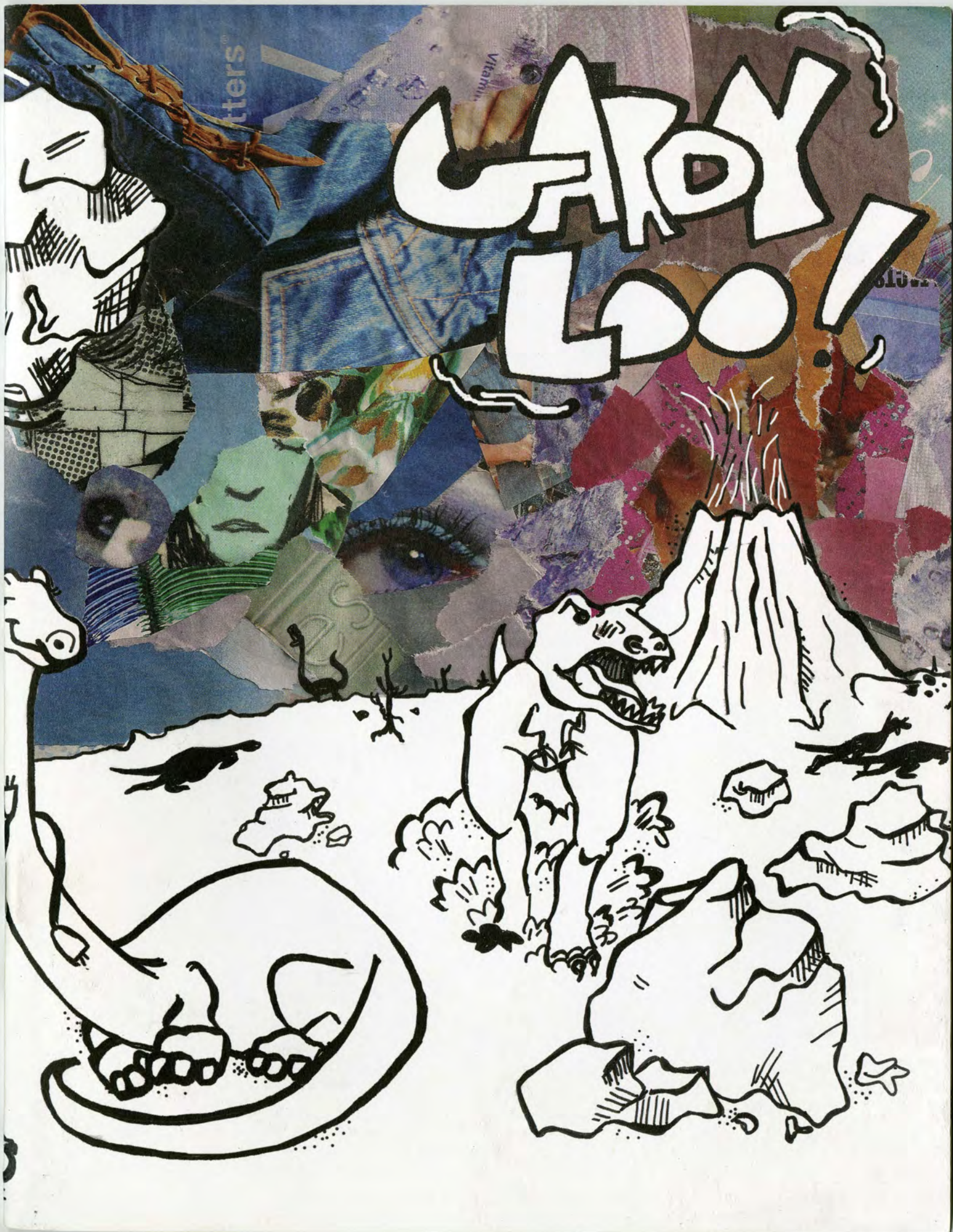
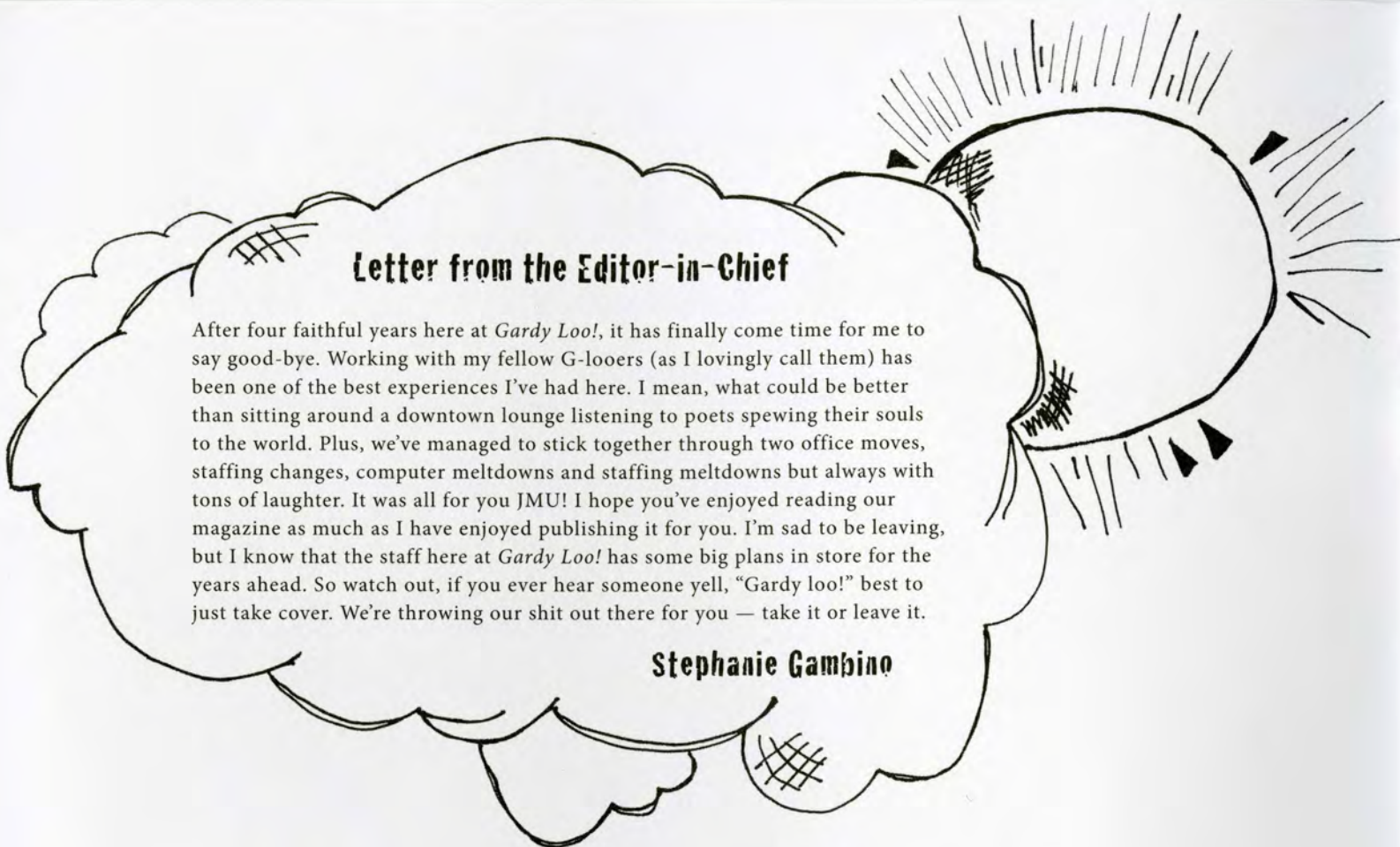


# CAPOY LOO!







## 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-looers (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**



## 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**





## ART

2. **Make Light**- Lauren van Reesema
4. **Awe**- Hannah Gentry
7. **Taylor Swift**- Sarah Mooradian
9. **Little Bear**- Jessica Dodds
10. **Tuesday Afternoon**- Jim Doyle
12. **Grow Up Sushi**- Natasha Bauer
15. **Held Up**- Evan McGrew
17. **Gabe**- Hannah Gentry
18. **Penelope**- Dheepan Ramanan
19. **Self Timer**- Carlisle Sargent
20. **Valley of Lights**- Caitlyn H. Berkowitz
21. **Last Man on Earth**- Caitlyn H. Berkowitz
22. **Which Once was Ice**- Caitlyn H. Berkowitz
24. **Between**- Lauren van Reesema
26. **Brewing Storm**- Stephanie N. Baker
29. **Study of Calligraphy**- Natasha Bauer
30. **Before the Confusion**- Dheepan Ramanan
31. **Connie Culp-First American Face Transplant**- Dheepan Ramanan
32. **What I Know For Sure**- Lauren van Reesema
34. **Time Flies**- Nicole Saunders
37. **Untitled**- Sarah Winks
39. **Best Friends**- Jim Doyle
40. **Focus**- Lindsey Andrews
40. **Turbulence**- Lindsey Andrews

## LITERATURE

3. **What We Aren't**- Maddaline Liotta
5. **Dogmatic**- Rebecca Zuckerman
6. **Loud 'N' Clear**- Alan Linic
8. **All Our Lives in Great Dark Slopes**- Natalie Strickland
8. **Free Poem**- Maddaline Liotta
9. **My Someday Daughter**- Kate Anderson
11. **Croissants**- Maddaline Liotta
13. **Abusing My Substance**- Erica Figert
14. **Ode and Overdose**- Carlisle Sargent
16. **Pulse—Breath—Harmony**- Breanna J. Lennox
18. **A Walk Across the Earth**- Stephanie Maguire
18. **I Find Myself Thinking of Yonder Things**- Rebecca Zuckerman
19. **Loving Cup**- Kristin MacKinnon
22. **Mountaintalk**- Natalie Strickland
23. **Lie, Lay, what's the difference?**- Breanna J. Lennox
25. **Birdplay**- Andrew Dugan
26. **I Don't Get to See You Every Day**- J.R. Cochran
27. **Oh Lack of Love, My Own Affliction**- Erica Figert
28. **Grape Soda Works**- Robert Jones
29. **Other People**- Robert Jones
30. **They All Fall Down**- Erica Figert
31. **Inappropriate Thoughts During Lecture**- Rebecca Zuckerman
33. **Cruise Control**- Natalie Strickland
35. **Ego Tripping**- Stephanie Maguire
35. **The River**- Emily Lekel
36. **Ode to the Firebird Generation**- Amber McBride
38. **Deprived of Mind at an Old Age**- Amber McBride
39. **a history**- Natalie Strickland

# Table of Contents

\*\*Sketches provided by  
the staff members of  
Gardy Loo





**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**







**Awe**  
**Hannah Gentry**



"When earth was yet a little child  
dinosaurs lived free & wild  
Some as big as spacious homes  
Some as small as tiny gnomes."  
- Lillian M. Fisher

## Dogmatic

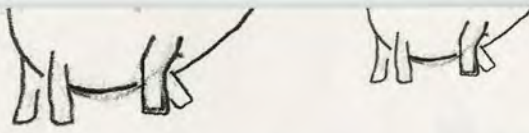
Dogmatic is for addicts for the talking talkers' attics where they store old black and whites and children problematic bible verses all emphatic faith should not be erratic but tell me what to listen to when you words would wear me ragged my sweater and the radio all filled with warmth and static all 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 Zuckerman







## Loud 'N' Clear

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 Linc



Taylor Swift  
Sarah Mooradian



*Sarah Mooradian, Graphite, Taylor Swift, 2009*

### Metallurgy

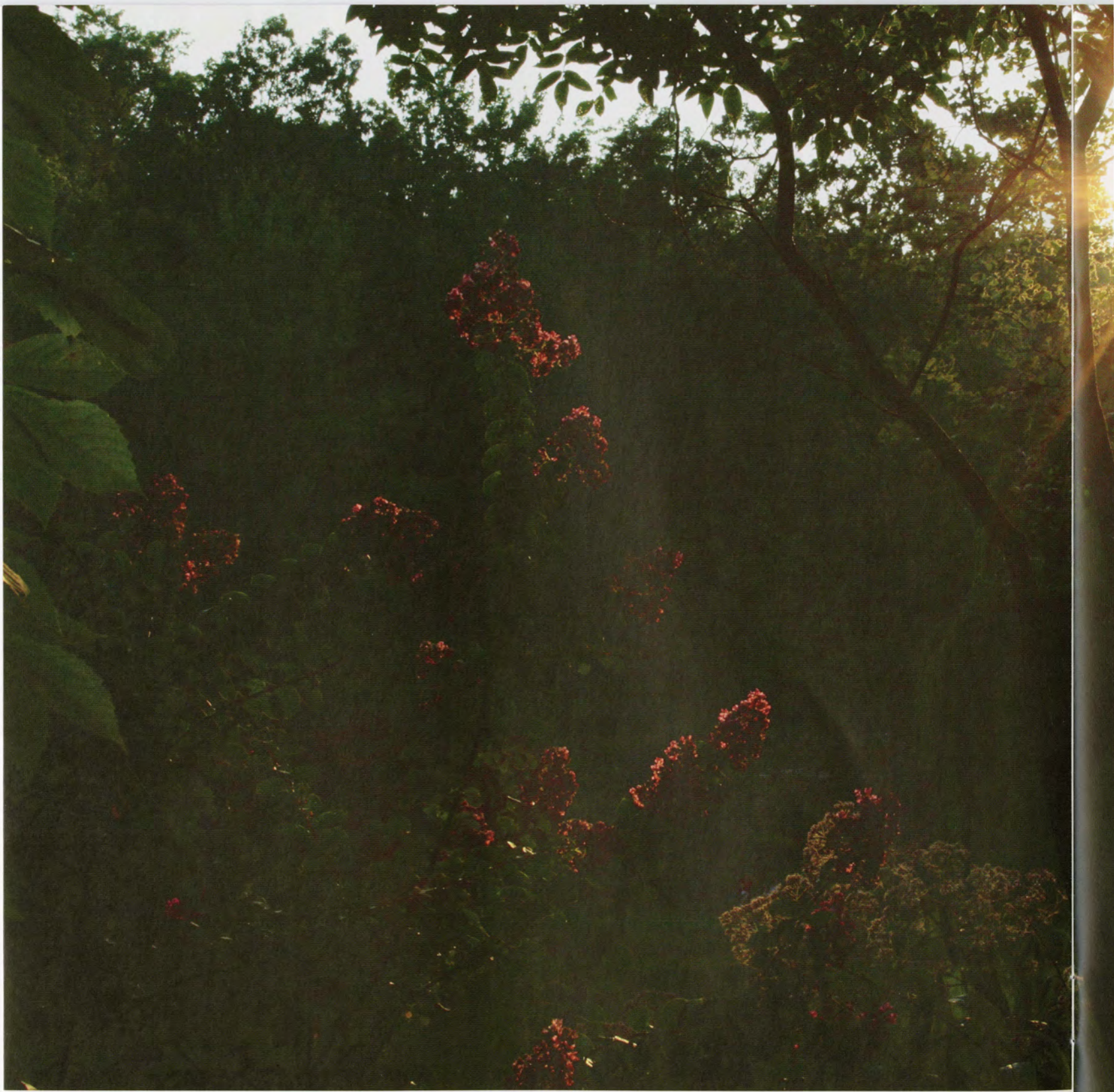
I say I don't believe in soulmates  
But that I believe in signs.  
I am my parents alloy  
One part practical  
One part dreamer  
And born from their collaboration of genes.

I seem to have forgotten myself  
Depressed myself  
And transgressed myself  
I spend so much time running around  
Telling myself  
And selling myself  
That I forgot to listen for the ring of truth.

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.

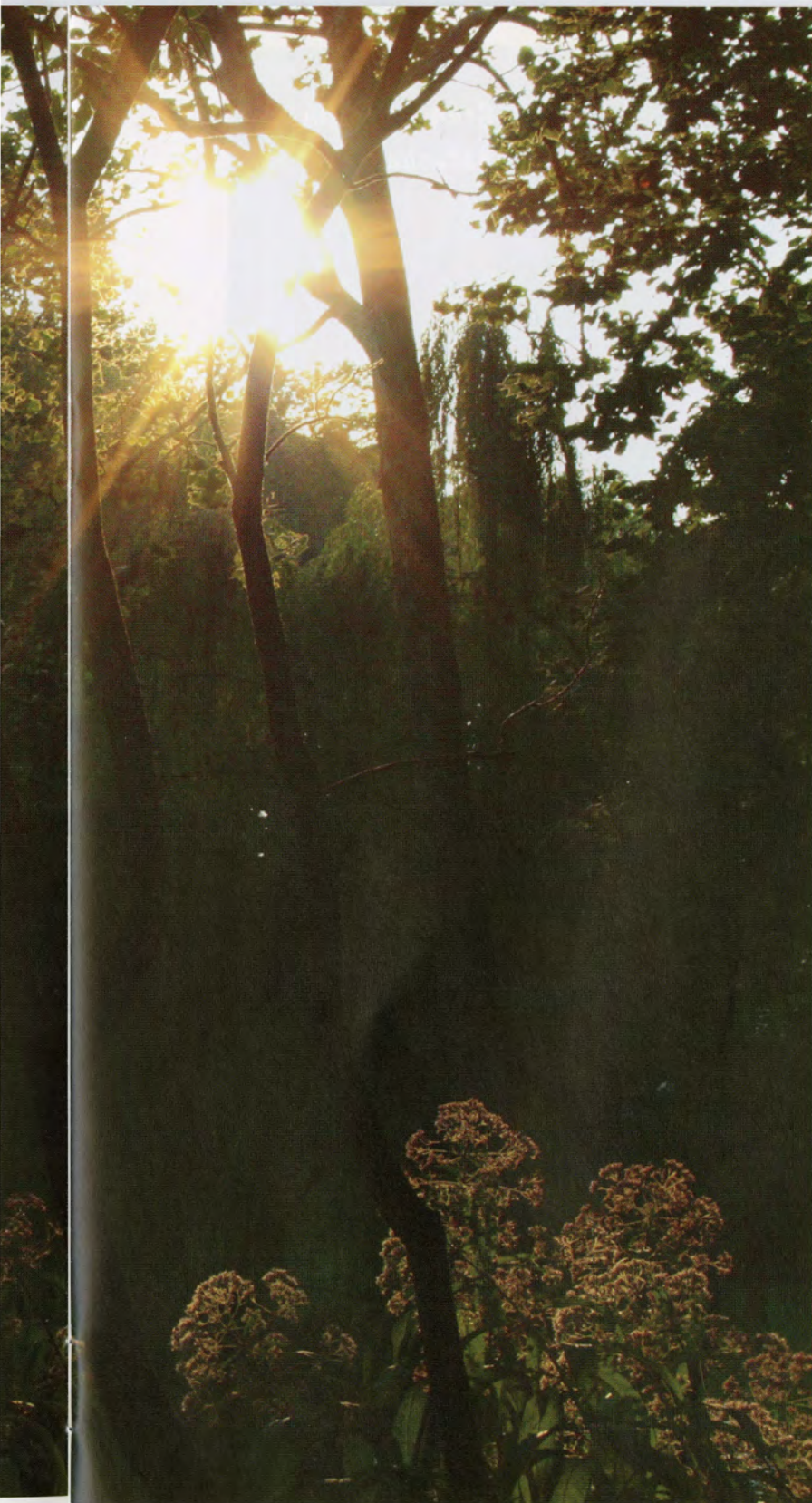




Tuesday Afternoon  
Jim Doyle

▷▷ GRINNING LIKE  
A DOG DIGGING UP  
DINOJAUR 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**



Grow Up Sushi  
Natasha Bauer





## 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

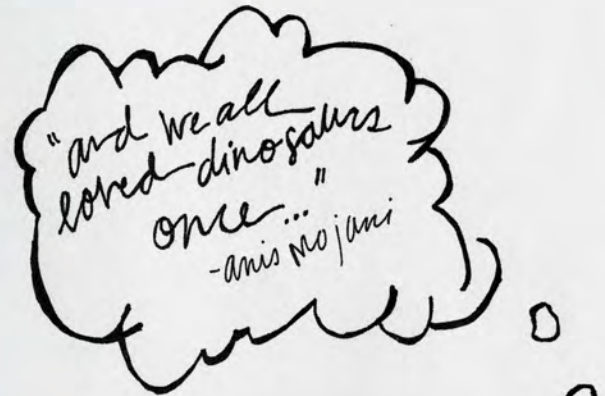
we are the chosen ones  
the small and large

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**







Held Up  
Evan McGrew



## Pulse-Breath-Harmony

You step through the door,  
wet shirt drenched and face reddened you  
approach me arms e x t e n d e d...  
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)

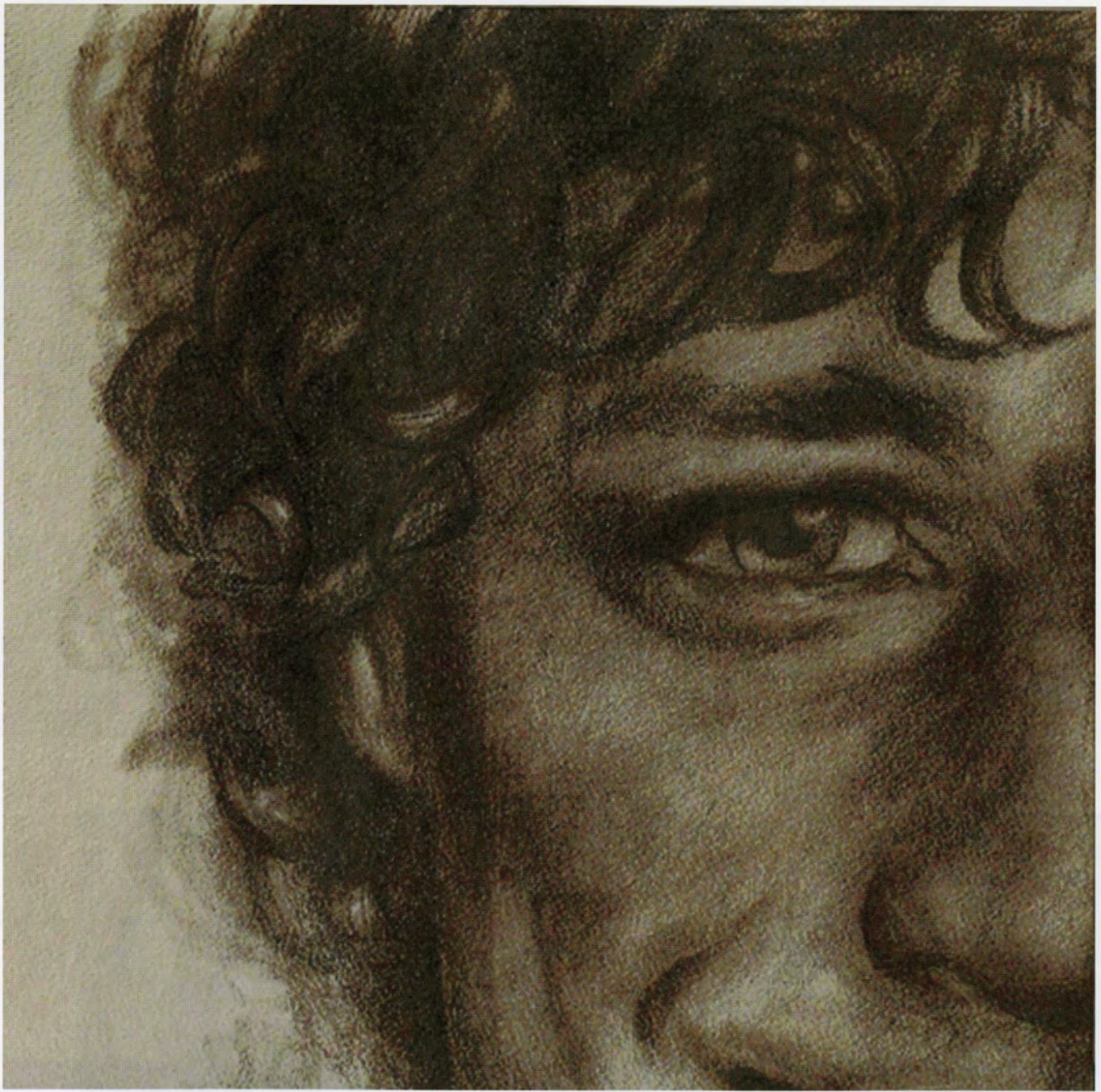
[PLAY I>]  
and Breathe you out...

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.

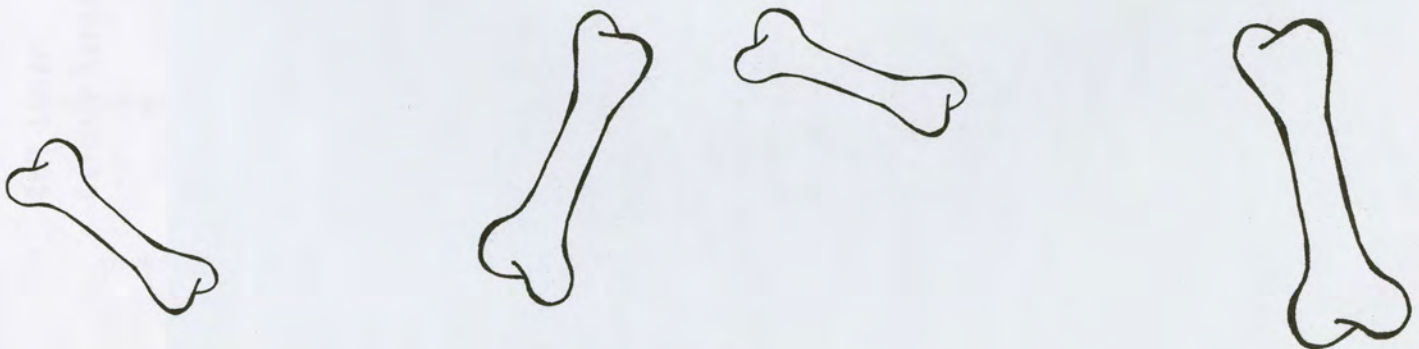
**Breanna J. Lenox**







**Gabe**  
**Hannah Gentry**





## **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 drunkenness 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.

**Rebecca Zuckerman**

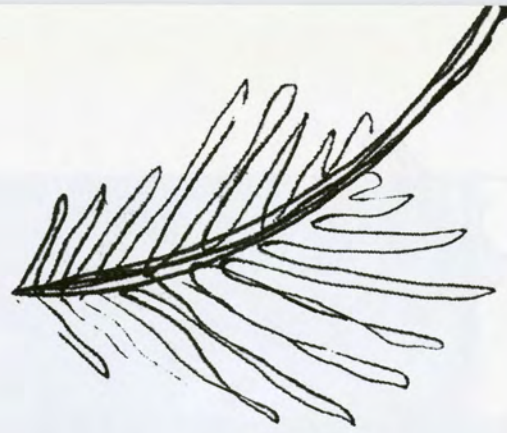


## Loving Cup

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**

**Self Timer  
Carlisle Sargent**



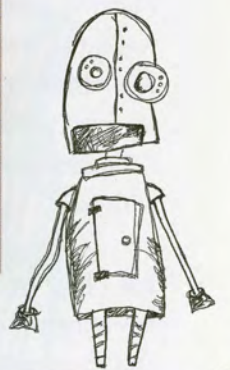
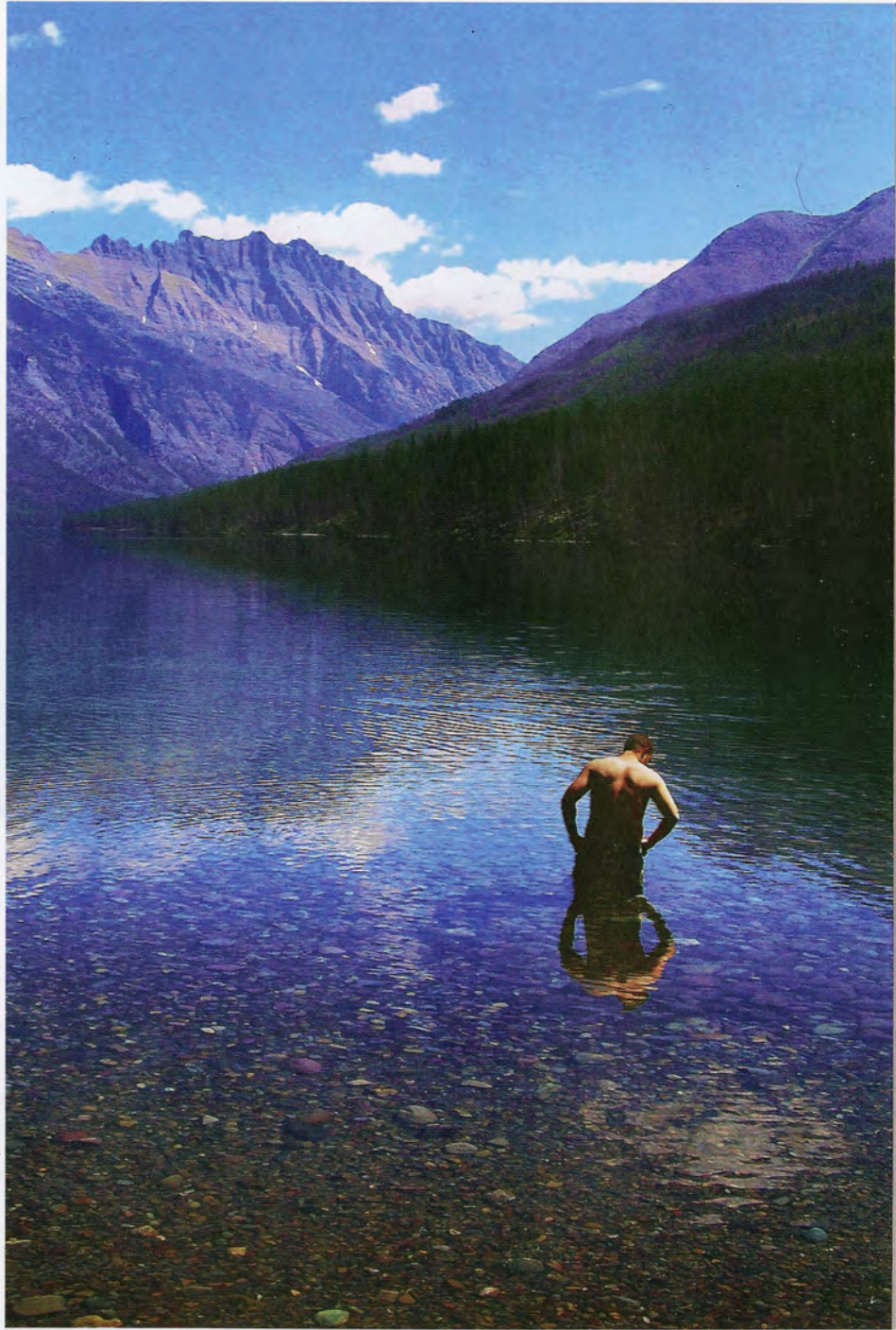




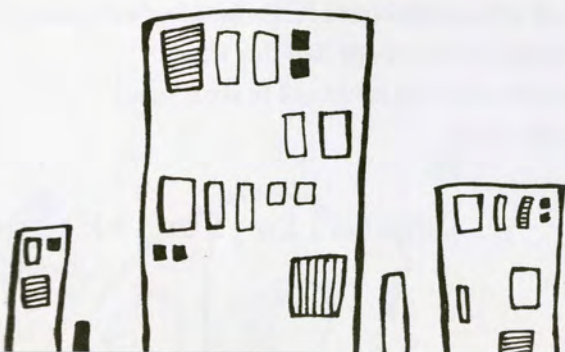
Valley of Lights  
Caitlyn H. Berkowitz







Last Man on Earth  
Caitlyn H. Berkowitz





Which Once was Ice  
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.



## 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.

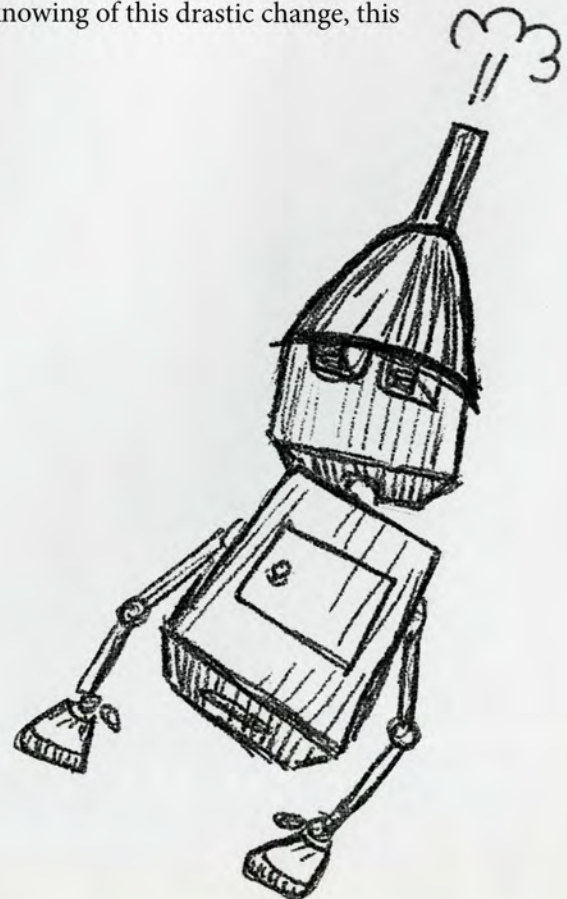
You slept so well and towards me  
neither happy or unhappy about the condition of my feet.  
There was no silent conversation with your mouth nor with  
your nose or shade drawn eyes, you slept silently.

I

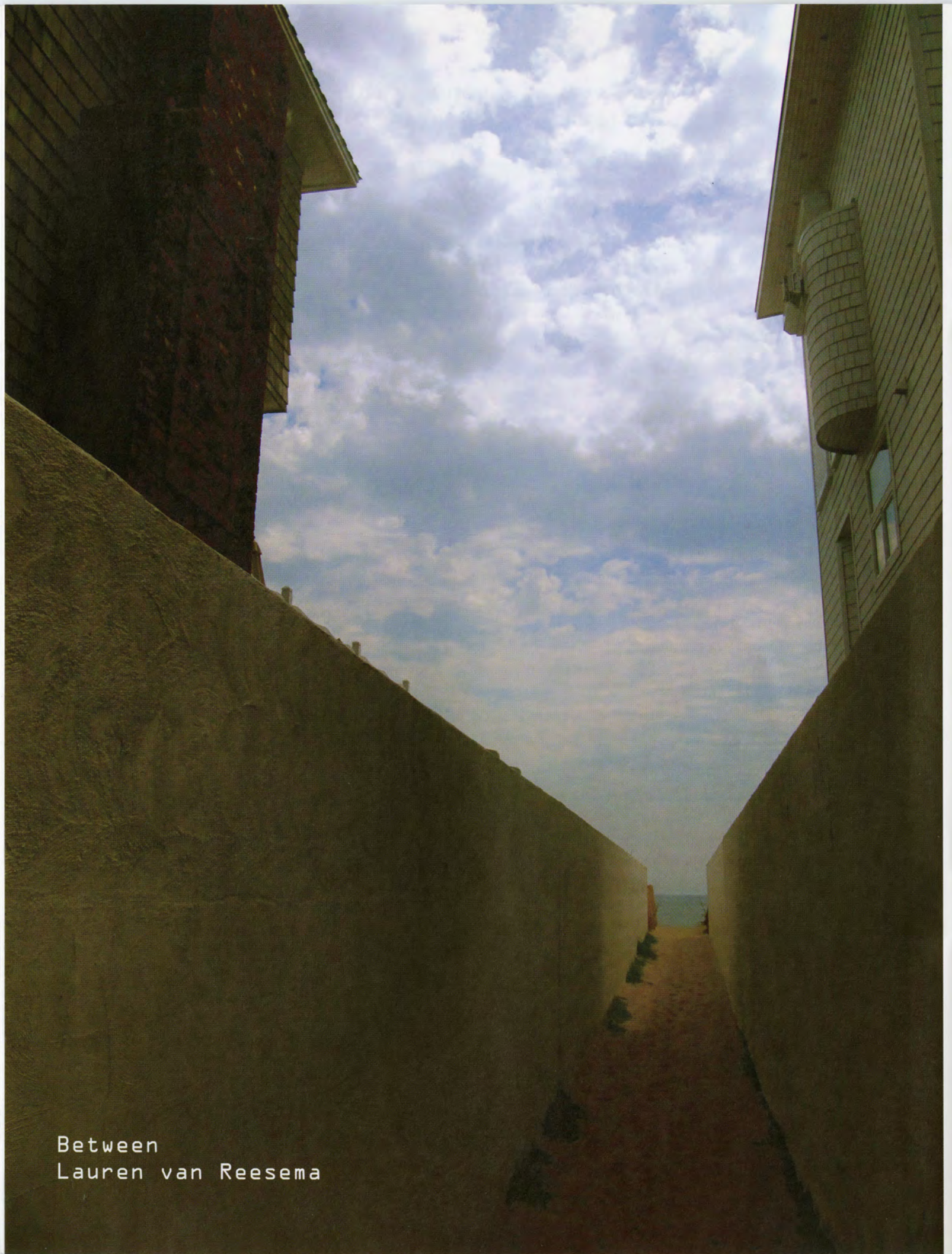
lied...

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-  
enders

rearending, and upside

down.)

kings, queens,

jesters, dukes,  
all 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 rolodex of bereavedtttt  
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,

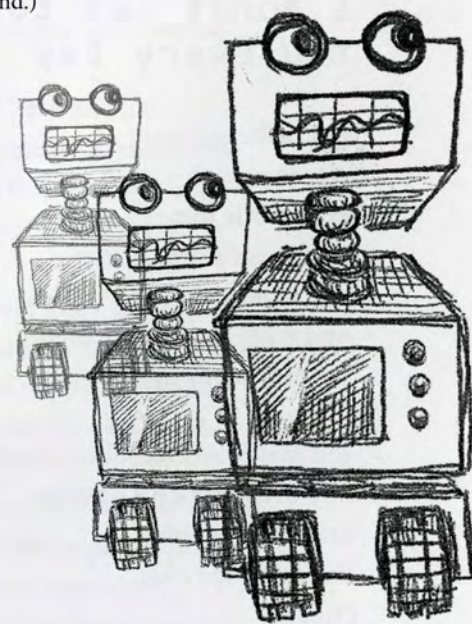
and amble, learn the cardinal rules  
(o! gander! murder! flock flock  
flock!)

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

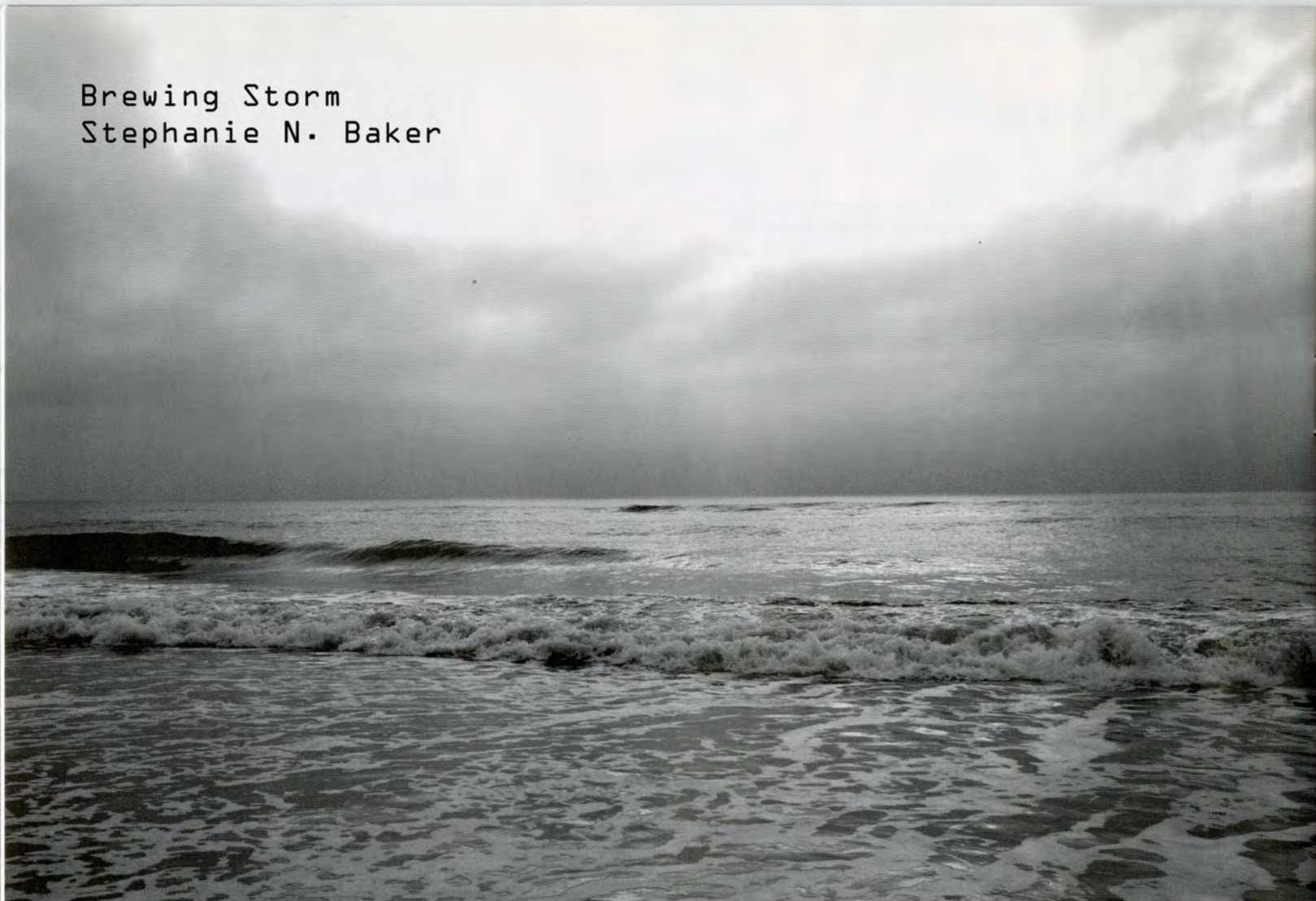
wounds, these lesions, the injuries you'll take  
with neither grain of salt nor flowerseed.

Andrew Dugan





Brewing Storm  
Stephanie N. Baker



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.

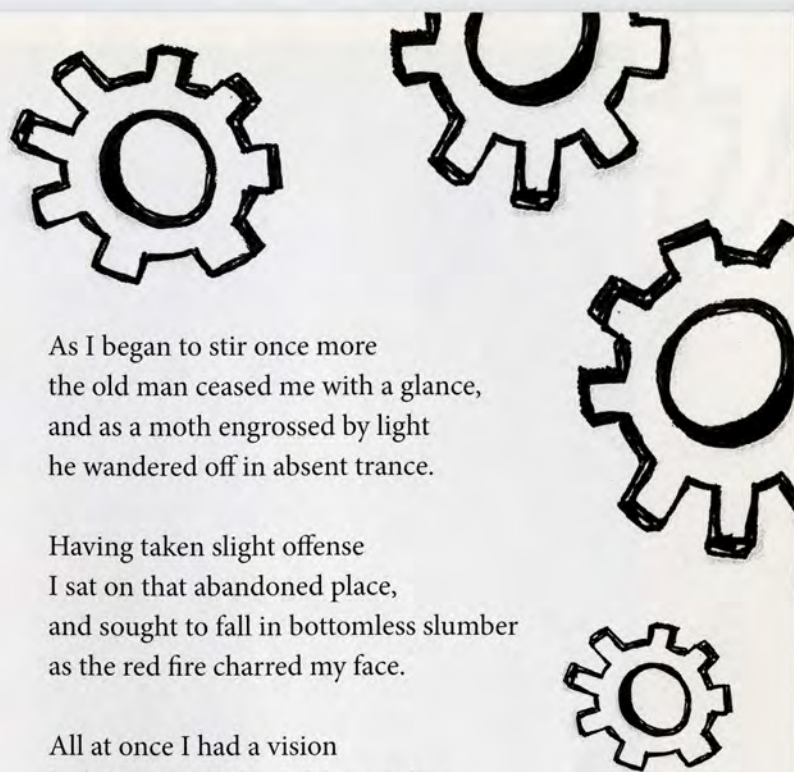
He gently bowed his wizened head  
and gestured for me to proceed,  
so my thoughts I did assemble  
in an attempt to share my creed.

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.

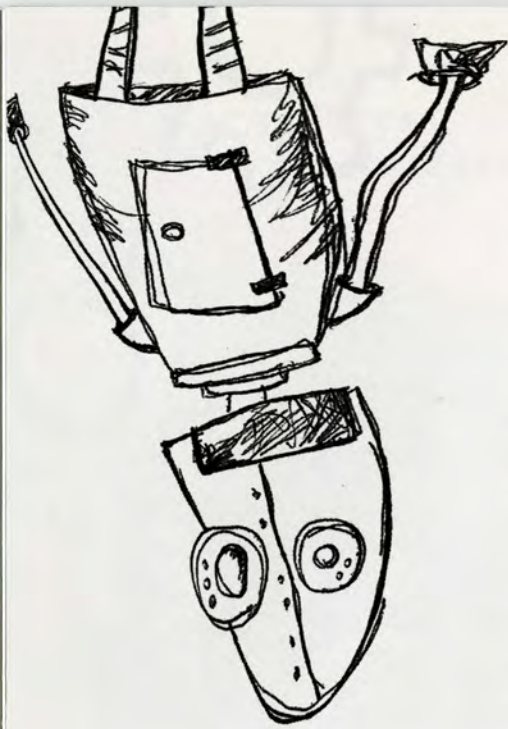
I asked him if he recalled  
that day in Autumn when we met,  
and all across the old man's face  
spread the signs of vast regret.

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

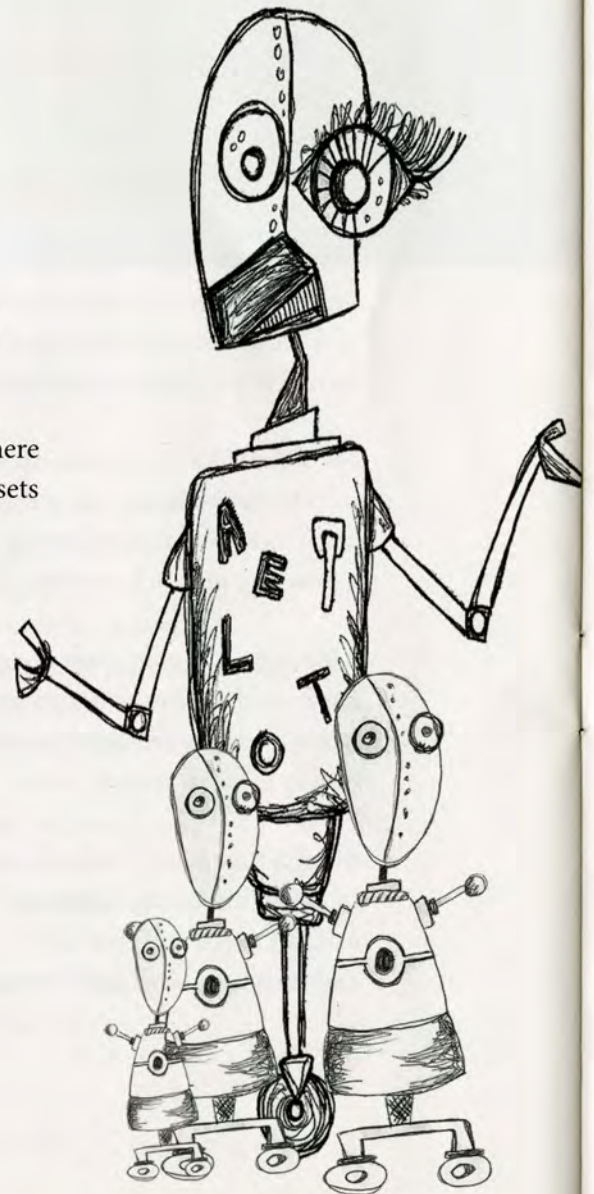




## Grape Soda Words

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 were fucking stressed  
And the cool words that arrest senses  
For slumber in public and sentence  
Them to life in risen heights of intensens 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 prow  
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

## Study of Calligraphy Natasha Bauer

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' flipflopers 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 stupido I wish I could still fit in those pants you know shes 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.



## 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.

Erica Figert



Before the Confusion  
Dheepan Ramanan





Connie Culp-First American Face Transplant  
Dheepan Ramanan

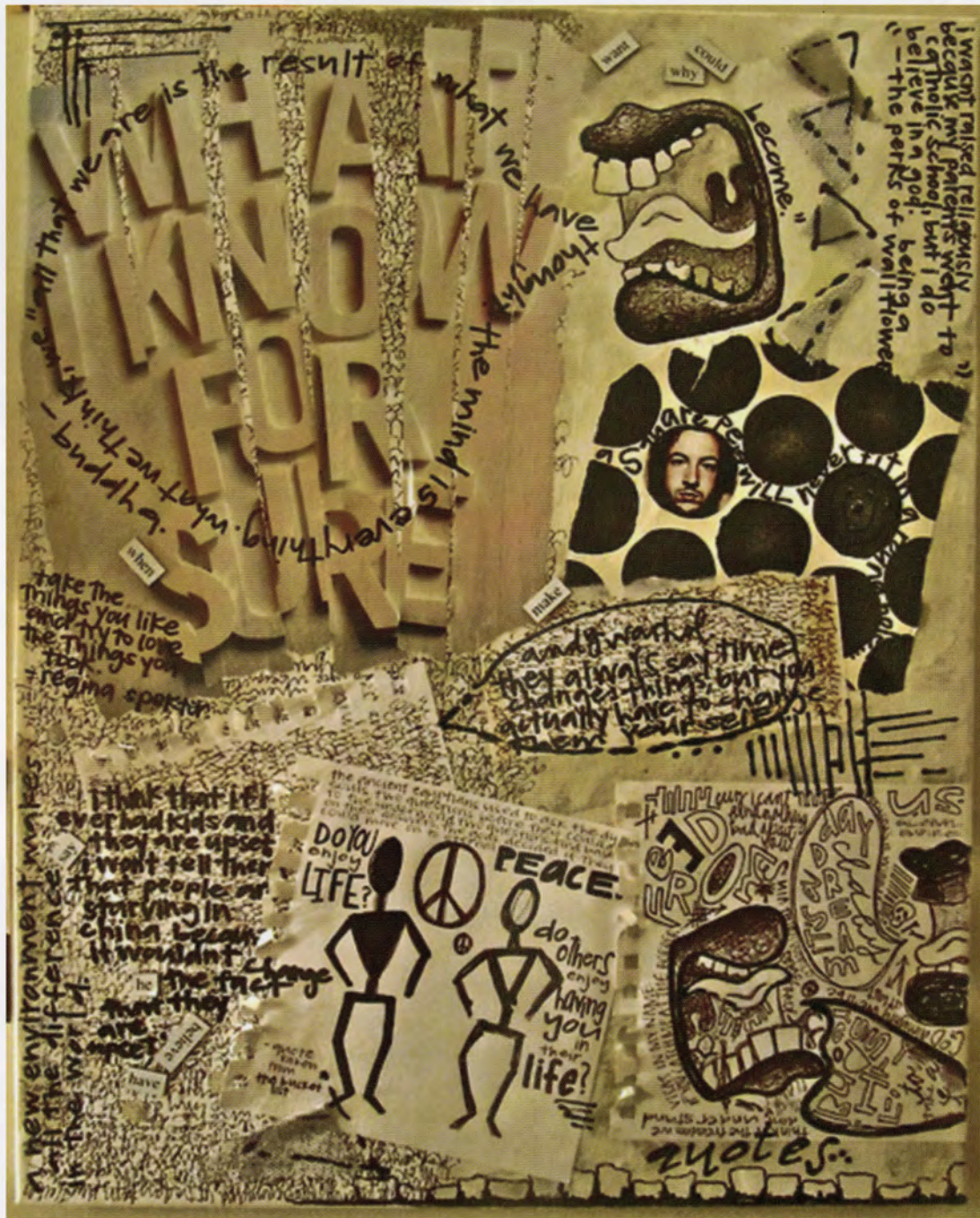


### Inappropriate Thoughts During Lecture

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.

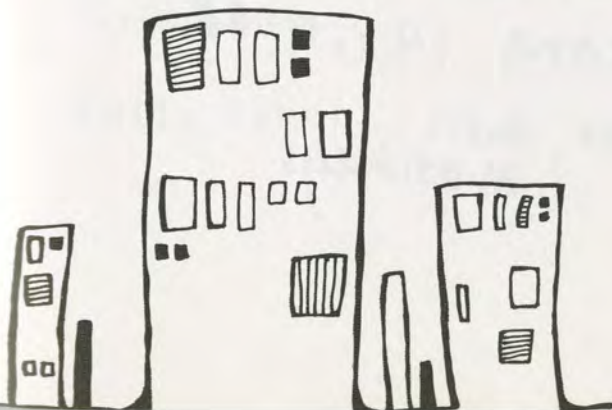


## Natalie Strickland

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.







Time Flies  
Nicole Saunders

"DANCING TO ELECTRO-POP  
LIKE A ROBOT FROM 1964."

- 'I bet that you  
look good on the dance floor', antic  
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 Likel

## 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.

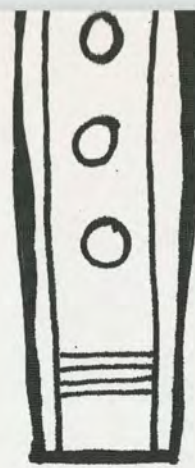
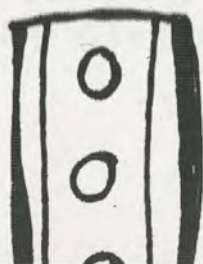
We say slow and steady wins the race  
with Mary J growing from our finger  
tips. We are brilliant disasters.

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





UNTITLED  
Sarah Winks

### 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.

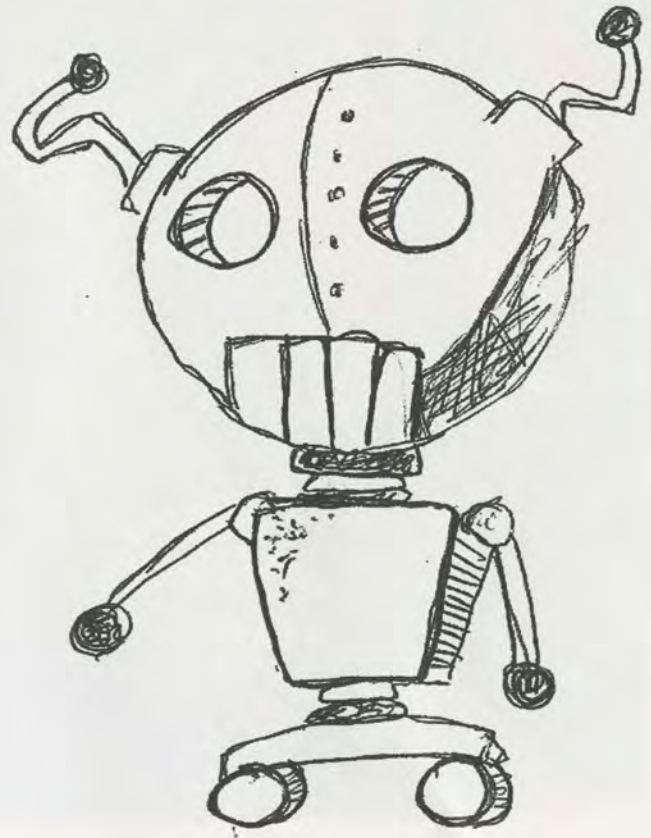
Living was never enough for me.  
The chords were always snapping.

My body stays at home. Phoenix moves to Africa.  
across the bright red bed room  
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.

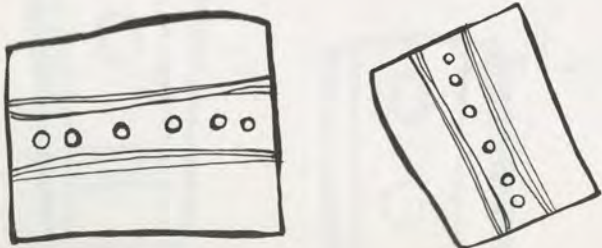


Amber McBride

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.







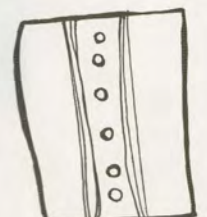
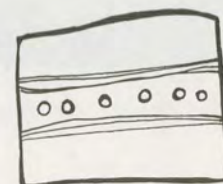
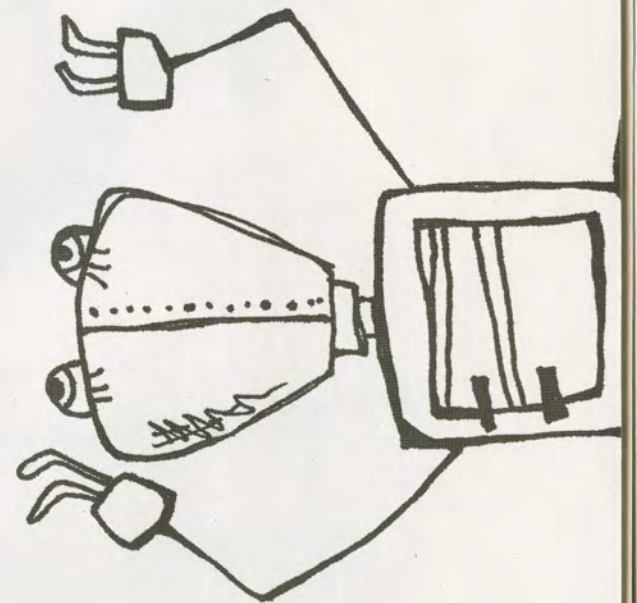
## a history

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.

Natalie  
 Strickland

## Best Friends Jim Doyle







Focus

Lindsey  
Andrews

Turbulence











Printed using Toyo HyPlus 100 ink, a petroleum-solvent-free ink made from a vegetable oil base including soy and linseed oils.