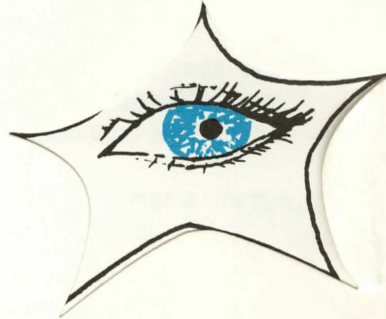


The Review



OF · ART · & · LITERATURE

WESTERN NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE

1988/89 LITERARY MAGAZINE



FROM THE EYES OF A CHILD

By Barbara Burton

I live my life undaunted by the
comings and goings of others.

The day is too short
Not enough time for revelry

The night too long
endless hours spent doing nothing

All that is important
the essence of life itself;
right and wrong and no more

My cares reserved for
friends, family and the
ants that toil in the grass

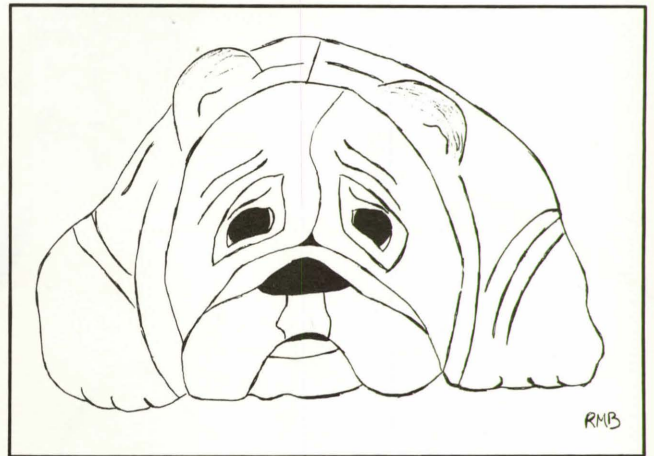
My world consists only
of that which I know

It is not for me to worry.

AS A CHILD

By A.T.

As a child holds the string to a kite,
I hold on to hope.
As a child cries when his balloon strays,
I cry when you aren't near.
As a child speaks to imaginary friends,
I speak through my writing.
As a child fears the dark,
I fear we will never be together.
As a child learns to read,
I learn from my mistakes.
As a child will always love to play,
I will always love you.



JUST CAN'T SAY GOODBYE

By Richard J. Chenier

I look in your eyes
And I see that you've been cryin'
I suddenly realize
That our love is slowly dying
I have no answers
Don't ask me why
For I may just breakdown and cry
I know it is wrong
For holding on so long
I don't know why
I just can't say goodbye
Just can't say goodbye.

UNTITLED #69

By Moises Afonso II

Do not touch my heart
Or play with my mind
My will is too weak
My nature too kind

Don't say that you love me
If it is just a lie
My soul is too gentle
My expectations too high

Don't speak of forever
While we make love
My mind is too fragile
Like wings of a dove.

DUSK

By Renée Bergeron

Hearts left yearning
Words left unspoken
Love forgotten -
 lying broken

Eyes filled with hurt
Pain unsubiding
Feelings left buried -
 slowly dying

Passion left burning
Hope left to decay
Memories neglected -
 fading away.

THE UNATTAINABLE ONE

By A.T.

Like the forbidden fruit
You remain in my sights
 Yet out of my reach.
It is you that I desire,
 Yet I cannot have you.
Fate brought us flirtatiously close to love,
 Then tore us apart.
 We started as equals
 But you rose out of my league.
Although my love for you will never die,
I know I can never have you
 Because-
You are the unattainable one.

WE WERE ONCE FRIENDS

By Laura Lynn Dant

We could talk about anything that crossed our minds. When I called, you were almost always there. When I needed to cry you held me tight, as any good friend could. When I needed to be loved, you loved me the best that any good friend could. When I needed to yell and scream you listened even if it hurt. When I needed to stand alone, you bowed out gracefully and didn't persuade me any other way. When you needed a friend I did the best I could. When you needed support, I stood next to you as close as I could. When you needed to be loved I gave as far as I could. When you smiled I knew it was because of a good friend that made me smile in return. When changes came I took strength from you and you took in return from me. With this strength it helped us build ourselves to what we are today. When I needed to go away you let me, you never begged me to stay. When I needed answers you gave the best that any good friend could. When it came right down to it we had it all. We had made our own mistakes along the way. We hurt each other at times, but we also learned how to forgive. We listened when it was right to. We gave to each other the best we could and we loved the best - more than either of us should. When it came time to say goodbye it was hard and neither of us will ever understand. When it came time to stop the love I couldn't, how about you?

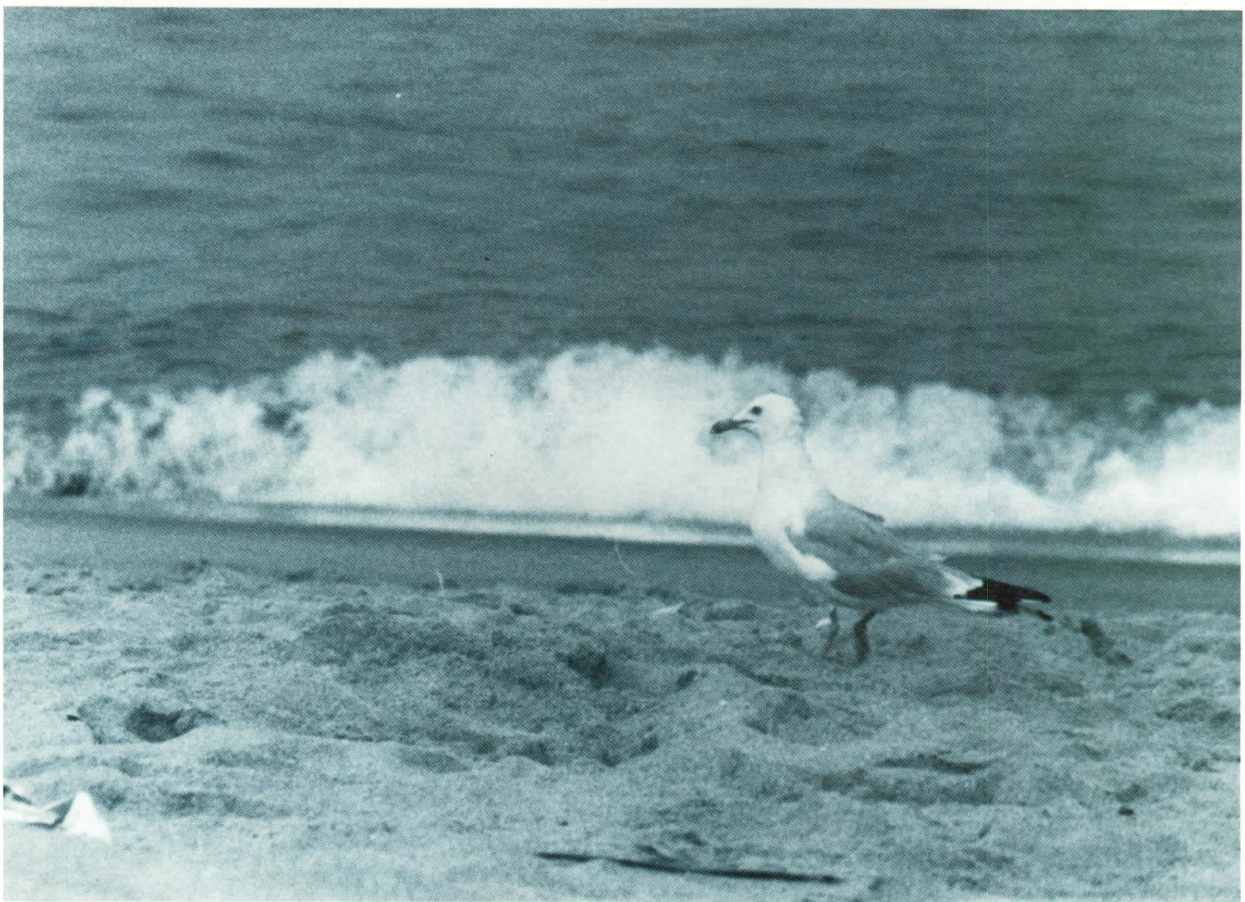


Photo by Dale Burnham

FRIENDSHIP?

By Patty Colbert

I planted a seed-
You caught my eye
The seed flourished-
You smiled my way
The plant grew-
You made me feel comfortable
My flower bloomed-
You were so special then
But the plant needed
love and care
to keep it strong
and beautiful
So did I
The flower was neglected-
So was I
The plant wilted-
As did our friendship
But I bought a new seed,
It's flourishing and surviving again--
Can we?

UNTITLED

By Carol Dunlap

Petals of a flower unfold,
Caressed by a strong, yet gentle, wind.
Hidden beauty that never grows old,
I, the flower, love you, wind.

DO NOT RETURN TO SENDER

By Tom Cruz

He said,
"You never call."
She said,
"I'm never lonely."

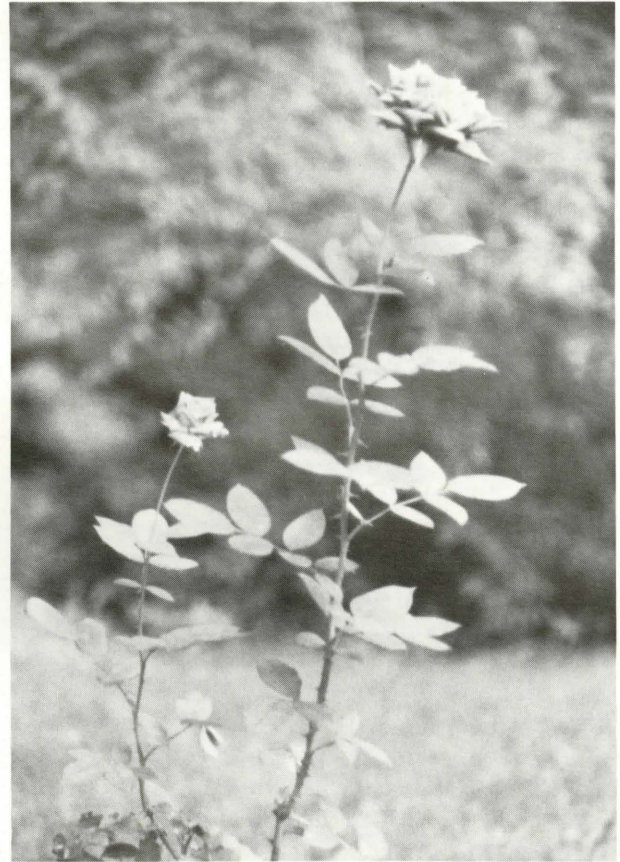


Photo by Dale Burnham

SUMMER

By Tom Cruz

July.
Hot.
And the night air is a kiss -
warm and wet.
I would sell my soul to stop time.
Then I might comprehend her,
and me.
In our private world -
a basement rug at 2 A.M.

PATRICIA

By *Meg Perham*

You made them believe
that behind that smile
there laid another...
that behind that laugh
there laid no cares,
But I knew...
I knew that
your playful wink
hid the tear in your eye.

That appearance of happiness
was your attempt at avoidance
from more pain.

You hoped for protection
when you showed them
a person who laughed,
a person who didn't cry.
But I knew you could...
I knew that you did.

But you always gave
the appearance of strength
when there was a weakness
trying to heal inside.

You cared
for my sorrows
as if they were your own,
though you yourself had wounds
that had yet to heal...

But please don't ever let them
lead you to believe
that all love ever gives you
is pain...

That all you'll ever have to show
for having loved
are wounds,
wet with tears...

To believe this
would make anyone
cease to give,
and I couldn't let you
stop giving
when I know from
all you've shared with me
that you have so much to give.

You gave me laughter and happiness
when mine was taken away,
you renewed my hopes
When I feared there were
none left to reach for.

You've given me something
which you haven't given
to many people...
a part of yourself.

And I want to put into your life
all the beauty you've put into mine.
I only wish
That I could take away
the pain you've felt
because of those
that had been too scared to give.
If only they had known
all the beauty they would have
received in return.
Perhaps
they'll never grow
as you have
from experience.

So don't ever let them freeze
that warm heart of yours
so that it cracks
and crumbles
into tiny fragments,
For it should be in one piece
when you finally find
that one, special person
who truly deserves you.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE

By Wesly (nom de plume)

It was the time
for you to encircle my neck
(the one you've wanted to break
every now and again)
and all the wrongs and rights
of passage,
all the chasing (in a circle)
like the gold you've placed on me,
must cluster your mind.
You must have wondered at times,
If when we dressed each other in flames,
If this would bloom to color.
And now as you chase me in that circle,
take a second look.
Maybe you'll see who's chasing who.

GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE

By Tom Cruz

I don't need arms to hold you,
For you are curled up inside me.
Like a gentle sleeping baby,
With innocence and gentleness,
Seen without awakening.

Oh, do I have to let you go?
Is there sweetness in parting's sorrow?
Will love burn again tomorrow?
Oh, goodnight my love, goodnight.

FIGHT FOR LOVE

By Charlie Hietala

Eternity is the unwinding of sunset
When the control is washed from the complexity of emotions
When words can't fit the solitude of the heart
Deep in the heart, where only a glimmer of sunlight futilely stretches
its bounds
And where I must ultimately allow you to love me.
This is not the me of my surroundings
But, this is the one I will not share without revolution
You must fight me to find me
Fire and ice do not battle as fiercely as I will fight you
First I will show you the gentle passion of mystery
The battle cry of war.
A war that is beyond all physical bounds.
To follow, I will use silence--but will you recognize my pleas of
disguised encouragement
I will be fierce, unyielding and stubborn 'til the end
If you understand my battle cry you will emerge the victor
It will be bloody, with many tears spent to rust through the armor
of my protector
But as victor, the walls of Jerecco will tumble
You will have won, the unselfish giving of the person I've so longed
for you to see.
And then my eternity will be you, as I watch the sunset's reflection
in you, the mirror of my heart.

IT

By T.D.

Being a kid, naturally I don't want to go to bed, so I whine and pout, using all the normal excuses why I can't go to bed. Like always, my mother, the amazon (all mothers are amazons at age five), brings me up the stairs.

She turns on the bath. I undress as slowly as I can. I stop every once in a while to look at the ceiling. At age five I'm fascinated with the ceiling. The only problem is the amazon gets mad and undresses me herself. She doesn't even bother letting me get into the bath. I hate having to take a bath because my mother always makes the water too hot.

Then I'm always worried that there's something in the bath. This spiny, poisonous fish swims around the bath. I've never seen it but I know what it looks like. It's long and slimy with beady eyes. It swims slowly through the water, its long narrow head going back and forth. Its fangs hang out of its mouth and long spines shoot out of its back. It splashes out of the way every time I try to look at it but I always get a look out of the corner of my eye.

While I'm daydreaming my mother washes me, whips me out of the bath and rubs me, trying to take off about four to five layers of skin. Too bad for me my bedroom is right next to the bathroom. So it's kind of hard for me to take a long time. I try my hardest to take three very long and crucial steps because if I go off the path I'll fall into the lava pit. I'm grabbed from behind by some awful beast. It must be Big Foot. Oh, it's only my mother fed up with me again.

I'm put to bed like every night - tucked in bed, told good night, and the lights are shut off. It's so dark at first I can't see anything. Soon my eyes adjust to the darkness and I see as I do every night the funny shadows that form on my wall. I don't mind these shadows at all. The shadow I don't like is the one It lives in.

It lives in the corner of my room farthest from my bed. Its eyes are large and bloodshot. Its long purple tongue reaches down to the floor. He licks his long fangs with his tongue, making funny, slurping noises. Its horns are sharp and long black fingernails dig into the rug. Its arms are longer than its body so it walks like an ape. By now I'm ready to wet the bed because I can hear it from where I am.

I throw myself under the covers hoping it won't get me, but I can hear it move. I go deeper under the covers. I've got a plan to stay up all night so it won't have a chance. I yawn every once in a while and soon fall fast asleep.



Photo by Dale Burnham

WE'LL MEET AGAIN

By John Morby

Fred Bland leads a plain, uneventful life. Fred owns and lives at a gas station in a barren area one-hundred and ninety five miles southwest of Carson City, Nevada. Fred rarely sees pedestrians or vehicle travelers come by. An exciting day for Fred is to count the tumbleweed that blows by in the harsh wind. Fred has no family, as his wife, Martha, and two siblings, J.J. and Jeffery, were tragically killed by a stampeding herd of cattle in the summer of '63. All other relatives perished earlier, some from old age, others' illnesses. For the last ten years, Fred has been working at his isolated service station, seeing fewer customers with each passing year.

Today is another routine day for Fred, as he rolls off his slate like pallet. It is a Tuesday, although he has lost track of the date, as he must ask one of the scarce people that pass his service station. Fred peers into his filthy cracked mirror, washes his aged face, then runs his wrinkled fingers through the remainder of his thin, gray hair, trying to get it to stay in place. Fred then sits on his twenty year old oak stool, which a passing customer, who was working for E. C. Wayward Furniture, gave to the elderly man as a gift on a snowy Christmas Eve. He then eats his oats for breakfast, belches twice, and rereads his newspaper dated September 16, 1969. After carelessly skimming through some now trivial columns and editorials, Fred goes out the tattered screen door in the front of the station and sits down in his rocker. The rocker squeaks harmoniously with the rhythm of Fred's feet pushing up on the stained, wooden porch. It is a harsh morning, probably around forty degrees Fred figures. His aged skin is tingling underneath his checkered chamois from the cool breeze blowing west.

In the distance, Fred spots a human figure approaching the service station, and he excitedly gets up, and starts sweeping the porch with his uneven, straw broom, trying to look busy. Fred squints at the approaching pedestrian as the morning sunlight shines brightly in his eyes. He does a double take, as the person looks familiar. "Probably an old customer," Fred says out loud to himself. The human shape is a few hundred yards away, and as the figure approaches closer and closer Fred can start to make out the face. He stares directly at the figure, then turns away from the sunlight, the wind now blowing in his face, and rubs his eyes twice. Fred turns and looks again, the woman now a mere twenty feet away from him. She is dressed in a familiar brown, cotton dress, which reaches the base of her ankles. The woman's white and gray speckled hair is parted in the middle and she has heavy creases on the edge of her mouth leading up to her nose. Her chestnut eyes are warm and inviting, and there is a familiar sparkle emitted from them. "My God, it can't be!" exclaims Fred. His mouth drops open, and his eyes widen. The aged woman walks up the porch stairs, looks up to Fred's tear-swelled eyes and places her soft, caring hands on Fred's scruffy face. The woman smiles at him, and there is joy in her eyes. Fred drops to his knees and stares in disbelief. "My God Martha" is all Fred can muster to say. All of the emotions Fred felt when Martha perished released as tears of love ran down the creases in Fred's face, leading to the crevice of his mouth. Fred lowers his emotional face down on her feet, starts mumbling through his tears, then coughs loudly, turns over twice in his uncomfortable sleeping quarters, and drifts off again.



WISH YOU WERE HERE

By Jill Alexander

I am sitting here
by my window
looking out at
the miles of empty space
like the emptiness
of my soul
since you have gone
away from me
And the snow
which falls so peacefully
and quietly
layer upon layer
like a soft blanket
of white cashmere
reminds me of
the quiet nights
we spent together
My eyes wander off
into the distance
beyond the descending
snowflakes to remember
another time when
all was not peaceful
but confused and loud
And now I realize
why you have gone
away from me
Like little bits of peace
in the middle of
so much chaos
we were together
and now
we are apart
Each tiny snowflake
has a story
full of uncertainty
and change
Each has a story
and so do I
But like the snowflake
I keep mine to myself
and travel peacefully
through the night.

DRAWING LIFE

By Scott Vadnais

Take this pencil,
And draw a picture.
Draw beauty,
And make the world richer.

Take this pencil,
And draw a sky of birds,
Draw a world,
Where cries of hunger are not heard.

Take this pencil,
And draw countries at peace.
Draw a world,
Where prisoners are released.

Take this pencil,
And draw a land.
Draw a place,
That is easy to understand.

Take this pencil,
And let your mind go.
Imagine the unimagined,
And learn what you don't know.

Take this pencil,
And make it last.
Draw your future,
And don't live in the past.

You hold the pencil,
But can you draw life?
A new born baby ?
A man and wife?

Take this pencil,
Can you draw love?
What is around you,
And all you dream of?

What is this pencil?
Just lead and wood?
Can you draw what you want
And make it real?
Do you think you could?

This is life,
No one can take it.
And just like life,
This pencil is what you make it.

FACADE

By Dan Kridelbaugh

People see me everyday, but do they really know who I am? I have so many facades. Faces that people see. I tell one thing but feel another. Facade.

Even my true friends don't know who I am. The reason for this is I truly don't know. I'm just an entity that walks and breaths. I do not know my purpose in life. When I find myself I shall die, for this adventure shall last a lifetime. Facade.

I need a person that can help me find myself through all my facades. That person would need to be strong, yet caring - feeling for my needs. They would need to put up with me in my silly moods and hold me when I cry. This is what I need. But until then I alone try to shift through these facades that are my life. This is my life - hoping and guessing at the true me. It scares me not to know who I am. So I wait. I shall overcome. Someday. Facade.

CHEERS

By Randy Merhi

We loved you so much when you were a pup
We loved you even more when you grew up
Your wagging tail put a smile on our face
And put all our problems back into their place

You were our best friend, so playful and fun
You were always there when our work was done
You made our lives happy and filled us with joy
Put a smile on every face be it girl or boy

When I think of you now a tear comes to my eye
But I do not feel sorrow, I do not cry
I think of all the good times and the way you made us feel
For that is the memory, that is what's real

You are no longer with us, that we can't deny
But your soul will always be with us, rain, snow or shine
No one can take your place, no one should even try
Your memory lives on inside our hearts,
We love you Cheers-
Goodbye.

THE CHALLENGE: BEYOND CONTROL?

By Karyn Souder

It was a cold day in December- so cold that the snow squeaked beneath the plastic of my ski boots, and every breath froze the inside of my nose. Excited laughter and echoing yells bounced around me as experienced skiers gracefully slid by on their way to the lodge. Feeling lost in a crowd of experience, I made my way to the ski rack.

"Skull Mountain", the sign read in bold black letters, with the skull and crossbones trademark just beneath. The name alone was enough to make me want to turn back. A dull ache began in my stomach as I reached for my skis.

I had skied before and I knew the basic do's and don'ts, but the challenge that lay ahead went beyond the basics. Only the do's counted today.

Four reported deaths since the beginning of the season ran through my head, as the bindings snapped securely around my boots. Fastening my poles, I headed for the lift line. It was a long wait, longer than I had expected. But who knew what to expect- possibly a broken bone, or even a broken will to ski it. Than there was always the lurking possibility of death.

Entering the chairlift I felt as though I had lost all contact with the earth. The sun was coming from behind but none of its effects could be felt.

The silent hum of the chairlift and my dancing shadow were all that was left; it was a sensation of flying. Looking across the valley I could see the road that just an hour ago I had entered on, it appeared to be as narrow and as twisted as a small snake's back. Slowly colored dots mastered the turns towards the parking lot.

Looking up I could see for miles. All mountain tops seemed to be below me, all appearing to be softly curved, perfect half circles. Slowly the view disappeared as the chairlift entered in between cloud layers. I could only see a field of cotton before me. The air became lighter and my breath more rapid as the peak crept closer.

The air brought about a majestic looking wave-like pattern of snow departing from the peak. The steepest and last stretch of my ride was before me. As the chair crept straight up, the wind began to whip my face, throwing small snow particles in my eyes. With them half closed, I could feel my skis touch back down on the frozen earth and I departed from the lift. The soft slope brought me down to the first trail, "The Crusher," this was the harder of the two. I paused momentarily to glance over the edge of one of the steepest trails in North America- an almost vertical drop of over 1,000 feet. The lodge appeared at the bottom, the ground surrounding it was dotted with the small, safe human figures and as small and secluded as it all looked, I longed for its safety. Fastening my goggles, adjusting my boots and securing my poles, I glided on.

Not many skiers tackled the terrain of "Skull Mountain" so I had no problem finding a spot to start at the top of "Cranium"; the second hardest trail in North America. I found my spot and my heart began to pound.

Planting my pole I shifted my weight. The snow was slippery and not groomed. Jagged edges fought against the control I was trying to achieve. Trees,

Planting my pole I shifted my weight. The snow was slippery and not groomed. Jagged edges fought against the control I was trying to achieve. Trees, moguls and rocks began flashing by but my attention focused on the immediate path - all my senses alive. A large mogul was in front of me. I hit it, my knees pounded my chest, knocking air out of my lungs. Gasping for breath, I tasted blood on my tongue, and a throbbing pain began in my mouth. Cutting, gripping, sliding, faster and faster - I was beyond control as I hit another mogul. I dug an edge and came around regaining a slower speed. My mind was scanning along with my eyes for the optimum path. A numbness began in my shins and lower legs, and a dull ache began in my upper calves. I was fighting with gravity. I needed to rest but there was nowhere to stop; I was forced to stop fighting. I had to glide now with the natural flow of the mountain. My speed increased again, but my legs could no longer fight off the gravity pulling me down. My neck straightened up to rest - I could see now that I was near the bottom. My speed began to decrease and I could hear the excited chatter from the lift line. Just as I thought I could take no more, my legs straightened out and the cramps in them slowly disappeared. Sliding to my finish, I found myself elated, I had done it, I had conquered "Skull Mountain"! And then, suddenly terrified, I had skied "Skull Mountain". Turning, I saw a tiny figure at the top of the trail. Four deaths pounded through my head and my exhausted body. A slight chill went up my spine as I turned and slid away.

MERRIAM AND ME

By Mike Maddaloni

If I were to take every word,
That man has ever heard,
And to them...
 Alphabetize, conjugate,
 Capitalize, punctuate,
 Analyze, mean them,
 Memorize, need them,
 Ingrave, prefix,
 Engrave, suffix,
Take all that and stuff it...
 Between two covers.
Then...
 Sell them, print them,
 Tell them, hint them,
 Import, export,
 Do all sorts
So people can
 Use them, abuse them,
Then call it a dictionary?

Nah.
But what do you think,
 DARLING?

UNTITLED

By Paul Stallmer

With two large bags, an attache case and seventeen glorious days of vacation in the pocket of his \$750 Italian design suit, Davis Weiss handed the cabby a twenty dollar bill for a fourteen dollar fare. With dollar signs in his eyes, the meatball shaped cab driver gingerly removed the executives luggage from the trunk of the oldest and most decrepit taxi in New York City. With a powerful arrogance Davis strode toward gate H31 where his commuter flight to Jamaica would be departing in eighteen minutes. With his boarding pass and first class seat already reserved he politely made conversation with a lovely stewardess as they waited to board.

Davis Weiss is a twenty-seven year old Marketing M.B.A. who now works for a very enterprising advertisement agency. He is basically a very personable and cocky young executive with a doctorate in bullshit. He is very trustworthy and loyal but a ferocious and shrewd professional who will use every edge to close a deal.

Davis has just closed a deal with the U.S.A.'s largest handgun company. This deal will bring 6.8 million dollars worth of business to his firm. He sealed the deal with a handshake and left the bulky paperwork to an aspiring young associate.

Davis awakens as his flight has entered its landing approach to a small Jamaican airport. He fastens his safety belt and gathers his carry ons. Below is a paradise of teal water and soft white sand that has others on board in awe. Davis gazes with a smile into the romantic scenery that awaits him.

After amazingly having no problem with luggage or his rent-a-car, Davis relaxes as he drives to the companies executive condo which was reserved for him by the V.P. of the company. Tonight, just pure relaxation, alone. A shower and a change of clothes is all Davis needs to rid himself of the grip that the city has on him. The tycoon has entered his relaxed mode.

As Davis drives up the dirt road to his palace he notices a sign promoting a reggae concert in Cristo square. He envisions a quiet dinner, several drinks and then attending what Jamaica is all about, a reggae concert. At this concert Davis's life will change forever.

Standing among the dreadlocked crowd was a trip in itself for Davis when a large Jamaican gonge cigarette was passed to him by the creature of his dreams. Her skin was deliciously bronzed by the sun, her mysterious eyes were hidden by her sensuously curled jet black, mid-back length hair. She simply said, "Enjoy Jamaica and all its pleasures." Unaware of the very potent marijuana cigarette in his hand he peered into her vast eyes. She smiled and turned away leaving Davis mesmerized by what he had just encountered. He puffed, smiled and listened to the tunes of Red Star, a popular Kingston band.

Davis's next three days would be consumed by this tropical flower of a woman. He was clueless as to where to look but he was very determined to see this woman again. After a day of intense searching Davis made his way to a very stylish club in the best part of Kingston. Behind the bar, wearing a muscle tuxedo shirt, hot pink tie and cummerbund, was his lady. Her hair was pulled up to some funky style that showed off the smoothness and the luscious texture of her skin. A very different look than Davis had encountered previously but perhaps twice as enticing. As personable as Davis is, conversation was no problem. The two took turns politely probing and interrogating one another often burning each other with passionate glares and insinuations. Davis, a street smart individual, was rendered defenseless at times by her flawless depiction of his playboyish lifestyle. He pleaded his case as she frequently fed him with shots of Jose Cuervo tequila, her favorite drink.

The two had lived each others' lives in the past four hours and when closing time rolled around there was little talking to be done. They childishly played as they

walked to her nearby villa. This is where Davis would be spending much time in the next week.

Lisa, this mysteriously beautiful woman, brought a new facet into Davis Weiss's life. Davis was always turned off by the stiff, insensitive and materialistic women that he had encountered in the city. Lisa added the sense of constant arousal inside of Davis. He would wake to eyes that could start a fire or freeze the sea. She was as placid and caring as she was ferocious and dominant. She was basically a carbon copy of the real Davis Weiss. Davis had found a body like no other, and more importantly, a mind to match.

Lisa's villa is modestly beautiful. Her self proclaimed jungle is a large bed that was elegantly canopied by green thriving tropical plants and vibrantly colored wild flowers. The patio poured into a white sanded beach which met a teal heaven only footsteps from her door. A massive cliff off to the right was the setting of a postcard. While living one, Lisa and her world had become Davis's dream.

Under a midnight blue sky and a neon moon, Davis relayed his message of love to Lisa without a word. Appropriately, Lisa, in her own mind, gave everything she had to Davis. As waves splashed the two from their toes to their waists they shared what would ultimately be a bond of eternal strength. They met in paradise and no matter where they go or what they do the paradise will follow. They are living a life of uncertainties and dreams but nothing they encounter will alter Davis and Lisa's permanent vacation.



AND THEY WERE PEOPLE

By Gary Vestuti

They showed me the way to the light
But never shined it too bright
They gave me a path to follow
And it was never too narrow

They allowed for wrong inside right
For it was a learning process all right
They understood my meaning of truth
Even if it was not the same as theirs

They did not care for a perfect diamond
Nor did they strive for a clone offspring
I lived by my name, not theirs
What I wanted, I could always try to bring to me

I was given a world to live in
Not a mold to fill
I often look around now
And can only wonder how.

UNTITLED

By Dale Mullen

The air was thick
the island looked close
the water was calm
the sail can be done.

Alert!!

Rescue came from aft
Rescue was unnecessary
The trip was to be made

Quiet

but wait!?

calm before a storm
waves grew
wind began to bite

SNAP!!

It bit my halyard
my sail unfurled
outta control
control that tiller
capsized, portside

Panic!!

Icy water
stay the mast
raise the sail
CONTROL.



Photo by Dale Burnham

UNTITLED

By Nick Lapier

The boy left when he was seventeen.
He hadn't even finished high school yet.
He left because he thought his parents were too strict on him.
He wanted more, I guess.
That one, quiet, summer night he left, leaving just a note on the table saying,
"Goodbye Mom... goodbye Dad. Love, your son."

It had been quite sometime now.
I'd say around three, three and a half years, and a lot has happened since then.
The boy returned, but at my home next door.
I answered and the boy asked me,
"What happened to our house? Where are my mom and dad?"

As hard as I tried, I put it like this,
"Son, there was a fire... your parents... well...
I can show you where they are... they are in the town cemetery... I'm sorry."
Thus, he now knows and walked away, darker than the night,
And quieter than quiet.

He reached the cemetery and searched all night
And when the morning's first light could be seen,
He found the tombstone.
And written on the tombstone was the inscription:
"Goodbye son. Love, Mom and Dad."

MY ROOM

By Robert J. Gray

It is hard to imagine. After eighteen years of living at the same house, I'm moving. This was a great big room, the master bedroom in the house. It was located up on the second floor and on your right. You could not miss it because you could see the double windows directly in front of you.

What a room, my room was. I remember the curtains my mother made, big blue soldiers that resembled the Civil War, drums and those old fashioned sewing machines back in those days. I kept them as a constant reminder to me that I could have those curtains even throughout my teens. I remember the first day I got my rug. The blue of the rug matched the color of the curtains. The fresh scent of a new rug is always noticeable, because it has its own. I remember that Christmas when I got my computer desk. What a project! My father and I took three days to do that desk, fitting each screw into place, constructing the shelves, gluing the printer stand and of course, the laughing over the missing pieces. I remember the day my parents got new bedroom furniture and I got their "hand-me-downs," big oak furniture, almost too heavy to carry, but I was pleased because it fit in well with the brown wood of the computer desk. I got used to their old furniture. I remember the first day I got a double bed. That night I was a king having a whole big bed to myself. I was sitting at the top of the world.

My room was once filled with childhood toys. As I grew up, those toys turned into adult toys. I used to have all sorts of guns, from machine guns to hand guns. Then there was the sports equipment that my dad had for me, everything from hockey sticks to baseball bats. My father was always big on all types of sports. He wanted his son to be "Mr. Athletic" and follow in his footsteps. Unfortunately for dad, sports went out for toys in the 1960's and in the 1970's Star Wars action figures were the "in" thing. I had every Star Wars' collector item in the book, from spaceships to little doll figures. Also around this time, I can remember my curiosity with Lego blocks. I used to build all sorts of things, from fake monsters to big towns and cities. My sister and I would have contests in my room to see how high we could go with the Legos before they all fell down.

Then came my teen years. The thought of toys turned to the thought of girls. I can remember this one girl, whose name is Rachel, who stayed in my room for two weeks during my high school's fine arts exchange with a school in England. She thought my room was great. This was the biggest room she had ever lived in. I can also remember when I was around seventeen, the days that my family spent painting this big room of mine. We were changing the color from the blue that matched the curtains and the rug to a common white that would go with my dark brown furniture as well. We seemed to have more paint on us than we did on the walls. The only fault I could find with my room was, at night (especially winter nights), the air would howl through the poorly sealed windows. I got used to that sound and now it puts me to sleep.

So now we are moving. Before I left my room for the last time, I sat on the edge of my mattress and looked around this empty place. There are no curtains, no sheets on the bed, nothing in the drawers or closet, no rug but a hard wooden floor for a substitute, and no sound coming from the window that puts me to sleep. As I looked around the room, I can still see and hear everything from days gone past.

I can still see those curtains hanging in the windows. I can still smell that fresh new rug, even when I go to my sister's apartment and see it on her floor now. I can hear my father laughing at the missing computer desk pieces. I can see that old furniture in my room, the first time the drawers had been empty since my parents first bought the furniture. I can still see myself sitting on the floor with my sister

on the opposite side of the room, building the tallest Lego structure. I can hear Rachel's happiness with the room. I can feel the wet paint on my body.

I leave the room and as I'm leaving the room, on the door is a plaque which says "Robert's Room," I take it off the door and stick it on the far side of the room. I walk out and close the door behind me. The memories will still and always be there.

NIGHTMARE

By Mike DiMugno

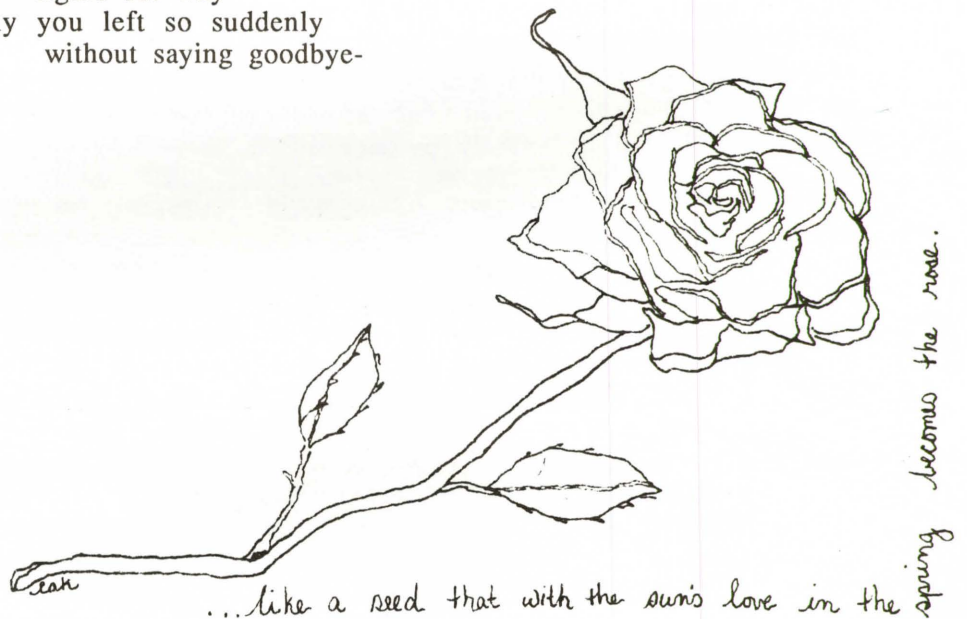
Sitting in a chair
Staring at the wall
I jump to my feet
As I hear a scream in the hall
I run to the door
My heart beating fast
Figuring out my moves
Hoping they won't be my last
As I open the door
It lets out a squeak
When I finally see what's out there
I let out a shriek
It turns around and faces me
I see the fire in its eyes
This is the moment to make my decision
About which is the one who dies
As it walks down the hall
My heart picks up its pace
And increased even faster
When I see this creature's face
It reaches out toward me
With one of its enormous hands
I try to duck away
But on my throat it lands
My pulse decreases slowly
And in a daze I fall
Then I suddenly wake up
In my chair facing the wall.



DARKNESS

By *Bonnie Aisluk*

That same song plays
on the radio
To remind me of the
nights not so long ago
never forget that I
still "Believe in Love"
cause when push comes to shove
you've gotta fight for what you love
And I'd be the first to defend
what was once mine
Although you and I were together
for a very short time
It meant so much to me
to have you at my side
But now I want to fade away and hide
I'll never stop trying to
figure out why-
why you left so suddenly
without saying goodbye-



...like a seed that with the sun's love in the spring becomes the rose.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND FISHING

By Jason Phillips

Fishing, the most serene of all activities, has soothed the human soul for thousands of years.

At first, fishing was used primarily as a life-support system (because those who did not fish died), and gradually turned into more of a game. In the old days, the one with the largest catch stayed alive through December. But today that same person would be awarded a trophy or cash reward. Fishing has gone through vast transformations in history and few actually respect what it was originally used for.

For instance, fishing is now brought directly to your living room via the great invention of the twentieth century that we call television. Many a macho man has settled in his armchair to watch two ex-convicts named Bo and Chet haul in the catch of the day. Such activity only promotes fishing ignorance, totally bypassing the true history of the sport, and disregards the message that we should be aware of.

Shakespeare has always seemed a little like fishing to me. A lot of people today have little or no respect for what his writing means or contains.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, William Shakespeare was revered and honored throughout the land. His plays and sonnets were read by all who could read and productions of works such as "King Lear" or "As you like It" were shown to packed houses.

But Shakespeare has had a bit of a falling out with another invention of the twentieth century: the American high school student. To a great many of these people the word Shakespeare is a synonym for a long, arduous assignment in English class. The fact that there are too many "who art thou's" and long symbolic plots that are seemingly too difficult to follow scares the average kid, and he/she begins the Shakespeare journey with a bleak outlook.

And heaven forbid we should have to watch Lawrence Olivier as Hamlet on the VCR in class. Most people would rather sleep than listen to Hamlet's first soliloquy, or the remorse he feels towards the death of Ophelia. Kids will watch this brilliant adaptation of one of the greatest works in literature moving their eyes up and down between the screen and the clock. It is unfortunate that they should not be aware of the importance of a work that is seemingly lost in time.

Therefore Shakespeare, like fishing, is gravely misunderstood. If not for fishing, it would have been very difficult for our forefathers to survive (and for us to exist). Without the works of William Shakespeare, the language we speak and the way we write would be centuries behind what it is today. There is no apparent solution to this problem, and it seems as though these and other historical human creations will soon be forgotten with the passing of the years.



JUXTAPOSITION

By Lee Totten IV

The first rays of light from the morning sun slowly filtered through the fog and into the streets. It had been a chilly night, and the dew glistened on every surface. Already the low, grumbling hum of the traffic could be heard in the distance, echoing through the vast expanse of corporate skyscrapers and posh hotels. Polished silver and shiny glass were the primary components of the city, a world of steel and plastic that felt unreal and distant. And yet there was an energy throughout, an energy that lay just below the consciousness. It could be felt in the streets, but never identified.

High up in a pristine penthouse above Park Avenue, Phillip McKinstry was just beginning his day. He lay on his back, staring at the ceiling, trying to shake the sleep from his head. A quick glance at the clock confirmed that it was time for him to take action. He deftly rolled out from between the silk sheets of his bed and stumbled off to the bathroom to shower.

Half an hour later he was reclining in the back of a black Cadillac limousine drinking down coffee and checking the financial section of the Times while his driver and confidant John steered him through the early morning traffic. Phillip ran through the day's agenda in his mind: general office work until 11, then a luncheon with the CEO of Walburtons to discuss a joint venture undertaken by both Walburtons and Phillip's own company. After that, a series of board meetings with various members of the company, followed by more office work, and finally a large dinner party in his honor at the Waldorf. It was going to be a busy day.

In the street outside, a taxi cab attempted to change lanes, causing the limo to stop suddenly. John sounded the horn in protest, and coffee dribbled down the front of Phillip's silk tie and custom suit. He cursed; it was going to be one of those days.

The sound of the horn reverberated through the street and woke Phillip Anderson from a sound sleep. He slowly opened his eyes and squinted in the morning sun. A chill swept over him, and he pulled his blanket closer around himself and attempted to fall back asleep. He found the rumble of the traffic to be soothing, and drifted off quickly.

He was only vaguely aware of the dull pain in his side. When it persisted, he woke up once more. Something blocked the sunlight, and someone stood over him.

"Alright, let's move it along," the figure above him coaxed.

"Just a few more minutes," Phillip croaked, his voice harsh and grating.

"Sorry pal. If it was up to me I'd let you, but I simply can't allow it. You've got to move along."

Phillip slowly lifted himself up off of the sidewalk, gathering his blanket around him, and stumbled off away from the police man. He figured that uptown was as good a place as any to head.

"Ah, Mr. McKinstry," the maitre d' said and smiled, "So good to see you again!"

Phillip had always wondered if the man's French accent was real or whether he'd learned it in maitre d' school. He knew it didn't matter, but he was always curious.

"Good to see you as well Jacques," Phillip said amiably, and shook the man's hand. "Has Mr. Walburton arrived yet?"

"Not as of yet, sir. What time are you expecting him?"

"Well, we agreed on eleven o'clock, which I suppose gives him fifteen more minutes. Will you send him to our table when he arrives?"

"Yes, Mr. McKinstry. I have you seated in the pavilion section today. George will show you to your seat."

A young man dressed smartly in a black tuxedo smiled and nodded at Phillip and his vice president, Clark. The two followed George through the posh restaurant and out into a glass enclosed room that provided a view of Central Park. Lush grass gently rolled down to a small pond, where a family of ducks calmly swam back and forth.

Only moments after being seated, Mr. Walburton arrived. There was the usual flurry of handshakes and exchanged greetings, and then everyone settled down. George returned just as they became comfortable.

"May I take your orders?" he asked.

There was a general consensus of nods.

"Mr. McKinstry, what may I get you?"

"I'll go with the filet mignon, medium rare, and a bottle of your best red wine."

Pangs of hunger echoed dully through Phillip's stomach, but he ignored them. He had been walking all morning and had made it to midtown, but fatigue had set into his legs. With a sigh, he slowly lowered himself to the sidewalk and rested. The wind was cold, and Phillip pulled his blanket around himself. People walked by him, averting their eyes and stepping aside. Down the street he spotted a trash can. He raised himself up and stumbled over to it. Rummaging, he found part of a half-eaten pretzel. He quickly consumed it and walked on further down the street.

He thought that perhaps he had been on this street before, but he couldn't remember. Many of the days ran together, and only the passing of seasons made any sense.

"Daniel take me away" he screamed suddenly. "Daniel, where are you?" he cried. Daniel was his dead father, and Phillip often called out for him when he felt down. He turned towards a young man walking down the street.

"Have you seen Daniel?" he asked. The young man brushed by without even blinking. Phillip was crying now, and he wasn't sure why.

Sometimes Phillip wondered if he was all right. Sometimes he wouldn't remember whole days. He vaguely remembered being in a hospital, but that was a long time ago. He couldn't remember how long ago it was.

On the ground, someone had dropped part of a hot dog. Ants scurried across it, but Phillip picked it up anyways. He brushed the ants off with his finger before putting it in his mouth. The ants would have to look elsewhere for a free meal, he thought to himself.

Phillip then composed a short song about ants to amuse himself. He sang it as he walked.

"Ants ants ants ants crawling crawling across the ground without a sound ants ants ants...."

Phillip checked his watch: it read five minutes of seven. An unfamiliar uneasiness made its presence known in his stomach. He straightened the bow tie on his tuxedo one final time, and downed a Martini.

"Uh, Mr. McKinstry, we're all set for you out here," a young man in a Waldorf-Astoria suit called from outside of the closed door.

"Let's go Phil," he said to himself, and walked into the hallway. The page led him through a series of doors and finally into a small room decorated tastefully in mauve. Through yet another door Phillip could see the podium and a large crowd assembled in his honor.

"And now ladies and gentleman," the voice of his longtime friend Dominique echoed through the public address system, "the man we've all been waiting for. He's

the man who has single-handedly built this company up from the ground. It is as a result of his hard work that we all benefit, although he benefits with BMW's and we all have Buicks...."

Laughter rang through the banquet room. Phillip smiled, even though he didn't own a BMW. He preferred Porsches.

"But regardless of what kind of car he drives, he's a man who deserves recognition for his achievements. Just today, Phillip poured his own cup of coffee for the first time! Folks, Phillip McKinstry!"

Applause and laughter flowed through the room, and Phillip stepped out to the podium, squinting in the bright glow of the spotlights aimed at him.

"Thank-you Dominique for that WONDERFUL introduction," Phillip began. "I'd like to stress that while I may have poured my own coffee this morning, I still had help with the cream." He smiled and paused, while the crowd obliged him with laughter.

"They love you Phil," he said to himself.

Darkness descended on the city, and the pangs of hunger were evident once again in Phillip's stomach. Coldness swept through the air, and he pulled his blanket around him. He searched a nearby trash can for food, but found none.

The scent of coffee drifted below Phillip's nose, and he closed his eyes to savor the smell. He imagined drinking a cup, with the warmth slowly seeping through his body.

"Daniel," he said out loud, "I need coffee." The sun was still visible, suspended just above the horizon. Long shadows stretched from every angle, and the few people still on the street bustled towards their destination, eager to escape from the chilly evening. Phillip ran his hands through the pockets of his trousers and found nothing.

"Daniel," he said to the first passer-by, "have you some change?" The young man, with his briefcase clutched tightly in both hands, ignored Phillip and kept walking without so much as a glance.

"Do you have some spare change?" he asked an older couple as they approached, his voice barely a grumble. They too continued walking. He tried several others as well, but silence was his only response.

"Oh Daniel, Daniel, no coffee tonight," he muttered as he walked onward through the city.

Phillip leaned back into the stream of warm water that cascaded over his shoulders, and let the heat soak into each of his tired and sore muscles. A shower at the end of each day was something that Phillip made a point of doing, a way to symbolize the finish of the day, in much the same way that an after-dinner drink signals the conclusion of a fine meal.

As he stepped out of the shower and towelled himself off, he caught his reflection in the mirror. For a moment he stared, stared into his own black eyes, at the strong, prominent jaw, and his brown hair that was thinning ever so slightly. He flashed a smile, and was pleased to find that he liked the way it looked.

He remembered back all of the years that he had spent in college, preparing for the business world, and finally the climb to the top. It hadn't been easy, and he could see the strain of the struggle in his face. Small lines that he was very conscious of, just beginning to appear below his eyes. Life had been tough, but he had survived, and he had won.

Phillip slipped into his pajamas and crawled under the silk sheets. He set the alarm for six o'clock, as he always did, and turned out the lights. He felt comfortable in the darkness, and quickly fell asleep.

A siren sounded in the distance, and Phillip slowly turned towards the street. They were deserted now, and this depressed him.

"Daniel, Daniel, Daniel, Daniel, where are the people. I don't like it when the people are gone. So tired, so lonely, so hungry. Sometimes I wonder what I am. Oh Daniel."

He turned towards a shop window and stared at his reflection. His hair was long and scraggly, with a full beard covering his face. It was dirty and unkept. His clothes were torn, and his blue blanket was wrapped around his shoulders. A ski hat, discarded by someone months earlier, covered his head. Dirt and grime mixed with the deep lines that crossed his face.

"Oh Daniel," he said, "Sometimes I think that I am not good. Sometimes I think I have done bad. Who knows what I think? Who knows if I should complain? Who knows Daniel...."

He staggered over to a small alcove in front of a bakery. There was a heating grate nearby, and Phillip lowered himself to the sidewalk and curled up, pulling the blanket close around him. He shut his eyes and tried not to shiver in the cold.

"Oh Daniel, oh Daniel. Who knows...."



Photo by Dale Burnham

· UNTITLED

By Nick Lapier

The Leaf, shining from the Sun, just barely attached.
Beautifully colored yellow, amongst many other colored leaves.

You can just see it glistening with color.
There now, on its journey.
The only trip it will take... To its grave.

Look how it just glides through the air.
Making swift turns in the wind.
Cutting its way down through the empty air.

Then, it finally lands with a crash.
Where is the color? Where is the beauty?
The journey is ended.

POEM #2

By Carol Dunlap

I tell you, you must break free.
Cut the chains on your soul.
Liberate yourself from this misery,
Look fear in the eye-- be bold.

You'll experience deepest loneliness.
You'll question your existence on earth.
It will be for you a tremendous test,
And your character will go through rebirth.

But you must go through this process,
Else be forever unsure
Of yourself in your life's quest.
You must be able to endure!

Forget about insecurity,
Bravely cut your own path.
You'll make it through any tragedy,
And stand tall in the aftermath.

HEARTS

By Meg Perham and Patty Colbert

Hearts are so small
and defenseless when
they love and get nothing
in return.

But when love is given
it grows and flourishes
with the caring and trust
of another.

When love is taken away
the heart is left alone
and the walls become weak
without any substance
to keep them strong.

And the next time the heart
feels the need to give
so very much
only to get so little
in return

So it turns to change its direction--
away from love...
away from pain...
away from tears...
away from all the beauty
it could gain--
from one more try.

UNTITLED

By Paul Tarsook

And suddenly it moved, and as quickly as it did... it stopped. Once again first gear in a standard car was almost impossible to control. I would try again, but this time I pulled out the big VW key that fit so snug in the ignition of my VW Scirocco. I leaned back, put my Vuarnets on and said a little prayer:

"I've tried moving my car for the past hour,
Oh please, please let me get out of my...
...driveway."

I said this hesitantly because somehow, somewhere, sometime this car would move. "It's my first car," I said, and I wasn't planning on going anyplace important right now, all I wanted to do is to go somewhere!

I remember when I first saw this car. I was on my way to my cousin's house, sitting on a street corner, and the funny thing was, I passed it every day without seeing the "For Sale" sign taped to its window. It was a sports car, something I wanted to have as a means of transportation. It had a silver exterior that had some rust spots on it from place to place. It was a VW Scirocco with a sporty shape to it, slanted nose, only two doors - it almost resembles a De Lorean. I loved the interior, maybe because it had a cassette deck. The radio was the only thing I cared about in a car. Without a radio in a car, or at least, a good radio, a car wouldn't be worth driving. It has a black leather interior with tinted windows and Riccaro type adjustable seats. The only thing I didn't like was the ceiling. It was an off white now because the original owner was a smoker and from the looks of it he smoked about two packs a day. I guess I liked the car because it was standard and it was fast.

I looked around and saw that my mother was still in the kitchen window, with that big smile on her face.

"What are you planning to do, live in there?!"

I found myself laughing, not because it was funny, but it was true. I was most likely not going to get out of this car until I had gone somewhere and came back.

My dream of a car was now turning into a nightmare. Freedom of going anywhere in this car was now the feeling of sitting in my driveway - probably until the next morning.

My dad stepped out from his workshop in our just-built house, "the barn" as I called it. It's big and red and looks like something from a farm. It has the same shape and I used to bring my guitar and amp over into it so my parents wouldn't have to listen to me play. It was also as cold as one.

"Paul," he said to me, "you've done this before. Come on, get out of here."

My dad was right. I had done this before, but the "before" was just driving back and forth in the driveway. Now that it was registered, insured and had a great license plate, 557 MIA (missing in action), I wanted to live up to the name my friends had given my car.

I held the ignition key to the setting afternoon sun, something inside of me told me everything was right. I gently put the key in, pushed the clutch down, made sure I was in first gear and as my dad taught me, "Release the clutch and add the same amount of gas, maybe even more gas in some situations!" So I did, and I did move out of my driveway and down the hill which led to the road to the main road. I had to stop again, so I pressed in the clutch and put pressure on the brakes. I came to my very first stop. I looked back at my house and a smile came to my face. I was finally on my way. Where I was going didn't matter. I could plan that as I was on the roads.

I even felt confident enough to put my first tape in the radio, Def Leppard, the song was "Rocket" and I was ready to go.

I felt incredibly emotional, I was ready to "run the roads" as my dad said I would. So I released the clutch and thought that I was going to be unstoppable behind the wheel of my silver machine. But what I forgot was to give it some gas... so there I was, all ready to go... and stuck at the end of my street.

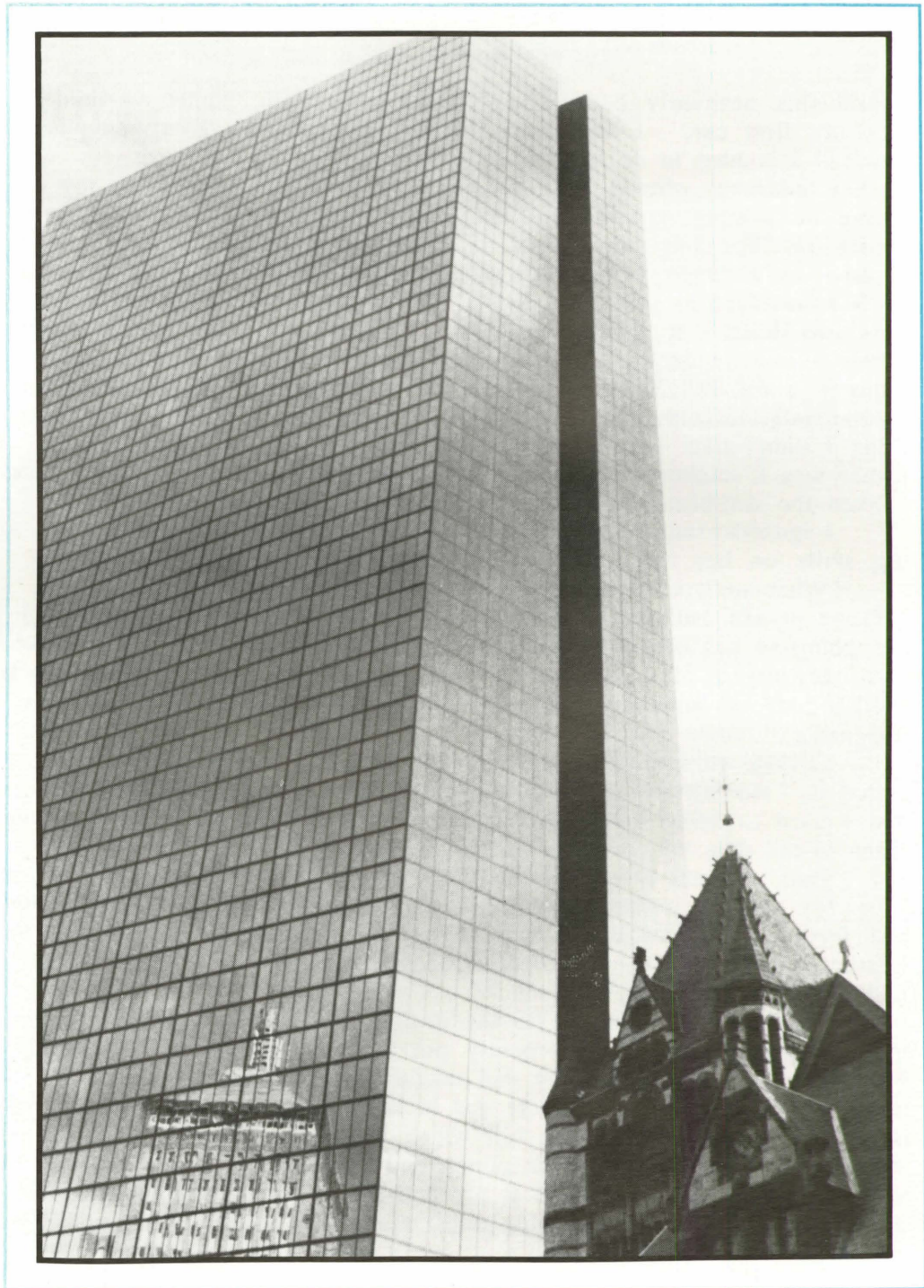


Photo by Dale Burnham

THE CHILD IN ME

By Julie Boyce

Lonely
Empty
Crying
A small child in me sobs
I wonder...
When will this go away
I can not hold on any longer.
I try to hold her
Rock her
Whisper in her ear...
Tell her she will be O.K.
She does not listen
She only cries louder.
Sadness
Darkness
Sigh
She rests
Collapsing in my arms.
Her cries begin to wane

It is over - for now
Until I am once again
Reminded that I must
Try to survive and endure
Living my life
With the child in me
Which can never
Find a place to cry
But must hide herself
Deep within me
Waiting...
to be held
to be touched
to be healed
How does one fix a broken
heart...

I wonder.



Photo by Nick Lapier

GRADUATION

By Bernice F. Lord

Entombed in this crusty shell,
I cannot feel, touch or smell.
Sometimes, I like its shelter
from the world so cold.
But, other times I've wished to
break free of its hold.
I long to smell sweet honeysuckle
on a warm summer night.
And take off my shoes and dance
'til dizzy with delight!
Very soon, this shell will crack.
Then my wings will open.
The day I don the mortar
and receive my token.
Then, I will take flight and soar.
No more numbness to my senses.
Free at last, the world to explore.
On the day my life commences.



Photo by Dale Burnham

A REFLECTION

By Norm Lavigne

A cold and damp Sunday morn,
The type New England's famous for.
Another weekend has come and gone,
Good times, great memories, a new week is born.

We sit and gaze and sort our thoughts,
Of what we remember... or should have forgot!
Big test on Monday, homework galore,
I'll watch T.V. instead, that's what weekends are for.

It seemed like just the other day
I was here as a freshman, forever to stay.
So many people from that first strange year
Have left this place - but memories remain so near.

If we could do it over again,
I don't know if we'd change.
We must instead look toward tomorrow,
And turn the next page.

Only time will tell who will stand times test,
But because of these four (or five) years,
we've got a jump on the rest.
It's an incredible life we're all aware,
But it's still a life so drivers beware.

None of us want this college life to end,
For it means expulsion into a world we're not sure is a friend.
But that time draws near even if you're not a senior,
So readers take heed, enjoy, because it's almost all over.

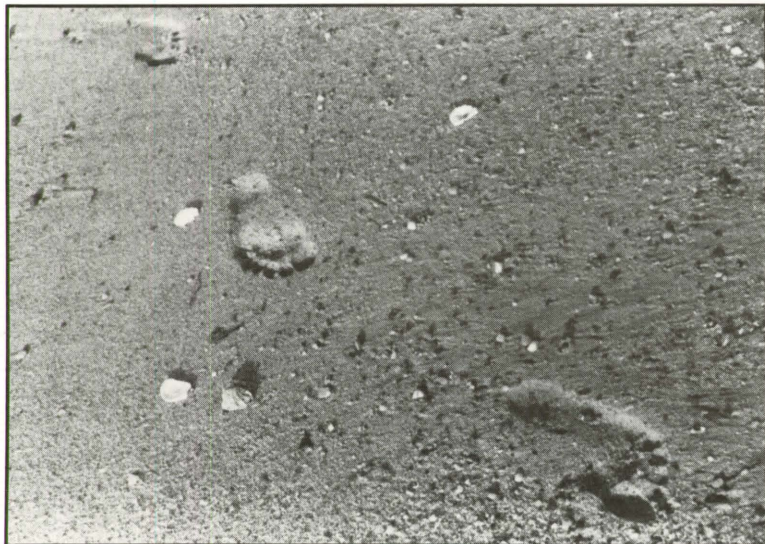


Photo by Dale Burnham



Once again, I would like to thank all those people who have contributed in any way to the publication of the second edition of The Review of Art and Literature. We were overwhelmed with great submissions this year. Unfortunately, however, we could not put all the submissions that we would have liked to into the magazine due to space constraints.

I would like to extend special thanks to the staff of The Review who spent countless hours reading and rereading submissions. Special thanks also go to Don Lendry from Josten's Printing and Publishing who was extremely patient and helpful in the layout and printing of the magazine.

I hope you enjoy the second issue of The Review of Art and Literature and continue reading and writing for the magazine.

Sincerely,

Renée M. Bergeron

Renée M. Bergeron, Editor
The Review of Art and Literature

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