

POINT *of* VIEW

2014



They Go Unnoticed

Doug Tabb

Wood, Clay, Nails

48x48x3



Harper College

Student Art and Literary Magazine

FACULTY ART AND DESIGN ADVISOR

Karen PATTERSON

ART AND DESIGN EDITOR

Isidora SPAJICH

FACULTY LITERARY ADVISOR

Anne DAVIDOVICZ

LITERARY EDITOR

Michelle MABRY

POINT OF VIEW AWARD

Michelle MABRY

for

"HER C TOO"

Awarded by faculty judges for an outstanding story, poem or play.

RAY MILLS AWARD

Alexandra LUKAWSKI

for

GLITCH

Awarded by student judges for an outstanding work of visual art.

VIVIAN STEWART AWARD

Gregory BRYANT

for

"GLOW IN THE DARK"

Awarded by student judges for an outstanding story, poem or play.

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SCANNING AND PRINTING

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

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Age is Just a Number

Isidora Spajich

Photography

10x8



Luminesce

for Nonna

Nancy L. Davis

In a deep-blue corner
of morning where
25th Street meets Stewart,
the hill rises like a church spire
to the neighboring heavens
above.

The swing sets ready to rock;
crisp laundered sheets snap
to attention, hang
with the precision and grace
of one who knows the
value of a job well done,
the mourning dove's urging to
forget me not.

The blood-red green of a
rhubarb leaf—
succulent and bitter—
turns toward the sun
splashing gold on the modest
acreage below:
lawn edges cropped and tidy,
vegetable plots bordered with bricks,
sidewalks glistening in white.
And out the window facing east
day widens with
the lavender hues of sun up.
Dishes in the sink, yellow kettle
on the stove, the whistling
of sustenance dipped in honey
and rising like the slow hum
of trains passing by—
pear trees bearing blossoms
in the yard where

forget-me-nots
steal stories from May glories
(peonies flush with pretty, perfumed in Baroque),
their periwinkle blues pulling
up, breaking through, forging roots in
the inhospitable—blanched earth, caved concrete—but clinging
to life; living on air and light and water
only the faithful know.

Love the eager blooms
in noontime illumination,
transcending time and space and cultivation
and who sing—*look at me*—petulant beauties too
modest to fuss.

Forget not the love:
Listen as its florescence rustles
in tall grasses, glows amid
moonlit branches, rises awash
each dew-dawn day
like a newborn flush
with gratitude.

*This issue is dedicated to
Nancy L. Davis,
upon her retirement,
for her years of devotion
to Harper students and her craft.*

Her C Too

POINT OF VIEW AWARD WINNER

Michelle Mabry

We are not identical by descent,
my thin iris
just the shark of my eye
snipping blue.
There is no shared blood.

My arm shoots,
panic peels a man
along his tines,
bent over backwards,
the probability,
empiric risk—
the brick oven of his heart
explodes.

Husband,
I hate that word.
It means I'm helpless, hapless,
splice it.
Infiltrated, giving in,
damsel in distress,
no, I am not.
I am a tiny Mexican flame,
thing, fling,
a soldier in heels
blacking the battlefield
with my trace.
My right angled
pieces
behind me,
I will measure man
with a deafening.

When hook and eye come to you
from the wideness,
call to you through your backbone,
helixes unwind.
Helicase unzips,
your disregard undone
in this the system of magnets.

All secret walls seem pure.
Night's maze of messages,
your mind,
an elegant
tang.
In the eleventh dimension
we spin
no time,
those stars fallen on the grass
crunch like snow
whenever we touch.



Change (2 of 3)
Barbara Nuetzmann
Photography
8x8

Ass End of Winter

Gregory Bryant

I like the snow late in the season
after the magic of holiday-tinted sentiment
after the clean crispness of fresh sheets
The snow late in the season is best
when the people have grown sick
That's when it's best
when the snow heaps have piled out from
 the side lines of the road sides
 to fill up the parking spaces
 like unwelcome relatives blocking the driveway
 with big scary white vans

I like that
A movie line goes, "some men just want to watch the world burn"
I want to watch the human infrastructure freeze over

Once the slush picks up the blackened look of burnt tar
 and the filth of the gutters
 and the dust off ten million tire tracks
that's the best snow in my opinion

The dirt isn't washing away anymore, is it
that's 'cause your carefully engineered drains are frozen shut
Good
It's important that at least for a few days every year
 the black and gray crusty ice is shoved in people's faces
It makes me grin



Untitled
Diana Sislow
Wood & Foil
72x36x6

Tomorrow as an Adverb

Michelle Mabry

I am so drawn to the tracks
and the tricky,
lines to leave by,
black says to go.
A bold ladder laid
to minx your bent hammer,
observe the days as gold-
rabbiting their way with a, "Sir?"
Mostly unnoticed,
one, "Excuse me,"
the heart's amazed rings expand,
letting in the black squirrels,
fields the hips deny,
bright berries in the frozen quiet,
smoke jumpers for trees.

The horns of spring
sit wooden,
like a chair looking at her leaves,
their private
under
exposed
like small flailing stingrays-
ruffled,
veined.
Pink but white,
hedged yellow,
dusk fanned.
Little clocks that glow,
cold on the grass prickles.

I never asked to be cut down,
smoothed,
sectioned,
put back together.
I remember my branches.
I am not a mast of pain
but all my limbs still read me.

I am a phantom,
in the circus of waiting.
I have seen the ballerina of hate.



Untitled
Samantha Longdon
Wood
78x34x24

glow in the dark

VIVIAN STEWART AWARD WINNER

Gregory Bryant

Stars fall down
although i've never seem them
imagine pale green glow
drifting down in sleep
ever-burning firefly snowflakes
rubbed with remembered warmth

they were fixed to the firmament
of the bedtime world
long ago in a child's history
when the borders where freshly
washed in rosewood, cherry
'nd a deep burgundy

Stars close overhead and
closer still over time they grew
as the clover blossom boy
was smothered by the maple tree man
close until they
one by one
fall

Stars flatly lying
found lifeless
at the root
of me



Change (3 of 3)
Barbara Nuetzmann
Photography
8x8

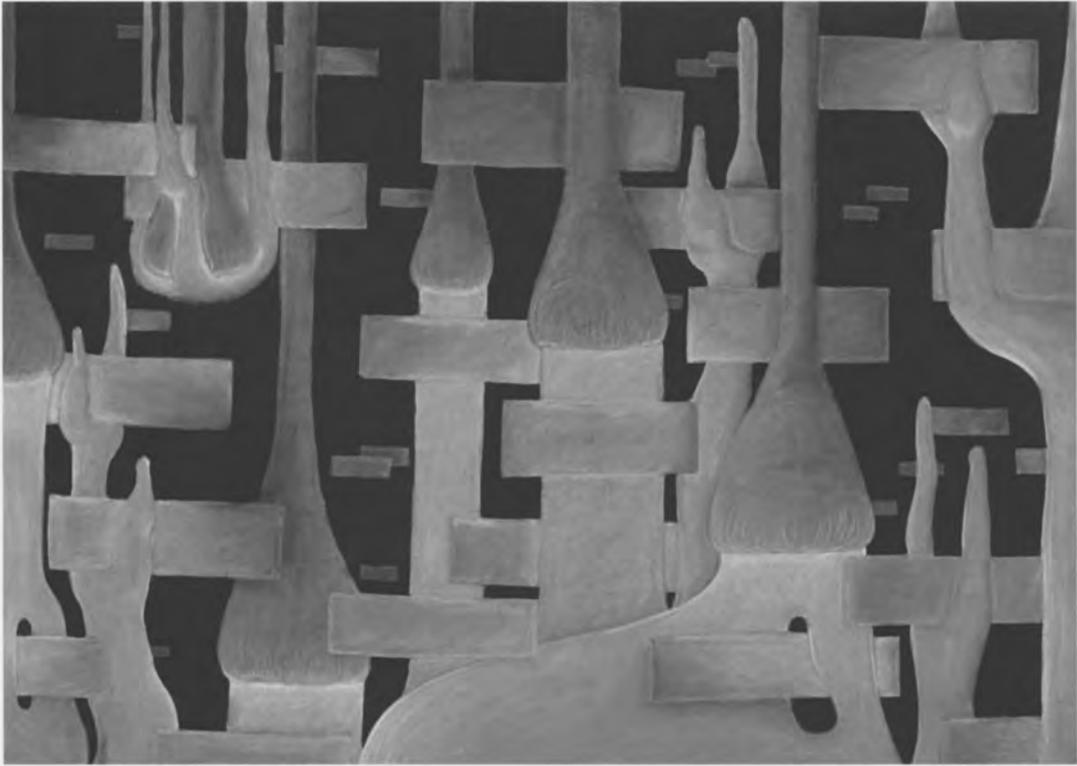


Docious

Michelle Mabry

Flying purple,
slate coal wires,
deep violet rounds,
we pad through this,
knowing that snow comes here too-
but this summer flower roof
darkly curving,
skirting sun
to tiny bright freckles
so our capes of fur
stay cool.
We, so black chocolate,
bristling cola,
fizzing at
sweet dirty birds.





To Fall or Rise
Matthew Vinezeano
Pastel
29x41

The Cycle

Kenny Vonderohe

Rooted in the woods, a subtle cacophony
accompanies the flagrant weather.
The sprawling and stoic ridges
stand stone-faced, guarding their secrets.
A gilded sphere slouching
in the western sky
broils the land, the air.

A child of light smolders to life
in the womb of warmed brush.
With adolescent impatience
the Pyre grows like a rising dawn
turning emerald to obsidian
burning like a wave at sunset
leaving a path traced
by lambent husks and carcasses.

Luna arrives in the East, wearing her mourning veil.
Amidst the crunchy ebon scar,
a lake had watched the flames
wash away life
from the rolling hills.
The lake lay sprinkled with debris,
a glimmering stain
in the shadow of death.
In the wanton reticence of the serene lake,
a fish lays her eggs.

Peach a la Mode

Georgianna Palmer

In this handed down secret from mothers by mouths,
this recipe called Peaches, is baked once again.
In the pre-made poetic pie crust are these ingredients,
blended ever so nicely.
Mix one cup of ringlets and a pinch of black hole.
Drop in two tongues-full of butterfly wings,
and chickens in coops
whisked with three teaspoons worth of lavender candle wax.
Add the second star from the right,
and one unknown planet.
Bake at three hundred degrees of lightning bolt thieves
for as long as the lava lamp bubbles.
Cool with the breath of a pack of smokes
and nine nights of sleep.
You'll know it's done when
The smell of fresh cut grass
And old library books tumble up your nose.
Sprinkle with tinkerbell dust,
And you'll have
Peach a la mode.



**"How can you shoot women and children?
Easy. Ya just don't lead 'em as much."**

*Katie Morrison
Mixed Media
40x23x14*

Cleopatra, Queen of Nile

Marie Chapman

- I. Each night, I try to sleep.
My feet unrestricted after a full day
of wearing the most glamorous shoes.

Loose at the ankles
No tight leggings
No thongs or loincloth—qualifier to butt floss et triangle pussy piece.

100% Cotton brief, low rise.

Cooler by the moon.
Find me, Oasis.

I'll be on my bed
Finding my own by candlelight.

- II. Seriously this time.

Oasis, come to me. I'll be under mosquito netting.

On my belly.
Wishing thee were under me.

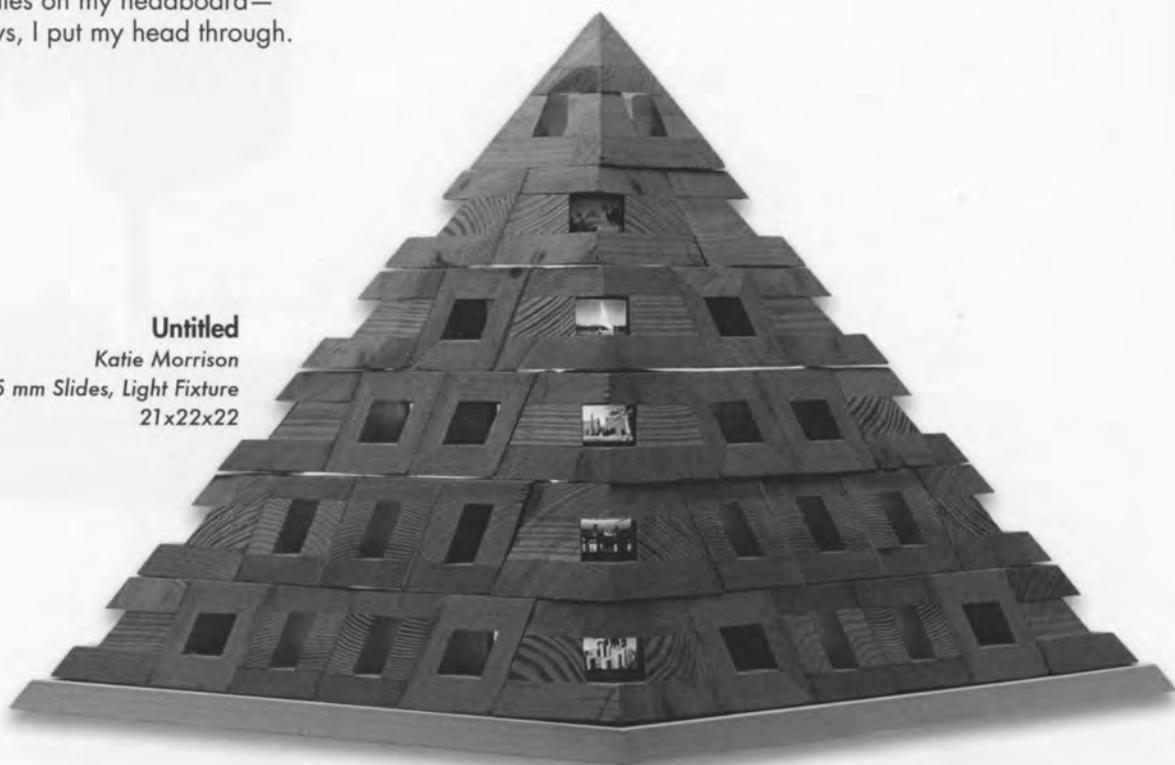
Ist thou? Pray we pretend.

- III. Ist thou hither? 'Tis I, Cleopatra.

Belly up, knees spread. Waiting, Mark Antony.

I put handles on my headboard—
Worst days, I put my head through.

Untitled
Katie Morrison
Wood, 35 mm Slides, Light Fixture
21x22x22



The Red Light District:
Girls there are looser and
Boys have spare change.
Everyone drinks bubbles.

There's a house with a spinning
Windmill, neon red.
The women are more beautiful
Than anyone, ever.
Their hair billows
And flows like
Waterfalls.
Everyone is naked.

My hair didn't billow
I wasn't naked.
But I had bubbles.
They tasted
Sour
Fizz tickled my nose.

The room was dimly lit
Filled with smoke
And swimming women with tails.
But tails were snakes,
She swirled with venom.
More bubbles came.

A man with money
And smiles approached.
He smelled like an ashtray
And the green soap
My father uses.
His voice was raspy
Like crinkled up paper
With moths crawling out.

Ruffles came on stage
Dressed in women.
He handed me more bubbles.
Closed eyes.
Bunched nose.
Sipping fizz once more.

Everyone clapped.
I did not.

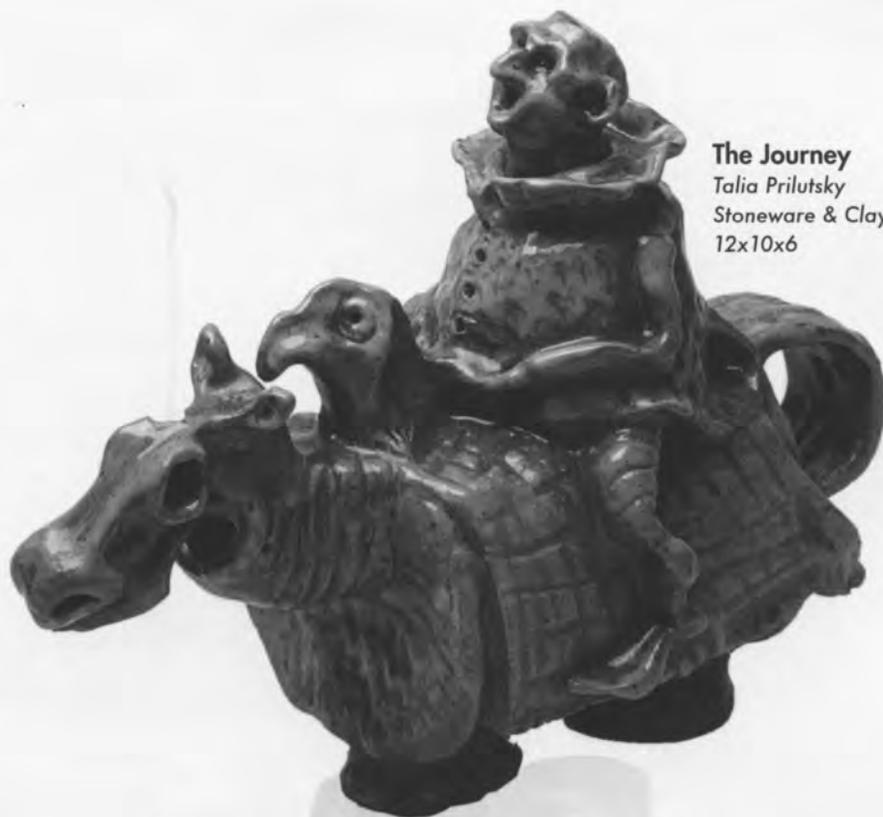
There was a tank,
Hard and smooth.
Not bubbly at all.
With blue and green water
My eyes were dancing with his.

Women swam with
Golden tails that wrapped
Around their bodies.
He was smiling
With his crooked, French teeth.
I was sitting still.

There were bubbles.
Everything was bubbles.

Mermaids

Georgianna Palmer



The Journey
Talia Prilutsky
Stoneware & Clay
12x10x6

Untitled

Marie Chapman

My love is like a faucet
Not starting with a drip, drip drip.

Behind it, you'll find a clumsy woman
Who holds the wrench.

Unwittingly.
The floodgates opened
The flower is blooming
The Russians are coming
The Russians are coming

Slowly--
Regaining composure,
It conforms to a drip drip drip.

I write her letters.
I make her flowers and a vase to hold them.
Finding water is never a problem.

Untitled Haiku I

Marie Chapman

Drenched in dew, moon's high

Torn and red, cold forest night

Without a feeling

Wing of Phoenix
Mario A. Macias
Photography
22.5x15

Packing

Meghan O'Toole

Listening to the sound of you moving
behind the closed bathroom door,
I felt guilt packing in my chest
like wet, heavy sandcastle sand,
like the clothes I stuff in my luggage.

Your movements are robotic
automatic, missing the spark I knew.
Nothing is left of the humming music
I once heard rising from your lungs.
I place my ear against the seashell
of you and hear echoes.

The grey light bathes our bedroom
and my eyes circle dusty photographs.
Bedcovers, ruffled, splash across
the bed like high tide
across the two patiently worn
scoops in the mattress.

I remember the promise in the deep
of your eyes
the day I said yes. I remember
the moment we broke it
as I pack I can see the seconds
added up, my puzzle-edges changing
inconstant as the sea, so I pack
all our problems behind zippers.
I pack and I leave
a note on your pillow
as my heart hears the rhythm
of your toothbrush grating your gums
I pack up our failures
and slip away
like sand on the shore.

RAY MILLS AWARD WINNER



Glitch
Alexandra Lukawski
Oil
10.75x8x1.5

Baffle

Michelle Mabry

The first burnt light that you see
is the last time I close it,
this open glaze, brilliant rails,
this black screen
curves away.

Do you think the cumberbund of fate
deeply minds me speaking to God
with such casual manner?

So familiar,
is this not a formal event?
This is me dressed up
like a precise prairie of physics;
and I, no latecomer,
a tearing throat,
such that a fox throws his eyes
to the left—
a parson with a lowing tail,
a passerine.

I keep vertically,
my syrinx sleeps
at the door to my pipes
and I sing when I breathe.
This design,
this pearl
where the trachea tra la las,
sighing into my twin beds of lungs—
it is too much to wrap my tiny bird brain around?
Why do you think
I've been humming all along?



Waiting for the Signal

Gwendolyn Rodig-Brown

Bronze

13x2.5x10



Untitled
Olivia Zubko
Pastel
29x41

For her mother

Gordy Stevic

Somewhere along the tight rope that we walked together,
I transformed into an I-would-wear-macaroni-necklaces mother,
 into an I-would-tear-the-Adam's-apple-on-your-father's-neck-
 for-dumping-you-into-a-cold-deep-caldron-of-the-world mother,
 into an I-would-rip-of-the-stars-from-heavens-and-
 make-the-moon-shine-over-time-to-keep-the-zombies-and-
 monsters-from-crawling-under-your-bed mother,
 but-

I failed.

My pankakes-are-fluffier-than-heaven-drizzled-with-organic-maple-syrup mother
failed;
the handmade-sweaters-and-we-bake-cookies-together
failed;
the reading-good-night-stories-and-Gerber's-saving-plan-for-your-college mother
failed.

Because Sarah, Jenny and Martha had do-not-give-shit-about-YOU mothers;
because Uncle Johnny climbed into Sarah's bed every night,
all while her mother was clogging her cuboidal spot with heroin,
because SHE had I-abort-my-children father,
because Jenny's mother was dyslexic and could not read the warning signs
and bought her a long sleeve t-shirt to cover the razor slits,
because they, too, were walking a tight rope: Sarah, Rachel, Martha,
and Jenny; but they *did* write-
"Elizabeth is a fat!"

My only fruit,
my Lizzy, is hanging from the ceiling.

Self-Portrait

Alexandra Lukawski

Oil

30x36



Weddings.

Georgianna Palmer

Scribbled between stolen newspaper columns
Sitting neatly over chicken-scratch lines
Was a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Douchebag
To be.

Flames of kissing and memories of
Rattling bedposts
Rocketed through my brain
Behind my eyelids.

"Look at them"
I thought.
With her dainty ass
Merely perched on her bicycle
Flaunting her front-yard shrubbery
That once was mine.

Envy began to trickle down my veins.
I wanted her gone.
Shoved in a dank little box,
Where no one would find her.
And I would be Queen
To his "sceptre" once again.

But then I remembered his arrogance
And sloth.
His sweaty armpits, and hairy knuckles,
His long second toe,
And his inability to tip correctly.

And finally it hit me,
"All I miss is the sex and it wasn't even that good."

Unearthing

Meghan O'Toole

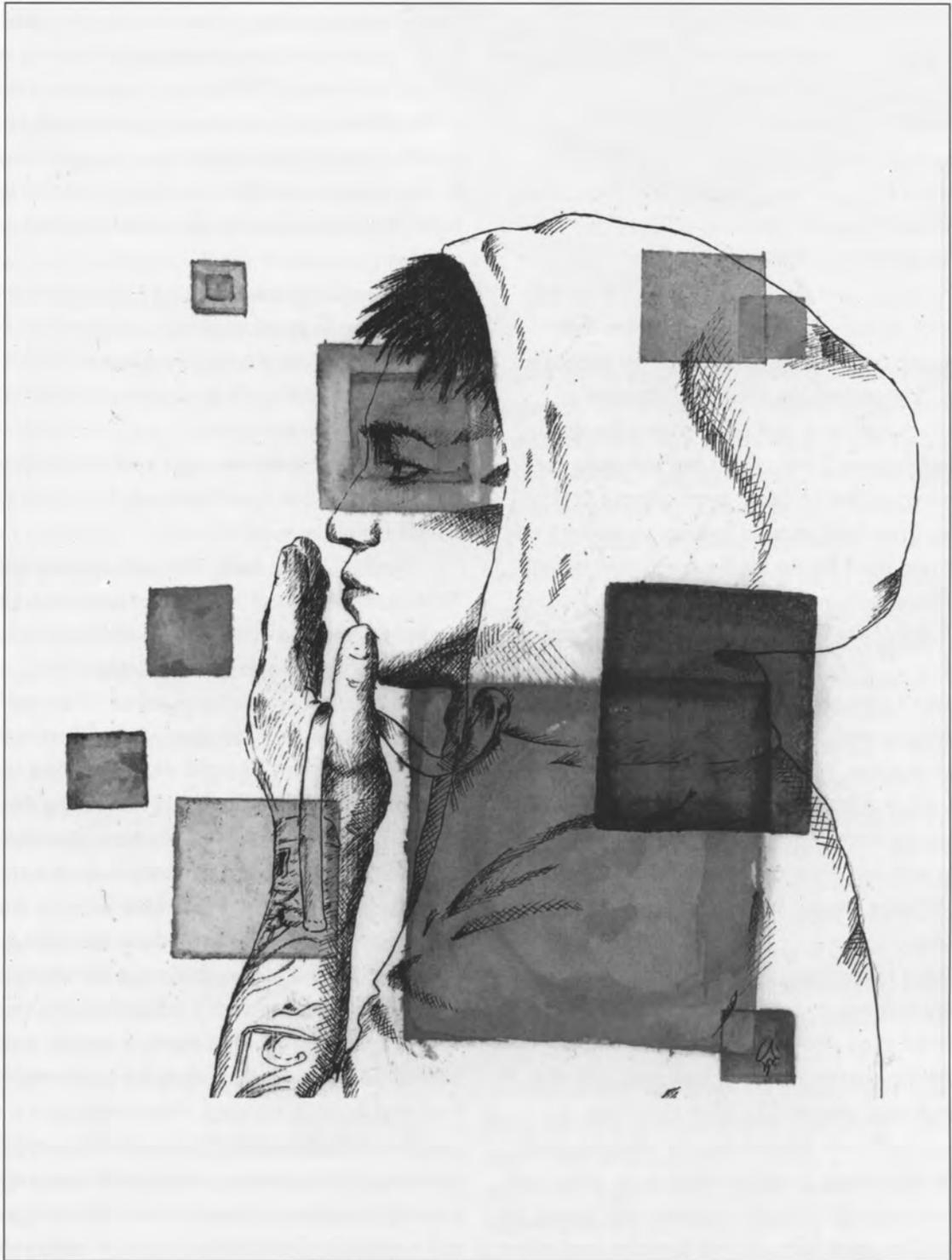
You can rediscover yourself
in the small murmurs
of walking down an empty trail
where only strangers have stepped
and seeing the dead tree branches
black dendritic veins against
the flesh of grey clouds.

Make sounds less than you make silence
kept by the sound of your feet
discovering new twigs and old dips
on the mapped out path.

Lose yourself in the cold
and become something small.
It will be easier to see yourself, then.

And when you stumble
with no outsider's eyes as a witness
there is also no one to catch you.

Catch yourself.



Time for a Sign
Justyna Chlopecka
Ink & Dye
12x9

Eggs

Andrea Clausen

I was kneeling on a bar stool, deeply concentrated on the rocking of a Chinese cleaver in my hands. I rocked it gently back and forth over a pile of half-smashed garlic cloves and a smattering of coarse salt. The natural oils were soaking into the wood of the cutting board with each pass of the knife. A strong aroma filled my nostrils, but it wasn't from the garlic. My eyes bugged as I laid the knife down and hopped off the stool.

"You're burning your mushrooms," said my mother, brushing a lock of hair off her forehead before deftly licking her thumb and turning the page of her magazine.

"I know," I squeaked, as I hurriedly grabbed a spoon from the large crock that sat adjacent the stove. I stirred the mushrooms frantically, a few escaping the pan and landing on the stovetop, in an attempt to ease their suffering. They had stopped looking so rubbery and the side that had been facing the heat was now a deep, blistered, caramel brown. I lowered the heat on the pan.

I said, "I didn't even burn them. They're just really caramelized."

I was seven years old and my mother had decided that I was ready to undertake a meal on my own. A daunting task to many, I felt, at that tender age, that I was ready for it. After all, I stood in the kitchen most nights helping my mother with the prep of dinner. Hell, I'd even help with breakfast and lunch when those meals were taken at home, seated with many around our expansive table.

My mother's kitchen was small and dim: dark cabinets stained ebony and patinaed by what my mother jokingly referred to as "the grease of a thousand dinners past and a million dinners future". There was only one window, which was obscured by all things living. A dozen or so potted herbs littered the sills, ducking and bobbing past each other, greedily drinking up what light they could. The ceiling above the cabinets held what I felt like were a million small blue and white plates portraying Danish children in different states of play, in different winter scenes.

I moved away from the mushrooms and climbed back atop my perch. I resumed my work at rocking the cleaver back and forth until the garlic and salt had become a fine

paste. It almost oozed when scraped onto the side of the knife. I clambered back down and scraped it into the pan of mushrooms. Sliding my finger across the cold steel of the knife to get every last bit, I was careful not to slice myself. I knew the blade was razor sharp. I had used it to slice through carrots in the past, it slid thru them like butter. My fingers were much softer than that and I always worried I would hurt myself.

The garlic became fragrant as I stirred it around the pan. It clung to every mushroom, melting into the caps like butter into a piece of toast. The smell was intoxicating, the meaty scent of garlic and mushrooms filling both the house and me with hunger.

"Have you beat your eggs yet?" my mother asked.

"Yes, but I can't get them as fluffy as you do. Will you do it?"

"Sure, give 'em here," she said, putting her copy of *Time* down and reaching across the counter. I handed her the bowl. Four eggs meagerly swirled with a handful of chopped green onions sloshed inside.

"May I have a fork?" she asked. I handed her a fork and then watched in amazement as she moved at expert speed, turning the yolks and whites into one homogenous mass of light yellow. The fork, never hitting the side of the bowl, pulled the eggs up all at once. There was a gentle whipping sound as the eggs frothed up to easily twice their size. She stopped, placed the bowl on the counter and pushed it towards me (and without saying a word), picked up her magazine and resumed her reading.

"Thanks," I mumbled. I stabbed at a mushroom with the spoon, trying to waste as much time as possible before I reached my most dreaded task, cranking the heat and pouring the eggs. I was making us a mushroom and Swiss cheese omelet: a meal that my mother craved constantly during her pregnancy with me, one that I completely adored. I liked to hack off giant bites of the soft egg and smash it onto a piece of butter-saturated toast, adding an extra bit of crunch salt on top, and then mow down on it—the toast cracking under my teeth and the tender eggs melting into a creamy nothingness on my tongue. My mother would always laugh at me when I did this, preferring, herself, to eat her eggs

first and save the toast for the end; savoring every bite, eating the crust first and then femininely licking the butter from her fingers.

I took a deep breath and scanned my ingredients. My parsley was chopped, my cheese was grated, and now my eggs were whipped and fluffy. I turned the gas up under the pan and waited. The flames poured out the side of the pan, heating the cast iron, throwing heat against my chest as I stood in front of it. I grabbed the eggs and poured them in with one swift motion. They sizzled and popped when the heat took them. I shook the pan gently, using my spoon to pull the solidified egg curds toward the middle of the pan, allowing for the uncooked to fill in the gaps. I repeated this until the entire thing was set and glistening like a damp lip.

I scooped up a large handful of the shredded cheese and sprinkled it over the top, but I was sloppy. Some cheese ended up on the eggs as well as the stovetop, and the floor. I smirked, hoping my mother hadn't seen. Pushing the egg pancake with my spoon, I began rolling it onto itself like a steaming egg jelly roll, the mushrooms perfectly frozen in the egg as it curled onto itself.

"Mom," I said "can you bring the plate?"

I grabbed the pan with both hands, the hot metal stinging my flesh, but not burning it, as I waited for her to round the counter and bring a plate for me to roll the omelet off onto. I was neither strong nor coordinated enough to hold both the pan and the plate while serving. The omelet slid effortlessly from the pan and onto her awaiting plate. She grabbed a handful of parsley and sprinkled it over the top and leaned to kiss my forehead. I slid the pan onto the back of the stove and turned off the burner.

"Good job, kiddo," she said as she walked the meal I had cooked over to the table. I wiped my hands on a towel hanging from the door of the oven and smiled. I hopped down off the barstool and followed behind her, opting to take a seat on one of her knees, instead of the chair next to her. She kissed my hair lightly as we both dug in, cutting chunks of the fluffy eggs off with the sides of our forks before stabbing them and unceremoniously stuffing our faces. Every bite was heaven. A tiny bit



Bowl
Mary Jane Kirkwood
Ceramics
15.5x5.5

of gooey cheese wrapped around a deeply flavored mushroom, tucked within a cloud of eggs. I could eat it forever. She was right. I had done a good job.

At the time, I never realized it was strange that my mother taught me to cook as early as she had. I moved out of the house and away from her at 17. It wasn't because there was animosity at home, or even any hard feelings, but because I felt entirely equipped for the world at large. I wanted to do it on my own. I quickly found I wasn't as prepared as I felt. I did, however, have one trick up my sleeve; and that was that whenever I needed comfort I knew I could go to the kitchen. If I had a bad day at work I knew that I could come home and lose myself in the methods of cooking. Taking on a much larger recipe than a weekday called for, became my relief. I could stand at the cutting board and lose myself in the mindless chopping of vegetables, idle measurements of spices, and the gentle stirring of a pot; the monotony of it all clearing my head and calming my mood (with the ultimate payoff of a home cooked meal waiting at the end of it).

My mother had given me the ability to feed myself. If my checking account was in dire straits I could make a meal from items only in my pantry, perhaps treat myself and make eggs. I knew just the cake to whip up for a heartbroken friend. I have many a recipe up my sleeve for a variety of soups for a sick boyfriend, fried rice for when the refrigerator and crisper drawers are shockingly empty. My mother had equipped me with the ability to feed people, to find joy in the kitchen, and that was the greatest gift of all.

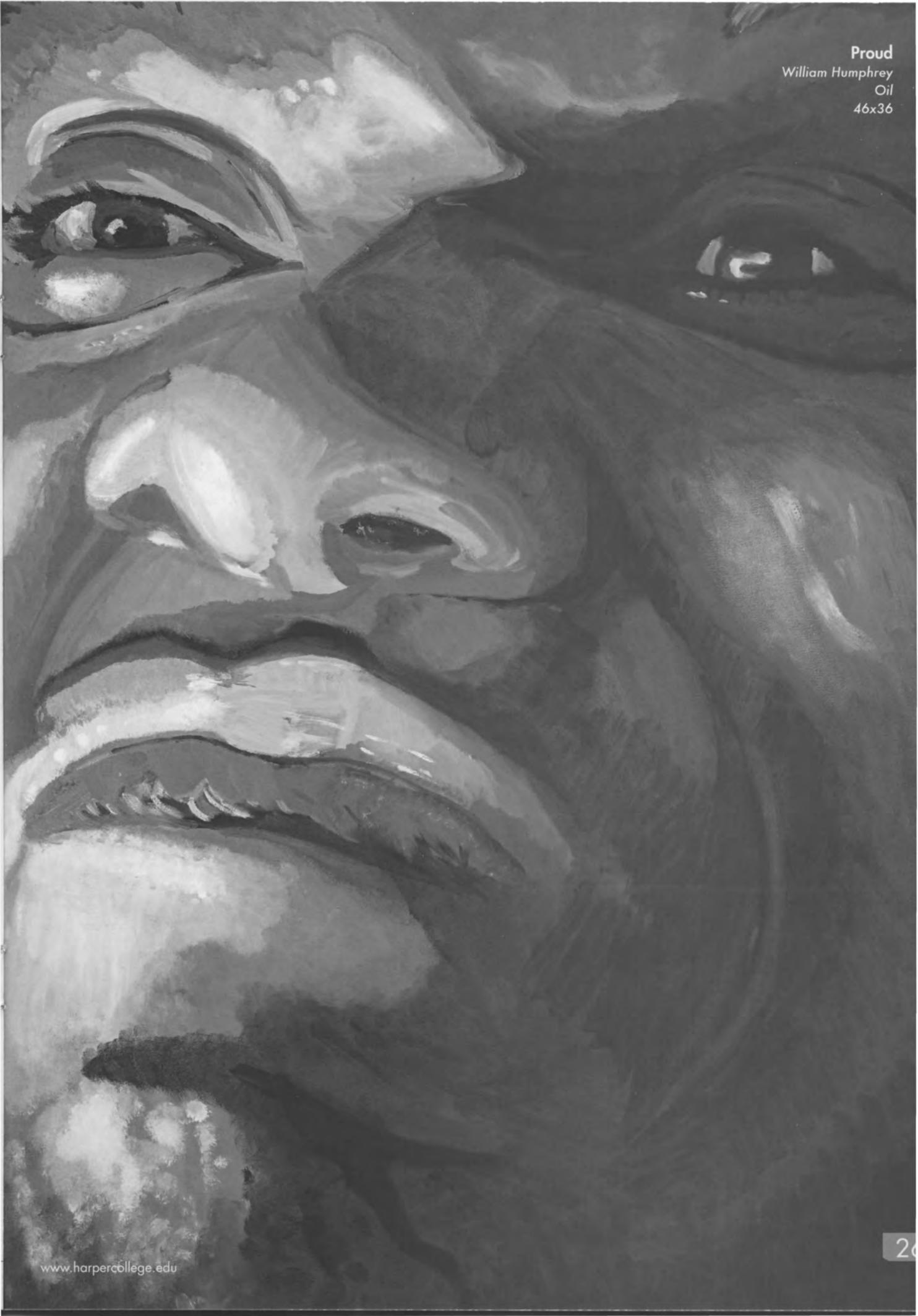
Gridlock

Diana Nys

I soar on winds
you pluck my feathers
I sing my songs
you break my records
I change my tune
you're gone forever



Proud
William Humphrey
Oil
46x36



Proud

William Humphrey

Oil

46x36

Hesitation Marks

Evelyn Holy

hesitation marks:
a hovering hand
the held breath
the hiccup in your step
a double take.
the silence before an answer,
the pause before any motion.

hesitation marks:
lingering moments,
lingering eyes,
holding back that "Hello,"
that begs to be released.
How many seconds have been marked by feelings of hesitation?
deleting a text, written but never sent,
do not hold back
that finger floating above the Call button.
do not let hesitation mark your life any longer than it should
because the time it takes away has precious potential
that can dissolve away in mere seconds,
that can be taken away in the blink of an eye,
so go forth, and do not hesitate to try.



Coexist
Katie Morrison
Mixed Media
Dimensions Variable



Mood Indigo in Autumn

Ray Espiritu

Color fades from leaves
like loose chalk on slate.
Crinkled, battered, and bruised leaves
sitting on wayward branches.

Bitter bright colors:
red-orange, yellow-brown
left roadside.
They are swept away by the hissing wind
of cars buzzing by.

We chased summer away.
We scared the leaves, changed their hue and
muddied the colors, coffee-stain brown.
They flew into the sky, indigo-blue.

Fall's leaves are not feathers
Just a change of the old guard.



Until We Meet

James Schroeder

My Dearest Love,

Although our paths have not crossed yet and your name and face remain a mystery to me, I write this letter so that you may know that knowing you're out there has given me hope. The hope of finding a love that will last a life time. A love that's true and pure; a love that lasts through the storms of this world. I can't tell you when or where we will meet, or even if our paths have crossed before, but in my heart, I know that all the steps I have taken and every step I take now have been leading me to you. Love is a quest we all embark on, a treasure we all seek. Poets and dreamers have searched and died for such a quest. In all the world, there has never been a nobler task one could devote themselves to than love. Suns have set, moons have risen, snows have fallen, flowers have bloomed again, and still I wait for you. Though I don't know your name yet, I know your heart in all its pureness, and I know that I could not love another as I love you. I pray you receive this letter with the understanding that my heart has always remained yours.

Truly & Sincerely I remain yours,
-The Knight of Your Heart



Bad Poem
Justyna Chlopecka
Ink & Dye
12x9

In Summer

Laura Di Piazza

Time
Isidora Spajich
Photography
10x8

A plane passes by every ten minutes
Yet it disturbs nothing
A transparent cloud floats in the blue
Like an intangible spectre

The click of a faraway insect
Dog barks in the distance
Car door slams shut
Unfamiliar birds call
A woodpecker pecks and kids shout

Sky blue still
With that cloud hanging overhead
As if time has stopped

Wind chimes bristle in the breeze
A cool breath against my sun-warmed skin
The sweet softness of the blanket beneath me
A wedding present to my parents
And older than I

Blue pattern faded to gray
Covered in picnic stains
Worn and frayed
And so gentle

Wind passes through the tree leaves
Not quite rustling
There must be a better word for it
The sound
It sounds of the sea

Waves like tides upon shores
Pass through the air
They come and recede

The birch tree dies branch by branch
As it has done since I was a child
Flies like feathers speed along
On paths preordained
Toward death

There is no fear there for them
So light, and so strong
And me so frail

The plane blots out the sun
Only for a moment
I hear the silence of that noise

Seasons change, but this thing remains
The sky and blanket, from blue to gray
One forever unchanging in structure
And reflecting always, reminiscent

Greysong

Meghan O'Toole

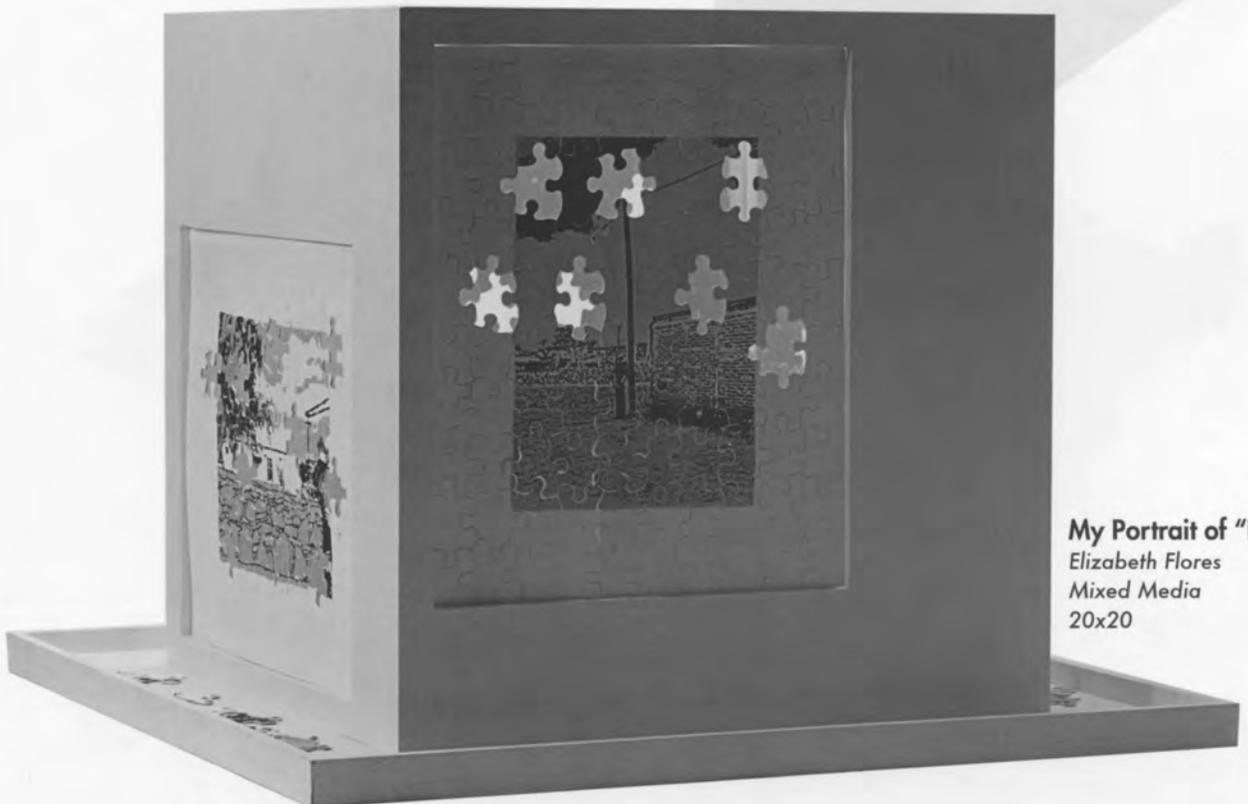
The morning began
with the gentle breathing
of a gas stove.
A hiss, a click, then blue
wavering warmth.

There was something dangerous
about the pink stain
in the snow-heavy clouds.

I think she knew,
when the bare soles of her feet
touched down on the cold wood,
what she would find in the snow
under the blushing sky, rosy,
the color of a dying man's lips.

She buttoned her dress anyway,
let her heels sink
into deep boots.
She carried her mug
of molten gold tea.
When the door opened up for her,
she just sipped and stared.

It wasn't the paper that waited.



My Portrait of "Dad"
Elizabeth Flores
Mixed Media
20x20

Fling

Gordy Stevic

Forgotten,

Dusty scarf hangs over my bedroom door.
Another impulse buy—
Wrong color—
A Pepto-Bismol stain in my closet
Failed cure for ulcerate boredom.

Bored,

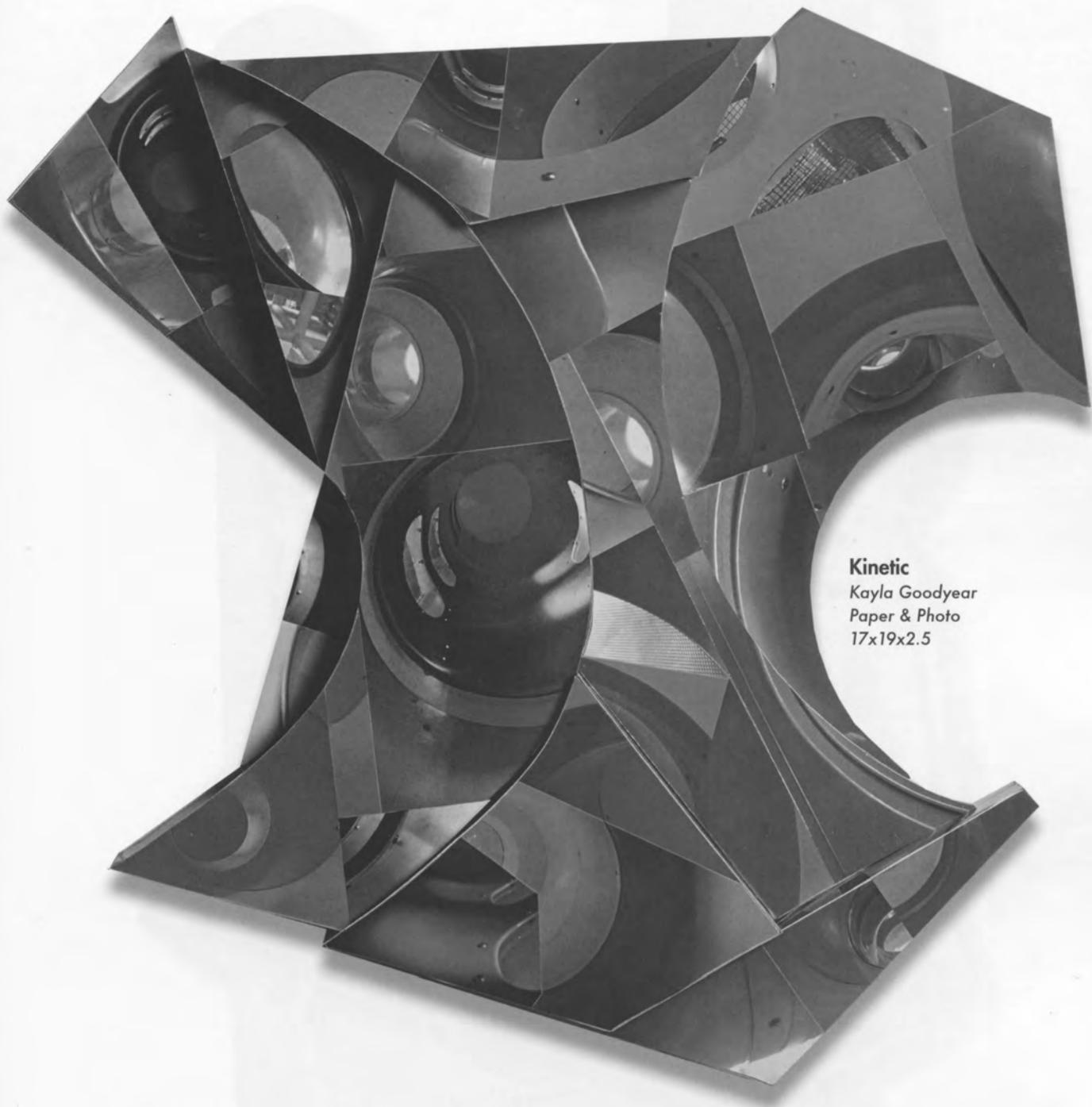
With style
Bored with seasons
Tired of muted shades,
Too old for carnal reds,
Latino limes,
Yours-forever blue like indigo oceans,
Father grays
I wanted something new,
A scarf, fast as pink
That was the fling!

Of course it did not last!

Pink and Gordy,
What a queer notion!
The cheeky hue easily lost
Against olive face and
My bitter, Balkan lore.

Forgotten,

Scarf is fraying over my bedroom door.
Color gone—lazy slug devoured by
bright ambers—
rising with the autumn sun.



Kinetic
Kayla Goodyear
Paper & Photo
17x19x2.5



Untitled
Matthew Unger
Mixed Media
40x22x3

When I Saw A Bearded Man Play at the Beat Kitchen

Ray Espiritu

I could hear the alcohol-coated strains in your voice
From years of travelling with your brother
You yelped—
Screamed until your throats were hoarse
Coarse, like gritty sandpaper
But now you sing alone for a dark bar
The stage is empty,
All but the stool, you,
And the old Martin guitar
Your children thought was a canvas
And you've given up trying to fight the not-so-
Quiet,
Drunk hecklers in the back of the room.
You're 36 and removed
From your suit-wearing father, the bartender
Now you are a father
Of two
They are at home,
Alone, the wife sleeps
Yet you play as if everyone has tucked themselves
Out of sight
Absorbed in their plastic cups
Filled with the foamy nostalgia of you and your brother
Wailing away in Champaign
The memory of this becomes increasingly
Hazy,
You're getting too old for this,
You tell yourself
But the pleasure of telling this story
Never ages with you

In Como

Michelle Mabry

for John Henry

The green landscaping yute
drives the wrong way
slowly,
again,
then again,
again.

He is looking for something now.
Out the window I see him peering down
while I watch.

I promise I am listening,
what is your theme?
Apparently it's not important
that you had children,
apparently
apparently.
Unbelievably, I cannot write your obituary.
Come back,
come back,
so we can know you better—
what do I know
about Mississippi mornings
walking in your house to wake you up,
the river still in its bed?

Next week they will put your Y's
in the ground,
adventures sewn up,
bury the keys to my man,
my boy,
tamp down the love you left for my daughter
hovering over the plains,
thick enough she feels it,
from the lowlands with river fingers.
I will speak of you here,
not in another crowd
of strangers.

I've taken off the stolen shoes.
I can ride with you in cargo,
I love airplanes and you.

This morning waited,
she waited,
trusting the ways you parted her,
early, apologetic.
The river told her so gently
but she can't believe this crazy river,
like the magnolias,
both show offs, liars—
always leaving messes.
You will see, said the river.
I am right.
There's a morning girl further north,
who cheats with the night,
she will let you in.

He's not waking up.



Wing Chair
Gene Zielnicki
Stoneware
11x6.25x7

Good Morning

Laura Di Piazza

Sunshine tastes
Buttery yellow
And lemon,
It stings like bees

Violets spring up,
Coils on a mattress
Vibrating, cold
Like a riptide

Children shout
When playing, scrape
Their knees and smell
Iron caking dirt

Golden drips of sunlight
Do not always
Ferment into the
Best red wine

There are days
When rain tastes salty
And rises up
To envelop my eyes

Polite talk, "Good morning"
Smells like shit, the kind
That affronts when
Walking over a sewer

I want to stay in my
Sea of pillows, blankets,
They swirl, nipping softly
To cocoon my heart.

Resting

Isidora Spajich
Photography
10x8



Change (1 of 3)
Barbara Nuetzmann
Photography
8x8

Rise and Recover

Meghan O'Toole

Step one, you bring your hands to your face,
drown your eyes in liquid salt.
Let your lashes grow into wings
and become a feathered and scaled beast.
Welcome those with pikes and fire,
let the flame fester in your throat.
Compose your songs
of smoke and ice.
This is the first step of recovery.

Step two, you breathe out
so far your voice escapes.
When you fall,
do not ask for help.
Using the charcoal of burnt bones
you begin to sketch out
the would-have-beens of your past.
Gorge on what you missed out on.

Somehow, you forgot step three.
You skipped dipping your fingers in honey
and soaking your hair in cinnamon,
washing tears with rosewater.
You didn't bury your toes in fine grains
of bright quartzite sand,
paint the space behind your lips
with the whitest milk
or listen for the sound of bells
heralding your ascension
back to the surface of what
we deem "life is good."
Only then could you taste the flesh
of your charred throat,
but you skipped this step.

JUST TRY NOT TO SPILL

Georgianna Palmer

there was a jar
where i kept my
whispers.
they smelled of
lavender
and sounded like
snow petals.
they seemed sweet,
and innocent, those whispers.
But when the lip
of the lid
was crackEd just a smidge
violin crescendos and
lightning bolts
would Crawl out.
they felt red.
passion and Aggression
and suppression, obliteration.
the whispers would tip-toE
over Fingers
laced with shivers
into back rooms filled with the
cold scent of nUmbers.
so one must keep
the lip of the Lid
sealed.
because dark, angry whispers
that contort the air
and imprint the skin
are not for the eyes to hear
or the lips to smell
or the ears to see.
they deceive, those whispers.
like pretty little things
with sharp razor blades
hidden under their tongues.

Emotional
David Mendieta
Watercolor & Ink
35x25

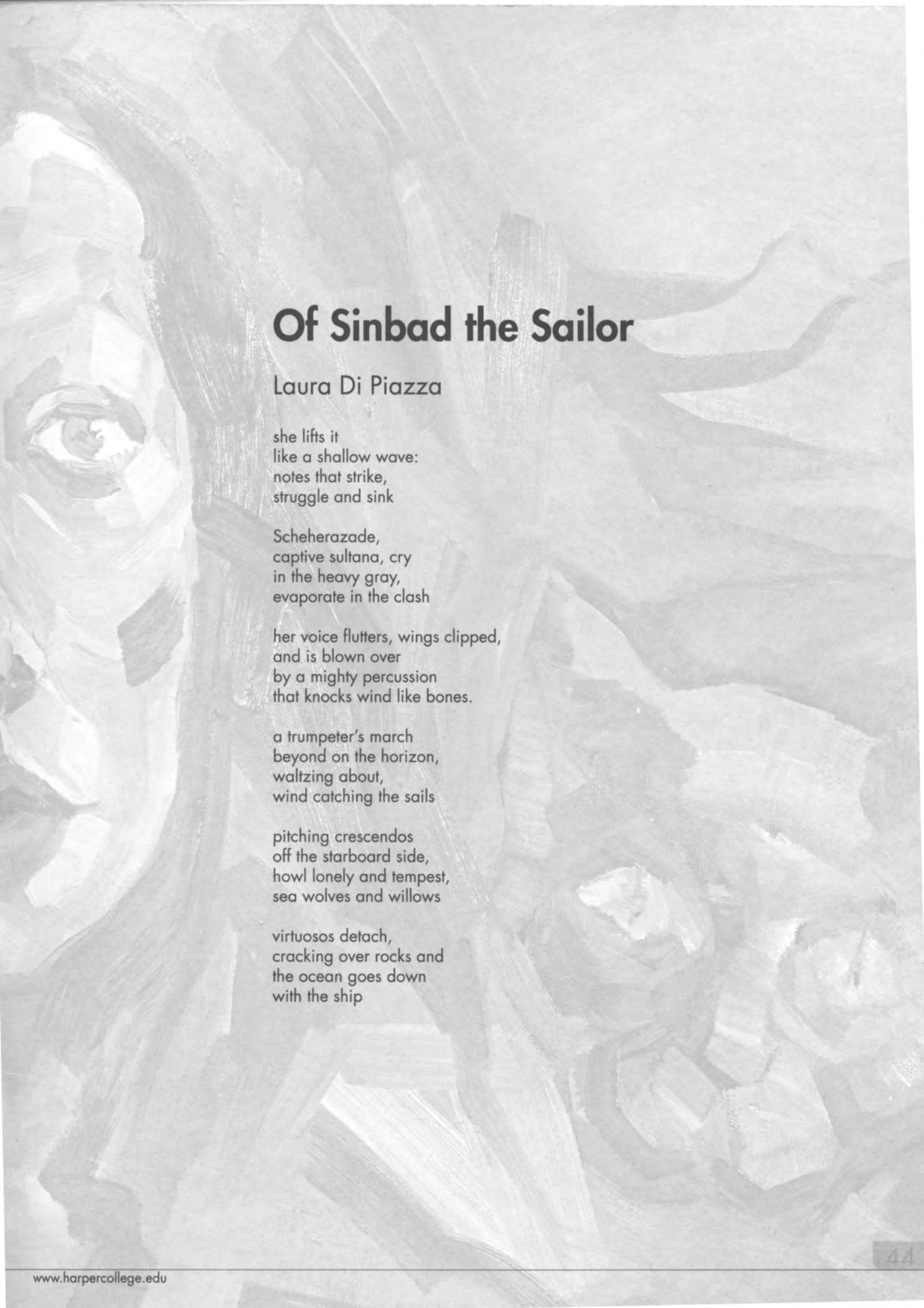


MENDIETA'3



The Fire
Talia Prilutsky
Oil
36x30





Of Sinbad the Sailor

Laura Di Piazza

she lifts it
like a shallow wave:
notes that strike,
struggle and sink

Scheherazade,
captive sultana, cry
in the heavy gray,
evaporate in the clash

her voice flutters, wings clipped,
and is blown over
by a mighty percussion
that knocks wind like bones.

a trumpeter's march
beyond on the horizon,
waltzing about,
wind catching the sails

pitching crescendos
off the starboard side,
howl lonely and tempest,
sea wolves and willows

virtuosos detach,
cracking over rocks and
the ocean goes down
with the ship



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