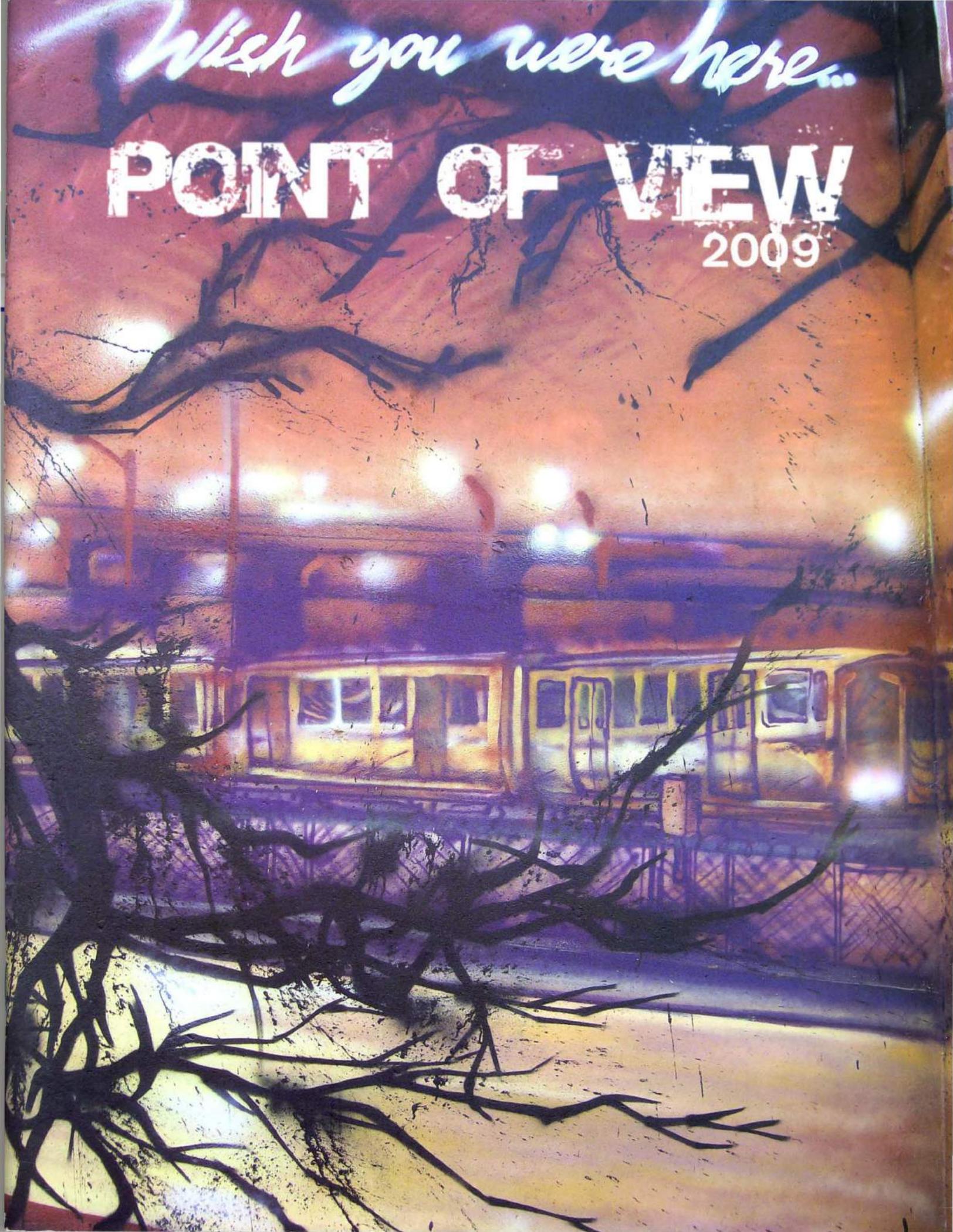


Wish you were here...

POINT OF VIEW

2009



POINT OF VIEW

2009

art and literary advisor: ANNE DAVIDOVICZ

art editor: CASEY LANGE

literary editor: COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON

student art judges:

ADAM BACON

DUSTIN BERMAN

NICOLE BODENSTEIN

PETER HAMLIN

NOZOMU ITO

HEATHER KEMPIAK

CASEY LANGE

student literature judges:

JENNIFER CEFALU

COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON

RACHAEL DOMANUS

CHERYL GISTENSEN

KELLY MCCRADIC

faculty judges:

BARBARA BUTLER

BRIAN CREMINS

PEARL RATUNIL

ALICIA TOMASIAN

AWARD WINNERS

point of view award:

EVA KWIATEK

"BABCIA"

vivian stewart award:

COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON

"LOVE POEM FROM

THE GREEN JOURNAL"

ray mills award:

SHARON KISS

"A PUZZLEMENT"

photography: STEVE DONISCH

printing: VIS-O-GRAPHIC PRINTING, INC.

WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO HELPED OUT IN THE CREATION OF
THE POINT OF VIEW 2009, ESPECIALLY:

SAM ROSBY, JASON PEOT, DENNIS WEEKS, JOHN KURMAN, PERRY POLLOCK,
KEN DAHLBERG, MICHAEL NEJMAN, KATHY SHINE, SUSAN BORCHEK-SMITH,
SHIRLEY PRUYN, MICHAEL BARZACCHINI, AND THE HARPER FOUNDATION.

HARPER COLLEGE

COPYRIGHT © 2009 WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER COLLEGE

1200 WEST ALGONQUIN ROAD, PALATINE IL 60067

ALL RIGHTS TO CREATIVE WORK BELONG TO THEIR RESPECTIVE CREATORS

printed on recycled paper

EVERY ATTEMPT HAS BEEN MADE TO INCLUDE ALL CONTRIBUTORS AND ENSURE
ACCURACY OF INFORMATION. WE APOLOGIZE FOR ANY MISTAKES OR OMISSIONS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 3: SHARON KISS: A PUZZLEMENT
- 4: CHERYL GISTENSON: A POSTCARD VERSION INSPIRED BY: CHRIS M "BREAKFAST PORTRAIT"
- 5: SAMANTHA TOLJANIC: THE CRUSH
- 6: DOUG TABB: URBAN RENEWAL
- 7: DAN HERRICK: A QUEST
- 8: JAMES DEMARCO: UNTITLED
- 9: KARIN BERG: AMAZONAS
- 10: COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON: THE PERFECT FUCK BUDDY (A RESPONSE TO AI'S SLEEPING BEAUTY)
- 11: KASIA SAMULSKIE: UNTITLED (STUCK)
- 12: SCOTT STEDER: ABEYANCE
- 13: KELLY MCCRADIC: AMPLE BOSOM
- 14: HEATHER KEMPIAK: THE NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN
- 15: CARL EVANS: PRESENCE PAST
- 16: CONTINUED
- 17: CONTINUED
- 18: CONTINUED
- 19: JANICE KOSTELNY: SATIN BLACK FLORAL BOWL
- 20: NOZOMU ITO: UNTITLED
- 21: PEGGY RODRIGUEZ: WITCH'S BREW
- 22: NICK KHOLER: UNTITLED
- 23: COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON: GOLDEN DELICIOUS & GO BACK TO YOUR HAND, JERK!
- 24: KAREN MURPHY: UNTITLED (CRESCENT II)
- 25: KARIN OHME: THIRD GRADE SERGEANT AND THE UNICORN
- 26: CHRISTINA RAGONA: UNTITLED
- 27: CHERYL GISTENSON: A HEAD OF GARLIC
- 28: CASEY LANGE: MORE HAPPY LOVE, HAPPY, HAPPY LOVE
- 29: SAMANTHA TOLJANIC: FINALLY
- 30: KAT CALLAS: SILENT NIGHT
- 31: CONTINUED
- 32: CONTINUED
- 33: CONTINUED
- 34: CONTINUED
- 35: RICH HACKER: CHAIR
- 36: PETE HAMLIN: NIGHTMARES
- 37: CARL EVANS: PAGANS HAVE PRETTY FEET
- 38: MARNINA LELANE: CHARLOTTE
- 39: CASEY LANGE: ALLURE
- 40: COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON: LOVE POEM FROM THE GREEN JOURNAL
- 41: DAREK PIECH: ELEMENTS
- 42: EVA D. KWIATEK: BABCIA
- 43: BARBARA GRABIARZ: UNTITLED
- 44: KELLY MCCRADIC: OFF THE WAGON
- 45: KELLY MCCRADIC: ROCK LIKE ME & COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON: LOVE POEM

SHARON KISS.
"A PUZZLEMENT."
CERAMICS.



A purple pool
of berries, red and blue,
drowns me in its juices,
sweeter than the honey of the bees.

Maple syrup kisses my lips
as I gaze at the pancakes it rains on
like the clouds
carrying me
through this sensual wonderland.

I have found a pot of gold:
crispy sizzling hash browns
lay half hidden
under hills of egg whites
and the volcanic eruption
of sunny yellow yolk.
Steam beckons my attention,
like the come hither of a finger,
towards the warm
rich aroma of fried bacon.

Stirred,
my mind expands in orgasmic pulses.
Suddenly,
the metal frame intervenes
and cuts my apple juice in half.
My hunger yanks me out of this tasty scene.

INSPIRED BY: CHRIS M "BREAKFAST PORTRAIT"

**A POSTCARD
VERSION**

She doesn't look out as often in winter, hidden behind the curtains,
waiting for weeks to pass, a new season to come calling.
I couldn't wait anymore, so with glistening white light
I paint her window drawing her to me.

The clouds lift, her face beams back at me smiling into my rays,
reminding me why I want to stay awhile.
My warm massage keeps her in the pane,
long, blueblack hair reflecting my light like the windshield of a convertible
in summer, blinding me for a moment.

No tan is left, my mark has faded.
Winter white is her color now, the color all around
except for the hint of green when she looks up at me
smiling, bathing in my waterfall of light.
She shivers remembering it is winter still,
disappearing behind the curtain and me behind the clouds.

THE CRUSH

DOUG TABB.
"URBAN RENEWAL."
CERAMIC.



DAN HERRICK.
"A QUEST."
CERAMIC.



UNTITLED

1

Rivers sweep long and wide
but roads cut fiercely,
a Bridge must form
when these two collide

The bridge forced himself onto
her river banks with
his heavy machinery,
then laden iron ore

earth and forest
could not contest to the
will and greed of men,
an unjust display of power

The job is complete, she
now bares the weight and strain
from the path scarred
across Her chest.

2

A young boy's father
takes him to fish with
fresh nightcrawlers
dug from the fertile shores

They stand high on the bridge
viewing this enormous space;
the river's rippled seams
that stem from far away

The blurred banks would
not attempt to display the
steel and earth that shaped
the pact, now so clean

as the boy reels the weighted
string to his father's
shaken hands, his feet slip
and carry his body to the
heavy rocks below.

3

The lone bridge stands
left to feel the rubber
rumble of exhaust
and bass

more wielding of steel
and stamped signs for
Caution, surround
patched borders

the pain is invited
from every last bump,
he cries to her
and begs to come down.

The rain bleeds
his rust into the river
below, so that someday She
will carry him away.

JAMES DENMARCO

Eight

KARIN BERG.
"AMAZONAS."
CERAMIC & BRONZE.



THE PERFECT

FUCK BUDDY

[A RESPONSE TO A'S SLEEPING BEAUTY]

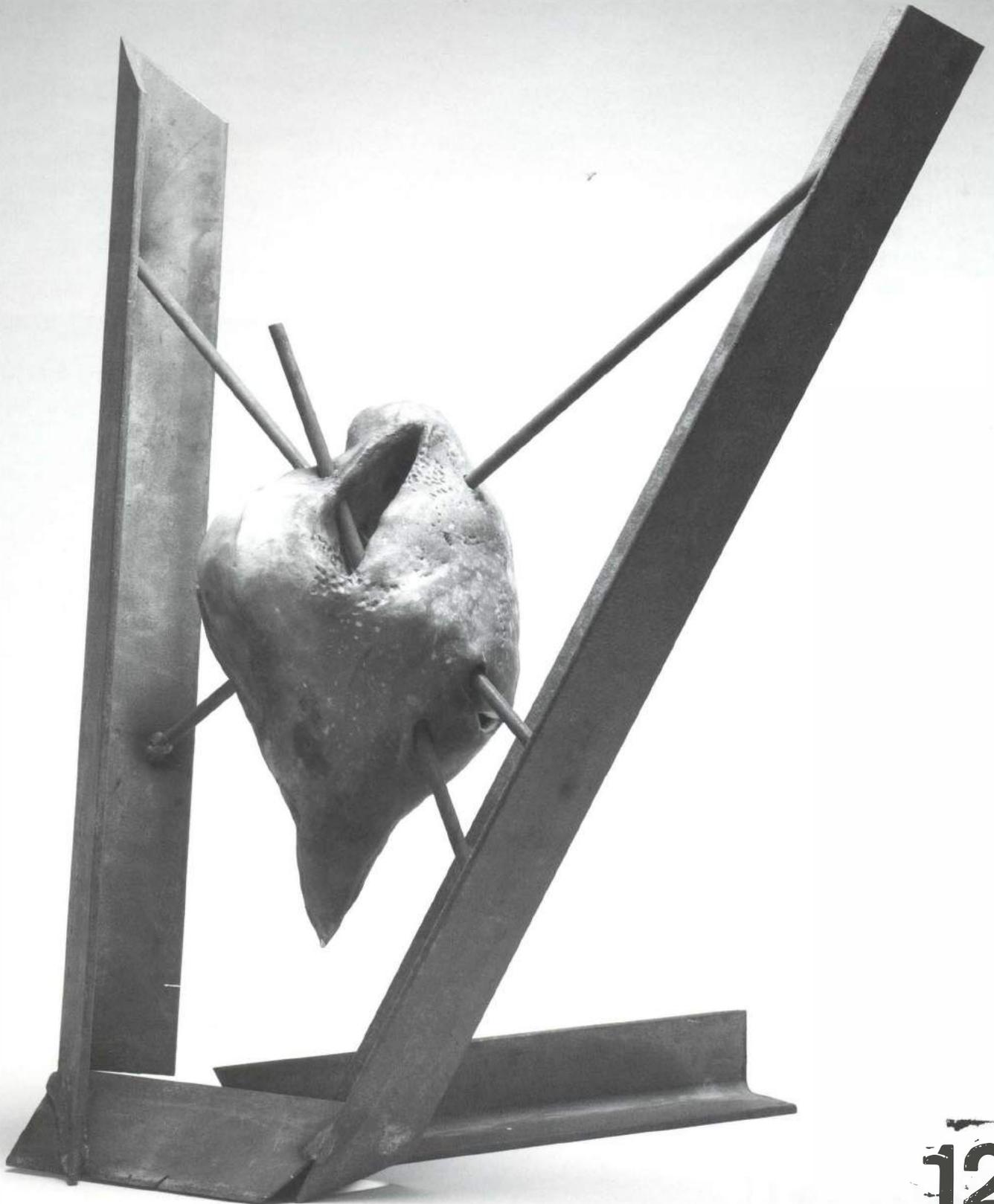
I sneak in to your room
avoiding the eyes of doctors
to stare at your sleeping body
tucked beneath stiff hospital sheets.
Though your blood is pumping
your face is white and plain
the way I like.
Saliva drips from my lips' corners
as I tear away our linen barrier.
I am good to you.
I rub your breasts for comfort
touch your thigh to turn on.
I indulge in ripple of your limp body
until I feel resistance twitch your body.
It makes me want to be a man
fuck you hard
make you know I'm strong.
But you're unlike any woman I've been with
my Sleeping Beauty
you let me do what I want
without complaint that
I'm not hitting the right spot.
And when I come
you don't slap me
or bitch that it costs
40 dollars for a morning after pill.
I'll come back, Sleeping Beauty,
and together we'll relieve the sting of my prick.

COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON

**KASIA SAMULSKI
"UNTITLED (STUCK)."
GLAZED PORCELAIN
FOUND WOOD.**



SCOTT STEDER.
"ABEYANCE."
CERAMIC
STEEL.



AMPLE BOSOM

Hands

down my neck
across my breasts.

Like mountains, imperfect but beautiful.

My breasts.

They center me.

Holding back my heart so not to give it away so eagerly.

My breasts.

Regarded by women.

Admired by men.

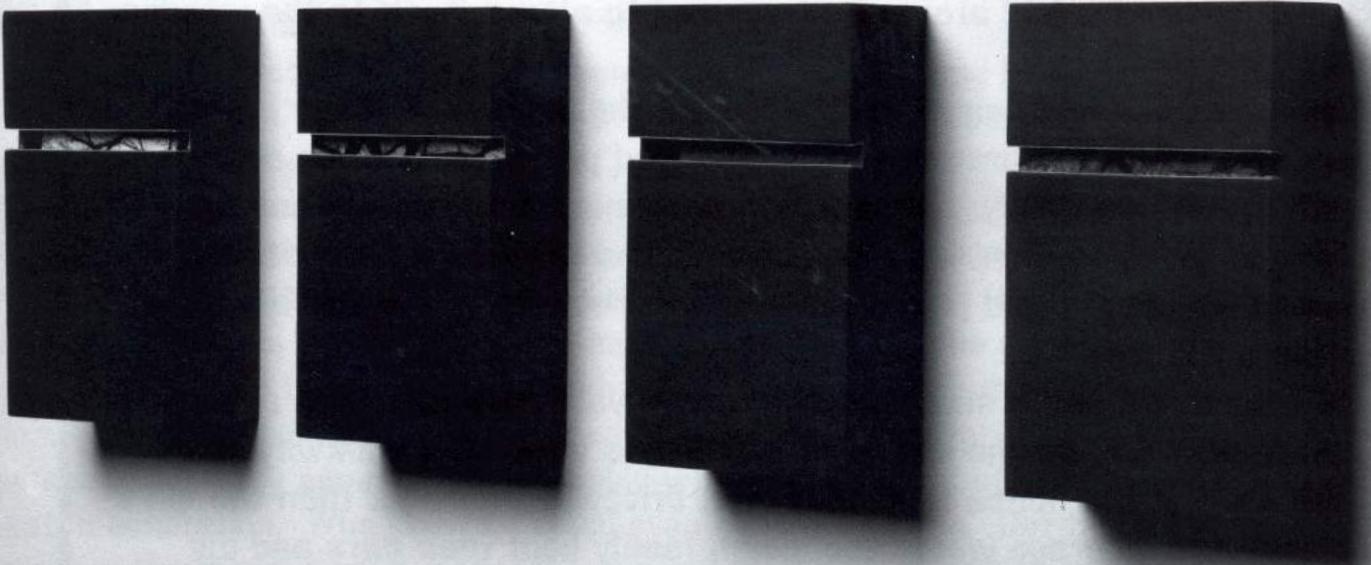
My breasts.

Mothering nurturing couplets that feed our young.

Sexy and powerful, a seductive asset that can control, if used properly.

My breasts.

HEATHER KEMPIAK.
"THE NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN."
PAINING.



I wish sometimes my life were a movie; that way everything would have to make sense. . .

I came home from school. One bag of laundry to unload, one bank account to refill, oh, and free food, can't forget free food.

I went to my mother's place. The divorce happened while I was young, in high school, but still young. She lived in a classic Queen Ann style rental, a three-story wood house on an indefinable street on the north side. A soft blue and atrocious yellow trim made this one stand out from the other pale blue hues on the street. She lived on the second floor. An Indian family lived on the first floor; they seemed never to go to sleep and cooked foods that emitted a foul aroma that seemed to attach itself to the wooden beams of the porch.

There was a young pair of college kids in the basement, a guy and girl. The guy was a fine line between art school and poli-sci major. He drove a slightly beaten up Chevy. The stickers of democratic hopefuls and Aqua Teen Hunger Force adorned his rear bumper. The girl was a little bit of a mystery to me, quaint and polite. Somewhere between photo and bio major. She drove a Saturn.

Ma's backyard had a small patch of grass yard no longer than a classroom and a little walkway on the left hand side of the yard. The walkway lead from the back of the house to an open flat driveway no longer than the girl's car. There was a garage where the Indian family kept their cars and my mother kept hers.

The girl parked her car in the open landing so it was always susceptible to nature, yet she always kept that car immaculate. Shiny in the summer, sparkling in fresh car wash sheen. The interior, clean, new car almost with a blue pine tree hanging from the rear-view mirror. Every time there was even the lightest of snowfall, she would be out there, diligently clearing off the snow. It fit her, simple and modest, yet always pristine and in order.

PRESENCE

PAST

When I came to visit my mother, I would always pitch in with some daily chores. Cut the grass in the “yard”, shovel some walkways, do the laundry. The house was quiet and private for the tenants, though Ma and I wanted to bury every cooking utensil in the Indian family’s house in hopes that they would order out. There was little room to get into other tenants’ business. There was chatting on the stairwell or on our ways to and from the day-to-day errands. But the encounters were more accurately polite passing of time with strangers.

The laundry room, in the basement adjacent to the two college kid’s door, was a small space, a sort of oblong L really. In the back, tucked away, were three white water heaters. Up front, a washer and dryer separated by an old sink coated with paint stains and carpet that appeared to have been soiled, by what or whom is a mystery. Often times the scene played out like a strange ritual dance, a tenant loading or unloading laundry startled by the sudden opening of either the outside door or the college kid’s flimsy wooden door. Without fail, a yelp of surprise and an awkward chuckle would follow.

Every time the college kids’ door opened, they were followed by the strains of a soft tune playing. If it was the guy at home alone, usually some jam band of sorts playing another bloated, endless “jam out”, monotonous guitar riffs and inflated drum solos. The girl entered the laundry room usually followed by the most transcendental sound waves: melodic piano and orchestral arrangements or a woman’s fiery earthy voice crooning a sonnet to a jilted lover. It wasn’t that I heard all the words or even knew the song, but I could feel the tone.

I remember one time being startled by the girl as I was emptying the dryer. I don’t know why I couldn’t have bothered to make a bigger effort with the two younger kids. They seemed cool, probably within three years of my age range, or at least in generation. Who knows, I could even get to like them. But they lived where I lived. . . that’s not a good reason, I know, but it was an unspoken rule, as if no one wanted to burst each other’s tiny bubble of privacy.

This day, the girl came through the wooden door from her flat with a load. We startled each other. I could hear the strains of Queen’s “Radio Ga Ga” and Freddy Mercury’s falsetto voice following her into the laundry room. An abrupt laugh leapt from her lips as we made eye contact and acknowledged the unspoken awkwardness seeping into the room. We exchanged pleasantries and a minor joke, then slowly toed our way to the precipice of personal, but flinched and I went back upstairs.

One night my mother and I returned from a night on the town . . . well actually dinner at a familiar haunt of ours, an old Italian restaurant, and a late night showing of the 1964 masterpiece, The Train. We pulled into the garage just in time to see the guy helping his roommate along the concrete walkway. She was leaning heavily on him and limping. It occurred to me for the first time in the history at the house that these two were actually a couple. I asked if they needed help; they obliged. I never asked them what was wrong with her, but I helped her into their apartment, a studio with one bed, confirming my new revelation, adorned in eclectic yet tasteful wares. A carpet tapestry of The Beatles Abbey Road album cover hung on the wall, pictures of horses and tiny tie-dye glass figurines on a shelf on the opposite wall, and incense and a glass hash-pipe sat on the coffee table sat on the coffee table in front of their T.V. I excused myself promptly, feeling the wash of awkward invasion crawl over me, and I went back upstairs.

The following day, I returned home to see my mother's eyes puffy and red.

"What's wrong, Ma?" She looked at me with small tears welling in her eyes.

"Well you know how you had to help A-," I cut her off mid sentence.

"What happened, Mom?"

"Cancer. Acute leukemia. She went to the hospital this morning with leg pains and they gave the poor girl blood thinners thinking it may have been blood clots, those bastards! That's the last thing you do." She hissed as she turned her head, not in same of being emotional, but in personal frustration. I knew what wasn't being said. I didn't need her or a "B" in Biology to know exactly what was going on with the two college kids in the basement.

"Where is she being treated?"

"Sheppard's Path. Visiting hours are until 10:30 pm, so I'll be home late tonight. Since it's so close to your father's, I'm going to stop by and chat. I'll give you a call and update you on her situation if anything happens."

With that, my mother was gone. I turned on the T.V. and made some pasta.

A big snowfall came that night. My mother decided to stay up at my father's house overnight and hang out with my little sister who had just returned from Haiti. I had a bunch of errands to run, so I stayed at my mom's house in the city. Coming home the next night, I saw light pouring out onto the white snow from the basement doorway in front of the house. The shadowed silhouette of the college guy and another unidentified man were carrying boxes out. . .

I didn't need a phone call.

Pulling the garage door shut just enough to lock it. Turning to pick up some books I just bought, I saw her car on the open, flat concrete. It just doesn't make any sense. I did not blink when my mother told me the girl's condition. I had not even thought about the two college kids all day. Can I even recall her face? Yet hot tears caressed my cheek when I saw her Saturn sitting in the silent night chill, covered in snow.

CONTINUED

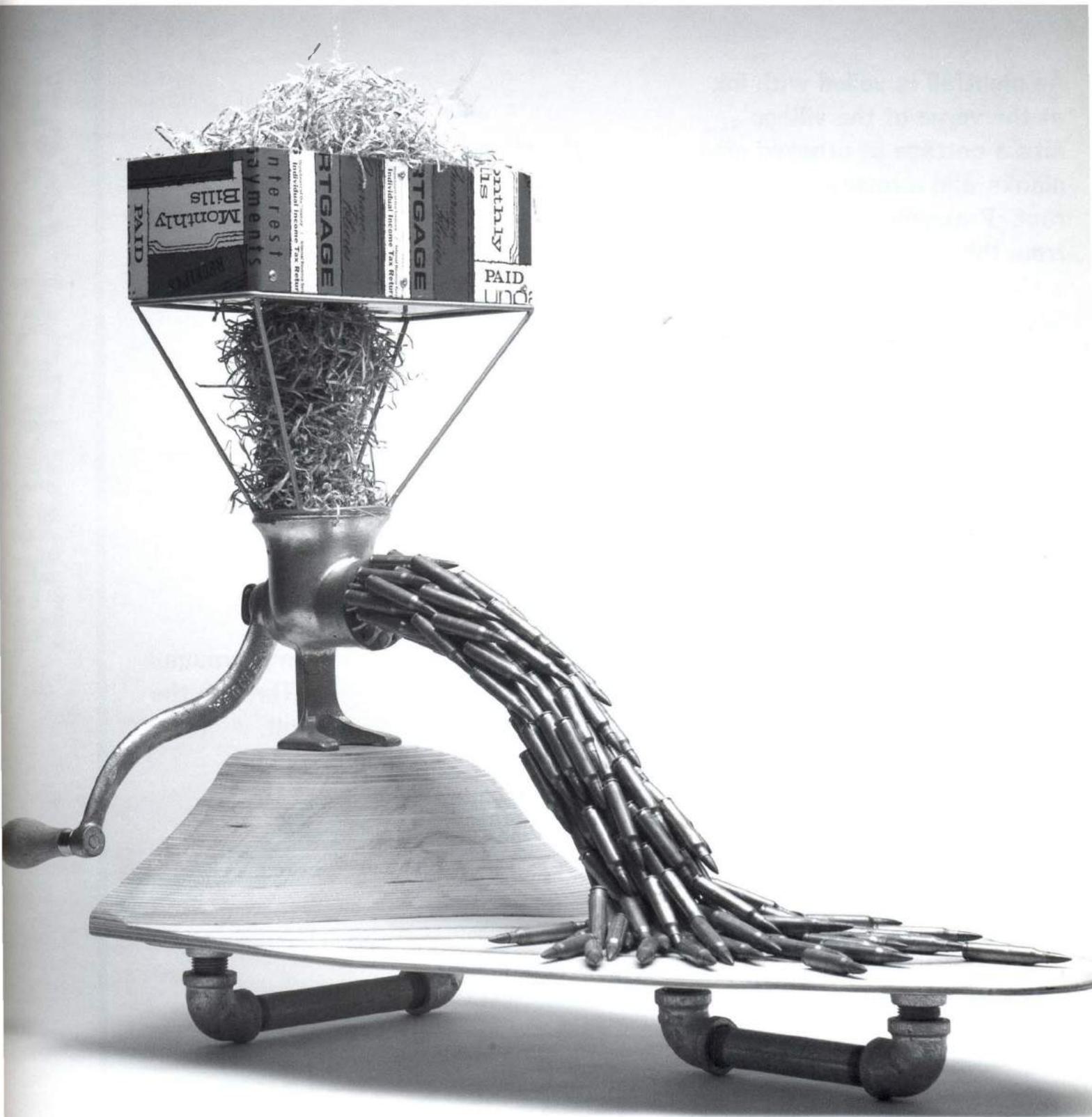
JANICE KOSTELNY.
"SATIN BLACK FLORAL BOWL."
CERAMIC.



NOZOMU ITO.

"UNTITLED."

WOOD. METAL. SHREDDED PAPER



As nightfall is veiled with ink
at the verge of the village
sits a cottage of crooked pine
planks and a rotting
roof. Protruding
from the fusty layers
a chimney, bent like a
finger, releases its putrid
soot. The wind is cross
tonight and whips
the trees. Whoosh! Whoosh! The
leaves slap together and
move like so many
sinister sprinkles. Crispy leaves
swirl, scratch, claw at
the ground. The cranky door
is ajar; peeking
in, we can see
her. Mumbling, murmuring, she
wrangles herself. Stirring, stirring the
aged old cauldron. A spoon
cut from the gallows
tree. "A little of this, a
little of that." Whack!! lands

the cleaver into the rat's
crunchy tail. She chortles in
perverted pleasure. Bloop-bloop. The
brew bubbles and percolates
while the owl sends out a
victorious Hoot! before
his flap-flap and the mouse
shrieks in terror. The
leaves only answer with
a vengeful scratch. The fire inside
cracks and pops. The gnarled
wood splinters like twisted
bone. The worn raven
in the corner gives a
caaw! She raises her
shiny spider eyes, grinning through
broken yellowed glass. Through the
mist, over the hill the wolf
howls. He howls loud and he
howls long.

WITCH'S BREW

NICK KHOLER
"UNTITLED."
WOOD. METAL.



GO BACK TO YOUR HAND, JERK!

Car door

SLAM!

You zip your pants over your
whining penis.

I scream a reason as I leave,

“I am not your **FLESH DOLL!**”

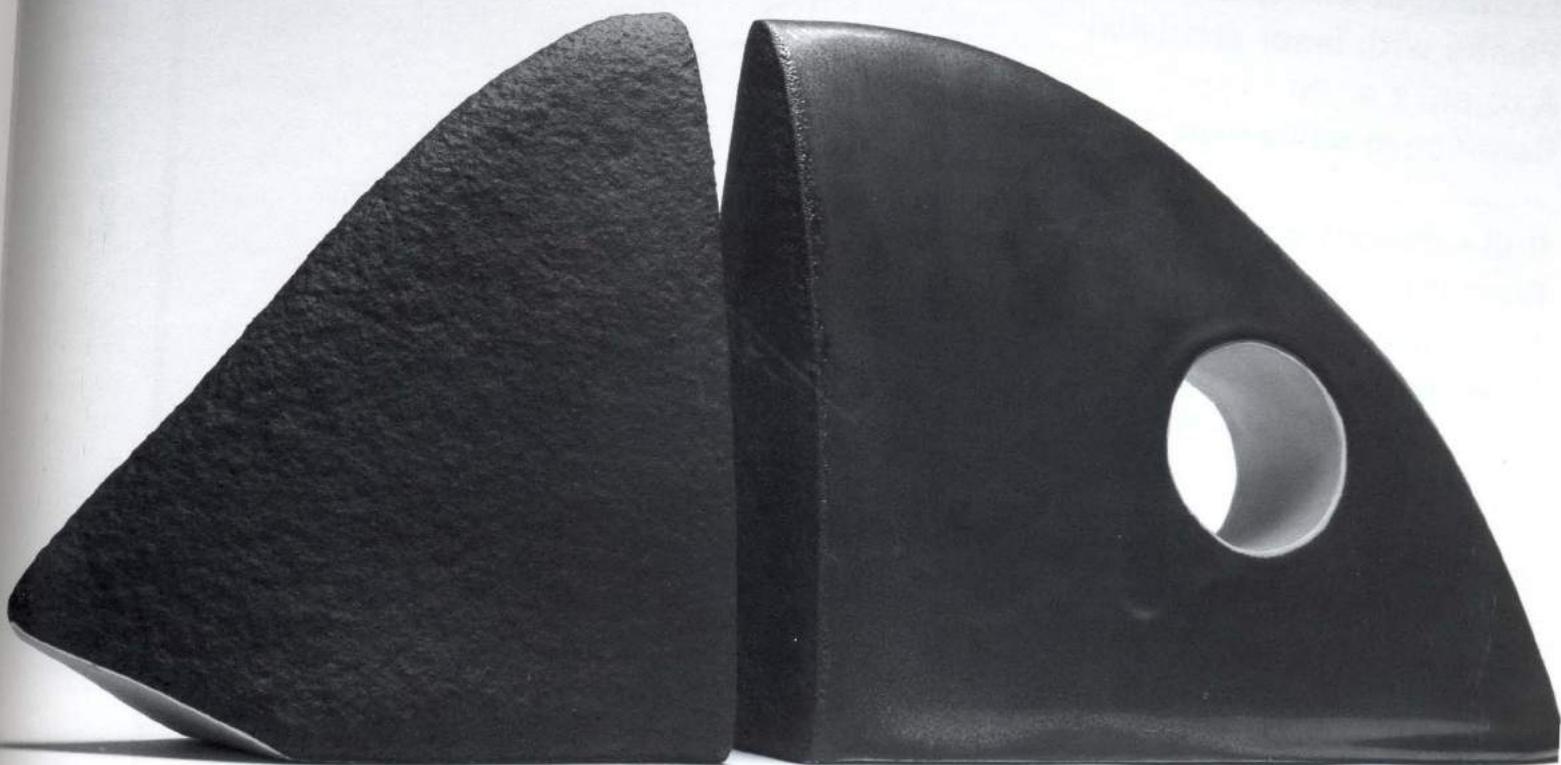
When my teeth first sank
into your bright skin
Your crisp flesh dripped
down my cheeks

I did not know your core
crumbled soft and brown
disappointing my hunger.

**GOLDEN
DELICIOUS**

COLLEEN LYNN DAVIDSON

KAREN MURPHY.
"UNTITLED (CRESCENT)
PORCELAIN.



Slow motion corduroy swish
Sword-like swivel hips slice the silence up
And down the rows passing stone-cold pupils
A or an, a or an, which article to use?
Systematic question and response is
The rhythm of a well-oiled assembly line

A cat, an owl, a dog, an elephant
Confidence brims at the top of my brain
Excitement swirls inside, eager to
Please with laser precision
A or an, a or an
Confidence spills over

Drill sergeant confronts with swords drawn
Deep throaty gasp
Voice box in spontaneous lockdown
Impatient eraser tip taps upon faux wood
Surely the whimsical unicorn escapes the rule, right?
My heart barrels through my rib cage walls

The sergeant's furrows squeak with annoyance
An "incorrect" response, prolonged growling scowl
A cowering animal, I slink low, dejected

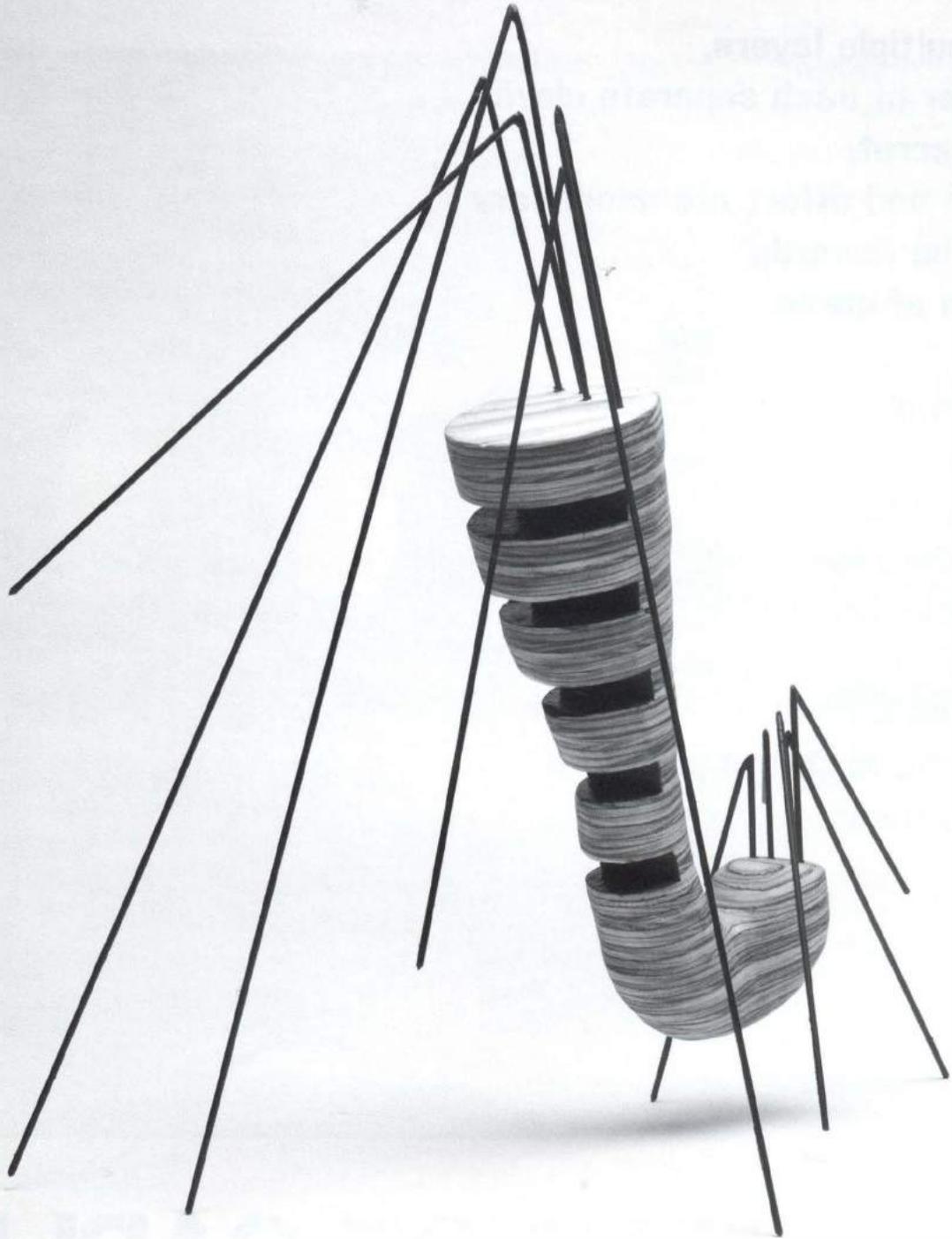
Third grade sergeant, two score ago
Your swords of condescension pierced my heart
Confidence bent but not broken

Please retract your swords
And place them in your holster
For the fanciful unicorn escapes your rule

THIRD GRADE SERGEANT

AND THE UNICORN

CHRISTINA RAGONA.
"UNTITLED."
WOOD & METAL.



**Behind multiple layers,
the center of each separate clove
is kept secret;
attention and effort are necessary
to reap the rewards
of a head of garlic.**

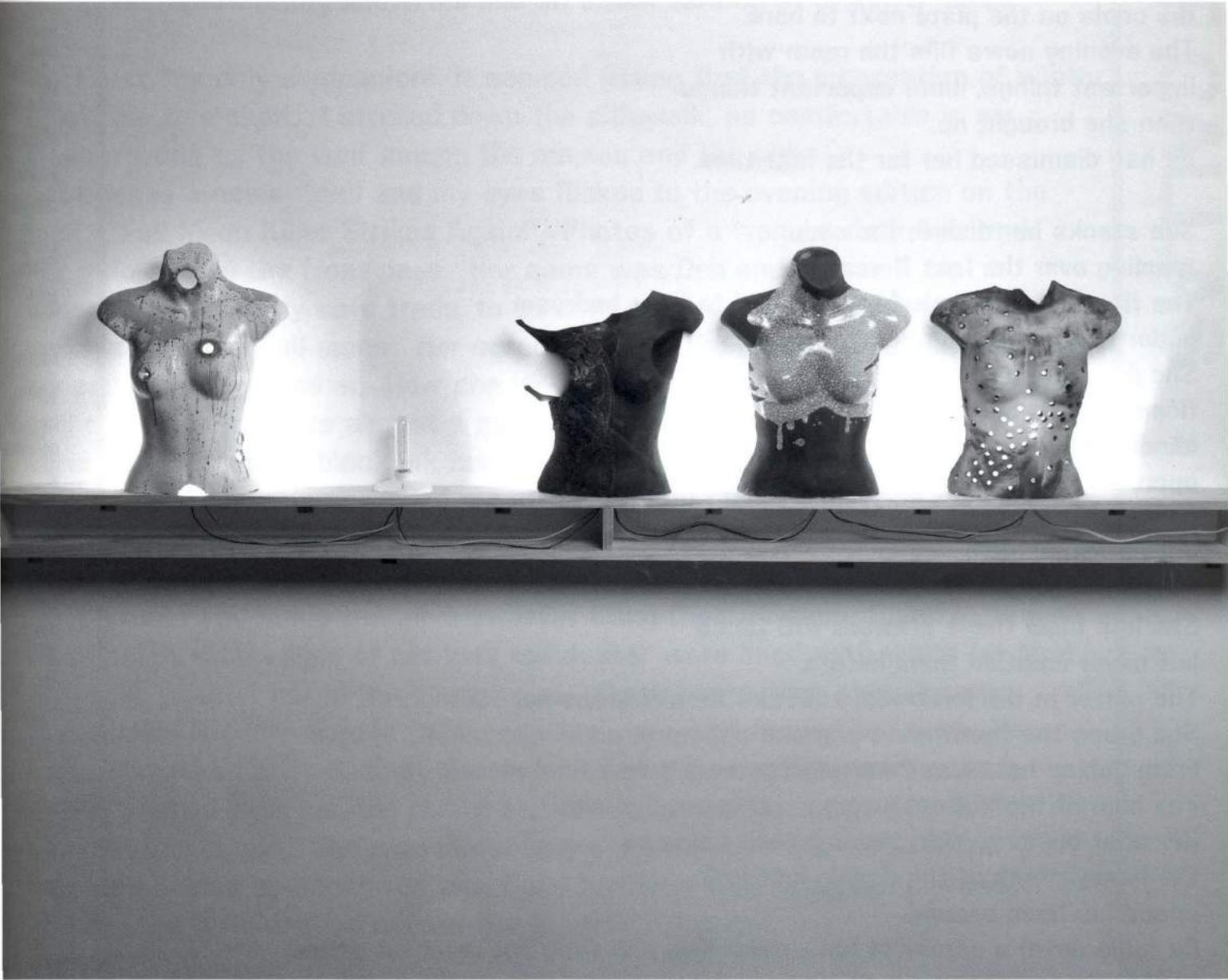
**And yet
it can seem
so simple
when you first
take on the task.**

**The surface layer, thin,
The weakest of protectors,
cracks and crumbles
beneath the slightest pressure
of human touch.**

A HEAD OF GARLIC

CASEY LANGE.

**"MORE HAPPY LOVE, HAPPY, HAPPY LOVE!"
CERAMIC, WOOD & LIGHT.**



20Eight

He shifts in his chair, the sound of his chinos like sandpaper against the old chenille, the newspaper protecting him from her stare. Her silverware quietly tinkers against the plate as she finally finishes her dinner. His cools on the plate next to hers. The evening news fills the room with important things, more important things than she brought up. He has dismissed her for the last time.

She stacks her dish in the sink toppling over the last 11 years. The floorboards creak down the hall to their bedroom under the weight she carries. She drags a suitcase out from under their bed flopping it on the mattress. Mindlessly she opens her dresser drawers open, underwear, close, open, socks, close, open, shirts, close, open, sweaters, close. She has filled these drawers 100 times but never emptied them before. The mirror in the bathroom squeaks as she grabs her toothbrush. She drops the toothpaste cap and chases it under the toilet. From behind her closet door she gathers a few final pieces. The hum of the suitcase zipper seals her decision. Her coat buttons slide through their holes as the heavy crack of the double bolt lock snaps his head around. He folds down a corner of his newspaper; she does not meet his stare. SLAM, she is gone.

FINALLY

Such a pale, pale night, deathly still one would say. And I do say, if it got much colder death itself might die. The moon, fat and round, graced the gleaming metal buildings with its galvanic grin. I walked the city streets, the skyscrapers rising above me like an urban version of Grimm's fabled forest.

Frost, my only companion! It seemed fitting that the incarnation of winter follow me this night. I strolled down the sidewalk, as comfortable in my modern wood as the wolf among the maples and the oaks.

I passed a newsstand and my eyes flicked to the evening edition on the rack. "Full Moon Killer Strikes Again!" Photos of a woman, dark hair and fair skin graced the front page. Her name was Deb and she was an accountant. A fairly safe trade, to be sure, unless you wore a bright red jacket during the full moon. Her screams made the most magnificent aria in my sound proof chamber. How she howled! How she writhed! Her final gasp still echoed in my ears almost a month after she had left this world. I caressed this image, black ink coating my fingertips, and I sighed fondly.

A flash of carmine snatched my attention and I looked up from my reverie.

On nights such as this, most would have called the girl festive. "Tis the season," they say. The air was laced with pine and cinnamon. It mingled with her perfume and made the air a sweeter thing than anything found in heaven or on earth. The edges of her long red duster were lined with white fur that flattened against her in the sharp wind. Black boots, high enough to be fashionable but low enough to be practical, wrapped around her feet. Her heels clicked smartly against the icy sidewalk like the ticking of a clock.

She walked past me, the red of her coat mirrored in my eyes, and I felt my lips curl into a grin. She was like a drop of blood on newly fallen snow. Her hair was hidden by a long red scarf and her face was shrouded in shadow, but as her lithe form danced across the pavement, I knew.

SILENT NIGHT

Christmas, it seemed, came early this year.

I was content to follow. The billowing of her coat was an entrancement, a thing of blood red leather that wove through the chill air as if alive. It was a fine jacket. I wondered if it would feel as fine beneath me, if the leather was soft as a fawn's throat or tough as an old badger's palms. The thought was intoxicating, exhilarating!

I followed closer.

It was a café that finally drew the girl inside. I followed a few breaths later, just long enough to say a short farewell to the singing moon and promise to return swiftly. A line of clouds gathered on the horizon, threatening to hide the pale orb from view. I frowned. What audacity these clouds had chasing away my mad muse. But my quarry was moving on, and I had little time to contemplate the fickle mood of the weather.

I inhaled air laced with the smell of milk and coffee. The first stanza of "Silent Night" began to play and I found myself whispering the song under my breath. The girl was talking to a man behind the counter. I surreptitiously leaned in to listen. She had removed her scarf and dark waves of hair fell across her shoulders like a waterfall. Her eyes were bright and clear and her skin looked smooth as silk. She was beautiful, a princess walking the night in total innocence, unaware of the monster lurking just off the common path.

"You watch yourself, child. There's a murderer on the loose, and tonight's a full moon."

"It's far too cold! No murderer in his right mind would be out hunting in this. It's weather fit only for wolves." She said with a flick of her chocolate hair. Her skin was pale, but with just the barest hint of honey, like a summer tan nearly forgotten in the dead of winter. She looked at the clerk and cocked one perfect eyebrow. A chiding smile curled lips the color of holly berries as she fished through her pockets for her wallet.

"Perhaps, but you never know what sort of things are out there. A murderer's like a junky, needs his fix." The clerk said, taking her money and giving her change. The silver coins gleamed in her palm, reminding me of my moon.

"Full moon or not, it's a beautiful night and I don't want to ruin it with talk of murderers!" she said as the coins jingled from her palm to her pocket.

The man handed her a red cup, steaming. Ahh, espresso and cocoa: a treat for beasts and fair maidens alike! The girl brushed past me as I stepped up to the counter to order a mocha. Something blood warm to chase the chill from my hands. And, just as I was slipping a cardboard sheath around my cup, the woman turned to me.

“Are you from around here, sir?” she asked. She lifted her drink to her lips and sipped delicately. Her luscious lipstick wasn’t even smudged.

“I’ve lived here for a while, yes.” I replied.

“Could you tell me where the Forest Trail is? I was told it was off of Grove Road, but I can’t seem to find it.” she said.

“Really?” I said as I gave her a wolfish smile. “It’s just down the road, barely a minute or two walk from here. Shall I show you?”

“I think I can manage. I wouldn’t want to put you out in this dreadful cold. Thanks, though!”

She wrapped a red scarf around her face before skipping out the door. I took a thoughtful sip of my mocha and waited. Wouldn’t do to follow her too quickly now and be noticed. My fingers fidgeted and my lips twitched. The clock behind the register counted down the moments until the ache within me became unbearable. I downed the last of my drink, the scalding concoction barely touching my tongue, and I stepped out the door.

The night had become a masterwork of white and silver. Thick clouds had gathered above, their puffy bellies shedding glittering white flakes to the still, black street. The wind whipped ribbons of white across the pebbled surface of the street, blurring the boundary between road and snow bank with a band of gray. The girl wandered on, taking sips of her drink and barely looking up from the ground she tread. Snow collected on her head, her shoulders, on her arms. She brushed it away gently only to have it gather upon her again a moment later. I resisted the urge to lick my lips with anticipation. The night was so cold, but soon, so very soon, it would be bathed in hot, red warmth.

I stalked closer.

A lock of hair bounced just so as she walked, freed from the embrace of her crimson scarf. My hands itched to touch her. I crept closer. The storm ebbed and, for a moment, she was bathed in cool moonlight. The street was cold and quiet, not a creature stirring within earshot. Closer, closer. . .

She was a stride away from me. Her breath misted the air before her as her lips moved. I paused and tried to listen, but the falling snow swallowed the sound until her voice was a little more than a whispered chant held in cadence with the clicking of her boots. She stopped, tipped the last of her drink down her swan-like throat, and turned to me.

“My, grandmother, what big teeth you have,” she whispered, her voice dripping with frost.

“Beg pardon?” I asked, startled and confused.

The blow came without preamble. I was suddenly on my back staring at the laughing full moon who had chosen just that moment to peek from behind the clouds. Her face blocked my vision, and for the first time I saw her eyes. Pale yellow, like molten gold. They flashed in the dim light like . . .

“Real wolves,” she whispered into my chilled ear, “real wolves know better than to hunt someone in a red jacket. It’s such a cliché.” Her voice slurred and as she pulled back, a wolfish grin split her face. She licked my nose with a tongue long and red between snow-white fangs.

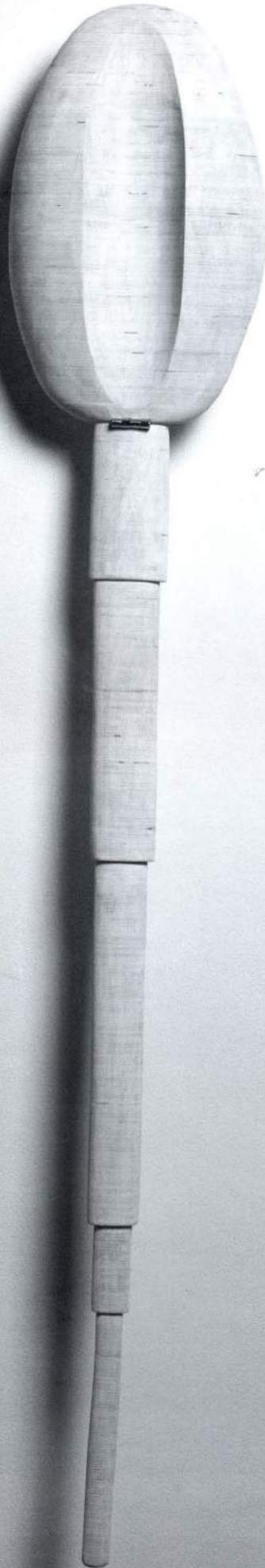
And suddenly, the pale night exploded into a storm of stars and snow and my neck felt warm. The warmth trailed down my chest, but vanished before it found my belly. I wondered how my toes could be so cold, how night could get so dark so fast, and then I wondered no more.

CONTINUED

KASIA SAMULSKI.

"VOW."

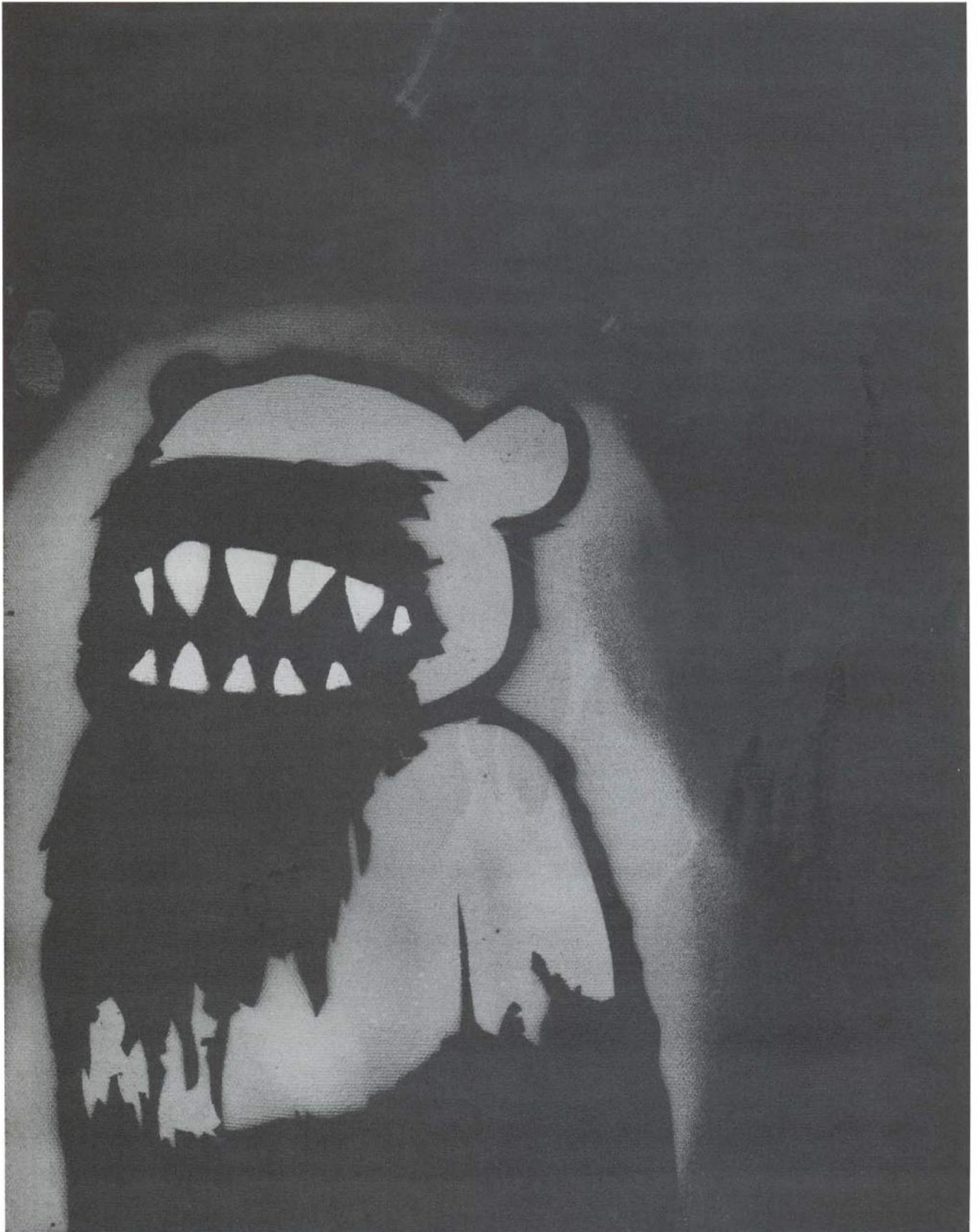
HINGE, WOOD & MAGNETS.



RICH HACKER.
"CHAIR."
PHOTOGRAPH.



PETE HAMLIN.
"NIGHTMARES."
ACRYLIC SPRAYPAINT.



It crunches beneath my feet . . . yet

The crunches beneath my feet
soft gravel, leaves,
tire tracks,
foot prints,
horse too.

The wind coos me along the trails.

This is Fall.

The sun sparkles through limbs
Ejaculated with colors,
The swan dance of trees
Refusing to go quietly into winter.
Sweet rustic aromas of leaves in the breeze
Orange hues taper these trees
magnificent yellows and rich oak browns
swoon and shimmer
fondled by gusts

This is Fall.

Blowing leaves, dancing upon wire

illuminating laughter

The subtle soundtrack to a single reader,
drowning out pedaling

Bikers coast, pedal, coast . . .

Mothers play catch with
daughters who still look up,
lovers lie upon an old pine bench
silver in hair
bright young full fire
in love.

A gazebo old and grey
occupied
I move on
this is no longer
than the inha-

A bee derails my thoughts
Nature returns the favor,
I, man, make way and move on.

This is Fall.

Here upon the expanse of meadow,
Rife with life,
Lush green, yellows, reds.
A shallow ripple of wind
Tickling the pussy willows
Rushing like a high tide, into the horizon.

The breeze energizes,
Neutralizes.
Serenity is her nickname!

I walk along this path
Dirt soft and matted,
I wear sandals,
A likeness to Jesus crosses my mind.
Arm and arm,
Couples stroll past.
Quietly, discreetly addicts prowl.
Not for victims,
Merely a quiet cove to stage a scene,
They're the witnesses
And the only victims.

No judgment from me.
This kettle walks on by.

Cliché thoughts bubble and conjure,
Life, my future,
THE future.

Joggers pass the scene of the crime.
Health and self-destruction meet,
Both by choice,
Each their own,
So different but they seek the same.
Freedom
. . . peace,
Happiness . . . harmony.

This is Fall.

The great, mystical future
So obtainable,
Yet so hard to grasp.
Not anything deep
Just, life is scary.

Like these great ancient oaks,
So many limbs,
So Many Limbs,
Finger spread,
Stretched into the infinity of crystal blue sky,
They all seem right,
They're all achievable.

And what of fate.
Nothing we have chosen was meant to be
. . . It became.

I could have gone anywhere,
And here I chose.
Cigarettes, drugs, booze.
Living like we've got nothing to lose
. . . that's old.

In High School
The future used to be, to far away to care about,
Now it's right here . . .

Yet I digress, as I walk aimlessly though Central Park . . .

The point is,
I don't remember every shot slammed,
Every best night ever,
I've forgotten more names,
more faces,
places,
that one time in

Yet I remember this

I WILL always remember this,

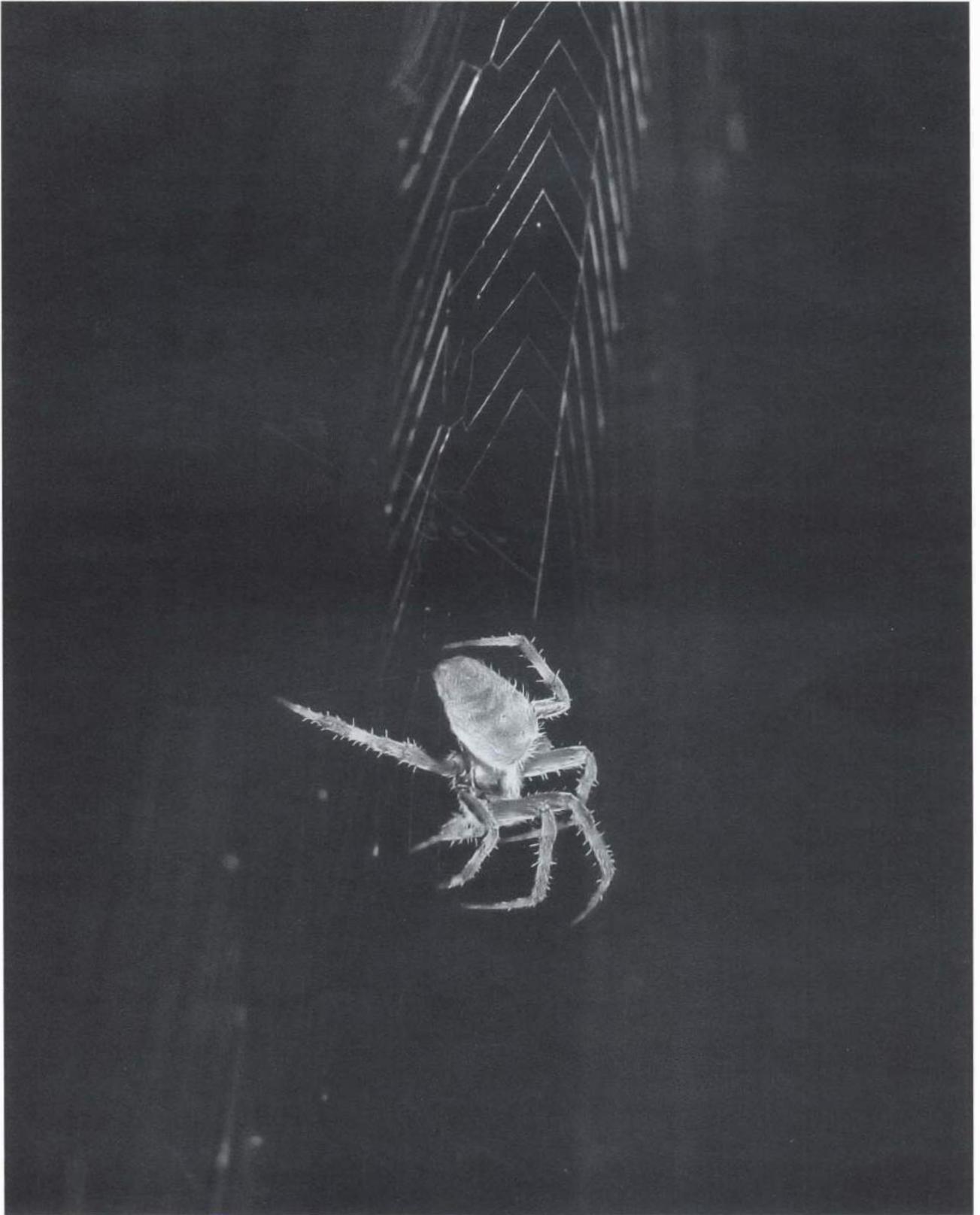
For This is Fall.

CARL EVANS

PAGANS HAVE

PRETTY FEET

MARNINA LEILANI.
"CHARLOTTE."
PHOTOGRAPH.



LOVE POEM FROM THE GREEN JOURNAL

I should have kissed you
Through the cold wire
And let small sections of our lips mesh
Instead of sliding my hand along the screen
Until they mirrored each other
And warmed the wire

I should have told you
My mind would keep shaking
Your fingers from my memory
And so until you came inside
I would not sleep

I should have burst through the door
As you drifted to your car
And let you know that I needed
To touch you
That I wanted your skin to trip in to mine
Like gold needles falling down the base of a pine

I should have told you
That I am light and you are shadow
And that we belong touching
Creating silhouettes in our contact

I should have never left the car that night
Without securing my head to your shoulder
And letting you know
That when his tongue crosses mine
I imagine yours sweet and softer
That when his palms surround my thighs
I cringe because I crave yours instead

I should have told you that
Since we have woven our fingers
My mind is now flame
In flickers your face appears

I should have

DAREK PIECH.
"ELEMENTS."
PAPER, METAL & WIRE.



BABCIA

I.
Entombed in darkness
I called out:
MOMMY! DADDY!
But no one came.
BABCIA!
With a flick of her wrist
Safety flooded the room
And the dark was gone.
Every night after
I knew who would come
To free me from
My nightmares.
She always left
My door open,
As well as hers
So that my tiny voice
So full of fear
Would reach her instantly.
She would come for me
And stay until
I fell asleep.
Her soft blonde curls
Seemed a halo.
And from then I knew
I never had to be afraid
I would never be alone.

II.
The heavy silence of the
First few hours
Where yesterday and today meet
Is shattered by her screams:
Marysia! Janek!
The silence returns
Sleep, a heavy cloak
Stripped away
When her voice released:
Ewa!
I padded down the hall
And pinched the safety of
Light into her room.
Bed-bound, she looked
Up at me and I
Saw her fear slip away.
For the nights that ensued
For four Christmases
She knew who would come
To free her from her terror.
I always left her door open
As well as mine
To ensure that she would
Have to call for me but once.
I came in and held her
Soft, pillowy hand
And smothered her halo
Now a stark white,
Until she fell asleep.
Though Dementia had stolen
Her memories
And Parkinson's
Her movement
She knew that
She never had to be afraid,
She would never be alone.

III.
Driving at a snail's pace
Of the unsuspecting,
Thinking the world had
Nothing but time,
To the hospital.
To the place where
Everyone who shares
My bloodline should be.
I turned the corner
On to my street and saw
From a block away
Car upon cars
In my driveway
And framing the road.
Meeting me at the door
I asked my father
If they had
Let her come home.
He wrapped me
In his arms
And whispered,
Babcia is gone.

BARBARA GRABIARZ.
"UNTITLED."
WOOD & THREAD.



OFF THE WAGON

We are a constant reminder of how you failed with her.
A growing essence of your dying love.

Your thoughts are to forget her but we are the weekend reminder.
So you drink to hide your pain.

Cast us away and the three of us become a faint depressed memory,
In your drunken mind.

The booze on your breath is stale,
And tells me you're trying to forget us again.

On the wagon.
Off the wagon.
On the wagon.
Gone.
Missing.
Found again.
Recovered?
On the wagon?

Gone for so long, I have forgotten your face.
You sit across from me old, withered, tired but pleasant.

9 years late.

Hate rules my feelings and spite hovers on the tip of my tongue like a rooster at
daybreak after a night of your trying to forget us at the local pub.

New family, new life, it suits you.
On the wagon, right?

Back to weekend reminders of once a happy life, not so happy life.
He tells me..."you look like her."

Two decades later.

His love for her remains.
Like a sea of faces they are visible for miles.

Mom always said he was a better lover than a father, but he's off the wagon again..
So he's neither in my book.

ROCK LIKE ME

I am a rock...
But I too break.
I break into smaller rocks,
Not to dust that can be blown away...

I tried
To write
A poem
To get you
To see me
As I see you

That is
As blackbirds sweep the sky
As water trickles down glass
As flame darkens paper before burning
As hair brushes skin with the wind

LOVE POEM

Chicago
Kitty
Kingdom

5/15/15

5/15/15

5/15/15

5/15/15