



Point of View 2002-2003

2002-2003 Point of View

Point of View, a publication of literary and visual creative works, is edited and produced by William Rainey Harper College students. Anyone—student, faculty, staff or administrator—connected to Harper College may submit their work. *Point of View* is sponsored by Student Activities/William Rainey Harper College, in cooperation with the Liberal Arts Division. Cash awards for outstanding writing and art funded by the Harper College Foundation.

Special thanks to Steve Catlin, Dennis Weeks, Jason Peot, Perry Pollock, Michael Nejman, Cyrus Johnson, Joellyn Frieding, Sandra Minich, Kathy Shine, Barbara Hickey, Seema Kurup, Jessica Walsh, Sue Borchek-Smith, and Shirley Pruyn.

Award Winners

Ray Mills Award: *Nightlife in the City* - Thomas Helton
Vivian Stewart Award: "Falling" - Jennifer Johnson
Point of View Award: "Hovering Above the Keyboard" - Chuck Boswell

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Vis-O-Graphic Printing, Inc.

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From the Editors

It's an interesting challenge, putting together a magazine like this. I always find that with projects such as these, I never know what's going to happen with them until I'm actually in the trenches putting the thing together. Everything has to be planned, adjusted, attempted, and then often scrapped, re-planned, attempted again, and finally settled in some form.

But this is supposed to be a learning experience for all of us, whether we're editing, submitting art or writing, or reading the finished copy. We're always learning from things like this—even if it's the experience of looking through the book and reflecting on the work of others. This is a college publication, after all, so it should involve some sort of educational experience.

And wherever there is education, there is a teacher. Whether it's a person, experience of object, we learn from that which teaches us. Thank you, Anne and Paul for helping us put this together and for your seemingly infinite patience with our mistakes, questions, and problems. I really appreciate the opportunity to organize and put this issue together.

So, here it is, the 2002-2003 issue of the *Point of View*. As art editor, I was duly impressed with the quality of all the art that was submitted this year. I could easily have added another 20 pages of just art to the book. And I encourage everyone who is reading this and connected to Harper in any way, to submit art and writing for the next issue. I hope all of you—artists, writers, and whose reading this magazine—can learn from my triumphs and mistakes and enjoy it for what it's worth.

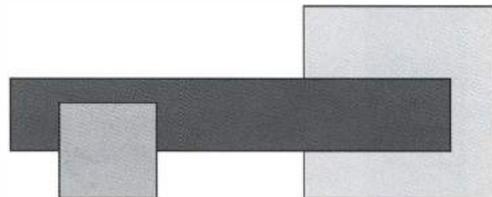
Rana Raeuchle
Art Editor, *Point of View* 2002-2003

I shall make the assumption that you, the gracious reader, move from the left of the page to the right. Therefore, you have already read Rana's accurate description of the amount of time and effort put into a magazine such as this one, so I will keep from regurgitating that.

I would just like to thank Anne, Paul, and Rana for knowing exactly what to do. Also, thanks to everyone who submitted artwork of any kind. It was great to see so much variety and talent within the students at Harper.

Enjoy.

David Southard
Literary Editor, *Point of View* 2002-2003



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Front Cover: Serendipity 3000

Thomas Helton

Back Cover: Untitled

Maria Hungsberg

* Point of View Award

** Vivian Stewart Award

*** Ray Mills Award



Baltimore Bouquets

Jennifer Pettinger

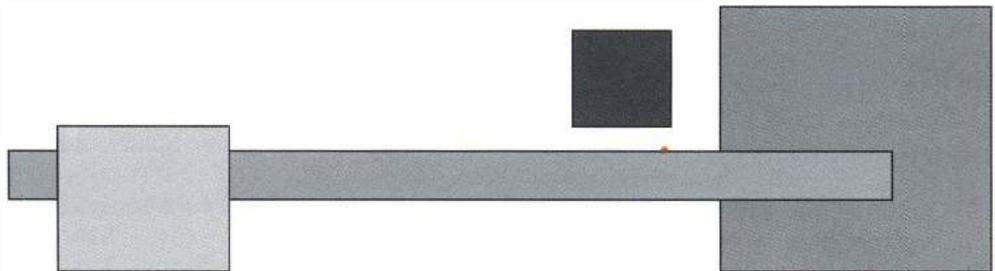
Fabric - 29.5" x 39"

Letter

Mary H. Ber

How is it you make glory out of autumn
when I only see between
black naked branches scratching for some mean-
ing in a sun-
less world, the color of this deepening gun-
metal sky! A single evergreen,
dark-shadowed—an unblinking iris—sees
stark winter come.

But I have this—the only lilac bush I've ever known
October-blooming, sprigs that almost fade
into the somber texture of my days.
Not glory, just a token:
magic breaking into fragrant hope.
There! I've sealed one in this envelope.



Dwelling on the Peripheral

Eunji Kim

Everyone is a writer nowadays. If you've done anything, anyone, your thoughts about your own accomplishments are completely necessary.

I'm plagued by doubts of my own sincerity, integrity as a writer, an artist because a purveyor of ideas has an obligation to make certain that shit isn't being put out there on the streets for consumption.

I am generally wary of all this introspection about integrity, about being an artiste, because I fear pretension...it'll strangle my voice, make my pittance of street credibility disappear in rolls of sheepskin and ivy. As I dive deeper though...into what my voice is, will become, or what I want it to be, those pretentious ideas of the artiste and the cycle of originality don't choke. They rejuvenate, titillate, and tickle the old noggin.

The other day I tossed around a couple euphemisms for "writer"...

scene:

a darkly lit, smoky room...pulsating bodies, wild gesticulations, garrulous, gaudy opinions on politics squawked... a curiously, awkward face that still holds handsome by it's young coattails leans in and asks, "so, what do you do?" an excited, inebriated girl inadvertently jostles his drink from the left and inexpensive whisky splashes from his cup into your own filled with the same.

wildly scanning your brain for something better to yell than that you WRITE, and worse, that you write nothing of significance, that you sometimes revel in your unoriginality...that you invoke a Kerouac quote for justification of your unoriginality and to make you feel like you can breath, live. but none of this would go over well in this setting. You need to dazzle, pique interest, and pouring out insecurities of that variety or hardly going to end with someone buying you a drink. And so, coyly lick your lips, gulp some whisky, cringe as the heat surges down your body and burns...inhibitions...and answer...

"I dwell on the peripheral"

"I'm a purveyor of magic." "a magician?"

"I shovel snow of the artistic kind"...

"have you read that book?"

I thought this last one would help take the conversation down less pot-holed streets...but none of them went over too well in the latter delusion... no matter how I adjusted the level of sobriety...I still sounded like a tool.

a writer. who wants to be a writer? everybody. and that I cannot handle.

A disturbing development. Ambition. is it death—poison, to art? Have I even given birth to a vision—a voice that can be killed? I haven't popped my literary cherry and already I'm worried...a virgin needlessly fretting about an STD.

Which is ridiculous, considering that I chucked my actual chastity belt off the side of a fast moving truck with no thought of consequences, repercussions and in the literary, abstract world...suddenly I'm a prude. I've

gotten dinner, a movie—all the while cock teasing with giggles, hair flips and innuendo, and won't put out. Unwilling to allow penetration of... my brain. Committing me to a vision, to being a writer, would mean promises and COMMITMENT. A long-term relationship. Considering time has an addiction to capriciousness comparable to my own, I trust the future about as far as I can throw it. And on an average, I can throw it about two days.

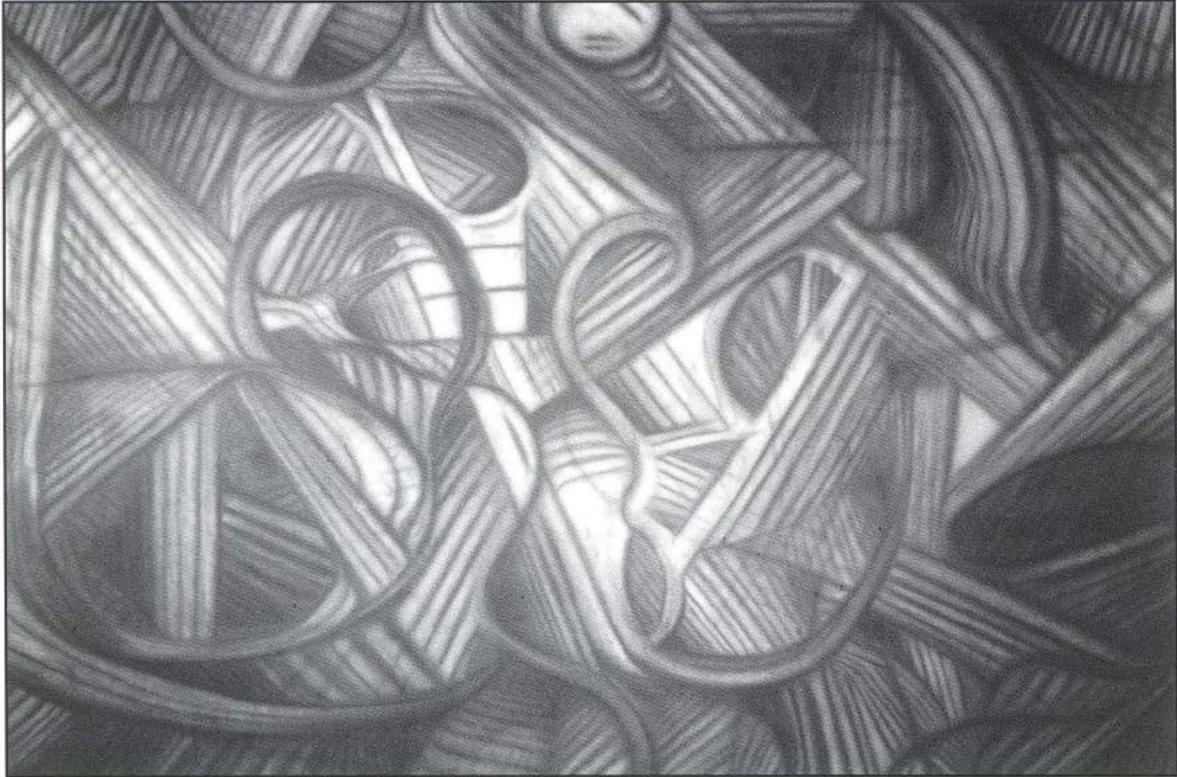
Listen folks, I hate the whole, tortured artist, WOMAN writer thing as much as the next guy...

but I've stood amidst the shattered shards of me strewn across time and had to fucking gather those remnants, and attempt to piece together some semblance of sanity far too many times...that's why I'm holding off on committing myself to a vision, to being a writer—until I can be a sane, functioning member of the relationship. How very healthy of me...

fuck that. Fuck therapeutic catch philosophies, fuck the ubiquitous voice of "not good enough", fuck It I'm in.



Bowl
Tamotsu Imai
Stoneware - Approx. 18"



Illusions in Kinetic Space

Michael Qualman

Charcoal - 30" x 40"

Falling

Jennifer Johnson

I never wanted a baby, but Akshay did.

"My mother keeps writing," said Akshay. "She thinks something is wrong because we've been married for so long now."

I hated it whenever Akshay mentioned his mother. I hated it when Akshay said anything at all. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to bleed.

In the street, three boys with skateboards stood where Maya had thrown herself from the roof of the three-flat several months earlier. They never quite cleaned the sidewalk properly—it took three days of rain before the red stains in the road completely disappeared. Akshay said I was just seeing things.

A couple walking along the sidewalk on the other side of the street had seen the girl fall.

"I heard the scream," the woman told the police who had gathered. "But then again, she was always screaming. We lived beneath her apartment and you'd always hear her wailing something in Indian."

It's Gujarati, I wanted to say. Maya spoke *Gujarati*, not Indian. When Maya was afraid she never screamed in English.

Akshay said a baby would make us feel more complete. A baby would give us a family, something we didn't have in America. Maya had had a baby but that hadn't made *her* feel anymore complete. Now her husbands' scowling mother watches her two-year-old in the

yard everyday, always shouting, never speaking.

I stared at the front door. I thought of standing up silently, opening the door, and walking until I fell down in the road. I wondered if Akshay would follow, if he would pick me up off the ground.

"Please, Reena," said Akshay in our tiny American apartment that was stifling hot and filled with the lingering smell of spices bought from the shop around the corner. "Isn't it time we started our family?"

How could I tell him it was already too late to ask?

Time passed and summer wilted like the flowers Akshay had placed around my neck at our wedding. My stomach swelled and I became hideous in mirrors. The clothes I brought from India made me look strange now, made me look more like the women from back home who were always pregnant and who wailed like Maya used to when they held their baby daughters and their husbands cursed their misfortunes.

I think that Akshay wanted a son, so I secretly prayed for a girl to spite him. Back home, I had told my mother that I didn't want to marry Akshay because he lived in America and I didn't want to move so far away. But my mother was insistent. She, like Akshay, said that I would be much happier in America where they had clean water and fewer power failures.

It grew hard for me to walk as my stomach got bigger. There was little I could do anymore. I remember when Maya was pregnant she had to stay in bed for the entire last month of her pregnancy, and her husband, Raj, would not allow me, or anyone for that matter, to visit her. No one came to see me

either, but it wasn't because I was restricted from visitors. The truth was, I didn't have any friends to stop by, although sometimes the Punjabi family in the apartment below would invite me over to watch Hindi films with them on their new VCR. I rarely went. Images of my country added to the emptiness inside.

The days became increasingly long. I took to sitting in front of the window in the living room and puffing on the glass so that tiny patches of fog appeared. When I looked down on the couch, I saw clumps of long dark hair laying at my side and in my right hand. *My hair.* I hadn't even realized I'd spent the last two hours pulling pieces of it out.

In the coming days, my hair became my obsession. I kept pulling because I couldn't stop. The more I pulled, the better I felt. I collected the hair in a purple shoebox I found under the bed.

One day, Akshay returned home early and caught me pulling at my hair. He stared at the black clumps on the couch and the hair in the shoebox and then grabbed my arm.

"Reena! My God, what are you *doing?*"

I stared at him but did not answer. He examined the right side of my head.

"Reena, how could you do this? You've got patches where there isn't any hair!"

He ushered me into the pink and white bathroom and snapped on the light. In front of the medicine cabinet mirror, he showed me what all my pulling had done.

I said nothing.

The next day Akshay took me to the doctor who smiled and said my hormones were probably just going crazy because of the pregnancy and

that he shouldn't worry about it. The doctor suggested I find a hobby to do when I was alone during the day.

I have a hobby, I thought. I'm collecting my hair in a box. But it was silent in front of Akshay and the doctor.

Akshay sat me down on the couch at home.

"Reena, honey, is something bothering you?" His voice was compassionate.

Silence.

"I wish I could help, really," Akshay said.

There was nothing to say aloud anymore—Akshay never listened. I relied on mental communication now. *Take me back home, Akshay. I want to go back to Gujarat. I never pulled out my hair in India.*

I turned back to the window. The place where Maya had thrown herself was covered with snow.

On a Tuesday, a letter from my mother arrived. She hoped I was enjoying Chicago and the electricity. She hoped my back didn't ache too much.

I wondered if Maya had felt any aches when she fell. I wondered why she didn't start her sari on fire or slide a bread knife over her wrists. There were a million ways to die and I knew them all. My mother had caught me making a list the night before I left India to live with Akshay. She shouted at me and tore up the paper into tiny pieces. But it didn't matter because I had memorized everything anyway. I wondered if Maya had had a list.

Akshay stormed into the apartment that same day at four, pulled me out of bed where I had been for the past week, and ordered that I get dressed.

"We're going out to dinner," he said. "I can't take this anymore, Reena. You can't lie in bed all day pulling out hair—it's crazy!"

There were dark patches beneath my eyes in the bathroom mirror. Akshay washed my face with a towel and took a salwaar-kameez set out of my closet.

"Wear this."

I took it from him, silently, and he left the room.

I sat down on the bed and stared at the corner of the room where the baby crib had appeared. It was second hand and small enough for a newborn. How long had it been there? I wondered.

After it had seemed like hours passed, Akshay came back into the room.

"Why aren't you dressed?" he demanded. "Why are you just sitting there?"

"Akshay—that baby crib. Did you buy it?" I asked.

"Yes! Last week—don't you remember? I showed it to you, Reena. What's wrong with you?"

"I never asked you for a baby crib, Akshay," I said.

"Akshay threw up his hands. Reena, my God! What's the baby going to sleep in?"

I stood up and screamed, I NEVER ASKED YOU TO BUY A BABY CRIB, AKSHAY!"

Akshay blinked and stepped backward. I grabbed a pair of scissors from the dresser.

"Reena," Akshay said in a strangely calm voice, "Put those down. You're not thinking clearly."

I advanced toward him. "I...never...asked...you..."

"Reena!" In one swift motion Akshay grabbed the scissors from my

hand, cutting himself from the pointed end. Blood dripped from his palm. With his left hand he grabbed my arm and held it so tightly that I thought it would turn black and blue.

"Reena, I don't know what's gotten into you, but this has to stop. You're going to be a mother—you have to stop acting like this. You can't have a baby and act crazy."

That night I slept uneasily. In dreams babies cried and Maya appeared with blood on her hands and on her green wedding sari—just like the one she had been wearing that day on the roof. Her stomach was big too, like it had been on that day. Another unwanted baby. It would have been harder to sneak away, to go back home with two babies instead of just one. She'd always talked about being free, getting out of that stuffy house and *living*. Free, like the American girls our age we watched laughing at the bus stop. Baby-less, with college IDs.

She spoke to me, and told me what I had to do. I tried to push her away but I could not. She led me up from the bed, to the hall, to the stairs. Akshay had always said the stairs were too steep—"I'm afraid one day you will fall," he had said. I laughed. I remember—I laughed. I had added the word "stairs" to the list in my head.

I closed my eyes and let Maya push me.

When I opened my eyes I heard screams. It was Leela Singh from the apartment below screaming for her husband to call for help. There was blood spreading around me, running down my legs, staining my nightgown. It my stomach, a terrible pain grew.

I smiled.



Madonnas Among the Nymphs

Michael Qualman

Graphite - 28" x 40"



Untitled
Jonathan Leyser
Photography - 10" x 7.5"

Tributary

Jessica Crow Mermel

I come to the river, sit quietly, listen
To the trickle and torrents of the
seasons.
The water does not stream past me,
But it passes through me like life itself,
Filling my veins and pumping my heart.
I am a tool, a witness, a vessel of
emotion.
Centered awareness,
Universe of feeling,
I am everything,
But I own nothing.

Though the thunder threatens the calm,
I stay,
Recording the reverberations,
The guttural God voice
Deep in my bones.

Mountains rise inside me.
Acorns embed themselves,
And in my womb, a forest emerges.
Untamed and wild, beasts roam within,
Their growls and pants rebirth my soul.
Primal life sparks in the deep, murky
waters
Of my sea.
Birth and death cycle endlessly,
Yet I am here
Releasing maiden, embracing mother.
Yet I am here,
Listening to the stories the river
whispers.
Life blooms while
Houses burn
And towers tumble.

The world opens through me.
Warms waters of the primordial sea
breaks.
Life's wetness stains my legs.
Images of ancient, timeless women
Dance, laugh, scream, and writhe,
Paint themselves in blood across my
swollen belly.
Muscles tense with the heat of love
And miracles
Cling together tightly,

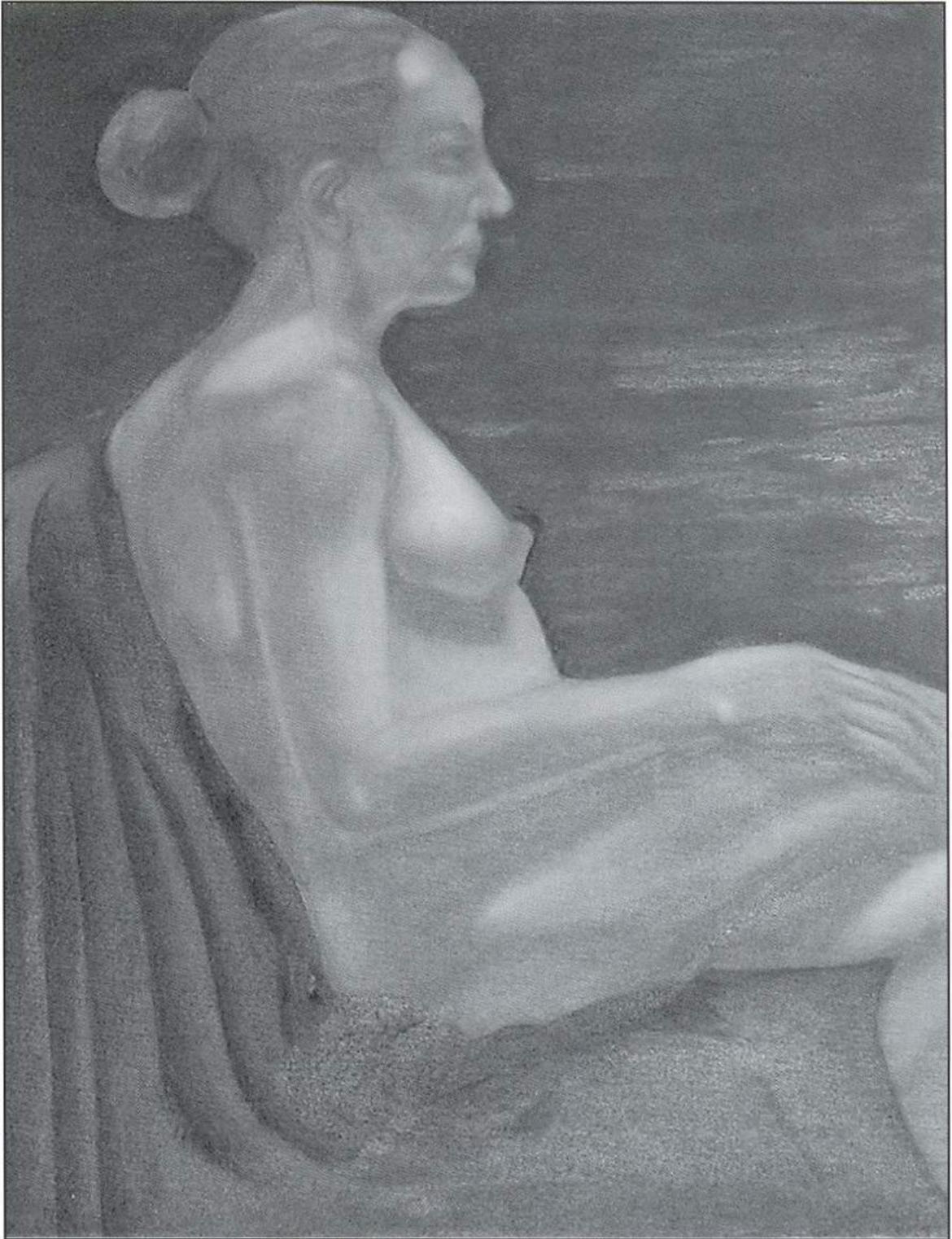
Keeping the inner explosions of labor
From breaking this body, this mirror into
pieces,
Shards of the mother's and father's
flesh.

The river surges and pushes through.
At the doorway, I see the thread.
I feel my body completely,
Rooted in the softy, malleable earth
Of the first spring after the long ice age.
A sage,
Holding all the secrets of the universe
In the cells of his tiny, wrinkled body,
Emerges from the river
That chose to flow through me.

First light of morning breaks
The darkness, pain, and sweat of night.
Tears of joyous birth
Rust the impenetrable iron fence into
dust,
Wash clean
Water the seeds,
Run to meet the rivers
Which then rush into the sea.

This new life upon me rests,
Drinking awareness of life from my
breasts.
We are one, but he is not mine.
And the river drinks in the sun's
magnificent shine.

Inspired by the poem "Prisoner at a
Desk" by May Sarton



Untitled
Maria Hungsburg
Oil on Canvas - 16" x 20"

Spring in Chicago

Mary H. Ber

Summer tore its way through winter's strong
defenses, whipped her banner through our skies
in sunny triumph. Stunned, we ventured out
like children after an illness: wan, in need
of games.

We overlooked the savagery that snapped
leafless branches against a startled sky.
We donned our shorts, smeared sunscreen
on our faces, licked out ice cream
cones and strolled in parks.

Until the wind
uplifted that metal logo over the doorway
of the bookstore—
fluttered it like a sheet of paper,
sent

it

down

like a lightening bolt through sunshine,
like a silver sword
through spring.

The man beneath—
how much of his face was left,
we wondered
as we shivered, stumbled back to cars
drove home.



Nightlife in the City

Thomas Helton

Oil on Canvas - 30" x 40"



Untitled

Maria Hungsberg
Oil on Canvas - 20" x 16"

Good Ju-Ju

Michael Buchholz

“So, tell me again what happened,” said the sleepy voice on the other end of the cellular phone. Donny was looking straight out his windshield. He was parked in front of a closed liquor store, and it was raining hard. When he was a boy, he always liked sitting in the car in the driveway and listening to the rain bounce off the roof of the car.

Donny’s reverie was interrupted by the groggy voice coming from his Nokia digital, “What time is it anyway, is this an emergency?” The face of his Timex said it was 11:23. Donny answered by asking for clarification, “Well Doc, I guess you’d have to define ‘emergency’ for me, all things being relative. I just thought you might like to know that I killed a bunch of people today.” At first there was just silence, then Donny said, “Doc, are you there? Does this qualify?” Then came the pained response, “Oh my God.” Immediately after the shocked acknowledgment came a seemingly ridiculous non sequitur, “Are you taking your medication?”

Donny’s face scrunched up in a combination of disbelief and confusion, “You bet your ass I am, Medicine Man! This stuff is good ju-ju! I’m not noticing any common side effects...you know, dry mouth, nausea, dizziness, irritability.” The voice on the other end broke in, “What happened?!?” Donny started to think. “Uh,” he mumbled, “some of them were accidental, others, well, I just couldn’t take their stupidity anymore.” Donny exhaled deeply and continued. “It started with little things, like my secretary not getting me the right presentation for an important

meeting, people honking at me in stalled traffic, my kids always wanting more, more, more, and my wife just pats my shoulder when I want sex...I don’t know Doc...by the way, is it ok to call you doc? I mean, I don’t want to sound too familiar or disrespectful.

“Anyway, a guy has a lot of things on his mind, has a lot of...stress...a lot of...I don’t know.”

There was a long silence at the other end of cellular space. Donny was tempted to hang up, tempted to rape, to maim, to explode. He admitted it even to himself, there has been too much shit on his mind lately, weighing him down—but tonight the only things weighing him down lie motionless in the trunk of his car. He smiled at his own joke with a grin that looked more like a grimace. He took a sip from his 7-11 Big Gulp in his cup holder and opened the party-sized Doritos bag at his side.

“You know you’re going to be held accountable for this, don’t you? Where are you, where are the sirens and the cops? Shouldn’t you be moving by now if what you said is true...or is this just one big ploy to get attention? God, I really feel manipulated! You know I have to charge you for an “after-hours” phone session for this!”

Donny crunched on the taco chips and answered back into the phone simultaneously, “It’s alright. Sorry I bothered you, Doc. Go back to sleep...no, I don’t think I need to meet you at the hospital...no, I don’t feel I need to be in a ‘secure environment’. I’m fine. See you soon...by the way, thanks for listening. I really feel like we had a break-through today. Talk to you later.” Donny pressed the “off” button on the phone and saw lights flashing far away in his rearview mirror. He

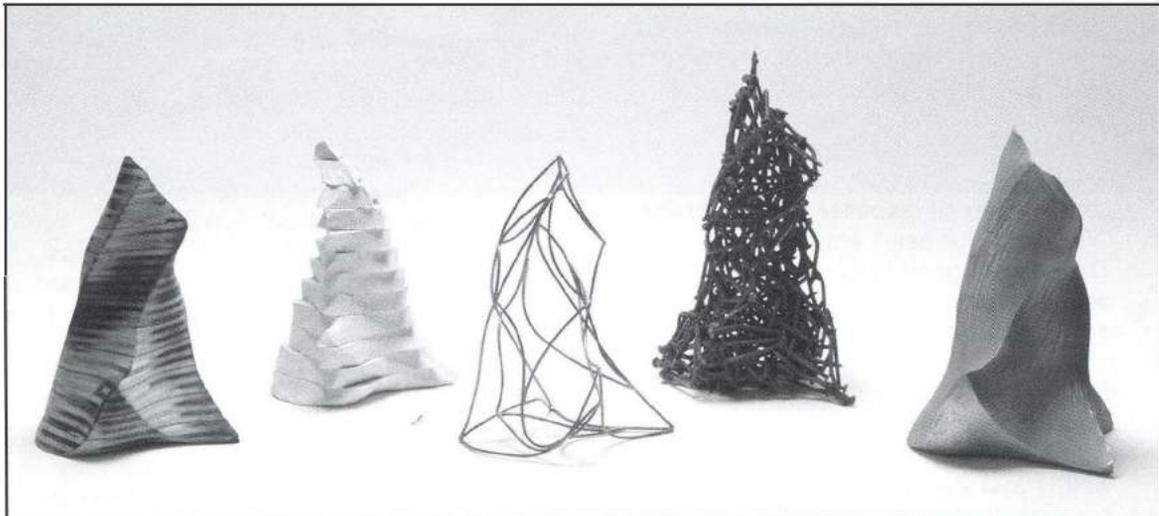
checked the Colt .45 automatic Combat Commander to make sure he had a full clip in the gun, cocked his weapon and got out of his car.

The rain hit him like a slap in the face. Giant water droplets clung to the lenses of his glasses, clouding his vision along with the reflections of the lights in the parking lot. He extended his arm fully in front of himself, and waited for the cruiser to pull just a bit further into the lot—everything seemed to be in slow motion. At least this was one problem he could fix.

It had been a long time since Donny felt what he remembered to be happy, sad, excited, anything. Donny just brushed off the crumbling marriage and the kids failing school; he remained cool, in control. Detachment was the

key to getting through another day at work, another sleepless night on the couch, another obscenity barked at him during traffic. Life was one big empty pit to him. There was nothing left in life besides the stagnant waters of a 'life' that he once had—someone else's life.

The fire erupted from the metal piece faster than the sound that departed from it. There was finally a real smile on his lips. A crazy thought about his medication dashed through his mind, "Better living through chemistry." Man, those sixties freaks were right all along. Donny's glasses, cast askew, still reflected the parking lot lightning. It had been the first time in a long while since he had felt anything, and this was a welcome surprise.



Material Study

Jack Mitchell

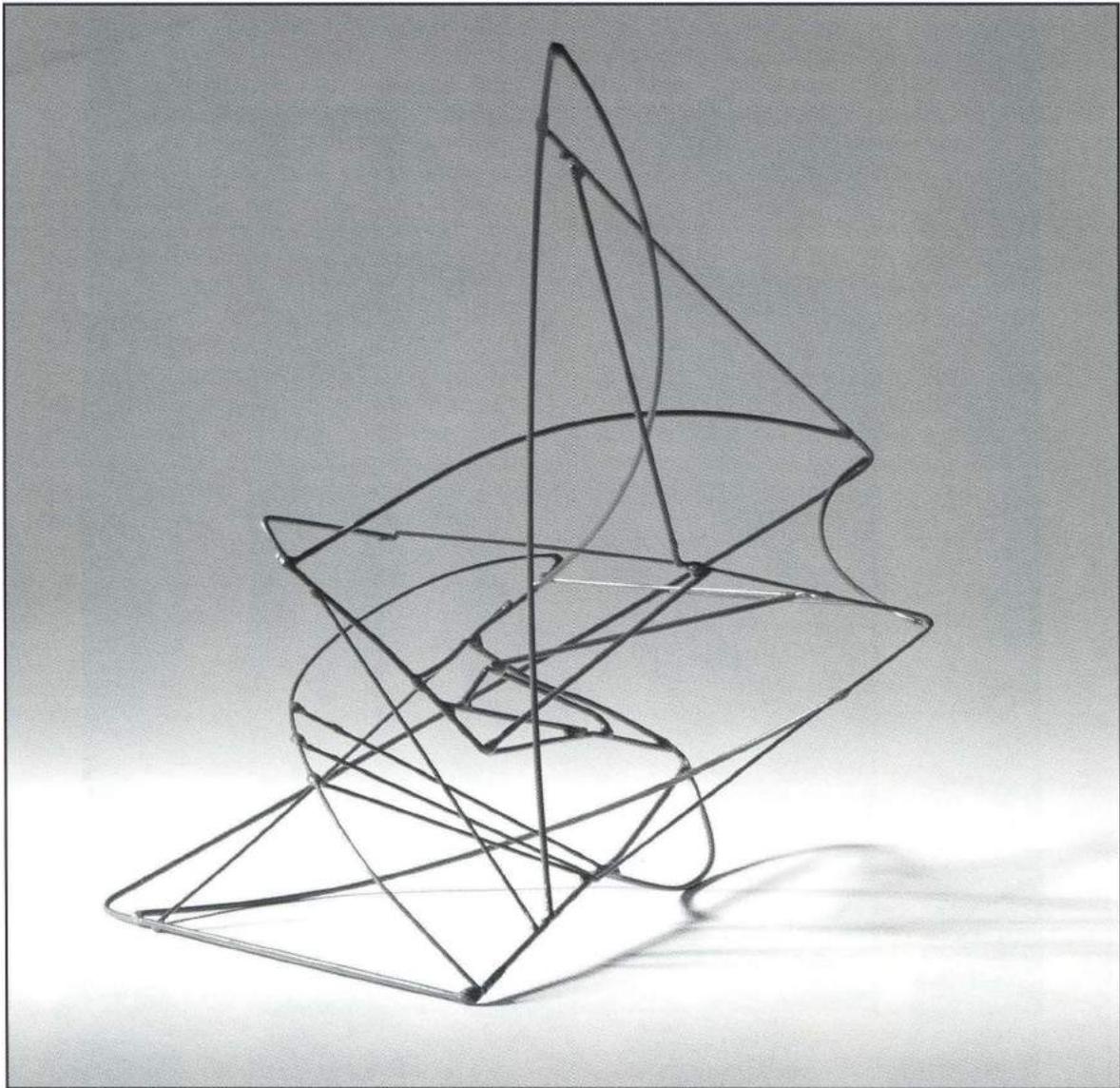
Nails, Wire, Wood, Bronze, Stoneware



Physical Vision

Sarah Jeziorshi

Etching - 6.25" x 9"



Matriarch

Lauren Clausen

Steel Wire - Approx. 15" x 9" x 10"

Jeffrey Horwick's Hands

Laura M. Gross

You were from a poor family, they said,
but we knew your fingers
poking through your one pair of gloves
and your slapping shoe soles as you'd trudge
home to the 76th Place neighborhood
where the Blacks lived.

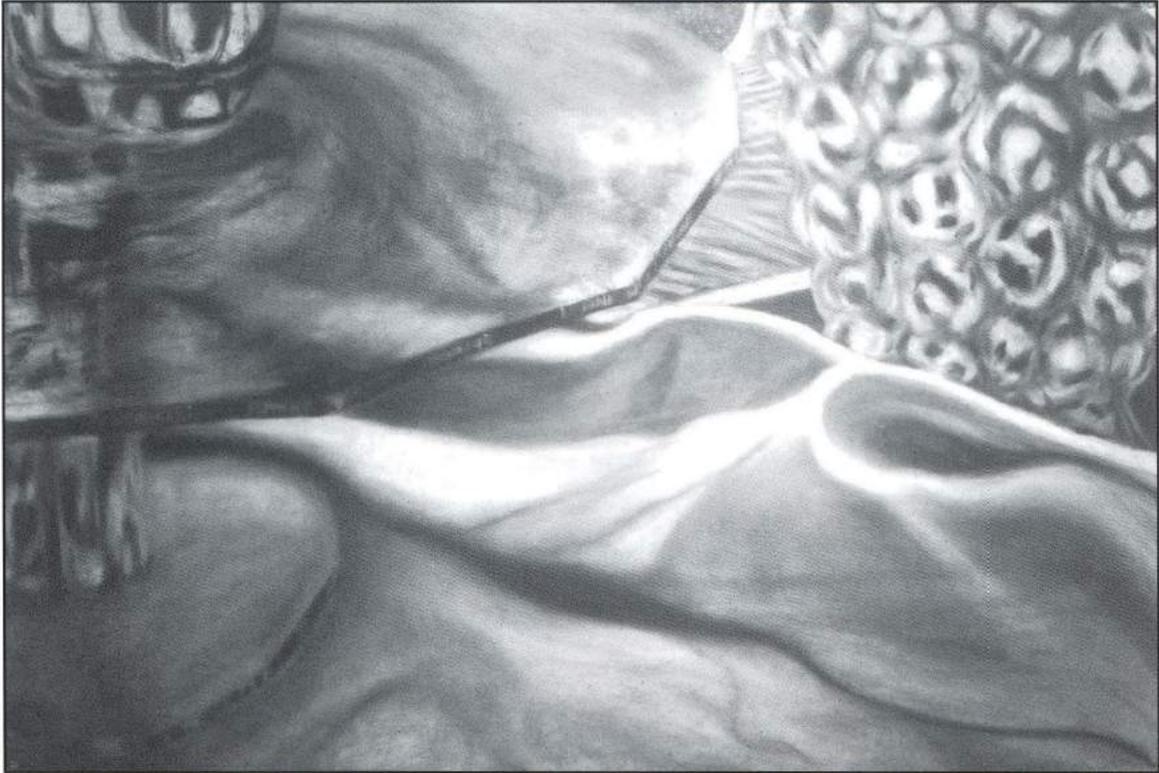
"God commands you to give," said Sister Patrick Joseph,
shaking her milk cartons in our faces.

Everyone but you dropped their coins in for hungry Mexicans or Guatemalans, Puerto Ricans or Costa Ricans—for people in places I'd never go where children sleep in cardboard beds.

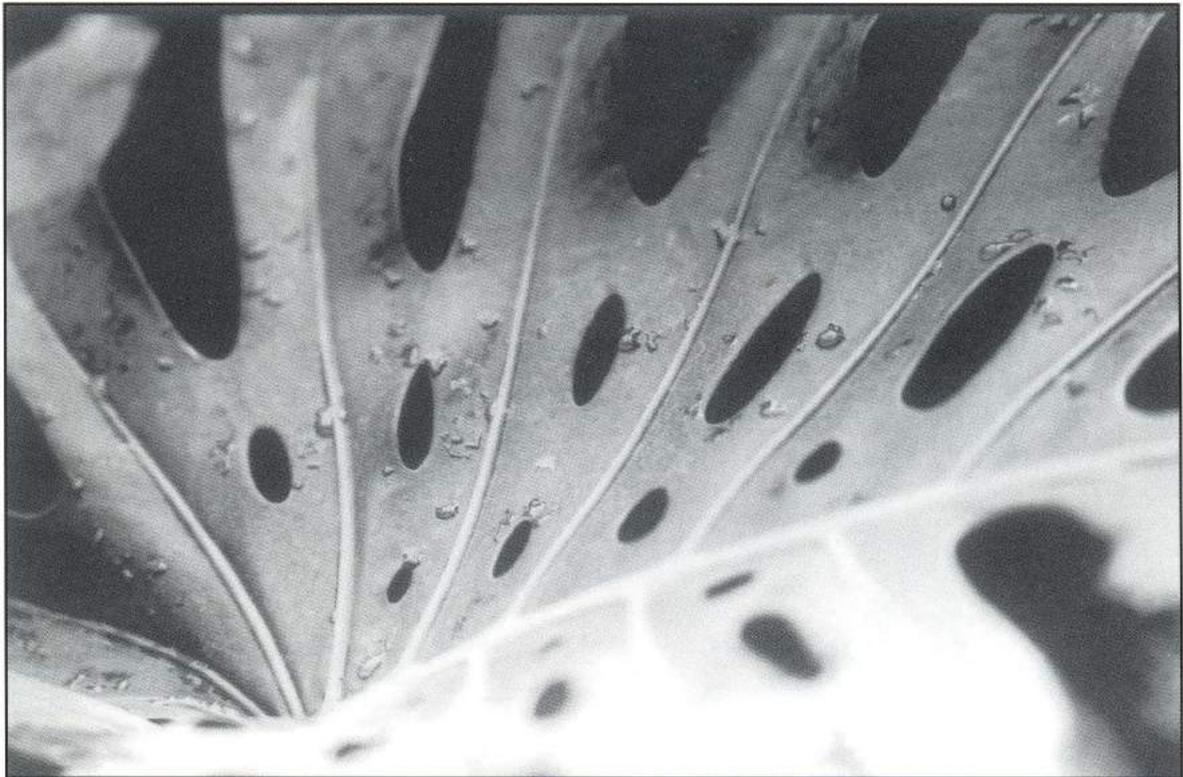
But you didn't have your lunch money all week.
You were hungry too.

With her yardstick Sister beat your hands.
You flinched when your blood first fell
in long thin strands
those beatings formed scars and scabs—
your only protection from Sister's wrath.
You didn't cry until
we heard a crack
more faint than the yardstick
beating against your desk.
Only then did Sister stop
leaving you to shake in your seat.

That day you wanted to be alone,
but my brother and I walked you home,
your finger bones jingling
like the bells of street-corner Santas
collecting coins for starving foreign children.



Charcoal Study
Michael Qualman
Charcoal - 40" x 30"



Synthesis

Kelly Stachura

Photography - 9.5" x 6.5"



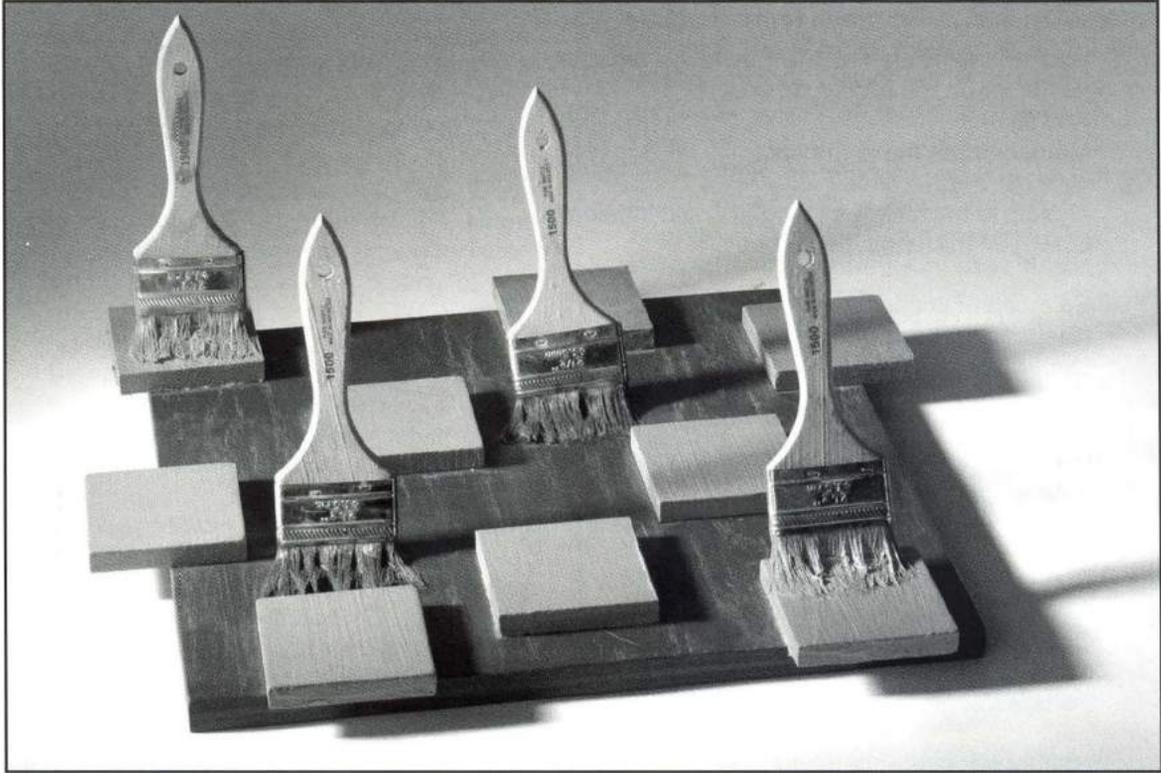
Untitled
Elizabeth B. Walter
Etching - 9.5" x 6.75"



Jacknife / Racked

John Kurman

Wax - Approx. 5" tall



Painting Itself
Michelle Fernandez
Mixed Media - Approx. 15" x 15" x 5"

Untitled

Liz McGuan

I gather up my shirt on the way to the hamper
(Barefoot on the hardwood floor)
And Pause
Memory roots me to the spot.

I hold it to my face, as though I could inhale you
Draw you full length to my body.

So much of you infused in the fabric now
(Diagonal threads beside the point, really)
Of our night.

Pulled taut between us
I stretch along your length to reach your face,
Aching curve above your jaw.
You bury yourself in my collar
I arch like a cat. A shudder
Running through me vibrating string.

Counterpane tent over your hands skin
Stroking my skin
Particles bombard: reaction contained.

I gather it together carefully now
So nothing slips through the folds

A small child gathering berries in the apron of his shirt
Or entrusted to carry a too full glass.

To C.
October 27, 2002

On the Mountaintop

Gina Mulroy

Sitting on the mountaintop, I watched the hawk drift along the mountain's breath... it melted into the panoramic splendor.

I lingered in the stillness that filled the spaces.

My thoughts turned to my Deaf friends. I was envious of the silent peace that fills their ears. I long for such tranquility to infuse the hours of my days.

My thoughts turned to my hearing friends. "Deaf!? Think of all that you would lose," their only concern. They do not comprehend my "noise dilemma."

If I became Deaf, would I lose anything? Television? Movies? Garish, I prefer closed-captioning anyway.

Music? So treasured by the hearing world, could I be without? Do I need it?

Deaf poets began performing in the theater of my mind, their fluid motions recreating the universe out of thin air. Music to my eyes, is it not the same as music to my ears? American Sign Language is signing/ singing... signing is signing with a twist.

The sounds of nature bring such comfort. Birdsong fills the air with joy and promise, who will announce the renewal of spring if my eyes hear?

Then I remembered a Deaf storyteller creating the wind in his hands, I felt it whirl through me. He created clouds, the flight of butterflies and birds. His flowed and the heaven's sang.

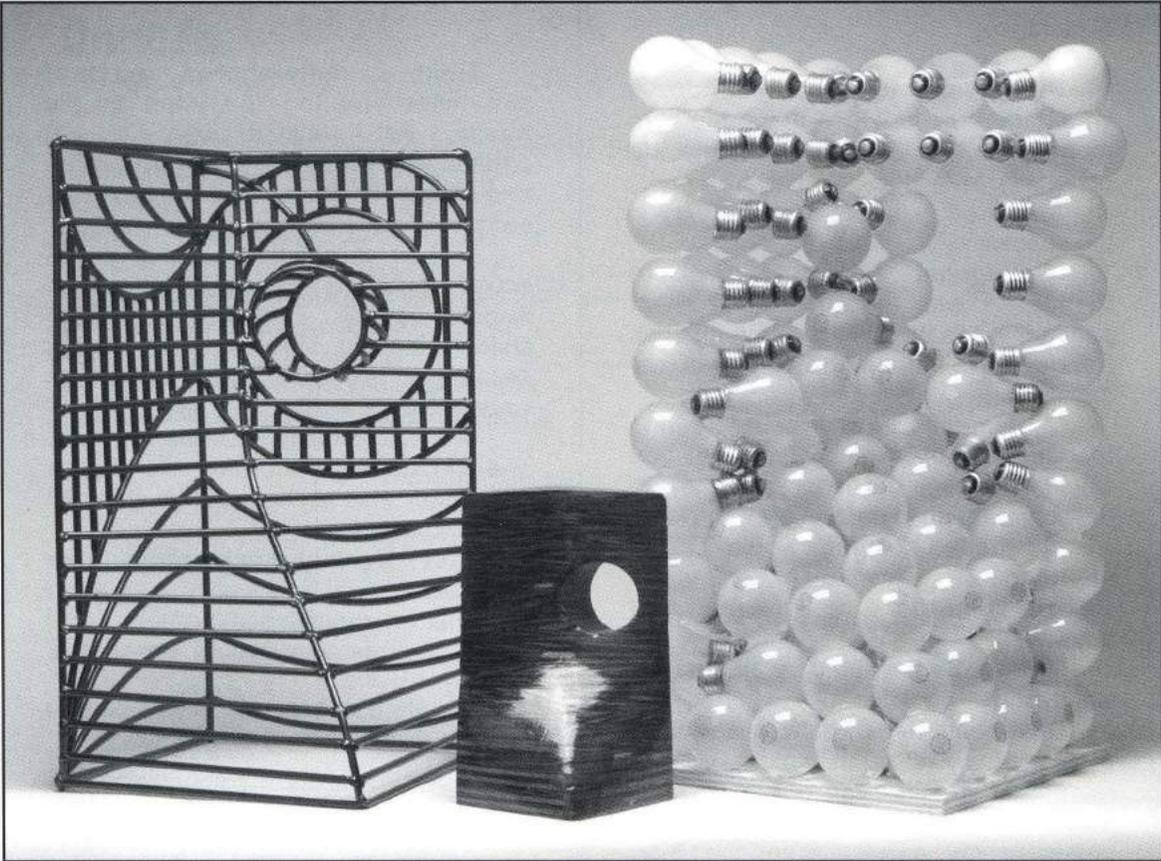
A choir of children singing is the sound of Angels' voices. Replace an Angels' Choir? Then I beheld Deaf children signing, they too were singing as only Angels can. Their tiny hands were heaven's music to my eyes.

The placid hush sustains my soul. The din of the discordant world is a distraction that challenges the peace I seek and covet.

After I hike back down this mountain, I know I will scurry in an effort to transport the silence home. I will resent anyone who would break this serenity.

The time will come when I must rejoin the dissonance of this world. It saddens me to know that, always too soon, the silence will be broken.

If only I could cross over. Hear with my eyes!? How would I answer to the accusations of insanity? Seekers of inner peace, spiritual mystics quest for the divinity that dwells in the stillness. For they know that all answers abound in the profoundness of the infinite stillness...



Material Study
Nick Jacob
Steel Wire, Wood, Light Bulbs



Slide of a Slide
Michelle Fernandez
Mixed Media - Approx. 16" by 16"



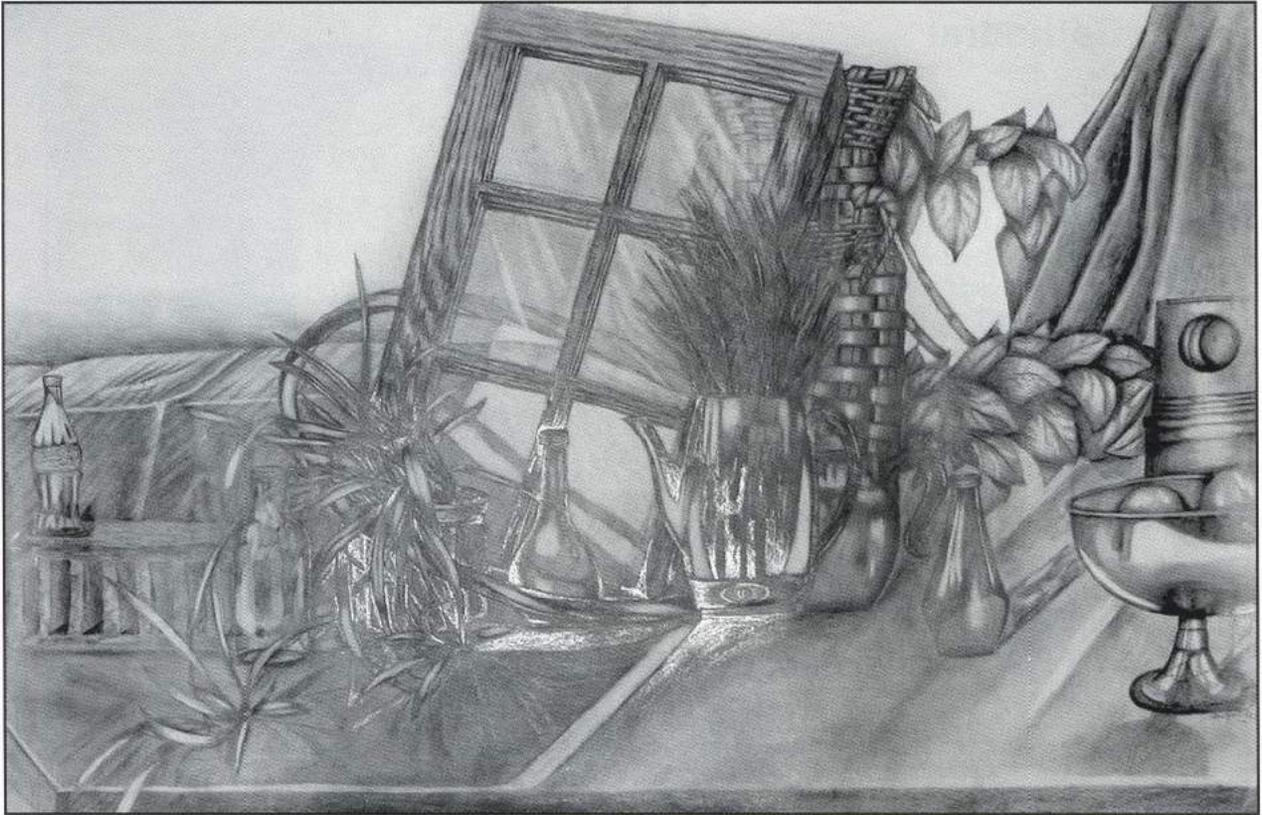
Untitled
Elizabeth B. Walter
Xerox Transfer Print - 16" x 12"

Cathedral

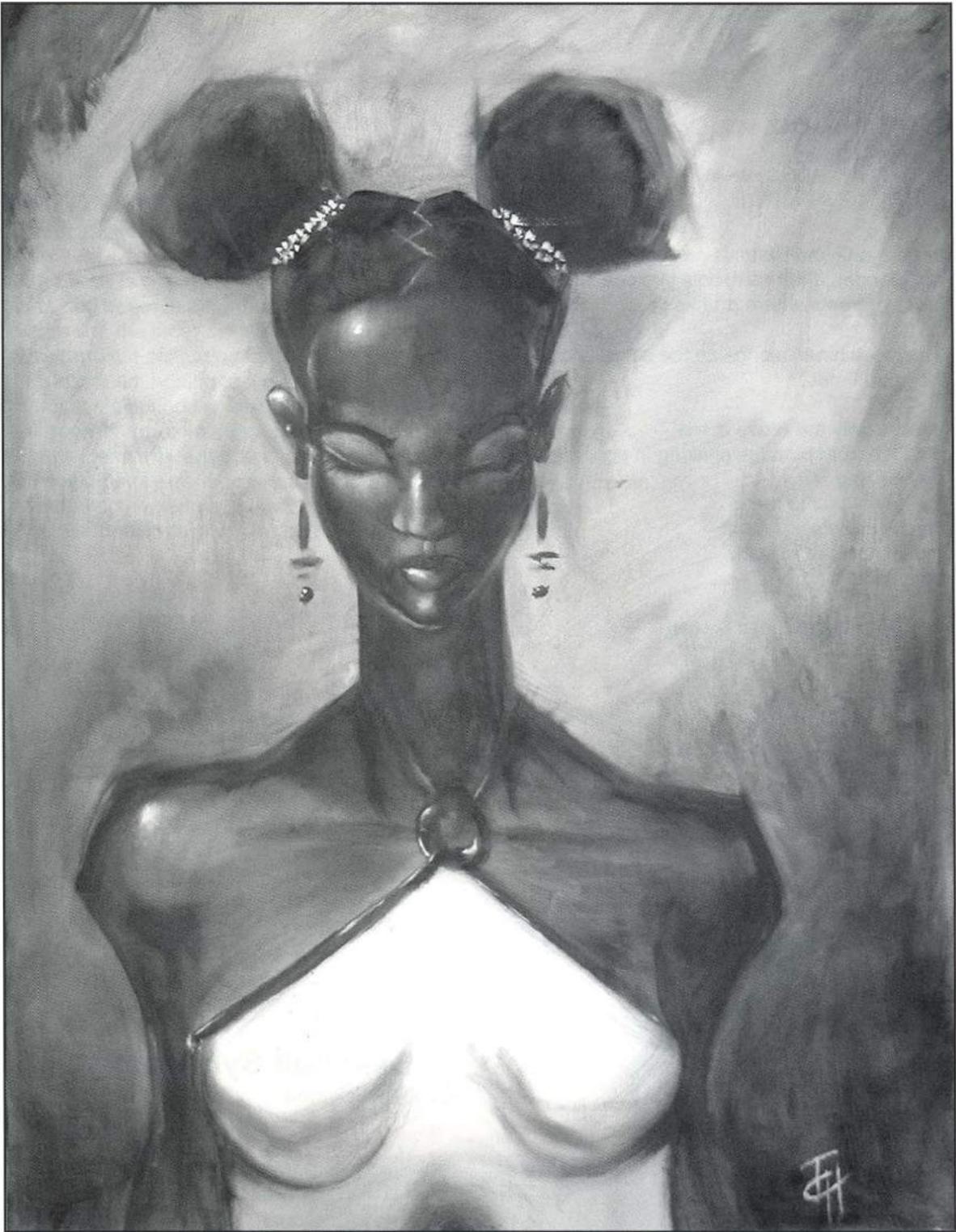
Jacob Pope

The gothic church stood in foreboding silence.
Snarling stone visages
Judging.
Swallowed by the wooden portal
Swimming in smothering sublime ecstasy
A face wreathed in thorns bids me sleep.
A bloody hand baptizes
I drown in blood.

Thrashing I stumble out of the church.
Gasping,
 Shuddering,
 Retching stagnant bible verses.
I wipe paper pulp from the corners of my mouth
I crawl out from the steeple shadows
Into the chill autumn
Bracing my hand upon my knee
I stand,
 Erect
My limbs grow heavy departing from opiated shadows.



Untitled
Jennifer Nelson
Graphite - 35" x 23"



Total Espy and Puffs

Thomas Helton

Oil on Canvas - 30" x 40"

Boy Blood

Laura M. Gross

In bars only the Blues is real
not blondes, their hair roots like coal dust
on city streets where drunks lie.

The sax whines alongside the singer's cry
for good times.

In bars only the Blues is real
not love from blondes shaking in tight tops
tits shaking still
as they signal to teens
on city streets,
red lips poised to suck
boy blood

In bars only the Blues is real.

Seashell Syndrome

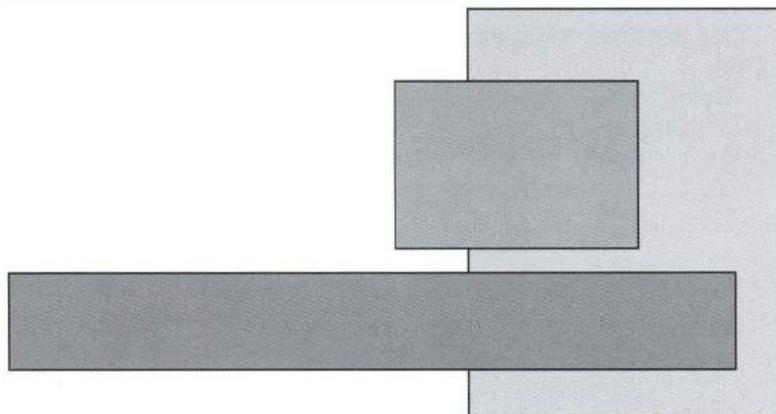
Nick Jakimow

Hold your breath,
people care what I do.
A real individual.
Feel for the walls. I am
a fucking asshole, the room is on fire,
the answering machine is silent.

Hovering above the Keyboard

Chuck Boswell

If the body is a temple, the church that is my hand
Is buried beneath a hardened layer of dirt and grime.
Scars line the index finger; angry pink lines pointing to the target key
As I continue searching for words in the basement of my mind.
I look around, hoping to find some hidden corner
Holding ideas corked, and ready to be brought forth like thunder.
I argue with my own subconscious, hoping to haggle the price.
For its ideas that it peddles, the sneaky jerk that is my other side.
If I could betray my inside, display him like some freak in a gazebo,
Maybe I could steal an idea from it while it stands in shock—
And disappear merrily, idea in motion like a driver in his car.



A walk to the noplace

Jonathan Leyser

I walk down this familiar road
The signs on this road have been torn down.
People look stare and point
The lights are green but nowhere to go
The endless cul-de-sacs
That take up my time are nowhere to be seen
The trees have disowned their leaves
Leaving a clear view on the nothingness

Stumbling on obedient new shoes
Overhearing people rattling off
Memorized philosophies about the mall

I try to keep my eyes occupied
So they don't look into the nothingness
But people walk away as I open my mouth
As I try to keep their attention
I have no protection
I have not been taught my automatic responses
Alone

Walking alone eyes towards the street
Frustrated frigid cops on bikes ride by
Unaware
Where to put their eye

I take the moment to
Pop, squirt and spray the cures to my defects
Sinus infection, allergies and A.D.H.D.
Pop
Gulp
Drop
Spray
Snort

