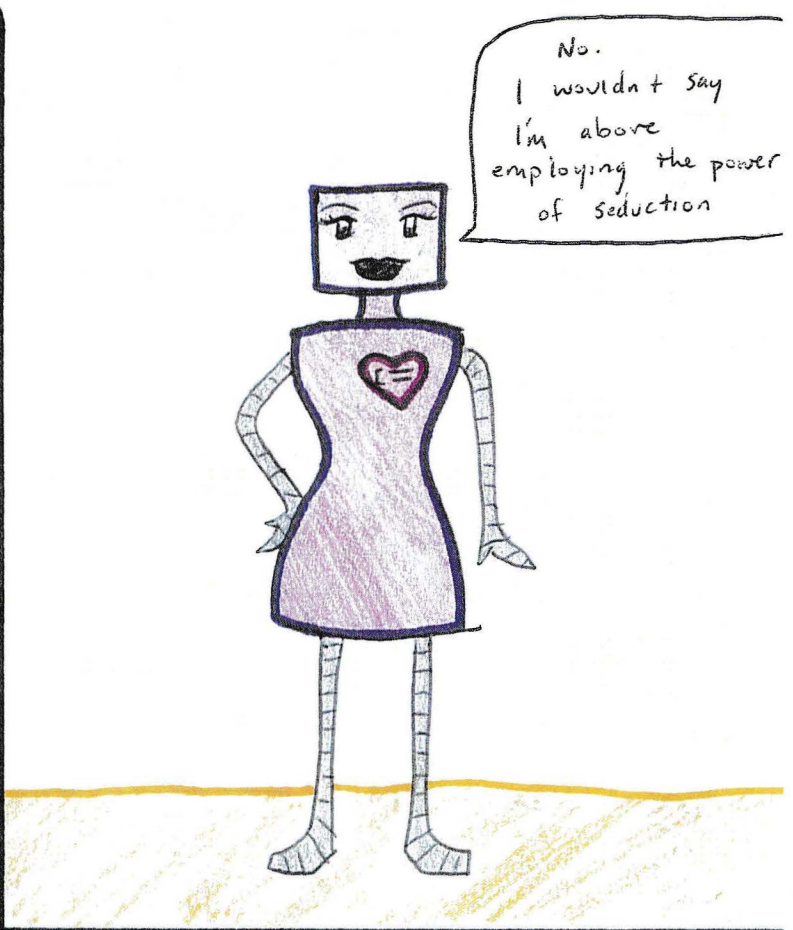
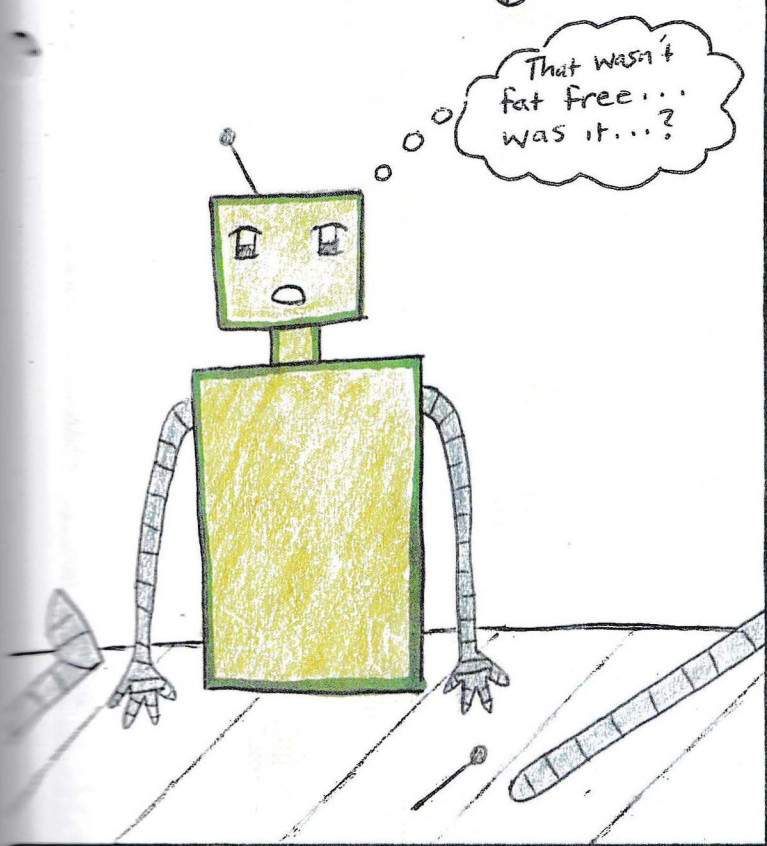
was sitting in the passenger's seat—your hand would never be able to reach that bag despite its convenience, so the aromas of fried food fill your nose as the oil seeps

through the paper bag that sits in his hands waiting for the car to come to a complete stop while your stomach growls and your right hand twitches anxiously on the steering wheel.

Just one bite of salty deliciousness.

One fry never hurt the world of drivers

No fry believes it's to be blamed for the crash.



the fact that the convention center was so close to the bar.

"Damn these people. I can't take them seriously," mumbled the manager as he looked at the woman dressed up like a hypersexual fairy and the man wearing a tuxedo and a face mask.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you would be yelling, too, if your freakin' boyfriend just cheated on you right in front of your eyes!"

"Well you know what, Sara, I'm sorry, but I didn't mean to, alright? Like I said, it didn't mean anything!" yelled the girl's boyfriend.

"Didn't mean to?! What? Does that even make any sense? No, it doesn't. That doesn't make any sense at all!"

"Hey, you all just need to calm down," the manager interjected.

"Well, I mean, I didn't even know what I was doing, okay? I was drunk...it was all just some kind of blur to me," said the boyfriend.

Even the manager was floored by the boyfriend's comment. He clearly had no defense. With that, the manager decided to step back momentarily and see where the argument was headed. If there was no end in sight, he'd call security to escort them out, but until that was determined, he wanted to be able to witness some more of the action.

"You freakin' pig! You are such an idiot. That's no excuse, you know. I know how you are when you're drunk so you can't even pull that. You know exactly what you did!" screamed the girlfriend.

"But I...I...well, I swear nothing like that will ever happen again. I swear it was the alcohol, really, I freakin swear! I'll never drink again. Never...not 'if' it makes me hurt you like that."

"Hah, d'ya hear this, sir? D'ya hear this fool? Man, you know, it's not even just that you made out with someone, Jim. It's the fact that you made out with a freakin' guy, okay? How the hell do you expect me to feel when not only are you cheating on me, but

you are cheating on me with another man?! Answer me that one!"

"What the...what? What the hell are you talking about? I wasn't making out with a man. What the hell were you looking at? I was making out with that chick dressed up like that babe Zoycite, from *Sailor Moon*."

"What the hell is wrong with you, Jim? So you were sober enough to know exactly what you were doing, yet at the same time you're trying to pretend you were too drunk to realize it was a man? You're an idiot. Just give up already."

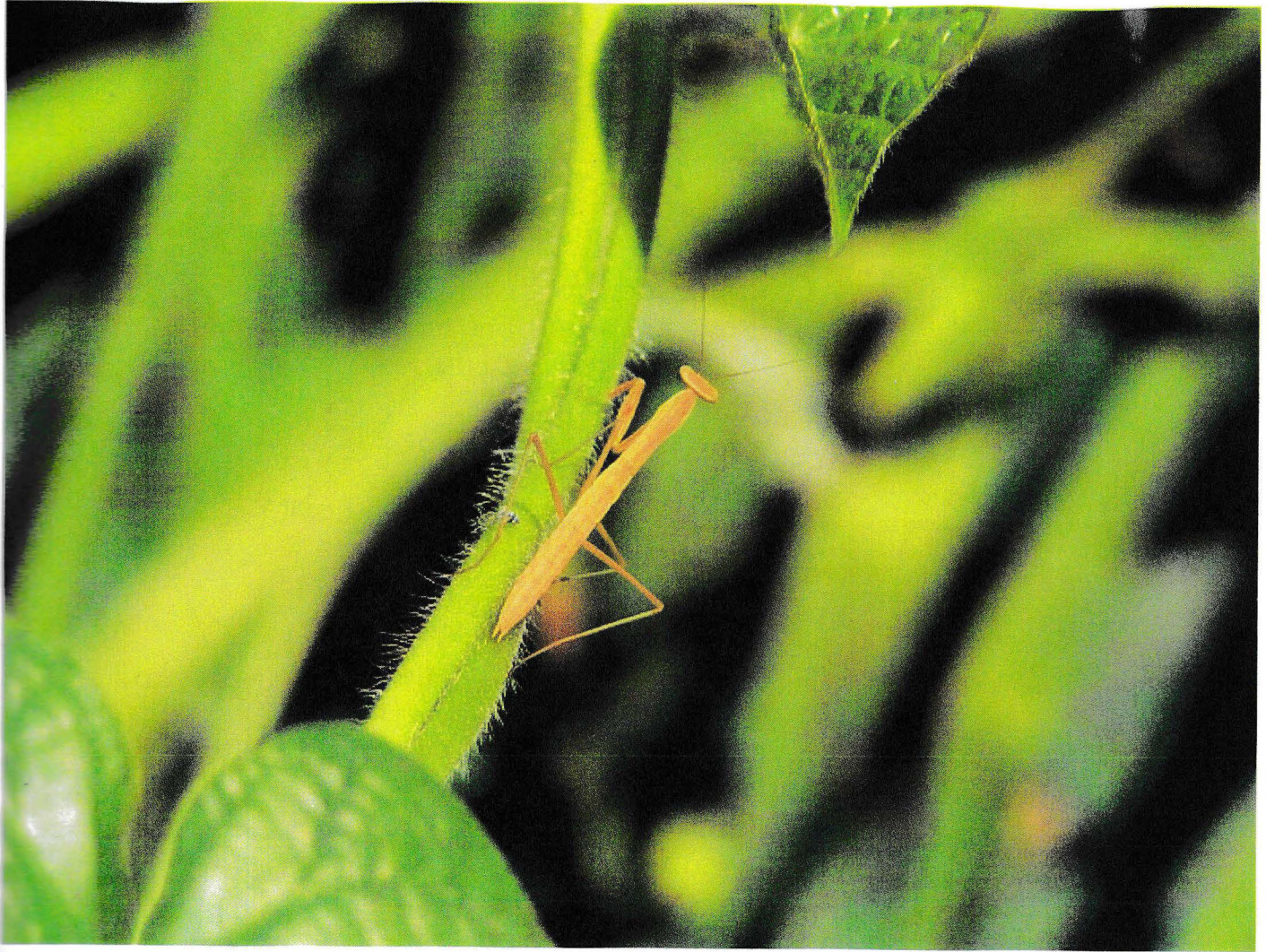
"No way! What the hell? What are you talking about? How the hell would that be a man?! That was a woman, that was clearly a woman. Why the hell would a guy dress like Zoycite? No guy would dress like Zoycite. Zoycite is a freakin chick!"

"I...wha? Wow, Jim...either you really were drunk, or you truly are an idiot. I mean, yeah the guy was a bit androgynous, but god, everyone knows that in the original Japanese version of *Sailor Moon*, Zoycite was actually a male character. It wasn't until the show was brought over to America that they changed the character's original gender in order to please conservative American audiences. So, I mean, any true anime fan would realize that Zoycite as a man is entirely accurate. Damn, I mean really, everyone knows that. You really *did* know that didn't you...?"

Silence.

A sinister smile slowly developed on the young woman's face.

The hotel manager slowly stepped out of the room and tried hard to stifle his laughter as he resumed his necessary business. He was fairly certain the fight had reached its end.



FRANK L. LIONETTI

One Small Prayer Never Hurt Anyone
By Jami Butczynski

Mother
By Kacy Muir

The eye

The teal blue ring of a Mother dove—
That does not blink

Sink
But not sinking
Into twigs
Of brown and green

Through thunder and rainstorms—
Still,
Upon this meager pine

Perched on two branches
Criss-crossing like a railroad sign,

The storm is over,
A mess in sight

Branches broken and
Trees half bent

There you perch,
A baby under

Safe and secure
Without your lover

What Was Given

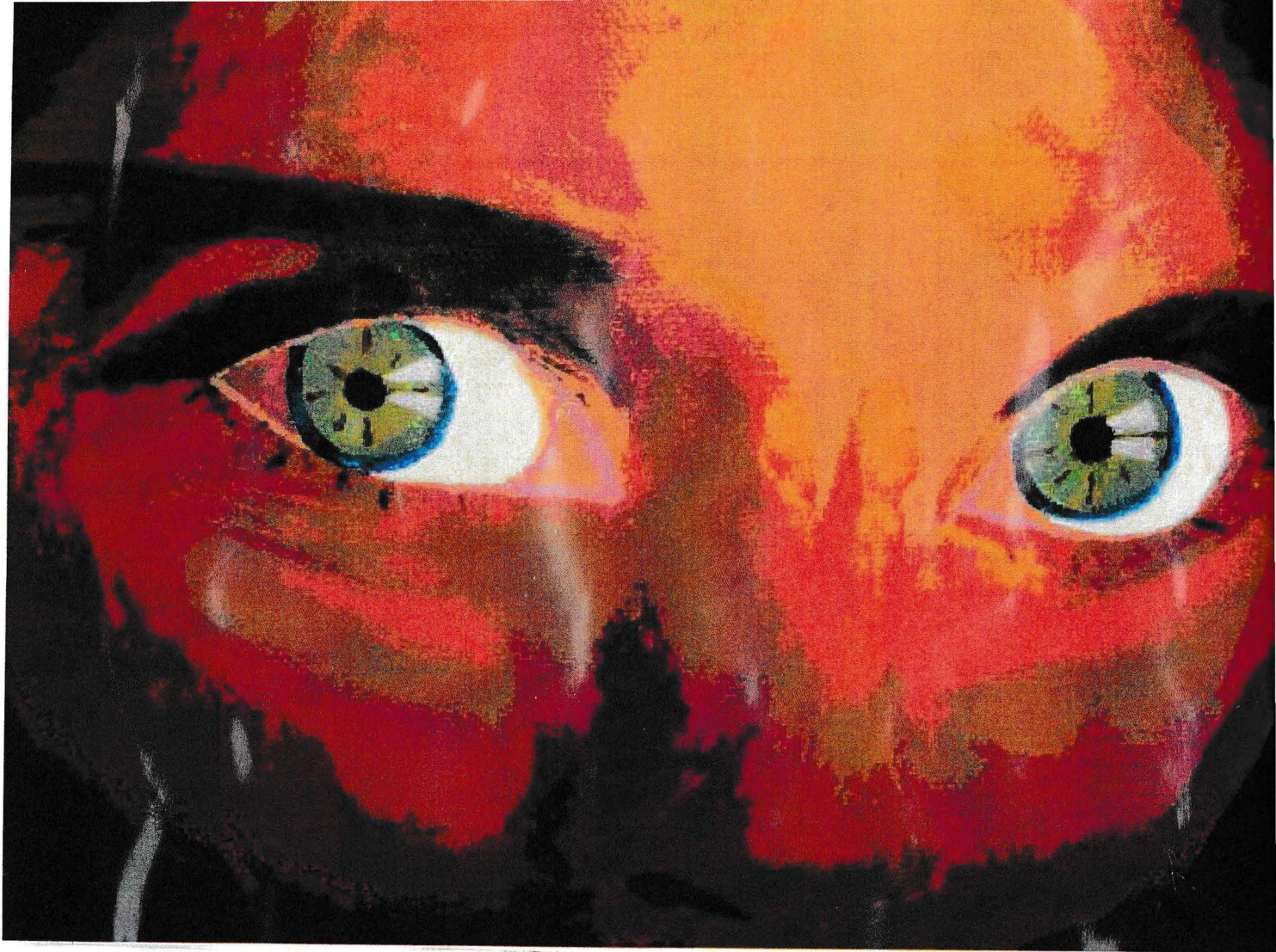
By Mischelle Anthony

I offered up cookies
and sandwich meat.
I scribbled a yellow note
in your silent sunny kitchen.

Instead of the wake
I attended a wedding
though I wanted to be
in that grief wrapped
around us—with you—
a while longer.

Some baritone sang *Ave Maria*
in my new stepmother's sanctuary
and there was all this red:
carpet, dresses, lips, toenails,
roses. I thought of blood
and how he needed
more of it. I felt awkward
and ashamed with this nonhemmed
chiffon catching under my shoes
as I walked down the aisle
smiling at my father,
half of my self
in the mass you had,
the homily I didn't hear.

Ridiculous weeks later,
after three hours of critiquing
transparent student poems,
I stood in my darkening
office and cried, choking
on pockets of air
in my chest and throat.
It poured outside the university hall,
and my bent body ran through
it, my black umbrella blending
in with the sky and the rain.



Through Her Eyes, acrylic portrait
By Ginny Hults

Through Her Eyes

By Ginny Hults

The way that they look at you, that's how you can tell. Eyes take note of your presence, your approach, yet there is not one pair that invites you. You aren't here necessarily because they want you to be, more because you choose to be. I move slowly through the

I begin the portrait, silently noting how she has barely flinched since I sat down, how her eyes have not lost the fierce quality that first drew me in. Eyes that in themselves tell her story: locked, haunted, tragic eyes.

I grow uncomfortable in the increasing stretch of silence, and try to begin conversation.

"Have you been here long?" I ask.

"Time is hard to follow here," she replies. "There are days and nights that pass, all the same. Fear during day, loss during night."

"Are you alone?"

"As alone as all others here are."

I wait for her to continue, but she remains silent. There is shouting somewhere to our left and my attention is drawn to the noise. I turn back to my subject and find that in my second's distraction, she has begun to move.

"Wait."

She pauses, shifting the burning intensity of her gaze back to mine.

refugee camp, searching for someone, anyone, who is willing to tolerate me for longer than a few moments. I am greeted with looks ranging only as far as from anguish and despair to bitterness and anger. War has ravaged them—these people that I am trying to know, to understand, and they do not easily accept my trespassing. I stop searching and my footsteps halt as I meet the eyes of a young woman sitting only a few yards from me underneath a makeshift tent. She holds my gaze with a beautiful ferocity, challenging my approach.

I nod as I reach her, and though she has offered me no invitation, I am not turned away as I settle myself facing her.

"I am a reporter," I say, "and I would like to tell your story."

She nods only once in return, and her gaze flickers as I prepare my tools.

"I report my findings through paint," I inform her.

"An artist," she speaks for the first time.

I smile in reply, adding, "I like to think so, yes."

"I've barely had a chance to talk to you," I say, indignant.

"You have painted your report," she says, motioning toward the portrait. "You have done what you came to do. Now you must move on, tell another story."

I look back at the portrait, realizing that I have indeed completed my report. There is more to be read in the young woman's gaze than I could ever put into words.

"Your name?" I question tentatively, hoping she will change her mind and retake her seat in front of me.

She spreads her hands in a gesture to include all those around her.

"Does it matter, in a sea of many, what one name is? We are the same, and the story you tell is shared by us all."

With that she detaches herself from my company, leaving me to sit and stare entranced at the reflection I had created. I am a reporter, a painter, an artist, and she is a refugee among millions whom the world shall soon know without knowing.



Faithless?

By Ivana Daher

Backgrounds I have,
Faith I can't tell.
Searching for clarity,
As many nights fell.
The false truth I spread,
Confusion descends deeper.
Who do I wish to
If I have a fever?
Crescent star versus cross.
Disobedience I can't bear.
Only two choices hard to detain
Disown a kin will they spare?
The Lord I hold in both.
God in a different name.
Others' assurance is so cruel
Myself on my own I cannot tame
Let it be clear
This is hard as it is
I guess all that it is,
All I can say is Allah Hafiz.

Storm
By Stefanie McHugh



Unspeakable
By Ginny Hults

Long winding trails of tortured tears
Lead paths along the cheeks,
As shadows stretch to fiercely glare,
Minutes are hours, days, and weeks.



The heavy rasping resonates,
Impossible to face,
In sorrowful surrender you
Fall victim to the pace.

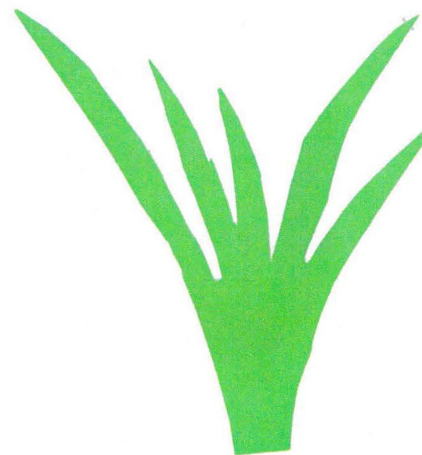
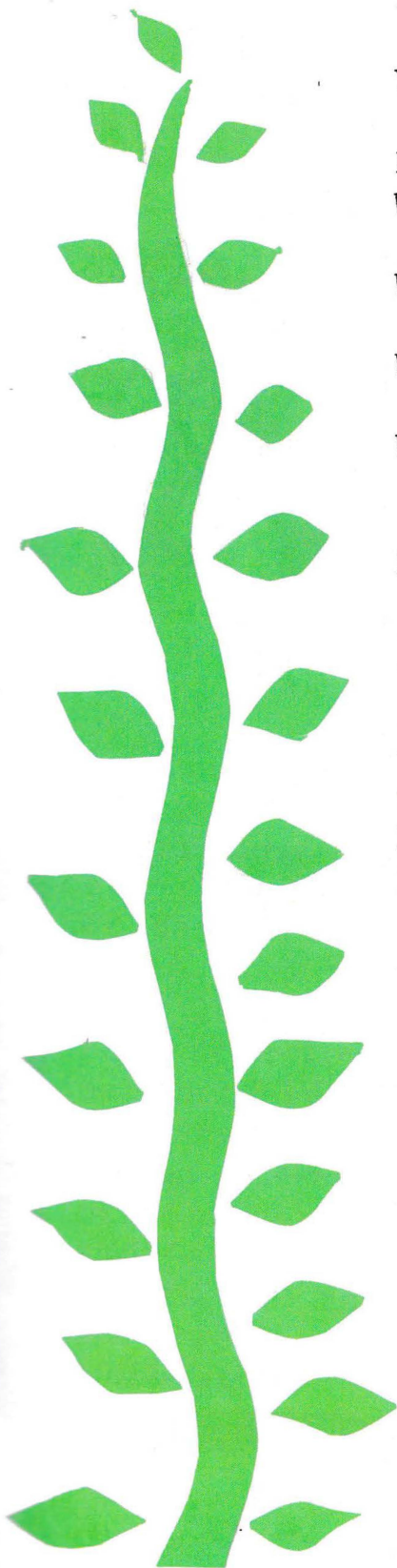
Life becomes an endless effort
A battle to escape,
A shattered heart is locked aw
Outcasted by the rape.

Adaptation
By Jami Butczynski



God is Untitled?
By Jonathan Miles

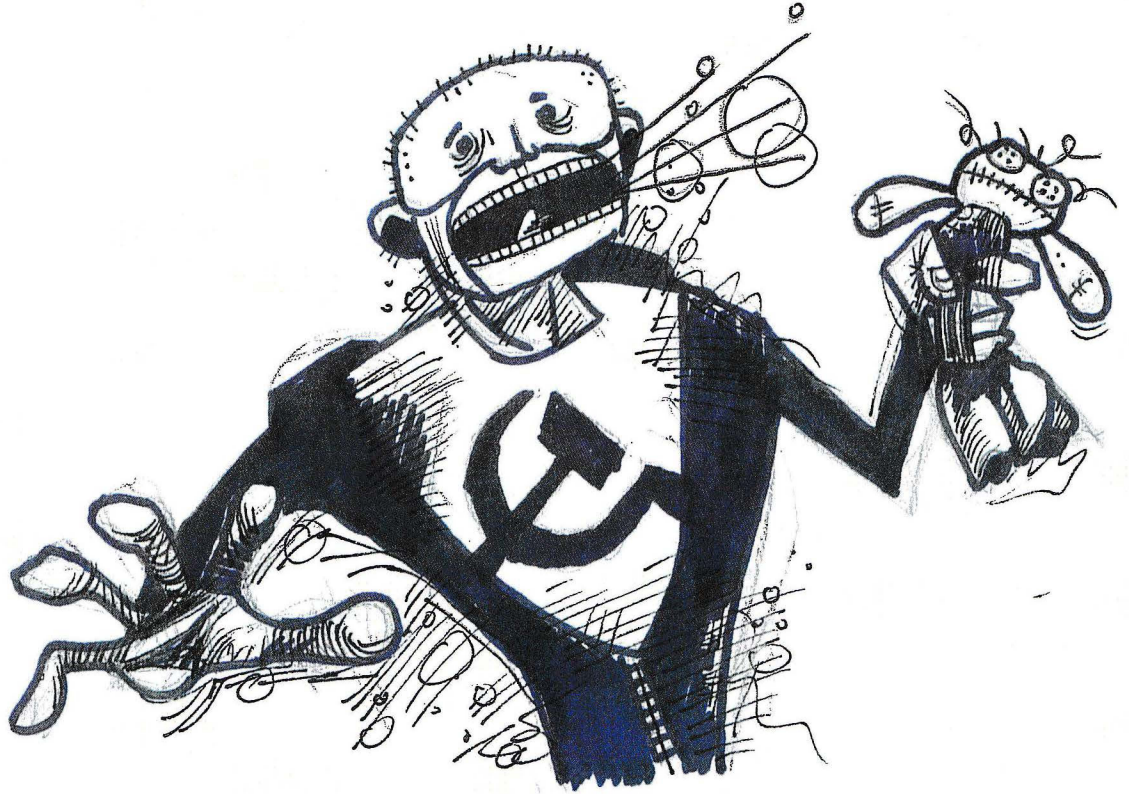
You are always watching me,
always watching all
You are always loving me,
always loving all
You are always with me,
always with all
Dare I ask you anything? such as...
Who do you want me to be?
such as...
What do you want me to do?
such as...
Where do you want me to go?
such as...
When do you want me to be that?
to do that?
to go there?
How shall I do what you ask of me?
what you ask of all?
and why? oh God why?
Why do you forsake those I love?
Is their faith so weak
that they must suffer
to be molded easier
by your potter hands?
I am faith and hope and love, Three In One.



An eternal symbol is a dream deferred.

By Marissa Phillips

I sometimes wonder
Where we would be
If you hadn't caught your ring
When it slipped from your finger
And fell towards the floor
Maybe you'd walk through your door with downcast eyes
And her suspicions would finally be confirmed.



An Omission's (lack of) Allure

By Marissa Phillips

I could see things about to reach a pivotal point
With sexual tensions transitioning to something
tangible
But then that bright blue Playskool Mega Block
That was wedged in your bed pierced my spine
And I could smell the scent of baby powder and alimony
Seeping through your pores

It's not that I don't expect to find skeletons in the
closet
But you should really have enough foresight
To clean out the ones from the toychest

from Granny Robber

By Jami Butczynski

Chapter 1

I'm in her kitchen right now. I don't really mind doing the dishes anymore. My hands are already rough and calloused. Poor old Betsy. Her husband died ten years ago. Her only son died three years ago. She has a dishwasher but she likes the way I get the dishes extra clean. The dishwasher leaves streaks.

Betsy Wilson, the bingo addict. We're all addicts of one thing or another. She chooses bingo. In half an hour I'll be driving her over to West Sherman Street where she'll meet her bingo buddies. Three hours more and I'll be picking her up. We do this every Monday and Wednesday afternoon.

Too many times people mistake me for her daughter. Or Mrs. Jenkins's daughter. Or Miss Shipson's niece. Or Mrs. Krevit's granddaughter. It doesn't bother me one bit. All the better.

Monday mornings, Miss Shipson and I go grocery shopping. Arm in arm, we walk down each aisle twice, making sure she hasn't forgotten anything. Tuesdays, I belong to Mrs. Jenkins. Bossy Cynthia Jenkins. I wash her car, scrub her floors, clean her toilet, bathe her poodle. You name it, I've cleaned it. Bernice Brewster is my lunch date every Thursday. If a lonely, rich old bat wanted to treat you to a different meal every week just because she needed someone to yap to about her horoscope, would you object? After lunch on Thursdays, I stop at the Quick Mart, pick up Susie Michaels's lotto numbers and drop them off at her house. We hold hands and cross our fingers while they read the lucky numbers on the television. If we're not lucky this time, well, I'll be back next week. Fridays, I wind down with Mrs. Krevit. All she wants is a walking

partner. I hold her brittle old hand and listen as she tells me tales of her youthful promiscuousness.

There you have it. My work week. My schedule. I bet it's a hell of a lot more than you're doing. You can sit and bullshit about how easy I have it, but trust me, one day in my shoes and you'd be running back to your nine to five in an instant.

How'd I meet all of 'em? Well, it's simple. I'm like the Boy Scout, waiting at the corner to grab the arm of a broken-down, decrepit dust bag and walk her across the street just to get that one extra merit badge. I prey on these old bags. You gotta show up in the right places at the right times and say the right things. Ya know the way you walk around the mall, stalkin' out the hotties? Well, I'm checkin' out the grannies in the produce line, the superstitious bats playin' the lotto every week, the old buggers that sit alone at lunch. If she's a widow or a rich old maid, I automatically go in for the kill. The bingo and lottery junkies are another pot of gold. It ain't easy findin' the perfect geezer to waste your time on and then juggle a couple of them at once. Try it, seriously. You wouldn't last a day.



Babyface
By Claudia Cassett

Rural Dress Maker

By Amy Kaspriskie

Seedlings button-hole the soil,
Sewn and pressed in unison.
Cotton, caught-in, caught-on
A thread-baring mechanical extractor.
The topsoil tapestry tangled, mangled,
Uprooted and fashioned together again—
Wear oh where—will mother get some new clothes?



My future lies in a firm handshake

By Marissa Phillips

I suppose I hold some resentment
towards the polished grins
and homely brown dress suits
of the businessman.

But it's not that I fail to
understand the politics of a
firm handshake,
or the implied power of
a well-intentioned comb over.

I just can't bear to look
one of those men in the eye,
knowing that I'm standing
face to face with the inevitable.



Beagle-fu

By Lauren Carey

51100-7100

An Army of Elderly

By Lauren Carey

Nursing homes are totalitarian microcosms. The elderly are left there to their own helpless devices. The nursing home facility workers crack down on the inhabitants with an iron fist, forcing the elderly to perform menial tasks (like squeezing stress balls for hours on end). There is little rest for the weary. Days are planned out to the minute, with very little free time to think. If the residents don't comply with these ridiculous standards, they invariably get beaten by their so-called "caretakers."

The only way to solve this problem is to make the elderly less helpless. How do we go about this? The answer: Give them firearms. It's a blanket solution to the mistreatment of the old in nursing homes. Upon admittance to a nursing home facility, each individual should be issued a weapon. Said weapon will prevent this old (and nearly lifeless) person from having to endure the torture, abuse, and controlled environment of extended "care" facilities.

OUTRAGEOUS!

Weapons, of course, should not be handed out willy-nilly. This is why the weapon issued to each patient should correspond in some way to the ailment from which they suffer. Bed-ridden individuals, for example, cannot properly hold a rifle, pistol, or machine gun in their necessary position. These unfortunate souls will have a full range of grenades at their disposal. When a "health care provider" forces a bed-ridden patient to do something unnecessarily menial, he or she will be blown to smithereens. Everyone knows, after all, if the patient refused to perform this task, he or she would be beaten mercilessly by the frustrated worker. It is only fair, therefore, that this worker be killed on the spot by an incontinent, 100-year-old, bed-ridden leper.

Other ailments will correspond with other weapons. You don't have to be confined to a bed to be affected by the cruelty of nursing home personnel. Those in wheelchairs, for example, will be equipped with machine guns affixed to either side of the chair. The

UN BELIEVABLE

wheelchair will then act as a miniature assault vehicle. In said vehicle, the patients will be able to chase those who have wronged them at speeds up to five miles per hour. Eventually, the workers will stop forcing the elderly to do things that they have absolutely no desire to do.

After an extended period of time, there will be nobody applying for jobs at nursing homes, for fear of their lives. While this may seem like a new problem, it will actually be a solution to other issues. The elderly, left to their own warlike devices, will eventually turn on themselves. After a few months, there will be nobody left in the homes. The sites will be like quiet battlefields. Old bodies and body parts will be strewn about. This fixes the problem of health care for the elderly. If there are no elderly left...there's nothing to pay for!

This is the simplest and most efficient solution to the issue of nursing home violence. Counseling, better visiting hours, and more personalized programs just won't fix the problem like firearms will.

EARLEY LIBRARY



I'd Choose Wet Plumage Over Dry Humor Any Day
By Jami Butczynski

Sunday—the 28th of October

By Sam Chiarelli

Stomach in knots
Turning over
Turning over

Eyes transfixed on packets of light from a far-off land
beyond the sea

White sleeves set upon the backdrop of Heaven
Tens of thousands of faces
Yearning to be healed
Aching to feel ecstasy

They chant their beliefs louder

All extraneous emotion banished
All distractions crushed beneath the weight
All of my attention
All of my love
All of my anger
My greed
My obsession
My pride
Is at stake
Is not within my hands

Stomach in knots
Turning over
Turning over

Hope—eviscerated by a lightning bolt
A missile whose shrapnel has ripped a city wide open
Belief—instantly cannoned into questioning
A response is all that is needed

And there is a moment
There is always a moment
Where doubt gets the better of you

Where you truly begin to believe
That all that is good has died
And everything you hoped
Everything you dreamed
And everything you ever wanted to love
Will never be

You and your future are rubbish
Love is rubbish
And aspiration, of course, is rubbish, too

Tens of thousands
No...

Millions ravage their souls away in this same way
Planning their day to endure this torturous hell
The shimmering shackles we purchased to tether us here
hold steadfast

I cannot look away
I cannot walk away
I cannot get away

No eloquent speech pattern can save you
But in some small way
It's comforting to know you are not alone
Everyone is dying inside
Same as you

Turning over
Turning over
Stomach in knots
Turning over
Turning over

Time escapes faster
As I abandon the last of my essence

Fate is sealed

What does it all mean anyway?

And in that moment
That moment that always comes
Where everything about you is stripped away
And you accept defeat
That is when magic begins
That is when miracles arrive
That is when fortune finds Cesc Fabregas
And he, in turn, finds the left hand corner
Arsenal 1 - Liverpool 1

Sun

By Courtney Sperger

The clouds of black and grey will wisp away
The darkness mocking those who are insane.
Open, Eye, and end their troubled sway.
Fulfill your purpose, be the nightttime's bane.
Infectious storms take over and ruin land.
O Sun, O Penicillin, fight disease!
When all their gladness lies within your hand,
Eliminating darkness comes with ease.

Others say the rain puts out the flame,
The red and yellow covered mountain top.
I, however, think that last you came,
The virus, plagues, inside their minds did stop.
O come, dear Sun, O Penicillin true,
Illness of their world will flee from you.

Merchant on Life's Delta

By Matthew Shutt

The river's stream starts gentle and timid
The undercurrent is born of fear
A merchant and his sail are set to take it on
If only his oar wasn't broken and gone
Lost in a storm, he stopped sailing for years
His dream is ancient and livid
Finding this water's end by himself
is not what he had planned
Unforgiving and headstrong
A winding delta does not give a damn
The merchant knows what he must do
Without a map he takes the splinters
that were left behind by the oar
And with strength, watches as they hit the floor
Merchant man moves on, ready for more
Taking his cue from a single breeze
he sets off
Before long a faceless snake slithers up on his raft
and stops to offer advice
"Your oar was lost because you held it too tight
This river owes you nothing, you might not make it
through the night.
I am better than that oar, I will be your light."
The merchant spits out the appleseeds
Replies...
"When it happens it happens,
Everyone eventually dies."
Before he can finish,
the river goes dry.



Missus Writer

By Kacy Muir

When the ink runs dry
I dig deep—

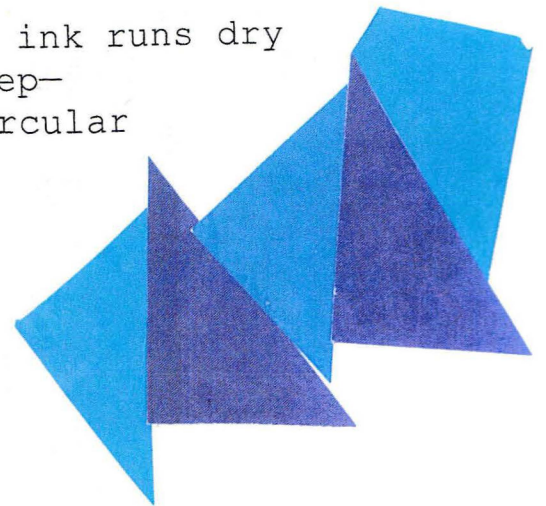
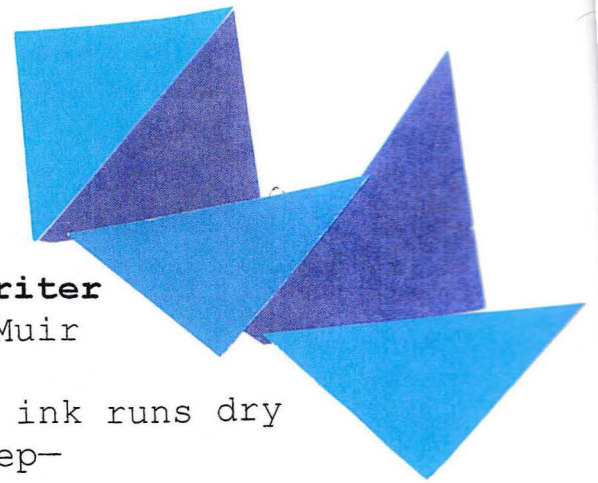
Like the women before me
Waste not a drop

When the ink runs dry
We add spit
Permeating paper
Of our identity

With words
Finally out
I dig deep

With the permanence
Of liberation
Still embedded on my lips

When the ink runs dry
I dig deep—
Going circular



the case for writing poems on paper

By Angelina Teutonico

Ms. Word keeps autocorrecting
my meaningful(ly)overcased proper nouns;
she shirks the logic of linebre
aks and breathlessspaceomissions;

applied alliteration and assonance
can't conquer her red and green lines.

I Like Your Feets

By Lauren Carey

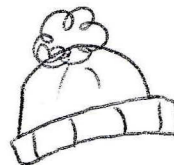


Blizzard Haikus

By Lauren Carey

i.

It is cold outside.
Heat is escaping my head.
Haberdashery!



ii.

The wind is biting.
I am losing all control.
Snot runs down my nose.



iii.

The air is so dry.
My lips adversely react.
I need more ChapStick.

iv.

Where did I put it?
It must be around somewhere.
I have lost my scarf!

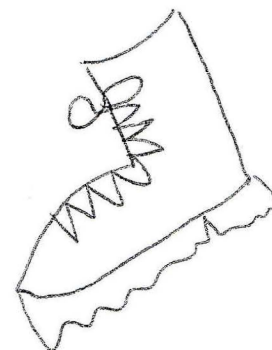


v.

The man said it was
made with down feathers. My coat—
Left it on the bus.

vi.

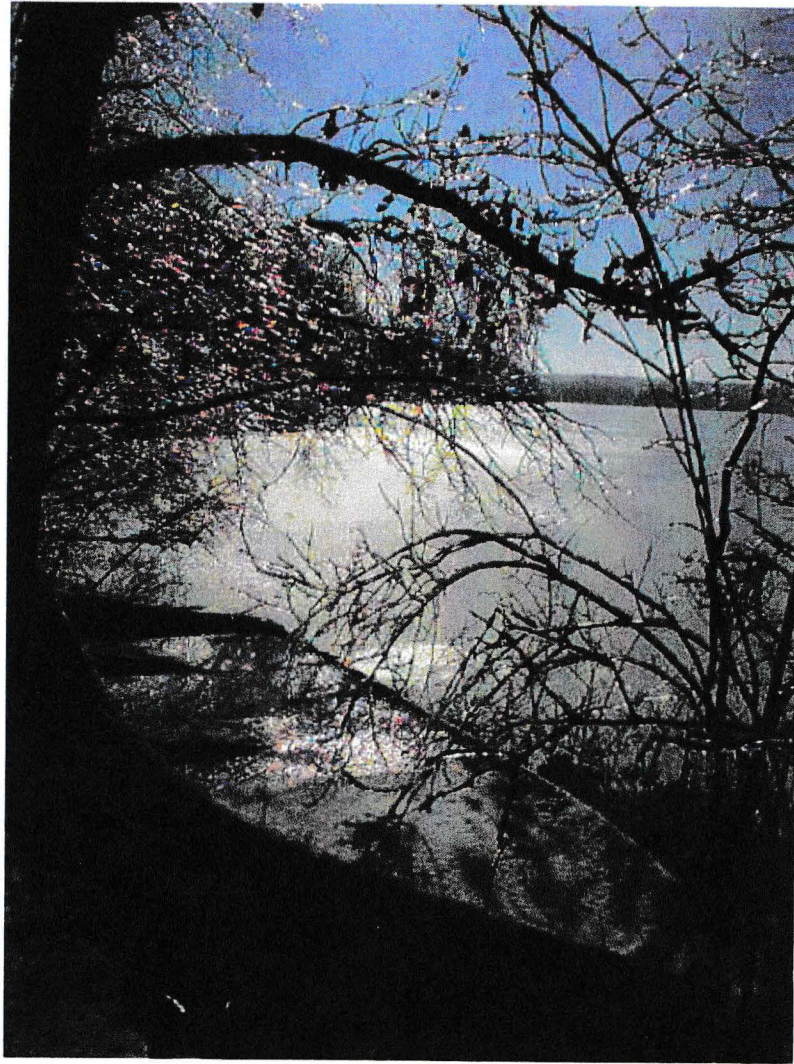
Timberlands. All worn
and torn from too many hikes.
So I threw them out.



vii.

I have no clothing.
I am not prepared for this.
Naked in the snow!





FARLEY LIBRARY

Ice Boat with Trees
By Megan Krisanda

Tis the Seasoning

By Amy Kaspriskie

Snow peels separate as Earth's rind
White, raw, and patch-worked
With moist asphalt nectar.
Zested, spread, and sidewalk-lined
A pinch of salt, a dash of weather.

Untitled

By Chad Stanley

We painted last fall.
I picture you smiling now,
Eyes full of Mets blue.



BIOGRAPHIES

Mischelle Anthony teaches poetry and Early American Literature at Wilkes University. She has poems in *Calyx*, *A Room of One's Own*, and, most recently, *Mudfish*, and all of this pales in comparison to her time with *The Manuscript* editorial staff.

Stephanie Branas is a freshman History major at Wilkes. She is 18 years old and enjoys photography, writing, listening to music, singing, shopping, wasting time, procrastinating, hanging out with friends, and dying her hair various colors. She is originally from Scranton and loves going home to spend time with her parents and friends.

Jami Butczynski decided, for the first time, to actually submit a biography. The problem is, however, she is not entirely sure how to describe herself. She decided to leave that up to you.

Lauren Carey is the Maestro of Awesome.

Sam Chiarelli is a nervous Arsenal fan, hoping his team can win the Premiership this season. More importantly, he is the lead guitarist in The SilentTreatment and an all-around chivalrous hunk.

Ivana Daher is a fun-loving married freshman who believes everyone should just let live and surrender to their own passions and aspirations. She finds love in foreign music, *Cosmopolitan* magazines, and is a person who just wants peace in the Mid-East.

Sarah Hartman is a sophomore at Wilkes University. She enjoys writing, the arts, and describing herself in the third person. Her influences include Peter Frampton, David Bowie, and Andy Warhol.

Ginny Hults is a junior English major at Wilkes University.

Amy Kaspriskie writes herself into corners so many times she lives in a literary box peddling her p's and q's for pennies on the dollar to attain a shopping list of better words and a side of inspiration.

Like a name held behind unbroken lips, **Wesley Kinter** was never really here.

Lino spends a lot of time daydreaming.

Stefanie McHugh is a junior English major at Wilkes University.

Jonathan Miles is currently dedicating all his work to the greater glory of God. Through many of his recently written poems, Jonathan aims to show God's love in order to inspire and give confidence to others. He currently resides in Bethlehem, PA.

Kacy Muir says see you later, not goodbye.

Marissa Phillips. Oh, Marissa Phillips.

Lauren Salem is a communications major who was inspired to write a poem about an Allstate insurance commercial, because of how funny the Denzel-Washington-look-a-like said "the world is not full of drivers."

Matthew Shutt is a communications major concentrating in journalism who has been writing in his free time for several years. After having a few separate poems published, he has steered more towards short stories and is currently working on "Wedding Daze," a tale of a weekend-long debacle centered on a close friend's recent wedding.

Courtney Sperger is an English major hoping to attend Law School after graduating. She was originally a Biology major but decided to follow the path to her secondary career choice as she came to find that she didn't enjoy biology as much as she had thought she would. She loves to write poetry and draw in her spare time along with singing, dancing, gaming, and photography.

Chad Stanley is thrilled to be a part of the Wilkes community, and to work with such wonderful faculty and students. He is, sadly, probably much better at teaching poetry than actually writing it. This, also sadly, seems to confirm that dreaded old cliché that "those who cannot do, teach."

Jason Sutton got in one little fight and his mom got scared and said "You're moving with your auntie and uncle in Bel-Air."

Angelina Teutonico will miss hunting for comma splices when she graduates this spring.

FARLEY LIBRARY