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COLLEGE.

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College Rules

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~~ARXIDEPIE~~
 NARCISSUS
 CHRONOS
 STROKE OF YOUR PEN

at of green
 of gemmer

ANITA
 7-11

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NO GEMS LINKED
TAHOE

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Yippee! I'm a poet and I know it.
Hope I don't blow it!

Bob Dylan
I Shall be Free No. 10

"I sat down and wrote the best words I could write."

Bob Dylan
Percy's Song

Editors Note

The notebook. We take it to class, we use it as a head rest, we cover it with doodles, at times we even throw it against the wall in frustration (sorry notebook), but through it all, the notebook remains our right-hand man, serving as one of the most important tools we employ as college students.

Inside this issue of The Garland, the contributors have offered you their thoughts and dreams through the words and images they have created. We tried to take a step away from the traditional with this issue, and I hope that you will find our little creation as entertaining as those in the past.

I'd like to thank Dr. McGuinness for for his support throughout this project, as well as Kevin Atticks for sharing his technical expertise. Without both of your guidance and encouragement, we would not have been able to make this happen.

Enjoy!

Megan

LADY SINGS THE BLUES

Elizabeth Malpelli

Sitting on top of Baltimore, the windowed room affording a
birds eye view of the harbor
All around me chic couples sip their nine-dollar cocktails
Casually ignoring the devil in a blue dress singing the blues
Her bassist coolly plucks with the melody of the piano
The trio tucked off in a corner, partially hidden by the dim
lighting.

Her voice is a moody imitation of Billie, not classically beauti-
ful, almost babyish
But lacking the expressive quality of truly living the blues
lifestyle:
An oppressed people giving voice to the tragedy of their lives
Heroin addicted, wandering the country in crumpled suits
Sunglasses hiding glazed eyes
Playing only for the unwavering beauty of the jazz solo
And their next fix-
The reality held at bay pulsing through the bell of the horn
And not through their head.

Somehow that emotive depth and spark
Bastardized by time
Has made an astounding shift from a high culture to High Cul-
ture.
Intellectualized so that trendy couples
Can feel like hip cats as they sit ignoring it.





Lauren K. Bivona

Jimmy Legrow saved up his chances in life
Figuring that the bank of fate favored the conservatives
When writing the master plan.
He stayed with his steady 4.50 an hour job his whole life,
Never buying stock, even when IBM was 50 cents.
He never wore a white shirt while eating spaghetti
And always wore underwear to bed,
Just in case company arrived unexpected.
Jimmy Legrow second-guessed every move he made,
Wasting his whole life driving up and down the same damn road
Because he feared getting lost in his own neighborhood,
Until that one day when Bessie Sue drove up beside him
Chewing her gum to the sound of the radio
And fiddling with her dyed curly-blond hair
As Jimmy tried to ignore
Her big red lips and glowing brown eyes
That made every celibate man want to scream...
Well, Jimmy got Bessie Sue's number
Stuck the folded paper into the back pocket of his jeans and,
Feeling lucky, he went to the track and bet
Everything he owned on "Lucky Daisy."
When he lost it all, he could only smile,
Empowered by the sense of freedom bankruptcy brings
And by the knowledge that while he may have lost the shirt off his
back, He still had Bessie Sue's number in the back pocket of his
jeans.

Memories, Mostly of Dad

Tori Woods

He taught me the joy of the Beaujolais,
taught the vintners, the appellations,
what's good and what's better.
He taught me that this is the only red wine
drunk cold.

We talk when we drink,
about questions more pertinent
than how are the grades, and how is the job.

Traveling in the land of Guinness,
I try the '03 Nouveau 1 week
before it arrives in America.
I ring my father
cross continentally
to brag.

Now, I call on the way home from college,
"Dad, I'm about 4 hours away".
He says, "Drive Safely T,
I'll put a bottle of Beauj in the 'fridge."

This is our shared indulgence.
This is everything.



Letter to my Professor

Kinzee Ellis

Dear Professor,
When the stroke of your pen
Forms an "A"
Your career will not shatter
Ripple, or splatter
Like the paralyzed narcissus' mirror
When a raindrop falls in.

The results are not
Like walking under the ladder
(Before the aforementioned
—Heavens no!)
With the accompanying ill fate
Randomly spilling from your brief case
All day.

When the stroke of your pen
Forms an "A"
Lo, and behold
—The ground DOESN'T crack open.
Enraged Aphrodite's thunderbolts
Do not smite you to Hades.

When the stoke of your pen
Forms an "A"
A parent is proud on Mount Olympus.
Chronos laughs.
The second hand ticks on.
~Remember this in all that you do.

Lake Tahoe Blue

Taylor Calderone

Blue stretching above me as we climbed
up Mt. Rose Highway,
around one curve then back the same way we came,
following this safety pin loop till
we got to that one turn that put our car over the top
and let us see more blue—
a different, royal passion "I love you" blue—
and I glanced,
said "wow" as if I were reading words off a script
plastered in front of me on the dashboard,
then turned to continue our meaningless conversation.

The sapphire gem of Lake Tahoe:
a pendant in my jewelry box that I never wore
till someone asked to borrow it.
Now everything I wear goes with it—
if I had it.
And everything I do goes with you—
if I had you.
We spoke in that car as we spoke on those outdoor tables
at Walden's Coffee Shop,
sipping Italian sodas of some arbitrary flavor,
taking for granted the blue that stretched above us,
taking for granted having each other
right there—within reach.



The other day I put on a necklace
just because I hadn't worn it in a while.
Two gems linked, breast to breast,
in gold safety.
Five compliments in one day—
five months it had been
since the last time I wore it.
Everyone commenting about the way the gems
coaxed smiles out of my eyes—
I had never noticed.
Lifting the pendant gently off my neck,
the gold chain sagging innocently
between her palm and my chest,
one person whispered "wow," and looking,
I saw no script plastered behind me.



Death by Twinkie

Robin Cloninger

I can't believe I'm still doing this after all these years. You'd think that a woman in her early fifties could walk into a 7-11 and buy a package of processed baked goods without wanting to shield her face under her coat hood and check the aisles for familiar faces to dodge in shame. My mother has been dead for ten years and six days and I somehow keep thinking I'm going to turn down the junk food aisle and come face to face with those overbearing bulging eyes that glared "traitor!" every time I was caught in the act as a child. "It's an outrage!" she would say, "an embarrassment to the family name" that the daughter of the most prominent bakers in town would crave such factory-made, artificial junk. Her raspy Russian bark still echoes in my head like a hammer driving a worn-out nail every time I make my way to my most guilty pleasure.

I creep up to the center shelf, and take one last look around before grabbing the shiny, cellophane package. I hide it under my arm like a criminal protecting her stolen goods, knowing that somewhere, my mother is watching and shaking her head. I walk quickly to the cashier and get on line which, though only four people deep, is plenty long enough to be discovered by one of my

loyal and very nosy customers. Damn this small town. In a city things would have been different. In New York I could walk down the street munching on my sacred Twinkies for the entire world to see, and no one would have even known I was alive. But here it's different. Maybe I don't have to play this game with myself anymore, but something holds me to it still.

"Ma'am, is that all?" "Yes, thank you," I say as I shove the ninety-nine cents across the counter, careful to always have exact change as to not waste anymore time. "Bag?" "Yes please." Why does she always ask? I know she knows, she has sold me Twinkies for the last twenty years. She studies me carefully as she purposely places my small purchase in a bag large enough to fit three loaves of bread. Yet another reason for people to eye me suspiciously. With crimson cheeks and a pounding heart I close my purse and make for the door. Victory again! For the third time this week. I'm almost home free and, sure I have not been spotted, I pause to peek into the bag at my prize.

"Don't move and I won't hurt you," a harsh voice spits in my ear. "Excu...."

"You heard me lady, I said don't move."

My palms are moist with fear and the frigid air turns sour and suffocating in my throat.

"Ok listen up people, I need everyone to take out their wallets and put their money on the floor in front of them. Then make your way to the back of the store, and nobody will get hurt OKAY?"

"Okay....uh huh..." was murmured between the group of about ten customers and two workers.

I felt a jab in the back of my ribs so hard it took the wind from my lungs. Slowly, I opened my purse, but my shaking hands made me fumble with the zipper and it fell to the floor. The clang of my scattered belongings echoed like an aluminum bowl being dropped on the cold tile of my bakery floor. Everyone was startled by the sound that cut the unnatural silence; a woman by the milk began to sob. Another sound followed, but this one was not a crash or cry for mercy, it was the slow, deliberate clicking sound a pistol



makes, seconds before it fires.

"Twenty minutes, just twenty, hold on Anita, we're almost there."

"Twenty, twenty...the ceiling was silver and through my blurry eyes I could just make out the image of a person. A woman, middle aged, but worn ragged by her tired life, like bread dough pressed too thin by the constant pounding of floured hands. I can't quite make her out; she looks like she's in pain. Tubes stick out of her nose and an oxygen mask covers her face. She lies very still. She's looking at something. She's looking at me, she stares deep into my eyes, and I swear I know those eyes.

"We're losing her Frank."

"Nine minutes John, she can do it."

Nine minutes left? Left for what I ask as she looks at me in pain.

Nine moments...nine regrets she tells me. If we had thirty she's sure she could give me that many...but we only have nine.

9. I thought all their names were Olga? Why isn't your name Olga? My real name is Anastasia but no one in Miss. Richards' list grade class could pronounce it so I begged my mom to change it to Anita. I tried to get her to change it on my birth certificate but that was left in Russia when we immigrated. "Immigrated," asked the other kids in my class, "is that a disease?"

8. It didn't help that my parents didn't speak English either. People kept asking my dad what our last name was when we first moved here. Not knowing anything except the name of his profession, he would proudly proclaim "Baker." Needless to say it stuck and the Bariskachovs became the Bakers. Great name for a twelve year old, huh? "Anita Baker." I swore to my mom that if any other smart ass in my class came up to me and asked why "I need a Baker" when I already was one, I was going to punch their lights out. She had no idea what that meant. For many years, her ignorance was my bliss.

7. I hated the way the dough would stick under my fingernails all day and how no matter how hard I tried, George Priar would find remnants of flour on my dress or in my hair. I hated being the dirty, chubby girl in class. I was going to be a teacher, go to college,

live in New York. I was supposed to take a different path, rebel against their iron fist. I never wanted to be a baker. I hated bakers. I stood up to my dad one day. I told him I wasn't going to sit back and watch my life slip away like his had. I got slapped across the cheek. I never spoke of teaching again.

6. "You'll adore him Anastasia. He is smart, handsome, RUSSIAN. You'll learn to love each other, just like me and Papa did."

5. On our wedding day he gave me socks. SOCKS? I thought. What the Hell is that supposed to mean. "I thought they would keep your feet warm in the winter on one of those long walks you told me about. I thought you would like them, I didn't know.... please Anastasia, don't be upset." My name is Anita. I already own socks. If he'd loved me he would have known that. If he'd known me he would have known that.

4. "She named her sons James, Sean and Mark. Isn't that just awful? How did I let her become so much like them? She has no respect for her ancestors. She didn't even have the decency to name one of them after her father!" I could hear my mother talking to my aunt back in Russia. Sometimes I think she forgot that I spoke fluent Russian. Had she forgotten all the afternoons that she dragged me inside, kicking and screaming, to go over my nouns and verbs? Maybe she had. But I haven't.

3. He was pleading with me. His screams were swallowed by the musty air and carried far from my distracted ears. "Anita, where is Mark?" "In the water playing with the other boys." I turned to see James and Paul sipping purple juice boxes under the yellow and white striped beach umbrella. "That's strange..... Mark!!" His head was bobbing just above the surface about fifty feet out. Another wave and he would be gone. I was helpless, pathetic; I didn't know how to swim. James dove into the water and pulled him out. "You better keep a closer eye on your kids ma'am," the paramedic told me, "you were lucky this time." I was a horrible mother.

2. I cried the day he died. Maybe my mother was right. Maybe I did grow to love him. I sure as Hell tried not to. Did I make him happy? Did he regret the day he promised my papa to move to the States and marry me? I shut myself off from him to hurt my moth-



er. Who was I kidding? I only hurt him. She had already won.

1. I hope they put Anita on my gravestone. Anita Baker: Death by Twinkie

"1....2...3, Lift."

"She doesn't have much time. She's fading in and out of consciousness Doc."

"She's flat lining!!! Code Red everybody, get her inside!!"

A tense crowd of doctors and nurses surrounded the stretcher and wheeled the motionless baker into the Emergency Room for surgery.

John and Frank walked slowly back to the ambulance with moist brows and sweat stains on their navy blue EMT shirts.

"She was hallucinating too, she swore there was another person in the ambulance. She kept talking to them sporadically during the ride over."

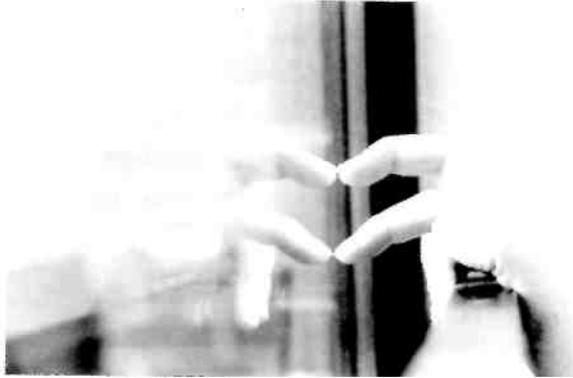
"She wasn't hallucinating John, she was talking to her reflection." John opened the back double doors of the ambulance and returned the stretcher to its place.

"Shit we didn't give the nurse this brown paper bag."

"I wonder what's in that bag anyway, the cashier at the 7-11 made sure I brought it in the ambulance. She said it was very important."

Frank peered into the bag and looked up slightly puzzled.

"Twinkies," he said.



Melissa Lane

Death REVISITED

Ross Losapio

A bullet fired from the maw of darkness,
Complete with eyes, claws, and a message from God
Scrawled by the feather pen of the demon.
Lost in the labyrinth, I keep the sun on my right
And the moon in my heart,
A wicked scythe of green cheese and fairy tales.
Night falls and the floor rises,
Collecting the incarnadine notions of my broken body
Drip-drop, absorbed into the fallow soil.
Just like that...
Sweet meat for the worms,
Chocolate by death, but the best dessert
Yet to come.

Twilight ★

Nicole Sieben

Early stars awaken
The rind of moon
That lasts for
One
More
Night.

The gloat of green
In the cooling sea
Is lost in the distance
As the twilight makes its apology
To the waves' loss of glimmer in
The setting sun.



Rain Worms

Nicole Sieben

Dig a path to solid ground...
Scratching their stomachs on graveled cement,
They encroach upon the outside world
And ready themselves for the exposure
They deserve,
They desire.

When the drops begin to form and fall,
They muster their contrived courage
And immerse themselves in the flood.
Prepare to stir trouble,
And upset comforts of sidewalk talk.

Some are stepped on or some stepped over
The single few in random places.
But in the spots
Where they banded together,
Their disturbances cannot be avoided.
Not ignored.

Shrieks can be heard or alternate
Routes taken.
The once perfectly cleared path,
Laid out for convenience
Is no longer present
Since the slippery conspirators
Have caused an upset,
Created a riotous demonstration
In nature.
In life.



THE ITALIAN TUTOR

Taylor Calderone

I turn around on the gravel
and go back to the house for a book,
something to read at the doctor's office,
and while I am inside, running the finger
of inquisition along a shelf,

another me that did not bother
to go back to the house for a book
heads out on his own...

—from "I Go Back to the House for a Book"
by Billy Collins

Angela grabbed her purse and began shoving things around inside in search of her keys. Wallet, checkbook, cell phone, pen, nail clippers, lip gloss, lotion, Advil, spearmint gum. But keys. Of course, no keys. She stopped her frantic search and scanned the room. She spotted them by the coffee pot. How she left them there she had no idea. Snatching them off the counter, she threw her sweater over her arm, slung her purse over her shoulder, grabbed her briefcase with the other hand, and tried to run out the door. She hated high heels. Her constant lateness and high heels just didn't mix. She made it halfway to her car and realized she didn't have her Italian book. Tonight was Tuesday, and she had her Italian class at the university after work. When she was fifteen, she was rummaging through the attic for a Halloween costume and found some of her mom's old college art history books. She

stayed, in the middle of boxes and clothes racks, for two hours, flipping through pages of Italian artwork. She ran her fingers over the smooth pages as if she were touching the paintings themselves. She kept bringing the book closer to her face, trying to pick out the details of the brushstrokes. That day she made a promise to herself that she would go to Italy to see the work there, in its original setting, not stuck to a wall in an American museum. Taking Italian was her part of her attempt to fulfill her promise—to make her think it was actually happening. Angela haphazardly ran back to the house. The book was sitting right on the window ledge by the front door. She grabbed it and tucked it under her arm, then started for the car again. She threw her stuff in the back seat. Her wallet spilled out of her purse onto the floor. Today was not her day. She picked the wallet up and shoved it into the corner of her purse so it wouldn't fall out again. She hated being late. She glanced at the clock. 7:32. She might have time for her coffee run and still manage to make it to the office by 8:00. Or close to 8:00.

Angela grabbed her keys off the counter, slung her purse over her shoulder, and threw her sweater over her arm. She bent down to pick up her briefcase, and as she headed for the front door, she saw her Italian book sitting on the window ledge by the front door. Right, she had class at the university tonight. She tucked it under her arm and went out to her car. She tossed her stuff into the back seat. She got into the front and looked at the clock: 7:30. Good, she wasn't as late as she thought.

Five out of six red lights. Just my luck, Angela thought. This always happens when I'm late. Even two minutes could make a difference often in this traffic. She pulled into the parking garage on Ellsworth Avenue. 7:52. She could make it to the Starbucks on the corner in time. It was right next to Enterprise Travel where she was an agent. Or at least in time to only be a few minutes late, little enough for no one to notice. She grabbed her things out of the back of the car. She decided to put her Italian book into her briefcase. She could review some vocabulary on her lunch break. Angela walked toward the elevator in the parking garage. She



looked at her watch. 7:53. She realized that she needed to look over some paperwork for one of her clients that was supposed to call at 8:30. She was planning a honeymoon for Greg Morrison, but it was all through his father, Sam. A surprise, apparently. That was one thing she hated about her job: planning honeymoons for people her age. Everyone else was getting married—but her. But she didn't want someone—just yet. She wanted to explore a little, to feel what it was like to wander without connections first, to go from train to train without being subject to anyone else's demands. But everyone else made her feel like she couldn't have that. It was time to find a husband—apparently. And everyone else was traveling, except for her. Ironic. The travel agent who didn't travel. But she knew French and was learning Italian, so if she ever went, she would be prepared. She opened her briefcase and pulled out the file. The elevator gave a high-pitched ding, and the doors opened. She closed her briefcase and balanced the open file on her forearm. She walked into the elevator without looking up. Sept. 26, departure, America West first class, seats 6 A and B. Right, right. She felt the gentle bounce of the elevator as it hit the street level. She kept staring at the file and walked out.

Angela continued to read through the file as she walked from the parking garage to the Starbucks. She had done this walk for three years, and she could do it with her eyes closed. As she approached the corner she opened her briefcase to put the file back in. She took her Italian book out so she wouldn't bend the file and slid it in.

"Ouch!"

Angela felt a twinge of pain on her shoulder. She stumbled to the side, dropping her book at the same time. She looked behind her and saw a man in a business suit running down the street. He's even later than I am. Could have apologized, though, she thought. She bent down to pick up her Italian book and saw a hand on it. She looked up. Two brown eyes stared back at her; a curl of hair hung down in front of the left one.

"Thanks," she stuttered. Her hand stayed in mid-air.

"Prego."

"What? Oh, right, prego. I mean, grazie."

The man was tan, full head of wavy brown hair. A smile revealed teeth so white that the contrast between them and his brown skin was striking—a line of shells in wet sand.

"Parla italiano?" he asked in an accent that sounded scarily realistic. He's a real Italian, she thought, intimidation rushing into her. She lowered her hand. "A little." She couldn't think right now, and really didn't want to speak Italian to an Italian.

He laughed. "Are you hurting? He hit you hard."

She was relieved he switched to English. "Oh, I'm fine. I think my book is a little worse for wear," she said, gesturing toward the book he was still holding. The back cover had a big crease down the middle.

He looked down. "It makes it look like a used book," he said. He smiled again.

"Right," she laughed. "Well, I better get going. Have to be at work in about three minutes, and I need my morning coffee."

"Indeed," he said. "Buy your espresso." He handed her the book. She expected him to walk off, but he didn't.

"Waiting for something?" she asked hesitantly.

"This office is supposed to open at eight o'clock," he answered, gesturing toward Enterprise Travel.

"Enterprise Travel?" Angela asked.

"Yes. I'm planning a trip back to Venezia. Venice, you say, right?"

He paused, but not long enough for Angela to answer. "I want to take a tour in Boston and New York before I go home. I am not enough familiar with the American travel system to go by myself. A friend said this," he stumbled, searching for a word, then continued, "agency or whatever, can help me."

Angela smiled. She didn't expect to get his whole story. "These agencies or whatever can help you. I work there."

"You?" he asked, pointing.

She nodded.

"I have to talk to a client at 8:30, but I can help you until then, and then if you're willing to hang around for about fifteen minutes, I



don't have another appointment until 10:00."

"Certo.. Grazie."

"Prego. Let me just get my coffee." She hoped he didn't keep switching back into Italian.

He nodded.

She walked into the Starbucks. The aroma of the ground beans embraced her. She breathed in like she was taking a drag from a cigarette. She glanced over her shoulder. He was leaning against the wall, one knee bent and his foot resting against the bricks. He had on khaki pants with black loafers, a red-and-white-striped collared t-shirt, and a grey sweater knotted around his shoulders. And the full head of hair. She remembered her Italian grandfather had died at eighty-one with a full head of stunning white hair and a striking bronze skin tone.

"Next." Angela saw the barista behind the counter signaling to her.

"Grande skim hazelnut latte, extra foam, no whip." It was her usual.

As she was waiting for her coffee, she looked at her watch. 8:01. Almost on time.

"Ready?" she said when she walked outside. He was looking intently at something, and she could tell she had startled him.

He turned. "Yes. Sorry."

"What were you looking at?"

"The birds. On the lamppost. They look like they fight over the top of it."

"You notice detail," Angela said, giving him a shy smile from the corner of her mouth.

"Sì," was all he said.

They walked one door down into the Enterprise Travel office. It was a large room—grey—with colored posters tacked to the wall. Most were of sunsets over various exotic beaches, and Angela had gotten tired of looking at them. She led him to the back corner where her desk sat.

"Giocco," he said, nodding at a picture she had tacked on the wall

next to her computer.

She looked down, slightly embarrassed, although she didn't know why. "My inspiration. I want to go to Italy and see some of the originals in their original setting. That's the reason for that," Angela said, nodding toward the book as she straightened up her desk. He looked at her, as if impressed. She looked back at him, then quickly interrupted their stare.

"So New York and Boston with final destination Venice," she said, sitting down and logging onto her computer.

"That's right," he said, sitting down in a chair on the other side of the desk.

And the sixth green, Angela thought to herself as she drove through the last intersection on the way to work. Had she been late, she would have hit all reds. Seemed to be her luck. At least today she would have time to get a coffee and look over that Morrison file before the office even officially opened. She looked down at the clock as she pulled into the parking garage on Ellsworth Avenue and was glad to see it was only 7:45. She took the elevator down to the street and walked the block to Starbucks. As she opened the door she noticed a man leaning up against the wall. Wavy brown hair, deep brown eyes, like dark chocolate. Tan skin, not like it had been forcefully browned at the beach, but as if that color just oozed out of his pores, like paint. Something about him reminded her of her grandfather. She looked back in front of her and saw the barista motion toward her.

"Grande skim hazelnut latte, extra foam, no whip." It was her usual.

She looked behind her out the window again. Ah, the hair. She realized that her Italian grandfather had hair like that. His had turned white, but just as thick. Full head of gorgeous white hair when he died at eighty-one. He must be Italian, Angela thought. "Grande skim hazelnut latte, extra foam, no whip." She heard her order called and went to the counter.

"Thank you," Angela said. The girl hardly looked up.

She walked out the door, tactfully glanced behind her at the Italian



one more time, then continued down the street to her office. She unlocked the door to Enterprise Travel, as they didn't open until 8:00 and the door was still locked. She had a couple minutes of peace. She walked to her desk in the back corner and set her stuff down. She glanced at a picture of Giocco's artwork that she had tacked to her wall. It was her inspiration to go to Italy, to see the art in person. Ironic that she, the travel agent, didn't travel. She sat down and pulled out the Morrison file from her briefcase. Time to plan the happy honeymoon, she thought bitterly. Someday, maybe, she would get to travel a little before society finally talked her into getting married. Someday. She took a sip of her hazelnut latte and opened the file. Sept. 26, departure, America West first class, seats 6 A and B. Right, right. She had everything ready for when Sam Morrison called at 8:30.

She heard the doors being unbolted up at the front. Angela looked back down at the file but was soon distracted by the bell at the front door ringing to announce someone's presence. She looked up, and he was standing there, the guy she had seen leaning against the wall out front. She began to back out her chair to help him, but her boss moved to approach him. He's all yours, Angela thought. That's better. She didn't need to get involved right now. First goal: traveling, then settling down.

"Can I paint you?" the Italian asked abruptly. Angela had just gotten off the phone with Sam Morrison and had called the Italian back over to her desk from where he had been waiting for her to finish.

"What?" Angela asked, startled.

"Can I paint you? I'm a painter, and I want to paint you."

"A little sudden, don't you think? I don't even know your name."

"Antonio." Then he paused. "It's not like that. I don't like you."

He stopped, then stammered, "No, I don't know you; I don't know if I like you. I did not mean to be romantic. I'm in America because of painting. My home is Venezia. Can I paint you before I leave?"

Angela sat, shocked, at her desk. She didn't say anything for a moment, trying to dissect his rambling. He was a little too forward. She didn't want something right now; she wanted to travel. And for him to be so upfront about it. A lot of nerve.

"Let's get to know each other first. Have a seat."

Antonio blushed, looked down, and pulled up a chair.

"Okay," Angela began, as if nothing had happened. "So leaving next week looks like the best plan for you, and you liked that 9:53 flight out of here to go to Boston first, right?" she said, reviewing what they had planned before she had to call Mr. Morrison.

"Yes," he said, still looking down. She could still see a hint of red in his tan skin and felt a little guilty.

"So what have you been doing here in America? How long you been here?" she asked, in attempts to avoid the awkwardness as she began punching numbers into the computer.

"I've been here two months. I came to paint. To try to get a job with painting."

She did like the way he spoke English, she had to admit. Some parts were very proper, and his accent made it sound so much more elegant than the American twang she hated. "Here? But Italy—"

"Is the center of art. People tell me this all the time. I am here to compete for a job to paint a mural for the entrance of the museum in Denver. The museum is new, yes? They pay me to fly here, then for me to stay two weeks."

Angela felt a twinge of guilt for her earlier reaction. Maybe he did just paint. She looked up. "Wow," she said. "That museum is a huge deal here. Always something about it in the news," she continued, trying to make up for what happened earlier. "You must be amazing if they flew you over here and paid your way." She was a little embarrassed and looked back at her computer to continue punching in information.

"Not good enough," he said. "They did not give me the job."

"Oh," she answered. "I'm sorry about that." She should say something else. "But that's still such a privilege," she said, looking up from her computer and giving a slight smile.

"I am lucky," he said.



"Why'd you stay?" she asked.

"To paint. I do not know when I come back to the States, and here you have something different for the paintings than home." He paused, then started again, "I live with a friend. He lived in Italy and moved to Denver five years ago. I am his roommate temporarily."

Angela ignored the latter part of what he said. "But Italy is so much more beautiful. Why would you want to paint here?"

"Not more beautiful. Different. I paint details. The details are different. Look at your mountains here. The snow caps on them. I could do one painting of snow caps."

Angela remembered him looking at the birds on the lamppost.

"Well, that's quite impressive, even if you didn't get the job."

"I did not get paid, but I have a place to stay. It's not bad. I like it."

"Were they going to pay you a lot?" Angela asked, then immediately apologized. "Never mind, that was rude." Then again, he had been abrupt, too.

"No," Antonio laughed. "I would want to know also. Yes, they were going to give me money so I could live on my own until I, how do you say it, I was established, yes?"

Angela nodded.

"I have enough money from the job I did before to go tour some parts of the States before I leave to go home."

"What was your last job?"

"Like this, but in Italy." He laughed. "I didn't have to travel very far like this time. The company here took my name from that job."

"Wow," she said. She had reached the point in her computer work where she was done entering the generic flight information and had to start getting personal information from him: his name, his address, his payment information. She wondered how to switch the subject back to the travel situation without seeming inconsiderate.

"Well, I'm sure another opportunity will come along."

There was silence, and he shrugged.

"Well, she said, back to this. So far I have you down to leave Tuesday of next week. That gives you five days here."

"Yes," he said.

She spent the next hour booking the flights, the hotel accommodations in Boston and in New York, and the rental car. When she was done, he smiled at her and extended his hand to shake hers.

She put hers out, then hesitatingly said, "Where would you paint me?" She wasn't quite sure why she asked this, or if she should.

She had never posed for a painting, though, and for now, it was the closest she'd get to Italian art for quite a while, she thought sarcastically. She laughed to herself at the thought.

He looked puzzled. "Well, there are some steps in front of the old bank downtown. Such a pretty piazza."

"Then you can paint me," she said, then felt rude and added, "That is, if the offer still stands."

"Of course," he said, laughing. "I am so very sorry about my words before."

She thought he was so cute when his English slipped into such a textbook formality. There was an awkward silence.

"If you don't mind my asking, though," he paused. "Why do you mind where I paint you?"

She was a little embarrassed, but answered anyway. "Well, I wanted to make sure it would be in a public place. In America, we have to worry about, you know, those things."

He laughed. "Oh, yes, in Italy too. But the culture is different. If a man asks you to paint him it's a, how do I say—flattery." He winked.

"Here too," she stumbled, trying to correct herself. "It's just—"

"I know," he said. "I tease you." He paused, then continued. "But if I have to leave in five days, we must begin. I can paint when I get home, but I need a sketch."

"I'm off tomorrow," Angela said.

"Eleven o'clock. On the steps?" he said.

Angela nodded. "I'll be there."

Antonio turned to walk away.

"Wait!" she called after him. He turned. "On one condition."

Antonio's eyebrows raised.

"That while I'm sitting on those steps, you help me with my Italian."



"D'accordo."

She smiled.

"Grazie," she said, smiling back.

When Antonio left, she tried to figure out why she didn't feel anything toward him, or why he didn't seem to feel anything toward her. She didn't want a relationship, even as interesting as he sounded. But to imagine a guy who wanted to paint her without his liking her. And why after the conversation with him did she suddenly feel comfortable speaking Italian to him, whereas not before? Some pressure had been lifted. A thought came into her mind. Gay. He's gay. She laughed a little, as this seemed like just an excuse, but then she ran over the morning in her mind. It did make sense.

Angela called Sam Morrison and double-checked all the honeymoon plans. She found him incredibly boring, and the whole time she spent watching her boss book a vacation for the cute Italian who had come in earlier. The morning proceeded as normal, him being the one-hour highlight of the morning.

"I didn't know what you wanted me to wear," Angela said to Antonio when she walked up to the steps of the bank that morning to find his easel already set up. "So I wore this." She had on a red halter sun dress that went down past her knees, and she spread her arms out in a semi-circle as if presenting herself to an audience. "I love it," he said. "The hat is beautiful. Where did you buy it?" Angela had worn a straw-woven sun hat with a wide brim that dipped up and down like waves. Her brown hair fell beneath the hat in wavy curls that caressed her shoulders. She felt like a 1940's movie star.

"Oh, some little shop a few blocks from here. No place special."

"What'd you call it? No place special? It must be someplace special."

She laughed. He was cute.

"You look beautiful," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, giggling. He certainly was forward.

Just said what he thought, when he thought it. Like when he asked

to paint her. She was still slightly shocked that she didn't feel the usual panic in her chest that sparked inside her when she thought guys were trying to start something too quickly.

"Have a seat on the steps. Be comfortable in your dress."

Angela sat on the third step, curled her legs slightly to the side of her so that they rested on the first and second steps. She leaned back on one arm and put the other on her thigh. The bank stood tall behind her, an old building in a bustling city scene. Angela had never noticed before what a contrast that made, despite the fact she saw the bank almost every day. Four marble pillars stood at the entrance of the building, looking tall like ancient gods who had watched many lives pass before them from their cemented positions. The bank wasn't a functioning bank anymore, despite the fact that everyone still referred to it as such. Angela was surprised at the fact that she really didn't know what they used it for. It wasn't abandoned, though. People still swarmed around it, sitting on the steps to eat lunch or just to pass the time. Today there were people scattered sporadically around the front and down the steps. "How's that?" she asked, adjusting her position slightly.

"Perfect."

He took out a pencil from his bag on the ground and leaned in toward his easel. "Now," he said as he gently touched the tip to the piece of paper. "You have a good complexion for painting," he said. "Olive-colored and smooth."

She tried not to ruin the "olive-colored" tone with a blush.

"Thanks," she said.

"Now why am I helping you with your Italian?" he asked, as if the previous comment was simply that—just a comment.

"I want to go to Italy. Remember? The Giocco piece. You asked yesterday."

"Yes, right. So you want to survive in Italy on your own. And why are you not there?"

"Money," she said. "I need a ticket to get there."

"Ah," he said. "I soldi. Un problema per tutti."

A problem for most of us, that's for sure. "Si," she said.

"Okay, what do I teach you?"

"I need to know how to get around. How do I ask directions?"



How do I order food? Here in America they teach you languages in a ridiculous order. I know how to say the names of animals, the names of furniture, but nothing practical."

Antonio laughed. "Il mio cane è sul divano."

Angela laughed. "Si, my dog is on the couch. That's about it."

Antonio smiled but didn't say anything for a moment. She watched his hand glide across the paper. His motions were so smooth, as if the paper were ice.

Without looking up, Antonio said, "Scusa, dov'è la metropolitana?"

"Scusa, dov'è la metropolitana?" Angela repeated, adjusting the arm she was leaning on.

"Bene."

"Now what did I say?"

Antonio laughed. "You just asked someone where the subway was."

"Useful," she said. "Now why can't they teach us that?"

"Because that, my friend," Antonio added the "my friend" for emphasis and coupled it with a heavy stroke of his hand. He stopped and looked at her. "Would be too easy."

She shook her head and laughed. "Yes, yes it would." She started thinking about what Antonio said. Most things in life usually weren't easy. Maybe that's why they were interesting. This trip to Italy, then, if it ever happens, will be very interesting, she thought. Their conversation stopped for a moment. Antonio looked intently at his drawing, as if he had created something that even he didn't expect. He shook his head.

"What?" Angela asked.

"I like your expression. Your eyes speak to me."

Angela laughed. An American guy could not have gotten away with this. "My eyes speak to you? What does that mean?"

"Maybe I am saying it wrong. I can see you thinking. You are thinking a lot about what you want. I see it in your eyes."

Angela didn't know what to say. She changed the subject. "Do you always bite your tongue when you concentrate?" she asked.

"What?" he asked.

"Your tongue," she said. "You're biting it."

"Oh," Antonio laughed. "Yes, I have done this since I was little. Helps me to think." He winked.

"I want to be able to draw," Angela commented.

"No, vorrei potere disegnare," he corrected.

"Oh, right. Vorrei potere disegnare," Angela repeated.

"Do you want to get coffee when I finish today?" Antonio asked.

"Not romantic," he quickly added.

She laughed. She knew that before he added it. Something about him just told her that he wasn't competing for her. "Okay," she agreed. "That would be nice."

He continued with the Italian lesson for another fifteen minutes.

He kept glancing up at her, and then he would go back to staring intently at his easel.

"Done!" he declared suddenly, raising the pencil in the air. "For today," he added. "Where is a good place to get some good coffee?"

"Well," she started.

"Not Starbucks," he quickly clarified.

"Okay," she laughed.

"I want real coffee, not Starbucks."

She smiled. "You Italians too good for American Starbucks?" she joked.

"They don't have the real stuff."

"Well, there's a cute cafe called The Fireside two blocks from here."

Antonio began packing up his stuff. He put his easel and his drawing paper under his arm.

"You don't have a car to put that in?" she asked.

"In Italy, we walk more than you do here."

"Hey, I walked here today," she said, giving him a nudge on the shoulder.

"You're a skinny American," he teased.

When they got to The Fireside they chose a table in the corner. He put his easel down against the wall.

They each took turns ordering at the counter. She liked that he didn't pay. That solidified his assurance that it wasn't a date.

"So what were you thinking so much about today? It gave



you that look in your eyes." he asked.

"Italy," she said, stirring her latte with a small red straw.

"You really want to go, don't you?" he said.

"I really do."

"One time in my life, I wanted something that badly."

She looked at him.

"I wanted to paint on a pier in San Francisco."

She laughed. "You could do that. Just go."

"It is not so romantic for you. You forget how far away I come from. It's the same for me to come here as for you to go to my home."

"You're right," she said. Angela hadn't thought of it that way. San Francisco was pretty, but she never thought of someone dying to go there like she was with Italy. "Well, how was it?" she asked.

"San Francisco? It was beautiful. Best trip I ever made. I went after the competition for the museum."

"Did you paint on the pier?"

"Right in the middle of it," he said, smacking his hand on the table. He smiled at her.

"You don't know what that feels like. To finally be in your dream, but in reality. You know what I'm saying, yes?"

Angela laughed. "No, but I hope I will soon."

"You have to go," he told her. "You have to. It's the greatest experience of your life."

"I know. I will," she said. "Somehow."

Angela didn't see Antonio the next day, but she met him after work the following day.

"I have something to tell you," Antonio told her without even turning around from his easel.

"Mmm-hmm?" Angela muttered, adjusting her dress.

"You're going to Italy on Tuesday."

Angela stopped.

She started to laugh, not sure what to say. Had she read all the signals wrong? Was he really interested in her?

"No, you're going to Italy. I can't go with—"

"No," he stopped her. "I'm not going."

She looked at him. She didn't know what to say. Was he giving up his ticket? She liked him, but she wasn't at the point to sacrifice something like that for him. That was ridiculous. Why was he doing it for her?

"I got the job."

"You got the job?! The one at the downtown museum? But I thought that one was filled."

"It was, until yesterday. The guy they chose first wanted something better. He applied for another contract. Too—how do you say it?—cocky. So they gave the job to me!"

"Well, congratulations!" Angela paused. "As for the ticket, it is too late for a full refund. I could get on the phone—"

"I don't want to refund it," he interrupted. "They won't give me much money. Take it. You're leaving on Tuesday."

"I can't," Angela pleaded. "I hardly know you. You can't give me something like that."

"What else will I do with it? The ticket is worthless to me."

The money, she couldn't come up with the amount to pay him back. "But I can't afford to pay you," Angela said, disappointed that the thought of actually going to Italy had seemed real—even for a second.

"Give me one-half. In payments. We will discuss. The contractors are paying for me to stay here in the States. I'll be okay."

Angela didn't say anything, just looked at him.

"You can thank me now," Antonio joked.

"I don't even know what to say. I've been wanting to go—"

"For so long," he finished for her. "I know. I know what it feels like to be you. Italy is your San Francisco." He paused. "You have no choice. I am making you go. Now I must finish drawing this. Sit down."

She looked at him. She knew she looked scared.

He laughed. "You will be happy later," he encouraged.

Angela turned and sat on the steps. In a daze, she stared straight ahead. At the easel, at his hand, at the people across the street.

She didn't know. She was going to Italy. On Tuesday. She had



to tell work. She'd have to quit work, depending on how long she stayed for. Where would she stay? How would she have the money to eat?

Antonio laughed.

"What?" she asked, suddenly realizing where she was again.

"The terror in your face. Listen, I called a girlfriend of mine. She rents out a bedroom in her house. She owes me a favor, so she will allow you to live there for two weeks. For free. After, you must pay. If you decide to stay, you stay." Antonio shrugged. "Or you could leave after two weeks."

Angela nodded.

"Thanks, Antonio. Thanks." She didn't even know what she was saying. She was in a daze. A total daze.

Angela didn't remember much of the rest of the day, or the next few days before she left. She couldn't figure out why Antonio was doing what he was doing. She knew he didn't like her, not in that way. They had developed a relationship, however much of one they could in a few days, but considering he was painting her, they had a fairly intimate basis for a relationship in the first place. Antonio finished the sketch of her after one more meeting on the steps.

"I'll paint it," he said.

"Will I ever get to see it finished?" Angela asked.

"That's part of your payment for the ticket. You have to tell me where you are. We'll keep in touch." Antonio stopped. He looked like he was thinking about what he wanted to say next. "Good friends stay in touch," he said.

Angela was relieved at this. She knew what he meant. The confirmation felt good. Maybe he was gay, she still didn't know. It didn't matter. She needed those words from him, to know that he felt something other than romantic attraction too.

"Well, this is goodbye," he said. "For now. Best of luck. Enjoy my country."

"I will, Antonio." She didn't know what to say. "Grazie, Antonio. For the Italian help, for the painting, for the tickets most of all. Grazie."

"Prego," he said.

She didn't know what to do. She started to turn, then stopped and faced him again. She quickly put her arms around him. "Grazie," she said again.

He hugged her back. "Enjoy yourself, Angela," he whispered, his head right next to hers.

"Ciao," she said, pulling away.

"No, alla prossima," he corrected.

"Right, alla prossima," she said. She knew that meant "until next time" instead of "goodbye." She began to turn around, then stopped again. He had started to put his easel away.

"Antonio?" she said.

He was bent over his supplies, but looked up at her.

"Good luck. I'll come back to see the mural," Angela said, smiling.

"Grazie." That was all he said. She turned around and walked away, wondering if she would ever see him again. I will, she told herself. I have to.

Angela worked at Enterprise Travel for the next five years. She started a savings account for Italy, but didn't go until she met Steve, a guy a friend introduced her to. He proposed on their third anniversary of knowing each other, and they were married in a year. She quit Enterprise a year later because her first child was on the way. Steve was an accountant, and he paid for her trip to Italy. They went when Chelsea, their daughter, was four. Angela saw all the tourist sights, and stayed away from small towns because she wouldn't have to speak Italian. After her class at the university, she had forgotten most of the vocabulary. They lived happily; she couldn't complain. He treated her well, and they had a beautiful daughter.

Angela called her parents after she left Antonio.

"You have to go, Ange," her mother said. "You've wanted to ever since you found my art book in the attic. As much as I don't want to tell you to go, you have to."

Angela knew her mother worried about her constantly, despite the



fact that she had been living on her own for quite a while.

"You're going to regret not going, sweetie," her dad said. He had picked up the other receiver.

"I know," Angela said. "I know." She knew she had to go. If her parents were telling her this, she knew she could sacrifice a few weeks to do it.

"But make sure you have the number of a hotel," her mother said.

"I don't know who this girl is, and I want you to have a place to go if you don't feel comfortable with her."

"Mom, I know." Angela tried to act annoyed, but she appreciated her mother's concern.

"You're never going to get this again," her father said.

Angela left on the plane on Tuesday. She felt like she was in a trance. Being used to such a daily routine, she didn't know how to react to being thrown into such a new situation. So she didn't. Her body moved, and she went with it—somehow. If Antonio could come to the States, she could do it. He seemed so comfortable in Denver, and he was doing what he wanted. Somehow, his apparent ease didn't work to calm her nerves. Antonio's friend picked her up at the airport. Angela wore the hat she wore in Antonio's sketch so that his friend would easily be able to spot her. She stumbled through her Italian to speak to his friend, Elisabetta, as she knew very little English. Before she had left the US, her parents had slipped what they called an early birthday present into her carry-on bag without her noticing, even though her birthday wasn't for another month. She thought she was too old, too independent at twenty-four to get such a big present, but she didn't argue. They gave her a check, enough to pay rent to Elisabetta for a month for her to stay.

She did stay. Within the first week, her body had found her soul again. She embraced the culture with both arms. She called work and quit after her two weeks' vacation time was up. She knew she wasn't coming home that quickly, and she knew she could find another job when she returned. She stayed for a year, after she met Carlo, a friend of Elisabetta's that she had just recently met. Carlo proposed to her within nine months, and she didn't hesitate to say

yes. She had never felt love before, until she found him. She had told herself she wanted to be independent for at least two more years, but she changed her mind after the fifth month with him. Elisabetta helped her get a job at a small dress shop, and Angela became fluent in Italian just by speaking to the customers. She wrote to Antonio after the first month. They stayed in touch through monthly letters, and she found that he had another contract in Cincinnati already lined up. He mentioned casually in one of his letters that he had a boyfriend whom he was living with, and he seemed very happy. She had forgotten about the painting, until she and Carlo arrived back in the United States for the wedding. Carlo said that he wanted to move to the United States eventually, and he said they should start their life there officially with the wedding. Carlo's parents came out, as did three of his close friends. For a wedding present, Angela got the painting in the mail.

"What's that?" Carlo asked when she opened it.

She realized she hadn't told Carlo much about Antonio, except that Elisabetta was a friend of someone she had met in the States. "Antonio. Elisabetta's friend. He drew this." Angela paused. "Huh," she said. "In fact, I never would have met you without him."

"Oh, you would have. It was fate," he teased her, wrapping his arms around her and kissing her neck.

"Maybe," she said. "Maybe it was all fate."





Lauren K. Bivona

Jimmy Legrow saved up his chances in life
Figuring that the bank of fate favored the conservatives
When writing the master plan.
He stayed with his steady 4.50 an hour job his whole life,
Never buying stock, even when IBM was 50 cents.
He never wore a white shirt while eating spaghetti
And always wore underwear to bed,
Just in case company arrived unexpected.
Jimmy Legrow second-guessed every move he made,
Wasting his whole life driving up and down the same damn road
Because he feared getting lost in his own neighborhood,
Until that one day when Bessie Sue drove up beside him
Chewing her gum to the sound of the radio
And fiddling with her dyed curly-blond hair
As Jimmy tried to ignore
Her big red lips and glowing brown eyes
That made every celibate man want to scream...
Well, Jimmy got Bessie Sue's number
Stuck the folded paper into the back pocket of his jeans and,
Feeling lucky, he went to the track and bet
Everything he owned on "Lucky Daisy."
When he lost it all, he could only smile,
Empowered by the sense of freedom bankruptcy brings
And by the knowledge that while he may have lost the shirt off his back,
He still had Bessie Sue's number in the back pocket of his jeans.



Amanda Licastro



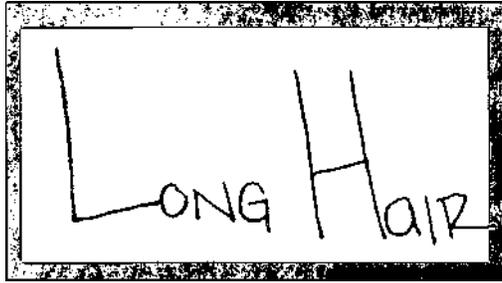


Lauren K. Bivona

On even the darkest of days
The shadowy clouds cannot conceal
The effervescent beauty seen in life;
Look not to the heavens
But to the rivers that flow below
The currents of love
The ripples of kindness
The white crests of humanity--
The very waters that guide us.

Appreciate the message of the journeying cardinal
Celebrate a birth, a rebirth, a new opportunity
Listen to the tales of the elderly
Accompany a child in his laughter
Embrace heartily the arms of another
Dive into life's rivers, for to immerse yourself in life,
To be enriched by the human spirit,
The fairy dust within each soul,
Is to find enlightenment.

The shadowy clouds may forever
Conceal the sun but
The heavens are insignificant
For truly there is more magic here on Earth.



Kinzee Ellis

Obsession: with the dark black shiny hair
-The kind you braid into a dangling rope;
Each hobbling strand freed by the wind. To wear

Short hair? Your poky ears cannot hide there.
All womanhood submerged. You'd always hope
To grow the silky stuff white girls call hair.

Your auntie said that if you said a prayer
You'd gather hair. So you became the pope.
Hair never grew. You'd never get to wear

Hair flowing from a whitened veil. Unfair!
Against the dwindling hourglass, you'd mope:
No sandy feet, no waves of blowing hair,

No running through the beach completely bare.
Eventually, you found a way to cope:
(When Persian girls cut off their hair, you'd wear

It, braided in or sewn into your head.) You'd care
Not that they sold it for a bar of soap.
Since yours won't grow, you know that you can wear
Their wages down your back; their frown your hair.



THE MEAN
SIMPLICITY: THE MEAN SWITCH

Kinzee Ellis

Do you know the power that's in the mean switch?
The switch where your hips bob, slowly, from side to side
As you walk. The men turn to plastic bobble-heads
Trying to game (pitifully!) in the oven heat.

Have you any idea the power that's in the mean switch?
Causing natural distraction, cars collide.
Insects escape to a man's mouth in midsummer.

Malvolio seeks to drop the "Mal."
He reeks of rehearsed goodness.
A politician's serpentine attempt has failed
Because you began the trap—
"What's yours is mine.
What's mine is mine."
Reality:
Men are dough.

Can you fully comprehend the power of the mean switch?
The peering eyes—numerous as the blinking stars.
(But the descendants will be none.)
Gaze briefly at his burning stars and tell him: dreaming is good.

AGE 20
(The IDEALIZED Portrait)

Kinzee Ellis

~Tuesday, June 1, 2004

On this day

I turn 20 years old. By now I know
how to get the sweet smell of peach cobbler percolating in
my kitchen. The operatic tones
of my choir-tuned voice effloresce. I love

my voice, wafting through the house while I cook lovely,
exotic dinners. Houseguests could spend the day
mesmerized by the white linoleum floors, seeing the tones
of their reflections, as though peering into the Nile. I know
that the jet black miniature sculpture of gazelles in
the living room, combined with the sweet

fragrance of white lilies, makes my suite
interesting. By now I accept - no - I love

feeling like a chameleon in
a midsummer forest. By today
my spear tongue is sharpened. I know
how to tactfully puncture any soul that flings dissonant tones

of voice at me. Usually, I speak in upbeat tones,
smiling through radiant brown eyes. My skin looks like sweet
potato pie. My countenance is always pleasant. I know



how to breathe whirlwinds of scholarly vocabulary; I love
speaking as eloquently as I write. Days
pass unnoticed when I journey within

many books. My library begins with the Bible in
my bedroom, its gold blending with the night stand's brownish
tones
of lustrous mahogany. I could spend the whole day
discussing Ruth, Rahab, Bathsheba, Mary Magdalene. Ah - the
sweet
lilac scent of my neon purple church outfit and lovely
matching hat. My necklace with the cross is no

fake. It is an 18 karat golden gift to myself. I know
where to gently place it after church: the jewelry box in
my drawer, next to the half top and leopard thong I love
to wear with low-cut pants, revealing my toned
abdomen. My girlfriends and I visit nightclubs, drinking sweet
virgin drinks, dancing like wild giraffes until 5 a.m. the next day.

At 20 I know to end each day
like a wading peacock, in a bubble bath of sweet
aromas. I love the feeling: holy water harmonizes (etherealizes!)
my tones.

Walking Through The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

Tori Woods

We were in the hall of human experience.
We were surrounded, pounded with images and sounds
of the greatest rock musicians in history.
So many of them are dead.
We marveled, felt humbled
in the house that rock built,
and the house that rock burned down.
We tried to tally the uncountable measures
of what drugs gave humanity,
and what they took away.
We tried to understand
the double edged needle,
the swallowing flames
as we looked at shards of a smashed up guitar
reassembled in a pristine case.
We couldn't avoid the questions:
Could Hendrix have rocked the anthem
without acid?
Could Kurt have tapped into our angst
without smack?
Would Lennon have dared to imagine Lucy
on his own?



After Words

Tori Woods

I see his lips still moving,
but my selective hearing kicks in
after, "Yeah, Mike Miller",
is spoken.

I'm sure he is telling me details
about the car crash that killed our friend
who was 20 years old,
whose name was Mike,
who had memorably empyrean eyes.

I walk down the stairs calmly,
wrapped in silence,
not even hearing my feet.

I step outside,
light up a cigarette.
I'm surprised to see
there's still a sun in the sky.

Gregor's Lament

Ross Losapio

In the concrete kingdom he was a jester
Until the boss-man yelled, "Off with his head!"
Human refuse now, shambling down the streets
Naturally lost in an unnatural world
A bug even children won't play with,
Cardboard carapace soaked through
With rain, blood, and cheap spirits
Paid for with sweat and gifts from cheap businessmen.
He moves from streetlight halo to inky shadow
Lost in the blink of an ignorant eye
And stuffed in society's leaky basement.



The Girl with Dali on her Walls

Ross Losapio .

There's a girl with Dali on her walls,
Prints of melting clocks and stilt-legged elephants
Tacked into the drywall
By her elegant fingers.
She orders the madness of the long dead
Artist's mind, squares the corner
So that the confusion is clear
And the nonsensical sense of his passion
Is skewed exactly as he meant.
Not an accident.
And when I see the girl with Dali on her walls
The tigers emerging from tigers
Emerging from fish emerging from pomegranates,
The spectral cows, and
The plateless plated eggs
Rage unchecked in my heart, no one
To make sense of my nonsense, to order the madness
Of my passion.
And I wonder, could I write the way he paints
Would she tack this poem on her walls,
Taking care to square the corners?

winter imitations

Laura Klebanow

I. Frosting on the sill was
December's chilly whisper.
In this spill of falling snow,
he first and finally kissed her.
She wore
Coiled scarves and woolen hats,
knitted socks, and mittens.
Though her face was mostly masked,
no matter: he was smitten.
To the eyes of passersby,
they were of generic face.
To our heroes, it was the briefest tryst
in that swirling wintry place.

II. The exact pressure of his lips and
the precision of his hips
are measurements worth remembering.
She keeps a record of detail
to satisfy the notion that
the feebleness of memory
will bow out to devotion.
The slightest motion of his hand,
On shoulder-tops, embracing and
Each miniature sensation
That his fingertips are placing
With both palms inwardly facing.
The loss of her recollection is
The curse of consciousness: erasing.





Amanda Licastro

He saw a hawk,
Something strange for suburbia -
my father, not normally
superstitious,
still took it as a sign.

So the next day we played
the spotting game.
Seven hours
from the Delaware
to steel country -

Minus one point
for each bag and branch
mistaken for a white breast.
We ended up even,
even after thirty.

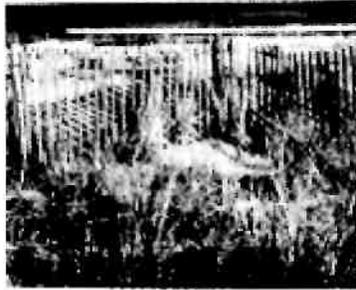
It wasn't until Dead Man's Curve
that the game stopped
and the Cleveland set in.

Peach

Taylor Calderone

It's like I'm letting you speak
by puncturing your skin.
Sinking my teeth into your
sunset-in-the-Caribbean palette
of orange red
summer yellow
to release that mist of smell,
so sweet,
like the first lick of vanilla ice cream
on the first warm day of spring.
What do you say there
as I walk with you,
a bounce in my step,
each time your juice squeezes out
and dribbles down my chin?
Secrets of your travels,
of your origins in the sunlight
that touched earth last spring?
Tales of another world—
of leaves and roots, water and dirt?
The dirt your juice spills onto now,
a sacrifice to the mother who bore you.
It doesn't matter what you say—
I'm not listening.
I'm slurping your sugary juice as I walk,
sweet like the rain water
dripping—
drop by drop—
off a yellow tulip that just opened its eyes.
I appreciate you,
your wet, succulent taste
a flood between my lips.
Please forgive me for not listening.





WELCOME STONE HARBOUR

THESE REGULATIONS ARE FOR YOUR PROTECTION

- SWIMMING AND OR RAFTING AT BEACHES ONLY.
- ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES. PICK UP REQUIRED.

Megan Gillin-Schwartz



Earth | Bessie Sue



KNOW
GUNS

LONG HAIR

DWINDLING HOURGLASS

DARK SHINY HAIR
BLACK

~~WICKED SCYTHE~~

APRE

death revisited

HIPS BOB

MEN ARE DOUGH

NARI

Wicked scythe

MALVOLIO

CH

TRD

CONTRIBUTORS

MUSICIAN

gioco? michelangelo? tintoretto?

~~angela~~
~~angel~~

angela antonio

venezia

Italian tutor

Dad

Beaujolais vintners

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senior fond of independent films, travel, a nice chilled beaujolais, Irish pubs, and rocking out to classic rock.

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Amanda Licastro

senior who delights in making homemade pasta sauce and admits to owning a lemon zester. English and Writing major, enjoys afternoons at the Evergreen with a book and a hazelnut coffee, dancing, jazz clubs, art museums and eating sushi.

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freshman Jersey native, enjoys Texas Hold 'Em, reading the works of Brian Jacques, playing Lacrosse, and an appreciation of the Dickcissel; a common migratory black-throated finch of the central U.S.

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paper #1 due Friday

revision due Wednesday

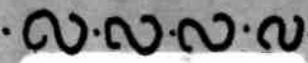
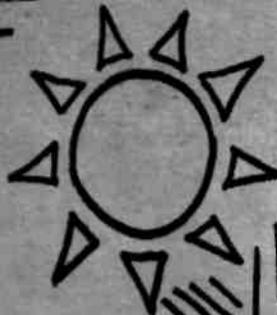
Garland

SOB

The GARLAND

read CHAPS

SENSED " FOR MONDAY.



LMG