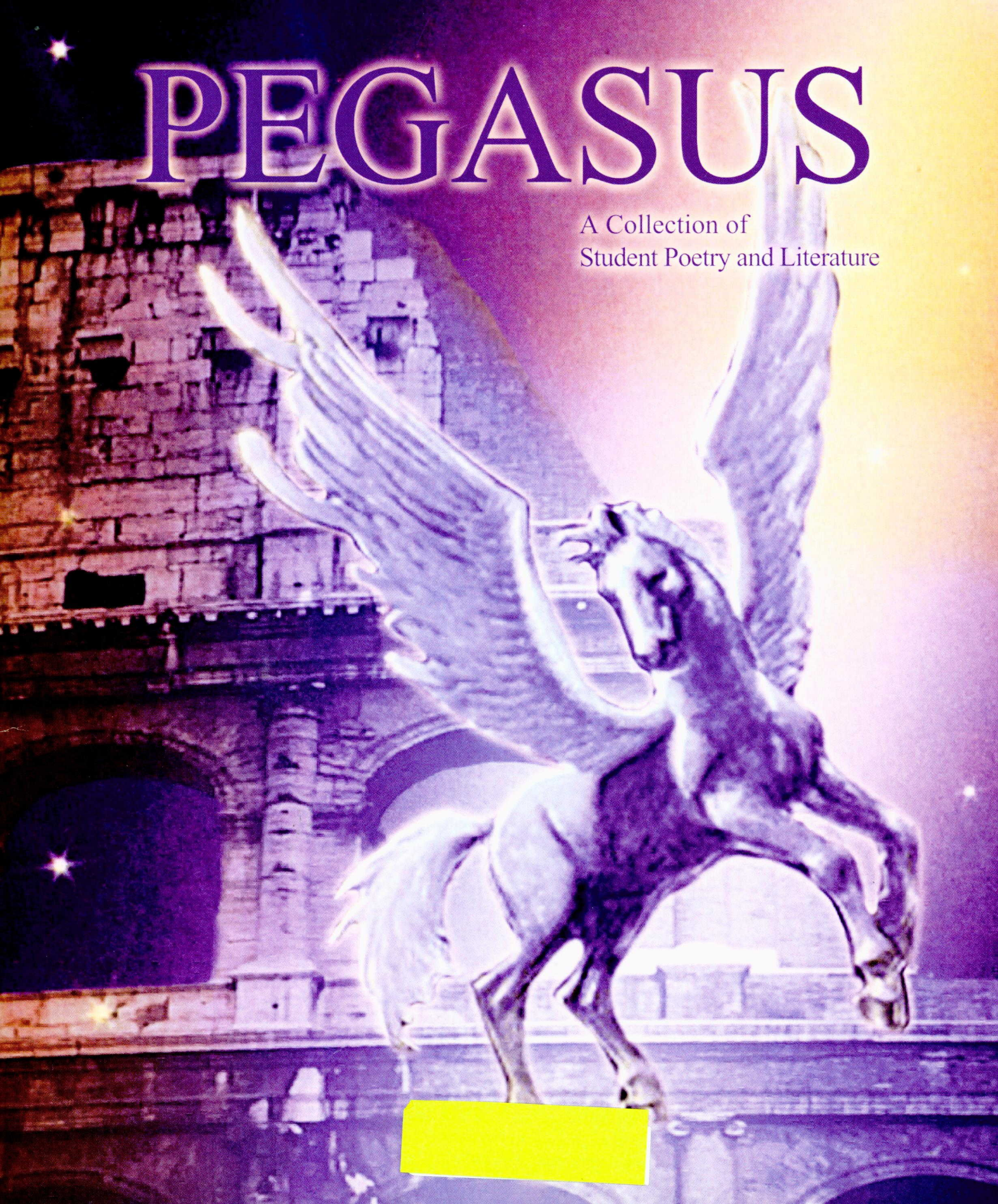


PEGASUS

A Collection of
Student Poetry and Literature



PEGASUS



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Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek mythology, was born from the blood of Medusa's severed head after the hero Perseus slew her. Legend has it that it was Pegasus' stomping on Mt. Olympus that caused the springs of water to form that eventually birthed the Muses. Thus, Pegasus has gone down in history as a symbol of creative genius.

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(untitled)

By Joseph Fortunato

I.

Initial blossom
Eye-catching
Allure of innocence
Closer, pulling forward
Pulling into, suffocating
But still smiling politely
Maybe,
But this is something great
At last secure
With another
Pull away, remorse
Retractions, reevaluations
Love.
Not again, not now.

Freedom of the spirit
Sole preservation
Cross out all other options
All of the above
d.
All encompassing choice
All compensatory
Freedom is an option
Spiritual preservation a myth
Don't listen, do it anyway
You never know.

II.

Return relieved
All ends cared for
Visualize her smile
Forget her annoyance
Good.
Don't be an asshole
No problem, never try to be
Always try not to be
No problem, no reason, ridiculous.
The truth now...
It's all lies, deception
Mind rape, illusory laughter
Your disguise.
Walk away
Return inwardly
Thank you.
Thanks for nothing.
Annoyance forgotten
Smile, forgotten
An Evil cackle takes root.
And it's all I can think of.

III.

True pleasure.
True beauty, she even says so
This is the spark
Ignite the moon
Until its home is blue sky.
Good morning, love.
Love in the covers of dawn
Holds me tight,
She's strong,
Complains of weakness
I'm a weakling
She thinks the opposite...
Truth?
Who knows...
Only can say how it feels.
Hello my love
Speaks the coven
Goodbye coven,
Hello love.
Non-commitment is no noose
Around my neck.
The coven would claim it to be a
Necklace, beautiful,
Cackling execution.
Feels like love
Running its fingers about my collar
It is pleasure,
And goodness
I wear it like a necklace,
Until the chain breaks, again.

IV.

There will come a time
And for it, I'll be ready
When all or nothing
Stares face to face
With life.
A life of love
A love of life; a Life
More important than my own
And as it's fast approaching
I do not want
To be hurrying up the pieces
To pick up its demanding pace.

I will be prepared
To summon up all that I am
To give all that I have
and stand as a man.

I've no use for these hands
I'll take yours instead.

(untitled)

By Lovely Thankachan

My mind and heart are so depressed today,
Why have they become so uncomfortable inside me?
It seems very difficult to pacify them today,
Why am I trying to suppress the feelings inside me?

I think I am in love! Is it love or something else?
I don't know what name I should assign it.
Now my mind and heart do not support me.
One by one, even my feelings have left me alone today.

I want to run away from all this.
But where should I go? The path ahead is hazy and dark.
Come and rescue me - I'm alone!
I need a helping hand just for today.

I'm even terrified of my own shadow.
My eyes refuse to see what I desire.
My emotions want me to accept the fact.
What's the fact? I really want to know what's going on inside me today.

Hey! Look what's coming.
It's my emotions, my desire, and my aspirations.
Oh no! They've passed by me and have left me alone once again.
Please come back. I don't want to be alone today.

I don't know why I've been dragged into this -
Where even my soul refuses to accept me.
Those invisible thorns are hurting me.
I've failed, but I accept, "I love you today."

An Addict Reformed

By Rachel Kenney

Innocent girl, playing free, the world at her fingertips.
As time roles on, there are problems derived from generous friends.
Pumping veins full of poison, disillusioned mind masking the truth.
The world too far to grasp, slipping through the spiral of darkness,
Sliding on the sweat of a fast pulse, closing doors along the way.
Now here she is - daddy's little angel fallen before me with broken wings.
I am left pondering, worrying, wondering:
Will broken cries become the voice that sorrow demands?
Despite the fact that her laughter is dying, the world lives on, or so to speak;
For the world has never lived before, except for my innocent friend and me.

All Alone

By Michelle S. Bucolo

I'm here all alone now that you're gone,
missing you more than you'll know.
I wish you were here to dry all my tears.
Why did you have to go?

When will you return? I can't help but yearn.
When will I see you again?
You say, "Not much longer." My feelings grow stronger.
Will I last until then?

Thoughts of your smile may last me a while,
But, Honey, that's just not as good
as having you here and holding you near.
I really wish that I could.

But I'm here all alone now that you're gone,
missing you more than you know.
Honey, please hurry back, and promise me that
never again without me you'll go.

Alone in the Dark

By Megan Buchmann

While hiding in the dark, I cry to be heard,
But to no avail - I sit alone.
I wait for him because I know he is the one -
The one who will make my dreams come true.
He is a man of sincerity and dignity;
He is the one who can put all at ease.

As I search for a way out, I hope to be found.
I hope he will come through and see me for who I am.
I hope that he can see how I care for him so.
I want this because I know he is perfect.
He always has an open ear for listening,
And he always offers a shoulder to cry on.

I find a hole and peer through it as long as I can.
I see him happy with the one he wants to be with but can't.
He wishes she would understand his feelings for her;
Wishes that she would have the same feelings for him.
He feels he goes through that painful feeling alone;
If only I could assure him that he does not.

If I could find my voice and speak,
I would only tell him what a friend told me:
"Smile because we are friends,
Cry because that's all we'll ever be."
These words are my life because I haven't the courage;
The courage to tell him just how I feel.

I retract into the darkness,
Still afraid to let him know how I feel.
So long I will wait, alone in the dark.
Alone, and patient, only until he can see
That the one who understands how he feels,
That someone is me.

Apology Letter

By Sarah Frampton

Sorry that you have to clean up our mess -
Oops. Guess we were too lazy to obsess.
Sure, we knew what we were doing by depleting -
Not conserving, not recycling - but it wasn't us we were cheating.
We all knew the danger that would lie ahead,
But what did it matter? In a hundred years we'd all be dead.
The ozone layer wouldn't affect us; toxins and chemicals couldn't harm.
We're safe where we are now; sorry you're left in hopeless alarm.
Maybe we should've thought twice about all the resources we discarded;
We drowned in the glory of our golden years. What? It wasn't worth all the martyrs?
Hey, *we* had fun! Uh, sorry you are suffering though.
But come on! You're our offspring - can't you dream up something nouveau?
Or won't you? Has desperation led to panic? Wouldn't that be tragic?
Can't you somehow muster up a solution to all this havoc?
Technology-Industrialization-Globalization-Information
All ruled our dying world as we bowed before Material Reformation.
Sorry.
We heard a rumor that it might haunt us in the end.
However, it's not making us lose any sleep; we're safe, we're spent.
But as for you...
Sorry.
You all are left with mistakes not your own.
Lucky us! You get to reap what we've so selfishly sown.
Sorry,
But then, we're heartless and don't actually care.
This is merely a politically incorrect apology
To the burden you now bear.

Beauty

By Ian Jansen

That which has a name already, could only be given another if in a genuine fashion... Beauty.
I stand before her in amazement.
She touches me and my thoughts explode.
She merely brushes me, and feelings engulf my entire being.

As she stares into me,
With eyes as deep as the ocean
and a presence that is beyond captivating,
Her disarming glare bleaches the very fabric of my heart.
I fall

With this love I have chosen a path not to be tread on again;
With this mistake, my pain grows.
Thoughts of what could have been run through the darkness of my soul -
A soul which once overflowed with light -

And a heart so very full of love
now falls heavy with sadness.

Recapturing all in a memory,

Reliving all in a dream.

Beauty's Sake

By Michael Scott McCaulley

I want to take a moment for beauty's sake.
I want to sit outside the bleak kitchen door of the restaurant
On one of the florescent yellow milk crates,
The edges cutting painful creases into my jeans.
I want to think beyond the persistent sound
Of the rectangular red exhaust system.
Steam rises softly from my orange coffee cup.
I witness a white horse and carriage, child-laden,
Pass by along 3rd street as the cars behind honk impatiently.
The wind rustles the weeds that line the iron fence;
The sun, today, is brighter than this month of November,
And the sky, cloudless and spacious, has never been so blue.

Between the Lobes

By Joseph Fortunato

Stare into the crevasse,
Navigate the cliffs of your mind;
Pry open your dreams
See what lies inside, there for you to find.
Find it for yourself.

At the epicenter of goodness
Lies the sharpest spot of the dark,
He realized as he sat daydreaming,
Staring at an inkblot
Is the truth really out there?
No, I'd have to disagree.
Truth is, it's in here,
Within you and in me.

Stare into the crevasse,
Navigate the cliffs of your mind;
Pry open your dreams
See what lies inside, there for you to find.
Find it for yourself.

Somewhere between these lobes lies
The camouflaged truth
All done up in trauma
And memories from youth;
Details strewn like leaves, down
On the road beneath a head
As you're standing face to face
With all the things you could've said.

It's a recurring dream that
You never can recall,
Interrogate your conscience
Push it up against the wall.
What does this mean to me
While I'm still awake?
Sit back, try to relax,
And see how long it takes.

Stare into the crevasse,
Navigate the cliffs of your mind;
Pry open your dreams
See what lies inside, there for you to find.
Find it for yourself.

Black

By Fran McGuckin

Stark Black against a gray metal sky,
Rapid beaten wisps cause a dizzying blur,
Convulsive spastic turns, EYESORE.
Breaking the comfort of a somber glaze
A stirring breeze.

With my tiny Pangaea broken, and my logic disturbed,
I wonder how long I have until my bleak retreat.
I'll take comfort in something else;
All I need to do is avert my eyes,
Everything will be just fine.

I can't tear my eyes away from this burden,
Staring transfixed at the mar in the perfection.
Analyzing the impurity of it -
Studying to find the source of the flaw;
Maybe the mistake can be erased.

I know it is a futile effort;
Imperfection is a constant.
I keep trying anyway; lose more of what I need.
All I need to do is avert my eyes,
EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST FINE.

The little creature makes me strangely stable.
The imperfection is at least honest,
A tiny scar on an otherwise flawless mask,
A break in a continuous line,
A pang of sentient reason.

I suppose it is necessary,
Something for an ethereal greater good.
I will fool myself for as long as I can,
Until it goes away.
Just avert my eyes and everything will be just fine.

Come in and Come Out

By Mohamed Fofana

Come in and come out
I will come in and come out
Like a sun.

Come in and come out
I will come in with my
African gown and shoes
I will dance and sing
I will jump and fly like
River bird and come out.

Come in and come out
I will come in with some
African things,
Try to act or be proud,
Some people will try
To put me down because
I am proud,
But I will just look at them
And say in my heart
You can't be me, me
I can't be you, you
God made you, you
He made me, me
With my pride;
For God's sake, can you
Let me be me with a smile
Like sunshine?

Come in and come out
I will come in the dark
And flash like starlight in the
Night.

Come in and come out
I will come in and come out
Like a rainbow on the sky
I will come in for you,
My little Sweetheart,
And come like a flash of light.
I love to come in and come out
Like myself.

The Cheater

By Sonja Kuehler

"Who is the cheater?"
This question I ask.
Does the yearning for love have to be forsaken
When the promise of devotion has never awakened?
Try as one may to forgive and repair,
Both partners are needed to respond and to share.
If one partner has no time or interest to give,
How is the other encouraged to live?
So where has the cheating really begun?
Is the neglect to nurture sign number one?
Communication, sign number two,
Lack creates loneliness, doubt and the blues.
Lack of respect, sign number three,
Creates hatred and distance, to fight or to flee.
The cheater is not the one who seeks more out of life
After attempts to connect are ignored through the strife.
The cheater is the creator of this partner to be
brokenhearted,
Who has neglected the duties of the vows, now departed.
And when another has fulfilled those lost expectations
Of the partner who has longed for a loving relation
Stands now accused of being the cheater
Why? Because now this partner's life is sweeter.
So, could it be, that the one left behind
Is the one who has cheated with no chance to find
This love that was taken for granted and never defined?

Creeping Jesus

By Michael Scott McCaulley

A homeless man walked
into my restaurant yesterday.
He made his way over to the bar,
creeping like a Jesus
He wore an over-sized black hat
a grizzly beard and old sunglasses
His build was similar to my own
except a few shades thinner.

He asked quietly if someone could spare a dollar
or if maybe someone had a little work for him
"I am trying to get straight," he said
His breath was enough to make me dizzy
I told him I was sorry, but he must leave
I had my job to do and that was that
The bar crowd laughed and jeered amongst themselves
He did not budge, so I took him by the arm
The bartender stepped in to support my effort
We lead him to the vestibule softly.

It was a bitter cold January day
The wind had turned his checks red-raw
His creased lips cracked, pressed tightly together
I told him to try to stay warm
but I couldn't stay warm myself,
The front door being open for only a minute
"Get off the streets and stay somewhere," I said.

Then he suddenly turned towards me and grabbed my hand
"God Bless," he said as his sunglasses bent forward
to reveal his piercing glance and complete face
It struck me so powerfully like the face of my father's
and for just that second I thought it so
I hadn't seen my father in several years
I have tried to stay away from his devastating destruction
Could this have been his fate?

My stomach dropped and my heart exploded
and it was just then that I remembered the man
had also asked for a glass of water when he first entered the bar
Would I have turned down my very own father, I thought,
from this very basic human necessity
What type of person am I, and what type of people are we?

"God bless," I said back in my Atheist sort of way
"I don't need his blessing at all," he said
And you know, he might have been right
"Go Eagles," he said, "They need God's blessing more."
I smiled silently as he closed the glass door
The phone rang from inside so I went in to answer it.

The woman on the line coldly inquired about a reservation
My eyes drifted back to the glass door
My Creeping Jesus stood outside
talking meditatively to just himself
and then, instantaneously, his life passed through
my mind's eye and I could see his mother
and my mother or your mother
And I saw him as a child crying
as a kid just learning to be
his fate twisted like all fates.

The woman snapped at me on the telephone
"Are you there?" she asked impatiently
I said "Yes, I am here. Sorry."
I jotted down her name and phone number passively
and then I thought, I am here, yes, but
where are we?
Who are we, really?

I hung up the phone and felt almost numb
I forced a smile as a bar couple asked for their table
I showed them to their warm corner spot near the window
as my Creeping Jesus stood outside, begging for change
now working on the other side of the street
I closed my eyes, trying for a moment to make sense of this world.



(untitled)
By Rachel Kenney

Heart and Mind

By Jade E. Pereira

The cool breeze blows a golden curl of hair into Heart's teacup. Fortunately, she recognizes it as her own and carefully sifts it out using the tiny sugar spoon buried in the naturally brown sugar. She could not help but doubt her companion's true intentions when the engagement was arranged. She has a history of being stood up and exploited, and each interaction with another seems to be a test of his integrity. Should he fail, Heart will relish as much as one can in recognizing a jerk before he can cause her more hurt than he just did. However, should he pass - show up for the date, call when he says he will, or mean the words when he utters, "I loved you" - there will not be any celebration in the least. After all, his true malicious side could surface at any point, even six months from now.

Heart keeps the time by tracing her finger around the delicately crafted teacup. Roman chariots and white stallions dance among the cluttered piece of artwork in a palette of light blues, pinks and creamy yellows. The matching saucer cradles a puddle of Earl Grey tea sweetened with honey, Heart's favorite. She has had three cups already, waiting for her chronically tardy companion. Thoughts of salvaging the rest of her day and leaving the small, charming outdoor cafe are entertained. In spite of this, she falsely pretends that if she did not want to wait for him, she would not. Yet she hardly fools herself into believing that justification, and it seems that the cute young waiter isn't convinced either.

Deep down she thrives off the drama of being mistreated. She sometimes looks for little things that can be warped into such behavior in others. On some level Heart is conscious of this dirty little habit, yet does nothing to remedy it. Her twisted premise is always supported by her assumed conclusion: They really don't care about her; no body truly does. With each new terminated relationship, the walls she puts up are reinforced. Heart becomes even more detached and void of emotion. Her self worth diminishes and she feels less significant and justified.

At this thought, her date makes his grand entrance. Prepped for this moment, Heart sets her glare on her teacup to avoid his ignorant eyes. Loud and charming, she can just picture the attention he is getting. She hears him slide out the ornate metal chair and seat himself across from her.

Cold and detached, Heart snaps, "Thought you would never show. I had just given up, assuming I slipped your mind once again, and was ready to leave."

Pleadingly he reaches for the hand still holding the dainty handle of the teacup, and begins his song of excuses.

Heritage

By George Sworn

I am boundless, endless,
Timeless.

I am the lone black-skinned African male survivor,
Born four centuries ago,
Who bore witness to the rape
And plunder of Our proud race.

I am He in a new land
Who cuts through His own flesh and bone
To flee into Freedom;
To fight for Freedom!

I am The One
Who dared not repeat history,
So I challenged the oppression;
I challenged the Oppressors!

I am All,
Who stare at our blue planet
While standing on another;
While remembering the Others.

I am boundless, endless,
Remembrance.

Dedicated to my ancestors and descendants whom I shall never know.

The Hollow Vein

By Andrew Chadbourne

Catch a glimpse of my metal face.
I was determined to find my inner space,
not through yoga or no tribal counsel,
Just give me a cat scan and a scalpel.
I'll show you my guts and the veins that left a
hollow stream.
A cut above the rest, a face from a dream
that I'll never forget. Her beauty was supreme.
She was wrapped in the rays of the sun; I can't
stare directly at the beam.
I had to read the headlines to know what I had
seen,
and to make sure that it wasn't a ghost.
All my friends said that love was dead, but I was
sure I felt a pulse.
She was pretty as all hell broke loose in an
instance.
Heaven didn't want to admit she existed
because she left creation timid.
For a blind man the havoc must have been a
chaotic bliss.
For the next few days it was as dark as an eclipse.
She turned towns to killing fields and the dead
were at peace.
The white light became the gates for my spectrum
and my goal to reach.
But I couldn't stay mad
because she was all I had.
She quickly became a monster's bride;
I was Jeckel with no place to Hyde.
There must have been a twister on the hollow
ground our love did meet
because it was raining cows and sheep.
The aftermath was something bitter sweet.
Just then I felt the shifting sand,
under the rumble was a broken corpse of a lamb
to symbolize the sacrifice of more than just my
upper hand.

I may not know much, but I know my rank.
My face staring blank,
knowing that this shit will never last
and everyday wasted was a stepping-stone on my
path to the past.
The trail was something faint, and every bone was
out of place.
She wrote signatures on my case
that gave name to my restraint.
There is no light through my dreams; I sow my
clouds together.
You can spell it out with your varsity sweater.
L-O-V-E, four meaningless letters but as a whole
they mean control;
she tried to break me to something that could
never fit the mold.
I dodge the arrows of the follies,
and rock my Clark Wallies,
stick to my dark hobbies,
and smooth out the kinks
of a chain gang where I was the only link
that contented her, and she did the same.
Once the flood was tamed,
but now we've lost blood from the severed vein.
I tried to find a sink,
and what I felt it pained me to think;
Drained my ink,
that lead me to confess
I took a stop bath in progress.
I sharpened my pencil until the point became a
splinter from the casket
where our love was laid to rest.
I leaned over her body as we drew our final
breath.

I Can't Stop Thinking About You

By Regine Geffrard

I am thinking about you night and day,
even when my world seems dark and gray.
I am thinking about you when the sky is blue;
Boy, you stick on my mind like crazy glue.
I am thinking about you when I take a break at work,
trying not to think about the things that make me irk.
I find myself thinking about you when the sun is very bright,
wishing that you are truthfully Mr. Right.
I find myself thinking about you,
truthfully thinking about you.

I get lost thinking about you by my way,
even until your days of old and gray.
I get lost thinking about you once a day,
thinking about you all the way.
I find myself looking for you on the days that you are gone,
not noticing that I am all alone.
Now you got me doing more than thinking about you,
because I am surely dreaming about you.
I can't stop thinking about you all the more,
slowly but surely you're holding the key to my door.
I can't stop thinking about you,
I faithfully can't stop thinking about you.

I Know How You Feel

By Melissa Samuels

Things are so complicated for you.
What are you going to do?
I hope you learn to live with your mistake,
And I hope you're not hurting your heart.
Things, in time,
Will be fine.
Just sit back and relax today;
Everything in due time will be okay.
Need an ear
To hear your tears?
I'm here,
Show no fear.
No matter how she crushes your spirit,
Stick in it,
Don't lose hope,
Don't cry and grope.
I know how you feel.

In Favor of Experience

By Luke Stromberg

I have been trying to understand
The spectacle of life,
The motions of God's eternal hand,

But the scholar I'm becoming is a hopeless seeker
If he takes his solitude to heart,
For the tweed jacket must be tutored by the sneaker.

Love is not what is shown on magazine covers;
Their glossy pages can't contain
The true and dangerous lives of young lovers.

The babbling language of the brooks
Cannot be fully revealed
In the yellowing pages of my books;

This icy distance must find a way to melt
Through the heat of experience
For the truth of poetry to be felt.

And so I turn my tired eyes from the violence of the front line,
And know I can never truly mourn
Until I feel every loss - every death - as mine.

Yes, I think I'm finally beginning to see
What every student must eventually:
That I cannot wait for the light to shine on me;

I must seek it out in the places that it hides -
In the muddy trenches of the human war -
Where the burning heart of life resides.

In Honor of My Good Friend Steve

By Rita J. DiAntonio

Steve, everytime I think about what happened to you, it brings me to tears.

I say to myself, "How could you get yourself into this mess?"

You were such a great person with a bright future.

I know we haven't chatted for years, but you still were my friend.

I'm saying this because you will always have a place in my heart.

And I know that one day we will be together once again, as friends, like the way we were.

Insomnia

By Fran McGuckin

I lay, but I do not sleep.

I thrash and turn with what weighs upon me.

My mind still whirls with insatiable needs,

And I am left wondering why -

Why my haggard rest brings no fruitful dreams.

My head pounds in incessant rhythms,

I can swear that I feel the pulse in my veins.

Heat rises from my body,

A sheen of sweat dampens my brow,

And I blindly stare out into the darkness.

When whispers of dreams do come,

They bring terrible and savage visions;

The scenes make me cry for the waking world.

But the waking world gives no relief,

My demons pursue me into the day.

There is no rest,

There is no True Awakening,

Just this unpalatable Terrain Between

Where haunted thoughts and reality blur

In a pursuit of a goalless quest.

I could try to hide away, try to *ignore*,

But I can feel the deceit,

Coursing through me like slow honey

As it shouts out the problem

And begs for an answer.

I Will You

By Michael Scott McCaulley

Sometimes while I'm riding the early-morning train,
making my long-distance commute to work,
I tire of reading my serious books and sit weary in the weight
of the daily tragedy that stuffs the shuffled newspapers
which lie scattered on the floors and sit shoved uniformly
amongst seat cushions and elbows and jittery thighs.
In between the cacophony of muffled talk, medical advice, and the occasional laughter; between
the incessant intervals of cell phones ringing to Chopin, Beethoven and
Let's Go out to the Ballgame,
sometimes, I try to just sit there and Will You.
It is not a Jedi mind trick but something subtler.
I might look at a woman reading a trashy novel and think:
"Close the book, now!" and I wait impatiently to see if it worked.
Even if minutes later she happens to close it; I feel that I've succeeded.
Daily magic I try to perform on the burly man who plays loudly
some annoying song on his headphones as I sit behind him thinking:
"Shut the goddamn music off, now! Shut it off, now!" Nevertheless, he
usually just ends up changing the radio station to an even more annoying one,
the volume now louder and increasingly more corrosive.
How cunningly I sit and think: "You obstreperous, over perfumed woman -
you do not want to sit next to me. Sit in the next aisle, now!"
And sometimes, suddenly, she moves. Perhaps she can just feel my vibe.
I will never know.
But sometimes, when I am really in tune with my skills, I practice
even outside the metal body of the train.
It is not my stop, yet but I see a female beauty walking off onto the platform and I think:
"Turn around and look through the bullet proof glass at me.
Look, now!" And when she does, I am quiet with pleasure.
A quaint grin covers the lines of my tired face.
I just sit there, relishing my powers when "I Will You."

Jason's Poem

By Taryn Lyle

I remember
broad days
staying up all night
presents and kisses
childish secrets

I remember
bridesmaid's dresses
long goodbyes
silence and crying
the pain
hatred never neglected
but I refuse to forget
smiling saying
I love you see you later.

The Last Time I Saw You

By Sarah Frampton

The last time I saw you, broke my heart. I remember it was getting colder; it was around Christmastime, and everything around me seemed barren and broken that night. The world was at peace, covered in silence by the snow, and I was doing fine... until I bumped into you.

You looked relaxed, happy, satisfied, and full of life as you talked among friends. At first I couldn't bear to face you and I hid, like someone stricken, behind a corner. My stomach was a twisting, turning knot and my head was pounding full of nerves. Nothing about you appeared to have changed, and so with a confidence not unlike the old me, I stepped from around the corner into your view.

Eight months earlier, when I'd step into your view, you would have rush over - lost, drunk, and in love. You once gravitated towards me without control. But the last time I saw you, I stepped in your direct line of vision, and you glanced over but somehow didn't really see me. It was as if I'd turned into a miscellaneous extra on the set of a movie. I blurred into my surroundings and your eyes didn't focus. The last time I saw you.

I walked around the bend and, when passing you, I caught your best friend's smile and wink, so I smiled back, my stomach in a twisting, aching knot and my head pounding like a drum. He (not you) said hello. He (not you) made me feel like a person. You merely stood there, car keys in your left hand and coffee in your right. The last time I saw you.

Finally you did glance up and our gazes clashed against each another. At that moment, it hit me and I just knew. It pierced my heart as it once did long, long ago. The *first* time I saw you I had felt that sudden rush, that sudden jolt of knowledge. I felt the stunning, sudden passion spark and ignite between us. The first time I saw you, our eyes locked and we connected. But this time was different. The same rush of realization, but instead of me getting struck by desire, I was bombarded with a new truth: You were over me.

The brown eyes, that had once been warm and brimming with compassion, had morphed into silver slivers of ice. The connection our eyes once had was shattered, scattered, and torn. The last time I saw you.

You hesitantly headed over to me; not drawn unconsciously, but rather forced unwillingly. You couldn't talk, you said. You had to run. "It's important," you lied.

The last time I saw you I tried to laugh and be all smiles, overflowing with positive energy as I had always done around you. But you gave no reaction to all my usual actions. With my stomach in knots and my head screaming with frustration, I reached out and silently said goodbye. I looked away and wished that your bitter face wasn't visible to the aching, breaking me. It was at that

moment, in between my pathetic, fake attempts to flirt and my saddened smile that you began to walk away. Rudely and suddenly, you left me with only one lie to hold on to.

The last time I saw you, I followed you to the door. I begged you for closure, and you smashed all that I had once held sacred into my depressed, broken face. Quickly you bolted through the swinging glass doors, never looking back, even when I called out to you, "Never forget!" You called back, "I remember everything perfectly!" And with that you walked on, shoulders steady, facing only the future, not seeing our past or me. You were so brave, so determined.

The last time I saw you broke my heart, my hopes, my dreams, and all that I once was. But maybe that's what you intended all along; to break me, I mean. Well, congratulations. You succeeded the last time I saw you.

So, our story is complete. I have now become a closed book to you. You've read all of me. In your mind, I am finished. You'll avoid picking up my "book" or glancing at my pages to reread my story again. I'm finished, and there was an ending. The last time I saw you.

Perhaps, someday - years and years and lifetimes away - you'll recall me. Something will remind you of our lost love. You'll rent a certain movie, only to unfortunately remember you saw it with me. You'll catch a scent of perfume in the air and won't be able to place that scent with *her*, and suddenly you'll remember that it was me that smelled like romance and roses, or freesia and sunshine. You'll be walking down the street and see an innocent, blue-eyed lady with a big smile and an honest face, and you'll wonder why she looks familiar, and you'll remember...

Those tiny shards of memory will haunt you occasionally. But at the end of the day, when all is said and done, I'll only be the memory of a book you once read. I'll stay on the shelf of your mind, gathering dust and disintegrating into nothing. I will stay there, untouched, unrecalled, unwanted. For one time, long ago, you "read" me. I wasn't *that* captivating. You made the ending as abrupt and painless as you could - unromantic and unemotional, without real closure - boring, so that it would never again pique your interest. You'd never have to read it again.

The last time I saw you I realized it was over/complete/finished/done. You turned and walked away, and I stood still for a minute or two watching you disappear. Tears ran from my eyes, my stomach was in knots and my head sliced pain throughout my being. The last time I saw you.

Unlike you, the ending wouldn't dissuade me from ever rereading our story again. I'll read and analyze and nit-pick until finally I, like you, will be able to walk away. We'll hope; we'll see.

Painful. Heartbreaking. Disillusioning.

What a meaningless end you've made it to be with no tears, or apologies, or true promises. No looking back, not even for a moment, to remember all that we once lived for. It was merely, simply, an end. *The last time I saw you.*

Limits

By Melissa Samuels

Limits hold you back
From doing what you want.
Boundaries are fences you look at
And wonder why they hold you back,
Like a tiger in a cage.
Fences can protect you,
But also let evil in.
Nothing is certain,
Nothing is sure.
Don't always believe your eyes;
Listen to the whole story.
Don't be a fool,
But the man that loves and listens.
Stories can be lies,
Lies can be stories.
Don't start stuff you don't
Intend to finish.
Look upon limits as fences -
Sometimes you can hop over them
If you jump high enough.

Miles to Go

By Fran McGuckin

Fly, Fly, Fly away
To worlds unexplored
And drink full a nectar of Life
Fire
Reach with a will you did not know you possessed.

Homage, pure and unscathed.
A feeling, a beat, a pulse
The noise of the untamed wilds
A maddening, screaming freedom
The taste of the acrid desert wind.

The road runs away behind you,
Long hours and long miles
Talking, sleeping, thinking in shifts
The beauty of the southland unfolds with the morning sun.
Stop. Turn. Look. There lies the West.

Plan shifts - get dropped
Fuck it. Just blaze and explore
See the real America
Towns too small for progress
Cities of towering spires, steel and glass;

Towns powered by there own remote culture
Cities that froth with a tumultuous, relentless blend
Places of History
Places of vibrant Human Electricity
A beat, a pulse.

Take it all in.
Feel your place in the pattern you have stumbled upon,
Drown in it, fast as you can.
Try and taste all that there is
'Cause now it is time to turn around.

Leave with an empty feeling
A burnt out, sleepless, devoid, binge
A hollow drumming
The rhyme to the road is broken,
The beat beyond comprehension.

So comes the return,
With nothing lasting
Nothing to keep.
No beat.
No pulse.

And I start from where I began,
With hopes diminished
Dreams deluded
Scarred wings,
And new problems to fester over.

This is the Road,
Running tirelessly to catch up to you.
I thought to travel on it;
It traveled through me
And left me on empty.

Passing By

By George Sworn

Life is out there -
The spirit of constant motion -
It has no enemies,
And, makes no friends.
It is relentless;
It will give you the world,
It will inspire your dreams,
Or it will eat them both;
You must decide.

So move,
The page of excuses is full,
The tears are dried,
Stop watching television,
Close the refrigerator,
Get out of bed,
Come out of the house.

Read Shakespeare; write a book; learn a new language; start a language; keep a journal;
Taste chocolate insects; throw out something old; join a club;
Help at a charity; paint your passion; quit smoking;
Tell others you love them; listen to a dream;
Watch a sunrise; dance in the ocean;
Scream; climb a mountain;
Ride a bike; plant a tree;
Pick up litter; help anyone;
Demand a raise;
Write the President;
Fast for two days;
Go water skiing.
Laugh.
Vote.
Cry.
Dream.
Whatever you decide,
Make it happen!



The Matchmaker
By John P. Havelin

A Poem From a Man in Hiding

By Luke Stromberg

I hid in the shadows of the trees,
With their bark turning black with disease,
Before a sea of blue resilience
And a sky of gray expectation.

I hid my face behind my gnarled hands,
Too ashamed to face the failure of my best laid plans,
The denial of my deliverance,
And the constant humiliations.

I hid from the world and its list of demands,
From the murmuring crowd sitting stunned in the stands,
With their drinks unattended to,
And their cigarettes burning down to their fingers.

I hid behind my desire for solitude,
But a woman tapped me on the shoulder and said I was rude,
And being well aware of what I was required to do,
I told her, "It is a desperate man who malingers."

Simple Pleasures

By Jade E. Pereira

The pebbles wiggle irritably beneath my boots, grinding and crunching as I walk towards the barn. I can already hear the rustling sounds of horses shifting in their stalls, confusing my arrival with their breakfast. I step up onto the threshold and stand there for a moment, letting my eyes adjust to the dimness of the barn. Snorts and soft nickers mingle with the pitter-patter of the rain against the stone walls, and I am drawn to the security and shelter of the barn. The temperature seems to drop, penetrating my fleece and nipping at my skin. I make my way through the maze of stalls, each occupied by a curious being.

The lingering smell of hoof oil and new leather greets me at the entrance to the tack room. Neatly swept and dusted, this tiny area is cluttered with horse supplies. Saddles and bridles of all sizes and disciplines hang suspended from the wall opposing the doorway. Large wooden boxes and neon plastic bins line the wall on the left. Carelessly tossed at the base of the bins are a few pairs of boots flaking dried mud. The wall to my right is crammed with shelves holding a variety of horse essentials. Neatly placed in the corner are my saddle, bridle, and tack box full of grooming equipment. Quietly, I retrieve these items and carry them to her stall.

My anticipation builds as I reach her stall ornamented with the gold rectangular plaque inscribed "Willow" and the ribbons we won together. Bolted to the outside of the stall is a metal saddle stand where I carefully position the cumbersome saddle and bridle, setting the tack box just beneath it. I begin to unlatch the hinge of her stall and step inside, coaxingly calling her name.

I spot her dark figure facing the window looking out over the northwestern part of the property. The light streaming in from the window creates a luminous silver aura outlining her silhouette. I am hesitant, not wanting to disturb this divine spirit.

Softly, she turns her head toward me, acknowledging my presence. A soft nicker from her prehensile lips and the snort of her velvety nostrils articulates both affection and curiosity. Her movements, though powerful, are graceful as she approaches me. In awe, I watch as the muscles in her back and legs flex effortlessly. Her sweet, untainted eye meets mine, and for a moment, we become suspended in time.

The straw scattered about the ground is noiseless as I bend down and begin to groom her. Her slick chestnut hide smells of salty sweat and hay dust. I run the brush down the length of her body, tracing the poetic curves and slopes of her muscles. Beneath this delicate thin layer of flesh lies more than a thousand pounds of well-conditioned athlete.

After grooming her, I reach for her saddle, carefully lifting it onto her back, positioning it just over the withers. As if reading my thoughts, she lowers her head and allows me to easily slide the bit into her mouth and the bridle over her ears. The rhythm of her hooves meeting the ground echoes through the barn as we exit. The rain ceases, leaving a shimmering crystalline gloss over our surroundings, creating the ambiance of entering a freshly painted canvas. The brilliant sun is helplessly tricked into highlighting the silky contours of her body, giving the illusion of an earthbound heavenly creature. My hand glides across the firmness of her chestnut hide. She lowers her head sweetly in anticipation of a ride. Effortlessly, I grip the flowing reddish mane that spills from the crest of her neck and swing myself into the saddle. With the vision of rolling hills in the distance, we ride off, filling this moment with endless possibilities.

Solitude

By Michelle S. Bucolo

I sit here now in solitude,
wondering at my solemn mood.
A rush of crimson floods my face
as I sit and stare into space.
My arms shiver as though it's cold,
while I remember days of old.
My yesterdays, they were so grand,
when you would come and take my hand.
Of all I knew, you were the one
with whom I had the most fun.
Whatever happened to those times
when you'd compose romantic rhymes?
I relish all those years gone by;
I tremble and begin to cry.
It's hard for me without you here;
Please return soon and dry my tears
With your soft touch that melts my heart,
And let's no longer be apart.

Stellar Disturbance

By Rachel Kenney

My wants have created a stellar
disturbance,
My needs could rock the worlds;
My ambitions would unsettle the stars
Just like any other girl's.
Dear man on the moon, observing the night,
Open some eyes - let in the light
I find myself revolving,
Your gravitational pull draws me near;
I find myself evolving,
A stellar disturbance now clear.

Sweatshop

By Joseph Fortunato

Salty taste of perspiration,
Ear wrenching life,
The daily routine.
I would read of civilized man's betterment
If I could.
Newly developed abilities
to excuse his inability,
and lack of skill.
Touch of a button,
and you're there.
Poised on the cutting edge
leaning over the precipice
with a grappling hook counterbalance
snagging deep into my spine.
Pull me along as you lean further,
how I only wish to live,
but I cannot account
for your bombardment of tentacles.

The Systems Theory

By Jason DiFilippo

Think ecologically -
Consciously -
Certain people ahead of their time
never easily relate to the current human life;
They understand:
Mathematics dictates the symbolic language
of nature
because the world lives as it fits into a tightly
woven web,
everything from grass to the awe-inspiring
Jupiter
came into being as a consistent mass of electrons
in the universal connect.

We are alive -
Somehow -
We have the tendency to exist;
The atoms (universally connected)
and their sub-relative particles
control this unending distance.
What makes it if we think of creation?
Does any of it compress to the point of
imagination?
A point of light appears because we measure it
and the mass expands;
We seek it and it appears.

Think ecologically -
Consciously -
Individual notes form the relations that combine
to invent pitch.
This pitch expands to create a congruent chord
that expels the needed information to
understand harmonic conversions as the
consistent basis for understanding life.

We are the abstract in a cosmological family;
Physics and poetry reveal their nature as one
within one -
one with the ceaseless flow of energy that gives
us the ability to create,
the knowledge to destroy,
to wonder,
and to reject
(Humans are the superlative models of chaos).
As the universe expands,
we come to the question: What is life?
A system - living self-organization -
all is part of all,
interconnected.
Maintain -
live as an individual to understand the whole -
and we continue
to ask:
What is life?
Become self,
aesthetic and transcendent,
evolve, revolve,
create a new worldview that supports ideas
embedded in a destiny of our own possible
generational growth (conscious evolution).
Think of the future one heart at time;
For it all comes down to feeling.

Where are the John Lennon's when we need
them -
the love for life,
the push sustained by a common energy -
the common thread
that exists in the individual mind?

Together

By Carl Gunlefinger

Lying next to a seamless dream, I am face to face with all that has entrapped me for years.
She's asleep in my arms, and I am pulling her ever closer and further into my world.
We lie together to drift and let time make us one.
Softly caressing the beautiful lines that trace her neck, as she awakes the slightest bit,
the gentle touch of her hands meets my nervous fingers.
She slowly grabs hold and I can relax.
I pull her even closer to rest my head against her brow.
With our eyes only centimeters apart and transfixed upon each other,
our lungs begin to fill with the other's breath.
The closeness and comfort is portrayed as she angelically falls into my lips.
We are one; two bodies sharing a common need for each other's soothing touch.

Waves

By Nick Pentzell

Tongue in knots, tied by a sailor of troubled seas,
My words remain shipwrecked in soundless isolation.
Thoughts wash up and I sift through brackish ideas
In search of a conch.

Found, in my hand it makes music,
Blown long and hard.
Across oceans it sounds:
A siren's song,
The aching cry of a gull
Windswept, windward,
Misapprehended far from its source.

On the beach I loose
Calypso peals from the shell
Splashing through the soul like a breaker
Pounding pours in salt spray,
A sound that penetrates and heals
Before it ebbs away to silence.

What They Think About Us

By Mohamed Fofana

They think that we live in the jungle
We climb trees and mountains
We walk miles and miles without shoes
We shower because of the rain and the river
We are only protected because of animals
We fight tigers to become men
We wear animal skins for clothes
We are not smart enough to
Do anything that we want to.
But I think they just don't know the truth about us.
They don't know how we live
And they don't know what we do
And they don't know what we have.
We can speak as many languages as we want
We can dance and sing and pray
God can protect us
We can climb trees and mountains
Because we are from the Motherland.
The Motherland is a gift from God
And we have
The father of the mountains
The mother of the rivers
The son of the trees
The daughter of the farms
The brother of the animals
The sister of beauty and pride
The culture of the spirits;
And me
With the diamond in my right hand
The silver in my left hand
My eyes shining like stars
And my smile telling them
That we are proud to be from the Motherland.

With Every Breath!

By Jason DiFilippo

With every turn it seems to be necessary
to disconnect,
re-enlist the fabrication of discord
and personal envy for further construction,
when the oldest method overturns the perch that we stand on -

It's time to build a platform on energy and peace -
peace comes when the power ends
the day stands still and it's in our will to destroy
only to re-invent the first feeling we had
(when the moment has come to pass) -

It's time to live
it's time to breathe
it's time to exist
it's time to feel truly free -
I truly feel free only because I choose to speak.
This is our day and we own the right to fight and live!
But we have to REMEMBER that

THIS IS
OUR TIME
TO SPEAK UP,
STAND,
AND
SPEAK OUT!