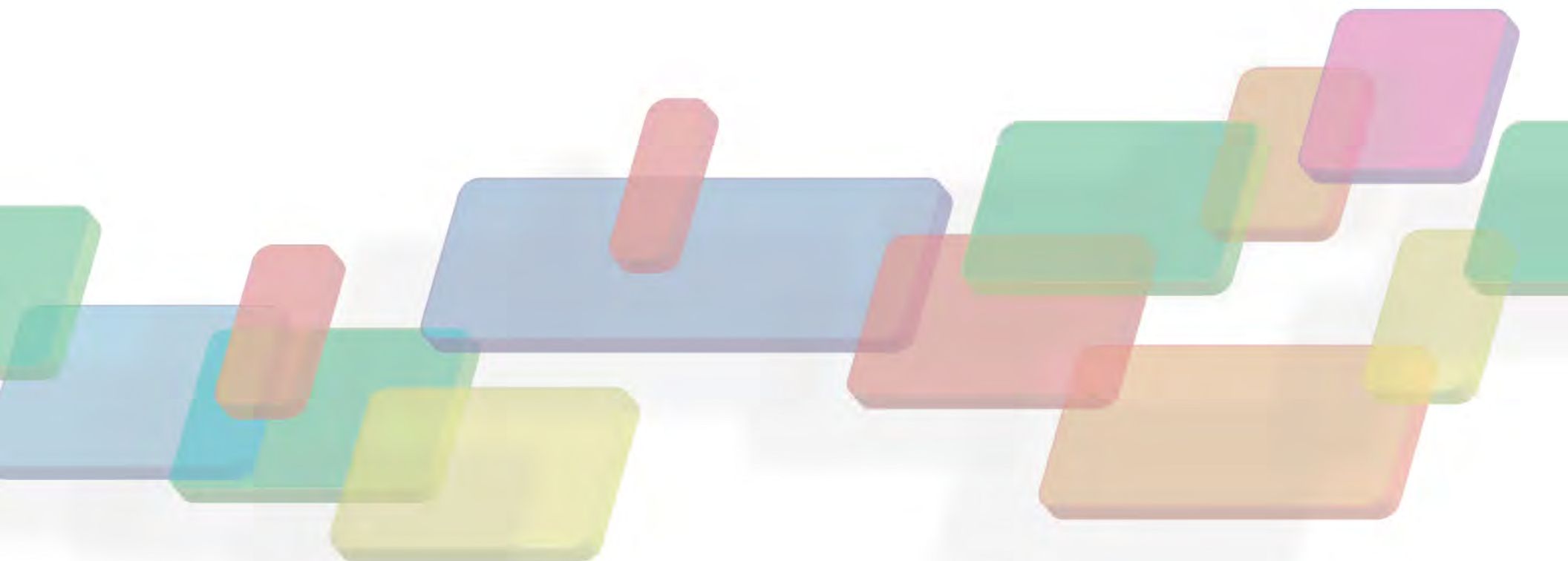


pegasus

a collection of writing and visual arts
volume four



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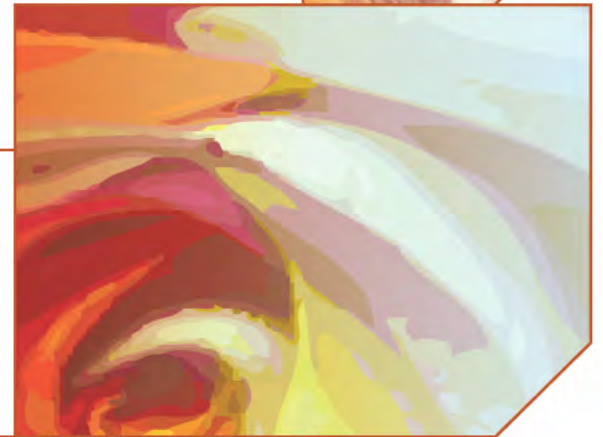
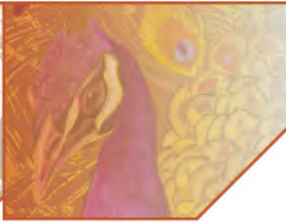
Colored Pencil on Toned Paper

Special Thanks

Pegasus celebrates its fourth year in publication and the greatest collaboration yet by students, faculty, and administration. The editors thank Student Senate and the administration for their continued funding which supports the journal, the students who submitted their designs, worked on layout, and contributed their writing, and the faculty across many disciplines for all of their behind-the-scenes work in helping to sustain our publication. Many course wheels keep the journal spinning: Creating Writing, Advanced Graphic Design, Digital Page Design, Sculpture, Illustration, Two and Three Dimensional Design, Drawing, Photography, Digital Imaging, Digital Illustration and Computer Graphics. Course involvement to this degree would not be possible without the dedication of faculty, in some cases, our adjunct faculty, and the inspiring work of our students. We especially recognize and congratulate student Caleb Prue for his design being chosen for this edition as well as adjunct faculty, Pat Rasch, for her support in guiding students through layout. Finally, we are happy to note that student submissions were at an all-time peak, and we continue to encourage students to submit for publication. In closing, we thank you, our community, for your joined effort in supporting, sustaining, and appreciating the creative talents of our students.

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Poetry

Frank Kovacs
Brett Doering
Danielle Miano
Alison Parman
Megara Sanderson
Alex Fisher
Sharon Kallin
Caitlin Noglow
Heather Tetreault
Hannah Brown
Christophe Esselen-vonFedyk
Rodney Myers
Joseph McGrath
Veronica Jones
Jesse Allen
Skip Sceery
Brandon Nevin
Kirby Brown
Melanie Muller
William Thomas
Jennifer Peifer
Lindsay Miner

Fiction

Danielle Miano
Dante Gennaro

Two Dimensional Design

Christopher Bukowski
Jessica Diaz
Jason Briers
Paul Mirabello
Christina Wolff
Nicholas Servies
Rebecca Gulisano
Jose Abrahante
Justin Benton-Smith

Drawing

Christina Geary
Cristina Lauria
Aisling Svenningsen
Carmelina Scionti-Privitera
Oliver Pichardo
Sara Boldt
Erin White

Three Dimensional Design

Amanda Rasch
Gregory Dondero
Richie Hughes
Jackie Lux

Sculpture

Agnieszka Pysczak
Meg Church
George Haney

Photography

Mark Blicharz

Illustration

Melinda Wells
Julianna Kristoff
Phyllis Petersen
Kyllikki French
Carmelina Scionti-Privitera
Briana Smith
April Chateaneuf
Erin White
Ronald Olansen
Christine Geary
Oliver Pichardo

Animated Sequences

Caleb Prue
George Haney

Digital Illustration

Rebecca Ehrhardt
Sarah Chamberlain
Ronald Olansen
Jennie Cordone

Digital Imaging

Rebecca Ehrhardt
Dennis Wilson
Ayelen Olivera
Danielle Birdsell
Britney Mack



Christopher Bukowski
Gouache on Paper



Rebecca Ehrhardt
Digital Imaging



Jennie Cordone
Digital Illustration



Dennis Wilson
Digital Imaging

Frank Kovacs

A Preference for Limericks

It s absolutely true.
Of all the things
that could be labeled as poetry
I prefer the limerick.

I am a philistine
The sort of villainous cad,
who, when given the opportunity
will bust out a pun or two.

I feel no shame in this!
There are individuals out there
with explicit joys that defy all logic
though
they have the luxury of hiding their pleasures

Some of us have to take the time
that could be otherwise used
for a veritable litany of sins.

I could be out of my mind right now
but instead I m deep inside of it
examining the curious crenellations
which I had hoped to admire
quietly from afar.



Anonymous

Sunday Afternoon

Sunday afternoons
Were best when I spent them with you,
When we would sit on your back porch
And tell each other stories.

When the sun only shined for us,
Staying up a few extra hours
Before slipping behind the horizon.

Sunday afternoons
Now are distant memories
Fading into the past,
Like the sun's bright glow
Fading at dusk.

If only the sun had waited a little longer
On our last Sunday afternoon,
We could be together, sitting on your
back porch
While you tell me one more story.

Melinda Wells

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper

Brett Doering

An Underwater Journey

Quickly jumping off the diveboat's stern
warmness envelopes my entire body as my wetsuit fills
slowly. I sink, at 30 feet my ears feel the pressure
as tiny fish flit back and forth. A quick nose squeeze
clears ears, as I sink further. A gentle reef to the right,
an eel violently takes a fish at lightning speed then disappears.
As I sink further, the breathing sounds of my life repeats loudly
in my ears, surreal in its importance. I sink further. At 120 feet my
mind wanders. I glance to my left to see my wife, silhouetted against the
blue-green sea. She is above a chasm of blackness that appears to be a
bottomless pit. I feel frightened that I may lose her and must look away. A
giant sea turtle floats so close I can almost touch it. A new reality fades as my
vest inflates. Slowly to the surface I float, ears blocking and clearing as I glide
to the surface. At 30 feet I must stop and rest, waiting the end of this new experience.



Amanda Rasch

Cardboard



Rebecca Erherhardt

Digital Illustration

Danielle Miano

Lost Time

Rise to a morning
new, like the last.
Each sip of breakfast tea mocks
the days lost to a vision, revised, and revisited,
when the sun begins its daily ritual.
The sludge of routine,
an expectation, a hope, dissolves
with a spoonful of sugar.
The granules spill down the mug
fleeting past the reflective edge,
mimicking sand through an hour glass.



Gregory Dondero
Cardboard



Julianna Kristoff
Watercolor

Alison Parman

The Dress

Walking into the crisp, hip
Coffee shop I see her lounging,
And him draped over a chair.

I stare aghast at the times,
Back when I would never dare,
Never admit that side of me

Never
Would I, the girl with him
So relaxed, so open.

Imagine growing up without rules
Able to grow unabashed;
How I wish I could fit into that dress.



Sarah Chamberlain

Digital Illustration



Ayelen Olivera

Digital Imaging

Megara Sanderson

A Mid-December Mistake

all is fair
in a fay libretto
with somber lust
and boiling orange tea
without an alibi
she leaves me



Christina Geary

Graphite



Kyllikki French

Watercolor



Cristina Lauria

Pencil on Toned Paper

Alex Fisher

Ashley

On the soccer field
Is where I used to
Beat the boys.

First thought, I d be soft, then
Go SmAsh! I d hear them cheer
as I stole the ball, *hurting*, the boy.

I was young, tough, yet innocent looking
Till two boys hit back.
First time, elbow to the nose, breaking it.
I cried, cried, cried, cried, cried
All the way to the hospital, but
It wasn't enough to hurt me.

I grew up and married a man of wealth
Who I loved for twenty-six years,
Even when he said, I lost it all.
But I told him, "We'll be fine if you just put down that bottle."

He swung
The bottle madly around his head,
Then hurled it across the room.
It went *smash* right over my head,
He hurt me, but I didn't cry.



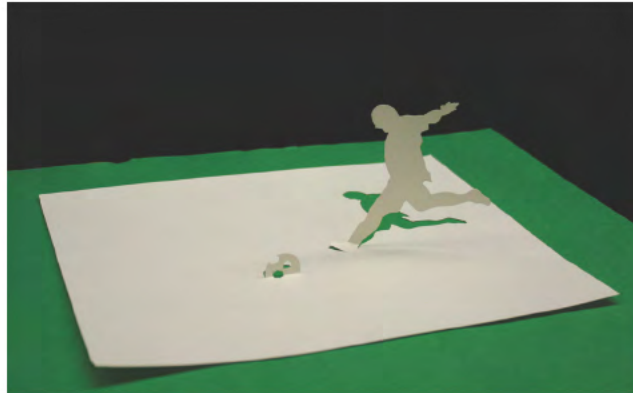
Aisling Svenningsen

Ink

Frank Kovacs

Gadus Macrocephalus

Oh stinky fish
undulating furiously.
You fool
your simple existence
and your tortuous
oblivion
is my beer-battered
delight.



Richie Hughes

Cut Paper



Jackie Lux

Cut Paper



Agnieszka Pysczak

Plaster and Wire

Sharon Kallin

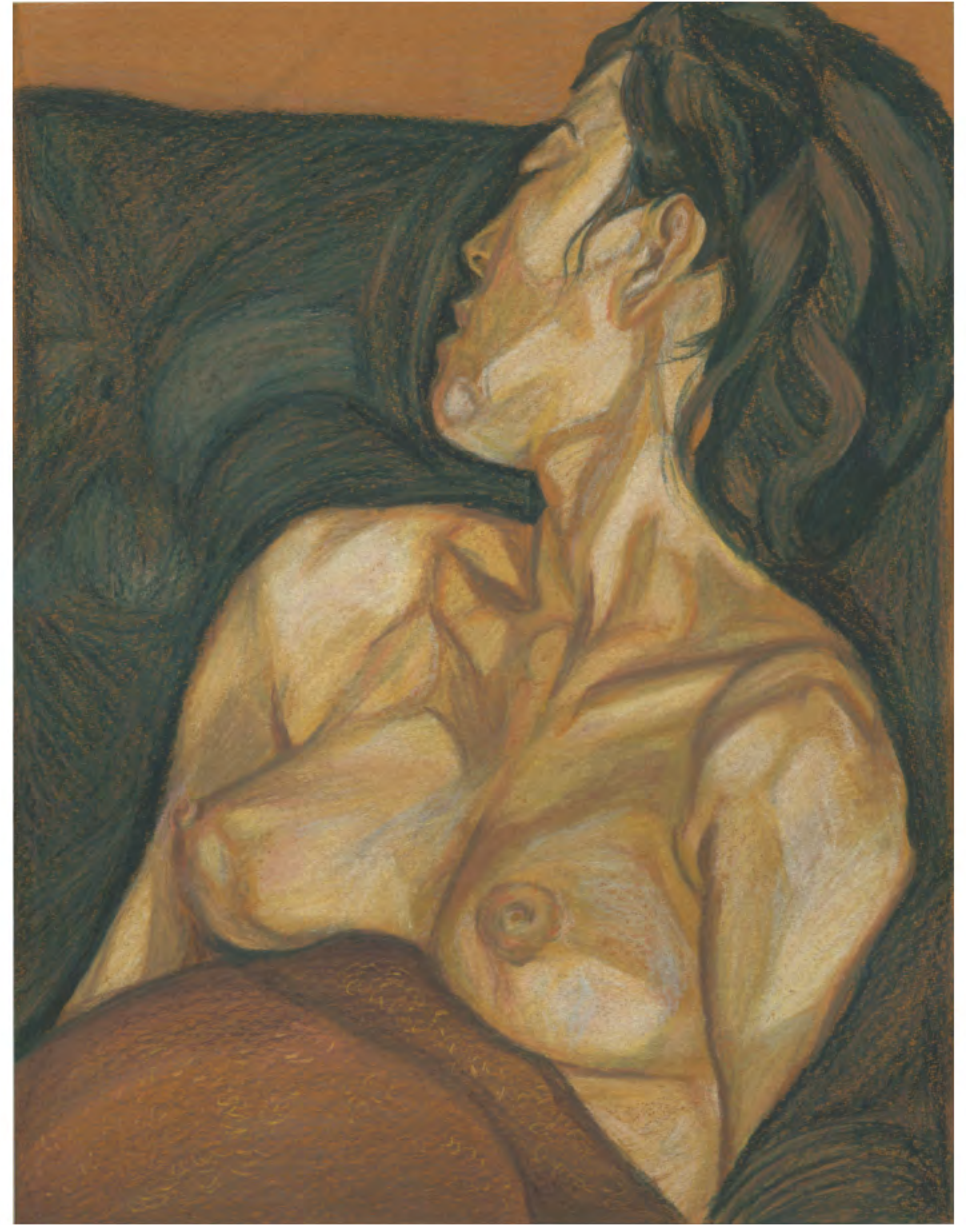
The Carp

Soft velvet green grass beneath my cold feet
Rough grey rocks. Shiny crystal clear water.
The golden carp curves his slender body and tail,
gently fanning through the water to the surface, blowing bubbles.
Diving gracefully, and turning, making a slow figure eight.
Then suddenly he is gone, beneath water lilies open pink and white -
upside-down umbrellas in the sun.
I stand and wait, watching, and hopeful for his return.
What purpose in life does he fill?
What more useful purpose does he need, beyond beauty and hue?
Beyond wonderment, contentment and joy?



Meg Church

Stone



Carmelina Scionti-Privitera

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper

Caitlin Noglow

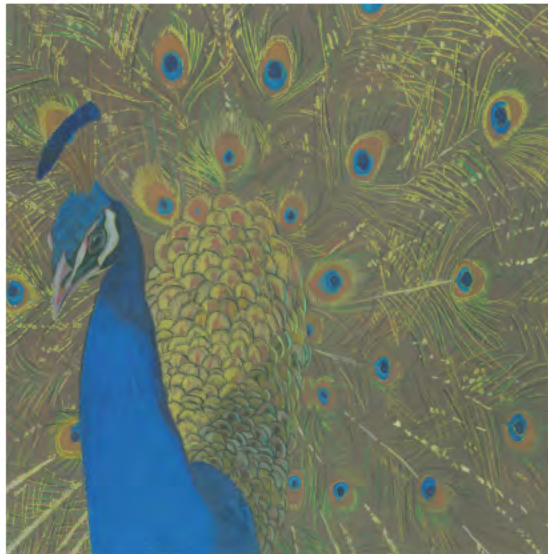
Starry Night

Cypress stands high on her hill,
Watching her town as it sleeps,
Secretly gazing up, getting lost in the stars.

With the rolls of blue carpet mountains
That seem to overflow into town,
The moon emits an aura of sunshine
That lights the way for strolling lovers.

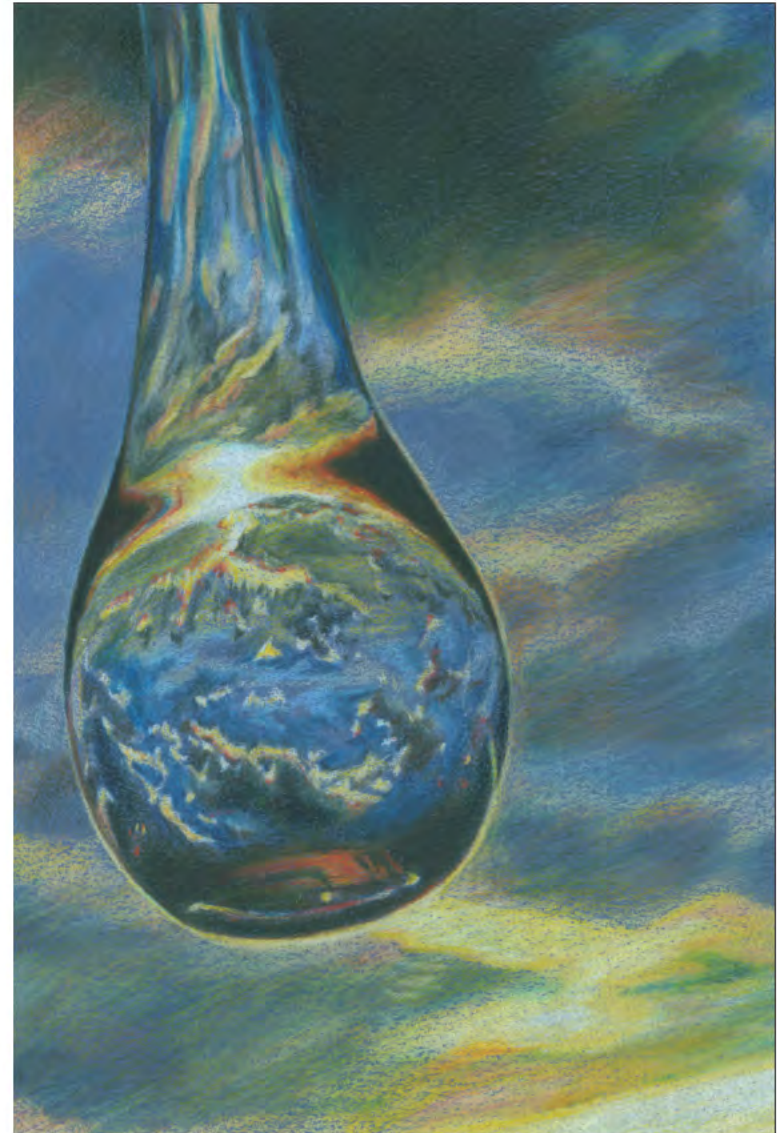
The swirls of colors in the sky
Shoot out of the church steeple
Like a wizard's wand, painting the sky with magic dust.

Beauty comes with daylight, they say
While dreams are free in darkness,
They protect the stars and the carpet mountains.
Magic happens at night, at least through Cypress's eyes.



Briana Smith

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper



April Chateaufneuf

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper

Heather Tetreault

Addiction

Last night I felt paralyzed
When you entered my mind.
I thought this battle was over,
But rest, I guess, I will never find.

You hunt me down
And try to lure me back.
But I swear to you, this time
It's over, I will never go back.

When I let you into my life
You promised to set me free.
Instead I found myself in bondage,
And thought that was all I would ever be.

You dragged me down into your dark, cold abyss
And made me feel so alone.
You raped me of my sanity,
And I realized that I was yours to own.

I watched you engulf another
And saw his life leave his eyes.
He could have been me, and I realize,
All I will ever hear from you are lies.



George Haney

Stone



Hannah Brown

Topography

This is mine
this meat, this bone.
No temple. The arc of my ass
Is no holy hill.
No sin either. If anything,
this body is clay,
unprocessed, drawn straight
from the riverbed,
painted with rust and crushed
shells.
Its every rolling mountaintop
and valley basin,
each constellation of freckles,
belongs to me,
and I (at least today)
wholly belong to it.

Jessica Diaz

Ink

Christophe Esselen-von Fedyk

Peony

A peony withers in the heat,
dust kicks up in the breathless wind.

A heavy rain blankets the arid ground.

In the distance,
a ray of sunshine dances through the clouds.

A menagerie of life begins its cabaret
and an eagle soars above,
its cries witness to life in motion.



Carmelina Scionti-Privitera

Watercolor Wash



Oliver Pichardo

Watercolor Wash



Danielle Miano

Untitled

My Sunday afternoon ritual has become going to Barnes and Noble for at least three hours. I usually start by getting a large tea at the cafe. Andre usually works from noon to six. I make sure he rings me out so he can watch me throw five dollars in the tip jar. Sometimes I'll sit in the cafe and finish my tea, trying to catch a moment where we are locked in an amorous stare while he steams a cappuccino. I'll usually sit there and daydream about being the last one in the cafe as Andre closes, and we end up in some passionate, sweaty session with milk froth dollops garnishing our bodies.

After a few minutes of fantasy, I usually wander to my section of the week. I've been picking a book from each section once a week and reading it until the place closes. This week the section is Quantum Physics. Not knowing the first thing about this topic, I headed bravely towards the isolated corner in the back of the store. There was one big leather chair left, calling my name. I glanced over the forty or so books on the subjects and picked one with an unusual sounding title, *The Tao of Physics*. The cover had a yin-yang symbol with an atomic-looking drawing. It seemed an odd fusion of material, but I figured it could be enlightening.

I sat in the big leather chair and began to devour the pages like a savory meal. It

was such an abstract topic, comparing atomic science to that of a buddhist's nirvana. It caught something deep within me, and I felt exhilarated. I was so tired of reading the same old fiction or self-help books, this was something completely unique. The book ignited some forgotten soul that had been dormant within me for so long.

By the third chapter I was still enthralled but starting to dose a bit. There's only so many epiphanies one can experience on a Sunday. As I thumbed through the pages to find the end of chapter four, I noticed a certain page that seemed to have been earmarked. I flipped to it and saw a yellow sticky-note plastered to page 84 underneath the chapter title, *Consciously Quantifying Reality*.

Dear Friend,

I leave this for you,
mostly for me.
After reading this,
I needed a pinch,
but, alas, there was no one
to do the pinching.
So, I ask of you,
Prove my existence,
write back.

Sincerely,
Quantum H.G.

Quantum H.G? That was quite an unusual name and also the strangest request I'd ever received, or come across, to be more accurate. I sat there for a couple minutes, biting my lower lip, looking at the ceiling contemplating what I would write back.

Dear, Quantum H.G.

I paused for another moment, twirling my pen.

Pinch, you're alive!

Cordially Yours,

I needed to come up with a clever pen name. After just having read a whole section on scientist Niels Bohr's arguments to disprove Einstein's relativity theory, I decided that his revolutionary ideas were bold, so I, therefore, became:

-Bohr-dom

I walked out of the bookstore, into the bitter cold air rasping my face, but my cheeks felt warm. The stars seemed brighter than usual, and my head felt clear. I went home to my small apartment and two cats, and lay in bed. I felt a calmness that I hadn't felt in a while. I felt as though for once there was someone else out there who was alone like me. So alone, this individual is questioning her own existence.



Caleb Prue

Stop Motion Animation

The next Sunday I went back to the bookstore, spent seven dollars on a tea from Andre, and went to the next section on my list, Travel. I picked a few books on Morocco, Denmark, and Chile. I learned about gemstone mining in Chile, and the social security of Denmark, and how to make a Moroccan tagine. Reading about overseas travel, however, made me resent my financial status. I was restless and decided to walk around the music section for a while. I listened to new classical composers, and ambient electronica, and finished my visit with some Mozart. While I was listening to Symphony number 40 in G minor, I couldn't help but think of my mysterious pen pal, so I stopped over to the Quantum Physics section.

I searched the bookshelf but couldn't find the book. I started to panic, I shouldn't have been so upset, but I had been looking forward to this moment all week. I was almost in the Mechanical Physics section when I noticed the red spine and felt a giddy sensation. I was breaking my ritual by coming back to this section the very next week, but I was so intrigued by this H.G. person that I had to come back to it. I opened the book, and decided it would be best to read from where I left off, and not to use this wonderful book as a means to find a sticky note.

Chapter five was extremely mind boggling. The theory was describing the interrelationship between electron pairs. Once the electrons have mingled with each other, they are in some way always connected. Science is still trying to explain the phenomenon. However, if one electron is manipulated in plane a, and the separated electron is in plane b, the electron in plane b will respond to the action assigned to electron a. I didn't fully understand this idea but it seemed supernatural, and again, I was elated to sit here and read on another cold Sunday evening.

Three pages into chapter six, I found the second sticky note.

Bohr-dom,
Do you ever wonder
if people are like electrons?
Connecting deeply for a brief moment
and somehow being linked forever?
Truly Yours,
-Quantum H.G.

p.s. Thanks for the pinch, it really helped!

In the upper left-hand corner of the note, there was a small circle with a smiley face, and in the lower right-hand corner the same drawing, probably representing two electrons. I had no idea what to write back.

I started to think about it longer than I had realized, and the store had just made its announcement that it would close in fifteen minutes. I was flustered, I knew I couldn't write something meaningful back in enough time before the store closed, so I ran up to the counter and decided to buy the book. I decided to finish reading the book at home so I could try to answer the question with more accuracy.

Once I finished the book, I still couldn't decide what I thought about the last note. I decided to write back and bring the book back to the bookshelf where I found it. On the last page, I stuck a purple sticky note that read:

Quantum H.G.
I have been thinking about the last note and came to no real conclusion.
If you have been looking for the book, I bought it, but now it is back where it belongs so you can finish it, and insert more philosophical questions.

Atomically yours,
Bohr-dom

I was looking forward to reading more of H.G.'s questions, and perhaps eventually meeting the anonymous author of the sticky notes. I imagined H.G. is a tall man, with maybe a goatee, and jet black hair. He

was very handsome in my head, and someone I would enjoy having dinner with, drinking some wine with, then curling up with on a couch by a fire. It was always too perfect in my head.

* * *

I went back to the bookstore every Sunday for a year after that day I left the purple note. I would check the book every time as well. I never received another note after that one. Perhaps my pen pal was annoyed with my lack of insight, or maybe never finished the book. Maybe my anonymous companion died. Whatever the reason, our unconventional means of communication and odd kind of connection was unforgettable.

After I finished graduate school, I got a job teaching English at Canton College. During this time I published a book, *Breaking the Laws of the Universe*. It was a fusion of quantum ideas and fiction. I never forgot about H.G. and dedicated the book to him.

I dedicate this book to someone I've never met, but has greatly influenced my path.

I found your two secrets tucked in a book at a Barnes and Noble in Brooklyn Heights,

Thank you!

Quantum H.G., people are like electrons.



Danielle Birdsell

Digital Imaging



Jason Briers

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper



Erin White

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper

Rodney Myers

Man Versus Me

To be a thief, there s gotta be that desire,
The longing to steal,
The satisfaction of getting *it* easy.

While the next man is hard at work,
I wake up at noon, to complete my one hour a day job
Because I ve gotten so good at it my hour is another man s 9 to 5.

While the next man is shaving and ironing his shirt and slacks,
I roll out of bed, with my five o'clock shadow, dressed in all black.
He is dressed in vibrant colors so the boss will give him a raise,
Nah, not me. I want to go unseen, unheard, invisible.

While the next man is working to support his family,
I work for me, myself, and no one else.
My profession is a one man show

I tried to go to school, I tried to listen to my parents, I tried to get a job, and I tried to start
a family;
wasn t working.

So where do I go to get what I want?

What do I want?

I want to be me, myself, and no one else.



Sara Boldt
Graphite



Christina Geary
Watercolor Wash



Aisling Svennungsen
Graphite

Joseph McGrath

Lord When My Train Gon Come

When I was just a small boy
My momma said, now son
Always be a good boy
Cuz one day your train gon come

I hear that whistle blowin
Round me night and day
Momma said, do right boy
Cuz in the end you ll pay

When I was just a young man
She could only look and sigh
Said, boy you got it comin
And when death does you ll cry

Lord my train keeps right on rollin
Comin round the bend
Give no thought to how I m livin
Not thinkin when s the end

When I was but a grown man
Momma said she tried
I heard that steam a whistlin
I hung my head and cried



Paul Mirabello

Ink



Christina Wolff
Gouache

Brandon Nevin

Searing Comfort

I m to blame for this scorn, this assault on my layers
Being wracked with agony by this alert, comforting provider,
The one who makes my pain possible.

Veronica Jones

Proud tree standing tall
Years of wisdom, history
And unwavering

Jesse Allen

Dreams are a killer s wish,
Ferrying boats to a shore
That doesn t exist.

Skip Sceery

Red Tulips in a vase,
slowly wilting
into dust.
Oppressive heat and humidity
is here to stay.

Kirby Brown

Tardy

Missed

Late

Defective

Malfunctioning

Don't worry and write it off as stress.

Then

Worry

Panic

Disbelief

Scared

Frantic phone calls to friends.

Then

Reluctant phone calls
to the person who
put you in this situation.

He is listening quietly
Stunned silence

"Hello? Did you hear what I just said?"



Britney Mack

Digital Imaging



Bon Olansen

Digital Illustration



Dante Gennaro

The curtain covering the window was a brighter orange where the sun hit. A collection of dust floated past the partly shaded window, disappearing momentarily when the clouds passed, only to reappear when it caught the sun again. The interesting thing about this room was its collection of antiques. Some were under the bed while others were in the closet or put up on display. No one ever really noticed them anymore, as though they had been forgotten.

Dan sat on a chair next to his father's bed. The chair was old and made of wood which creaked as he leaned back on it. Folded over the chair were a bunch of button-down shirts and fitted blue jeans; they had Dan's father's smell on them, of strength and courage and life, nothing at all like his father's stuffy, antique-filled room.

When Dan was younger, many Sunday afternoons he and his father would take a nap together in his father's bed, and looking at the same bed made Dan feel a great sense of distance, not only between the past and present in general, but with the man he had once enjoyed those lazy Sunday afternoons with.

But, Dad, you said it was okay. You said I needed to be myself and do whatever makes me happy. Why are you going back on that now?" Dan was confused.

He was nineteen years old, average height and wore dark brown hair that curled at the ends if he grew it beyond a certain length, a trait he had inherited from his father.

Dan leaned forward and looked up to his father who was pacing back and forth.

I didn't know it would affect your sister at school. People are coming up to her, asking if it's true about you, his father said in a heavy, Italian accent.

His father's usual fitted blue jeans with a tucked in shirt served as the uniform Dan's father had been trying to make Dan wear for years, the macho, guido look. When he noticed his father's outfit, he thought of his friends telling him his father reminded them of a member of the mafia. It was that same intimidating presence of confronting the Godfather that now overwhelmed the room.

Well, I don't know how anyone from high school found out, Dad! I don't even talk to anyone from high school anymore.

Dan was beginning to grow more frustrated with the way the conversation was going; why do we have to get into this again, he thought.

Listen to me, plain and simple, you are an embarrassment.

Dan's heart sunk.

What you are isn't natural. It just isn't normal, do you understand me?"

Dan stood wide-eyed and dropped his jaw a bit as though that would help him swallow what his father was saying. His eyes welled and a tear fell from his cheek and hit his clenched fist which lay in his lap.

I know I told you it was okay to be yourself, but I was wrong. It's not okay. Don't you understand, you're an embarrassment to the whole family, especially to me?" His father's face flustered with anger and grew red whenever he tried to keep his voice down so Dan's brother and mother wouldn't hear. He sat, and then looked at Dan as though he were asking for compassion.

Dad, I'm not listening to this anymore. I had to pretend last year, dating old girlfriends, telling you how cute or attractive



every girl was who we'd pass on the street. I'm not going to go back to pretending to be someone I'm not just because you're worried it'll affect your business and social life at the Italian Club.

His father's voice rose as he stood up, "What is it? You wish you were a girl? You like to do girl things! His teeth were clenched, and his face was a shade of red Dan had seen only once before, a year ago, when he came out to his father. The only thing that stayed true to his father's expression was his silvery, white combed back hair.

No, dad, I don't want to be a girl! Dan shot back angrily, looking directly into his father's eyes. It infuriated him that his father would assimilate being gay with wanting to be a girl. He wasn't sure if his father was ignorant to the idea of being gay or if he was trying to humiliate Dan further. Either way, Dan hated it.

I just don't get it. I don't understand. Do you like the idea of fucking a guy's ass? Is that it?" His father's weight pushed into the springs of his bed as he sat down and covered his face with his gorilla hands.

All his life, Dan's father had compared Dan's hands to his own. He used to call them Piano fingers instead of girl's hands. Dan wondered what he would call them now.

Dan looked down, completely distraught. He had tried before to help his father understand what it meant to be gay. He thought for a second, looked up and replied, "Yeah, Dad, that's part of it.

And you like having another guy's dick up your ass?" His father's voice had gone low and cold. To him, this was the worst thing that could happen to a man.

Yeah, I do, Dan replied faster than before, holding back his tears, thinking if he didn't cry this would be at least one more gesture to prove to his father he was still his father's son, and not some sissy girl.

"And you think that's normal? You think that's natural for a guy to want that? That's why guys have dicks and girls have vaginas. His father stood from the bed and planted his feet heavily on the floor and looked down at Dan but could not look him in the eyes.

"Dad, do you think I wanted this? Do you think I like the idea of being different? I never chose to have this life. I told you

that last year. I cried every night in bed during high school and prayed to God I wasn't gay. The only choice I made was to stop pretending I wasn't. I'm still the same son you'd go watch play soccer and take to the park to play catch with. Being gay doesn't define who I am, Dad, it's just a part of who I am. Why can't you understand that?"

There was a moment of silence between the two. Dan looked down, wishing his father would get it and move on, wishing he could still be the son his father used to love.

Finally, his father whispered, "Well, I'll never accept it or understand it. You're an embarrassment, Dan.

Defeated, Dan got up and started out of the room. It was as though each joyful memory was a grain of sand in an hour glass and each memory dropping and vanishing. Those lazy Sunday afternoons, playing soccer in the backyard, and the daily phone calls, wishing each other a good night and an I love you might as well have stayed in that room with the rest of the antiques, for they too had been forgotten.

Melanie Muller

The Phoenix is Questions

I've heard the question various times
In various places,
All different, yet the expression merges
From the various faces,

I hear from the place in which I sit
I hear, unintentionally, a little bit,
I hear

“Why not just say it?”

A poem it seems, is at issue here
On this day, And in this year.
Again the words that seem to sear:

“Why not just say it?”

I know it's nice to be poetic and stuff
But really, so it!
It's been done enough

And anyway, it's fake!
Why spend time on what can't ever be?
It's just fiction, for goodness sake!
Let's focus on reality.

But what is really real?
People are so different
In the things that make them feel,
Who knows what is and isn't?

When I think the opposite of person next to me,
When there's no simplicity
And I'm unsure of what I see,
How can I know what's right and what can be?

When a yard is stretched forever
Through rhythms of the night,
When the entire Universe
Is drifting out of sight,

When common objects
Spring distorted from their scenes,
When the very roots of words
Are splitting at their seams,
When the fevered brain is throwing nerves upon a screen,
When the entire world may be turning on a dream,
It's impossible to say just what I mean!

And how can I make you see,
How much this means to me?

Words, with misunderstanding,
Are encurled,
Words with double meanings,
Have unfurled,

And no one knows the language
The other person's speaking

Dear Reader, are you sure
You understand the language I am speaking?

Dear Reader,
Adder,

Are you sure
You understand
Stand
The Language
I am
Speaking
A
King
?



Christine Geary

Colored Pencil on Toned Paper

William Thomas

America, America

America, America,
Look what we've done,
We voted him in,
An African son.

America, America,
Do you know what that means?
It means at last we are reaching,
reaching our dreams.

Some are for it,
Others are not,
Some choose change,
Others do not,

America, America,
We've come a long way,
But the struggle continues,
I really must say.

Obama, Obama,
We wish you the best,
We pray you will lead us
From out of this mess,

But America, America,
Don't forget this,
The fire was burning
Without any doubt
Before Obama was chosen,
To help us all out,

So Obama, Obama,
Don't feel ashamed,
If it doesn't work out,
You've still made a change

On the faces of millions,
Of all different races,
You put many smiles
On so many faces,
Black, white, Asian, and Latino too,
You taught us that we can be president too.



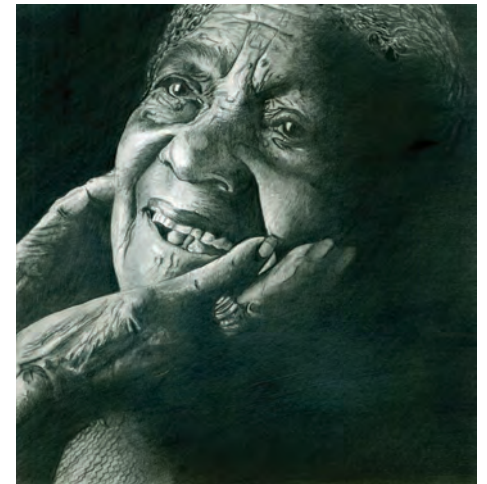
Erin White

Watercolor Wash



Ronald Olansen

Graphite



Oliver Pichardo

Graphite

Sharon Kallin

That '39 Pontiac

That '39 Pontiac.
How she loved it!
Scooting about,
Taking us to school, the beach, Girl Scouts.
Running to the grocery store, the Y for swimming.
Dressed in dungarees and a scarf on her head.

That '39 Pontiac.
She was the first mom in the neighborhood with a driver's license
and a car of her own.
I wonder if the other women whispered and wondered:
What was the world coming to?
What was her husband thinking!

That '39 Pontiac.
Then a '53 Chevy, then...
Well, I've lost track.
Bouncing about
to Eastern Star, to the Senior Center for bridge.
"Anyone need a ride? No trouble at all! I'll pick you up. Get in!"

The first to go was driving at night.
Sensible: a credit on the insurance bill.
Then not too far: Stay in town local streets (local cops)
Then the daughters step in: No trouble Mom. Really.
Then the falls.
Then the walker.

How did she get from there to here?
Where did it go?
The lead foot, the open window.
The dog leaning out with pink tongue flapping in the wind.
How did it happen?
It must have been when she wasn't looking.



Nicholas Servies

Ink

Danielle Miano

Hybrid 1045A

They are true, the rumors
that ripple through the field of maze, their ears
aligned to catch the news. Frantic husk, tickled
by the industrial gossip.
And the Cabernet and Grenache
trellised on the south slope,
deciduous grapevine, softly whisper.
The roots: carrots, yam, and potato,
hold their somber silence.

Soon, the plentiful harvest will look upon
a flowing supply, a hoarded surplus.
A new design, packed on ice.
Shipped from a sterile island, used only
to cultivate
manufacture
the ever flawless seed.
So perfect, it is programmed
for self-destruction after only one season.
The sequence 1045AX98 hybrid,
ready next autumn.

Not a single black beetle or aphid here.
The honey bees cease to hover these acres.
The field of new crops are void of flowers.
No risk of cross-pollination,
no pollen,
no allergy.

No field mice scurry over the barren ground,
no weed,
no worm.
The floating moths glow now.
Feeding on the soybean leaves, modeled
with a bioluminescent gene.

The gleaming bean
stands out in the night.

It is plucked all hours, every day
well past the set sun.
Dried and ground,
or feeding the pot-bellied barrel,
the pig, the hen, the trout,
and the furnace.

This impeccable legume,
can be stripped and polished,
cleansing the seed of it s hull.
Or gritted, muddled, and pulped.
A luminous mixology, the abundance
laced with a wax needle,
in scraps, and fats, and excess

from corn processing.
Worked into new edibles,
with an eternal shelf-life.

Fortified bean, so unlike it's ancient ancestor.
Exceed the primitive sprouts.
Prolific soya, leader of the modern harvest,
owed to your mechanized evolution.
Sustain this high-yield for the growing number
of mouths
and pockets.



Rebecca Gutisano

Cut Paper

Jennifer Peifer

Ode to the Cadillac

I can always spot a Caddy from two or three hundred feet away
By the taillights,
Elongated and confident
With the strain and ego of
America
The simplicity of the shape
Parameters and dimensions that scream
Nostalgia
Decadence
Luxury
That somehow makes me think of Harry S. Truman
In command and knowing it
No bluffing, no bullshit
Aesthetically pleasing with enchanting veneer
That demands attention and respect
As it cruises by
Trimmed in golden chromium palisade
Wishing that you in your
Lexus or Porsche
Could compete with its omnipotence.
You picture New York City
Envisioning a smooth black man
At the wheel of a late model
Eldorado
Dressed in new suit, on his way to some jam session
Or to one of his ladies
Crusin' slow
Taking it all in
The reward for all those don't wanna be workin' *but am*
Saturdays, Sundays even
Out of pure love and desire
To complete the scene .
And on to other highways
Deep South Dallas businessman flies
The long white Coupe de Ville dream

In cowboy country music
Taken as standard
In its strange but accurate meter of class
Bullhorns bolted to the grill .
Further up are middle-aged beer drinking mechanic types by day
Who by night blow hard and true
In some five piece horn section
Wailing blues, cruise
Chicago suburbs sublime.
Leather seats that make obscene blush noises
When caressed properly
Smells the way a car ought to smell
When people were allowed to smoke in the drama of Saturday night
And joyride thoughtlessly for hours on Sundays
Legs stretched out
Don't let nothin' bother you
Dig the ride
Ashtray a foot wide.
Then there's my father
In a used
Fleetwood
Thick gold chain entangled in
Gray simian chest hair
Showing hand and horn
Slow-witted
Official business in the night
Sicilian not for nothin'
He drove a Caddy
While his family walked
In the cold and rain
To the corner grocery
With magic stamps
Searching for taillights.



Jose Abrahante

Ink



Justin Benton-Smith

Ink

Jesse Allen

A Well Oiled Machine

How many pennies
Will it take,
Filling and swilling
That gaping gas tank.

How many dollars
Will they make,
Drilling and killing
For their piggy banks

Who can taste love
When we can't afford
Food
Who cares about caring
When all they care about
Is crude?

Ah, yes,
They may have
Armies and guns
But we're much more
Dangerous
Because we have
None.



Mark Blicharz
Photography

Lindsay Miner

God is a Gamer

When I play on
My computer
I wonder if maybe life is
Just a game
Like The Sims, and God
Is the player
Pushing the buttons
To make us Sims do tasks
For the fun of it.
He clicks on us
To make us talk,
Fall in love.
He builds new houses
For simple Sims like us.
Life s not hard
When God s playing the game.
He guides us
With just a click
Of his great mouse.
Does that mean
I m a god
To the Sims I love
And I rule with a
Quick click?

Submission Guidelines

Writing will be accepted through the first week of May, every spring semester.

Submissions are read and chosen by 5-8 reading selection committee members. The student's name and home and e-mail address must appear on every page. Work must be typed and submitted both electronically (by CD or e-mail) to Christine Ruggiero at cruggiero@mxcc.commnet.edu and by paper copy to her office in Snow Hall, room 520.

Submit

Poetry: up to three poems (any format, any length)

Fiction: one or two pieces, three to five double-spaced pages (per submission)

Creative non-fiction: one or two pieces, three to five double-spaced pages (per submission)



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