Riddle of the Sphinx:

**Q:**
What walks on four legs at sunrise, two legs at noon, and three legs at sunset?

**A:** man
Great Lake Review
Autumnal Equinox 1992

Justin Goltermann
Editor-in-Chief
"I would have liked more fiction."

Jason Lee Ameruso, Treasurer
"Does this scream 'Author Intrusion' or what?"

Robin Walls, Treasurer
"I can pencil you in for 2:00 p.m."

Jason Arentz, Timekeeper

Sonja Brown

Kendra Griffin, Insomniac
"Make it quick, I have six papers to write..."

Mortiche
"Dr. Seuss was one of my inspirations."

Charles Passaro, Administrator

Joseph Tiberio
"Yeah, whatever, I'm flexible."

Alison Way

Special thanks to Bill Canning and to Jim Davies, who designed the cover art.

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This magazine is made possible by the funding of the Student Association and by the efforts of the students of the State University of New York at Oswego.

On the Clock...

Great Lake Review
Autumnal Equinox 1992

Schedule of Events

ART
Theresa Cahill untitled 7:49 a.m.
Theresa Cahill untitled Reveille; Hit "SNOOZE" (6:30 a.m.)

POETRY
Tom Fugalli The Absence of Time Timeless
sain't Ralph Silence, in the Timeless
John Freiberger IV Dawn Dawn (7:01 a.m.)
Tom Fugalli First Sight 7:02 a.m.
Tom Fugalli Haiku for Lolita 7:49 a.m.
Beverlee Salley Work 9:37 a.m.
Tom Fugalli The Offspring of Icarus Noon
Jay Pyon Within 12:42 p.m.
Timothy Sefit Two Days 1:23 p.m.
Beverlee Salley Remnants 2:00 p.m.
Beverlee Salley Guided Meditation 3:14:15 p.m.
Beverlee Salley Eating Crow 3:54 p.m.
Museless Anonymous ...towards redemption Sunset (4:38 p.m.)
Jason Lee Ameruso Bleeding Memories Twilight (5:22 p.m.)-Dusk
Alison Burke What makes beautiful is Dusk (6:30 p.m.)
Robert T. Gaggin The Courtship 8:07 p.m.
Museless Anonymous Night is full of tenderness 9:59 p.m.
Adam Altman Walt Whitman's 24 Hour Cycle (and Everything Else) Midnight-12:34 a.m.
A. Magnante Fear 1:16 a.m.
Jay Pyon The Laundry Life 1:32 a.m.
Tom Fugalli The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock (while etherised upon a table) 2:00-2:09 a.m.
Adam Altman The Last Breath 2:45 a.m.
Jay Pyon A cold glass of water Bedtime (3:27 a.m.)
Joseph Tiberio on Nightmare's Play Nightmare (3:59 a.m.)
Kendra Griffin Warm Milk Nightmare (4:04 a.m.)
A. Magnante Stories of Old Wee Hours of Morning

The Ancients AGE-OLD QUESTION Back Cover

Riddle of the Sphinx
The Absence of Time

You can’t write a good poem with a watch on.
It dissect each moment with its sterile seconds hand
and inspiration is aborted in favor of a stone silence.
A poem is fertilized by the sound of a watch being smashed
and its bleeding spill of minutes all over the page.
Running all over the page
all over the page...

Tom Fugalli

Through open hands the night washes the cracks
Someone is a thirst in one’s dreams
Blind behind the sun, a rainbow is untouched
Unsung pages unfold beneath the darkness
A candle opens a book

In the scattered distance a spider
Strumming a single word
There is a thread still waiting
A wanting youth is drowning
The whispering light weeps

One s door perspires in this closed room
The hour as dark and bare as the last
One hand, so thin and unable to be seen
Nothing reaches out
Touching within a cold heart
Where is the light, these eyes want to know

Silence, in the
s’ain’t Ralph

---

Dawn

The morning dew quenches a thirsty bud
Trickling off the edge of a leaf,
While a spider spins a masterpiece...
Singing Nature’s music, the linnet proclaims
A new day’s arrival.
An infant’s cry is soothed by the warming sun
As a breeze rustles a tree
Stirring the splendid silence...
A rebirth for the spirit of life
Re-awakens the human mind.

John Freiberger IV

---

Timeless

Dawn (7:01 a.m.)
First Sight

The pulse and pearls of some sea-myth
must drink from these eyes; bluer than music
that falls in waves on polished moons.

Something clumsy is searching the shore
for clues; an eyelash or the
wrinkled foot of a crow.
Even the blind prophet
is stitching scraps of sea together
with the eye of a needle, waiting for a pattern to emerge...

I dream in blue, and see the world as you must;
water covering what once was dry
and flooding the sharp empty spaces with smooth.
The thin hands of the desert-daughters
no longer around my neck, choking my thirst with sand.
Tell me I will always awake to your gaze;
oasis between the tide and the rain.

Tom Fugalli

Haiku for Lolita

The sky is jealous
of the view the hard earth has
of your genitals.

Tom Fugalli

7:02 a.m.

7:49 a.m.
Work

Today I work hard
At drawing a hand.
Tomorrow I'll work hard
At writing a poem.
Last night I worked hard
At surviving.
And this morning I worked
At getting out of bed.
Sometimes I work
At lying on the grass
Contemplating the universe,
But I suppose
This isn't what they mean by
"Working for a living."

Beverlee Salley

The Offspring of Icarus

Our lunar bones are anchored to the Earth,
but this blind rush into the sun is in our blood;
a caged phoenix clawing through our veins.
Flying up into a melting grave,
we keep the flame alive.
We are the offspring of Icarus;
awkward hybrids of ash and water
gathering up our feathers
to irrigate the wind once more with wax.
We have learned nothing from the wet cycle of burns,
but the sun will never rid itself
of the wax and feathers underneath its nails;
broken eggs inside a bleeding nest.

Tom Fugalli

9:37 a.m.

Noon
Within

It's always hard to feel ourselves.
   The heart is an eager young
   ASS ready to serve.
   Only fools have passion,
   but love was never simple.
   The body is the body,
   it simply desires,
   apples are always
   sweet to eat.
   The mind is a contradiction.
   It thinks something, then acts otherwise.
   A vortex of roads.
It's always hard to feel ourselves,
   maybe it's because we
   never felt the right places.

Jay Pyon

Two Days

I brushed my teeth for the first time in two days,
   wearing a shirt I had worn for three,
   and pushing back my hair that hadn't been washed for a week,
   in a place I had lived for over a year
   that had existed for thirty years before that,
   and I looked at the four-day-old growth of hair on my face,
   and realized that I am really hung up on the concept of time.
   So, I smiled in the mirror for about thirty seconds,
   went back to my room,
   and fell asleep for nine hours and forty-seven minutes,
   woke up,
   and realized that I am really hung up on the concept of time,
   and I thought for five seconds about how much it mattered,
   and fell back asleep.

Timothy Senft
Remnants

A twice-burned building on Tenth Street,
Windows broken out,
Blackened rooms visible...
I used to live on the top floor
Years ago,
A sunny apartment
Overlooking the park.
The rent was thirty-two dollars a month.
A tattered red curtain
Now flutters in the breeze,
The only sign of life...

Beverlee Salley

2:00 p.m.

Guided Meditation

The stone thicket pulls me forward
Inward, inward.
The dark-eyed fawn is my guide.
The smooth oval stone is held lovingly in my hand,
Even as I walk through its interior.
Stalactite forms allow me passage
And I am amazed at the soft, glowing light.
I thought it would be dark.
The fawn leads me to a fountain.
I am offered life if I will lose it.
I refuse to have it taken away from me;
I don’t love it that much.
As if I have answered a riddle,
The hard rock opens a new path and I continue.
The fawn grows old and dies.
I mourn him.
I have left myself.
I have found myself.
I know it is time to leave the shelter of the stone.
I tumble with the atoms ’til they are part of me.
I am aroused in a maze, a membrane of mesh.
The stone turns soft like suet hanging in the red net
On the birdfeeder.
I float out and downward toward the lawn
Holding in my hand a smooth pale stone.

Beverlee Salley

3:14:15 p.m.
Eating Crow

Going again,
Flowing again.
The poetry is showing again.
There’s no stopping me now.
It’s okay that I still love you.
I still love most of the people
I’ve had to leave behind.
The truth bug bit me a long ways back
And I can’t help it.
Can’t help it, maw;
Can’t help it, paw;
I’m like a crow that has to caw
From the doggone sheer life of it!
So when you hear me rattling your bones,
Roll over and do what you always did:
Pretend you didn’t hear.
Stick a non-existent finger
In your non-existent ear.
Make your non-existent daughter feel
She isn’t really here.
But, I am, you see,
I am.
I am. I am. I am
Going again,
Flowing again;
The poetry is showing again.
There’s no stopping me now.

Beverlee Salley

3:54 p.m.

...towards redemption

Last night to your surprise,
I exited the stillness next
to the flowing ‘swego river
where I sat and rolled one,
listening to the salmon make
their final journey to the end;
the mouth of moment’s beginning.
Their trial is repetition,
a natural cycle to create
survival amidst man’s chaos.
Now that the smoke is clear
do I begin to see the important
matter around me...
Tonight in honor of the enduring
salmon, I’ll head out with the waves
that surround us all and swim
with an inherent instinct towards
a goal that was determined by Nature,
a goal whose limits are only
bounded emotion; potent cells.

Museless Anonymous

Sunset (4:38 p.m.)
Bleeding Memories

He drifts deeper into dreams with hollow moments empty of feeling, images surface revealing pictures of his past. Flashing for an instant, only to bleed into another image of cartoon figures constantly melting and changing.

Autumn holds on, like colorful changing leaves falling next to houses that seem hollow. Squirrels move across a tree, with cartoon gestures, exaggerating images of their running. Brown eyes seem to bleed into the past. Eyes now open, the past haunting him again, still allowing past mistakes, to push him towards the changing emotions that cause his spirit to bleed. He can only touch the lonely, hollow feelings. Driving, evoking images, he passes doll-like houses with cartoon people. As a child he watched a cartoon while parents screamed, wanting to change the past. Absorbing dependency, images sink into his brain forever changing him. Wondering why the world seems so hollow he gropes with vices that will make him bleed.

"So? All religion did was make us bleed upon His cross. It could be some cartoon propaganda, that is only hollow of meaning," he says. Parents force the past down the throats of children, often changing opinions when they are the images of how their parents were. Ancient images in pictures over fireplaces bleed and fade from sunlight, always changing to dark. Alone, driving again, cartoon colored leaves upon the trees reveal past memories that are nothing but hollow fleeting images. They look like cartoon faces which bleed with the winds from the past, blowing, changing, and becoming hollow.

Jason Lee Ameruso

What makes beautiful is darkness descending between leaves of trees and street light reflections in still mirrors of rainwater.

What makes beautiful is the memories pregnant in thought enhanced by scent of the rain.

Essence captured in one night of summers past summers of childhood now carried in smooth and sharp fragments, like splintered glass or shattered marble, all on wet pavement.

Pieces now shapeless can never form again, come together to recreate the children we once were.

Our children have been dead, but tonight on this doorstep looking out into the rain, we catch glimpses of their ghosts between the drops and stars and rippling moonlight.

Alison Burke
Night is full of tenderness,
She'll longingly keep you there.
If you seek happiness,
and a solution to despair.

Seek the darkness where no light
can detract the spirit away
from your humble stares;

Where bats create highways
in the night,
Where owls find flight
with no obstruction,
Where only gentle sleep
can afford the most thorough sight
of the searching self;

Night is full of tenderness
for the companion of human kind.
She'll take away loneliness
and introduce the convicted
with the stillness &
peace of a tranquil mind.

Robert T. Gaggin

This clean white page,
Empty,
Yet potentially atomic.

Like the hunger that
Lurks beneath the wedding gown
Before reaching
The steps of the church;

So does a passion pine
In the pulp of the page

And shouldn't the ink be forewarned
That such a marriage would
Burn like the minds of children?

8:07 p.m. 9:59 p.m.
Walt Whitman’s 24 Hour Cycle (and Everything Else)
Dedicated to Uncle Lewis

I love to wake up in the morning by the Leaves of Grass* and
listen to the sound of the leaves rattle with the wind.
I want everyone to love the morning because it is there.
What other reason is there?
Everyone must love the afternoon, as I certainly do,
For the afternoon is the time when the sun shines the brightest,
And, of course, it is also part of the day.
The evening is the time to rejoice and relax,
Whether it is alone or with many people.
I don’t care or maybe I do care,
But I’m sure that the evening is treating the world well.
The night is the darkest period of the twenty-four hour cycle,
But it definitely has its joyous quality about it.
A person might be making love or reading poetry (hopefully mine)
and that is healthy.

Everything is the way I want it from where I perceive it;
All the time in light and dark is grand.
As a matter of fact, winter, summer, autumn, and spring are
also grand because they are extensions of a day.
Life is a memorable voyage that nobody should miss,
And I certainly enjoy it; “I celebrate myself.”**
I enjoy everything, and I love everything...
Well, almost everything;
I DON’T like to write any kind of FORM in my poetry (except,
I must endstop when my line is finished no matter how long
it is),
But overall, I love every person and every object,
And you will love me as well.

* A book of poetry by Whitman.
** Part of the first line in the first section of Whitman’s series of poems entitled “Song of Myself.”

Adam Altman

Midnight 12:34 a.m.
Fear

Though my mind be tamed and filled almost heavy,
It finds the room to creep in.
I recognize the germ and hold up my shield,
But it burrows with unseen weapons.

My eyes can not see the same. It has left the
Glass so streaked. The world looks wild in blown
Up cartoons and contortions. My ears are tricked into
Hearing sounds of nothings that aren’t even there.

It takes the smile, binds it up, and locks it away.
Kills the seed perchance it sprout into a giggle or
A laugh. The garden is littered with cold stones
Instead of silly flowers and not fit for the children.

The plague; it leaves no spots or stripes.
A thief; it robs us of life and the things that
Could have been.

A. Magnante

The Laundry Life

Do we not live the laundry life,
existing in a spin cycle?
Don’t our heavily soiled souls,
whether we’re polyester,
cotton or wool, from spring to summer, summer to fall,
fall to winter get dirty, somehow?
Even after we take a hot wash,
or perm and press or cold, always,
whether we know it or not,
we never come out fully clean
as fragments of stains still remain —
eventually leading many of us
to doubt the power
of the religious detergent.
But as we ponder the next laundry
day, in the back of
our minds, like a nagging
commercial, we
know that spinning for thirty
minutes is a fraction of eternity —
leading us to the most
horrifying question of,
“Will we always have money for the dryer?”

Jay Pyon

1:16 a.m.

1:32 a.m.
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock (while etherised upon a table)

There was something else I wanted to say...
some hint I was circling like a shark
around the wild pulse of a feeding frenzy.
I cannot say it,
but we can both trace its edges with our lips.
It comes closer with each kiss.
Maybe if we rub our bodies together
we'll see it crawling across the head-board,
glowing in the heat like sweat on your skin.

In the room the women come and go,
talking of Pinnochio.

Here reason gives way to ritual.
Intellect gives way to instinct.
This tired tongue can no longer
dance and perform in circus conversation
but it can produce saliva
more eloquent than any syllable.

We shed our intellects like the last delicate garment
and hunt naked in the dark for each other's throats.
No longer man and woman,
but male and female -
two tigers mating on a mattress.

In the room the women come and go
talking of Pinnochio.

Can you hear the silence between sentences?
(A language in which our bodies provide the punctuation.)
Since the birth of language,
we have talked around each other's words
and stood admiring the frail flowers of meaning
while stepping on the roots.
Nothing can fertilize a conversation
like a pair of plowing hands
and ten raking fingers.
I should have been a pair of ragged panties
scuttling across the floors behind closed doors.

Give me one night to prove the poets wrong.
Your body contains more bones than metaphors,
and this bed could tell stories
that would silence the stage,
and leave any audience stuttering like Shakespeare.

Tom Fugalli
The Last Breath

As the sun began to set and a breeze drifted, I saw her stand alone;
I watched her hair glide with the wind;
I knew that her breath could animate the air.
My eyes could not leave her mesmerizing face.

As the sun reached the tip of the mountains, I saw her tears slide down her cheeks;
I watched her face evaporate.
I knew she was mourning me; I don’t know how,
And my eyes perceived her and saw nothing else.

As the horizon became more overcast, I saw her tears dissipate.
Then, I watched her spirit call me;
I knew that she was my wife of days passed by.
My eyes couldn’t see the dream ahead of me.

As the darkness overcame the last of the light, I pondered my future.
I watched my wife move like a ghost;
I knew I must let her prepare for my fate.
She swooped through my eyes and into my essence.

As the shadows moved away and light returned, I felt her upon my heart;
I recognized her warm nature;
I knew that I would never leave her again.
Her eyes escorted me to the afterworld.

Adam Altman

A cold glass of water

The river drowns thought,
fishes nibble at nothingness.

water:
pureness is tasted in its coolness.

Jay Pyon

2:45 a.m. 

Bedtime (3:27 a.m.)
Silk veils the moon's midnight hour
The rein's spear begins to fall
The knight's thunder casts black steel

While clear cauldrons fume last call
Slow shadow's moving essence
The rein's spear begins to fall

Mummified in grey presence
One is cursed in frozen cold
Slow shadow's moving essence

Red wood leaves shiver in gold
Come on play with Hell's stray dog
One is cursed in frozen cold

Harbinger's weaving white fog
Angels only steal the pain
Come on play with Hell's stray dog

Darkness face has gone insane
Silk veils the moon's midnight hour
Angels only steal the pain
The knight's thunder casts black steel

on Nightmare's Play
joseph tiberio

Warm Milk

I used to call you at four in the morning you never minded
you said you liked to be reminded in the middle of the night
that there was life beyond the thickness of the dark
and the sickness of the silence that surrounded you.

I used to call you when I was stranded somewhere in limbo
between yesterday and tomorrow was I real or fictional? When
I called you were warm, human, sleepy on the line
and I would think my life was mine for that moment.

I used to call to see if words had really lost their meaning
as they ran screaming from my paper I rushed to the phone
to see if I still had the right definition of numbers and
disturbed your heavy slumber with my ring ring ring.

I used to call you when the stillness wouldn't let me sleep
when the night was dark and deep when people in China were
planning their dinner and I thought I'd give you warning that
I might disappear by morning did you ever hear me calling?

Kendra Griffin

Nightmare (3:59 a.m.)

Nightmare (4:04 a.m.)
Stories of Old

Once a flaxen beauty or maybe a chestnut brown sweet
Now on her head lay wiry strands of grey
Not colors of gloom but hints of finest silver
Filled with riches of untold fairy tales

Brilliant colored veins curse under lucid skin
A map only she can trace back to some significance
They converge then branch off in knotted hands
Hands that once held you as you screamed for selfish attention

Alien to the young why his pace is so labored
But I know that he is calculating as he carefully steps
Concentrating so that he won’t skip
And sway the teetering stacks of prized memories

We think they prattle on not knowing what of
When really it is nature’s unjust joke of
Stealing the soul before the body is ready to quit
Or worse rotting the shell while the inside begs for time

Where does the time sneak off to
It races and carelessly smears the moments together
Until all that is left is a symbolic blur
A pocket full of lint mixed with half devoured memories

I struggle to find the wisdom for it hides behind a scowl
It is etched in ancient faces with every hideous sag and wrinkle
Each line is a treasure lost when it is finally time to sleep
How can sleep be enough payment for deserves of a lifetime

A. Magnante

Wee Hours of Morning

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Theresa Cahill '92

Reveille;
Hit "SNOOZE" (6:30 a.m.)