

Point of View

1991-92

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Eugenia Makowski
Inner Sanctum
Wood, wire, & foil

****Winner of Ray Mills Award**

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***Winner of the Vivian Stewart Award**

*****Winner of the *Point of View* Award**

*This year's edition of **Point of View** has been fortunate enough to be able to feature poetry by a member of the Harper faculty, Ms. Annie Davidovicz. Because of her great enthusiasm for the art form, she has been instrumental in bringing to her students the great works of other poets, new and old alike. We are honored to include her work in this year's edition.*

Chokecherry Woman

1

Your tires claw through miles
of gravel as we move closer
to your friend's farmhouse.
Thirsty for something, we pass
an abandoned cafe.

Finally, we reach her—the woman
whose muscles are the first thing we notice
and whose silver teeth, the second.

She is the one who met God
through a tipping bucket
of chokecherries. We go for a walk
and taste them. I search for halos
floating over black,
stone-concealing skins.

A lame cow lounges on the shore
of her pond. We examine branches
weaved by beavers, and trace
the precision of teeth.

2

In an old truck, she drives us
through the fine, thick brush of weeds
toward sacred ground.

She has felt vibrations.
Arrowheads hide here. We find none,
but she finds many. Their fragile transparency
catches the sun beneath her squinting eyes.

She warns us,
“Don't pick the weeds, they keep
the earth from bleeding.”

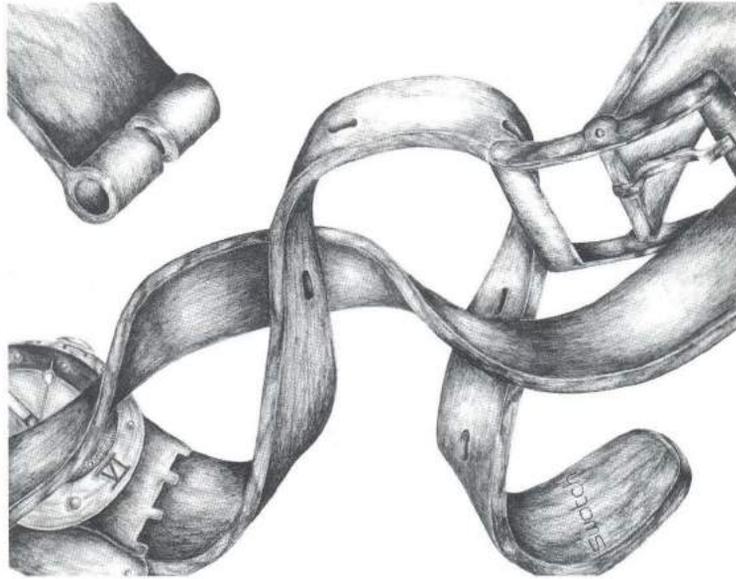
3

Back in her small kitchen, we have dinner:
tuna salad on white bread. We leave her,
the biologist turned farm wife, wondering
what causes her to opt for this life. We pass

a field of sunflowers.
The thick-stalked buds begin
to haunt us—
one minute, a thousand maned lions yawn,
the next, a thousand gaunt soldiers lean,
faces peeling away.

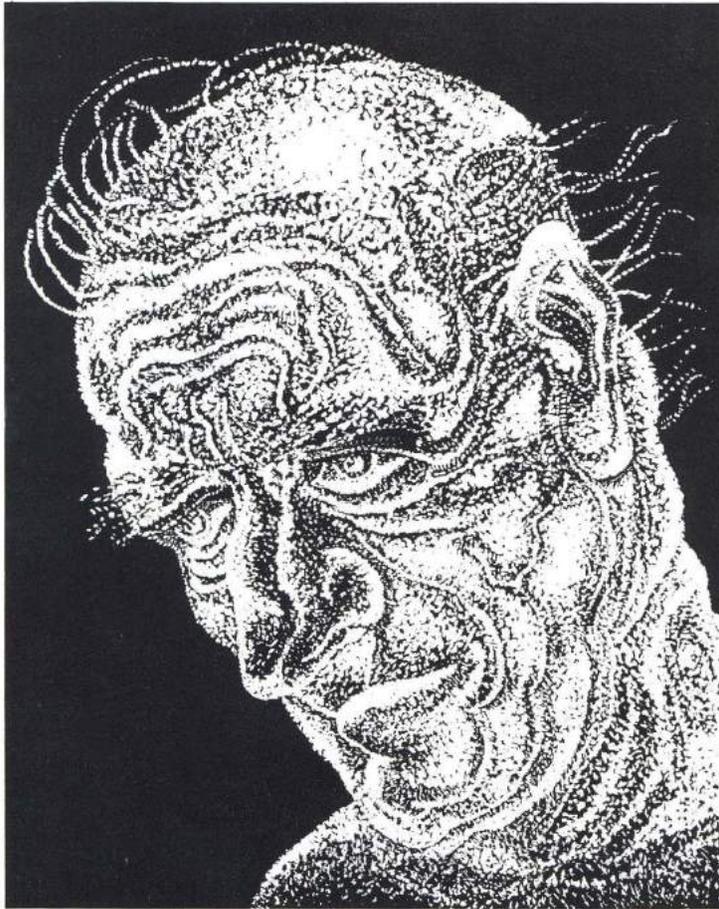
As the sun begins to halve into sunflowers,
the sunburned forehead of a woman
shades her land.

Carl Malchow
Twisted Time
Pencil



Kevin Finnerty
Floating Carpet
Linoleum Print





Carl Malchow
Untitled
Oil Crayon

Inevitable Endings

Your scar curves a river
beside the outer corner
of your eye. Away from your body,
in the emptiness of this city,
I move. The sadness
of single wings. The bodies
of birds caught between grates
of metal bridges chill me.
Conventions of the stages
of love—a kiss too short, a touch
unnoticed. Shadows cut
the snow all around me.
I make it home, but wake
to the sound of a pan
clanging to the floor
and the tail of a black cat
lighting my throat.

Annie Davidovicz

Our Fathers

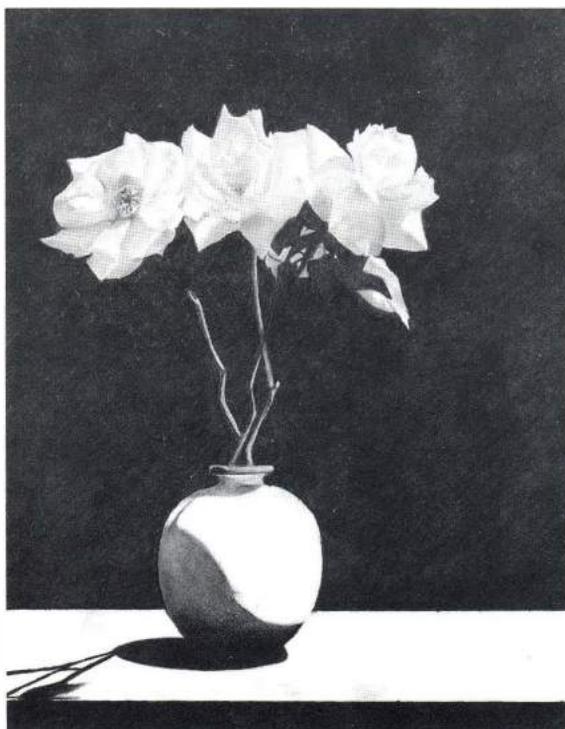
for Joan Dobbie

Our fathers are dying.
The roots of the spider plant
hang waterless for days.
The cat's belly is full
of worms. I have broken
my glasses, and branches
blur into bare sky
leaving no lines.

Hearing of your father's death
makes me think of summer,
the first time I visit home
after the funeral. I slept
in his bed, the same bed
where months before I held
his penis for the plastic bowl.
Catheters hurt too much.
During these cold months,
this private place became familiar,
as touchable as soft palms,
as dry rivers of skin between ribs,
as open, as beautiful.

No matter how much we love,
death heaves into our homes
and pins us all—
 hands against panes pressing the fog of breath,
 hands beneath earth waking to bone—
to shadows of random sky.

Annie Davidovicz



Mike Skura
Study of Light
Pencil

Kitty's Furlough

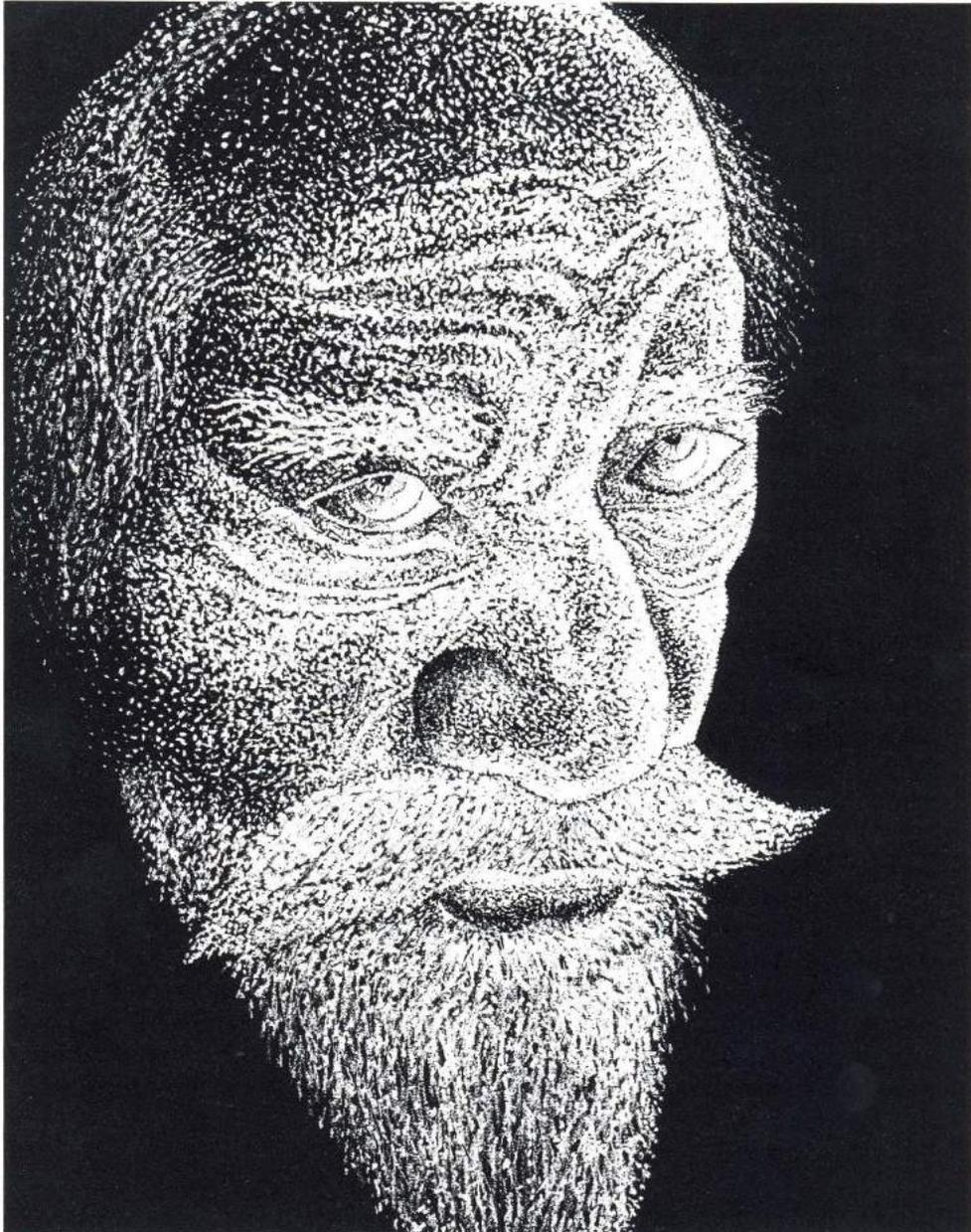
She fits
into the ghosts well:
the old moan
of the lazy susan
enters her pretty breast
and diffuses
and warms
and unwinds like
hot cider
thru her middle
when she is sad.
The old moan is flowing
down and tingling
and making her feet
feel well shod
in the knowing of having
done this before.

She is crouched
and she knows the moonbath
is for her
and the woolly mammoth
that is the willow tree's silhouette
lumbers in place harmless
to her and from her
across the blue milk floor.
Her ghostly hand hovers past
the salt cinnamon vanilla
and brushes sshhhh the odd
mothballs
and she has the raspberries!
at last hidden
where her mother
would never find them though
they are warm as chewed gum
they are all for her
and she eats them all.

She left her lover's words sewn
with the rusted knolls
between Palatine and Gross Pointe.
She knows those words
strummed and bullwhipped
her back and her father's London Fog
will soothe the welts.
She eases and molds
into the sleeves
into the smaller softer bones.
Her hair is bowl-cut
and the Fog drags across the floor.
From her unfrayed hands sunk
deep in the sleeves she knows
her lover is none
and she is knowing
knowing
she is home.

Scott Lumbard

Carl Malchow
Untitled
Oil Crayon



Sand Man

I.

She awoke to find him standing over her, dressed like a doctor in a sterile green robe with the mask and everything, except he wore sunglasses. He always wore sunglasses, or something to hide his eyes. That's how she would always remember him doing everything, his eyes behind some sort of shield. She knew not even his eyes could look upon such things without a filter or something because they would burn and melt like the eyes burned and melted when they dropped the bomb to end the war.

II.

She tried to struggle but it was no use. He had her tied to the bed. Her arms stretched out above her head and her hands were lashed to the headboard with one leather strap. Her legs were secured with a thick chain that joined her feet at the ankle then looped under the bed, back down to the headboard where her arms were tied.

III.

A surgical blanket covered most of her naked chest. It left only a sliver of her pink adolescent flesh exposed that ran from just below her neck down to her naval.

IV.

He started with a scalpel; running it from the v at the top of her rib cage to the bottom of her sternum. He let the blood pool for a moment and then got a butter knife. He used the blunt rounded tip of the knife, scraping at her sternum with it till he had exposed the white bone tissue. Periodically, he stopped to wipe off the red lumpy flesh that clung to the blade. She screamed and writhed like some boneless, electrocuted serpent.

V.

Her alarm went off at six thirty just like it always did and she got up out of bed to get ready for school. She went through her closet looking for a shirt to wear. There was a knock at her door; a second later her father poked his head in and asked her if she had seen his sunglasses. She pointed to her dresser where they had been left, arms folded out. He picked them up, thanked her, and walked out. She pulled out a black sweatshirt. It was supposed to be warm that day, but she needed something with long sleeves to cover the cuts on her wrists.

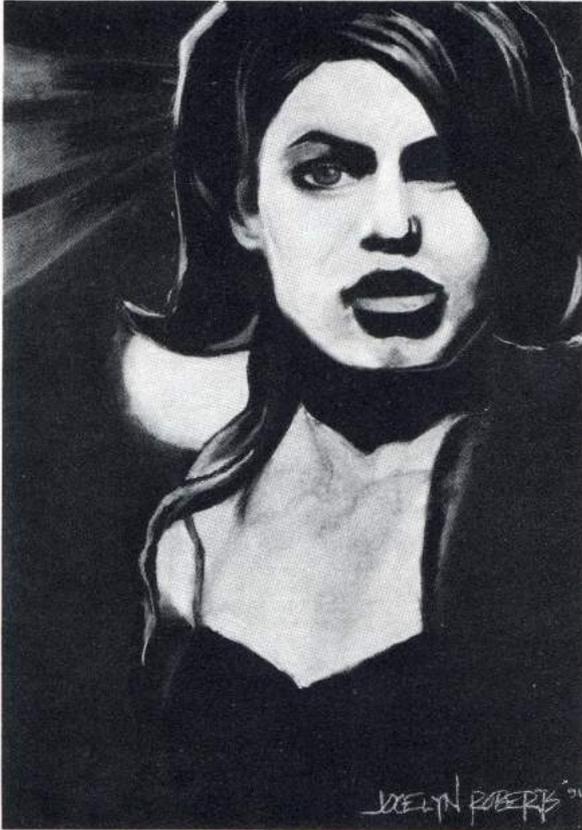
John Dufford



Kevin Finnerty
Delight of the Equestrian Rider
Linoleum Print



Kevin Finnerty
Blind Temptation
Linoleum Print



Jacelyn Roberts
Obscurity
Charcoal Pencil

Pigface

Red strands
of hair
breathe over
her face.

Today
I remember
the eggs we threw
at the house
at the corner.
I didn't even
know them.

Yesterday
I thought of
the rings
on your fingers
and how
I envied them,
wanted to be one!

Pigface!
You made
me real.

Christopher Kane

Those Already Enlarged of Descent

Frank is forty-two as he spills
of spilled aorta-holes. He must
keep still, T-shaped, bonded by rags
to the bedrails. He falls
faster than most. There is
nothing the whitecoats can do.

My job is to bring his food, his last
nourishment, hung every twelve hours.
The bruised-yellow water is called
hyperal, and it pisses into his arm,
slowly, from a thin, sterile tube.
Frank is too hurried

to note the irony, so I laugh,
we laugh, and we croon, roughly,
The City of New Orleans to worry
the handless, downcast faces
of the nurses, tending to more hopeful
limbs, only a red light
and electronic belch away.

We are lunatics. He howls,
unashamed that his baying quivers
his fragile metronome, gasping more
out than in, wanting boredom, wisdom,
but losing. I am doubled over, breathless,
taking his pale hand for support.
He says I appear to have dry heaves.

He confides to me his feeling
of having nothing beneath him:
"Those already enlarged of descent," he hoots,
"empty from gravellous ledges, free
from the loose earth and dreaded
slippery rung." I wipe the joyous tears
away from his face.

"And occasionally pair-off in mid-air," he croaks,
"to discuss descension, and the onion-eyed
growing smaller from above. You—
you are my falling comrade."
I had always suspected myself of descent.
I want to hear more,
but I am alone, having drifted out
upon a high, pine-colored beam, wading
in the moon's foggy backwash.
With the smallest breeze, the Mormon Bridge
creaks, moans me on. I empty slowly
from the beam, something gray, content,
becoming evanescent, ashing my way
down, slow, slower still, lowering
towards the Missouri's passive, withholding
cadence, all parts spiraling away
from the cold reality of a failing body.
In the small place I used to be,
there resounds, without regret,
a pulsing laughter, laughter, laughter.

Scott Lumbard

Cowboy's Confession

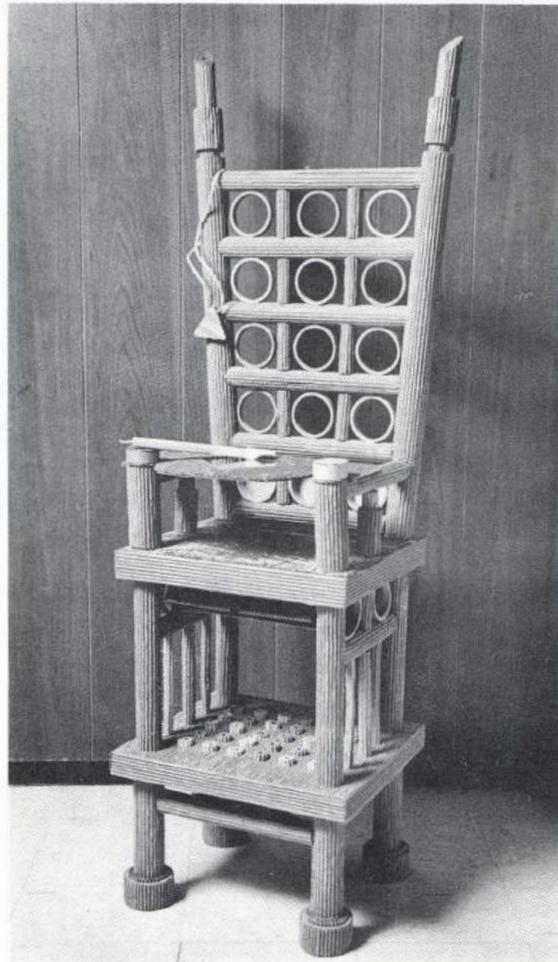
I—, I—,
I's a kill't her.

Stuck her in my mouth,
Like chaw or jerky,
Then sucked her dry (Umm, Umm, good).

Then— Then,
Spit her out all—
All wasted and used—
Spit her out on the dust.

John Dufford

Eugenia Makowski
Anna's Secret Chair
Cardboard





Elizabeth Raef
John Lennon
Ink Wash

Black Tree

Black tree
tapping here
at my window pane
scratching jagged twigs across
my window sill
pointing stark branches like bone
waving shapeless shadows
on my wall
twisting thick leafy vines
around my rain gutters
lurking waiting
outside the glass
until I
draw the shade.

Leslie Whyte

In Home Shopping

It's been only minutes since the bed stopped rocking; minutes since they were twisted together like angry spoons, moaning out at the proper intervals, each thinking about anything but each other.

He had been thinking about a girl he knew in high-school, Mary Jo Finez: legs forever, hair mottled with all the colors of autumn, and a box that fit him tighter than any has since. He loved her once; he thought he was over her but he finds it strange, how all of a sudden those intimate pieces of her: legs, hair, cunt, creep into his head and make him feel like she never left him—as though no time had passed—as though he could open his eyes and she would still be there, hair straight back, matted with sweat and her eyes half open, as she mouthed his name.

For her things were different. She wasn't thinking of an old boyfriend; she never thought about men during sex; she thought about herself: her thighs, her abdomen, her ass. Was she too soft, too wiggly, too short, too rough, too smelly? Most times, she didn't even feel the sex part. It was as though her body short circuited and all that was responding was her head. She worried too much, and this was her charm.

"I am not gonna' ask you if it was good—I mean, that's so 'eighties,' besides, I suppose that if it hadn't been good for you, you would have said something or stopped me, right? Right?" As she speaks she wraps the sheet across her breasts and pushes it between her thighs. The sheet gets wet.

"Huh?" he asks, shaking his head slowly back and forth. As long as the lights stay off, his fantasy of Mary Jo needn't die—this could be her, he thinks, just a different body with a slightly different voice. "Oh yeah, good. Sure."

"I guess it really doesn't matter. Opinions are all so, so . . . relative, ya' know what I mean? Whaddya' say we put on some lights and watch a little television before you go?"

He just can't have the lights come on this soon. He's not done with Mary Jo yet: The hair, those legs, that slide . . . "I dunno. It's getting pretty late and all. I really sould be getting home . . . feed the dog, shower and all."

She purses her lips and thinks awhile. "Look, ummmm. I don't know how to say this, I mean we don't even really know each other but—well, I really would appreciate it if you stayed for at least a little while. Really. We could turn on some lights, some t.v. and just talk. By the way, you didn't think less of me because I wanted to do it with the lights off, didja'? I mean, I'm just a little shy at first, what with my size and all. Then again, as the old saying goes: 'You can't really tell till you've made it with an X-L.' Do you think I'm fat? I'm not, not really, not if you think about it. Just big boned. Wanna' watch t.v.? Please?"

"Well, like I was saying, it's late and I've really got so much—"

She hits the remote controller and the t.v. comes on too suddenly, too loudly. Like a shock, it bathes them, bathes the room in blue-gray.

"Caller? Are you there? Hi, what's your name? June? Well howya' doing tonight June? I see you just couldn't pass up this wonderful, phenomenal, special tonight. And you know, June, if you use your fantabulous coupon book you save an extra 20% on our already low, bargain bottom prices. So June, why don't you tell us all what you're going to do with your unbelievably useful Weenie Mister? By the way, June, I'm sure you're aware that the Weenie Mister is wonderful not only for steaming franks,

but it also has countless other uses. YES IT DOES, June! Why you can even use it on small scarves and handkerchiefs. Just pop 'em in your Weenie Mister and in just minutes you are beautiful and wrinkle free. Did I mention that it makes delicious franks? . . ."

She pulls the sheet even tighter around the tops of her breasts. The sheet binds and forces the skin just above it to fall a little over the sheet. She pokes at the flesh nervously with her index finger, hoping he isn't looking at it. "D'ja ever watch this? I don't know why, but I love to watch it now and then. It's kind of soothing in a redundant way, although that hostess does talk to the people as if they're deaf and stupid, repeating and repeating the same things. . . on the other hand, it's kind of like going to the grocery store and walking down the aisles right after everything has been faced. It's calming for me to see and hear so much of the same, over and over—and I just know all the spaghetti sauce that store has will be all together in one place." Her face bends in; she bites her lip. "Well, maybe it's kinda' different—the show and the grocery store—but still they both soothe me in the same way. I guess the store is a little better. . . now that I think more about it, I think the hostess is just a little too happy, if you ask me. You know? Huh?"

She nudges him with her foot. He pulls back, a reflex. "What? Yeah, sure. I guess."

"Stay tuned viewers. Next up, we're featuring this wonderful designer shirt. Just luscious. Absolutely, positively luscious. Just feast your eyes on this detail, ladies! Just think, you can be the toast of your block party in this wonderful gem. 100% white cotton with a whole gaggle of ruby studs adorning the bust line. Just look at the exquisite craftsmanship! The rubies, strategically placed in carnation shapes. Notice the detachable blue feather collar. This is so hot, I'm gonna' snatch up two for myself. And just how much do you

think some big department store is going to want for this? Two, three hundred? Stay tuned for our hard-to-beat prices. . ."

She reaches for the remote. The sheet falls down, exposing one breast. Nervously, she hits the mute button and gathers the sheet to her body once more. "So. . . do you have a job? You don't mind that I am all covered up, do you? I don't know if I mentioned it, but I am a little shy at first. Don't worry though, with time, I'll loosen up. I'll bet you're a man who really loves his work. It's never mattered much to me what a guy does, so long as he really loves it. Do ya? Love your job?"

"Yeah. I guess I like my job okay. I work over at the baseball stadium. I don't play ball; I sweep up in the stands. Of course, it's only seasonal work, but I make enough to help my mom out with the rent here and there."

She begins pulling her knees apart, together, apart, together. As she talks she notices how the sheet rises and falls between her thighs. Between her huge—hugely ugly—thighs. "So, you still live at home? I mean, it doesn't matter to me one way or the other, as long as you're happy and where you want to be. . . you know, you could be a baseball player I bet. You have the body for it, if you don't mind my sayin' so. Me? I don't have much of an athletic build at all. Never did—always kinda' wished I was thinner, more toned. I don't know if you could tell with the lights off and all, but I'm just a little. . ."

"Your body is okay. Really, it's fine."

The commercial break is over. She reaches again for the remote, this time careful not to lose hold of the sheet.

"Notice the detail, ladies! Could you just die? We still have a lot left, but believe you me, they're going like a house on fire. Call now! At this price, they're sure to go quickly. We have small, medium, large and extra-large sizes. As an added bonus, tonight

only, we are offering the smalls at an extra, unbelievable 50% off the already low price. . . .”

“So, you sweep up at the ball park? Sounds interesting. You must see plenty. So, what’s the grossest thing you’ve ever had to personally sweep up? I hear people spit a lot at the games. I always wondered—do they spit mucous, or like, whole food? I’ve always wanted to go to a game, but I hear the seats are kinda’ small. Sometimes, I worry that I won’t quite fit in them. . . .at least not comfortably, anyway.”

Mary Jo would never have asked him such silly questions. He wonders if he’ll ever see her again. “You worry too much. A hot dog, all chewed up. Just plain old spit.”

“What?”

He breathes in evenly and forces the breath out slowly between his teeth. “To answer your questions. A hot dog, all chewed up is the ickiest thing I’ve ever had to sweep up, and, when people spit, it’s usually just plain old spit. And, if you really want my opinion on your body, I think it’s. . . .”

“Let’s talk about something else. Want some cake? It’s spice with lemon frosting. Great sex—I mean really great, toe-curling sex, always makes me hungry. How ’bout some pizza? Are you Italian? In this light, if I squint my eyes, you look a bit like Al Pacino, only younger. Anyone ever mention that before?”

“No. And no, and no.”

“Bookstores want more. Doubleday Book Club wants more. Trust me folks! You can not touch this book for a penny less than what we’re offering it to you! One hundred and one recipes, all printed in the finest ink, on the finest paper any tree would be happy to claim as its own! Just look! And it’s all bound in this luscious, mock-gold Corinthian leather-like cover! Yessirree Bob! Just think. Next time someone buys you a bag of apples for no reason at all, you can say ‘No problemo!’ Are you bored with pie? Thanks to this new book, you can actually do *One Hundred and One Things with the Apple!* Call now. All these secret recipes can

be yours with just one little toll free phone call. . . .”

She knows he’s getting restless. She’s losing him. It’s her body. He felt the bumpy handles that connect the front of the nightmare to the rear of it. “I’m getting hungry—you know—great sex and all. Sure I can’t get you anything. I bet your mom is a great cook. I can tell. You’re not at all fat, just healthy. So you said you help her with the rent? That’s so. . . nice. Was the sex okay? I mean, really?”

“You know, maybe I will have a little snack or something. You got any t.v. dinners? Salisbury steak and fries would be nice.”

“Gee. I’m sorry. No. No, I don’t have any t.v. dinners. I was watching a news report on one of those tabloid news shows and they were saying that t.v. dinners might have traces of some kind of chemical that might cause some kind of cancer in some kind of small lab animals. No. No, sorry, I make it a point now never to by t.v. dinners. Sorry. How ’bout pizza? Are you Italian?”

She pushes the volume up on the remote. She listens to the hostess for awhile and her eyes get all mooney, then far away.

“Wedding bells are definitely ringing. I can hear them now! And really, what better way of telling your man ‘you do’ than by picking up that dusty old phone right now and dialing 555-SHOP and placing your order for this wonderful 14kt goldette set of electroplated wedding bands. Come on now, ladies, it is the nineties, after all! We’re working, we’re making at least half as much as our fellas do—why not treat your Mr. Right tonight. Call now! Free engraving for the first hundred takers! Show him you love him! Call right away! . . .”

The t.v. is too loud. He covers his ears with his hands. It’s too loud. He’s losing the clear focus of Mary Jo: the legs, the hair, the snatch. They’re just slipping away again, like they always do, and it still hurts. It’s not his choice, sometimes things just take the worst possible shape.

“Look, the pizza idea was great, but really—I gotta’ be packin’ now. See,

if it gets too late, my ole' lady, I mean my mom, starts calling all around for me. She gets, like, really freaked. I'll give you a call though, early in the week. . . maybe we can go to a game or something? Huh? Sound good?"

He's slipping away and she did everything she could, but she just couldn't stop him. It's always this way. Even after reading all the 'So-you-think-you-want-to-get-you-a-man'-type books, it comes down to this—to this leaving part. She asked questions, she accomodated him, she even seemed exuberant and interested in his post-sex banter—but he's going all the same.

She snakes her hands underneath the sheet as he starts to dress. She pinches her thighs and thinks of a commercial she saw about 'pinching more than an inch.' Her stomach turns and her body defies. How much, exactly, is an inch of fat?

Once dressed he turns and says goodbye. "I mean it. I'll call you. Maybe we'll do a game, or lunch. . . hell, I mean who knows, maybe we'll go shopping or somethin'. I'll call you."

"Sure. Yeah. That sounds real. . . nice. Can I ask you one more thing? I know ya' gotta' go and all but—well—was it my body? I mean, I don't know if I mentioned it or not, but I'm just a little insecure and always somewhat shy at first. . ."

"I dunno. I really don't know what to say to you."

"Hey, ladies! How many of you just love the songs of Billie Holiday? Lady Day? The Bill-ster Blueser? C'mon, 'fess up! Remember the hauntingly inspirational lyrics of 'God Bless the Child' or the heart-wrenching, pain-blowng melody of 'Good Morning Heartache'?—c'mon, I know you're out there! Well then, how about Toni Tenille—you remember her, as in the Captain and Tenille? 'Muskrat Love' and 'Love Will Keep Us Together'? God, how many of us fell in love to those tunes? Well, if you love either Billie Holiday or Toni Tenille, today is indeed your lucky day, because today only are we featuring this rare

recording by Paula Abdul! Yessirree Bob, ladies! Hear little Paula croon out the very best of Billie Holiday and Toni Tenille in her newest effort entitled "Paula Abdul Sings Her Favorite Songs By Women with Men's First Names!" It is a collector's dream at any price! Call now—available on C.D. or tape cassette! At this price they are going like a house on fire! Call me! Call me! Don't forget! Just call me! . . ."

Jody Shipka



Tony Cambio
Breakfast with Grant
Etching



Bernard Bluestein
Rex with Earphones
Conte Crayon



Sharon Linder
Warm Bricks
Etching

The Deer

Wrapped in quilted coverlets
the house sleeps
as day crests above the tree-line

Foragers step lightly on bones
slender enough to pass through
a needle's eye

Gently displacing snow covered blades
as they emerge naked from the brush
of a new fall

Sloeyed, doleful,
one to nibble nature's leftovers
one to lookout

The guardian catches my eye
through the glass

I stop breathing
during inspection

After a long while
he turns away

Finding me unworthy
They glide between ash and reed
disappearing into the fen

Anne Mohr

Hansel, you can't outrun the moon

You are silly like a schoolgirl
he told me
myself in he I am
the sad scared man
he laughs at me
once again
he calls my name
he calls by the wrong name
and I smile
I too can smile
at you
my lines draw up and out
and your hands
bent like old witches branches
chase and capture me
when I don't laugh enough
you are warm rays
like the birth of the sun
in the morning
I told you
like heated rain
bath and softness
every step
I watch and pray
on every stone you pass
I kneel
in hoping the sun will be warm
and bright today
warm and bright for me
my silly girl my silly my silly
me follows the stones
like the children's dropped breadcrumbs
seeing a path
that leads to nowhere
a path I lead to you
and when I reach
my sun my boy the son
I will have too many stones
to run fast enough
to catch you
and not enough time
before the light dyes you
and the sky gives birth
to the moon
(once again)

Kaytee Thrun



Jacelyn Roberts

Jacelyn Roberts
The Stare
Pencil



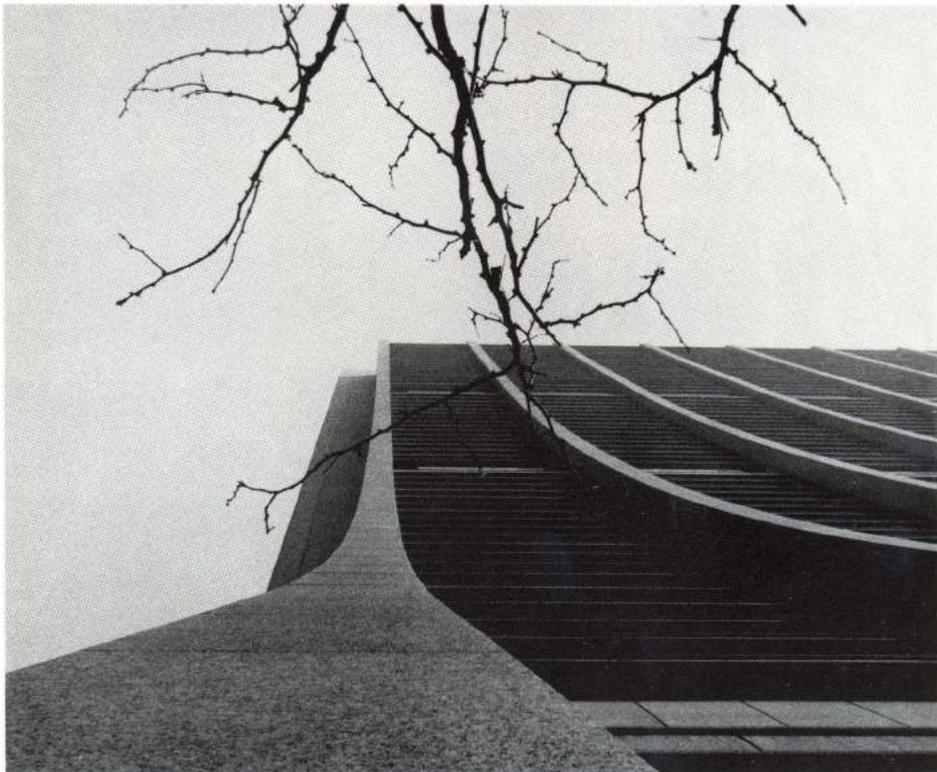
Ramon Perez
Life and Death
Photograph



Ramon Perez
Let There Be Light
Photograph



Ramon Perez
Girl on Highway
Photograph



Ramon Perez
Untitled
Photograph

Shoe-Clackin' Blues

My time-dusted body
finds its place
between the racket and tumble
of the urbanite's domain, where
beefy dog and cheddar fry smell mix
and become one with the street.

I am home. I live
where city-slack shoes
clickety-clack

clack

clack their souls
into cement. Where benches beckon
and I answer with a weighted sigh.

Nameless shoes drum up hypnotic blues.
My ears stand up to dance.

Rich grandmas wearin' sable
got little legacies tight by the wrists.

One's dressed in blue cords;
his shoes are untied.

One day those shoes'll be mighty fine
shiny black symbols of society.

Clickety-clack. My legacy is lost.
Lost in taxi drives to places thick with
hazy nicotine fog and slippery with sweat.

Clack

clack

clack. . . the shoes grow restless,
in need to roam, but they are tired.
Too tired to even shuffle.

I am the antique clock.

My hands are rusty, my numbers, faded.

My home is here, this clammerin' playground.

The bench calls, and I come
while the shoe souls keep on clackin'.

Amy Reichert



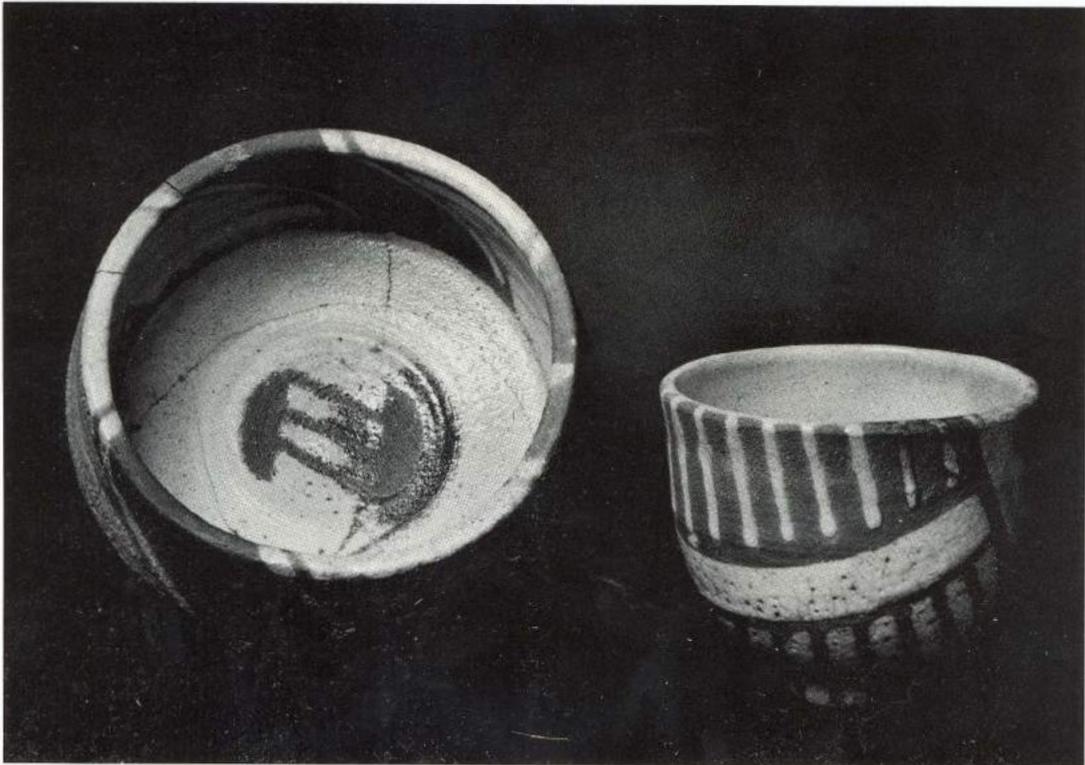
Eric Laschinski
Paul with Cigarette
Linoleum Print

Death Comes To Those Who Wait

Looking
at stars
in the sky
hanging on strings
I pull
some down
and pet them
as they purr.

The other day
death tickled
my bones.
I laughed
so hard
I was left
limping.

Christopher Kane



Sharon Linder
Raku Pottery



Bernard Bluestein
Reclining Donna
Conte Crayon

A Zulu Mother's Dream: Ezekheni 1989

I'm sitting and waiting for blue
elephants and pink mountains.
Where my children can play but
my country left me a wasteland —
Rotting fish.
Chickens feasting on feces.
Stench of burning flesh.
My religion has failed me.
Ghosts of my ancestors claw my shoulder,
haunting me in the night.
A red cross on the hill curses me,
Baptist missionaries crucify me.
My husband left me seven pairs of empty eyes staring.
My milk has left me, reminding me
I can't feed them.
Piss stains my dreams.
My mind has gone, looking
for orange ovens and purple people.
And I wait.

Alesha Doan

October 13, 1988

Ms. Brenda Jones
111 N Street
Rolling Meadows, IL
60000

"Flo"

It's 7 am Monday morning and the day begins with the bus promptly speeding past anointing you with the morning's first rain, no cabs in sight.

After the ten block walk to the train station you wonder if suicide would solve the MMBS (Monday Morning Blues Syndrome). Wonder of wonders, today the train is early and guess what? You're late.

Again you contemplate ending it all. Is waging the battle to maintain this meager existence really worth all this? Will you ever be warm again?

A cup of coffee and a piece of toast would be nice while you examine the day's next impending disaster. Ah, the first cafe your already weary eyes have sighted. . . "Say Good Morning All!"

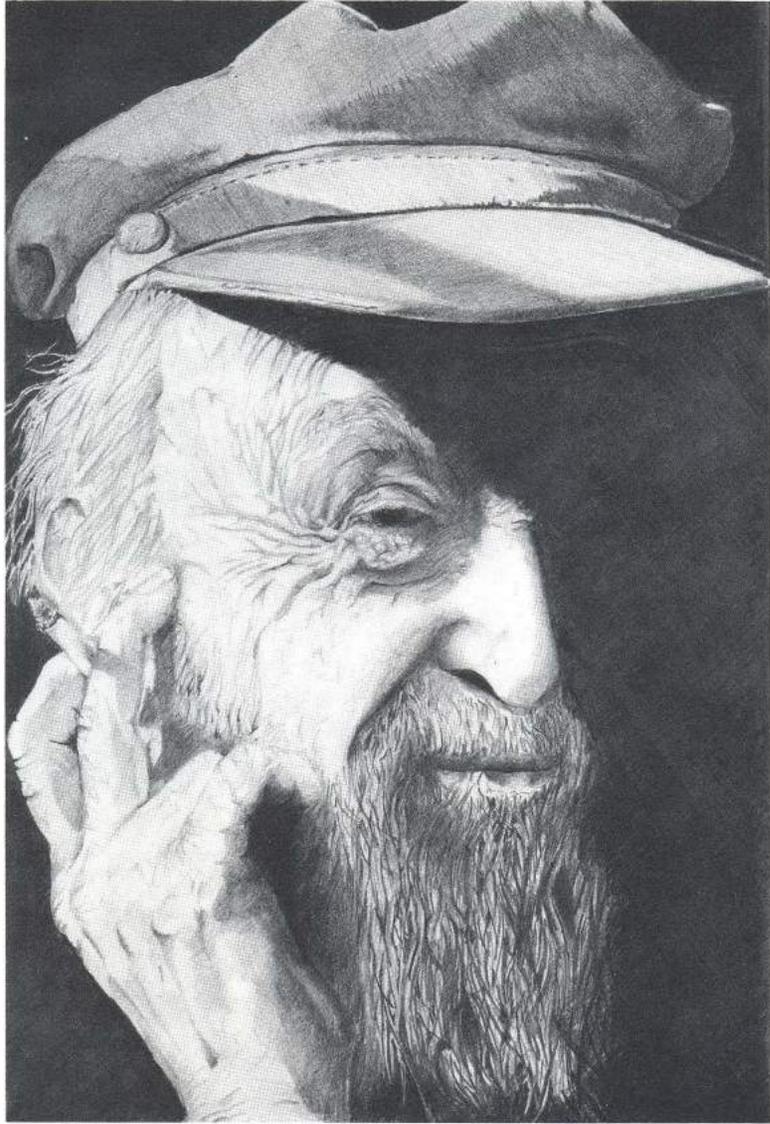
What's this? The voice of an angel on a day such as this. With a chorus of "Good Morning's" all around. "Next? What will it be this morning?"

You step up in line and lo and behold, it's a whirlwind bearing a spatula by the name of Flo.

She's slight, but moves with the agility of a dancer, the speed of an Olympic runner, with a smile that would shame the sun. "Say Good Morning All!" You find yourself joining in the chorus of "Good Morning's" all around. She looks at you and you feel she understands what your morning has been like. She endows you with that smile, and you know she's saying, "Everything is going to be all right." She turns the bacon; she whips the eggs, all it seems, with one graceful flip of the wrist. She serves you, and you're on your way.

When you're done, and walking out the door, again you hear the voice of an angel, "Say Good Morning All!" and you realize it's a good morning after all.

Brenda Jones



Mike Skura
Study of Shade
Pencil Drawing

The Wake

My father never wears a suit
His closet holds only one in reserve
for weddings and funerals, you know
Monday through Friday plays
denim overalls sweated and greased
and after repeated washings
laborer stink still marries the fibers
He works and after
Lord Calvert comes to visit in a jelly glass
and keeps his company
til dawn brings work again
But not today

The blue pinstriped will have to do
crimson tie, no clasp, to natty
Orange skin, powdered thick lips
the color of frozen pumpkins
His ropy neck fans out beyond his ears
resting a cubed head against sheared ivory
Blood pooling the experts said
because of the heart attack

Holy black beads lace through dirt
no cleanser can erase
The Cross dangles against his thumb
and binds steel fragments embedded
under the skin of his fingers
to white calluses
growing like extra eyes on hands
He does not feel

The Knights fall to their knees
reciting Mary's chant
the droan like locust hovering
over an open grave
While the aunts cry in Gaelic
and tell us he looks good

He checked out early
The body finally followed
and gray maggots lay behind the door
eager for communion

Anne Mohr



Bernard Bluestein
Untitled
Conte Crayon

Wrinkled Condoms are Contraceptives for the Elderly (Rose)

Grandma

He says he's clean
at night bingo seven o'clock
you don't go he does
and while he flips the chips
he stares down the shirt
of the girl calling

N14

no, she can't be only fourteen
he reaches up
and pulls on her skirt
red cotton and she smacks his hand
dirty old man

he reaches again
she doesn't yell

Grandpa

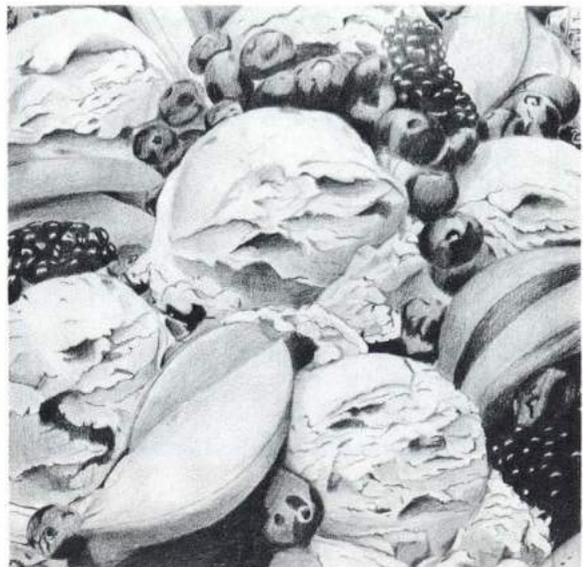
She says she's clean
elderly bus to the mall
three pm only she goes
and hangs out in the shoe store
to let the young men
touch her feet
and then pretends to buy clothes
for her husband
but only glares at the shiny
plastic mannequins:
remembering

Grandpa young
with a new smooth condom

When neither one needed to worry
when both were faithful
when both didn't peak
under
mannequin's clothes. . . .

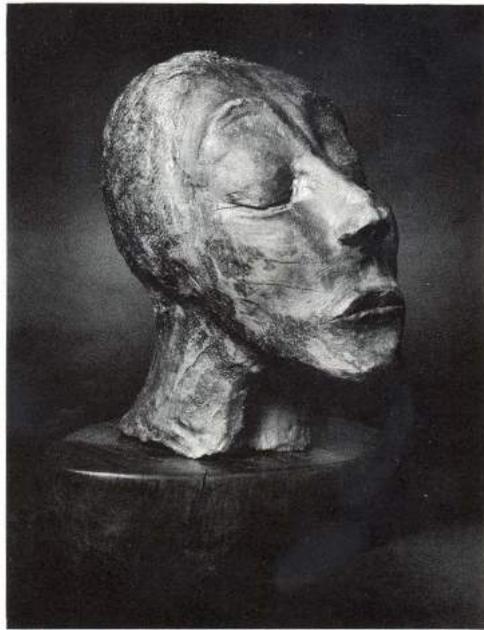
Kaytee Thrun

Elizabeth Raef
Fruit and Ice Cream
Pencil



Eugenia Makowski
Peter
Clay Sculpture





South English Mountain

Fence posts face fields of terracotta clay,
Serving as perches for brown-bellied bluebirds,
Who fly across furrows in bobbing patterns.

The way begins to climb upward.
It passes a fence of crumbling, rough, round stones,
Standing as silent witness to settlement and civil war.

Higher still, crystal cold streams fall down cliffs
Catching glints of golden sunlight, disappearing underground,
Then falling into deep hollows with dead tree bridges.

The road winds and turns,
With deep rain washed ridges and sharp sandstone jutting up.
Nature's response to man's attempt to tame.

The air is fresh and smells of rich black humus.
Sunlight streams through branches, warming the earth.
Silence fills the air except for the creaking of trees.

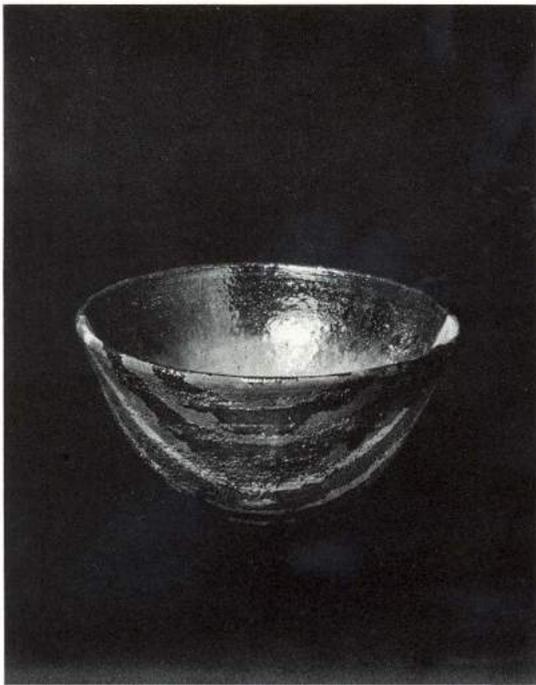
Naked oaks, some with girth of a hundred years,
Loom over moss covered boulders that dwarf mankind.
And delicate needled hemlocks whisper in the wind.

Dark, rough barked trees lie on the ground.
White-gray lichens line up on their trunks,
With velvety, ruffled edges like frilled bonnets.

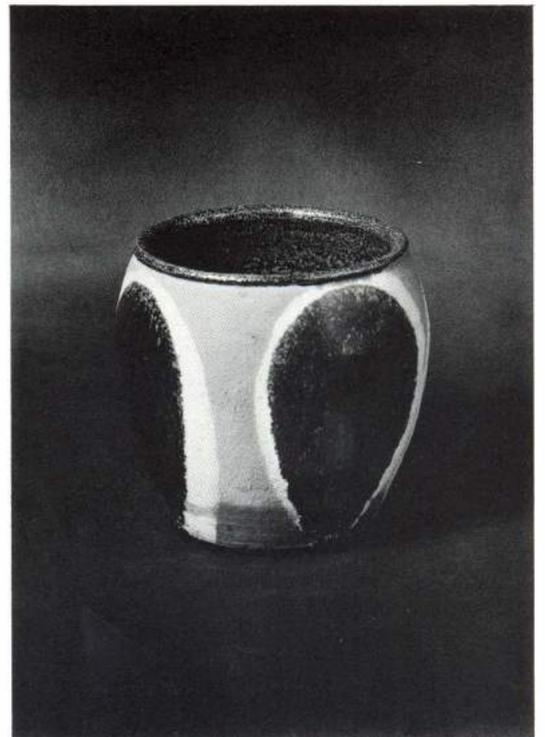
In red patches of dirt, where man has intruded,
New generations of defiant conifers reclaim the forest floor,
And red oaks, buds swollen, ready to burst with new life.

As night claims the day,
A calm stillness settles over all inhabitants.
Wisps of white mist hide mountain peaks and dip into valleys.

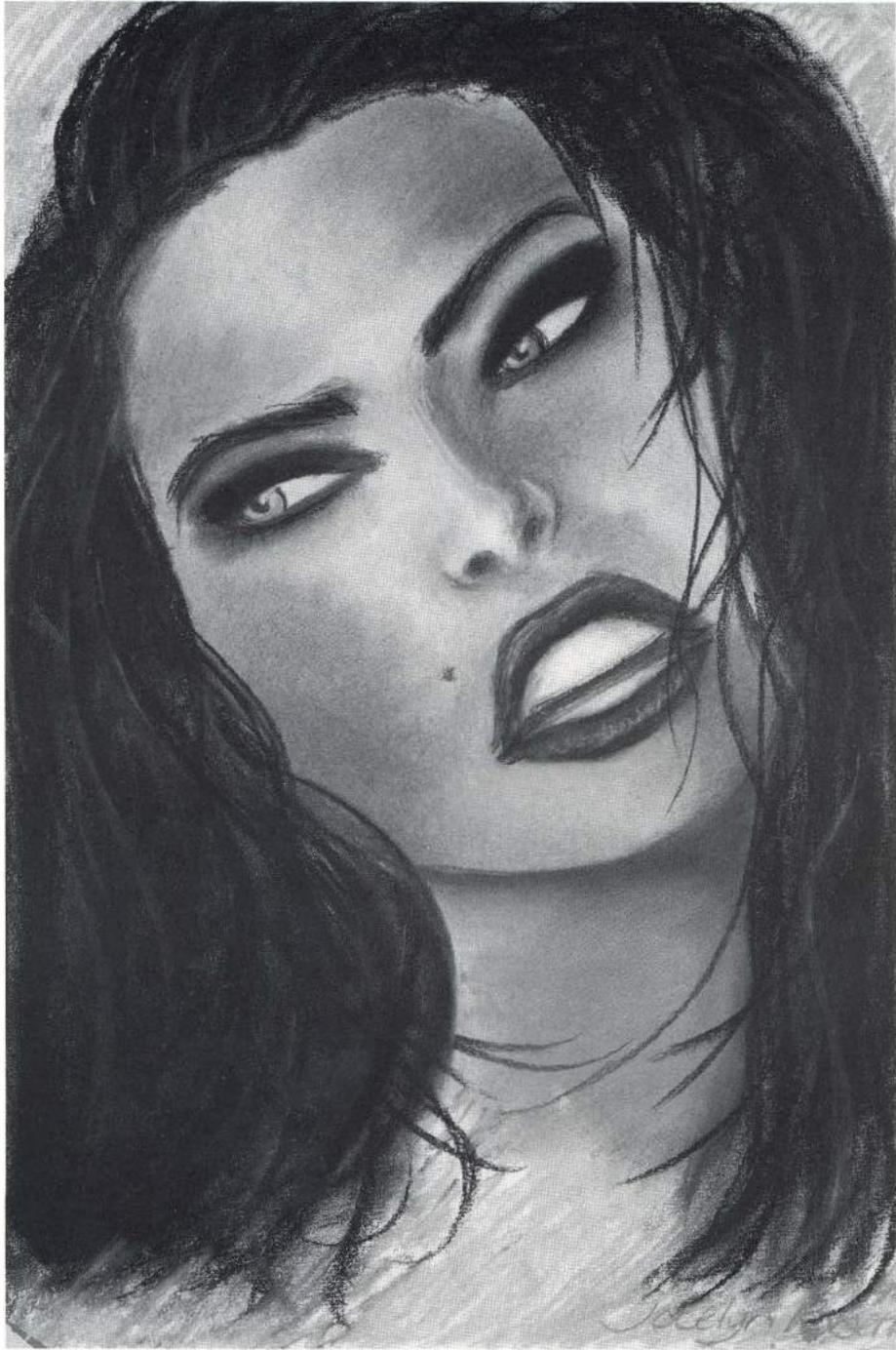
Elizabeth Budzinski



Sharon Linder
Raku Pottery



Sharon Linder
Raku Pottery



Bag Lady

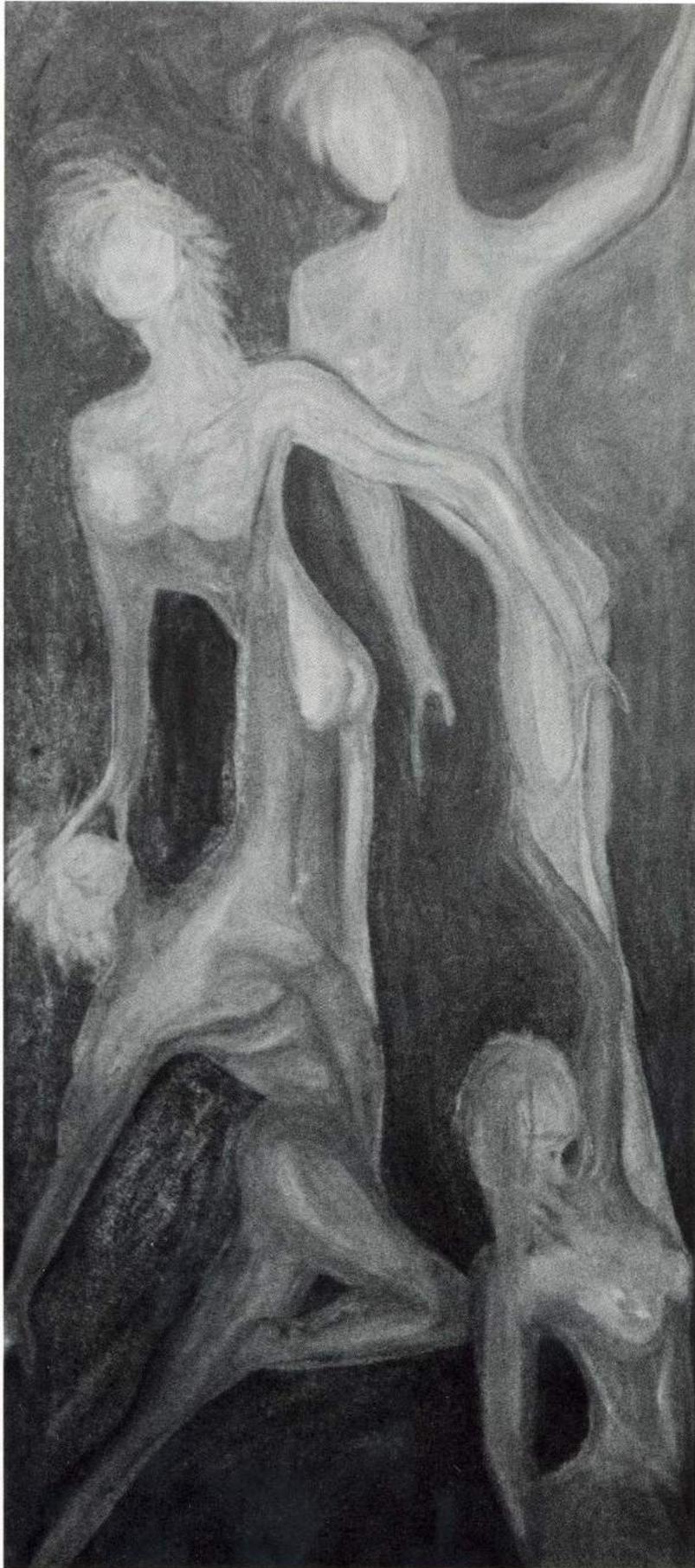
She came every day
to the Wilson Avenue Bar and Grill,
forced by her question mark body
to nod random hellos to work-booted feet.
She gummed corrugated peas slowly,
her sepia features almost grotesque.

She paid for her meal
with change squirrelled deeply into pockets.
If her half-gloved fingers stiffly
counted too few coins to pay the tab,
one of the red-faced men at the counter
would awkwardly toss out a bill.

She layered her clothes,
not for fashion, but from necessity.
Hidden in the torn lining of her coat
were treasures saved from a lifetime,
a handkerchief once held by a ghosted mother,
a bit of string, a tattered bank book.

She hadn't been around
lately to the Wilson Avenue Bar & Grill.
One of the regulars said he heard
she'd been mugged and was in County Hospital.
Another said they should send a card.
But, no one remembered her name.

Suzanne Havlic



Michelle Beem
Untitled
Oil on Canvas

A Son Serves His Father

My father does not enjoy
his dinner meat
to still be twitching
when set before him.

Nor does he enjoy
the bloodpools he sops
his bread in
to be jaundice.

What is this? This is
liver, father, ungristled
and lean and loaded
with iron, enjoy

enjoy. Without food
the body feasts
upon itself. Eat
eat, eat what you've missed.

My father's first taste
of bile bursts into his mouth.
He rakes his tongue
with his napkin.

The air he sucks
between his gritted teeth
tastes fleshy, familiar
like his own. His hands shake.

Weeds sprout, wet
and feverish from beneath
the white tiles. He fears
the burdocks will bloom

and crawl up his leg.
Stalks of wild rhubarb
shimmy up his sides.
He begins to cry.

There, there, father.
There, there, there.
Where does it come from?
My father says nothing
as I bend, stiff-legged
like a sickle to caress
the afterthought of nettles.
I fall into my side.

Scott Lumbard

A Gift of False Liberation

!Un sikoleli Afrika!
—God bless Africa—
I met a proud Zulu — named after a king.
Iron bars in Pretoria call my name.
You are a part of me—
green,
yellow,
black,
bleeding from my wounds.

In defiance of the oppressive minority,
we met in his hut.
We laughed.
The police station sat across the street.
Wearing my black and white school uniform,
the iron bars of Pretoria cry out my name.
I was frightened.
young and wanting to ease his pain.

Wanting to ease my pain,
guilt for all that's been wronged to him,
responsibility for the bastards sitting high in Pretoria,
their ideas were sickening.
This was my chance,
revenge,
my gift to him.
Feeling sick,
terrified at being caught,
drained.
In his hut,
the odor of putu,
burning on the stove, clung to my hair.
He said, "I love you", and I touched his face,
for the first time.
Kissing, I tasted his pain.

Days left unnoticed in prison,
drunken men,
diseased government,
relentless suffering,
fear and death in his homeland.

My mind drifted.
Remembering the chickens on the farm,
screeching as I plucked their feathers,
the blood stained my fingernails.
Taking off my clothes, he said "I love you,"
I hate chickens.

My mind drifted
Starched blue pants and black polished shoes.
Frenzied breathing, I was scared.
Police raiding the township,
iron bars in Pretoria were yelling my name.
My head crashed on the dirt floor,
I tasted it on my lips.
Gecco lizards on the thatched ceiling,
staring at me naked on the ground.
In awe of the whiteness of my breast,
he clung to me like a needy child.

My mind drifted
I heard the police,
slapping the roof, with shamboks made of rhino skin.
I cried and screamed louder,
silencing the bars in Pretoria.
The noise was us.

Rhythmic like his language,
gentle like his song.
It was over.
I gave him a gift.
Mixed with half truths.
Screaming I elevated us to
!Un sikoleli Afrika!
—God bless Africa—

Alesha Doan

Nicole Campbell
Black and White Marker Design





Alvin Jamiloson
Cat's Prey
Colored Pencil

