The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens

—William Carlos Williams
"What we think and feel is all we really have."
— B. Corgan

"If you look for something endless, your life will be endless looking."
— Dan Gerber

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After a moment the Ghost nods once, slowly.

EXT. INDIAN CIRCLE—DAY

Emily and the Ghost enter the circle and take up positions on the opposite sides of the campfire. The Ghost raises its arms as if casting a magic spell and then lowers them a moment later. Together they cross into the center of the pit until they are standing right across from each other. The Ghost raises its arms again, enveloping Emily in its cape.

A moment later, it lowers its arms. Emily has disappeared. The Ghost stands there for a moment, and then moves on, back towards the forest.

Suddenly, it stops and hesitates. Very slowly, it turns and looks back at the campfire. Under the hood, we see Emily’s face. Then the entity looks forward and continues off, back into the forest.

FADE OUT

—Adam

*Totem Pole*

Written, directed, shot & edited by ADAM HUNAULT
Starring: RACHEL RYAN, PHIL SURLES
Music: Requiem for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, Two Mixed Choirs and Orchestra, composed by GYORGY LIGETI, performed by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, conducting by FRANCIS TRAVIS

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Borrowed Time
for Sara, Ezra, Ari, Ephrem and Congregational Beth Israel

“I loved him,” Sara, his wife, said matter-of-factly, with dry eyes.

I am the only one crying and I feel foolish, since I am not even a family member. Many members of the Jewish community have congregated to sit Shiva for the rabbi. They’ve all done this before. For them, for Sara, death is almost routine. No one is quite sure why I am crying. Some speculate. They talk in whispers. Most people fear the sound of their own voice in times of death. I think it’s because people fear that Death—the being, the person—will hear them and remember that they are next on the list and come to take them, too.

They whisper that it is a blessing the rabbi has died. He was ill for so long, has had so many surgeries, so many trips to the hospital. They say hospital even quieter, as if enunciating it clearly will assure them their own trip. “He was living on borrowed time,” they say.

My father stops at a grocery store. I go in because I want people to see me. I want people to see that I am wearing a black dress, that my father is wearing a suit, that I have been crying, all this on a random Tuesday night. I want them to say, “Oh, someone must have died.” I want them to know that It was my rabbi. Our rabbi, I suppose, but he was mine. I want them to know, as they pick up their 6-packs and magazines and cigarettes and milk, that an entire community of people, once bound together by their faith and their rabbi, are now only half-bound. I want them to know that he was funny.

My father selects bread and orange juice, on the list that my mother had given him, and then lima beans, mustard, maraschino cherries and

Totem Pole
dedicated to Caszatt

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL ROTUNDA—DAY

A group of high school students come out of a classroom. They immediately break into groups, except for one, EMILY, 16. She makes an effort to join one of the groups, but they walk away from her.

She stands where she is. She looks sad as her classmates walk away. Dejected, she walks off slowly.

EXT. FOREST—DAY

It is late autumn. Emily walks slowly through the woods along a path. She comes to a fork in the trail and looks down each path. After a few moments, she decides which way she wants to go, and continues.

EXT. INDIAN CIRCLE—DAY

We see several totem poles, encircling a bonfire pit. There are log benches for people to sit on. Emily enters the circle and inspects the pit, where it looks like there has been a recent fire. Then she spots a totem pole and moves to it. Examining it closely, she shivers nervously.

Whirling, Emily spots a GHOST, shrouded in black, moving in the forest. She runs into the woods towards it.

EXT. FOREST—DAY

It moves on without paying attention to her. She stops and calls to it. It turns and faces her. It looks at her for a moment and then turns away and continues to walk. Emily runs in front of it and bends down imploringly.
some other things my mother will have no use for when we get home. I look at the cashier and wonder if there is anyone in her life who remembers more of it than she does. Rabbi remembers more of my life than I do... well, he did. He married my parents. He did my Baby Naming. He did my Bat Mitzvah. He would have done my wedding.

My father gives the cashier, whose nametag reads Mary, his VISA. She hands him the receipt to sign and asks, "Would you like to borrow a pen?" Borrow? Like the way Rabbi Reis borrowed time? Is that how he did it? Did some woman behind a desk say, Would you like to borrow some time? And what did Rabbi Reis say? Sure?

"No thanks, I have my own," I hear my father say. And when the end came, did the woman behind the desk offer again? Did Rabbi Reis decline her offer? Is that what he said, No thanks? Or did he beg for five more minutes? Did he tell her what he needed another few hours for? Did he tell her that he needed to say goodbye to his three sons, to assure his older sons that college would be fine without him? To tell Sara that she can raise the kids by herself? Did he just want a sentence more to tell Sara that he loved her, too?

My father and I stop at a light. A red truck pulls up next to us. The man driving has blonde hair and a stern, worried look on his face. A woman sits next to the passenger-side window and looks out. Neither speak. I want to roll down my window, reach out and touch their car. I want to yell at them. Don’t they realize that my rabbi is dead? Don’t they read the newspapers? How can they not seek out Rabbi’s family to express their condolences? How can they not touch each other, look at each other, and console each other because such an important figure in their society has died?

I make eye contact with the driver. I plead with him. I want him to know. I want him to know that once the rabbi almost danced with me but Sara pulled him away. She reminded him that his heart wasn’t good enough to dance. So close I was to looking straight into the eyes of my religion. The rhyme and reason to why I believe what I believe. I want this stranger to know that the rabbi turned around and looked me in the eye. He said, I owe you a dance. Promise? I asked. I promise, the rabbi said.

The light changes and the man looks away, driving straight ahead. My father and I wait to turn left. I watch the cars going past me. I want to scream at them. My rabbi is dead and they are just going home from work like they do every other day. I want them to know that Rabbi Reis promised me a dance. I want them to know that he lied.

— Meredith Marder
To Charlie Chaplin

You are sex personified.
Your cane, your hat,
Your strut in black and white.
And those eyes-
like camera lenses panning over scenery
Everything you see turns to love
reel after reel after reel
No woman could understand.
I would have, even more than Oona did
I would have worn the lips
put on the dress
The one thing I wouldn’t do
is live with you in the gray tones.
I would have boldly come to life
in black and white.

To Greta Garbo

I am not a lesbian
Nor will I ever be
But just the same
my heart turns to fluff
whenever you bat those eyelashes
against those eyes
They’re delicate spider legs
spindly black and malignant
Shading your eyes—
lucid crystal balls
from a world less beautiful
less enigmatic than you.
Something in those eyes
Something dark, seductive
Something tragic—
calls to me
tells me “it’s time”
to come home.

— Lindsay Greer
Touching

Touch is an art,
a bodily sensation
that triggers the mind.
Its an art she does
exceptionally well.

Out on the cliffs in Pacifica, C.A.
the gusts off the water flew at me,
like so many heated breaths of hers,
that I felt the slap of the water on the rocks
gently turning the soft pinkness inside of me
into a fountain of explosive exhalation.
She's been known to run chills down
my body with her fingers
in soft sharp waves that prick
up my skin.
With the red flag raised back on the shore,
forecasting high tides at dusk,
I stood on the rocks with
the power of her hand
pushing water into waves and
splattering my face with sea spray.
Her fingers wildly lifted my hair
with each whip of wind carried
up from the waves,
striking me from below.

A slap across the face
can be perfection
when done with love
and passion.
It's worth a hundred words.
That too, she does exceptionally well.

— Claire Willis

For Jean Parsons

The realities, when a bowl shudders
And falls apart in a kiln of flaming fire
Are hard to define. The hands that loved
The clay to shape can still feel the way it rose,
Spinning, growing, and the questions:
Is the bowl the clay? Or the shape the hands
Had made in space, the gentle guidance
Of the still wet form... If energy cannot be
Created or destroyed, does it really move? Or do
We weave ourselves within it, like auroras
Flashing, in our memories never ceasing,
The stuff that keeps the walls from falling
As we spin, the eye we cannot see within
Our center, balanced space.
In theory, the center of the bowl does not move,
As it shatters, only the pieces fly away,
And as new hands reach to grasp the fragments
Can we linger in a soul that's no our own?
When does it turn selfish
To learn of joy from other's pain...
And the beauty of a bowl
Too full of love to stay the same...

— Lindsay McCune
Heartless

Picking up his small shriveled heart the man continued on. No one ever seemed to want it. Every doorstep he came to he was turned away, disgust and contempt showing on their faces. Often when he peeked through the small slit they made in the doorway, he could see their hearts, blazing with happiness and contentment, casting away darkness and shadows. He had already been chased from one house that night, the owner setting his dogs on him when he had asked if the man might buy his heart. That had not been the worst incident on his journey, more often he was taken aside, beaten, and robbed if he had any money; but they always left his heart. Many times he wished that they had stolen it, or thrown it away.

Before he began his journey he had been a wealthy businessman with a wife and son. But the money he had was never enough. Each day he came home from work he would be in a rage and stomped around the house ranting that he did not make enough money. If his wife or son interrupted him while he was yelling the would turn his rage them. In time a black light began to pulse from his heart, eating the light around it and casting a shadow from which living things drew back. His wife and child became increasingly afraid of him until one day he finally broke. The company had only gained one million dollars where as in that time period it should have made one million and a half. Rushing up to his room the man began to furiously think about what he might to do earn it. The answer tickled his mind and he was on the verge of discover in it when his wife walked into the room. Rising from the bed he turned swiftly and delivered a blow to the side of her head, causing her body to crumple on the floor. Moving quickly he gathered his belongings and shoved them in a small suitcase with a fair amount of money. Taking to the road, he stuck out dressed in a business suit and was robbed that night when he lay down to sleep.

Strength seeped from his body, but he carried himself on to the next house. In the distance loomed a huge mansion, it's greenish paint scaling. The small wooden gate hung askew and the yard was unkempt, a jungle of weeds and brush. Fungus and creepers were slowly making their way up the side of the house, attempting to enclose it in the embrace of dead things. Yet a light was still on. Making his way up to the stone path that was overgrown with weeds he arrived at the front door. As his hand drew back to knock, the
The Rural Michigan Fishing Village Awakes After Three Months of Winter

May in Interlochen, the mosquitoes begin their dance, suck hungrily from arms, legs, and necks; rivers of red blood running up, boiling over, volcano-like, starts an epidemic of fingers scratching themselves raw.

We begin our dance, bare feet turned to leather, scant in cotton dresses, cut-offs, hips bumping hips, seventy and then eighty degrees alive inside us, bare skin hot and pulsing way after dark.

Bodies move like torches through the woods, warmth finding warmth, hands like flames, limbs woven together, learning the map of the skin: lips, tongues, teeth, hair. Rivers of red blood running up and boiling over.

— Callie Martin

door began to creak open, revealing an old woman. Her hair stuck out in gray wisps, set atop a face which was drawn into a permanent frown. The dress she wore was faded, masking a past glory. His eyes met hers, both dead as stones. “What do you want sir?” Looking past her shoulders he did not see a heart, nor any glow one might usually give off. He held out his small shriveled heart before him, “Excuse me miss, but could I interest you in buying this heart?”

She let out a snort of amusement; nevertheless a dull gleam entered her eyes. “You call that pitiful thing a heart do you?” Her lips pursed, “I’ll give you one-thousand for it, no more, no less.”

The man knew he shouldn’t try to push his luck, but a strange feeling that he had the upper hand entered him. “One thousand for a heart as fine that this. Two thousand, no more, no less.”

A grimace set across her face, but there was nothing she could do. “Hold on one second, I’ll be right back.”

A smile dragged across his lips, though failing to touch his eyes. When the old woman returned he could see the money jutting out from her hand. Grabbing the money he tossed her his heart, “So how did you lose your heart old woman?”

“I believe that is something you do not need to know.”

“Hah! You probably handed it away to some man!”

“Maybe that’s so, but at least I didn’t sell mine to some old, dried-out lady.”

Snarling, the man stalked from the doorstep.

Rising over the crest of the hill, the man looked down on the city, lights in perfect rows stretching off into an ebony curtain. Slowly the man picked his way down the hill, careful not to scrape himself on any rocks. When he reached the bottom he rushed through the outskirts of the city, hoping to avoid any cutpurses. Searching out through the city the man soon located a cheap motel and rented out a room. The manager of the hotel even had a heard that blazed, if not as much as the others he had seen. Exiting from the motel, he began to roam the streets, looking longingly at everyone as they passed by with their hearts floating along besides them. After asking some of the proper people the man soon located himself a good drug dealer. The whole time the transaction was going down the man eyed the drug dealers heart, which seemed to be covered by a gray haze. “How much for that heart?”

“What?”

“How much for that heart?”

“Give me your money and get out of here before I mess you up.”
Taking the drugs the man continued his way through the streets. Finally coming upon a whore who was favorable in manner he spend what remained of his two thousand and brought her back to his motel room.

When he was sure that the whore was sleeping he crept from the bed and made his way towards her heart. It gave off a dull light and appeared the slightest bit crumpled. Snatching it the man silently made his way out the door, carefully so as not to wake her. "What the... where's my heart?! Hey! He's stealing my heart, someone help me!!"

Springing into action the man tore down the hallway and made out the emergency exit, running a gauntlet of grabbing hands. Once he was out the door he darted into an alleyway and kept running, but still the sound of pursuit followed. The man knew he would be caught soon so he tossed the heart out behind him, hoping that it somehow might stop them. He kept jogging until signs of pursuit faded, and then collapsed against a brick wall. Pains shot through his body and he let out small gasp. That moment two shapes separated themselves from the shadows and approached him with stealth. Realizing his danger, the man tried to stumble away, but he was too late. Blackness followed a sharp blow to the head.

His eyes fluttered open to a blank sky, clouds blotting out the moon and the stars. Clutching his head he felt warmness smothering it, blood. The cold of the night bit into his skin; looking down he noticed his clothes had been stolen. A horrible feeling overtook him and he turned his head and vomited. Raising himself to his feet he began to run. As he ran through the streets no one met him, even the drug dealers and muggers seemed to have gone to sleep. Shivers ran up and down his spine as he dashed through the barren streets. By the time he reached the top of the hill he had numerous cuts and scrapes from carelessness and tripping many times. Loping along the dirt road he finally arrived at the old woman's mansion. This time there were no lights on and the creepers and weeds surged over everything, the stone path was barely visible. The man knocked on the door, but there was no answer. He let out several calls, and then in anger threw open the door. Nothing remained in the house but a small chest in an upper story room. Frustration contorted the man's face upon discovering it held only old faded men's clothes. Donning them he made his way downstairs, waiting for someone who didn't need a heart to come along.

— Eric Buchner

And I said
-Yeah

And she said
-Everybody's right and everybody's wrong

And I said
-I know

And she said
-When are they just going to get over it?

And I said
-I know

And she smiled.

And I hit her over the head with my Reeses Pieces that I had dreamt about last night. And the camera zooms in on us chasing each other down the street. And the whole audience is thinking:

Well at least they still know how to have fun.

— Onnesha Roychoudhuri
The End of the Day: A Documentary

It was warm today so we went on a walk. We walked all the way to the grocery store and ran amuck. Then we walked all the way back but stopped on the way to eat a veggie sub. It was good. When we walked back, we jumped around in the snow and shivered. But it wasn't all that cold. And the way the trees were all lined in the woods made it look so good and so I tried to run into the woods but when I tried to step up onto the snow from the road, my boot sank until it was up to my hip. But I was wearing pants, so it wasn't all that bad. Except that my plan to run up and down the pine aisles was now defunct. We walked for miles and then decided that if snow were warm, we would never wear clothes and we would dig really big pits and fill them with snow and orb around like lazy furless bears in the warm snow goo. I would sleep outside, too. Like in a sleeping bag on a warm golf course or underwater if you could breathe. Then, we were quiet for a couple miles. Then we pretended like we were in one of those public television documentaries and that we were these deprived people who had to walk eight miles to the grocery store in order to survive and we talked about how we would have spoken in low voices while we were in the grocery store and the camera would zoom in on us when we were looking at the breakfast bars and deciding between Quaker Oats and Nutri-Grain Bars and then the camera would zoom in on me counting the change in my palm, fingering it with my other hand and sort of turning each coin over as I counted it. And it would just be so touching because we needed to count our change just to figure out what breakfast bars to get. And then it was quiet again.

For a long time.

No. Longer.

Then she says
-Some people stress out way too much over everything.
An excerpt from

Letters to Mama Cass

I.

The scene. A beam. A beautiful thing. I heard your voice in a courtyard of people. They were dancing and doing what they pleased. Time has taken its toll on this body. Even the weight of sixteen almost seventeen has reduced me to mushroom-like quality. You poured over me like molasses, slowly, filling my ears and eyes and throat, I want to sing like you, with brashness. It adds to the sediments. Layers of dirt, rock, stone. Rivers of things, like the first level: little boy, and second: middle boy, and I've almost reached the third. I decided my life is good every three years. My life in a cup. See it glistening, sitting, waiting. Smooth rock, gritty dirt, a textured moss-like quality about it. These are the layers of my earth, which I present to you, Mama, in a glistening glass goblet. You appeared in my movie, in a courtyard, and the happiness made me love you. Come here today to this lifetime of mine, because I decided today that I want to feel your fat. If you were here, I would wear mu-mus. My stomach is such a subject of horrid thoughts. I took a letter opener to it once, hoping to scratch open a hole and let the contents pour out. If I could cut it off, I would. Soon I'll be wearing maternity gowns, because I think you've impregnated me with the fudge of your existence.

— Adam Shenk

was muscled but depressed. Isobel could see a scar down the right side of his abdomen and couldn't stop staring at it despite her best efforts not to be rude. She wondered where he had got it— maybe he had been in combat after all.

He wrapped the shirt around his thumb and pressed it tightly to stop the bleeding. Finally he exhaled and noticed Isobel staring at the scar on his side. Isobel saw the blood staining the dirtied white letters of his shirt and the long crooked scar and wanted to show him her own wounds. She wanted to show him where Dr. Jaffey would make his incision to remove the lump and maybe her breast. She wanted him to feel the hard little tumor, which seemed such a trivial thing to be threatening her life. “It's a little cold to go shirtless,” Andy said and started down the ladder towards his truck. Isobel could not decide whether to follow him or to stay on the roof but traced the thin lines where the incision would go while she decided, and squinting her eyes looked straight into the rising sun.

— Peter Kuras
“What do you do that you don’t have to be at work on a Thursday morning?” Andy said and interrupted her ruminations.

“Oh, you don’t look very sick.”

“Well, I have breast cancer so I can get sick leave pretty much whenever I want.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

“Of course you are.”

Isobel lay down against the plywood covering the joists where she was sitting. She decided she could go back to sleep with the sun rising to warm the rough surface of the plywood. Isobel was about to drift into sleep again when she heard a sudden shout and then Andy cursing under his breath. She stood up suddenly and looked over at where Andy was crouching next to the board, she ran over to him and saw that there was a long shimmering nail sticking from the side of his left thumb then going straight into the sheet of plywood. “Stupid me.” Andy said and then repeated it again and again. Isobel saw the blood coming from the thumb and then out to stain the plywood and realized what a very long way down it was and how uninviting the ground below looked.

“You’re gonna have to help me with this.” Andy grimaced.

“Ok, ok, I can do that.” Isobel said, more to reassure herself than Andy.

“Good, reach into my tool belt and grab my nail snips.” Isobel stepped over Andy and started looking through the pouches on his belt. Nails, a chisel, a tape measure, a pack of cigarettes, a square, and finally a pair of pliers with sharpened ends. She handed them up to him. He took the clippers then leveled them against the callused edge of his thumb. He squeezed and grimaced and then finally there was a pop and the head of the nail flew onto the plywood and then rolled down. Andy grabbed the edges of his thumb and pulled it slowly off the nail.

Isobel could see where the nail had entered, through the fat part of his thumb, and then where it had pushed back through. Andy appraised his thumb for a minute and then pulled his shirt off with his right hand. His chest

An excerpt from

Scars

“Surely all art is the result of one’s having been in danger, of having gone through an experience all the way to the end.”

Carolyn Forche

On Meeting Anna Ahkmatova in My Sleep

The autumn fields outside Belgrade were black, and snow fell all night on the graves. The villages were no longer villages, only outskirts of themselves, scatterings of blank windows. She stood outside a hut stirring a fire, digging around in the coals with a stick. She was burning books; the ashes lifted on the wind and blurred her face. On one page I read the words I need to kill again and again my memory. When her eyes lifted from the flames it was like two crows flying away. This was just after the killings. I could see those she had loved walking in her gutted face. All around her the roofs of the huts had fallen in.

She drew her finger across her throat.

Later I saw her on a street corner in Warsaw, shelling lima beans into a black shawl. Her hands worked tenderly, methodically, but her eyes were the hardened stones of her past. Trains went by with cargoes of ash from the camps. She nodded as they passed, as if to ask, what will you choose to forget?

— Jen Evans
the state border and stay on the Interstate until we got to the E19, just keep go-
ing south into wherever.

I wonder where she’s going. Something inside of me hopes that she
doesn’t want to go home, even if she is. Maybe she’s thinking about running
away. Maybe she is running away, and that’s what she’s doing on my bus right
now. I could help her. I could stop the bus, slowly and painfully, and tell the
people that we blew some pipe or that some valve was leaking or something,
and tell them to get out and I’d call them another bus. As they were filing out, I
could grab my kid and tell her to hide behind a seat until they were all gone,
and she would do it, too, because she can tell that we’re the same. And then,
once they were all on the side of the road, we’d take off, and I’d ask her where
she wanted to go and she’d say “Anywhere but here,” and I think I’d take her to
Montana. I’ve never been there and I bet she hasn’t either, but we’d be happy
living in my bus, wherever we wound up. She could teach me all kinds of
things. She’s a kid, but she’s probably read a lot of books, and she would sit for
hours, telling me all about the books, and why she loves them. I haven’t read a
lot of books, but she’d be happy anyway, because I would make her laugh.

The buzzer over my head goes off, someone requested a stop. I pull
my bus over, near a field and a couple of houses. I look over, and it’s the girl.
She walks up the aisle quickly, not looking at anyone, not even me. I pause a
fraction of a second before opening the door, waiting for her to tum around and
give me a look to remind me that the door is still closed, but she doesn’t. They
swing open, and she gets off, and I can’t see her anymore from where I’m sit-
ting.

— Annie Jolis

An excerpt from
Penance to Saint Jude

The ground crackled with an early frost as my bare feet pink with cold made
their way, of their own free will, over the silver moonlit field. The night was too dark for
me to feel safe so I ventured out pretending I was running away never to return. With
every step my eyes scanned the heavens and reflected the milky stars, like little pearls on
a wedding ring, delicate on the bride’s slim finger. With each step I was walking through
glass window, I could feel the air splintering around me, sending little shivers of pain
down my spine.

My sister Ester caught up with me at the bend. I smiled; I had been especially
careful not to cushion my footsteps in front of her room, hoping she would follow. I
hated to be alone. She was panting from running past the barn, her ponytail bouncing
simply at the nape of her neck. Ever since last summer when I had pointed out it’s
resemblance to a Greek cyclops, neither of us could bring ourselves to walk past the
barn, or even stand in its morbid shadow. We imagined it leering at us as we dreamt,
afraid we would wake up and see it behind the glass of our window, fogging it up with
its stinking breath.

The apple trees in the orchard had long since lost their luster, the charm of
country living had worn off, and now there was just an old rag of a farm house and
some bee hives full of roaches. Ester was ten and I was just shy of fifteen, the b(oken
bridges between us were already vast and many.

She was talking urgently as we crossed the footbridge at the end of our prop-
erty, the one with the dark dingy stream that flowed sluggishly below it through the sum-
mer but now was dry. I wasn’t listening to her and she I wasn’t; she talked to break the
silence, I knew it, she knew I knew it. I was striking out for the shrine.

The shrine was my idea really, although Ester later claimed otherwise. Several
years ago when we were studying religion, and the seams were just beginning to fray, I
learned that Saint Jude was the patron of lost causes, he had been mine ever since.
The shrine lay nestled in a bed of moss on a small rocky island, the only inland
within our stretch of the Harpeth river. Usually in the summers the river was the only
cool place for miles and the children gathered to swing through the air on an old tire stolen
from some Mac truck that passed through town.

But the shrine was difficult to find that night, and we threaded our way thought
the wheat fields dreamily. Finally the smoke from the river found our eyes and led us to
her, like the bosom of some great aunt with her arms open, pleading for one last hug.

I hadn't visited the shrine for a week or two because I only prayed to Jude when things start to go all black inside my head, but that night when the lights were out the darkness sunk inside me as I listened to the sharp sounds in the next room. I had bolted past Ester's room, down the red carpeted stairs and out into the night, which cradles all dark creatures like herself.

I had learned the language of pain and the patterns of criss-cross bruises on my bony legs. I was trapped where the mirror pointed accusations at me, and I couldn't even look my reflection in the eyes. The night hid me. It safely pinned up all the tattered edges and convince me that all I needed was a little tape and super glue.

We slid into the cupped shape of the hollow where the stream ran gurgling under boulders to reach the slow winding river. The shrine stood glistening silver in the moonlight with the forks and the knives we had managed to steal from the house. The fumbling shape of the Virgin Mary was covered with a piece of black cloth as if in mourning, perched on one of my father's old mining hats. Ester kneeled in the frosted glass, her hands clasped saint-like in front of her, her thin lips pursed, and her eyes raised toward heaven in a gesture of supreme devotion. I also sank down, my knees numbing from the cold through my threadbare jeans, my lips forming silent pious word, praying to be absolved.

"And forgive us for our trespasses as we forgive other who trespass against us." I blundered up looking distastefully at my filthy hands and wiped them on my legs. I left Ester and wandered from the shrine and the morose Mary who was so forgiving and pure that it made me want to smash her against a tree. There were days when I made desperate believing pleas to Jude, for sanity or wholeness, but that night I made none. I only stabilized myself in the ritual of prayer, in the sameness and contentedness that came when I repeated those simple words like a magical incantation that could cure the illnesses of the heart.

— Louisa Flynn-Goodlett

Roads From a Bus

Frozen fields watch my bus rush by them, thinking that it might be going somewhere and leaving them in a cold Northern Michigan dust. The undershirt that my wife laid out for me scratches the skin under my uniform. Since the kids left, she has stopped bothering to wash all of the soap out of the laundry. It is January, and I wonder why people love to say that the snow in on the ground is like a "big white blanket, thick and downy". The snow is nothing like that. It's hard and wet and it stings, and has nothing to do with the softness of a goose's bottom.

I stop in the middle of Mulholland, for the first time in a long time; no one ever comes out here, probably because the pace of the town is so slow that a man really needs to try to not equate it with death. I don't notice that there's anyone waiting until I'm almost past the stop, so everyone on my crowded bus has to stiffen a little when I brake, carefully that they don't lurch around and have to accidentally touch people who they don't know. My doors swing open, and a kid gets on. She drops her quarters in the slot and squeezes into a seat a few spaces behind me. As I pull off, I glance into my rearview and I see her again. On second glance, she's not really a kid... maybe thirteen or fourteen. But short, with weird stubby bare legs, in the middle of the winter, no less. She has a face that is just about to become beautiful; nice long eyebrows, a mouth that you know is always either frowning fiercely or smiling a smile that could save the world. Her eyes are the most important, though... I haven't seen anything so alive in a good long time.

This kids has a few months and a tube of mascara away from the rest of her life. My hands are heavy and thick on the wheel; I pull into Rocker Street and stop near the General Store. Two old ladies get off, four college bums get on, and I pull away. Check the mirror, no on-coming, girl still sitting there, gazing at the middle distance between her and the bald head a foot-and-a half away. I'll bet she'll get asked out by a lot of jocks with big shoulders and a million promises. But I figure they'll stop asking her once they see that she isn't saying "yes". To the extent that she'll date anyone, I'll bet she dates the crazy poet at the back of her History class, who is beautiful except that he will probably have pimples on his forehead because his hair is so long.

The road is flat and grey, and from where I'm sitting, what's in front of me looks the same as what's behind me. But that's just a trick that roads play; I could turn at the next right and hit Grover Lane, which is bumpy with old buts of tar and gravel stuck in the cracks. I could go down Grover, cut onto Parker, which leads to the Interstate. From there I could drive over the bridge, go south onto Paloma and we could cross
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the state border and stay on the Interstate until we got to the E19, just keep going south into wherever.

I wonder where she’s going. Something inside of me hopes that she doesn’t want to go home, even if she is. Maybe she’s thinking about running away. Maybe she is running away, and that’s what she’s doing on my bus right now. I could help her. I could stop the bus, slowly and painfully, and tell the people that we blew some pipe or that some valve was leaking or something, and tell them to get out and I’d call them another bus. As they were filing out, I could grab my kid and tell her to hide behind a seat until they were all gone, and she would do it, too, because she can tell that we’re the same. And then, once they were all on the side of the road, we’d take off, and I’d ask her where she wanted to go and she’d say “Anywhere but here,” and I think I’d take her to Montana. I’ve never been there and I bet she hasn’t either, but we’d be happy living in my bus, wherever we wound up. She could teach me all kinds of things. She’s a kid, but she’s probably read a lot of books, and she would sit for hours, telling me all about the books, and why she loves them. I haven’t read a lot of books, but she’d be happy anyway, because I would make her laugh.

The buzzer over my head goes off, someone requested a stop. I pull my bus over, near a field and a couple of houses. I look over, and it’s the girl. She walks up the aisle quickly, not looking at anyone, not even me. I pause a fraction of a second before opening the door, waiting for her to turn around and give me a look to remind me that the door is still closed, but she doesn’t. They swing open, and she gets off, and I can’t see her anymore from where I’m sitting.

— Annie Jolis
An excerpt from

Scars

“What do you do that you don’t have to be at work on a Thursday morning?” Andy said and interrupted her ruminations.

“I’m a German teacher, I should be at school but I have sick leave.”

“Oh. You don’t look very sick.”

“Well, I have breast cancer so I can get sick leave pretty much whenever I want.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.”

“Of course you are.”

Isobel lay down against the plywood covering the joists where she was sitting. She decided she could go back to sleep with the sun rising to warm the rough surface of the plywood. Isobel was about to drift into sleep again when she heard a sudden shout and then Andy cursing under his breath. She stood up suddenly and looked over at where Andy was crouching next to the board, she ran over to him and saw that there was a long shimmering nail sticking from the side of his left thumb then going straight into the sheet of plywood. “Stupid me.” Andy said and then repeated it again and again. Isobel saw the blood coming from the thumb and then out to stain the plywood and realized what a very long way down it was and how uninviting the ground below looked.

“You’re gonna have to help me with this.” Andy grimaced.

“Ok, ok, I can do that.” Isobel said, more to reassure herself than Andy.

“Good, reach into my tool belt and grab my nail snips.” Isobel stepped over Andy and started looking through the pouches on his belt. Nails, a chisel, a tape measure, a pack of cigarettes, a square, and finally a pair of pliers with sharpened ends. She handed them up to him. He took the clippers then leveled them against the callused edge of his thumb. He squeezed and grimaced and then finally there was a pop and the head of the nail flew onto the plywood and then rolled down. Andy grabbed the edges of his thumb and pulled it slowly off the nail.

Isobel could see where the nail had entered, through the fat part of his thumb, and then where it had pushed back through. Andy appraised his thumb for a minute and then pulled his shirt off with his right hand. His chest

On Meeting Anna Ahkmatova in My Sleep

“Surely all art is the result of one’s having been in danger, of having gone through an experience all the way to the end.”

Carolyn Forche

The autumn fields outside Belgrade were black, and snow fell all night on the graves. The villages were no longer villages, only outskirts of themselves, scatterings of blank windows. She stood outside a hut stirring a fire, digging around in the coals with a stick. She was burning books; the ashes lifted on the wind and blurred her face. On one page I read the words I need to kill again and again my memory. When her eyes lifted from the flames it was like two crows flying away. This was just after the killings. I could see those she had loved walking in her gutted face. All around her the roofs of the huts had fallen in.

She drew her finger across her throat.

Later I saw her on a street corner in Warsaw, shelling lima beans into a black shawl. Her hands worked tenderly, methodically, but her eyes were the hardened stones of her past. Trains went by with cargoes of ash from the camps. She nodded as they passed, as if to ask, what will you choose to forget?

— Jen Evans
An excerpt from

**Letters to Mama Cass**

I.
The scene. A beam. A beautiful thing. I heard your voice in a courtyard of people. They were dancing and doing what they pleased. Time has taken its toll on this body. Even the weight of sixteen almost seventeen has reduced me to mushroom-like quality. You poured over me like molasses, slowly, filling my ears and eyes and throat, I want to sing like you, with brashness. It adds to the sediments. Layers of dirt, rock, stone. Rivers of things, like the first level: little boy, and second: middle boy, and I've almost reached the third. I decided my life is good every three years. My life in a cup. See it glistening, sitting, waiting. Smooth rock, gritty dirt, a textured moss-like quality about it. These are the layers of my earth, which I present to you, Mama, in a glistening glass goblet. You appeared in my movie, in a courtyard, and the happiness made me love you. Come here today to this lifetime of mine, because I decided today that I want to feel your fat. If you were here, I would wear mu-mus. My stomach is such a subject of horrid thoughts. I took a letter opener to it once, hoping to scratch open a hole and let the contents pour out. If I could cut it off, I could. Soon I'll be wearing maternity gowns, because I think you've impregnated me with the fudge of your existence.

— Adam Shenk
The End of the Day: A Documentary

It was warm today so we went on a walk. We walked all the way to the grocery store and ran amuck. Then we walked all the way back but stopped on the way to eat a veggie sub. It was good. When we walked back, we jumped around in the snow and shivered. But it wasn't all that cold. And the way the trees were all lined in the woods made it look so good and so I tried to run into the woods but when I tried to step up onto the snow from the road, my boot sank until it was up to my hip. But I was wearing pants, so it wasn't all that bad. Except that my plan to run up and down the pine aisles was now defunct.

We walked for miles and then decided that if snow were warm, we would never wear clothes and we would dig really big pits and fill them with snow and orb around like lazy furless bears in the warm snow goo. I would sleep outside, too. Like in a sleeping bag on a warm golf course or underwater if you could breathe. Then, we were quiet for a couple miles. Then we pretended like we were in one of those public television documentaries and that we were these deprived people who had to walk eight miles to the grocery store in order to survive and we talked about how we would have spoken in low voices while we were in the grocery store and the camera would zoom in on us when we were looking at the breakfast bars and deciding between Quaker Oats and Nutri-Grain Bars and then the camera would zoom in on me counting the change in my palm, fingering it with my other hand and sort of turning each coin over as I counted it. And it would just be so touching because we needed to count our change just to figure out what breakfast bars to get.

And then it was quiet again.

For a long time.

No. Longer.

Then she says

-Some people stress out way too much over everything.
Taking the drugs the man continued his way through the streets. Finally coming upon a whore who was favorable in manner he spent what remained of his two thousand and brought her back to his motel room.

When he was sure that the whore was sleeping he crept from the bed and made his way towards her heart. It gave off a dull light and appeared the slightest bit crumpled. Snatching it the man silently made his way out the door, carefully so as not to wake her. "What the... where's my heart?! Hey! He's stealing my heart, someone help me!"

Springing into action the man tore down the hallway and made out the emergency exit, running a gauntlet of grabbing hands. Once he was out the door he darted into an alleyway and kept running, but still the sound of pursuit followed. The man knew he would be caught soon so he tossed the heart out behind him, hoping that it somehow might stop them. He kept jogging until signs of pursuit faded, and then collapsed against a brick wall. Pains shot through this body and he let out small gasp. That moment two shapes separated themselves from the shadows and approached him with stealth. Realizing his danger, the man tried to stumble away, but he was too late. Blackness followed a sharp blow to the head.

His eyes fluttered open to a blank sky, clouds blotting out the moon and the stars. Clutching his head he felt warmthness smothering it, blood. The cold of the night bit into his skin; looking down he noticed his clothes had been stolen. A horrible feeling overtook him and he turned his head and vomited. Raising himself to his feet he began to run. As he ran through the streets no one met him, even the drug dealers and muggers seemed to have gone to sleep. Shivers ran up and down his spine as he dashed through the barren streets. By the time he reached the top of the hill he had numerous cuts and scrapes from carelessness and tripping many times. Loping along the dirt road he finally arrived at the old woman's mansion. This time there were no lights on and the creepers and weeds surged over everything, the stone path was barely visible. The man knocked on the door, but there was no answer. He let out several calls, and then in anger threw open the door. Nothing remained in the house but a small chest in an upper story room. Frustration contorted the man's face upon discovering it held only old faded men's clothes. Donning them he made his way downstairs, waiting for someone who didn't need a heart to come along.

— Eric Buchner

And I said
-Yeah

And she said
-Everybody's right and everybody's wrong

And I said
-I know

And she said
-When are they just going to get over it?

And I said
-I know

And she smiled.

And I hit her over the head with my Reeses Pieces that I had dreamt about last night. And the camera zooms in on us chasing each other down the street. And the whole audience is thinking:

Well at least they still know how to have fun.

— Onnesha Roychoudhuri
May in Interlochen, the mosquitoes begin their dance, suck hungrily from arms, legs, and necks; rivers of red blood running up, boiling over, volcano-like, starts an epidemic of fingers scratching themselves raw.

We begin our dance, bare feet turned to leather, scant in cotton dresses, cut-offs, hips bumping hips, seventy and then eighty degrees alive inside us, bare skin hot and pulsing way after dark. Bodies move like torches through the woods, warmth finding warmth, hands like flames, limbs woven together, learning the map of the skin: lips, tongues, teeth, hair. Rivers of red blood running up and boiling over.

— Callie Martin

door began to creak open, revealing an old woman. Her hair stuck out in gray wisps, set atop a face which was drawn into a permanent frown. The dress she wore was faded, masking a past glory. His eyes met hers, both dead as stones. "What do you want sir?"

Looking past her shoulders he did not see a heart, nor any glow one might usually give off. He held out his small shriveled heart before him, "Excuse me miss, but could I interest you in buying this heart?"

She let out a snort of amusement; nevertheless a dull gleam entered her eyes. "You call that pitiful thing a heart do you?" Her lips pursed, "I'll give you one-thousand for it, no more, no less."

The man knew he shouldn't try to push his luck, but a strange feeling that he had the upper hand entered him. "One thousand for a heart as fine that this. Two thousand, no more, no less."

A grimace set across her face, but there was nothing she could do. "Hold on one second, I'll be right back."

A smile dragged across his lips, though failing to touch his eyes. When the old woman returned he could see the money jutting out from her hand. Grabbing the money he tossed her his heart, "So how did you lose your heart old woman?"

"I believe that is something you do not need to know."

"Hah! You probably handed it away to some man!"

"Maybe that's so, but at least I didn't sell mine to some old, dried-out lady."

Snarling, the man stalked from the doorstep. Rising over the crest of the hill, the man looked down on the city, lights in perfect rows stretching off into an ebony curtain. Slowly the man picked his way down the hill, careful not to scrape himself on any rocks. When he reached the bottom he rushed through the outskirts of the city, hoping to avoid any cutpurses. Searching out through the city the man soon located a cheap motel and rented out a room. The manager of the hotel even had a heard that blazed, if not as much as the others he had seen. Exiting from the motel, he began to roam the streets, looking longingly at everyone as they passed by with their hearts floating along besides them. After asking some of the proper people the man soon located himself a good drug dealer. The whole time the transaction was going down the man eyed the drug dealers heart, which seemed to be covered by a gray haze. "How much for that heart?"

"What?"

"How much for that heart?"

"Give me your money and get out of here before I mess you up."
Heartless

Picking up his small shriveled heart the man continued on. No one ever seemed to want it. Every doorstep he came to he was turned away, disgust and contempt showing on their faces. Often when he peeked through the small slit they made in the doorway, he could see their hearts, blazing with happiness and contentment, casting away darkness and shadows. He had already been chased from one house that night, the owner setting his dogs on him when he had asked if the man might buy his heart. That had not been the worst incident on his journey, more often he was taken aside, beaten, and robbed if he had any money; but they always left his heart. Many times he wished that they had stolen it, or thrown it away.

Before he began his journey he had been a wealthy businessman with a wife and son. But the money he had was never enough. Each day he came home from work the would be in a rage and stomped around the house ranting that he did not make enough money. If his wife or son interrupted him while he was yelling the would turn his rage them. In time a black light began to pulse from his heart, eating the light around it and casting a shadow from which living things drew back. His wife and child became increasingly afraid of him until one day he finally broke. The company had only gained one million dollars where as in that time period it should have made one million and a half. Rushing up to his room the man began to furiously think about what he might to do earn it. The answer tickled his mind and he was on the verge of discovered in it when his wife walked into the room. Rising from the bed he turned swiftly and delivered a blow to the side of her head, causing her body to crumple on the floor. Moving quickly he gathered his belongings and shoved them in a small suitcase with a fair amount of money. Taking to the road, he stuck out dressed in a business suit and was robbed that night when he lay down to sleep.

Strength seeped from his body, but he carried himself on to the next house. In the distance loomed a huge mansion, it’s greenish paint scaling. The small wooden gate hung askew and the yard was unkempt, a jungle of weeds and brush. Fungus and creepers were slowly making their way up the side of the house, attempting to enclose it in the embrace of dead things. Yet a light was still on. Making his way up to the stone path that was overgrown with weeds he arrived at the front door. As his hand drew back to knock, the
Touching

Touch is an art,
a bodily sensation
that triggers the mind.
It's an art she does exceptionally well.

Out on the cliffs in Pacifica, C.A.
the gusts off the water flew at me,
like so many heated breaths of hers,
that I felt the slap of the water on the rocks
gently turning the soft pinkness inside of me
into a fountain of explosive exhalation.
She's been known to run chills down
my body with her fingers
in soft sharp waves that prick
up my skin.
With the red flag raised back on the shore,
forecasting high tides at dusk,
I stood on the rocks with
the power of her hand
pushing water into waves and
splattering my face with sea spray.
Her fingers wildly lifted my hair
with each whip of wind carried
up from they waves,
striking me from below.

A slap across the face
can be perfection
when done with love
and passion.
It's worth a hundred words.
That too, she does exceptionally well.

For Jean Parsons

The realities, when a bowl shudders
And falls apart in a kiln of flaming fire
Are hard to define. The hands that loved
The clay to shape can still feel the way it rose,
Spinning, growing, and the questions:
Is the bowl the clay? Or the shape the hands
Had made in space, the gentle guidance
Of the still wet form... If energy cannot be
Created or destroyed, does it really move? Or do
We weave ourselves within it, like auroras
Flashing, in our memories never ceasing,
The stuff that keeps the walls from falling
As we spin, the eye we cannot see within
Our center, balanced space.
In theory, the center of the bowl does not move,
As it shatters, only the pieces fly away,
And as new hands reach to grasp the fragments
Can we linger in a soul that's no our own?
When does it turn selfish
To learn of joy from other's pain...
And the beauty of a bowl
Too full of love to stay the same...

— Lindsay McCune

— Claire Willis
To Charlie Chaplin

You are sex personified.
Your cane, your hat,
Your strut in black and white.
And those eyes—
like camera lenses panning over scenery
Everything you see turns to love
reel after reel after reel
No woman could understand.
I would have, even more than Oona did
I would have worn the lips
put on the dress
The one thing I wouldn’t do
is live with you in the gray tones.
I would have boldly come to life
in black and white.

To Greta Garbo

I am not a lesbian
Nor will I ever be
But just the same
my heart turns to fluff
whenever you bat those eyelashes
against those eyes
They’re delicate spider legs
spindly black and malignant
Shading your eyes—
lucid crystal balls
from a world less beautiful
less enigmatic than you.
Something in those eyes
Something dark, seductive
Something tragic—
calls to me
tells me “it’s time”
to come home.

— Lindsay Greer
some other things my mother will have no use for when we get home. I look at the cashier and wonder if there is anyone in her life who remembers more of it than she does. Rabbi remembers more of my life than I do... well, he did. He married my parents. He did my Baby Naming. He did my Bat Mitzvah. He would have done my wedding.

My father gives the cashier, whose nametag reads Mary, his VISA. She hands him the receipt to sign and asks, “Would you like to borrow a pen?” Borrow? Like the way Rabbi Reis borrowed time? Is that how he did it? Did some woman behind a desk say, Would you like to borrow some time? And what did Rabbi Reis say? Sure?

“No thanks, I have my own,” I hear my father say. And when the end came, did the woman behind the desk offer again? Did Rabbi Reis decline her offer? Is that what he said, No thanks? Or did he beg for five more minutes? Did he tell her what he needed another few hours for? Did he tell her that he needed to say goodbye to his three sons, to assure his older sons that college would be fine without him? To tell Sara that she can raise the kids by herself? Did he just want a sentence more to tell Sara that he loved her, too?

My father and I stop at a light. A red truck pulls up next to us. The man driving has blonde hair and a stern, worried look on his face. A woman sits next to the passenger-side window and looks out. Neither speak. I want to roll down my window, reach out and touch their car. I want to yell at them. Don’t they realize that my rabbi is dead? Don’t they read the newspapers? How can they not seek out Rabbi’s family to express their condolences? How can they not touch each other, look at each other, and console each other because such an important figure in their society has died?

I make eye contact with the driver. I plead with him. I want him to know. I want him to know that once the rabbi almost danced with me but Sara pulled him away. She reminded him that his heart wasn’t good enough to dance. So close I was to looking straight into the eyes of my religion. The rhyme and reason to why I believe what I believe. I want this stranger to know that the rabbi turned around and looked me in the eye. He said, I owe you a dance. Promise? I asked. I promise, the rabbi said.

The light changes and the man looks away, driving straight ahead. My father and I wait to turn left. I watch the cars going past me. I want to scream at them. My rabbi is dead and they are just going home from work like they do every other day. I want them to know that Rabbi Reis promised me a dance. I want them to know that he lied.

— Meredith Marder
Borrowed Time
for Sara, Ezra, Ari, Ephrem and Congregational Beth Israel

“l loved him,” Sara, his wife, said matter-of-factly, with dry eyes.

I am the only one crying and I feel foolish, since I’m not even a family member. Many members of the Jewish community have congregated to sit Shiva for the rabbi. They’ve all done this before. For them, for Sara, death is almost routine. No one is quite sure why I am crying. Some speculate. They talk in whispers. Most people fear the sound of their own voice in times of death. I think it’s because people fear that Death—the being, the person—will hear them and remember that they are next on the list and come to take them, too.

They whisper that it is a blessing the rabbi has died. He was ill for so long, has had so many surgeries, so many trips to the hospital. They say hospital even quieter, as if enunciating it clearly will assure them their own trip. “He was living on borrowed time,” they say.

My father stops at a grocery store. I go in because I want people to see me. I want people to see that I am wearing a black dress, that my father is wearing a suit, that I have been crying, all this on a random Tuesday night. I want them to say, “Oh, someone must have died.” I want them to know that It was my rabbi. Our rabbi, I suppose, but he was mine. I want them to know, as they pick up their 6-packs and magazines and cigarettes and milk, that an entire community of people, once bound together by their faith and their rabbi, are now only half-bound. I want them to know that he was funny.

They should know that he teased the Russian children. He teased all of us kids, but he knew just how to tease them. Being recent immigrants from countries that didn’t even allow them to practice their religion, he paid attention. After being ignored the day after day in secular school because they didn’t speak the language, after being ignored at home because their parents worked all of the only three jobs they could find, Rabbi Reis would play with them. He would chase them around the synagogue, into the sanctuary, YOU’re in love with me, aren’t you? He’d say, I knew it! You love me!

My father selects bread and orange juice, on the list that my mother had given him, and then lima beans, mustard, maraschino cherries and

Totem Pole
dedicated to Cassatt

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL ROTUNDA—DAY

A group of high school students come out of a classroom. They immediately break into groups, except for one, EMILY, 16. She makes an effort to join one of the groups, but they walk away from her.

She stands where she is. She looks sad as her classmates walk away. Dejected, she walks off slowly.

EXT. FOREST—DAY

It is late autumn. Emily walks slowly through the woods along a path. She comes to a fork in the trail and looks down each path. After a few moments, she decides which way she wants to go, and continues.

EXT. INDIAN CIRCLE—DAY

We see several totem poles, encircling a bonfire pit. There are log benches for people to sit on. Emily enters the circle and inspects the pit, where it looks like there has been a recent fire. Then she spots a totem pole and moves to it. Examining it closely, she shivers nervously.

Whirling, Emily spots a GHOST, shrouded in black, moving in the forest. She runs into the woods towards it.

EXT. FOREST—DAY

It moves on without paying attention to her. She stops and calls to it. It turns and faces her. It looks at her for a moment and then turns away and continues to walk. Emily runs in front of it and bends down imploringly.
EMILY

Please.

After a moment the Ghost nods once, slowly.

EXT. INDIAN CIRCLE—DAY

Emily and the Ghost enter the circle and take up positions on the opposite sides of the campfire. The Ghost raises its arms as if casting a magic spell and then lowers them a moment later. Together they cross into the center of the pit until they are standing right across from each other. The Ghost raises its arms again, enveloping Emily in its cape.

A moment later, it lowers its arms. Emily has disappeared. The Ghost stands there for a moment, and then moves on, back towards the forest.

Suddenly, it stops and hesitates. Very slowly, it turns and looks back at the campfire. Under the hood, we see Emily's face. Then the entity looks forward and continues off, back into the forest.

FADE OUT

Hunault

Totem Pole
Written, directed, shot & edited by ADAM HUNAULT
Starring: RACHEL RYAN, PHIL SURLES
Music: Requiem for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, Two Mixed Choirs and Orchestra, composed by GYORGY LIGETI, performed by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, conducting by FRANCIS TRAVIS

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editors.notes.

“What we think and feel is all we really have.”
— B. Corgan

“If you look for something endless, your life will be endless looking.”
— Dan Gerber

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The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens

—William Carlos Williams