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The Folks Who Put This Together
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words dance past continent and cranium

Take me to a place I've never been.
Take me back when something pulled together everything
   to make this world.

Take these fingers; touch to cold, smooth marble thigh.
Take ears in brain. Now trumpets dance with strings.
   Step together. Move apart
   in your room big enough for one.

Take me to a boat where there's dark and wet,
   and back and forth, and the floor, and hate,
   and a chain around my ankle, and me.

Take me to the ocean seen through feminine eyes,
   the first to experience such expanse
   of water and sky, such freedom of air,
   rushing movement through clouds and blood through veins.

Make me dark shadows dancing with attic corner partners,
   nervously darting to hide a girl who guards the 14 years
   she calls her life, whose future risks theft by men
   who know lands and homes, but rarely names.

   Let these hands smear blood, cradle stillness
   between trembling palms, and hold a dark haired head.
Then let me watch a mouth that once spoke words I did not know
   say nothing.

Yes let these hands drip blood, grasp movement
   between clutching fingers, pull smallness from safety
   into this big, unssoft world;
   let me hear first frantic gulps of breath
   that make me gasp with shock
   at their similarity to my mother's last.

Then take me envy; burn my veins.
   Lust ooze out my pores.
   Let me inhale laughter.
   I can swallow love.

Hand me life. Yes give me books.
   You, share your words.
   Take me places I've never been.

— Lisa Kean

Limbo

No answers.
No directions.
A blank sky.
A deaf sea.

We are the Limbo Travelers:
   Origin unknown.
   Destination unknown.
And we cling,
Like mad abandoned children,
To "Facts," "Truths," "Laws."
All gross gestures in the dark.

— Tom Fugalli
Despair

tap, tap, tap
constant beating
annoyance
again i attempt my task
again annoyance
EXIT

— Michael Morabito

The Escape

The pressure builds
A seat on the bus
The next stop is gracefully mine
Excruciating pain
A run down the alley
The release—stench—crime
RELIEF

— Michael Morabito
Well sometimes I
I hate I hate I hate I hate
I hate I hate I hate
and don't need.
I don't.
Need need need need anymore.
Yes I
I
I
I
miss
Well, sometimes
I
miss
I
loved you.
Deeply.

— Lisa Kean

Springtime Midnight

I am sitting here with the memory
of my midnight.
One single moment —
One solitary voice
Singing out to the glimmering
Stars with a hoarse voice
Strained from cigarettes and song..
One solitary voice — alone at first,
Happier that way.

I am sitting now with the memory of a
Midnight months gone by.
One single night I knew the answers to all the worlds problems,
yet never my own.

Endless chatter of raindrop origination,
Hallucinations in the gutted sky.
Thinking of nothing yet
Knowing it all.

He moved over to share my towel and
Nestled closer to share my queen dream and
Then he kissed me.

I am sitting now with the memory of that
Midnight months gone by.
He left me then.

He loved me, you know.

— Cathy Sanglyn
Life
Life's mystery can be found
Somehow
Locked in time
Wrapped in cool fluids
And ironically obvious
In the eyes of a beached whale.

— Tom Fugalli

Inspiration
Deep. The cast-iron garden gives birth.
Cryptic creation on the ocean floor.
Bubbling up; wanting air; wanting life.
Running down my cheek; wanting a name.
What are you?
Alone; stumbling; carrying my creation through thorns.
Recognized. Raised above the herd.
Exposed; I hang up here.
Immortal and bleeding.

— Tom Fugalli
The room — my room — was darkened by the setting of the sun. There remained a perfumed stench in the air. I snuck into Daddy’s room and stole Mom’s “Wild Musk” and sprayed it around the room. She wouldn’t need them anymore, she died two years ago. I could see the specks of perfume casting its pleasant scent on the dolls and stuffed animals evenly dispersed about my room. I didn’t dare spray the odors on me — I would smell too much like her. It was bad enough that Aunt Sally, Dad’s sister, kept telling me how much I resembled my mother’s facial features. Headlights from passing cars flashed on the back wall of my room. The shadowy beams allowed me to see only glimpses of the family portrait that hung above my dresser. My mom’s face seemed to show up the most — it was her smile. My lips formed the same curvature as though destined to eat sour foods forever. The gold cross that hung loosely over the edge of my desk reflected its bright tone into my dialated pupil. My eyes remained fixed upon this object and I was unaware that my father had been there for some time. His voice brought me back to his presence. The comfort I felt when he was there overwhelmed me. it didn’t seem real when he touched me.

I ran home and into the kitchen to show Mother the puppet I had made in school. I named it Ellie after my stuffed teddy bear.

“Oh that’s lovely,” Mom said, “is it a mouse?” My eyes glazed over and a smile broke loose on my face.

“Yes Mommy it is,” I replied.

It was just about time for dinner. Daddy arrived home from work. I ran to him with the same excitement as I did my mother.

“Is it a cow?” he asked. My face dimmed and I left the room abruptly. I heard mother’s soft voice address my father. He came to my room at once and hushed my sobs with his manipulative hand strokes. I felt a tenderness underneath his touch. He made me feel happy.

Sometimes at night Daddy would come into my room, that is where I spent most of my time. I listened to the gravel roll under the car tires and spit back out once they fully rotated — I knew Daddy had just pulled in the driveway. “Sammantha, dinner is waiting,” he called, “and yell to Blake, he’s in the backyard on the swingset.” Blake is three years younger than I am and for a four year old he is rather intelligent. Dinner was the usual fast food stuff. Our talk was limited to Dad’s complaints about his work and the fact that he missed Dina, my mother. He was the boss of some advertising firm, something like Metrographies. I never knew what the word meant. I just liked it because it sounded so complicated. After dinner I would help my father clean off the dishes and return to my room. Blake would come in an hour later and ask me to read him a bedtime story. It was then my turn to read my own goodnight story. I flipped through the pages of Where The Wild Things Are and waited to see if father decided to come in and comfort me. The nights would vary — according to how much he missed my mother. I fell asleep early with the book opened and pressed against my body.
I would look through the window and watch the children come home from school. The boys would pull up the girls' dresses and the girls would run away as if they didn't enjoy it. There was one girl, I was never sure of her name, who used to dangle behind the crowd of children. She had beautiful blond, bouncy hair and a pear-shaped nose. She always wore black patent leather shoes. That was unheard of at our school. We were supposed to wear the shoes cheerleaders wore on television. My mom used to laugh every morning when I put them on.

She said, “Are you going bowling after school today?” I had to laugh, they did look funny.

“Mommy, I hate these things, can you buy me a pair of patent leather shoes?” I said. Whenever we went shopping she would tell me that next time, I would have leather shoes. I never got them.

I moved my gold cross to my bed stand. I wanted to be able to reach over and hold it whenever I had nightmares. I always had one where I fell down the stairs with no end. I'd wake up before I hit the bottom or maybe I would never hit it — I don't know. Daddy came into my room. My hands were sweaty. I didn't know what he would do to comfort me this time. He said, “Sammantha we're going to try something new today. Something I know you'll like.” Daddy pulled down his pants and came closer to me. I turned my head to face my bed stand. He turned it back again before I had a chance to look at the gold cross. He said, “think of a lollipop, a lollipop.” The words entered my ears and slowly drifted away until I coughed so hard — I threw up all over him.

Our neighborhood was not full of children as most seem to be. Most of the unfriendly neighbors were rich grandparents. They were the type of people who would yell at Blake and I when our ball would accidentally roll into their garden. The only other child on our street was Molly. She was my age. I used to play with her occasionally, mainly when my mom was busy with household chores and Dad wasn't home yet from work. I didn't like her too much. She was too simple.

Christmas Eve I didn't care to celebrate but Dad wanted a party. Dad had only one brother and one sister, both married but without children. Mom's family would never visit after her death. I have no close friends. No special person that I wanted to invite. It turned out to be a small and boring celebration. I went up to my room to finish reading The Catcher in the Rye. Dad came upstairs and yelled at me. I was expected to hold idle chat with a bunch of people I didn't care about. My father said it was only proper. “What do you know about proper?” I said, and he slapped me.

I changed my room around. I needed to. I moved to the other side of the room so that every morning my eyes were startled by the rising sun. I moved my dresser, along with my family portrait, opposite my bed again. I packed my stuffed animals and my Dancing Beauty Barbie in Hefty bags and stored them downstairs. I figured that since I was eleven I should put away my child fetishes. Besides, mom used to tell me that they cluttered up my room. She said she hated to dust my furniture because she'd have to take all of the animals and dolls off the shelves and place them back again exactly where they were. I used to check to make sure — I don't know why. Dad entered the room. He slammed the door behind him and yelled at me for changing my room around.

“Dad, I like it better this way,” I said. “What are you so afraid of?”

He replied, “I'm not the one that is afraid.” and placed his coarse hand upon my breast. I shivered. His touch left me with a numb sensation that traveled through my body. I shook harder this time — but it was from a different touch. I allowed myself to look beyond his parted lips, his penetrating limbs, over to my cross on the bedstand. He jolted my head back. I closed my eyes and remained confused by his presence. I heard him mumble my mother's name.

It was Friday — grocery day. Blake came along with me to make sure I bought his Apple Jacks cereal and other junk foods. When we had finally picked out our items and were ready to go to the check out aisle, I stopped to stare at a couple. They were throwing this little rubber ball back and forth. They had found it on the floor. I used to ask my mom for ten cents every time we were ready to leave the grocery store, so that I could buy one of those multi-colored bouncing balls from the gum ball machine. I could never catch them — they had too much energy. I heard some more laughter to the other side of me. I saw a family down another aisle — a happy family. The two younger children were fighting over who was going to push the grocery cart. The parents laughed aloud as they remembered, that they too used to do the same thing as children. I turned to Blake with tears in my eyes and said, "Let's go home."

I went to bed as soon as I got home that night. I was exhausted. The next day I woke up late in the afternoon. I looked out my bedroom window and noticed Mrs. Woodring, my next door neighbor, and her daughter Molly out in the garden. They were growing red and pink roses and lillies which used to be my mom's favorite. Molly, who was thirteen, helped her mom with the garden every Saturday afternoon. I wanted my life to be that simple. I turned my head away from the open window and looked at the family portrait hung on the wall. I used to be happy then. I turned and examined my gold cross that was resting on the bed stand and gently placed it around my neck.

Dad entered the room later that evening. I stood and undressed myself. The cross hung loosely around my bony neck and down my pale looking body. My father undressed himself. We turned to one another — our bodies were soon enveloped. My legs were against his, his stomach against mine — the gold chain against my chest — his chest.
Coffee Cup Memories

Coffee cup memories.
Swirling, whirling, melting into pictures
that last for but a moment
before melting back into nothingness.
Sugar and cream nothingness.

— Davey

Stir Ice in Drink

Hi.
I was wondering what
you're doing the second weekend in May.
My friend Maureen's getting
married then and, well
I know it's been almost two years since
you and I, since we, since —

God it's good to see you
(Touch arm. Smile. Cough. Stir ice in drink.)
You remember Maureen. She

What's that?
Oh, no, you go first (smile). Really. I was just

Oh.
You're getting married that weekend too?
Sure. You. I. Uh.
Right. Right. I've got to get going too.
(Look down. Glance over shoulder. Blink.)
You take care too.

— Lisa Kean

Nocturne

Count as a gift that summer night
When moonglow bathes each trembling
Leaf and blade with light.
When, on the sultry evening air,
Crescendos, in a rising passion tide,
The poet's soul (in etude, waltz and polonaise)
With languorous melody, tragic phrase.
Dance on the throbbing nocturne tune.
Beyond confining bounds of day,
Play upon the moon.
Here phantom music lingers long,
Transcends the world we touch and see
To float, rubato, in the starlit sky,
The wondrous masterpiece: Chopin in July.

— Linda Loomis

Untitled
Ode to Achilles

I wandered about the woods last night, their voices filled my head. The voices of the poets crying, "Achilles is dead." Achilles is dead. I snatched a kiss from a river nymph, I was trapped within her lair. Slowly dying and softly crying, I cursed the bitch that brought me there. She said, "Trust me, love me blindly," and I believed her lies. She whispered them all the while, whispered them as I died. And the voices echoed in my head, "Achilles is dead." Achilles is dead. I dipped myself in the River Styx. I followed Apagee and Hendrix to the shores of that hellish place. I read their lies, written in blood and was hooked. But the boatman was booked. And now I hear the poets' screams and cries, "Achilles is dead." Achilles is dead. Halos fell from heaven above, God's reign over and done. I reached out to touch the stars and was burned by the setting sun. Angelic corpses littered the street and the weeping prophets bled at my feet, lamenting, "Achilles is dead." Achilles is dead. Poetry and beauty gone up in smoke, the music fade to black. There's no going back, not for me or Achilles. Immortal man wounded by mortal spears, by mortal hopes and mortal fears. And I lay awake, kept up by fright and by the poets screaming in the night, "Achilles is dead." Achilles is dead.

— Davey
My Inspiration  
To: Gwendolyn Brooks

Gwen,
I love you.
I love you because you are black and proud of it.
I love the way you bring magic to words.
Your voice,
soft, whispering, powerful,
calm inspiring, telling,
crying, singing, loving,
glorifying and Thanking.

Music!
Music, oh sweet music
Filling my soul,
inpiring,
reaching,
teaching,
healing.

Telling me,
I am okay,
I can make it.
Telling me, my color is magnificent.
Be proud.

— K. Walker
... flowing flood of fantasy with soft turquoise and smooth emerald from a reckless dynamic flickering of every hue within your whirlpool eyes where worlds submerge and surface in foggy ancient bays and legends dance madly madly madly like running dyes from every pore through scenarios of love and hate to reality and mystery as scholars throw their words like bricks and childhood shatters and flees with fragmented impressions of memories and miracles which all flow flow flow like a child's voice softly slurring sounds into these shimmering pools of fleeting images lightly pressing against my senses as I perceive this splashing splendor and drown in drifting wonder ...
The hall is a narrow passageway, with cold brick walls on either side of me. Every fifty feet there is a single light, hanging silently from the low ceilings. The sound of thick footsteps echoes down the corridor as I'm led to the last light, and then down a short, twisting flight of stairs. When we reach the bottom, one of the two men guiding me, knocks lightly on a large steel door. I turn to look into the eyes of the man on my right, a guy about my size and surprisingly my age, but he glances away and looks down at his feet. The other man is much larger than me and he seems to be staring straight ahead, unaware of anything or anyone below his six-foot plus heights. Quietly, the door swings open and I am hit by the light coming from inside the room. With one man holding each of my arms, I am led into the center of the room. The room is painted a dull yellow and the wall in front of me has a large rectangular sheet of darkened glass. Behind me is a tall black curtain, with a distinguished looking man in a grey flannel suit standing off to the side of it. It's the warden. He nods his head once and the curtain is opened.

There it is. It's smaller than I expected. Once again, the guards lead me farther, this time to the chair on the other side of the curtain. With a hand on each of my shoulders, they guide me down into the chair. They both take thick leather straps on the arms of the chair and secure them tightly around my wrists. They do the same with heavier straps around my ankles. The warden motions towards them and they leave the room. He follows and soon I am alone. Although the wall is thirty feet in front of me, I can see my reflection in the dark glass. I look small.

I hear footsteps and the door is again opened, as a thin nervous man in a white coat enters the room. He walks over to me and as he is tightening the leather straps I see the name "Jerry" embroidered in red on his coat. He is so close to me I can smell his dinner on his breath and the stale stench of his body odor. He steps behind me and places another strap snugly across my chest. He asks if it is too tight and his voice is shaking somewhat. He's scared. I don't answer and soon he places some type of straps around my ankles. The warden motions towards them and they leave the room. He follows and soon I am alone. Although the wall is thirty feet in front of me, I can see my reflection in the dark glass. I look small.

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The man in the white coat, Jerry, and the warden are standing in front of me now. I'm feeling somewhat weaker — dizzy and my hands are cold and wet. Jerry loosens the strap around my chest a bit and I notice that the warden is alternating between checking his watch and looking nervously back at the black window. I hear a door open and I turn my head to see a tall, thin man dressed in black. As he approaches me I can see his white collar beneath his chin and realize that he has come to give me my last rites. I thought I didn't have any rights anymore. The priest is now in front of me and after opening a small black book he places his hand upon my sweaty forehead. As he starts to read, I notice that his hand is shaking and his voice is quivering slightly. He's a young guy — probably twenty-five or so. His blonde hair is in sharp contrast with his ruddy skin and deep blue eyes. "May God absolve you of all your sins and may you feel the light . . . "

The priest's words are growing fainter and his face is eclipsing into the bright ceiling behind him. The brightness reaches a complete whiteness and then funnels into a single dim light bulb, hanging freely above a kitchen table where my mother and father and I sit, eating dinner. My father is absorbed in his meal, unaware of either of us. He's a thin, sickly looking man. His brooding eyes are sunk far into his face and his thin black hair is combed straight-back over his large head. His coarse and pitted skin is the opposite of my mother's powdery and translucent complexion. She picks at her food and glances at my father, then me, then back to my father. She mentions something about the weather and glances sharply at me once more and says, "James, don't you have something to tell your father?" With my face still looking into my plate, I tell him that I got thrown out of school again for fighting. My father drops his fork to the plate, making a loud clank, and after he tells me I'm a good-for-nothing son-of-a-bitch, hits me across the face with an open hand. I jump up and push him off his chair, leaving him flat on the floor with food spilling out of his mouth. He gets up and comes toward me but I hit him hard in the jaw, knocking him against the wall and causing my mother to cry hysterically. She pushes her way between us. My father throws her out of the way, and jumps out at me, bringing us both crashing to the floor. He's on top of me now with his full weight pressing heavily against my chest. I can't breathe as he repeatedly slams his fist into my face. Cutting his fist on my teeth, his hand becomes
as bloody as my mouth. In an effort to dodge his blows, I turn my head to the side and I see my mother balled up in the corner, knees to her chin, sobbing. When my father finally stops, I look up at him as he pants. I smile at him with a bloody toothless grin.

I'm no longer on my kitchen floor, but rather I'm behind the wheel of my green Chevy Nova, speeding down a dark road with my head lights turned off. I can hear the sirens but checking my rear view mirror, I see nothing. I make a sharp left onto a deserted side road and suddenly I see two sheriff's cars parked in a V-shape blocking the road. I stop the car and throw it in reverse, only to see the red flashing lights in my rear view mirror. Within seconds my car is bombarded with police lights and an officer shouts for me to open my door and put my hands out the window. I do so and then he says to step out and away from the car and lie flat on the ground. Lying on the ground, all I see are two or three officers walking towards me. I feel one of them put his thick boot on my neck, pressing my head hard against the gravel road. I feel tiny stones cutting into my cheek as the cop handcuffs me and drags me up to my feet. I look around for the first time and see that every single one of the twenty to twenty-five cops has pistols or shotguns pointed at me. As the officer walks me to the police car I hear one of them say "Motherfucker."

Audrey Matalon

I hear the priest's voice return as he finishes his sermon. When he is done he turns and leaves the room. A black curtain is lifted from the dark window and I can see a dozen or so people dressed in suits and dresses looking out at me but avoiding any direct eye contact. I recognize three of them. Reporter bastards and my uncle Sam. I always thought he looked a lot like Eli Wallach. The warden looks at me directly and asks if I have any last words. I guess this is where I'm supposed to say that I'm sorry and ask for forgiveness. I'm not, so I won't. I can think of nothing to say that would make any difference so I just shake my head. The warden stares at me for a few seconds, and then turns his back to me and leaves the room.

The room is silent now. All I can hear is my own breathing. It's slow and weak. I look into the window and I see my uncle making the sign of the cross. I'm going to die soon. It's me he's making the sign of the cross for. But somehow it doesn't matter. I look back into the glass but this time I don't see my uncle on the other side.

I am standing outside a brightly lit store with a beer in one hand. I see a young boy, maybe about 16-years-old, standing behind a counter, reading a magazine that is setting on the top of the counter. I finish the beer and toss the empty can to the ground. I walk towards the store, and after a slight pause, open the door and walk in. The boy doesn't notice me as I make my way to the back of the store, walking down an aisle with pretzels and corn chips on my left and a rack of magazines and maps on my right. There is music playing throughout the store, probably louder than it should be, but it's very late on a Saturday night, and the boy is alone in the store. It's Led Zeppelin. Looking up to my right, I see a circular mirror in the upper corner of the store. There is another one to my left. I can see myself in them. I look small and distorted. I reach into a cooler filled with beer and other drinks and pull out the first thing I get my hand on. A six-pack of Miller. I'm feeling good — real good. Like I'm high or something — like I'm watching myself from a small window above the store and nothing really matters. I feel good.

I feel the cold, slick cement wall sticking to the back of my neck as I relax on the cot. My skin has a filmy coat of sweat covering it and my face is flushed. Gina is laying across my lap, her arms tightly around my chest. It is our last conjugal visit. The last time I'll do it. Out with a bang. I work my fingers up and down her bare back as it rises and falls with each breath. I wonder if she is asleep. She moans quietly and I know she is not. The room is empty except for the cot, a small coffee table and two folding chairs. Glancing over to the door, I see the guard peering through the small checkered glass window. His pathetic eyes are steeped with lust. He takes a drag of his cigarette and steps away from the window. Gina begins to speak in a soft, dream-like tone. She tells me her mother sends her best. Then she says her classes at the college are going well. Mumbles something about a bastard professor and I hear her say "I love you." But I'm not listening. My hand creeps up to her head and I start to stroke her dark hair. She sighs and squeezes me tighter. I start to give her shoulders a massage, working my fingers into her tense muscles. Harder and harder I clench my hands around her shoulders and the base of her neck. My hands are no longer on her
shoulders. They are around her neck. I've stopped massaging and I'm feeling the warmth coming from her. I notice how perfectly my hand fits around her neck. How fragile it feels in my hand. How weak and snapable. Like a little toy.

I turn around and after checking the door, I start to walk to the counter. I have one hand holding the beer while the other one slips behind my back and firmly holds the revolver resting between my Levi's and my blue and grey shirt. The boy looks up as I reach the counter. I smile. He doesn't know what is happening yet. I set the beer on the counter and as he starts to reach for it, I pull the revolver out and thrust it in his mouth. His eyes widen and his face grows pale. He takes a small shuffle step back and mumbles something in a faint fragile voice. I tell him to give it all to me. He empties the cash register and puts a handful of bills on the counter. I tell him to open the safe. He says he doesn't know the combination. For some reason I believe him.

I tell him to turn around. Looking into his sandy blonde hair, I hear him cry just before I pull the trigger. His head bursts against the rack of batteries in front of him and then his body slumps to the floor. I stuff the money into my jean's pocket and leave the store. Outside, as I slide the revolver into the small of my back, it starts to rain. It's funny. It's dark now. It was light when I went to the store.

I can barely make myself out in the gleaming window. I can only see my face. Wedged between the faces of a frail thin woman and a burly lumberjack of a man, I can see my head framed in a leather harness. Where the people on the other side of the glass were once jittery and talking among themselves, now they were still and attentive. I feel another ball of sweat drip down my ribs, and then one down my cheek. Soon. It will happen soon. I bet whoever pulls the switch really gets off on it.

I grip the arms of the chair tightly, like it's some ride at Disneyland and I'm afraid I might fall out. Soon. It will happen — a sharp jolt rides through me, shaking my entire body. My head snaps back, then to the side. My hands are trembling, slapping against the wooden chair. My body stings with heat. A high-pitched buzz is all I can hear, other than the creaking of the chair. I can feel a stream of electricity come up and fill my mouth. I tilt my head back to face the window and I can see my reflection. My head looks odd — warped and deformed. I can make out my face surprisingly well, while the rest of me is a blur. I have this funny grin on my face. I feel no pain. In fact I don't feel anything. My eyes are opened and as I look back into the glass, I can see my face start to dissolve. The outline of my face is gone, leaving only the whites of my eyes and my flashing teeth. There is no sound now. And slowly, very slowly my eyes disappear from the glass in front of me.
A Rain Haiku

Why do raindrops fall?
They form a salty stream that descends down a cheek.

— Cathy Sanglyn

Cycles

When we met, I was a seed. It was dark and I was inside myself.

Day by day you began to nourish me with knowledge, care and new experiences. I began to grow.

You rained affection upon me softly and emitted brilliant sunlight which filled me with sheer contentment. I began to bud.

Your nurturing gave me confidence, pleasure, and made me feel whole. At the peak of my climax, I began to bloom.

One day the rains stopped and the sky became empty. I began to wither away and soon died. Leaving behind a seed. I am alone and it is dark again.

— Colleen Smith
Dreamers Edge

The old have you sold
By the stories they've told
And the young have begun
To sing what's been sung.

The right make you wrong
And the weak make you strong
And your mind goes in circles
As life spirals along.

Your mind starts to twitch
As you aspire to be rich
But in this complex world circuitry
You're only a switch.

Let your mind go astray
At the end of each day
And drift to a place
Where things go your way.

— Randy Shea