The Great Lake Review

Spring 1995

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submissions (artwork, poetry, fiction, playwriting, whatever, really) for fall of '96: s.a. office, second floor, union. look for our mailbox. deadline: when trees are bare.
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In his image.

Belligerent. Is the mirror the monster are hands determined to defile rather than fondle.
This was daddy's favourite word he called me to dare meet the eyes he kept cocked there.
They dared me to retaliate, thus daring me to refuse Or defy our reflection, deny his heritage.
To define his need.

Alone now. In obedient belligerence. i challenge an image daily as i try to beat it out of existence.
i hand sections of the self over to the monster In the mirror. All the time loving it loving it i deny nothing.
i suppose to need you still, daddy.
But sad to say i could define it now.

--Donna Wilson
reflections

late-night lonely
city street
lights echo
brightly off
silence darkened
empty window
pane.

--Michael Henry

WHO ARE YOU?

I have searched the temples,
the tongue of mother's heart,
the tomes of ancient thought,
disappearing, you're merely a map for the Lost.
In a meaningless pursuit of pink flesh and Praise,
I fail again, and again, grow frustrated. I'm Blind.

Born Lost, of disease, Desire.
Endlessly wanting, aching, with no cure of Buddha.
Yet aware, eternity flashes Sartorii hope,
mirror to mirror in my mind.

Creature of habit, praying to idols,
drinking kegs of ignorance, imprisoned by Ego.
Oblivious parasite of pleasure, sucking itself dry,
alone, in a shell of electrons revolving around the stars, Sublime.

Here, in unity and chaos, occasionally realizing
myself, Embodied Truth
Within the spinning wheel of Samsara, I find that I am You, and You
are I.

--Craig Kindya
The Revolution Will be Televised

Why can't the dragging hours fly by,
instead of the time we spend together,
which leaves us as victims of a drive-by
time shooting -- blink, and we've missed us.

Dusting for fingerprints, prince of the sea,
why can't I see the icy remnants of the
glacier before us. Before us, there is nothing.
Nothing is what makes me whole, this
hole inside me made of nothing...

Nothing is what fills up my day -
lectures and quizzes,
caffeine-induced whizzes,
virtual reality checks
made out to 1-900-HOT-SEX
with two 'T's jizzies,
databased orgies on the
information superhighway --
someone gets laid and MTV is there...

I can't understand on my own two feet;
the agony of the feat
after standing on line
for bread in Red Square
for two years, during which
I missed the revolution
because it was televised,
and I didn't bring my SONY Watchman because I thought,
"I'm just going out to get some bread--
I'll be back in a matter of days."
But I was wrong and the revolution
was televised and I missed it.
I'm never going to buy bread again...

I guess I'll just make sandwiches
with paper plates and Ritz crackers,
Krakow-style; pedophile, audiophile,
Gomer Pyle wrestled a crocodile.
That's how he died, because you're only supposed to wrestle
alligators in the Everglades,
spraying glade air-freshener
in its mouth, pissing it off
more than spraying Binaca in its eye,
or making it fly to Tokyo
as a set of American
Tourister luggage and Gucci
handbags with jet lag, lagging
behind the Japanese auto trade
industry, try to slash their tires
with Ginsu knives- oh no...
a full effect Tipper Gore war --
Bill didn't inhale -- surprise;
better watch yourself 'cause
Big Brother is watching,
and you know why?
The revolution will be televised...

--Jon Roren
heath packard

BLACKENED SIDE-RIGHT LEFT SOUL

A reaction to a faceless charm
A pull that lures away from the
warmer home of shamed preoccupation
Are challenges that seem to satisfy...

With claws, blunt-powered, on edge
You sink into the blackened side
with eyes on the sky, and slip
Further backwards...thick wind at your back,
you possess amight renewed.
The muscle-aching tug of
Resistance on a lowered head and
curled-up toes, reminds you of

the feral heat of summer on an exposed
Neck. Without referent or fold, fingertip warm
cold, enter into the White Hot Agony,
split like an explosion, seeing all above the pavement,
taking up space, destroying (to renew) all.

Stare into your face, kneaded, now, to a pulp
Under my scrutiny, your features calm but notions
Straining underneath, and cross
The Bridge of Sighs...

Can you skip the black-end slide? The two
pinnacles of mind are high, and the grey stained,
Dipped in shades No One can see.
The gnarled misunderstandings, all

wine and mist and misery, grinding
between brain crease and pulsebeat,
are Things like enemies,
sometime friends and foes.

There is always a twitch of tension
even overhung madly by a bright blue sky, as the trees
pitch in the day and night, keeping time for
The dense breeze, and the Right Left soul
with nowhere left to hide.

--Carol Wade

"la pobreza"

i have had
my arms in many sleeves.
but i've been giving to the poor, regularly,
whenever feeling greedy and self-indulgent.
now the needy own many jackets,
and i wear this -my last enclosure-
with any of the necessary apologies.
and, yes, all apologies are indeed necessary,
as still i am most personally tailored.
my closet richly pampers me,
but i cannot open the door to give it up.
mother took off my hands and hung them
out on the rack,
when she discovered what i had done.
now i am asking the poor for exposure
Any donations would kill us both.

--Donna Wilson
Coffeehouse

The one thing I really want to do is read poetry inside a coffeehouse, ingesting caffeine intravenously, in the corner with other people who

read poetry inside a coffeehouse, chainsmoking in a small, darkly lit room, in the corner with other people who share their opinions with me, and enjoy chainsmoking in a small, darkly lit room, listening to me listening to them share their opinions with me, and enjoy bearing their souls to those who will listen to the poetry they read while they are ingesting caffeine intravenously, chainsmoking in a coffeehouse...

--Jon Roren
The Poker Four

Almost unnoticeably they'd come and set
up the table in a shadowy area
and deal. Strait? No, one-eyed jacks are wild, penny-up,
five for the pot. You need coffee? Yeah, yeah get
me some coffee and a danish, ok?

They'd move the table from time to time in
accordance with the angle of the sun,
keeping in the shade, keeping the game going,
picking up, throwing down, shifting the chairs',
on the pavement I'd sweep, yeah, the hot
pavement that reflected the heat, between the cars
and mini-vans, and broken glass, and over­
filled-emptied ashtrays that were in-between,
on the yellow lines that marked the parking spots,
that would be covered sometimes with the wind-blown sand.

They'd play till noon, talking about "my son this",
and "my daughter that", eating, complaining
about the service, and how much things cost
nowadays, and why the world has gone to hell
in a hand basket, and on and on and on.

Yeah, I'd just pick up their trash and nod,
"How ya doin'?" or "How's it been", I'd say
as they'd go back to the game at hand. "Whatever
happened to golden boy", one of them
would mutter, another would say, "Oh

Jonnie went South, and never came back."
Then, they'd settle-up for the day, and talk
about tomorrow, and how it'd be just
like yesterday, and how the world really
hasn't changed that much, and how things in general

were okay, and who would bring the wine,
and who would bring the dip,
and how kids nowadays
just don't give a damn.

--Vincent J. Calone

Maybe I'll Marry a Pisces

Maybe I'll marry a pisces...
My momma met marcus,
My momma knows joe,
but I'll pick up a pisces at the grocery store.

Momma says:
Marcus don't speak well
and joe is too poor,
so I jingles my pennies,
I slip out the door.

I get to the store
All the pisces been sold.
Maybe I never marry,
Maybe I jus' get old.

--Nancy Taylor
You still sleep with a night light on, and a blanket even when it's hot outside. I often ask you why my body beside you can't be enough to chase away night shadows, but your demons hide in places I can't reach. Waking in sweat, I sit beside the bed on your Grandpa's aging rocker. Night sounds caress my ears. I sleep. "It's not you," I say when asked why I can't stay, lying all night beside you.

I remember that first night with you twisted, tossed, turned, struggling in your discomfort. I try, but can't hold you tightly and bring you on into the morning's comfort. It's your torment I guard through the night.

You find new things to do at night. You organize the closet, you arrange the spice rack. You know it's gnawing away at us and in desperate tears, I come to you on hands and knees, crying that I can't sleep without arms around me, can't live only in the day. This night you hold me tight as I sleep on your warm chest a few hours. You lie, eyes half closed, still dreaming in your Awake World. I tell you it's
not getting any better, it's
crazy to go like this. You can't
meet my eyes, while you grope in
your darkness, I say that tonight
I will help you clean the rugs. You
take my hand and we move on

as if it's easy. Another night
will come by, "can't we pretend?" you
ask. In our room a light burns on.

--Jennifer Rutman

mother
dear, for years i was you
pointedtoeleatherflatshoe
i swam and wove through the
curls of your smoke and felt
that past the mist there was
a more lucid future in mind.
listen to me when i say this,
that i will never be like you
i will never line my lips with
greasy chalked red, a hole
framed in blood born to
annunciate words which
echo off ghost memories,
like two family brick houses,
chipped yellow curb side
hydrants, underground trains
howling from sidewalk grates
and through the night removed

from the europe of stocky
stubbed legged peasants and
blindly placed into the exile
of your parents' dreams, i,
myself a peasant but twice
removed, seem to fruitlessly
search to separate myself
from your womb.

--Alison Burke
Tube-top Tammy

She was always there before all the other beach com'ers- oops, I mean beach go'ers, would come. Way before they came for the trash and cash from the day before. Yeh, she was the first in the parking lot, first on the beach.

She be in an odd crouch; a squat nearby a car that played this hokey early morning ear candy, Neo-Christian bliss crap, but, i liked her none-the-less.

She had her spot, she'd go out beyond the high-tide break, where the dune would slope off, before the still there sea, in this pinkish tube-top.

She was brown as a berry, with no visible tan lines to mention. She used baby oil, and read metaphysical textbooks that were brown and black, with no big pictures, no clear beginnings, middles, or endings. When she smoked, she coughed- hacked, to be more descriptive, and spoke in low gravelly tones, using words like, "perhaps", "maybe", sometimes, "okay".

She liked to tease old men that walked by, pretending to be asleep, not aware of them she'd slip a page-turning digit beneath her elastic band and moan.

-- Vincent J Calone

MOURNING

Eyes: open.
Signs are prosperus (preposterous)
Atlas wobbling,
Although he says it's okay.
"Everything will be fine," he says through The window. I tell him it's good to hear.

To eat or not to eat?
An alimentary query rises in the shape Of a grumble, arm in a 90 degree crook, cold pouring On bare feet from the open fridge.
Bear claws swipe the back of the neck, stripping Holes. Spinal soup streams out, alphabet, Spelling, "Don't bother."
Some bastard voice yelps gleefully, "Watch the light go out as the door swings closed!"
"Be glad the sun is shining," mutters another. The head is heavy. Tired. Half hung.
The eyes, bleary and swelling alabaster, tearing. The jaw, finally, is slack, And the gaze is laid along the blurred brown edge Of an early shadow.

-- Carol Wade
The Great Lake Review
SUNY Oswego's foremost artistically-minded publication

We are a Student Association funded organization which has for over two decades showcased the artistic and literary works of the SUNY Oswego community. Every semester we publish and distribute a new magazine.

We are democratic in our editing procedures. As a staff composed of students only, we seek work with an original, uncompromising voice represented in a wide array of writing disciplines -- Playwriting, poetry, fiction, essays, commentary. The harder it shakes us by our proverbial lapels, the more we are likely to accept it.

We take any kind of artwork but usually gravitate towards black and white photos, computer graphics and ink drawings, due to monetary restrictions. Full color everything is out of our league.

As a staff member one has the choice to help with editing, advertising, and layout, but we stray from the bureaucracy and hierarchy of power which most organizations use to survive. Therefore, no egomaniacs need apply. Everyone else is welcome.

If you love to write or feel you want to become familiar with working on a magazine staff, join us. The more the merrier. But if you just want to submit stuff, that's fine, too.

glr
We're nice people.