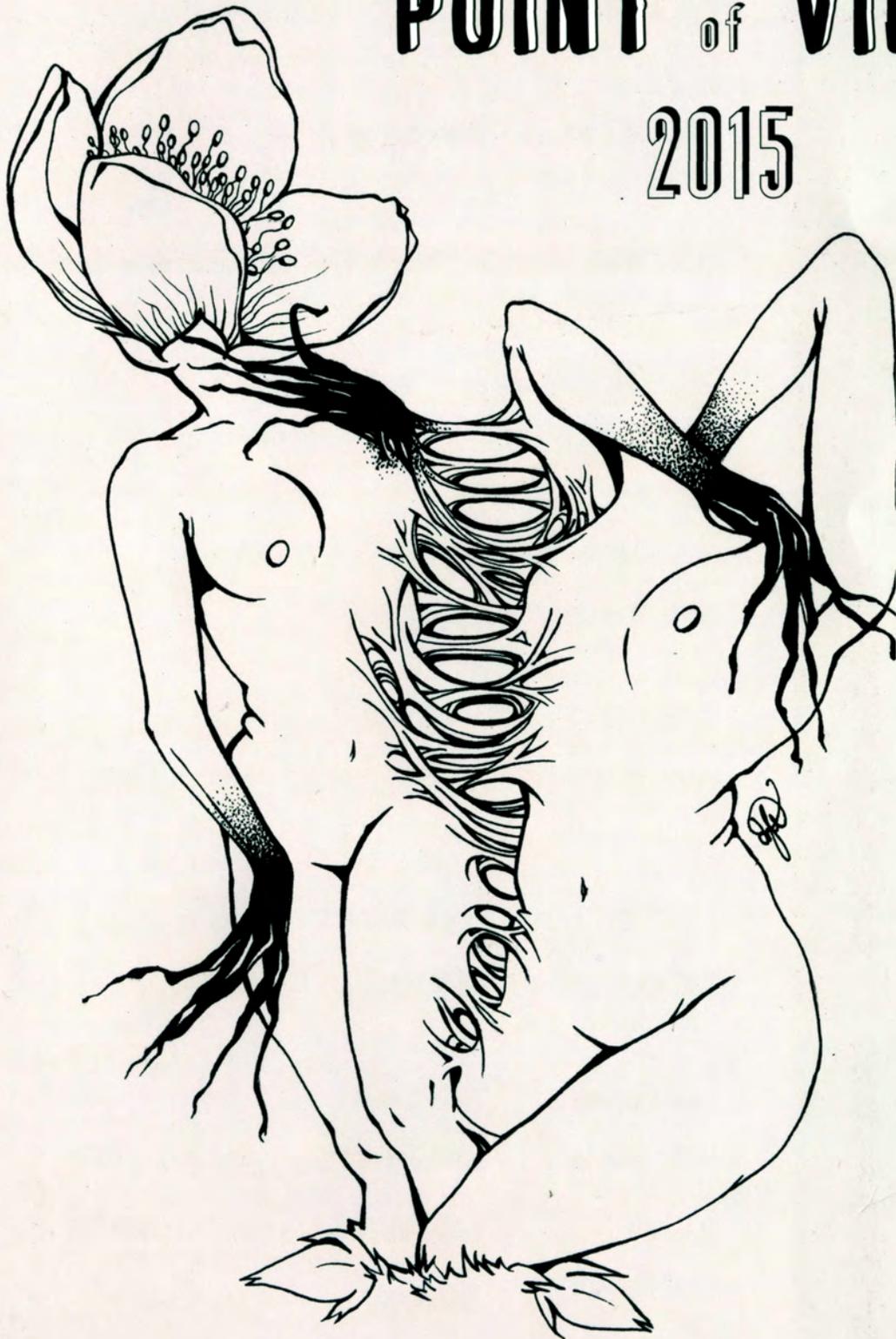


POINT of VIEW

2015



Philophobia

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

JUNE RAUFEISEN for **Mama's stripes**

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

Ray Mills Award

OLIVIA ZUBKO for **I Don't Know Nuthin' 'Bout Art But I Know What I Like**

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

Vivian Stewart Award

STEFANI STAMBOLIYSKA for **The Baiyou**

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

Point Of View Award Faculty Judges

RICHARD MIDDLETON-KAPLAN **JOSHUA SUNDERBRUCH**

ALICIA TOMASIAN **MAGDALEN McKINLEY**

Ray Mills Award Student Judges

OLIVIA ZUBKO **KAYLA GOODYEAR** **ERIN BARRETT**

DIANE COVARRUBIAS **AGNIESZKA JANUSZ** **ISIDORA SPAJICH**

Vivian Stewart Award Judges

STUART TEMPLETON **LESLIE MURRAY** **GREGORY BRYANT**

JUNE RAUFEISEN **BOB NELSON** **MICHELLE MABRY**

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ABRAHAM MENDEZ

KAREN PATTERSON

PATRICIA BRUNNER

SAM ROSBY

PERRY POLLOCK

Cover:

PHILOPHOBIA

Dylan Tarver - Andersen

Ink pen 12"x 9"

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A Series of Impermanent Events

Kayla Goodyear

Wood, plants, ice, metal, glass 24" x 17" x 14.5"



The Anatomy of Breath

Meghan O'Toole

for my sister, Nancy

You don't know there are pebbles
of gold, silver, these precious things
stowed in the high glass atriums,
the chambers in your chest.

If you could reach inside
pry with twist, stretch, balance
breath
pry apart tarred ribs to peer in
you would see sunlight
glancing off the rises of ocean waves.

You do not walk the earth
with mirror-eyes.
Others have found the sleeping
lavender and daisy-woven steel
in your words,
the dignity of dandelion milk
and the crushing forte of
the deep-root earth in your irises.
As you move, exhale soft
creeping
candle flames.

I see pools of pancake batter,
eucalyptus and mint,
the smell of summertime pillows,
sister eyelash kisses
and your hand stirring honey into tea.
See this.

You should know
you can warm your cold fingers
with the breath from your own lungs.

Limbo "After Bansky" Constance Victoria Troch Spray paint on canvas 4'x 2'x 1"



How to Love the Earth

Meghan O'Toole

This is not complex.
Not in the way that wind
balances the world's pressure.
Air flows, dragging storms and sails.
Respect this.

Comb the grass and cattails.
Let dirt collect under your nails
and kiss the puckering surfaces
of salty waters.
Your toes cannot touch their depth.

It took millions of years
for the Colorado River to sink
four thousand feet
into the fossil-pocketing crust.

A century of carbon emissions
taking bites from the blue
of our sky.
Think of this.

The atmosphere layers like a cake
frosted with clouds and color.
Scoop the air into your lungs
and thank it.

When you realize
ripping soil, gouging mines,
and tearing up earth-hugging roots
scar this marble in the galaxy,
fall to your knees
and let this land catch you.
Try to see if hurricanes are forgiving.

Strange Country

Meghan O'Toole

We cut buckthorn bristle branches
in quiet woods,
stacking the twisted torsos,
arms and other cloud-caressing parts
of the trees that don't belong.
Here, we built a pyre
from the bent brittle shapes.

It's easy to work in silence.
Saw
Cut
Snap
Drag
and we burned that wild,
the hungry orange vampire flame
licking sweet sap as it bled
from the younger rings.

We halted the invasion of thorny trees
striped with bands of shriveled bark.
Singing as we sawed,
we became guardians
of the mulchy dark sponge floors,
the blooming mushrooms
and the head-hiding turtles.
We reeked of summer bonfires.

In the forest I forgot myself
kneeling in the chips and leaves
of other dying things.
It's easier, here, to make friends.
Buckthorn always grows to choke more
in this strange country.



Untitled

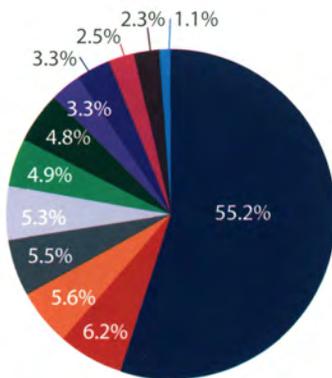
Sean Ruffatti

Wood, brazing rod, hemp

Dimensions unavailable



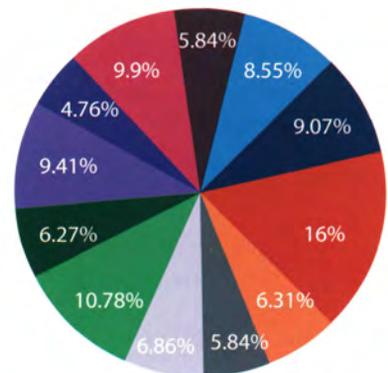
Proposed Discretionary Spending 2015



Source: nationalprioritiesproject.org

- Military**
- Education**
- Veteran's Benefits**
- Government
- Housing & Community
- Medicare & Health
- Social Security, Unemployment, & Labor
- Energy & Environment
- International Affairs
- Science
- Transportation
- Food & Agriculture

Discretionary Spending Survey 2015



Source: Survey as of 4/3/2015. Sample group 111.

Are we being represented?



United States Federal Government Budget

The United States Federal Government Budget is divided into two parts: Mandatory Spending and Discretionary Spending. Mandatory Spending is spending on certain programs that are required by existing law, i.e. Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid. Discretionary Spending is government spending decided on a yearly basis by Congress.

Congress

Congress is made up of humans who have received consent to govern from the governed. "'Consent of the governed' refers to the idea that a government's legitimacy and moral right to use state power is only justified and legal when originated from the people or society over which that political power is exercised." Nicolas of Cusa in *De Concordantia Catholica* mentions this idea of consent in 1433.

Survey

This survey was built to empower the people and get their opinion. The survey consists of two inquiries: First, they were asked to rank the twelve sectors by value and significance. Secondly, they were asked to assign each sector a percentage based on what they believe it should receive. The result of the survey is a portrayal of the will of the people.

Meghan O'Toole

The plastic bottle sits empty
on the sewing box beside your bed.
I remember you carving the word
TIME
in all caps on the headboard
with a parched ballpoint pen.
Dad scolded you for wrecking the wood.

The bottle, droplets of Evian
still clinging to its sides
makes it seem like
you crawled beneath your duvet
and slept soundly last night,
the warm vent of your breath
heating the den of blankets.

My head is cradled in the dip
of your pillow.
The vintage cases cover yellow
nightmare stains.
I can see you sipping
the last trickle
then capping the crinkly plastic.

You hated disposable bottles
piled like a landfill
in our recycling bin,
some only half empty.
You said it was wrong
how they capped and sold the world.
Your lips will never touch one again.

Wasteful



Hybrid Form #2

Olivia Zubko

Wood, steel, cotton thread 22" x 12" x 5"

Sheared Gold

Michelle Mabry

I am made of
California.

Her tides call and call and call
to when she was an island.

Her curve is my thickest rib;
my right hip, the coast.

Her ocean
salts my marrow,
her faults crack my heart,
sick with longing.

ASMR

Gregory Bryant

describe these moments in time
singularly unconfined.
in the soft dark that draws the curtain of your senses in close
the personal, the here, your body, your breath
soaking in the warmth of your own flesh



Ventral

Michelle Mabry

The mesh
spreads like a blossom,
a camera eye.
My chest bursts,
stars line up like stitches
where everything used to.

Hybrid Form #1

Olivia Zubko

Wood, steel 12"x 12"x 12"

Sandwich Needs

Gregory Bryant

long tone for the short changed
half, half, highhat; the weekend man...
that man ruined the ritual
every week I come in here and the manager man...
my friend the manager says "8.66"
I need the ritual, call me obsessed, please...
"9.66," Wrong, Wrong, Wrong NO
fulfill my ritual, Turkey salami bread and...
give me my OCD salami fix, you say "8.66"
I'll pay. I'll pay. Just say it right.

Claiming Heritage

to Basquiat

Gregory Bryant

Do not claim Egypt for yourself
leave that sad inheritance to others
broken tombs and dry stones and near forgotten gods
do not claim the long low valley or its holy flood
let some other man call the slave driver of Old Egypt his father
Heir to millennia of chained captives
leave that heritage to the Arabs,
most recent conquerers of an ancient land,
may they keep Pharaoh and his many graves



Renewable Binary

Stephen Matz

Mixed media 4'x 2.5'x 2.5'



I Don't Know Nuthin' 'Bout Art But I Know What I Like

Olivia Zubko

Mixed media 6'x 6'x 3'

Ray Mills Award Winner

Morrow Wights

Gregory Bryant

Exaggerated figures on an oversimplified landscape
striding over ridiculously green forests
and I one of them, stepping around perfectly conical mountains,
caricatures of mountains,
like a child's picture of mountains rendered solid.
following the range west to the featureless coast
where the sea whispers Darkly against the shore
And the Baleful stars hang low in a dead black sky
here the memory finds me
memory of a place over this watery horizon
from a story I have never read
in a book that was never written
A memory of a lagoon, the silence of the leaning trees
the Hush on the edge of thick gloom
I lift my feet off the brief sand and set out
over the deep hunched down,
unable to rise higher than a foot above the waters,
legs lapped by every swell,
a long Journey in a moonless, sunless world
across brooding tides,
then the lagoon and the Morrow Wights, the Marrow Wights,
palest in among the umbral trunks, emerging
now out under the eyes of the stars,
Marrow Wights in the open water of the lagoon
paddling in bleach wood canoes through the still surface
approaching



Her Name is a River

to a mistress of death—Ebola

Michelle Mabry

Here's what happened:
I woke up and read the day,
pleaded by windows.
The frontier asked her name.
I longed with the
quicker darkness
for a lit path
in the brindled distance,
some **unbridled** rivet
to hold her together.
Genes must not forget to unzip
this.

I should have been named for a
river,
to be delicate,
yet spreading over the
edges of acceptable.
My system of sleep
involves open air
and
telling night
it's a new
terrible,
but right for me.

I hurry to catch up,
the red bull
of lateness
touches my topping nerves,
maybe I call your bluff
and steal you
this time.
Perhaps,
you think you
gold the trees.

I drink what I might miss,
no,
I stick to my cold guns—
dreaming about
coated,
copper darts and
how they curl when turned,
still polite,
sharp arrows.

My towns fall,
suspiciously so.
You realize
too late,
is
was
the real danger
you ignored.

Like
a quiet friend,
the turning sky—
tilted red,
ants with wings,
my motor lures
every knot.

I untie threads
and cells,
the small rooms
your children made
into themselves.
I gleam and unwind each this.

Each mastered
trick of control,
I drill like a small coin
to hang at my hip:
souvenirs.

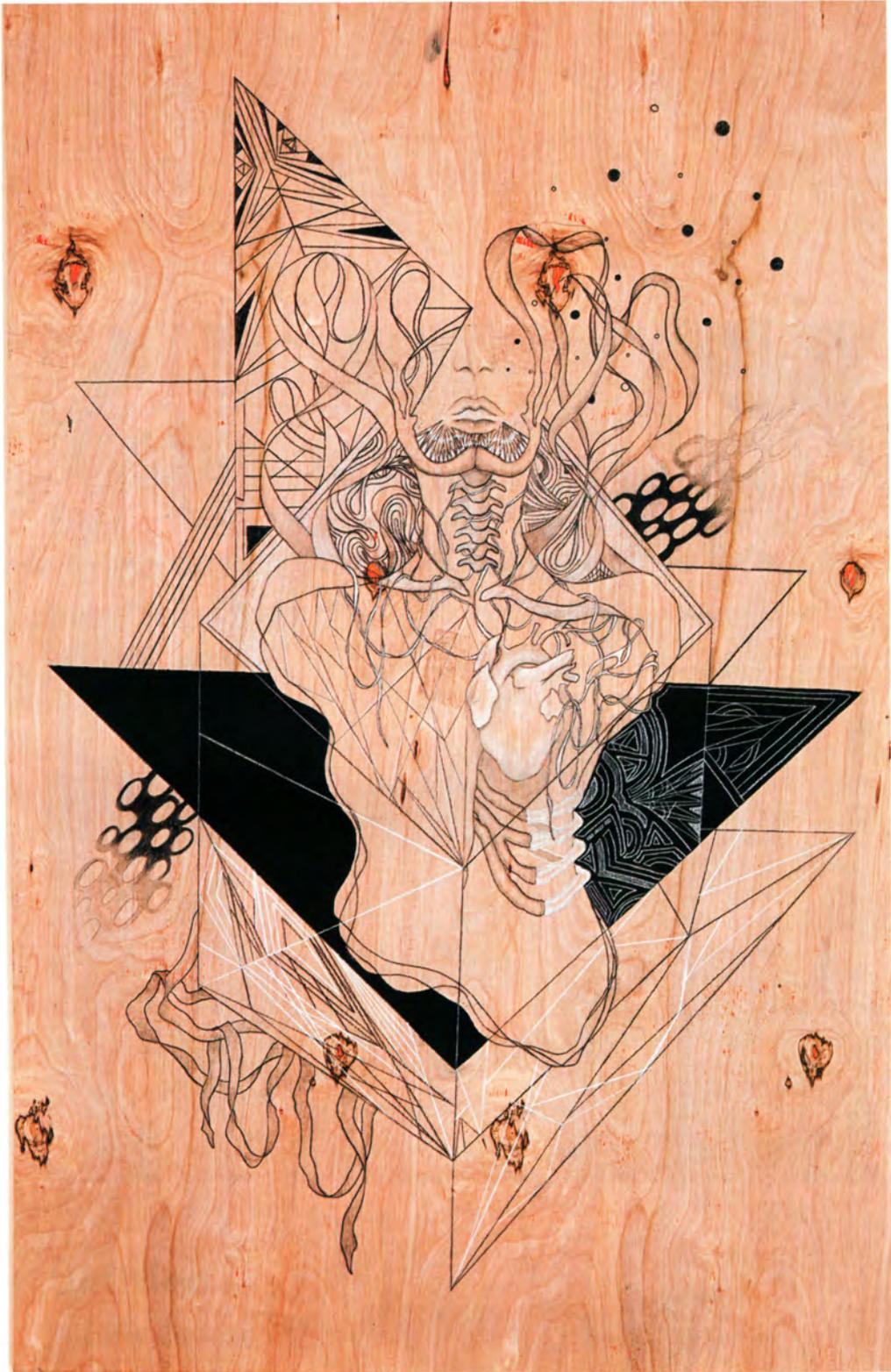
My return
bleeds the map,
each country's
rutting sun.

Stand to greet,
give me your hand,
lust is the property of manners.

Patience cures my headaches,
my thirst runs on and on.

I am the black river.

If you try to rule me,
your regret
will drown you
all by itself.



Psychology

Hana Chang

Mixed media 24" x 37"

16

thrills for weird people

Gregory Bryant

Pretending to be homeless is a time passing game
props to bring, don't go overboard: ripped shoes or an unkempt beard
if desperate find unfrozen mud
Pick a well monied suburb,
You don't want to meet any real street people
and the neighbors need to have better cars than you can afford
hear that this is for privileged car buyers only,
get a wild walk going, whether that means getting a little
 drunk or a little high, that's fine
for me that means going off my middle class style meds
and not eating for a day,
 to each imitator their own method
anyway, take a good coat
we're looking to experience hypocrisy not hypothermia
find a public school, the younger the better
 or maybe a church, the more conservative the better
if possible go to a synagogue for elderly Jews
because this has got to be offensive
 so the more the better
Wait till nine or ten, don't worry the streets are very well lit,
 comparatively
Don't watch your step
 slipping on ice to bring home bruises adds authenticity
Walk around the block for at least three hours
 in a circle



Untitled

Alexis Swinson

Ink pen 9.5" x 10.5"

a sort of delusional wedding

Brooke Blocki

I used to know a pharmacist in a grocery store
I'd bring him cracked statues of Chinese horses,
lucky racing whips,
Dylan albums;
in return he'd buy me maki
and laugh at my soy sauce mustache.

barefoot in the parking lot,
I sat across from him
one or two feet apart
maniacal
invincible
in love.

I'd call at 11:11
every Tuesday
to guess the color of his tie
fabricating baby names
for our unborn twins
I could hear
his extension cord swinging
the circumference of the loop
growing.
he kindly reminded of comments
tucked away in my journal
where his answer
was scribbled in red -
next time.
that didn't stop me.
I found a glistening engagement ring
in the lost and found box
at a gas station
on route 41,
a plastic one,
that leaves a green residue
when you take it off.

out of nowhere
I found myself unglued
in the shallows
wallowing in the afterglow
of an imaginary moon.

Pain

Karina Ortiz

Photography 10" x 8"



Evolution Interlude

W.C. Schwerin

Stoneware, sand 19" x 16" x 15"



henpecked
at
the
dunton
house
restaurant

Brooke Blocki

I'm eying a man
in a periwinkle sweater, gray pants, newsboy cap;
a cane rests against his chair.
his hair is thinning
and he watches a waitress
as she wipes sweat off her forehead;
his wife is there too, badgering,
scolding him with disapproval:
*come on, Harold,
your soup's growing cold.*
I am two booths to the left,
still in uniform, eating a salad and hoping
to spy the unusual;
but she keeps nagging, and the frail man
lifts a heavy arm
to peck at minestrone;
under the table he clenches his fist,
digging nails into brittle skin;
somewhere submarines,
dozens and dozens
of dance halls,
ornamented entryways,
women too,
lend a brief escape,
but she keeps nagging.
the wife shifts her attention to Saltines,
crinkling and crackling the wrapper
but it won't open:
the cellophane resists
and soon she's calling for the waitress
who brings her crusty bread instead.
she noshes at the loaf
with a grimace
that reminds me of melted wax
indistinct, incapable
of ever achieving
a solid form.

The Baiyou*

Vivian Stewart Award Winner

Stefani Stamboliyska

We never had a garden together in my little home.
We had beautiful, distorted garbage and I didn't say a word of it because
even though you damage my surroundings, you please my majority.
Every day, I carried your stench but I didn't say a word of it because
I was scared that you'd walk away from this kind of mortgage.
It's not that my body's been depreciated from its value.
You haven't touched me like that.
You just carved and carved
these whimsical scars in the inside of my skull.
This graffiti was close to home, close to me.
I've lost my credibility for seven years.
I can't even stand back up once you've rooted me to a place of no neighborhood.
To these tastes and dishonesties,
toasting champagne for dry humor, but it's a bad taste that never goes away.

These internal scars have developed cracks, you see.
I have a leaky roof, my electricity's out, and everything said hits too hard to home.
I don't know what to make of it and I'm getting sicker by the day.
You've left me alone, you've gone to another.
Left the baiyou to emerge into the grottoes.
I guess my home wasn't edgy enough for you.
It would've put you in a different situation if you lost your job,
then maybe I would've had more sympathy for you.
But I can't. It just makes me shake my little fists at your self fulfillment.
Tall man counting his cash and boxes!

Stained my carpet feet with the underwater soot.
Stained my curtains in tears as I drown in this house with debt;
I wish I could just walk away from my body's home,
or maybe I wish I could take care of a family in my body,
or maybe I should bulldoze this home on a Zamboni machine and bury myself in the rubble.
Is this funny for you?

I noticed the floating worlds.
They came in all shapes and sizes.

Shiny windows; high rise mansions; and a fancy condominium with a beard tag on it.
Then I opened my eyes to a warm sight.
I don't have stains on my carpet anymore because I don't have a carpet.
Lumberjack floors aren't as soft as carpet but they're tough on words;
lukewarm surfaces in the summers but they feel so warm in the cold winter days.

Harlot curtains were substituted; no black, just peach schnapps.
Ugly ceiling is patched up with compliments, but I did give it a nice sunroof.
Running light helps me feel open-minded.
The neighbors came by with the seasons.
Still, I made a garden just for me.

**In this literary work Baiyou is an imaginary place.*



Meaningless

Hana Chang

Acrylic and fingerprints 24" x 37"

First Love

Marie Chapman

The first thing I noticed about you
Was not your eyes--dilated.
It was not your huge eyelashes—fluttering.
It was not your tender stomach.
It was not the scar against your back.

I noticed not your skin sticking against mine,
Breast against breast.

It was not your lips all over my body
--Imagined in my mind and yours.

It was not your divorced parents
Or your bisexual sisters.

I noticed not the cancer you wished would kill you;
I barely even noticed it took your goddamn leg.

It was not your heart--fickle and enlarged.

I noticed that you kept talking to me
When no one else would.

Marie Chapman

The hours we spent
My darling, I am sorry;
I've broken your spine

Was I without care?
Methinks I use you in haste,
Old dictionary

Beautiful in blue,
Loaded with definitions
Eight years my elder

Mulling it over,
Toiling versus languishing,
You give me *choices*

Above and beyond
You go, giving me knowledge
So I seem smarter

The text hath no swears;
Noah Webster was a prude,
But you're such a BAMF

Oft I use eBooks:
Handy, quick and up-to-date
Without character



Faucet

Stephen Messemmer

Bronze 6.5" x 3.5" x 3.5"

Responsive Expression

Kayla Goodyear

Watercolor, micron 21"x 22"



Introspection

Julia Thielen

Maple tree sap trickled through her hair
And bled into her eyes
Caramel strands framed her face
Highlighted her grin and hid her tears
The impression of a heart
Branded the tip of her nose
Not classically beautiful
But pretty in a buttons up way
When loud
Her voice swept the wind of winter
When shy
It whistled the whispers of May
She didn't smile often
But when she did
It would usually be secretly
To herself

Anodyne

Michelle Mabry

Chicago is not a time zone
but a lot of longing
behind my ribs.

I,
an immigrant swooning,
bid on this treasure
without any map.

I look for trouble
to meet
and the railways
move my line,
a stray blue flame.

My border
glows
as it hunts some avenue
to keep me fixed,
and
so unhemmed.

Leslie Murray

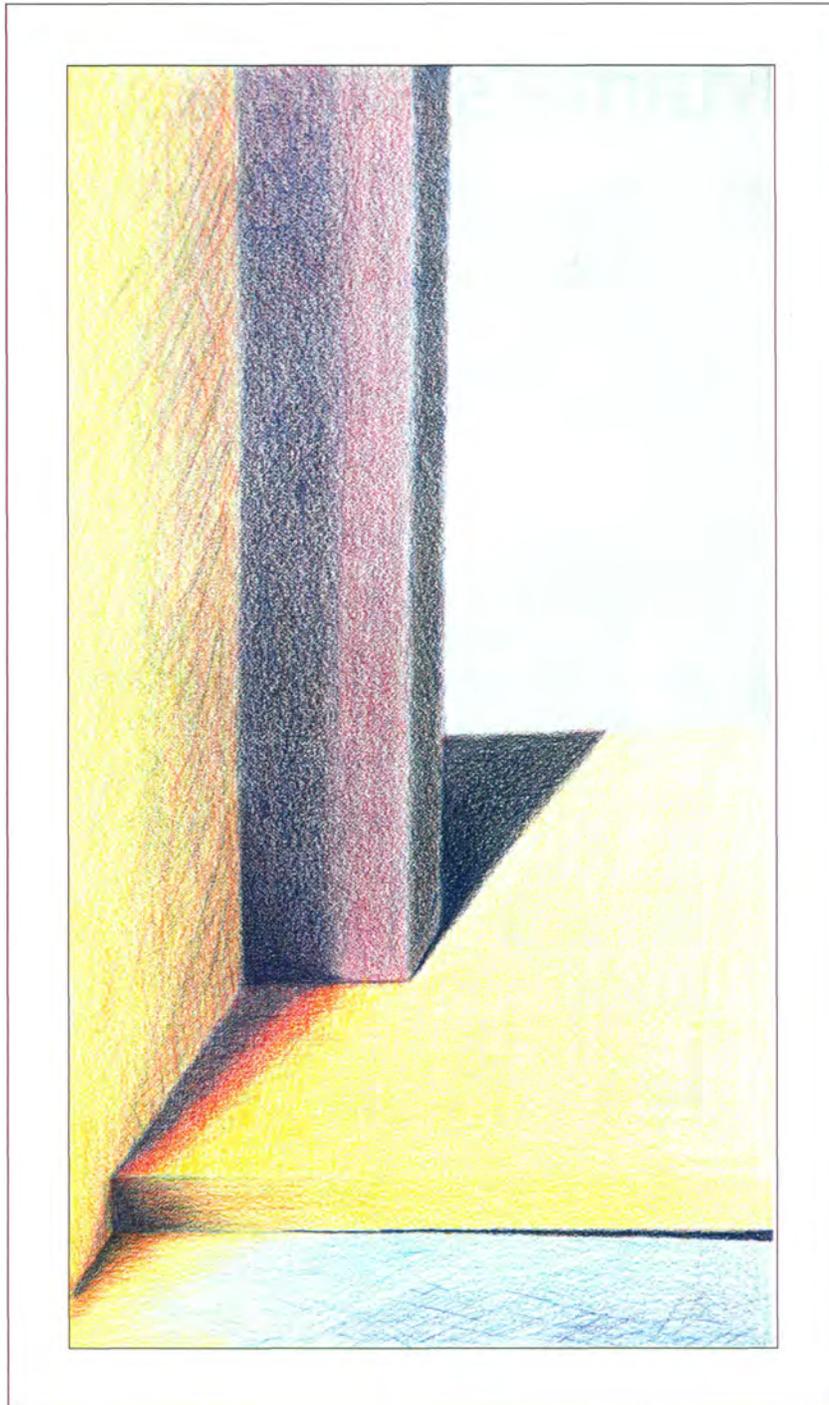
The people on the corner left
their cigarettes, democracy,
their coffee cups, and me, bereft,
recalling how he crossed his knees
and spread his arms in black and white
as hope and anger overlapped,
becoming suddenly contrite
the moment that the shutter snapped.
We're relics of our impulse and
our fallout is a document
from which, dissolving, we disband—
our fracture, captured: permanent.
He leaves; I stay. We fall apart,
defined, divided from the start.

Jackson and LaSalle

Pillar

Maricruz Bustos

Colored pencil 14.5" x 23"



Mama's stripes

Point of View Award Winner

June Raufeisen

Mama shows me her belly every visit
"This is what you did to me" she'd say
lifting her shirt and tracing her stripes
her skin is soft with stretch and wear
She had carried me there
The doctor had sliced through her
and I emerged in a wrinkled little body
"you were so ugly" she said

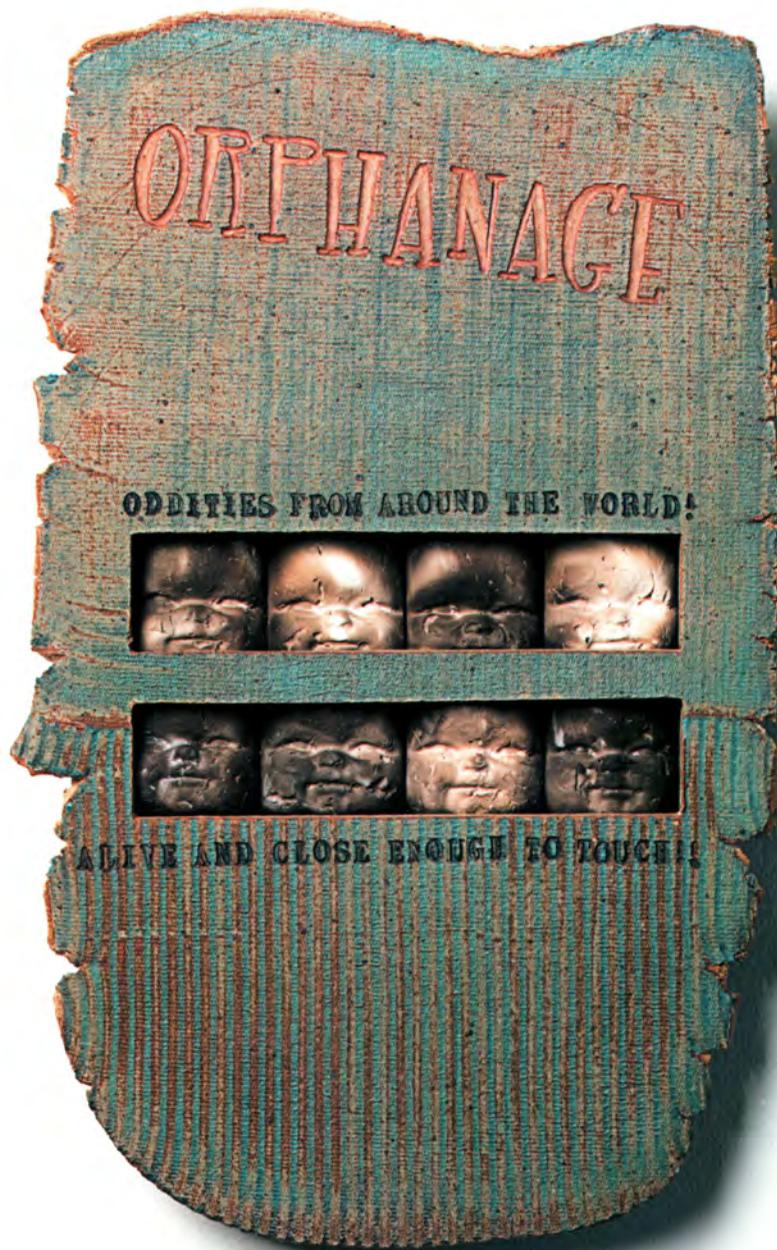
Mama was 21, "younger than you are now" she said
and maybe her young head, was bored of living dolls
so she moved to the city, to smile and sing
She'd think of her distant daughter
in blue-smocked dresses
and sunflower bows
socks to the knees
dandelion wreaths
popsicle-stained lips of summer
and goodbye tears to kindergarten

I had known even then
that she would not come back
and so every visit, she shows me her belly
as to redeem herself through bodily sacrifice
she says "This is what you did to me"

Alive and Close Enough to Touch

Doug Tabb

Ceramic, wood 18"x 11"x 2"



Untitled

Isaac LaRussa

Oil on canvas 34" x 46"



June Raufeisen

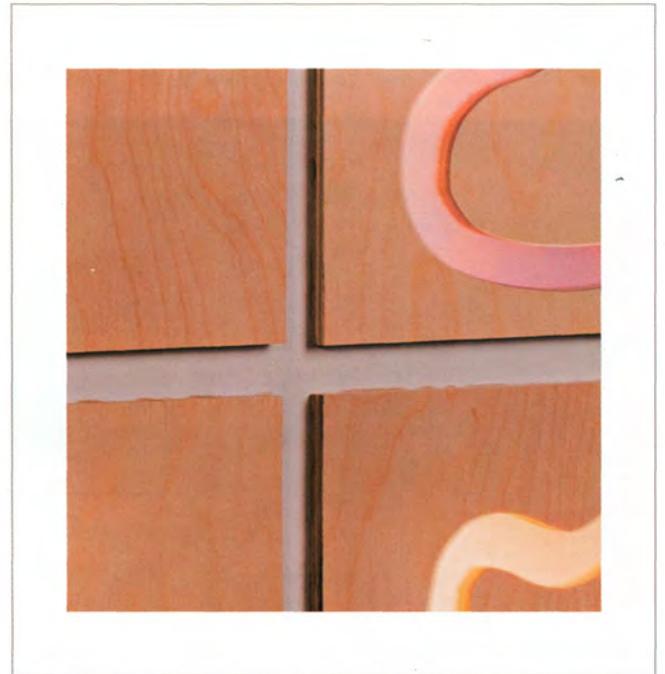
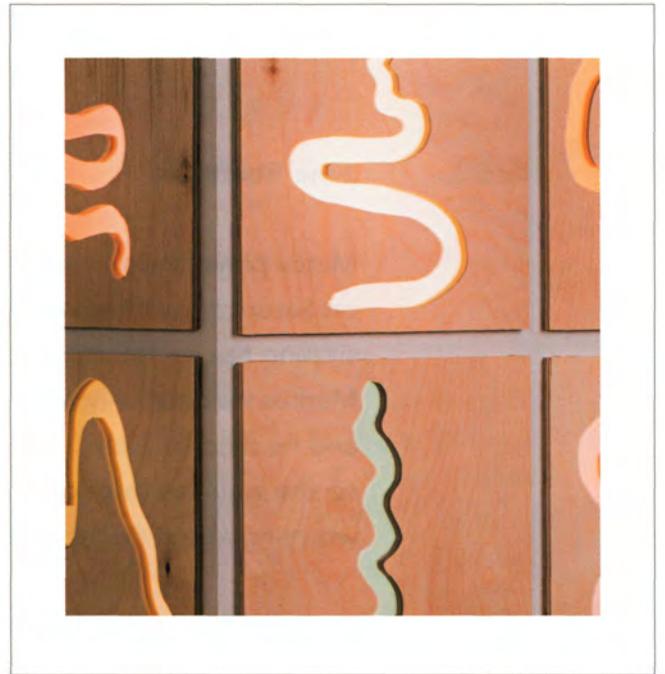
Marcy plays bridge with the blue hairs
on Saturday evenings of cake slices
sipping tea on salamander tongues
Markus was her only child
and he died in 'Nam
so she whistles through the birdcage
worrying about crumbs on the carpet

Brooklyn Bobby got his chops knocked out
in a brass knuckle brawl circa 1996
he had been paid a \$100 to take one to the mug and lose
no virgin to this, his embroidered scar tissue was as numb
to its delivery, of flesh on flesh ripped open and pulped
he was ugly anyways, he said in his sleep
and the blackness was filled with cigarette burns
of dead dreams, spilling red on its cracks

Darlene cries through the kettle boiled over
spreading tears on bread for breakfast
she takes exotic Spanish names in the nighttime
drawing up her lamé dress, of spanked luster on skin
walking down streets on shaved legs
waking up to mornings on barren beds
and of specters, lonesome and loved for the hour
she leaves the sheets unwashed
hoping to conjure warm bodies

Dan who always ate alone, licks his finger every page turn
his gaze wanders past the crease of the paper
to imagine silhouettes of satin ladies in cocktail dresses
anyone would do, to fill the adjacent seat
but with perfumes and pursed lips slightly parted
to fill in the 7 years of singular plated meals
and their singular checks, and singular complementary mints
Dan peers through the paper past 7 years

Vignettes of loneliness



Infestation

Erin Barrett

Wood, vellum, fluorescent light 50" x 16.5" x 16.5"

Mescaline

Kristen Franke

There is a train station
inside me.
A pleasant theater.
A hangar
for the placid
resonating voice of a woman
counting off the shifting
quaking vibrations as they storm
like living tunnels
journeying unrestrained through my landscapes.
They are beyond rails
chuffing off into
the orange and sapphire hues
of mystery and cloud spouts.
There are not many stops.
Not enough pauses for breath but
even the smallest of clouds
could catch you.
You cannot be you here.
Be something else.
Pinch the ground.
Steady your skin.

Skin

Kristen Franke

This skin burned you.
The fluffy lashes.
Lobes of breasts that
seem so easy to peel away.
So easy to dust the flesh from the bone.
Unhook the seams.
Invert.
Scrawl a new name
like scales over skin
armor to fend off reflections
and old photographs.
Film and skin will crumble down to dust
in graveyard cloaks
when we have settled in to sleep.
Let them shrivel.

Jori Nelson

They're running down the contours of my face:
cars achieving top speed as they turn the corner of the track.
I fear them pooling in my lap.

Basking in the moon's shadow, my body goes numb.
Trains echo through the air for miles, but I can still hear their voices.
I fear the sounds spouting from their lips.

Mom was never one to yell...until now.
Dad's voice rumbles through the mortar, cracking the bricks which support me.
I fear the growing space between them.

A chaotic discussion quiets with just a short statement:
the period on a fifteen-year run-on sentence.
I fear the silence cracking amid the wintery air.

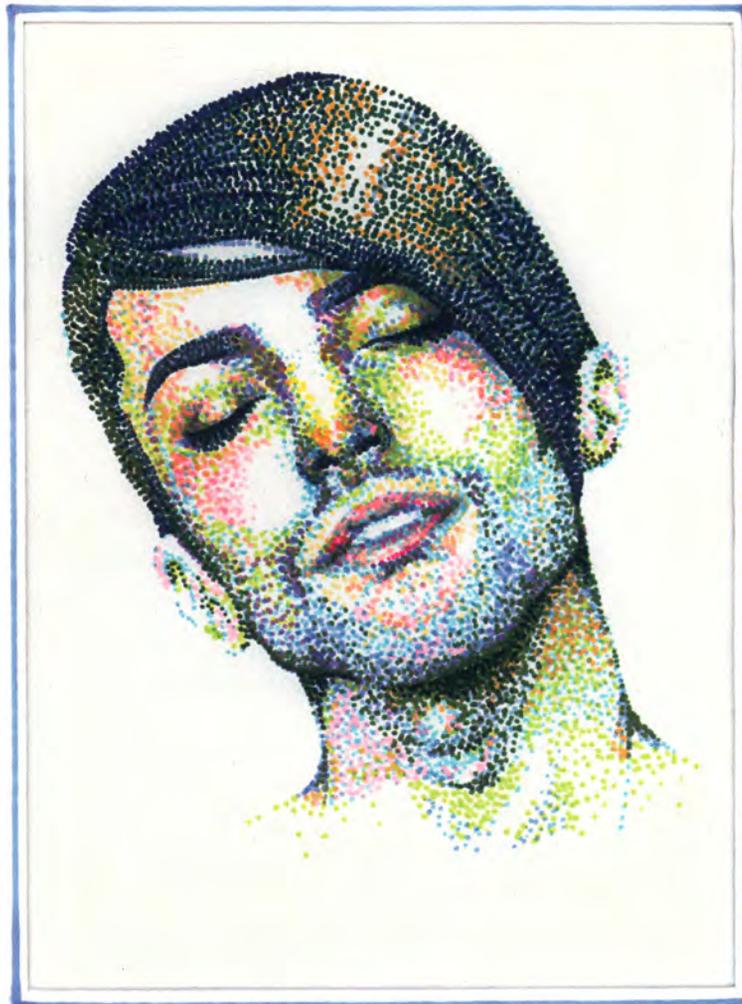
My eyes dry, a sign of relief.
My frosted cheeks tingle as my heart breaks anchor.
I fear that I am happy.

Severed

Mitch Pointillism

Kaelyn Phelps

Marker Dimensions not available



Sunrise Surprise

Adrian Jania

My room feels cold.
The air is still, the windows shut.
This night is lasting longer than most
and as I struggle to sleep
the resonance of a motorcycle zooms by.

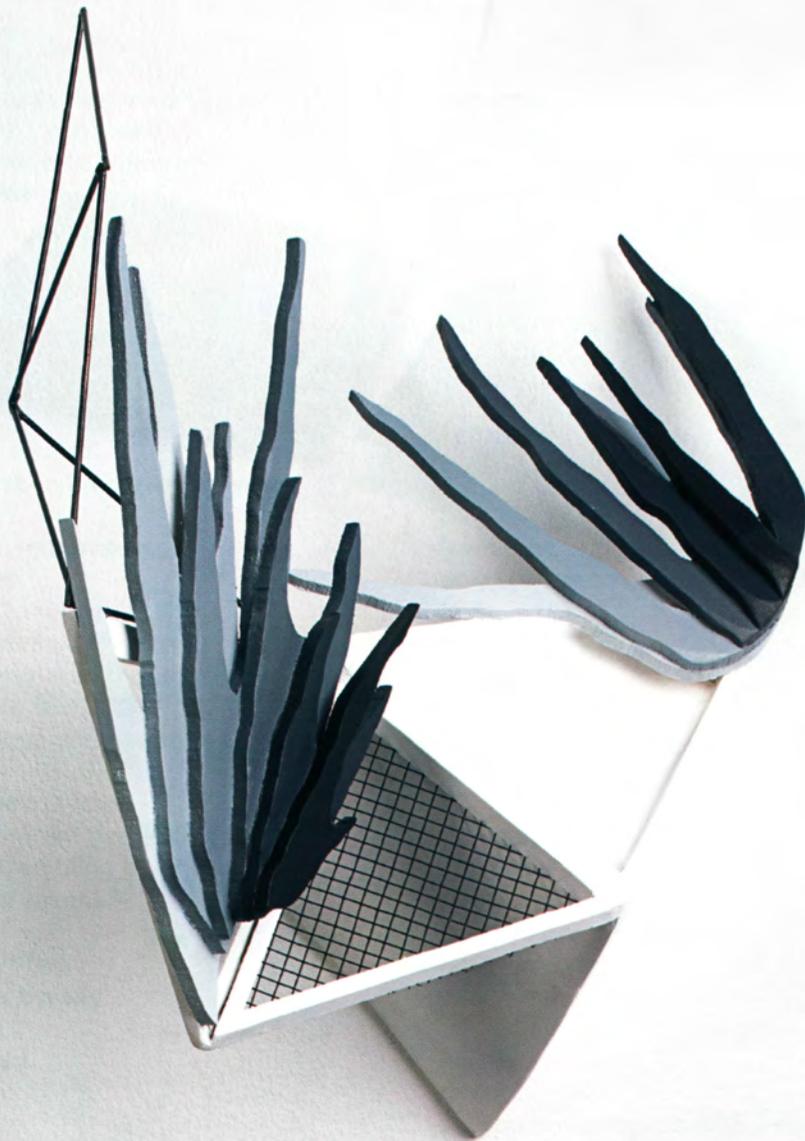
Regaining my composure,
I tip-toe down the stairs.
With a dimly lit eastern sky,
the blue paint shines through the frost.
The engine turns to a start.
Rumble, rumble, my beautiful race car.

The winding backroads' call for attention rings.
Full of confidence,
I pound through the gears.
Hard on the accelerator
4..3..2..1..
strong brake,
downshift,
sharp right.
No margin for error.
The wheels battle the asphalt for grip.

Tires screech, the engine growls
and exhausted brakes burn.
I've had enough. It's time for bed.

4..3..2..1..
strong brake,
downshift,
sharp left.

A glowing pair of eyes
under a chandelier of bone.
Good morning.



Untitled

Erin Barrett

Wood, metal, foam 1'x 6'



Hiraeth

Sarah E. Harling

Cast iron 9"x 18"x 4"

The Point of North

Michelle Mabry

for Martin

I made you an iron mask
to use when you woke up
and your raven of memory
talked in her quiet box.

You did not finish dark,
you still jump from
roof to roof
in your head,
never falling.
You fly like a daring,
an Illinois squirrel,
gravity just an invisible stairway.

Your stem remembers
the torque
and tries to test you
with a question of the day,
but your raven of thought
keeps each secret aloft,
bonds uncut, doling out necessities.

The matters of love
pulled you from the fields,
all those trembling bluebirds
made your ravens
jealous.
They don't flit,
they drive the sky,
relentless
and primed.

You know
that stop was too long

too long
too long--
the whist
slipping from your wife's eyes
makes your ravens
talk in pieces
about
when you made them wait.

Even though all the lamps burned out
and the sea seems angry,
this is just a speech for the living.

So you are not lost
from time,
only spoken to another
and
time is really just
a long street,
a charged ocean of quiet
tracing hours,
not so out of order.

You repeat,
you proceed like
sharp snow or
early dinner darkness;
rather elegant,
your north.

Perhaps squared
or cubed,
stalling our compass with a stutter,
a tricked arrow.

My young lady words
disappear
for grappling
however.
Gone is gone
and
we lose summer,
smarting everyone.

The Order of Color

Michelle Mabry

Right foot in the dirt.
Black foot in the left.
Dark, darker, darkly kneel
after the day gives you
whitecaps,
this and sun.

Remove all stops,
be stunned,
be stupefied.
I'm going anyway,
you best pay close attention
to this.

Blue
is wide
open,
a deep pull pool
like walking without worry
not holding on.

Green is long
and never lost,
so northern in the way,
and looks at the splendid
lain wicked
like a sadness.

Don't say this one
too much,
it's too much.
The sky in his sandwich
of blue and violet,
so they melt.

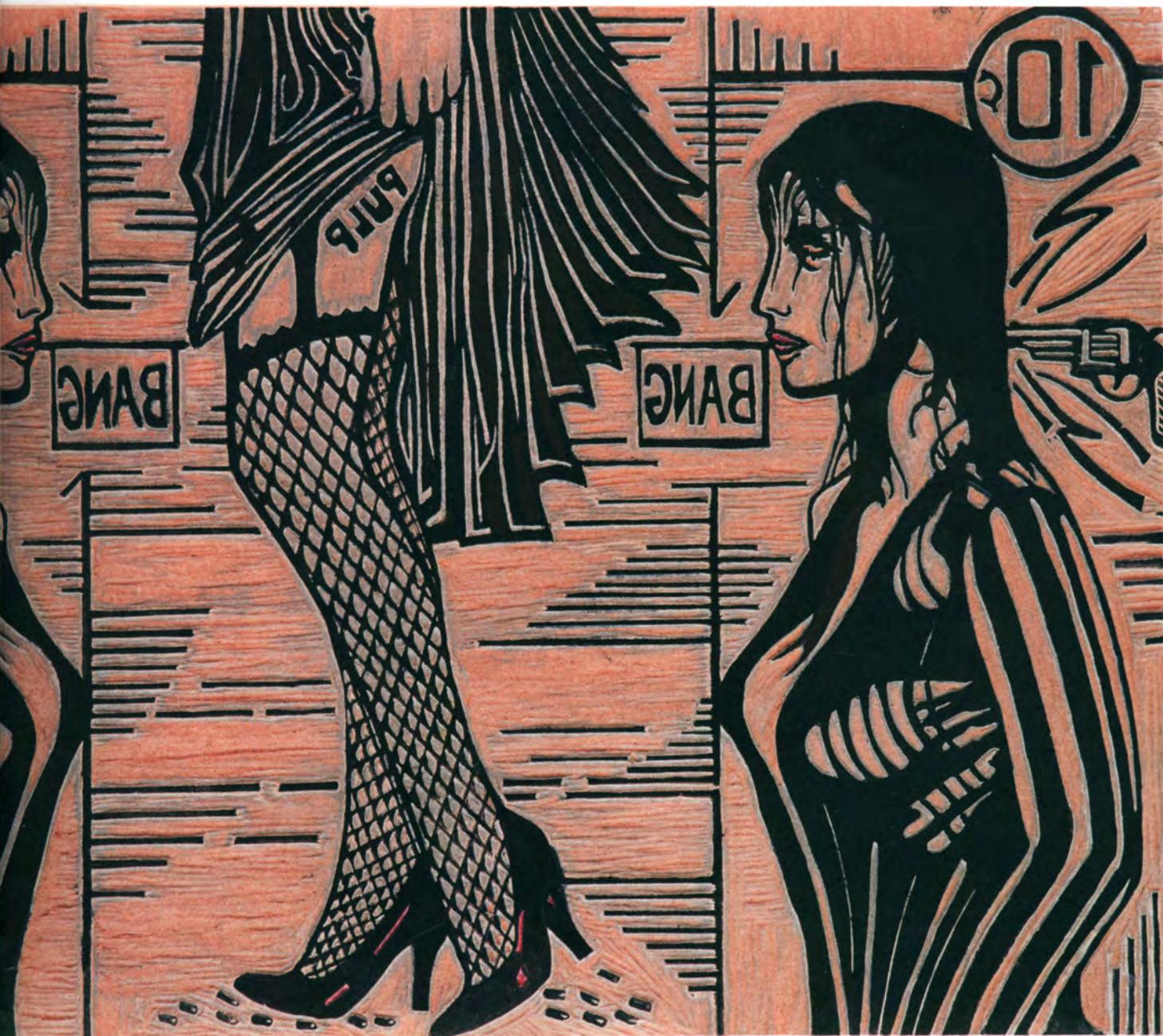
Orange for the claim
of a California,
trying to frame me.
Each waterway calling
for my return to that
bent index of land.

Red in all my flights,
so many ways to be a girl.
Start with this, start with knowing
to find me
in the careful placement
of each boasting button.

The sleepness of the hollows,
the snow of earliness;
the last color
melts these rock tickers of men
and dames of the city's type.
We see all the stitching in the midst.

Yellow, the piece of direction,
this mid right right,
left,
north,
that closes for ardor in the shield
while absence laughs at love.





Pulp-Bang Bang

Chris Dwyer

Painted woodblock 24"x16"



Harper College