Letter from the Editor-in-Chief

After four faithful years here at Gardy Loo!, it has finally come time for me to say good-bye. Working with my fellow G-lookers (as I lovingly call them) has been one of the best experiences I've had here. I mean, what could be better than sitting around a downtown lounge listening to poets spewing their souls to the world. Plus, we've managed to stick together through two office moves, staffing changes, computer meltdowns and staffing meltdowns but always with tons of laughter. It was all for you JMU! I hope you've enjoyed reading our magazine as much as I have enjoyed publishing it for you. I'm sad to be leaving, but I know that the staff here at Gardy Loo! has some big plans in store for the years ahead. So watch out, if you ever hear someone yell, "Gardy loo!" best to just take cover. We're throwing our shit out there for you — take it or leave it.

Stephanie Gambino

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Letter from the Asst. Editor

Gardy Loo, whose content has always been made up of contrasting images and literature (how else to stand out from the crowd?), decided to make the age old rivalry of dinosaurs vs. robots our theme. Coincidentally, the contenders represent themes that define our beloved magazine: growth, change, beauty in unique forms, and (of course) battles of epic proportions. I hope people will enjoy the hard work put into these pages, as well as the incredible artistic talent of JMU students.

Cheers!

Rosie Grant
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**Sketches provided by the staff members of Gardy Loo**
follow misguided, standstill

Make Light
Lauren van Reesema
What We Aren't

I don't know what you are
But you terrify me.

Your gaze alone sends chills
Racking up my spine
Down my legs
To the checkered floor.

I don't know what you are
But you draw me in.

One touch alone sends shivers
Trailing up my back
Delving into my chest
Brushing my heart.

I don't know what you are.
You seem normal
But so do I.

And we're both far.
Far from normal.

You're kind
That kind of kind
The tender one.

You're also wicked.
The wickedest of its kind.

Yet I look at you.
You look at me.
I know.
You know.
We know
What we aren't.

Maddaline Liotta
Dogmatic

Dogmatic is for addicts for the talking talkers' attics where they store old black and whites and children problematic bible verses all emphatic faith should not be erratic but tell me what to listen to when you words would wear me ragged my sweater and the radio all filled with warmth and static all the things I find beautiful are only rubbished racket and all my friends are artists either that or faggots and all the truth that they can't find have left them feeling rabid I don't feel sympathy for those who fuck to feed their habits cause we will fuck and multiply like little white rabbits watch me pull them from my hat you strain to see the magic but this is all inside my head science is not dogmatic but it sounds good to guru fucks and the silly hungry addict and those who long for faith and trust simply cause they lack it so do not call it poetry and stick my words in brackets the gears inside your frontal lobe have switched to automatic because of this society we label democratic yet every single thing we do is controlled by beaurocratic cracks who laugh and call us tragic and wear their pretty ironed shirts to hide that they are maggots so call it what you think you should and slam your judges mallet and if its dirt that I deserve step back and let me have it.

Rebecca Zuckerberg
The other day I viewed a commercial for Loud 'n Clear, the world's greatest sound amplifier. As I watched it, I said to myself “Doth mine eyes deceive me? What life-altering contraption do I see before me?”

I mean, I have oft wondered how to improve my Bingo or (dare I dream it?) Bridge game, and the solution was so obvious I seemed to have overlooked it. I need to hear better! Of course my quality of life would improve if I could but do such a fun thing as group bingo...

Seriously? They're marketing this product by telling me that I'll be able to participate in games geared towards those on the verge of death? Or by pretending that the little piece of plastic garbage can counteract 100% total deafness? No one in their right mind watches the commercial and thinks “fuck, yes! I can finally hear every word of the hymns that I'm singing while in church!” If you can't read the hymns, maybe you should get fucking glasses. Did that not occur to anyone?

What the fuck are you smiling about, old man? You're going deaf, and PS-- there is absolutely nothing suave about that bulky piece of shit on the side of your face.

Even better, they try to make us believe that getting one will make parenting easier. Keep better track of your kids by listening to them while they dick around! If your kid has a problem, trust me you'll know about it without a sound amplifier, because the little snot will be screaming so loud you'll wish you'd smothered it with a pillow the night before.

Then the advertising people seem to realize that they need to hit the third chunk of the market share: nosy neighbors and self-esteem-lacking stalkers. The commercial shifts to a woman listening in on other people's conversations while she collects her mail. What the fuck is that? Does the Loud 'n Clear Deluxe Package also include a lock-picking kit, voice distorter, handcuffs, and duct tape?

You've got to be shitting me. We start with a saggy old cadaver playing bingo, segway into a mother pretending to be attentive, and end with a hook-nosed smirker listening to women ogle him from across the room? What a fucking nancy! Put your pride on the line and take a gamble on a woman you find attractive, puss boy. If people are saying something out of earshot, it's because they don't want you to hear.

I know what you're thinking: “Stop right there! That's going too far!”

Listen up, dipshits. The only reason people talk about you behind your back is because they don't want to embarrass themselves or offend you. Because they're cowards and/or you're a pathetic crybaby. So if you want to spy, you sit at the top of the stairs or stand on a chair under the vent like everybody else. This gadgetry shit is weak.

Alan Liaic
Metallurgy

I say I don't believe in soulmates  
But that I believe in signs.  
I am my parents alloy  
One part practical  
One part dreamer  
And born from their collaboration of genes.

It's no wonder I want to turn myself off.  
Deprogram myself  
And examine myself.  
Desperately searching for signs of stress fractures.  
My malleable metal  
Turned brittle and frail  
My dream for a new day turned vapid and stale.

And my skin?  
This skin will always stay pale.  
And there,  
buried beneath flesh,  
the heart burnt arterially into my arm.  
Two halves soldered together.  
My broken pieces delivered to heartache's door.  
Expressly packaged and respected for more.

Sarah Murphy
Tuesday Afternoon
Jim Doyle

GRINNING LIKE
A DOG DIGGING UP
DINOSAUR BONES

"Glory days", just Jack.
Croissants

I miss you
It's not because of the love
It's the croissants.

Monday morning brings the sun
The crisp air echoes of winter
You arrive expectedly
In your hand there is coffee
You hold a small brown bag
Crinkled with travel
Ready to be parted with the treasure it holds.
Conversation is easy
So is silence.
We watch the birds sing
The trees sway
And of course each other.
After only moments of breathing in each other
You open the bag.
You pull it out.
Chocolate wafts through the air
Mixing with the delightful scent of coffee.
You hand me mine and take a bite of yours.
There are no plates
Just crumpled napkins
Chocolate covered hands
Delirious laughter as you kiss away the stains.

I miss you.
It's not because of the love
It's the croissants.

Maddaline Liotta
Abusing my Substance

The emaciated fingers of some vengeful spirit rip at my throat,
as your words pour out with rapid enthusiasm,
but little sense.
Every thought is slashed in half from years of substance abuse,
one half acknowledging the surroundings and the other...
simply nonsense.
Your eyes quickly dart from side to side, from hallucination to hallucination,
and that spirit has now slit my chest with a syringe
filled with morphine.
Poorly crafted words roll from your tongue,
which is dry from all that bud you smoked,
not to mention our lack of lust.
I am currently bleeding out onto my basement floor,
as the spirit, my raging tormentor, carves my flesh into a heart,
and breaks my neck.
All the while your mouth continues moving and your hands continue shaking,
so holding me steady to ease the blood loss is simply absurd,
and simply painful.
Your hand on mine is far too warm and the pulse from your wrist,
it dances violently on my arm and promises tragedy
and confusion.
I am inhaling sharply into the coarse texture of a pillow,
and my hands tear at the air in hopes of releasing myself
from the spirit's strangling grasp.
Every inch of my body trembles and blood trickles down my quivering lip,
bitten from the devastation of watching you snort three lines
of powdered disaster.
I have covered my face with a beautiful mask crafted from sham excuses,
and I've altered my breathing by hiding the heartache,
so now the spirit sits quietly in the dim corner...
waiting for me to bleed again.

Erica Figert
Ode and Overdose

we are the chosen ones
the small and large

we are every color dipped in gray
forgetting numbers
the saints sinners witches and playmates

we are masked teachers
wary lovers
philanthropists
a team
a fucking disgrace
we are beliefs
we are weaving spiders
we are trapped flies

we are the chosen ones
to live forever we will swallow elixirs
topped off with fear
hugged by generosity and
fucked by the music on the radio

we are the chosen spiders
(we are the trapped flies)

Carlisle Sargent
You step through the door, wet shirt drenched and face reddened you approach me arms extended... I accept then Breathe you in... [PAUSE II ] (stay still...remember sweat, and the slick slip slide as arms glide frictionless past each other in an embrace that results in collision. Our pulses syn-CO-pate instead of pace-the-same while lungs de(in)flate in time to create: Pulse-Breath-Harmony. My cheek pressed against your shoulder feels your heart tap in rhythm to the beat of our circadian score)

[PLAY I>]
and Breathe you out...

I laugh as I push you away two hands, arms length and complain about my just-cleaned-shirt, now drenched, in your sweat. You smile and begin to unpack your bag.

Breanna J. Lenox
A Walk Across the Earth

There was a girl I always knew.
Who sat about and wondered
Why I never called.
She loathed what was told
Of the days of old,
When Mother use to sit about
And wait by the phone.
Just sit about
And be alone

Well then one day that girl called me
She told a joke and always spoke
Sarcastically
And I wondered
What had become
Of the days before
When I was only a child
And didn't have to deal with
All the things so wild

So there was a Night
Cautious but right
With a peaceful darkness
Vacant in the morning.
So that girl still sits
And waits by the phone
Sitting with her wits
She sits alone

Stephanie Maguire

I find myself thinking of yonder things

I find myself thinking of yonder things,
wooden bangles, banjos strings,
the way the truth like venom stings when it hits you in the face.

tried to be a classic girl,
glass of wine, string of pearls,
how can I help I resemble more the wornout woodstock bound?

here on a corner in downtown,
can't seem to keep my voice down,
seem to have gotten myself wound so the melody goes on.

well honey I am happy now,
and in its drunkeness make a vow,
and even though it was earnest somehow it will not keep for long.

so lets lock it in a picture frame,
and just like artists sign our names,
to every moment captured that came for once can't get away.

just like golden trumpets ring,
give up every worldly thing,
with every bit of pureness sing at last to seize the day.
**Loving Cup**

Wearing his t-shirt to bed  
A condolence so you  
Didn't have to go home  
In your Halloween costume

A reminder of sleeping skin to skin  
He's the only person  
You slept through the night  
Cuddling with  
Head on his chest

Thinking of his fingers  
Kneading your calf muscles  
His touch is not one  
Just for midnight play  
But of a four year unspoken romance

You look at his dry strands of brown  
Depleted of the clear gel he dressed it in  
for the evening still standing straight up  
look at his matching perfect mahogany eyes  
His beautiful arms around you  
Settle into him like warm coffee in a loving cup

Simple cotton rests on your chest now  
You like the feel of your bare flesh  
On his shirt  
On him

Kristin MacKinnon
Valley of Lights
Caitlyn H. Berkowitz
Last Man on Earth
Caitlyn H. Berkowitz
Mountaintalk

One big cement and pavement town.
Too many lights, wires, cars.
Martin’s supermarket, a 70s cartoon so funky man,
walkin all the aisles groovin out, pickin up our bread.
Sweating yelling wearing too many sweaters,
we sped towards George’s.
“The mountains, to the mountains!” we yelled, delirious
with talk.

But I’ll never forget Lindsay upstairs.
Sweating under a lamp, curled up on the carpet
and the boys milling around with coffee.
But we aren’t bohemians!
In the swirls of cigarette stained dirt and grass under the
balcony
I saw the ghosts of many murky lungs inhaling, exhaling,
dry paper bags puffing so sadly.
Scratching out our places, wasting it, wasting our bodies.

Up and out, my eyes met those ridges of blue,
unscathed by discards, butts and filters.
Fleet foxes serenaded us as the earth giants breathed
our little car up its sides.
“They can’t close the mountain! the mountain was here
first!”
we screamed in terror, at humans and their fences.

It took too long to find wildness we could wander,
crawling over front yards and stepping on toes.
When we got there, it was beautiful.
Grand, graceful crags, humped in haze,
a still, black pond folded into quiet hills.
Amid affected blabber of friends, a few were silent.
Standing there, we felt that this was it.
Chattering words could not make it small.
I hope it wins.

Natalie Strickland
Lie, Lay, what’s the difference?

I wore my socks last night between the sheets, when I was with you sleeping,
Your feet are always bare and hot and feeling, but mine are always
cold and numb and they surprise you violently each night, when I
turn, as I try to find a way to comfortably
lie...

and then I say
I understand why you take away
the leg, and with it, the rest of your body, sideways
away from me.
I converse silently with
the nape of your neck most nights,
and just so you know it actually likes ice cube toes and frosted
fingers. Purple, not pink,
is its favorite color, but tonight I wanted the company of
your face, and so I wore my socks last night, I stepped
carefully between
the sheets to join you sleeping.
And you didn’t stir-or yelp-or move-or curse-or demand to know what could have possibly made my feet
“So freaking cold.”
You didn’t care at all, you stayed in place, complacent, content, unknowing of this drastic change, this
act of service
I did for you.
You slept so well and towards me
neither happy or unhappy about the condition of my feet.
There was no silent conversation with your mouth nor with
your nose or shade drawn eyes, you slept silently.
I
lied...
awake silently saying
that this was exactly what I wanted.

Breanna J. Lenox
Between
Lauren van Reesema
Birdplay

walk,

stroll,

amble thru the crooked town
(o! gander! murder! flock flock
flock!)

there are tilted alleys, valleys,
house of trash, magpies, hollow
bags of brass belongings worth
not the fury and sound. (east-
derers
rearending, and upside
down.)

kings, queens,
jesters, dukes,
al the noble regents sidle
along plebian regions idle,
o they dress as conquistadors do
of unclaimed crowns and crow so
at the ravens who (forevermore!)
rapaciously pace chipped-tooth
sidewalks (of my chamber door).

skyscraping,

the mercy beat, the city seat of ignominy: hawks
prey devoutly, first quarter gone, the talons score (fleet feet, o swansong).
share the flesh of rival nominees. no quarter given.
the razings sure, swallow success til your throat is
sore.

sewer-level,
streetcorners beveled,
and the circus is in town. loons, goons, cuckoos,
a roledex of bereaveth
parrot words in a fever
dream, o so unenthused:
my family tree lost its
leaves.

they have fallen to the ground.

bottomed out on the social trellis,
pay them no mind nor nothing else.
grousing at pigeons for the sake of
sparrow, a day to rue, or something more,
tresses conditioned for want of shampoo,
mouths for a tin of albacore.
albatrossing from here to there,
crosstown trolley dossiers. caw
for a farthing! the mollymawks
barter for bread, sharpen rocks.

walk,

stroll,

and amble, learn the cardinal rules
(o! gander! murder! flock flock
flock!)
reckon a starspangled distance inside (outside) space,
string up meshwire fences, wroughtiron gates—
is ever a heart broken before a heart aches?

there is no nightingale to nurse these
wounds, these lesions, the injuries you’ll take
with neither grain of salt nor flowerseed.
I Don't Get to See You Every Day

You make me care
Way too much
About little things
That never use to matter
Like making my bed
And if my hamburger lived
A good, happy life

You make me love John Lennon
And even think his nose has
Attractive qualities
You make me like
Onions
When you cook them into Pizza

You make me recycle
You make me care about
The Earth
More so than I use to

But you make me
Want
To read Poetry

And for that
I thank you.

J. R. Cochran
Oh Lack of Love,
My Own Affliction

On one chilly autumn evening
when the red fire burned the sky,
a stranger cursed me with a question
which all at once did make me cry,

He asked me if I knew of love
and reluctantly I did address
the question that this stranger bade me
answer in my loneliness.

I said dear stranger I have indeed
heard of this horrid misery,
and if you wish to hear my feelings
perhaps I may explain to thee.

He gently bowed his wizened head
and gestured for me to proceed,
so my thoughts I did assemble
in an attempt to share my creed.

Many a time I have felt love
bestowed on me by another soul,
and yet as Time allowed us pass
he had to pay her wretched toll.

For love is like the season's change
with birth and death and purgatory,
and I forever remain unloving as
a towering pine in lonesome glory.

Although in winter I have sought solace
amongst the flakes of beauty pure,
when I reach to feel their marvels
beauty melts to stain my core.

Many a time I have strained
to reach this feeling so serene,
alas, my reach will ever falter
and such Love shall not be seen.

As I began to stir once more
the old man ceased me with a glance,
and as a moth engrossed by light
he wandered off in absent trance.

Having taken slight offense
I sat on that abandoned place,
and sought to fall in bottomless slumber
as the red fire charred my face.

All at once I had a vision
be it dream or Time's fair warning,
where next to me an old man sat
in attire fit for mourning.

It was a hollow winter night
when the black fire burned the sky,
and the man who sat beside me
all at once began to cry.

He asked me what my age was
and all at once I came to see,
my withered hands and body
were aged to an immense degree.

I asked him if he recalled
that day in Autumn when we met,
and all across the old man's face
spread the signs of vast regret.

He said he never knew me
and that it was clear he never would,
and with these words he started
from his rest and then he stood.

He stood in age and antique beauty
he stood and then began to fade,
into all of Time's personas
into a treasure I would never raid.

Erica Figert
Grape Soda Words

A propensity to sit and pen
What I see
Drinkin grape soda words
From Walden as black birds
Verb around me. I am walled in
Sentence fences, chain linked
Commas connecting
Thought sinks to drains so letters
Chain into trains that steam across
The line. Adjectives dream of
Sunsets so something they’re
Speechless. Pencils preach to
Pulpit pages; Sages of lead led
By ages of raging fingers
Singing of being.
Just Being.
Slang that swings on back porches
That slams summer screen doors
With a bang. The ones that
Hang on a precipice of lips
As on the sheer edge cliffs
Of forever. The words that wonder
Whether their good better or best
For the curses when we’re stressed
And the cool words that arrest senses
For slumber in public and sentence
Them to life in risen heights of intenses where
Colors sing from garden choirs as the sun sets
The color blue on fire.
Words that shiver like quivering
Tongues in the splintering winter.
That heave like the smoking lungs
Of a sidewalk sprinter
That slink like a hint in a
Whispering secret though quiet
Woods where vowels prowl
And moonlight owls know
Prose that flows like the slinkees
Down stairs that dare to
Stare down escalators and say
Bring It On

Robert Jones
Other People

A flash parade of cell phone smilers,  
tan hand-held frequent fliers  
and winter coat covered baby criers  
walking down sunset stained sidewalks  
in the city.

Cigarette smugglers

Homeless shruggers

Urgent mommy's coat sleeve tuggers!

Hear the street-talk of shop hoppin' flipfloppers rustling along, hustling a song:

I wonder whether the weather will be better when he said she said the game was reffed shitty by the uptight 
professora fue hoy tan stupidio I wish I could still fit in those pants you know she's too thin to be so pregnant

Other people highstep past the pen scribbler, ink dribbler, who wonders what he would say  
if ever spoken to.

Robert Jones
They All Fall Down

Alex fell and broke her wrist,
and I laughed,
because she looked so funny
flying from the twisting swing.
But I hugged her anyway,
and we both ate popsicles in July.

Matthew fell and broke his leg,
and I laughed,
because we all knew
that giant ditch was there.
But I hugged him anyway,
and we both chased the others with a flashlight.

Samantha fell and broke her nose,
and I smiled,
because now she wasn’t
so much prettier than me.
But I hugged her anyway,
and we both kept running.

CJ fell and broke his jaw,
and I smirked,
because now his words
could not hurt me.
But I hugged him reluctantly,
and we both kept listening.

The preacher fell and broke his shoulder,
and I sighed,
because he looked so awkward
when praising God.
But I hugged my neighbor warily,
and we both kept sleeping.

My mother fell and broke her arm,
and I cried,
because she couldn’t hug me
anymore.
But I hugged her anyway,
and she gasped in pain.

Er リca Figert
Inappropriate Thoughts During Lecture

Yemen sounds like Ramen and I realize I’m hungry, professor stutters “Ah, Ah, AH” as he hesitates on quandary. The seating chart was passed around, the seat surrounding me left empty, people avoid the odd one out and opt for someone simply put as...normal. Saline consciousness: a theory, Africa has borders, and oh how they bore the many bored who sit alone for order. The children’s book I stole by accident was a metaphor for life? The pretentiousness so thick here you could cut it with a knife, not unlike the one you wear bound in pretty leather, another reason they call you “fag” cause you like to dress in feathers. Christ I thought I knew myself, you claim to know me better, knew I’d hate this history class and be caught in a school color sweater. “oh domination and control” The professor speaks of whites and blacks but I am hungry for a body so I think of kinky sex. My roommate couldn’t stand the gay poet who spoke of sucking cock, but I loved the way his words melted, I liked to watch him talk. And now that I am thinking here, I cannot pull my mind, from scenes of lying naked cold for some strange man to find. A lecture on Afro centrism, I sit in open space, his words are all but lost on me of society and race. Yemen sounds like Ramen and I realize I’m hungry, hungry in more ways than one, my heavy lidded honey.

Rebecca Zuckerman
What I Know For Sure
Lauren van Reesema
Cruise Control

When trying to keep your fingers moving as fast as your thoughts,
You reach a certain speed.
"Cruise control for writers,"
I think as my eyes adjust from the darkness outside the windshield
To the bright white paper on my lap.
The GPS lady's voice,
So strange, so funny and inhuman.
I only hear the female voice
In the machines of those I know.

The man who handed me my pills today was very friendly,
But in a blank way.
Women sense each other's feelings.
They look me directly in the eyes.

I'm floating. Time is suspended,
A really lovely slowness,
Sweet like the movement of molasses.
Everything immediate and relevant,
Even if it means nothing.

Looking into someone's mountain backyard,
I feel something more in things I don't understand.
Three big, bright windows,
A blue sky with no clouds,
A red roof and a grey stone wall.
There is always something about a girl in a red dress.

Long white socks and a tacky winter hat,
A man chasing his children,
What it was like to be a child.
To be fascinated with a stick or a puddle.

Natalie Strickland

The receptionist, a little stilted in her smile.
That is the effect I have on people sometimes,
grumpy and without coffee.
Nothing is wrong, but nothing is quite right.
Restless and uneasy and a bit discontent,
I did as I sometimes do, took a street I knew.
I must go to see beautiful things
Or I start to think life is ugly.

A lake, frozen.
Black jagged stubs of trees jutting out,
Blue-white ice.
I stared until I began to feel better.
Away from all we've made up,
the habits of all the silhouettes around me,
I come to what is real without people.

I love the trees and the leaves
The white trunks and flaking bark,
Mulching fallen leaves.
The way my boot sole sinks.
"DANCING TO ELECTRO-POP LIKE A ROBOT FROM 1964."

"I bet that you look good on the dancefloor, antics monkeys"
The River

This moment the river
Rushes within me like a
Stream over the rocks,
Ebbs and flows like
The ocean tide
For millions upon millions
In the Precambrian Era,
Trilobites feeling, twitching
Along the floor,
Rubbery soft-eyed creatures
Drifting near the sun-glazed surface,
Rising to amphibians
Rising to reptiles
Rising to mammals
--the birds a sharp-beaked interlude—
And, at last, to man in whom
The river has never stopped flowing
The sea has never ceased to dwell sighing.

The age within me is like that,
This ebb and flow the lungs
That fill and empty,
This breath which ties me
To the ground,
To the trees,
To space.

The age within me that breath
That ties us all
Interwoven, the web
Which brings me here
To this moment,
To the breath,
To peace.

It strikes me that
The breath is merely the ability
To focus on the simple,
And the beautiful,
And to listen with true ears
To the shallow
As well as the profound.

Emily Lekel

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Ego Tripping

my copyright goes back to caxton
i've been writing since before your time
i shook the salt onto my plate
but it landed on the earth
and made the dead sea
i helped write beowulf
and met him too
nice man but far too coarse
if you ask me
my goldfish grew too big for their bowl
so i let them have more swimming space
they grew and grew
and now you call them whales
my clumsy child spilled a can of glitter
but i never could wipe it from the sky
so i left it there for you to see
i shared with shakespeare the greatest loves
but he took all the credit
i laugh at man's confidence
and sank titanic
with a single wish
my daughter eve was a thoughtless wretch
her eyes too big
for her stomach
she reached for food and now you suffer
i told the greeks
that games were fun
a little competition goes a long way
i watched nearby as a bomb fell down
a little japanese city making news
i could have saved them
but i didn't
i hear your cries but unlike GOD
i just don't care.

Stephanie Maguire
Ode to the Firebird Generation

We are the bright red firebirds of the millennium
we set ourselves ablaze to light the dark places
the sharp edged and difficult to touch places.

We are the bars. We drive our fast cars half
lit cig in hand off the edge of the world.

We say tell me what you know about dreaming,
tell me what you know about night-thoughts?

We are the Patron Saints of lost causes
content to build twenty new shores
instead of one. We had good intentions.

We say slow and steady wins the race
with Mary J growing from our finger
tips. We are brilliant disasters.

We say hope is a changing color and
change comes with brutish force
childlike wonder and speed.

We would throw nets rather our souls
over the whole of Africa if it would stop
the things that go bump in the night, if it
would stop disease from boiling.

We have been to where the sidewalk ends,
jumped feet first into oblivion. We have
broken our hearts on the abrasive edges
of the night and still come back for more.

We are the flood of sound that makes the city
lights shake to a beat that is sporadic and off key.

We are the giant oak wardrobes that hold
the changing world. We are lions of peace.

We have mastered the art of racing
the river. Never stopping to breathe.
We are the wolves that Mama still loves.

We are the things we carry with us.
We carry Iraq, the child soldiers of
Sierra Leone, the breathing city.
We carry every galloping heart
every star crossed lover and you.

We are Walt Whitman’s untranslatables.
We are blue boxes, we are twitter.

We are Picasso, Picasso in violent motion.

Amber McBride
656 Carroll Street

I remember jamming salty green
Play-Doh into that hole in between
the bricks until it filled up,
not knowing it was green thanks to the
broken cones in my child-sized eyes. The Doh filled up and hard­
ened for
three days before somebody noticed and
dug out the solid block of putty with
a flathead screwdriver. Like having a hole in the wall
was somehow better than a lime-colored patch
between the picture frame and the fireplace.

Alan Linic
Deprived of mind at an Old age

When the chords that connect the stars in my heart unravel
I ask my friend to bring over her red cat, Antares.
She was a red heartbeat in another life.
She commands all things missing.
I am missing my left eye, the one I misplaced.
Bluer than the right, it remembered more.
I remember that I should remember something
the sound of red paint chipping off the banisters,
the sound the sunrise makes on the bare ground.
Easter morning. God bless us, God bathe us in blood
in the shadow valley I fear all but evil.
I am not waving; I am drowning in possessed blankets
smelling like moth balls and unwritten poems
I am having trouble keeping my soul in my skin
Phoenix wants to waltz with Antares in the Milky Way.
My skin is afraid to let her.
Alba and Phoenix are constantly throwing shoes
across the bright red bedroom.
My body stays at home. Phoenix moves to Africa.
Living was never enough for me.
The chords were always snapping.
My body stays at home. Phoenix moves to Africa.
across the bright red bedroom
Alba and Phoenix are constantly throwing shoes.
My skin is afraid to let her,
Phoenix wants to waltz with Antares in the Milky Way.
I am having trouble keeping my skull in my skin.
Smells like moth balls and unwritten poems
I am not waving; I am drowning in possessed blankets.
In the shadow valley I fear all but evil
Easter morning. God curse us, God bathe us in blood.
The sound the sunrise makes on the bare ground
the sound of red paint chipping off the banisters.
I remember I should remember something.
Bluer than the right it remembered more
I am missing my left eye. The one I misplaced.
She seems to command all things missing
She was a fire red heartbeat in another life
I ask my friend to bring over her red cat, Antares.
When the chords that connect the stars in my heart unravel.
a history

Beside your marker, the carved trunk.
Its bark marred years ago to collect
our names in clean stabs.
Haunted by weird woodland sighs, you asked
"Don't these trees look
just like people?"
An oceanic past strands me in bygones.
Falling behind time's stride,
I watch us run under the elders, children,
shaking their branches.

Over our heads, the reaching trees.
Stretching each arm to stroke
a sundown wrinkled sky.
Taunted by moon aromas, they strain
against their roots, snares
to this mean earth.
An island of soil muffles wooden cries.
Implacable to planted fate,
winter wind plays upon cold limbs
a whisper-stiff timbre.
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All submissions are judged through a democratic process by the staff of Gardy Loo and are published based on the number of votes they receive, without exception. Anyone may become a member of the Gardy Loo judging staff simply by attending the judging meetings.

Send submissions to jmugardyloo@gmail.com. Include a cover page with your name, phone number or email, and a list of the works submitted with clearly labeled titles.

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