Mission Statement

We, of Absence, are committed to producing a quality literary and art journal which provides the opportunity for Penn State-McKeesport students to publish their original work of interest to our campus community.

Our goal is to encourage student participation in these fine arts of creativity. This journal is primarily for students, yet submissions from faculty and staff are also welcomed.

In Absence lies the presence of pain, pleasure, dreams and realities which we believe represents our sole existence. There always seems to be something missing in our lives. In Absence, you may find what you’ve been searching for.

Take a walk inside and experience what you’ve been missing.

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Absence

PSM’s Literary and Art Journal
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To You, Dean Beatty

Dean John Beatty was a great friend of this organization. What you see before you is largely due to his efforts. He was a fellow writer and contributor. He constantly supported us any way he could. He continuously gave us lessons, even though we weren’t aware that we were being taught. One of the things he taught us was how to be leaders, not followers. He stressed that we should never give up. To this day, we do not know what giving up means.

Since he was taken from us last summer, a big part of this organization has suffered. Since then, we have struggled to find a way to help heal the pain. In the process of our healing, we have decided to make this issue of Absence a tribute to our mentor.

We can’t thank you enough for everything that you’ve done for us, Dean Beatty. We’ll never forget you.

Sketch of John Beatty
by Bruce M. Berquist, Penn State Graduate 1974
Dean Beatty

When I was asked by a member of the ABSENCE staff to write a few words in tribute to John W. Beatty, my first internal reaction was *what words could I possibly choose that would do justice to this good friend and exceptional human being?*

I knew John Beatty for almost three decades. My memories of him are full of wonderful stories of many good times and a few sad times; *what words could describe them?* My memories include quick conversation in the hallway, longer talks in his office, and jokes; *what words could encapsulate them?* And my memories include the times we faced difficult situations — usually, but not always, involving students — that occur on any college campus. *But what words?*

But then it hit me that maybe *one* word would be enough. That word leaped into my mind as I recalled two totally unconnected events which occurred about a year ago, just a few month before John’s death.

In the eternal and ineffable permutations of academic administration, old departments are abolished, new colleges are created, positions are eliminated, and titles are changed. It struck me that the title of “Dean of Students,” a title John once held, had been eliminated years ago — long before this student had thought about coming to PSM (perhaps even before this student was born!). And yet he used the term “Dean Beatty” naturally, easily, automatically.

As I recalled that classroom event, another incident came to mind, one involving a meeting of faculty and staff members. There was one person in attendance who had been an employee for just a short time. During the course of the conversation, one of the long timers said something about a decision made by “the Dean.” The newcomer looked puzzled and asked, “Which dean?” I was struck not by the fact that this novice was puzzled *but by the fact that the rest of us in the room knew exactly who “the Dean” was.*
I had the word I was looking for: Dean

What better word to summarize the life of this man and what he meant to all of us?

“Dean” is a title bestowed upon someone in the academic world who is given important duties and powers; it is a title which connotes responsibilities and judiciousness; but most importantly, it is a title of respect and esteem. This is a title John Beatty once had, officially, but years later, even after it had been “officially” taken away from him, he continued to merit.

Everyone referred to him as Dean Beatty. It was as though his parents themselves had named him Dean John.

The title fit; it belonged; it remained.

For those of us who knew him, for those of us who worked with him as students or colleagues, for those of us who loved and respected him, he will always, forever, be Dean Beatty.

I think that word pretty much says it all.
Green

I have a nickel ... hmm ... two for a penny spearmint green balls or spend the entire amount on a lime green popsicle which always made your fingers sticky ... no matter your technique or degree of carefulness ... choices ... life was full of choices ...

A tiny bookshelf filled with ancient dust covered books ... worn ... tattered ... many with dirty green covers ... discouraging all curiosity to discover what lies inside ...

Small boys playing alone all day in green woods ... with trees loaded with green crab apples ... eat one and you would get “early marbles” ... a mystical ailment which would turn you green with stomach pain ...

The fields of childhood ... where green formed the backdrop for multicolored wildflowers ... grass and leaves sacrificing their own identity to pronounce the beauty of isolated pink, yellow, or blue flowers ...

The back shed with forest green trim ... paint peeling from two dirt covered small windows ... irregular ... misformed ... odd shaped ... belonging to the shed ... giving identity ... character to the structure ...

And now ... a lifetime later ... green pens etch memories onto the white pages of a journal ... so that years from now ...
someone who remembered the man ... could read ... remember and perhaps understand why he found peace in green places ...

This appeared in the first issue of Absence.
Robert Beaumont

Ironic

I dream of you
Nothing sexual, yet
Strangely still erotic.
Used to be illicit situations
But you changed all that.

Every time I look at you
Every time I hear your voice
The black hole yields a little
To the soul that is trapped within
My heart beats a little quicker, little stronger.
Trying to break the chains that bind it.

And every time I remember what you once told me,
What you once said.
Freeing and trapping my heart at the same time.
You told me you would never give me a chance
To show you who I really am.

Because I wasn’t perfect,
Because I decided to have my own opinion.

I was crucified because I believed against the majority.
I was crucified because I proclaimed to be something no one
understood.
Crucified because I am not Christian.

Seems I’ve heard this story before,
Seems the ending is still the same.
Deuces Wild

A pair of deuces wild
Controlling and egocentric
Timid and electric
Hell-bent on himself
Equality is the key
Unconcerned for her feelings
Wonder what he thinks he is seeing
Darkness begins closing in around her light of day
Doesn’t care what happens, it just will
She grasps at straws to hold onto it still

Together
Apart
Together
Apart
Together
Apart
Together, but for how long
Even love can’t be this strong
Like a crack in a pane of glass
Time takes them further away
Slipping down an icy slope
No picks or ropes to help them cope
The frigid water at the bottom
Not nearly as comforting as cotton
Which is where they expected to fall
Like the wounded call
Of a hurt child
When the deuces wild
Amorette

A dark thundercloud rumbles through the air,
I can’t keep but thinking of the color of your hair.
The wind pushes along keeping a brisk pace,
The gentle brush, like your hair caressing my face.

The soft pink petals of a rose swaying in the wind.
Sweet smile of your rosy lips forces me to wish that I never sinned.
Sudden flash of lightning crackles in the sky,
Paling in comparison to your sudden anger’s light.
The smooth warmth of your skin gives me a natural high,
As the feel of the sun as it returns post-night.
Caribbean island water of sea-green
Eyes filling me with the same warmth and beauty
The sea, calm or rough, never as it seems
Underneath the surface, it stirs us sooty
The rains slows to a drizzle and a scent arises
Honey, natures surgery, golden gift
Your sweet aroma one of many surprises
Like all nature’s gifts, this I’m glad I haven’t missed.
See

I am not normal and I don’t see
What is standing right in front of me?
I need a purpose; I need a plan I need someone to hold my hand.
Because life has been presented so easily to me.
Now it is so hard for me to see.
Life

A simple circle, three benches in it.
I sit on the bench that faces away from the world.
The one that I know is not facing anyone I know.
I turn on the inside looking out but,
Proclaim from the outside looking in.
My bench faces trees. I want to run wild from tree to tree.
No one actually is stopping me. Only obstacles stand in your way.
But breaths of life are here to stay.
Call

You call to me in the night.
I reach out for your hand, but you are not there.
I am scared to be alone. Scared to be by myself.
But most of all I’m afraid you won’t understand.
For truly getting to know one self takes solitude,
not someone there holding your hand.
True Fidelity

Between the sentries of symphonic,  
twin speakers of a rosewood appliance,  
I spent the polyester of my younger years.  
A homage paid on the living room carpet  
of toy-truck parade. I wore knees shiny  
past the stereo console, that delicious hi-fi.

With its cyclops of a red eye  
indicating warming tubes,  
I parked my miniature fleet  
and held the deep breath for seconds  
before FM reception, a true fidelity  
with its promise of life, static-free.

We hungered for rock n’ roll  
like a hop, like the glint of switchblade rumble.  
*West Side Storied,*  
The cats in my cars were way cool.  
Leaning on horns to sound approval,  
backseat couples made out to moldy oldies  
or their song, the “b” side of a Monkees hit.

And the stax of wax fell  
on a pancake sized platter.  
Scratching and hissing out  
James Brown’s *Please, Please, Please!*  
Do-Wop, Mowtown, British Invasion,  
and my sister’s Elvis.  
A record-changer name drop  
of Liberty, Sun, Chess, and Capitol.  
Playing Roulette with the Shondells;  
Date with the Zombies; Apple for the Beatles  
and Steppenwolf’s ABC’s.
Counting them down in those years of one-hit wonders
with parents who did not know rock n’ roll
or the fashion of transistor radio earplugs.
We drew distant late night rhapsody into our beds
and dreamt dreams of forty-five revolutions
per minute, waking to a simple three-chord melody.
Kevin Clark

Could’a Been

We move through an old house
and feel the creaking familiar of its floorboards
I am watching you take it all in
like air, like breathing, asking nothing,
wanting it all.

We are capable of all of this and more
dimensions of us under every rug,
potential hung like the clay pottery in the kitchen.
True strangers could not exist before
the warmth of woodstove.

But memories of chestnut doorframes
and the scent of newly cut and trimmed Michigan pine
are lost before the car door’s pulled shut.
A cat named Murphy has lept to her porch railing,
and we follow a sinewy, falling creekbed home.

The land, the land, I say pronouncing its size,
its influence, its pull of water, with Penn’s Creek
rushing like it has some frantic appointment with river.
You’re the quiet observer. Ducks, proud farmhouse,
and maybe, a shy beaver. Could’a been.

I’ve taken a ride with the promise of sun dogs
and got a rainbow of silk scarves, and pretty smiles
from the birthday girl who listens and listens.
It’s a journey started and one that she’s already
stored, like a warm throw to blanket the snowy evening.
Should I?

On this cold winter's night
I sit thinking of you
And wonder again
If you think of me too

I have tried to tell you
All of the things I want to say
But before I get the words out
You always walk away

What happens if you say
We're only just friends
Or you don't like me at all now
And everything ends

Do I take the chance
Of my heart breaking in two
Or try once more
To be just friends with you
Daddy

(For George)

Daddy, you were the most precious thing that I could lose
Your death has left our family so confused
Daddy, you were too young to go
Now you will never be able to see your children grow
Daddy, you were my friend, my foundation, my hero
Now I know that you have your halo
Daddy, I can still feel your presence, and I can see you smiling at me
As you ride off into the sunset on your big, red Harley
Daddy, your love of small pleasures like motorcycles, cars, fresh
air, and the ocean
Help me to realize why I have such devotion
Daddy, I miss you with all of my heart
I am so devastated that we are so far apart
Daddy, I am tired of crying and I want the pain to go away
When I think of your laugh, your big brown eyes, and your life,
I know that the smiles will be here to stay
Daddy, I cherished every moment that we were together
I want you to know that I will love you forever
Daddy, I believe that we will meet again
Until then watch over me, our family, and our friends
The Goat Man

Every once in a while, in a very blue moon,
The Goat Man used to make his wandering way
Through the streets and byways of our town,
Walking close behind his goat-drawn sleigh.

His hair was very long and gray and tangled,
His beard was like a half-remembered saint’s.
From the harness of the goats there dangled
A hundred tinkling bells to mark their gait.

Who was this apparition — gypsy, hobo?
Where did he travel and where did he come from?
A homeless spirit, always on the go,
He neither spoke nor heard from anyone.

His grizzled face appears in dreams untold
And makes me wonder where now sleeps his soul.
Dance Like No One is Watching

Madeline danced beneath the clouds one night within an unseen reel.
She leaped and plunged.
Alone and true, she frolicked in delight,
Her moves and spins not seen to be judged.
She twirled and sang without melody or routine.
Throughout the dance she remained sincerely she.
The disappearance of the darkness was not foreseen,
and beholding her shadow, sweet bliss did flee.
She learned this sweet liberty is not to last
with the presence of shadows eternally cast.
Empty Space?

In the middle of the room
between the couch and the TV
and the carpet and the ceiling
below the light fixture
and above the coffee table
there is nothing.

And I wonder as I sit
staring into nothing, If there
in the middle of the room
is where my thoughts disappear
when I don't write them down?

And I wonder if there
between the couch and the TV
where I see nothing
Is there really something?
Perhaps the memories of dreams
I don't remember dreaming

And I wonder if there
between the carpet and the ceiling
resides the kleptomaniac
who stole my understandings
and past illusions to take within his transparent abyss?
And I wonder if there
between the coffee table
and the light fixture
lives a witness
to all the good intentions
I never acted on
and if he'd speak up now
because isn't it the thought
that counts anyhow?

So as I sit staring into nothing
between the couch and the TV
and the carpet and the ceiling
above the coffee table and
below the light fixture
I imagine this intangible enclosure
to someday shatter the forgotten
and force me to face a past me
and every me between.
I remember the simple dancing days
Everyone would make a big deal about the recital
No matter how awkward and off beat the dancers were,
the parents waited for “their” dance.
Even though she couldn’t stand it when the others got lost,
She did her best and never stopped smiling.
Always upset with her performance because there was that one
miniscule imperfection that could’ve been improved upon if
she had practiced just a few more times.
But they didn’t care because they loved just seeing their baby girl
on stage and in the spotlight.

As their baby girl grew so did her love for dance.
She would practice for hours on end simply to decrease that
chance of imperfection.
Now only mom came to the recitals, but that was okay.
~Dad had to work that night and couldn’t take off — as usual~
~Brother had homework or wouldn’t sit still — as usual~

She wanted to impress, not only friends with the fast-paced
control and flowing movements, but anyone and everyone who
would willingly watch.
To show them how smoothly music and motions go together as one,
To tell her story through her passion for dance.

Not even the pain of a lacerated soul could stop her.

If anything, the pain made her stronger,
Molded her moves and softened her features.
It would be her last dance.

And this time it was truly perfect for she shined like no star
known in all the heavens
Although she’ll never admit it
In form it was the essence of beauty and the true representation of
what every ounce of blood in her body told her — she was
born to dance and fly, fly forever …
Even dad was there with mom to watch their baby girl
Dance her last solo

And when she felt she had failed after all those years
Somehow everything she had gone through — whether
Good or bad — didn’t matter

Her dedication, her worrying, her tortures — everything — was
worth it when her mom told her that as her dad watched his
baby girl’s last dance he was crying because he was so proud.

And this time it was truly perfect.
Wandering blindly in the cool night air
Chest heaving with silent sobs
  Traceable by the tear stained cheeks
  She finds her path through memory
  For vision is lost from her emerald eyes

Clumsily she runs down the staircase
Hand gliding along the chilled metal of the dew-damped banisters
  The rhythmic slap-slap of her old sneakers is a reminder of the building momentum
As she misses the last step, she takes in a sharp breath
  That full-blown propels her upward and places her in the water at the pond’s edge
  Her head cracks the cement once and returns to the ground limply

  She does not move.

The waters surrounding her body are eerily still
The unsheathed blade floats from her hand, it’s purpose now extinguished
  The ducks swim towards the object in their pond
  Moved in some unnatural way, they cry in vain for this death
    Their pure white feathers dyed pink from her blood
    They cover her in their mourning.

One by one they silently fly off into the dark night sky just as mysteriously as they arrived
When their ascent is complete, the body is gone
  There is no trace of anything
  There is but a single feather floating on the waters
    It is not the brilliant white of the waterfowl
    It is not the pale rose of bloodstained white

  It is but a soft, shimmering emerald left behind.
An Unbelievable Tale

    The beautiful blue breeze sweeps
Through my auburn mane and,
    With the birds in time it keeps,
While laying still does the golden sand.
    My clear, drifting eyes begin to spy,
A midnight raven out for its walk,
    When suddenly all becomes a lie,
And the winged one begins to talk.
    He starts to spin yarns of days of old
And all the times of which he's been,
    He then became grave and wind grew cold
Turning to me he says, "You my friend, can never win!"
    Pondering, deciding, I remain here still.
    Pondering, deciding, I remain here still.
Steve Lucia

A Momentary and Forgotten Revelation

Red lights blink
Striped boards halt traffic,
   A train screeches past
In the early morning haze.
My mind wanders off ...

"Early this morning in the city’s 500 block of Washington Avenue, two teens were found shot to death. They were the apparent victims of a drive-by shooting"

read the headlines.
   It’s only the thousandth time I’ve heard that.
Life is so fragile,
   so unappreciated.
Life’s here one second,
   gone the next.
The train continues roaring past.
   Is life like that train?
Moving so fast, screaming past.
   What is it carrying?
Where is it’s destination?

You can only guess when it will end.
   You never know how long your train is, and suddenly it’s gone.
The lights stop blinking,
   The screaming stops.
The gate rises and you are free to go.

A car backfires and I am sucked back to reality, and I realize it’s my turn to pass over the uneven rails and all of these thoughts of a dull moment, are here and gone.
Torture and terror,
Power and chains...
Tears and Raindrops,
Why all this pain?

Imagine my heartache, imagine my links,
Why are they there,
I put them there, me thinks

For in each link is safety
And in each piece I wear
A little more of my heart—
lest I forget to breathe.
Anonymous

Internet Love

My internet love, we have never met
And yet I feel you near.
You type your words to me and let
Me think my thoughts so dear.

We may never see each other face to face
And though that makes me sad,
I feel somehow your warm embrace
And knowing that makes me glad.

And so my love, this chat session ends,
And though I hate to part,
To some we know the rules we bend,
But you will always be in my heart.
February fourteenth where was I
Walking frigid Pittsburgh streets maybe
But that’s no surprise
Wishing for soft skin for comfort
Again
No surprise
Skin soft and smooth and warm and all those beautiful
Adjectives that come so close to the superficial
But describe the contact of flesh on flesh
And intimacy of a cold winter night
Shared under blankets snuggling warm
Imitate unsuccessfully
With useless words
An antithesis of a loving caress
And you might take a cold walk down a Pittsburgh street
Numb fingers clinging to a thin coat
Dragging frozen feet to an empty bed
Awaiting no one
And waking alone on February fifteenth
Dane O’Brien

Looking down the steps
Dirty walls years old
And the light string sways with the air
My ghost is coming to visit
Spirit listen a minute while I bore you
Like frustrated masturbation
Useless
Maybe I’ll sleep it off
And nothing’s on
Except Jerry what’s ‘is name
A girl smiles and seconds later I realize it’s because my zipper’s down
So what’s god have to say for himself
Lately?
Give’im a message for me will ya?
Tell’im
He should try this for a bit
Uncle Ed

Blind Ed he sings his words
Day in day out
His white cane finds its way
Blind Ed he preaches his book
Blind Ed he earns his keep
Providing for the little ones
Sheltering them with his love
Blind Ed hears the music no one else can
Sharing his strength from within
Blind Ed sees what we'll never understand
Blind Ed found his way
Guided by invisible hands
Let him lend you his sight
Yes I have many fears.

To just name one would be much too hard.

I fear losing.
  Losing control,
  losing my friends,
  losing my mind. Though perhaps that is not quite such a loss
  after all.
I fear pain,
  heartache,
  rejection.
I fear being held too high.
  what goes up must in time come down and
I fear falling.
  falling at all is bad
  but falling in love is far worse.
I fear blindness.
  Not seeing with my eyes would be hard,
  not seeing with my mind, that is
  walking into something blindly, is hell.
I fear knowing people too well
  so well that they, in turn, know me.
  Knowing what my name is is one thing,
  knowing what my thoughts are is quite another.
I fear confusion,
  failure
  the present and the future.
I fear hopelessness.
  Losing hope about my life is despair,
  being a hopeless romantic is damnation.
I fear being lonely.
I fear intimacy.
I fear contact.
I fear touching, 
breathing, 
thinking, 
talking, 
writing, 
walking, 
seeing, 
watching, 
looking ... 

I do but wish that this was the sum of my fears, but alas there is 
one more. 
I also fear him. 
He is the creator of my fear. 
How is this possible? I ask myself. Why fear him? 
I fear him because just by touching him, 
breathing him, 
thinking about him, 
talking to him, 
writing about him, 
walking with him, 
seeing him, 
even looking toward him makes me want him with a greater passion than I have felt in so long. 
It is this passion for him, 
this longing, 
this wanting him that I can not seem to control.

So this too, I have learned to fear.
Pessimism ‘99’

Too many words to describe
    The too few shades of color
    In this 1640 x 1280 panorama.
Too many diversions to distract
    The too few pure emotions felt
    In this on line age.
Too many perceptions to cloud
    The too few clear thoughts
    In this 30 second soundbyte society.

We call it progress:
As we are led down the highway
Full speed ahead
As the future comes to life
On our high-definition flat screens
And all words of caution are lost
To the pro-logic digital surround
Of windblast in our ears.
Anticipation

two questions no answers will falters traces tear
follows two questions no answers numb senses mind restless
wait endless two questions no answers room spinning pulse
flutters world fading two questions no answers
Alpha She

SHE
of the night —
cold Autumn,
harvest moon.

SHE
Obsidian eyes —
mystical knowledge:
ancient answers to
modern myth.

SHE
to desire her —
natural instinct:
child to mother,
moth to candle’s flame.

SHE
to possess her —
fool’s quest:
to catch the western wind
in the palm of a hand,
to embrace pure sunlight
as only a lover could.

SHE
between the borders —
reality and fantasy:
ethereal beauty
astral knowledge
primal power.

SHE.
Abnormality

When darkness comes
And the shadows fall victim to lightlessness
I feel the loneliness set upon myself

As I sit and wonder
How I ever made it though nights like this
Before you came along

And truthfully
I can’t imagine how
I ever did

I just sit
And stare out a window
And wonder, what is really beyond it

Just the outside
I tell myself
But that can’t be it

I think the future is beyond that window
Suddenly I see past it
A vision so bright with happiness

You said that you hoped this time apart
Would make us appreciate each other more

Understanding what you meant
Knowing that I won’t see you
For what seems like an eternity

Understanding how much I need you
In my life
It seems like it has been so long

I miss you
I need you
I love you

You are me.
Innocence

Innocently sitting, absorbing the sounds that sooth
Relating every word to life experiences
Appreciating the irony in line after line

Innocently laying, scenes flashing in our heads
Moving closer as the minutes pass
Sweet caresses of your faces
Exchanging glances, smiles, and laughter

Innocently exchanging a show of affection
Each predecessor more involved and containing more passion
Holding each other tightly, never wanting to let go
Passions flow as restraint losses its control

Time has no boundaries when I am with you
No one else exists in this time and place
We are alone in our world of make believe
Free to be who we are
Looking Back

In my never ending strive for perfection,
I'm learning many lessons and see
the other sides of me
while drowning deeper in my psyche.
It's impossible to fight me
I never lose or win
Just do it all again
and find a newer way to sin
The day that I gave in was the beginning of the end,
but all is well now,
because I've recognized the trend
Now I'm serving my time
paying for a precious life I treated like slime
without a second thought,
like this soul is yours and not mine.
Moon rises over seas of shadows tonight
Never to collide with the hazy
sun’s hot tongue flicks
At this cool moment I open
my eyes fully to embrace the
moon’s intriguing stick-like arms
Sun, Moon, and Earth clutching
the breasts of those who adorn them.
In a ballroom with
portraits hanging from a droopy
ceiling.
Portraits haunting me like
ghouls slipping up my back.
Meaningless laughter
and meaningful screams.

Down the hallway
dusty clocks full of
restless time that’s
hard to catch.
My hands are full of
paralyzed energy.
My fingers race with
the minutes.
Magic spells of boredom
slow me down.

Reverse

Outside
Paper clouds sway
in a gawy sky.
The tin ground
shakes with tranquil
chuckles.

My visit to this
peculiar setting
shall meet up with
me in the end.
Autumn

A piece of leaf falls ...

A piece of leaf falls onto the soil and she falls in love. She
dresses in golden yellow and apple red, with a touch, with a touch
of jade green on the sides. She dances and sings with the wind.
Like a fireball burning from inside out. Holding on, touching, kiss-
ing, and seducing the earth, until sparks turn into flame. Melting
into the soil day by day, naked, natural, and fearless, without a
pause until winter arrives. She will be warm in the arms of her
love, under a fresh coat of snow. Morning lights will not surprise
her; dark nights will not scare her. Days come and go, another
piece of leaf falls.
Soul Food

Thinking of you by the candle light
I saw a shooting star across the sky
I wish for you to love me
I believe it will come true if you believe it too

You are my soul food
I am empty without you

Cannot sleep tonight ... thinking of you ...   
Sitting on the back porch ... thinking of you ...   
Whisper to the dark sky ... thinking of you ...

Singing a la la bye ... wishing you were here ...
Looking into candle light ... want to see your smile
No longer alone under the dark sky ... with thoughts of you ...

Don’t know if I’m in a dream or is this real
holding that picture of you 
your smile and those roses led me home 

no matter where I go or what I do 
you are always number one to me 

the only cure for my loneliness 
the only love that will never die 
the only home I have ever known 

I miss you, Grandma 
I miss that brick house 
I miss your rose garden 
most of all, your smile 

many seasons I spent with you 
many days of warmth 
there’s so much memory 
I think of you every day 

I was never a perfect child 
but you never loved me less 
like a mother you cared for me 
like a father you protected me 

my only desire is to be with you 
you are my whole world 
I want to share each new day with you, 
Grandma
Patrons of Absence

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