



**the
crucible**

the crucible

The Lock Haven University Literary and Arts Journal 2012

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literature Table of Contents

Caleb Sizemore <i>Here I Come</i>	<i>The God Box From Sedona and the Wives of Dr. Norlan</i> Anne DeHart 2
Mantha Williams <i>Until</i>	<i>Sticky Fingers</i> Reginald Pinckney 3
Kimberly Harris <i>At Least We Didn't Let Them Wither</i>	<i>The Lovely Mistake</i> Grace Novacek 3
Angelo Pisano <i>Letter to Time</i>	<i>What Used to be a Sea Sonnet</i> Rachael Estudante 3
Mantha Williams <i>Miscalculation of a Fool</i>	<i>Parting</i> Tifarah Williams 3
Justin Chciuk <i>Walking</i>	<i>I Meant What I Never Said</i> Russell Dauberman 3
Christalle Neighbor <i>Rain Boots</i>	<i>Wrestling War</i> Candice Chopick 3
Sam Russo <i>Cerulean</i>	<i>Embracing Breeze</i> Caitlin Chciuk 3
Kimberly Harris <i>Purple like My Favorite Nail Polish</i>	<i>New Hampshire Labor Relations Director</i> Casey Weisbeck 3
Kimberly Harris <i>Dropping Out</i>	<i>And Eat It Too</i> Rachel Mazza 3
Adam Russo <i>Upon a Country Road in a Yellow Wood</i>	<i>Swallowing Fire</i> Casey Weisbeck 4
Kevin McKee <i>Old Man of the Forest</i>	<i>Torturing a Broken Heart</i> Regina Gonzalez 4
Kevin McKee <i>Williamson Grounds</i>	<i>Heart Crash</i> Casey Weisbeck 4
Anne DeHart <i>The Ten Laws of Faerie</i>	<i>A Country Mourning</i> Tasha Hartlley 4
Sarah Flowers <i>Mini Mighty Militia</i>	<i>Suicidal Suburbs</i> Grace Novacek 4
Marcus Maggs <i>Young School Boy at 2:00 p.m.</i>	<i>Playing Dress-Up</i> Caleb Sizemore 4
Reginald Pinckney <i>Innocent Eyes</i>	<i>Street Walkin'</i> Rachael Estudante 4
Regina Gonzalez <i>Blue</i>	<i>To My Pets</i> Reginald Pinckney 47-4
Sam Russo <i>Omaha</i>	<i>I Remember</i> Reginald Pinckney 5
Grace Novacek <i>My Father's Empty Chair</i>	<i>Creation Act II</i> Marcus Maggs 5
Reginald Pinckney <i>My Mother's Couch</i>	<i>Thunderstorm</i> Jordan Reitz 5
Rachael Estudante <i>My Thighs</i>	<i>Mug, Coffee</i> Russell Dauberman 5
Michelle Marcase <i>Like an Orange</i>	<i>8x10 Unfilled Friend</i> Candice Chopick 5

fine arts Table of Contents

Leah Gallup <i>Ground</i>	<i>Untitled</i> Amanda Englert 34
Jeanney Wharton <i>Untitled</i>	<i>10th Avenue</i> Helen Rogers 37
Mike Alvarez <i>King of the Jungle</i>	<i>My Poorly Built House is on Fire</i> Tyson Buttorff 40
LaKeshia Bauman <i>Indistinguishable</i>	<i>Untitled</i> Will Thomas 10
Rachel Degler <i>Left Behind</i>	<i>Elegance</i> Andrew Richards 45
Jeanney Wharton <i>Untitled</i>	<i>Zombie</i> Mark Zdonowski 48
Sarah Prewitt <i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i> Lucy Malley 49
Nathan Simeone <i>Caterpillar</i>	<i>Untitled</i> Rachel Degler 50
Sarah Hakes <i>4th Kind</i>	<i>Hung</i> Rachel Degler 52
Sarah Hakes <i>Creepin'</i>	<i>Untitled</i> Nicholas Avlonitis 53
Kane Bjalmé <i>Motion</i>	<i>Untitled</i> Will Thomas 54
Helen Rogers <i>Collision</i>	



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age layout design by Helen Rogers

Crucible

preface

We find ourselves so frequently enslaved by habit and entrenched in the act of considering our circumstances and memo- ries from only one perspective. Yet we continually – perhaps subconsciously – seek to break these chains of one-sided perception. To some extent, we each realize that in the future, our perspectives may never again be so open to change, or so susceptible to new ideas and realms of thought.

The works in this edition of *The Crucible* have been carefully selected and grouped into pairs. Each offers a sometimes star- tling, sometimes subtle, shift in perspective from dark to light, innocent to mature, affectionate to hostile, or weak to strong. We encourage you to examine not only these images, stories and poems, but also yourselves through the other eye. The results may facilitate a deeper understanding not only of yourselves, but of those who have the potential to positively impact your life.





Ground
Leah Gallup

Here I Come. by Caleb Sizemore

My breath.
Hot, labored,
wheezing breath;
turns to warm oil
in the musty air.

Sweat drips...
One Mississippi.
Two Mississippi.
Anticipation building.
Wild thumps of anxiety.

Five Mississippi.
Don't blink;
even that makes sound.
Six Mississippi.
I'm invisible,

Three Mississippi.
Left side grows numb
from lying twisted...
Four Mississippi.
...inside this trunk.

ready or not.

Until by *Samantha Williams*

My writing is a portal
that takes me anywhere,
maybe another planet—
or any distant star,
anywhere my characters are.
It lets me leave this place—
no matter where that might be
to join my own marvelous space.
I follow my pen
as it leads the way.

I lead the thoughts
as they soar through my head,
like a meteor
that most need a telescope to see.
My anger,
my sadness,
my happiness,
and my hope—
until they are visible for the world to see.

I follow the pattern
that lies before me
scribbled in black ink.
I cross out,
I change words,
I analyze,
I overanalyze—
until it's what I want the world to see.

Only few would know—
that breath-taking first step
out of my head,
feeling like Armstrong on the moon;
after he led and followed
until he made that giant leap for mankind.

At Least We Didn't Let Them Wither

by *Kimberly Harris*

From cool
brown dirt
we wrench
green stems
too early in the
season. Shaking soil
from small
white roots.
We always
cut too close to
yellow buds
and end up casting them away
or plucking petals and
losing them on
the wind. They never
end up whole because
we can't allow
a poem to
look better than
us.

Letter to Time by Angelo Pisano

Dear Time,

I'm trying this new thing called meditation.
It's supposed to help me think straight,
but your tick-tocking is knocking me off balance.

And I
hope you understand when I
take you down from the wall.
No hard feelings,

it's just my way of saying
goodbye to you. Everything
you do bores through my static condition,
forcing me to dig up a snuff box
belonging to a former self. Tobacco
detracts from my concentration.
Time, you best it all, reducing
imagination to:

Tick. Tock.

Sincerely,
Restless Thinking Man



Untitled
Jeanney Wharton

Miscalculation of a Fool by Samantha Williams

It's a reaction
caused by an incorrect fraction.
It's a division of an unhealthy kind –
a problem she longs to solve
as frustration takes hold.

She tries over and over again—
never getting closer.
She isn't sure if it's the numerator
or the denominator
creating the distance.

She pushes forward.
She calculates carefully
as she tries to close the gap.
She knows there has to be an answer;
she knows there has to be a way.

Her determination is building
as her stubbornness feeds the frustration.
She must know the answer,
but her calculator is failing her
as insecurities bubble over.

Finally, she asks the question

she should have never asked.
She is defeated through a simple miscalculation.
It appears she is the fool
because this is just simple math.



King of the Jungle
Mike Alvarez



7 *Indistinguishable*
LaKeshia Bauman

Walking by Caitlin Chciuk

The cold November air cuts through my purple plaid pea coat as I take up stride about four or five paces behind you. I watch as you walk, gently massaging a cigarette between the tips of your fingers, and I dream up a scenario where I'm not walking behind you, but beside you, and instead of holding that cigarette you're holding my hand. But you're not next to me, you're still ahead of me, so I shove my chilled hands into my coat pockets and continue down the path alone.

Rain Boots by Krystalle Neighbor

He's like a player that comes off of the bench for only one purpose – to stand up against his arch nemesis: precipitation.

He is a force to be reckoned with on the sidewalk, traipsing through pools of gathered raindrops, destroying their normal tranquil lifestyle. Puddles of water erupt like a volcano spewing ash— water disperses in every direction.

He is the most valuable player today.

He tries to defeat the obstacles that lie ahead of him on uneven slabs of cement, attempting to impede his path. He scoffs at their feeble attempt while stomping on the slick pavement— he deflects raindrops so water jumps off of him, smashing onto the ground, demonstrating Newton's property at its finest.

He is my favorite.
Chosen by my Mom,

he is not fancy or hip:
ebony black, yet scuffed from years of experience,
lined with a scarlet shade of red and
one lonely stripe the color of sand.
Not attractive,
but
a key ingredient in defeating elements of nature.

He has fought snow once before
and has lived to tell about it.
Trudging through fluffy white mess
as if he was a soldier
protecting my size 7 feet...

I like to bring him off the bench.

Cerulean by Adam Russo

This is the color of—
serenity, inner peace,
the color of those sheets
where beneath we made a baby.

This is the color of—
warmth, baby knits,
the color of a mighty daytime sky
which submits to the deep,
deep tones of a mightier ocean.

This is the color of—
festivity, happy cheers,
the color of a popsicle,
sugary, sticky fingers,
the innocence of such youthful years.

This is the color of—
air, summer dresses,
the color of a sandy ocean breeze,
where lovers' hands meet
and put their minds at ease.

But I am no fool to your sly,
two-faced trickery.
Go on, blow all you wish,
carry the smiling voices of those playful children.
You won't see me laughing.

I can feel ice in your breath.
And though children still play
in sprinklers under your sky,
I know you'll soon bring death—
crying mothers beside dying babes,
cursing northern winds and pneumonia.

So, before you pull down your gusty gales,
I will leave these states
and give praise to brave Appalachians—
doubting you will ever change your ways.
I will always love your comfort,
but forever shun your sorrow.

Purple like My Favorite Nail Polish

by Kimberly Harris

Purple is the color of the ink she
uses to write to me about
the way his face turns purple
when he yells,
and the way it matches
the curtains and makes her laugh.
She tells me about her hair products, new,
in purple bottles volumizing
and keeping in place every strand;
of the purple flowers Neil gave her for their six
month anniversary and the purple
dress she wore to the movie;
of the purple glue she uses
to make her projects for art class,
creating purple masks to cover up any
purple rings she has under her eyes from
lack of sleep under purple sheets;
of the purple shoes her favorite professor
wore three days in a row and the
strange purple bus that runs up her street
twice a day; of the purple grapes
she ate with her dinner,
and the purple jam she puts on her toast
before she takes

her purple bag and goes.
Even of the new towels that were red
and blue
but something went wrong
in the wash and
now everything is
purple.

Dropping Out *by Kimberly Harris*

You always claimed we could
move to the Caribbean; make money
twisting strands of string into saltwater hair.
We'd get tan and eat shrimp as we watch
the sun swallow the sky.

Or go to some obscure theme park
in the Midwest, spend our days
coloring caricatures
of sweaty best friends forever—
all foreheads and noses, while
parents pace patiently doling
out cash to fill our bare cupboards.

I always wanted to go to the mountains.
We could build a cabin next to a lake,
sit on the front porch and
sing Disney songs loud as we are able,
enough to shake the trees and set the birds
in flight.

Or maybe move to Europe instead;
start over as people cooler
than we are, with deep
insights and fashionable clothes.

But we live on pathetic savings
and the unmanageable desire to prove
that we can succeed in this.
So, we won't.

Upon a Country Road in a Yellow Wood
by Adam Russo

I've contemplated road trips to Brazil
with new brothers over bong rips.
I've ripped pages from pieces of firewood
I called perfect manuscripts.
I've completed scholarships and trips
to graduate schools while playing the fool—
forgetting stress and studying my best
yet, reaching for some unseen potential—

However, with all honors set aside,
I stand in the middle of moral obligations,
a justice scale for differing resolutions,
realizing I must soon jump, bend the balance
and decide my short life in these grey mists of time.

But really, do I? Frost even knew
paths must be picked and forks forgotten.
Did he ever shield his brow
under the billowing sphere,
peer around the hedge
and wonder, just
maybe, if trails
traversed
down different paths
eventually
converge?

Some may state this frame of mind designs
nihilism, neglecting matters in mutual love.
But the same would say to stay and start
a career, accounts for savings, a family, a baby!

Maybe I'll make my way down below Mexico,
somehow—wave a thumb, vend my poems,
live on crumbs—somehow.

Old Man of the Forest by Kevin McKee

No Cernunnos are you,
no Horned God,
yet as old, perhaps, and maybe as wise.
You have stood for centuries,
a message to those of us whose lives are more
transient – telling of time, eternity,
and what really matters.

At Sandy Bottom, I met you,
and despite being a child of central Pennsylvania,
used to trees, mountains, and the supernatural,
you touched me.

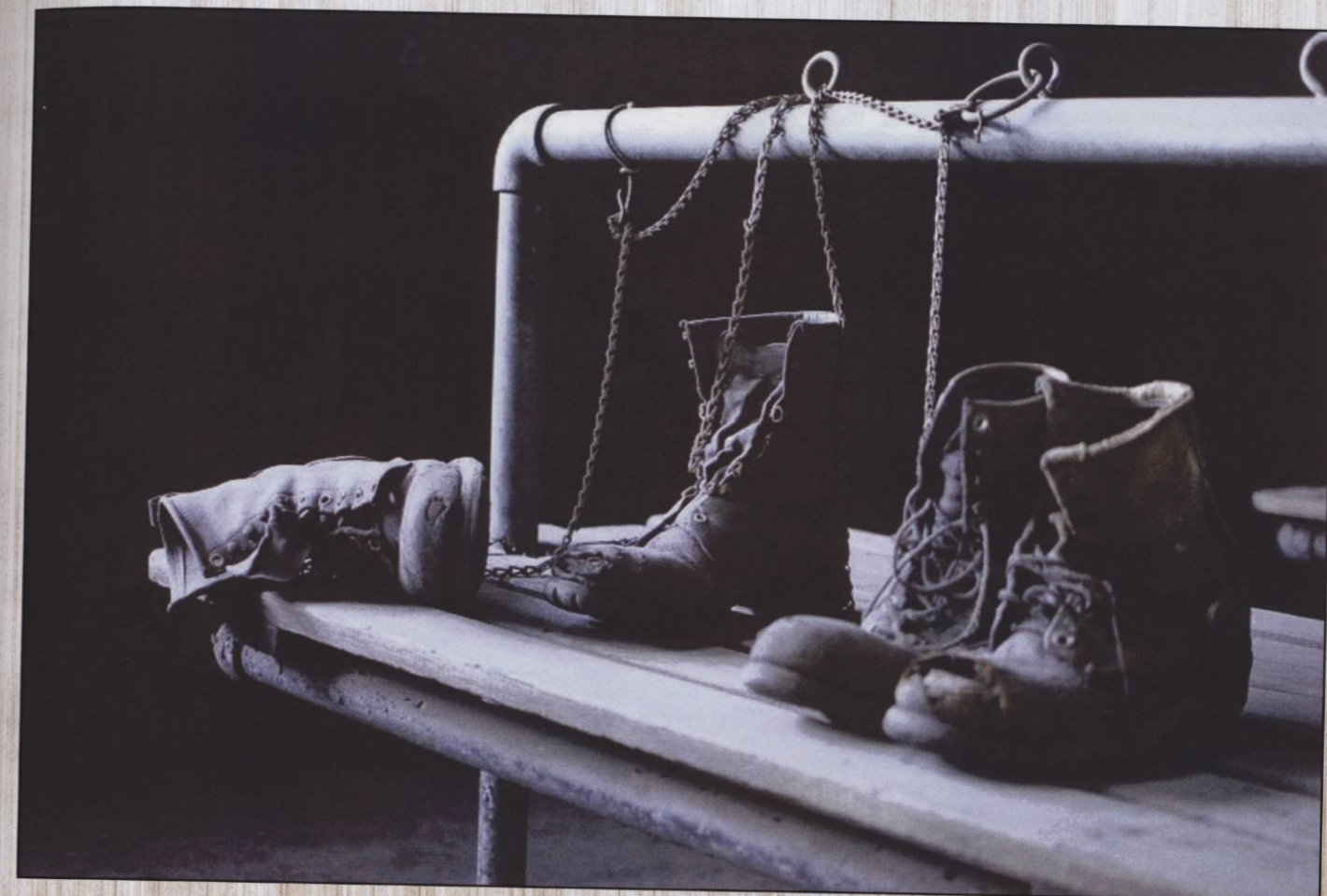
You stand tall, in a large clearing
made only more impressive by how you fill it.
You stretch higher and wider than any tree
I had ever seen before,
or have since,
and you feed the forest with your rich walnuts.

Age bears heavily upon your stately branches.
But every spring, you are once again
crowned with green, rivaling the oaks in majesty.

I am here before you,
and I can almost hear the uilleanns in the background,
echoing across time and space, across memory.
You stand strong and tall,
forever saluting the mountainside opposite you
and listening to the incessant babble of the creek
which divides you from those that would harm you.

I feel the ley,
the age and power gathered here
in this special place that you call home,
far from the civilization of man.
I come, and I seek your wisdom.

What revelations do you have to share,
Old Man of the Forest?



Left Behind
Rachel Degler

Williamson Grounds by Kevin McKee

The wind drips with chill malice,
blowing cold and hard and
bitter as the day grows dim.

Follow me into the orchard, I say, where
autumn leaves spiral,
falling from tarnished citadels
that twist towards the sky in rage.

The screams of the trees are a dirge
for we who must die;
we who sink into the mire
of doubt and hate.

The trees know what blooms
around the bend:
perversions oozing sorrow,
weeping tears of ichor
and mourning our untimely ends.

The marsh should teem with life, I say,
but here it does not.
Sick with corruption,
this swamp is an aberration; wicked,
abhorring man.

It reaches out with slimy tendrils,
struggling to pull us under.

We run, but there can be no escape
from this Byzantine hell,
this shadowy nightmare that was,
once, maybe, a place
of wonder and happiness.

There was a swing there,
I cry, pointing.

All that remains is rust,
corroding and tainting.
And there, a child's slide,
covered in sickly green vines,
entangling and choking.

This dead park, this haunt –
the living do not belong here.
The ghosts of this place resemble not
gentle shades full of mourning.
These spirits are angry,
souls caught in the web of death,
unable to escape to what lies beyond
and long since driven insane from imprisonment.

We run, but a statue confronts us in our escape.
Hideous marble, cracked and green with mold.
Its arm stretches towards us, longing:
it was a woman, once, reaching to hug her
child, who has long since decayed.

Now only the statue of the mother remains,
forever hoping for a reunion,
something that can never come to pass.
Like you, she seems to say,
trying to escape from this warped wood.

The last rays of sun bleed across the landscape,
casting sick reflections and revealing
the horror we choose to ignore
when all is bright and happy.
We clutch each other in primal fear,
bracing for the final terror.

The moonless night begins; the sun setting forever
on our hopes and dreams.



The Ten Laws of Faerie by Anne DeHart

In order that the gateways between the worlds might be traversed with greater understanding, the courts of the Queine proclaim'd this guide to be written in order for the laws governing Faerie to be fully realized. Henceforth, the etiquette of Faerie shall be understood and practiced by the beings of the physical plane of Earth and its carnal inhabitants. This understanding we seek illuminates the path towards a common respect and mutually beneficial cultural exchange, and prevents undesirable consequence.

Law the First:

From chaos, faeries are born, and unto chaos, Fey return.

Law the Second:

Humans seeking passage into Faerie do so at their own peril.

Law the Third:

Objects or Persons stolen from the Faerie realms or sistering provinces will be voluntarily returned by the larcenist. In the event of the capture of a living Faerie inhabitant, a boone might be sought by the captor through any representative of the Queine or members of her Majesty's Seelie or Unseelie courts. Failure to return said object or persons will result in dire consequences. Imagine being turned into a screaming pudding.

Law the Fourth:

Objects obtained within Faerie Lands or through Ambassadors of Faerie do not adhere to the same restrictions of physics imposed upon the Earthly plane.

Law the Fifth:

Retributions will be sought for any damage accrued to an Ambassador of Faerie.

Law the Sixth:

Lies, falsehoods, half-truths, penny hexes, illusionments or glamours cast in the effort to mislead, delude, or otherwise confuse an inhabitant of Faerie shall inevitably be revealed.

Law the Seventh:

Those seeking portals, keys, doorways, tunnels, and passageways into Faerie might do well to look for them within. Laugh-ter is a key. Other good ports of entry include bridges, hedges, crossroads, and knotholes.

Law the Eighth:

All are welcome as travelers through the Faerie Lands, provided that they travel with respect. Pranks among Fey are not considered disrespectful and are often performed as an indicator of friendship. Be mindful of where you place your automobile keys. We do not suffer litterbugs.

Law the Ninth:

A Sense of Humour often proves more valuable than Common Sense.

Law the Tenth:

This law has been proclaimed a secret.

Law the Eleventh:

Wherever you travel within your own world, we are with you. You need only to think of us, and an ambassador will be summoned. Our world is sister to your world; neither could exist without the other.

All laws are subject to change without notice.

Sincerely

Quixel Appleguarde

Notary Public, the Queine's Court

Mini Mighty Militia by Sarah Flowers

Emma loved to collect gnomes for her garden. Their presence among the blooms of clematis, sedum, lavender, and roses made her imagine another world full of wonder and magic. She imagined them to be the good luck charms of her garden; their expertise would promote endless green growth.

But Emma didn't really understand her gnomes and their world at all. What she didn't realize was that they were not in her garden for her benefit. They were there to annihilate her.

"Gnomes, enter formation!" shouted the head gnome, Cecil, above the din of military recruits scattered before him. Conversation ceased as they followed his orders, moving into position. The moonlight was dim, providing ideal conditions to surprise the enemy.

"Our enemy is coming into view!" yelled Melvin, Cecil's right-hand gnome, when he saw Emma exit her back door with a handful of garbage bags.

"She's taking out the trash. Now's our chance!" said Cecil. "Advance! Strike!"

Emma saw her little gnomes suddenly come to life. Before she had time to react, they rushed toward her, waving their weapons: tiny axes, arrows poisoned with oxglove concentrate, and any hard object they could find to throw at her. Yes, they were small, but the looks of sheer determination on their faces made Emma realize she was in serious trouble. She dropped the garbage bags and began running in the opposite direction.

"Hurry, men! She's getting away!"

Just then, she passed the garden beds at the perimeter of her property, and more and more of her beloved figurines came to life only to turn against her. By now, there were hundreds.

"Chase her to the oak tree!"

Emma was losing energy; they were pelting her with stones and poison arrows. She looked back. "Please, stop! Why are you doing this?"

Just as she reached the old oak tree by the stream, the ground began to give way. Emma fell hard into the deep earth below.

"Excellent," said Cecil. "We've got her."

"What should we do now, boss?" asked Melvin.

"Why, Melvin, this is only the beginning. The humans think we're just cute little figurines here for their enjoyment. Well, no more! We've stayed silent long enough; we will continue to band together to stand up for what's right until they understand they can't hold us hostage anymore!"

He gestured down to the hole in front of them. "But first, finish her off. That'll send a message."

Emma's neighbor, Shirley, just happened to walk outside as Emma was running around the yard, squawking in terror. "What is that girl doing running around her yard at night? I'll have to call her mother. They'll have to send her back."

Card X is structurally similar to card VIII, but its uncertainty and complexity are reminiscent of card IX: people who find it difficult to deal with many concurrent stimuli may not particularly like this otherwise pleasant card. Being the fast card, it may provide an opportunity for the subject to "sign out" by indicating what they feel their situation is like, or what they desire to know.

Characteristic of card IX is indistinct form and diffuse, muted chromatic features, creating a general vagueness. There is only one popular response, and it is the least frequent of all cards. Having difficulty with processing this card may indicate trouble dealing with unstructured data, but aside from this there are a few particular "pulls" typical of this card.

Card III is typically perceived to contain two humans involved in some interaction, and may provide information about how the subject relates with other people (specifically, response latency may reveal struggling social interactions).

Young School Boy at 2:00 p.m. by Marcus Maggs

He dreams of trees.
He longs for the weeping willow
in Grandma's back yard
whose branches embrace him
and hide him from the rest of the world,
the tall pines in the forest of Rose Valley
where he joins forces with elves and dwarves
to conquer the malevolent dragon
that hides in the basement,
the tall oak at home
and the half-finished tree house that cleaves to it.

He looks out the window and sees the sidewalks,
perfect paths to unknown lands;
miniature roads for his Mongoose
to cruise up and down at ungodly speeds.

His eyes drift to the blue sky
filled with the shifting white shapes,
animals, automobiles, and comical companions.
He would fly up to join them
with the help of his treehouse
jet plane if only
he had not committed the crime
that landed him in this mathematical
prison cell.

He longs to be removed from the iron maiden
of education and social integration.
His mind wanders constantly,
but his body remains
in the elementary
electric chair
for the eternity
of one more hour.

Innocent Eyes by Reginald Pinckney

Pudgy little child-
eleven years of age,
sits in the cafeteria
with a half-eaten tuna sandwich
in his tiny little hands
as he speaks to his buddies
with a full mouth
of white bread and smelly fish.

Another friend of his comes,
older than he,
a tall standing statue
with skin like ebony and bronze.
She comes to say that she's here
to take him away.
The boy doesn't question;
he only follows his friend
with a smile on his face
at school's early end.

But his neighbor,
his friend's mother,
an even taller statue,
comes to him
dressed in hurried rags of
desperate pinks and solemn whites
to tell him what has happened.

The twin towers
of heavy granite, metal and glass
have just fallen somewhere far off
leaving nothing but billowing dust clouds
of ivory and pitch
to fall onto crowded city streets
as people run in panic.

The boy can't imagine
women weeping in shock
and men running in terror.
The child who hears this news
can only stare blankly,
with innocent eyes
and lungs filled with distant wisps of smoke.

Blue by Regina Gonzalez

Amongst fern green grass,
purple black guts lie everywhere
in sharp, shocking contrast.

Like bombs filled with sweet liquid,
the blueberries burst under careless children's feet,
a game of hide-and-seek.

They bleed out onto the dirt like fallen comrades
leaving behind a dirty pool of thick, sticky
death.

Bright and luminous like a downed helicopter in a swamp
gleaming in the Vietnamese sun,
flat and deflated like dead jungle animals left to rot.

The death of these midnight orbs is vicious guerrilla warfare,
a murder with no clues.

But they stay silent like the hunted,
crumpled and hiding, hoping their side wins.

Omaha by Adam Russo

"Che Dio gli occhi Vigile sempre vi protegga."

I can tell these thoughts torture him by that little tic above his
left eye,
how his throat and jaw clench to cover a cry,
tears that drip and fall to the ground like soldiers.

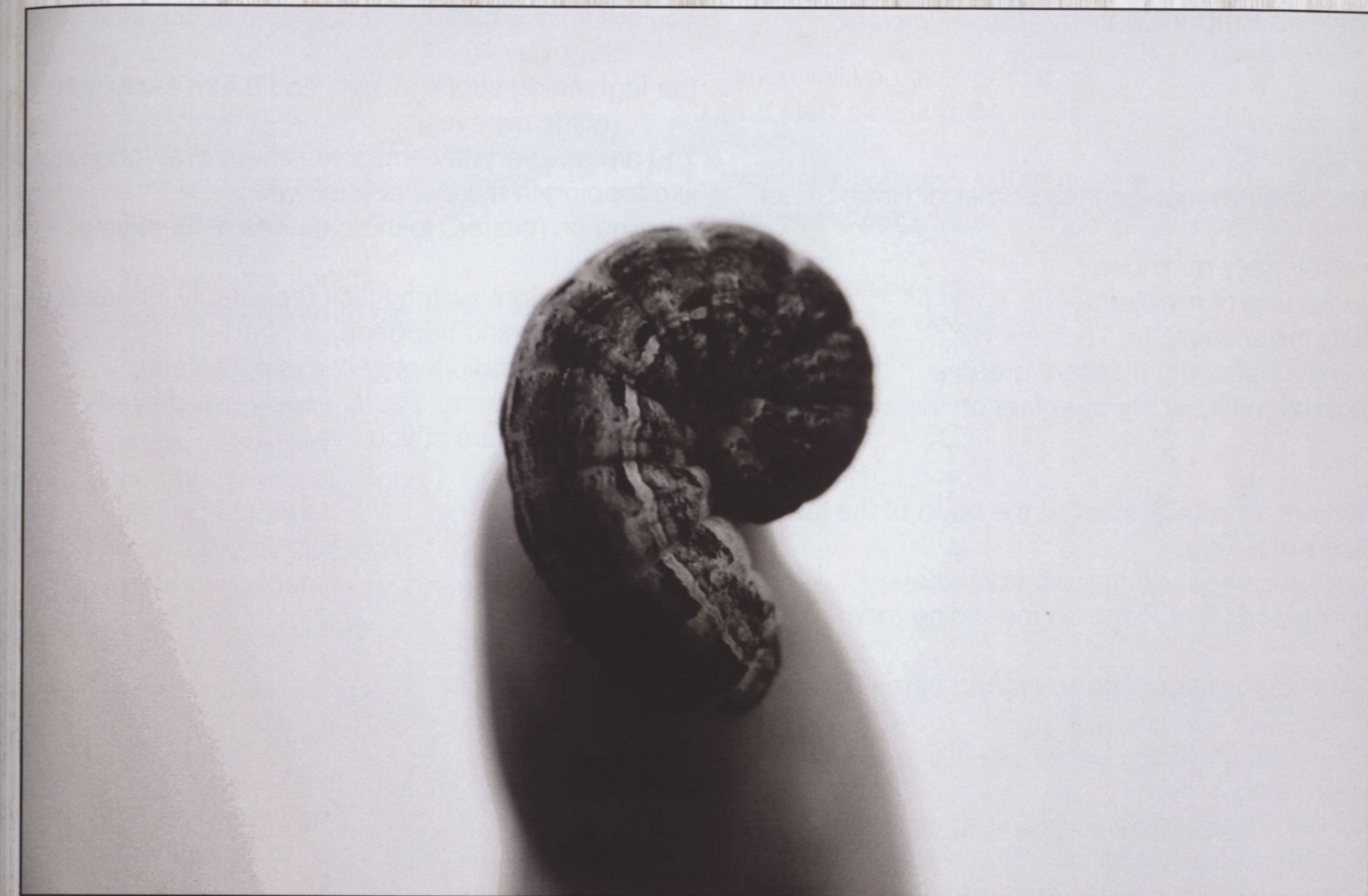
"First wave, goin' right for the heart of that bitch...
the doors dropped and I ditched to the right...
crawled under cover painted with brains and bullet holes."

Scribbling down notes, how can I dare to compare the
thoughts he spoke
to researched reasons people in power use soldiers like
dogs—
the plan to throw troops at defense until something broke.

"A royal mess, and at this point, the wave was left
to die, or try their best to bury themselves in bloody bodies
with heads blown off."

Ninety-four, married seventy years, with a fear
of future times that tick ever near.
He now puts his faith in God as I drive away
and gaze upon *mi zio Nino* in his garden, picking tomatoes.

¹Lewis, Adrian R. *The Journal of Military History*. 70 (3), 2006. 870-72.
Print.



Caterpillar
Nathan Simeone

My Father's Empty Chair by *Grace Novacek*

Empty.
Vacant.
Out of use.
Like the rundown motel on the corner of Hope Street.

You are my daily reminder,
like the ringing of my alarm
breaking the silence,
shaking me out of my pleasant dreams
to the harsh reality of my bare feet on the cold, wood
floor.

You sit there so proud, erect at the head of the table,
the throne of a king
too good to bother with his subordinates—
the other pieces that make up the dining room set.

The cedar frames your figure, crafted carefully,
differently—
One-of-a-kind, like every snowflake falling down from our
torn sky.
The flurries once made a sparkling security blanket,
with warmth comparing to his
protecting arms that used to hold me.

You are a fiery, bloody car accident on the side of a
highway—
the frightening scene I wish I could turn away from, but it
holds my eyes.

You are an everyday embarrassment everyone knows—
like tripping in a crowded stairwell,
slipping on mustard in the cafeteria at lunchtime.

You are the light switch I flick repeatedly, obsessively,
but nothing happens,
the outdated radio that conveys only static,
the stupid pop song that is grossly overplayed—
I have had to stare at you every day.

I stare.
I stare.
I stare.

My Mother's Couch by *Reginald Pinckney*

Eyes closed, remote in hand,
legs wide open;
half naked with bare flesh
and body sprawled out on the
black leather.

This was the couch
you always liked to sleep on.

Crumbs between the cushions
and ice pop sticks
stuck to the rug,
empty cartons of yogurt
just lying about
in this pigsty of a room –
your living room,
as you liked to say,
your couch,
your throne.

How many times
have you hogged this couch –
your couch filled with
old snot rags,
misplaced clothes,
and dirty dishes?

When will you ever get up
and start cleaning the mess?

When will you stop sitting around
and start doing work?

And how many times
will I sit on this couch
before I realize
you're gone?

My Thighs by Rachael Estudante

My, my these thighs
are thick thighs
and strong thighs.
They ripple under swift
smacks and swell under my weight
when I hover to pee outside.
The desire of many a man
is rooted between my
thighs –
the gates of paradise.
My thighs are not shy thighs
they wrap like wide ropes
around my lovers and squeeze while they ride.
Soft thighs that tremble in delight
and caress cheeks rough with stubble
as they writhe.
Big Portuguese thighs, my thighs
meant to spread and provide
another generation to work
the vine.

Like an Orange by Michelle Marcuse

Piece by piece you tear away the rind,
slowly,
assuring nothing is left behind.
The unwanted debris lies in piles
only to be gathered at the very end.
Your fingers drip with juice
as you gently pull apart,
the tender flesh,
delicately handling it,
preventing bruising or harm.
Your lips, plump with desire,
touch every succulent section.
The ripe fruit fills your mouth
with sweet and bitter flavors.
Savoring every moment
engulfs all five senses of your body.
The pungent aroma lingers
throughout the room.
Only the piles remain:
the proof of your indulgence.
They, too, will soon be gone,
leaving you with nothing
but a memory.



4th Kind
Sarah Hakes



Creepin'
Sarah Hakes 28

The God Box

From Sedona and the Wives of Dr. Norian

by Anne DeHart

1 Imagine that you had a box where anything you put would be safe. Imagine that you had a box and it was made out of wood, and reinforced with big steel plates. Imagine that you had a box, big like Grandma's cedar chest, big like life, big like a stand up poster of Indiana Jones. Imagine that this box was secured with a big padlock and the key was tucked away, safe; you could even swallow it if you wanted to. You could put anything in the box and its secret would be kept.

2 This box is made of song, and prayer, and falling blossoms on an April afternoon. This box is made of thunder. The walls of the box do not speak, and they do not hear. This is your god box.

3 In fourth grade, when you had chili farts and wrecked your favorite underwear, and had to be sent home early—well, those nasty drawers could go in the box. In fifth grade, when Becky called you fat and you gave her a bloody nose, you could put your fat belly in the box so nobody could see how ugly it was. Round and pink and pale. The vodka your mother drank when she stared at the ceiling and refused to answer the phone. You could pour every last drop of it into the box. Maybe she would go to work and nobody would be the wiser. This box will tell no tales.

4 The time you stole from your mother's open handbag so you could get a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes, and then Father Andrews made you cry when you went to confession about it. Those tears could flow into the box and when they dried off your face only you and the box would know. In high school, when you failed that first algebra test, the letter F forever hanging on your soul with the stink of mortal sins—well, that test could fit in the box. The nuns called you slow, and they beat your hands with their rulers—well, those rulers could go in the box and they'd never hit you again. Their habits could be pulled off and put in the box and everybody could see that they had hair just like normal people, only maybe uglier. Every rejection, every failure, every telltale stain could dribble its way to the bottom of the box and be forgotten.

5 The abortion you had after the night you got drunk in the pool hall and met your first boyfriend but found out he was already married. It might have been a little girl; you might have named her Chloe. Chloe could go in the box. Later, when your novel got rejected from the seven publishers you sent it to, you could put the rejection slips in the box. You could put your novel in the box because it wasn't very good. It droned on about the characters but never seemed to develop a plot. You could put, in the box, the pills the doctor gave you that were supposed to make you feel better but just took your orgasms away. You could put the fossilized cat turds that you never got around to scraping off the back of the litter pan right in the box. The first time he dragged you out of bed in the middle of the night screaming at you. The first time he demanded to know who you cheated with when you had been faithful, the first time he broke your phone, the first time you weren't allowed to go to your family's Easter barbecue, you lied and said it was because you couldn't get out of work but really he made you stay home to re-bake the lasagna he said you ruined. That slimy fucking lasagna could go to the bottom of the box. Condoms you found in his wallet that you didn't need because you were on the pill, those can go in the box, all electric blue and banana yellow. The knife he kept under his pillow could go in the box. The vodka you started drinking, the nasty email your boss sent when you were hung over and missed a quarterly meeting, the giant size eighteen dresses you started wearing when you got fatter, peonies that bloomed from your mother's grave, the eviction notice, the pink plastic razors you chewed apart to get at the blade, slicing your tongue, the sting of the bourbon you chased it with, twisted pink shells you'd chew with the molars until the blade came out, sliding and slicing in the bottom of the box.

6 The walls of the box do not speak and they do not hear. Pretty soon there's nothing left for you outside of the box. Pretty soon you'd crawl in there yourself and never come out. The box has a heartbeat. The heartbeat is yours. A drum that fills you up inside, makes you ring with sound. Thud. Thud. Thud. Rhythmic, mindlessly soothing, irritatingly methodical. All the hopes, sorrows, and prayers muffling the rhythm, giving you away. THUD THUD The box has voices, the box has sounds. Every child that cried. Every bottle-drowned hope. Every footfall, every nightmare, every blessed punch, that box belongs to you and the breathing is stagnant, and joy does not grow, and the ground is dank. The box is yours. What you do with it is up to you.



Sticky Fingers by Reginald Pinckney

Red icing coats my hands,
sticky like warm honey.
Bitter sweet,
the red velvet sticks to the back
of my throat, coppery, salty,
almost buttery as it touches my
tongue, a mix of sweet, creamy, warm relief
veiled by a frenzied haze
and unrelenting grief.

It's inevitably addicting,
and, like a child,
I relish the taste, licking my
sticky fingers and
corroding my
shiny teeth as I continually dab my
fingers onto the surface of the warm cake,
wiping off its smooth, crimson icing with my
sticky fingers.

But it never stops at the icing
and greedily I reach for more,
dabbing, scraping, and digging
into the cake as I bring my
sticky fingers back and forth to my
stained lips, my
drooling tongue,
and my
voracious appetite.

Yet the icing remains on my
sticky fingers and my
grinning lips
as hysterical laughter swells within my
chest and finally
whistles past my
sugar-coated teeth.

Sweetness simmers
and laughter subsides as I
realize the cake vanishes.
A perfectly ripe cake,
barely out of its youth
and never touched by baker's hands,
but instead
raped by my
greedy hands, my
dirty hands, my
sticky hands, hands
that don't know how to stop clawing
at sweet creamy goodness,
like a child who licks the bowl
clean, and waits for more.

The Lovely Mistake by Grace Novacek

Travel back sweet, unforgiving love.
Your regrets have no value here.
You have pillaged my heart
and taken no prisoners,
driven out the sanity and emotion,

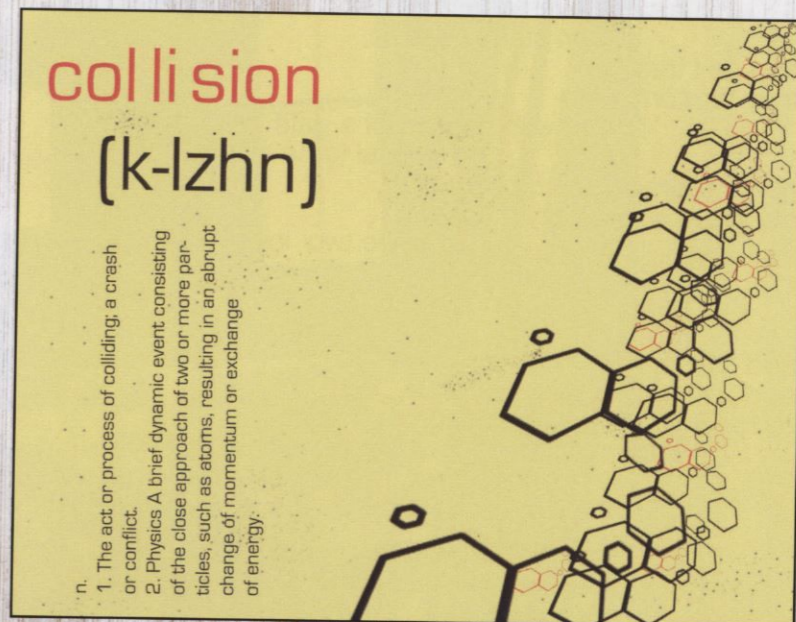
I begged for his love, crying out in the night.
I need him
to hold my face in his hands.
I need the satisfaction of a kiss,
a smile,
even a glance.

Killed them dead.
He turned me down.
He turned me cold.

Forced the feeble and frail
back into my being.
Hurt and alone,
I wandered. I wandered.
But, from the shadows, I somehow rose up anew,
a magnificent rebirth of the demented soul
everyone thought lifeless and departed.
I rose up, triumphant,
the victor of my own battle.
My bruised heart started
to beat again
pumping life in my veins.
I became stronger,
saved.

I shook the harness of my darkest miles.
But, as fate would have it, he came back
with his sweeping thought,
filled with newfound dreams and proposals
and his own foolish regret.

I watch the lovely mistake.
He is frozen, without sound's promise.
I say nothing, for I knew all along.
Alone, I sleep easy
as the evenings take over the year.
Make of this nothing.



Collision
Helen Rogers

I Meant What I Never Said by *Russell Dauberman*

I said what I never meant
and your innocent eyes quivered with belief
as we kissed,
and passing from your lips to my own,
your intentions became mine that night.
I left you hovering above your porch
in a gleeful gaze –
watching my taillights
vanish in the winter cold.

You, later, lay awake,
alone in your bed,
blissfully grinning at your ceiling,
waiting for your starving heart
to tire so you could sleep
and dream of us together,
hand in hand in perfect silence;
black and white.

But the morning sun broke you
and with it, I ended your vivid dream
with new words that shattered you –
like a high shriek shatters windows
and your eyes, again, quivered,
streaming with sorrow.

I could say nothing.
No words could take back
those which I spoke
the previous night
that seemed as though it had happened
just moments ago.

My words brought us together that night.
Our first night.
Our only night.
Our last night.
And my words pried us apart the next morning.

But maybe somewhere,
that night never knew the disappointment
of the sun rising.
Maybe we stood together
beneath the glow
of your front porch light
in an unbroken trance.
Maybe in another time,
where dreams are unending,
I meant what I never said.

Wrestling War by *Candice Chopick*

There is a time to sweat out miserable memories
of a match one point short
and a time to shower in renewal,
hydrating in lessons learned.

There is a time to discipline, diet, and resist desires;
a time to rest, relax, and nurture needs.

There is a time to carry confidence from calloused and aching abs
earned from early morning practices pumping iron;
a time to ice injuries, the shin splints and twisted ankles
more acute than bloody noses and blackened bruises.

There is a time to cage complaints, control cockiness, and count on your heart;
a time to break boundaries, bury burdens, and betray your mind.

There is a time to grip the gains of pummeling a powerful opponent,
a time to release resentment of losses left unresolved.

There is a time to be vicious and vindictive, to attain victory,
a time to sit in the stands, selflessly supporting teammates,

a time to win the wrestling war within yourself.

Embracing Breeze by Caitlin Chciuk

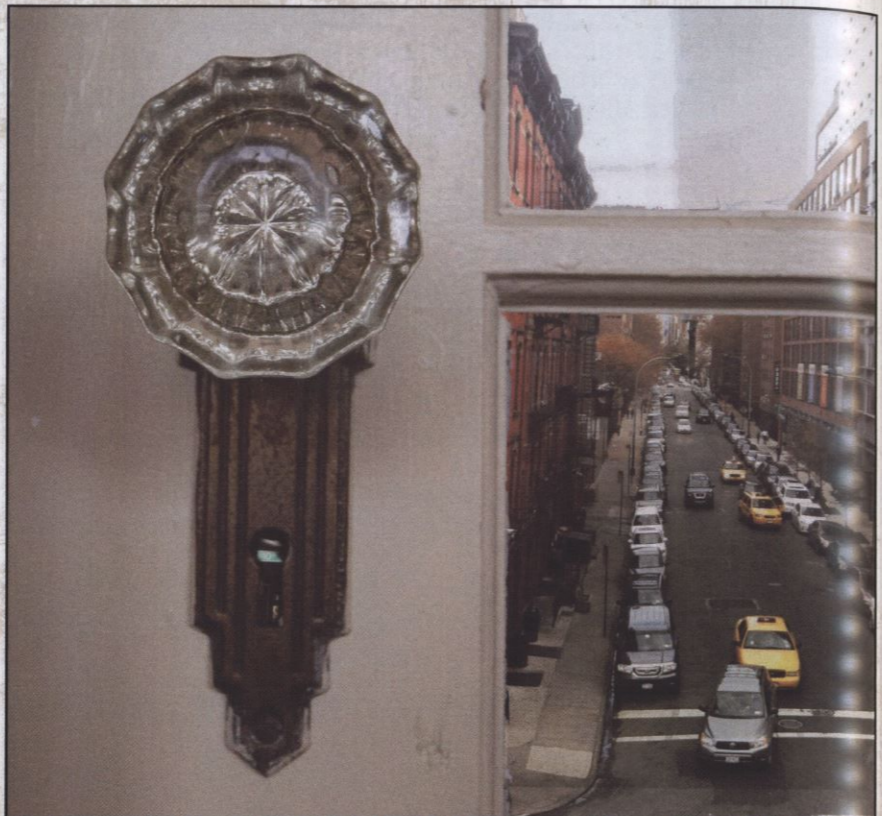
The sun-soaked day
provides, for me, an
embracing breeze.
And while I'm held by the wind,
on the next bench
a woman is held by her lover.

I prefer the breeze.

It can be fleeting,
but not as fleeting as
feelings,
love.

When no sun was found,
you provided that embrace.
And then, just like a brief wind on a fall day,
you were gone.

And even though I am so set
on settling for the air,
I sit with my face to the sun,
staring down the most common path,
waiting to see you walk by.



10th Avenue
Helen Rogers

New Hampshire Labor Relations Director
by Casey Weisbeck

There's at least fourteen hours
of stretched black and dashed white interstate,
a promising sunrise
and a longing-for-you sunset
between us:
the seven of nervous anticipation
it took you to get there,
the seven of missing me
it would take you to get back.
Back.

A concept holding
no intentions of yours.
You're trying to run
away,
to a new job
"Six-figures"
you say.

Good-bye
I think,
but the words that
sound from my lips say
"I'm happy for you,
landing a new job,
getting away from

this haunting place."
*Your old life,
your ex-wife,
and me.*
You're trying to run
away,
To a new job
of negotiating concrete numbers,
compromising over salaries and sick days—
anything
but matters of the heart.
You're trying to run
away,
to a new job,
a fresh start,
where you want to live a life with me.
But I know a past cannot be escaped
simply by following hollow highways
and stacking tall towers of money.
Long distance
just isn't my style.

And Eat It Too by Rachel Mazza

She had the cooks prepare dinner for him that night—a full course, a fancy affair that took the afternoon to prepare. She had this planned for months now, and nothing short of an appetizer of lobster bisque, followed by roasted hog, potatoes, and a special dessert of her own devising would do.

His driver turned onto the winding private drive leading up to their ivy-encased estate just as the sun was sinking in the sky. Twilight settled over the mansion in the colors of an aged bruise. She had just pulled up her hair and clasped her collar of pearls around her neck as he sat down at the end of the long dinner table. She walked over and kissed his cheek where the skin was stained with a shade of lipstick much too young to be her own.

“Welcome home, dear,” she said, flatly. She took her place at the opposite end of the table. He grunted a greeting in reply.

The cooks presented the hog, roasted, and stuffed on a platter. She thanked them and sent them away.

“I know,” she said, the implication present in her voice.

He looked up from the hog leg he was chewing on. “So does the rest of the town. If I cared, I would have stopped screwing her months ago.”

She nodded once and rose from the table to bring out the dessert herself: a large slice of double chocolate cake and a red wine, thick and aged to perfection. Along with two plates of cake, she brought the two crystal glasses they had toasted with on their wedding day. She poured him a tall glass of wine and returned to her place.

“I’m taking my leave of you,” she said. “With all of my money...and yours.” She lifted her glass; the little gold shackle on her ring finger clanked against it. “Cheers.”

He burst out laughing, and clutched his sides. “Like hell you are. I’m twice as rich with you around. You can leave with nothing or you can stay here in this hideous house you had me buy for you and shut up.” He shoved the cake in his mouth and raised his glass. “Cheers to you, *darling*.”

He took a large gulp. A small trail of wine escaped from the corner of his mouth. She smiled. A moment later, his face became as red as the remaining wine and he grasped at his throat, eyes bulging.

“You’ve poisoned the wine!” he gasped with his final breath.

“No, dear. I’d never do that,” she replied. “I’ve poisoned the cake.”



My Poorly Built House is on Fire
Tyson Buttorff

Swallowing Fire

by Casey Weisbeck

I am thirsty
for a fire,
or a burning
I take in and feel
all the way down.
My eyes swallow
an October sunset,
the copper sky reaches
down, sets the trees afire.
They burn down
to the black asphalt
path leading your feet
away from me.

I am shivering,
cold setting into
my bones
as you walk away,
taking the warmth
I yearn for.
I am thirsty
for your fire,
for the burning
you ignite in me.

Desire.

I long for the way
your body blazes beside
My skin thirsting
for your heat.
My hands craving
to consume
every inch of your body.
As you walk away,
my body dehydrates,
mouth dry,
thirsting to swallow fire.

Torturing a Broken Heart by Regina Gonzalez

Goodbyes that mean something,
hellos that mean more,

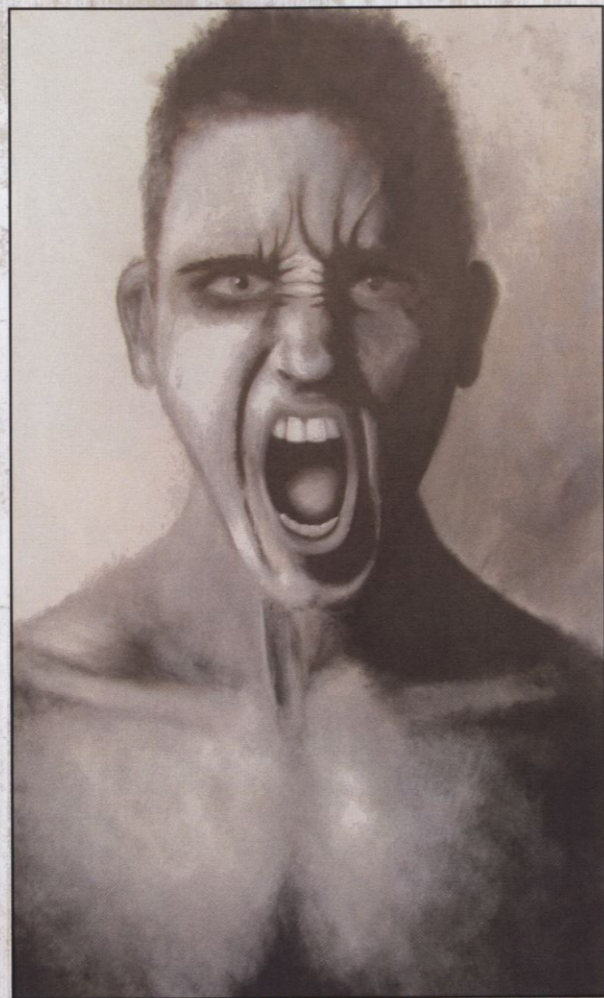
smiles genuine enough
to be store-bought,

the way arms fit over shoulders
or around hips,

how he sees her eyes
and how she loves his hands –

these little things, so ordinary
are like music to the deaf,
a portrait to the blind.

Exactly what a mangled heart needs,
exactly what it will never
have.



Untitled
Will Thomas

Heart Crash by Casey Weisbeck

Your fist slams
into my jaw.

I taste a car crash.
Shattering glass
teeth T-boning holes into cheeks,
red paint
dripping metallic pain
and salt
from the cold asphalt road meshing
with my face,

as you wreck my ribs
frames cracking
under collisions promising
shoe-size bruises oozing
a slew of blacks and blues
and a yellow of remembering.

Sounds of screeching
tires screaming
repeat,

repeating
lyrics to the last song playing on your lips:

Kill yourself
Worthless piece of shit!

I fight to hold your body
the safety belt competing

to contradict the spin
pulling you toward the windshield.

[I never meant to stray from the road.]
No control.

I m p a c t of your fist to my face,
an exchange of paint and pain
and cold black nothing.
White lights and strange faces
beep
beeping.

We can save her!
[No, no let me go.]

This accident was
my fault.
I totaled her heart
my insurance will
pay out broken bones
but I cannot live without
you in my arms.

A Country Mourning

by Tasha Hartley

Sitting on the ridge,
staring at the place he lives-
no longer a home, just a house:
red barn, tractors, and fences;
a place to work, to sleep, to eat.

The replica John Deere sits beside his own, full-size version,
no longer to accompany him to the field and back home again.

The sun peeks his bright head over the ridge,
telling him the night has passed.

The truck, once an object of love, joy, and pleasure,
a project for them to work on together, now
just the thought of making it start
tears him apart.

No longer a pleasant object to work on,
the truck,
no longer a goal he needs to finish.

Suicidal Suburbs by Grace Novacek

You drive your 2008 silver Honda Civic
along suburban streets that wind
in and out
like serpents, enclosing and
reminding you
to stay put.

If you try to escape, wiggle to reach freedom,
the streets will only coil tighter,
trapping.

The slow hum of the car's motor soothes
the playful shrieks of young neighboring children
scattered across familiar backyards.

You pause at stop signs, subliminal
messages at the end of each block.
The signs seem to whisper, wanting you to stay
in the neighborhood
a little longer than you know you should.

The smell of the end of the summer
blends in with the aroma of sweet bar-b-que
passing through your cracked car window.
The last block party of the season
is underway in another backyard—
one with a pool, a basketball hoop,
even a stone mailbox at the end of
the driveway.

The magnetic pull penetrating from the picket fence
pushes you to keep driving,
to pass all the lots,
faster/faster/faster
until ^{They} ~~All~~ ^{Become} *Blurred* / as if ^{Running} ~~Together~~.
You blink, trying to remember
which house you own,
which house
owns you.

Playing Dress-Up by *Caleb Sizemore*

My family sits proud,
in the third pew from the front,
watching me hold fast to
the bread and the cup.

The starch coats my throat,
and the wine burns my tongue.
Thoughts wander purposely
away from whatever-it's-called

to my mother's smile, my Pop's
head dipped below stone prophets
protecting the faithful; this
windowed hall stained scarlet.

I know the sits up, and the songs down,
I know the "amens" of liturgy,
but this paled-watered-wine
only leaves me thirsty.

I am not enthralled. It's a game.
The supportive son.
I don't feel any different, or believe in anything
except the third pew from the front.



Elegance
Andrew Richards

Street Walkin' by *Rachael Estudante*

I slink down Tin Pan Alley, seep
into the veins of this old
lumber town
between shoddy,
crumbling brick giants,
iron-bone fire escapes clinging
to them.

Light from small town street lamps
don't make it down here
and it suits me just fine.
I get down into the heart
where damp garbage sags
and pavement glistens
from the raw, cold flesh of a
December moon.

I thank God this town
died before its backstreets
could turn into a haunt
for dealers, for junkie broads
to stretch their bruised gams
out of short skirts and make
some poor sap fall a little further.

No, that ain't this town,
that ain't my speed, man.
I got the pure silence of
hearty people, heads on clean
white pillows, sleeping well
inside their hard-earned homes
because these streets are safe.
I'm the only one walking
them this time of night
and the only trouble I've got

is a flask of gin and a lonely
heart full of the fear of living –
the doubt that there's
anything more to this life than
eating
fucking
and dying.
I've got an icy suspicion there's not.

I press my lips, gripping
a square between them,
light up with my rusty zippo
then take a pull of gin
comin' out on the corner of Rock Bottom
and Market Street, looking
for a dead end but all
I can spot are ways out
so I keep walkin' these streets
that are as empty as I am.

To My Pets by Reginald Pinckney

To my little Chihuahua, Chi Chi,
who sleeps in my backyard
three feet beneath soil, wrapped
in a black garbage bag
to prevent odor
and housed in a cardboard box
because we couldn't afford
a coffin:

you will be missed,
your short brown hair,
your little pointy ears,
and even your wagging tail
that swayed as you walked.
And while I can't remember your
voice,
because you never really barked,
I just want to let you know
that you
are fondly remembered.

And to my first cat
whose name I cannot say
because we never decided
what to call you.

To you, Blacky,
or Shiva,
whatever your name,
I must say,
that I'm sorry you were a whore
and that you died
of kitty AIDS.
And while you were not favorite
amongst our bunch,
probably because you stank too
much,
you were still family,
my little black kitty.

And to my Rottweiler, King,
who truly deserved the name
who grew up with me
to the old age
of fourteen,
who pounced on me frequently
and crushed me beneath his bulky
body
of black fur
and heavy muscle,
who was truly loyal,
a proud chevalier,
standing by his master and friend,

to you, I say:
howl on.
And to my other cat, Rags,
who wasn't really mine,
but belonged to my grandmother
back in those early childhood days,
who offered company
even in my loneliest of times
by simply being there
with your big puffs of brown fur.
To you, I shed tears,
for I couldn't be with you
when you were taken away
to be put down.
So to you, I say farewell,
and while you're gone
keep Grandma company.

And to all my little hamsters,
my little balls of fluff,
who ate each other
one by one,
save for two,
dining on each other
from the butt up,
like crazed zombies
where cannibalism is a must,

to you, I must say,
sorry I forgot to feed you.
And to precious little Snowflake,
a Pekingese who truly honored
our family name,
who snored constantly,
even while awake,
and who wobbled persistently
on her daily walks
while shedding frequently
like winter dust.

To you, I say
I love you
because while you are gone as
well,
buried between Chi Chi and King,
bodies rotted and turned to bone,
you and the rest of my pets,
all of you with your cute furry
faces
and happy black eyes,
shall always be with me
in spirit.





Untitled
Lucy Malley

I Remember by Reginald Pinckney

I remember sitting near you on cold winter nights,
sipping hot chocolate to melt away the frost.

I remember looking into your caramel eyes,
staring innocently into two warm suns.

I remember your smile,
your happy smile,
the joy in your hazel eyes
that came with the curve of your soft lips,
because every day was a happy one,

days where I gave you warm hugs and gentle little kisses,
days where we cooked humble meals together,
days where we simply sat on the couch
and watched T.V. together,
those are the happy days I remember.

But I remember crying when it was dark
the day I looked at your coffin -
a black coffin covered with white roses,
surrounded by weeping women
and stoic men.

From that day forward,
every cup of hot chocolate I drank,
every hug I received,
and every meal I cooked,
became cold and bitter
and made me want to forget.



Untitled
Rachel Degl

Creation Act II
by Marcus Maggs

Pre-existence,
pre-Big Bang-
a smooth, dense shell
of potential life
is sheltered by time.

Exposure to heat
causes a shift
in tectonic plates,
sparking the golden
catalyst.

Collisions of solids,
liquids and gases
ignite
in explosive force.

Molten substances crack
and sputter as the shell's
core explodes.

Rough terrain emerges.
Mountains and valleys
void of life are a sight
to be savored as clouds
cover the dead and decaying
kernel that once held
possibility of existence.

It is one of many weightless
planets wandering aimlessly
about in a paper bag galaxy.

Thunderstorm by Jordan Reitz

She is the epitome of beauty,
With eyes like glinting daggers,
And a voice to move mountains.
Feel her power throughout the land,
As she bangs her glowing scepter upon the ground.
You fear her,
You quail,
While I embrace her might.
You see her wild streak as danger,
Whereas I see the passion stirring below.



Hung
Rachel Degler

Mug, Coffee

by Russell Dauberman

Coffee Mug, you rest cold like a toilet seat in winter, at my dim and vacant, stress-plagued desk containing a day-old, unfinished dose of focus, soon to be emptied and make way for today's first hit.

Then you will find, first my hands, so I can feel your promising warmth, and then my musty mouth, which you will cleanse with stimulating relief.

Yes, I am an addict, scratching, itching, twitching at the thought of my next cup, but who do I blame?

You, Mug?

My servant who, with dignity, takes in and holds hot my steaming comfort every morning and every day before I myself drown in the wholesome blackness and my eyes,

53 crusted over like sap-covered trees,

breach their irritable squint and open steady like garage doors letting in the morning's painfully persistent sun.

I'd be fairly proud if I were you. Out of all the eager mugs in this coffee-run world's existence, only you belong to me, only you know and hold my formula: straight black.

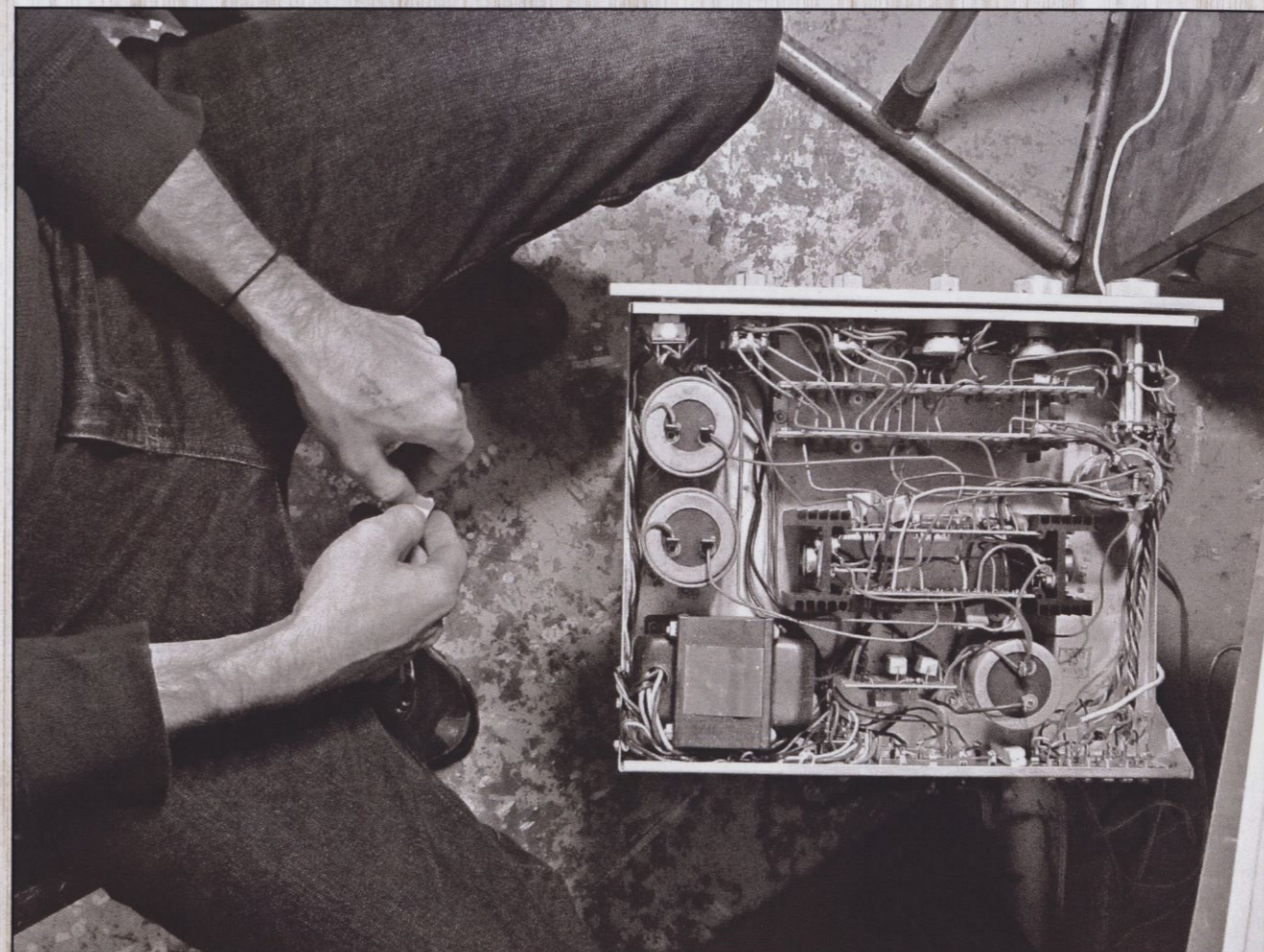
An all too familiar liquid taking the all too familiar shape of my trusty cauldron.

Like a sidekick, you assist me through endless pages and lectures. You're a reoccurring void that, when I'm weary and spent, can always be filled by reassurance resonating, blessing my ears with that slow, subtle streaming sound just as long as there's someone home at the Maxwell House.



**Those who make
peaceful revolution
impossible,
will make
violent revolution
inevitable - JFK**

Untitled
Nicholas Avlonitis



Untitled
Will Thomas

8x10 Unfilled Friend

by Candice Chopick

I want to color your white world,
shades of Sharpie reds, Bic blues,
and ball point purples.

I want to tell secrets
of serenity too sweet to swallow,
too sensitive to say aloud.

I want to paint pictures of
perfect fairytales, fantasies
from my imagination,
my Crayola creation,
in vibrant hues
of happy and harmony.

I want to ink your existence
with blots of bleak reality,
the black barriers of creativity.

I want to mark your innocence,
write you lines of lies, so long
the truth is lost,
penciling your purity.

Plain paper pal,
my 8x10 friend,
for now,
I'll leave you,
lonely, lineless
with picture perfect
emptiness.

literature Biographies

Caitlin Chciuk is a senior English Writing major who will be graduating in Fall 2012. She wrote her two pieces in her first ever workshop at LHU. Since then she has taken three other creative writing workshops. She has been a Writing Center tutor for three years. Her activities outside of writing include University Players and the HOPE Center.

Candice Chopick is a senior majoring in psychology.

Russell Dauberman My major is English Secondary Education and I am graduating this May (2012). These pieces were written during the fall semester of my junior year for a poetry workshop class that was taught by Marjorie Maddox Hafe. "I Meant What I Never Said" comes from a time in my life following a hard break up and captures the struggle I had with committing to new relationships. The second poem, "Mug, Coffee" comes from an exercise that we did in poetry workshop in which we were to write a poem to an object. I chose an object that represents both something that I love and am helplessly addicted to.

Anne DeHart is a senior health sciences major.

Rachael Estudante Rachael Estudante graduated in 2011 with a B.A. in English.

Sarah Flowers is an English Literature major set to graduate in May 2012. She describes her inspiration for "Mini Militia": "I've been pretty obsessed with gnomes for years now, and I collect gnome figurines to disperse throughout my yard. I have always thought that gnomes would be really friendly, so it was really neat to imagine them turning against me. It's a pretty scary thought, though, given that I'm surrounded by gnomes in my garden, but I'd like to think that gnomes are still happy with me. At least, I hope so!"

Regina Gonzalez graduated in 2011 with a B.A. in English.

Kimberly Harris I am Kimberly Harris. I'm a senior Secondary Education English major with a Special Education minor. I will be graduating May 2012. My poems were written around a year ago for Poetry Workshop with an emphasis in nature and self reflection.

Tasha Hartley I'm a senior and graduating this May. I am an English major concentrating in Literature, but I love to write and edit and critique. I pretty much love anything to do with English and languages (I love the Spanish language and culture). I currently work part-time at Sheetz, but hoping to find a second (better) job after graduation and eventually get to graduate school some time in the future. I'm proud to say (and thankful to say) that I have had at least one poem published in The Crucible every year I have been at LHU (which is a total of 5 years). Thank you for putting my poetry out there for people to read. I am also published in Eber and Wein's From a Window: Serenity and will be having another poem published in another one of their anthologies: Best Poets of 2011.

ΣΤΔ Member
English Major
Psychology Minor

Marcus Maggs is a senior English major.

Michelle Marcase is a senior English secondary education major.

Rachel Mazza is a junior majoring in English and communication media.

Kevin McKee graduated in 2011 with a major in English and a minor in Philosophy.

Krystalle Neighbor, an English secondary education major, graduated in 2011.

Grace Novacek My name is Grace Novacek and I'm a current junior at Lock Haven. I am majoring in Sport Administration and have a double minor in coaching and sport and exercise psychology. Last semester, I was captain of the volleyball team. My poem "My Father's Empty Chair" was an exercise for class that emphasized using many similes and metaphors. I wanted everyone to relate to the scenes and examples that I used to portray the feelings of this poem. "Suicidal Suburbs" is a poem I wrote after looking at a picture of a packed neighborhood, where the houses were all the same. It seemed almost haunting to me and inspired me to write. My final poem, "The Lovely Mistake" is based off of a life experience and is one of my more emotional and personal poems.

Reginald Pinckney Hello, my name is Reginald Pinckney, though I go by Reggie mostly. I'm an English Major in the writing track here in Lock Haven University and I'll be graduating this May. With the exception of "Sticky Fingers" most of my poems are based on my personal experiences, such as my childhood memories with many pets, my memories with my grandmother and where I was when 9/11 occurred.

Angelo Pisano graduated in 2011 with a degree in international studies.

Jordan Reitz is a freshman majoring in English.

Adam Russo earned a B.A. in English in 2011.

Caleb Sizemore I am an English Secondary Education major who will graduate in May. These two poems are part of a coming of age series. From my angle, age has always remained a rather ambiguous and relatively subjective measure of a person's maturity. This series deals directly with growing up in a tighter, seemingly more concrete sense...a mental sagaciousness. What goes through the mind and body of a child while they wait to be 'found' - in any sense of the adage. In what words would a teenager express his distaste for involuntary liturgical Sunday routines? These are the questions I rambled over in these pieces.

Casey Weisbeck graduated in spring 2011 with a B.A. in English.

Samantha Williams has been heading towards a degree in English secondary education.

Tifarah Williams is a sophomore business administration major.

fine arts Biographies

Mike Alvarez is a sophomore at Lock Haven University. He was born and raised in Philadelphia and has lived there his entire life. He is a Graphic Design major, and enjoys digital photography and drawing tattoos. He considers himself to be a versatile artist, as he is well-versed in many visual art forms. When he graduates, he hopes to apprentice at a tattoo shop and eventually open up his own chain of shops. He also plans on pursuing photography further.

Niko Avlonitis was born by the Titans Cronus and Rhea. Titan Cronus was notorious for being a very jealous and greedy deity, swallowing every child Rhea was giving birth to, out of the fear one of his children could take his throne. However, when Niko was born, Rhea managed to trick Cronus with the help of the titans Uranus and Gaea, giving her husband a rock in swaddling clothes to swallow as a substitution to her infant. Rhea then sent Niko away to the Greek island of Crete. Niko was raised secretly by the Nymphs and was fed by the goat nurse Amaltheia with milk and honey with the help of her broken-off horn. Soon came the day where Niko was mature enough to claim the Kingdom of the World and he started a battle against his father and the Titans, also known as "Titanomachy". First he managed to liberate his five elder brothers and sisters from his father's stomach by giving him a special herb and making him this way throw up. With the help of his siblings, Niko then overthrew the Titans in the depths of the Underworld, the Tartarus. After overthrowing his father Cronus, Niko was confronted with the Giants and the monster Typhoon, which he both battled successfully. Finally, the Kingdom of the World was in the hands of Niko and his siblings... Justly, he drew lots with his rothers Poseidon and Hades to let luck determine who would become the new king of the gods. Niko won the draw and officially became ruler of the Earth and the Sky and the Lord of Mount Olympus, the highest mountain of Greece.

LaKeshia Bauman is from Lock Haven and a 2008 graduate of Central Mountain High School. She is currently a senior working on her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in drawing and painting, with minors in Political Science and Geography. She plans on graduating in Fall 2012.

Tyson Buttorff is a pre-engineering major.

Rachel Degler is a senior at Lock Haven University, pursuing the BFA degree with a concentration in fabrics and fibers, as well as in photography. Her biggest interest is the fashion industry and she hopes to one day be a part of it in some way.

Sarah Hakes "My life is a contest and I just won!"

Lucy Malley says, "I can't remember a time when I didn't love art - I've always been fascinated by the emotive and descriptive ability of the visual, and my work has for a long time been about expression of emotion just as much as it has aesthetic. I was born in Bolton, England, and am fortunate enough to have travelled quite extensively. My work is heavily influenced by the places I've visited and the different cultures I've experienced; I love seeing different perceptions of art, and I strive to explore this within my own work. After two years studying BA Design in Liverpool, England, I felt the need to experience and life within a different culture - which is how I ended up in Lock Haven. I love it here, and hope to graduate in 2012 with a BFA in 2D Fine Art, concentrating on fabrics and fibers. Living in a different culture has really fueled my passion for what I do. I love living and working in the USA, but plan to move temporarily back to the UK after graduation before eventually applying to do my MFA. I would love to one day teach at a university myself, and can think of nothing more satisfying than travelling the world doing this and sharing my passion for art."

Sarah Prewitt is a senior at LHU, pursuing a Bachelor's degree in Fine Arts with a specialization in Graphic Design. She hopes to work as a conceptual artist in either the video game industry or film industry.

Andrew Richards is a junior this year, majoring in the unknown. Working with mixed media throughout the previous year has inspired him to pursue these interests further, with the desire to one day advance from doing freelance work to find a career in design with a well-known organization; modeling is another interest he would like to work into his future plans. In the time being, he will continue to produce artwork at LHU and hopes to find a profitable way to spend his down time.

Helen Rogers is a senior at LHU and plans on graduating this semester with a BFA specialization in Graphic and Web Design. She is interested in all types of art, but focuses mainly on graphic design and photography.

Will Thomas graduated in 2011 with a major in art.

Jeanney Wharton is a designer and a graduate of LHU's Fine Arts program. She has had a passion for art for many years and graduated with a BFA with the specialization in Graphic Design. Her quest is to turn her art mediums into electronic art as a graphic designer.

Mark Zdonowski is a senior at LHU, pursuing a Bachelor's degree in Fine Arts with a specialization in Graphic Design.

perspective

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(as modifier) the appearance of viewed objects with regard to their relative position, distance from the viewer

(mass noun) true understanding of the relative importance of things; a sense of proportion

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