

Absence

*Penn State McKeesport's
Literary and Art Journal*

Spring 1998

Volume 2. Number 1

~ Absence ~

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PSM's Literary & Art Journal

Spring 1998 Volume 2 Number 1

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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 welcome.

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Editor's Note:

*First, I would like to thank the advisors and staff for their dedication and hard work in putting this journal together. This year we had to make many difficult decisions because we received so many submissions. We feel the selections we did choose represent the various personalities and emotions present on our campus. Absence has expanded this year to also include poetry readings from our students and nationally published poets.
Please enjoy our journal!*

I Can't Explain Your Beauty

I can't explain your beauty,
I only know that it isn't earthbound.
You are more beautiful than human hands could make.
A team of the craftiest cherubs could not have alone
 produced a masterpiece as precious as you.
Your presence known by the instant you walk into the room.
Your graceful features drawing my attention.
Look at your eyes,
So warm and inviting.
Almost more entrancing than that stubborn piece of hair that
 refuses to be tucked behind your ear.
How I wish I was the air that touched your skin.
That I was your security warmth at night while you slept.
That I was the sweetness you tasted before closing your eyes.
And although none of this is true, though none of this is
 happening, I still have this strangely secure feeling
 that you will always be here.

How Far Is It?

How far is it?
How cold is it?
How cold can I make it?
As cold as you can,
Then ten times colder.
Because there is nothing warm
 left in here,
Except my tears.
Which stain then freeze.
It isn't fair to lose something so important.
Someone who means so much to me.
How can I let you know?
How can I tell you? Show you?
You deserve someone a million times warmer.
You deserve the sun.
And I can't manage that.
Too hot, too big, and while carrying it,
 my tears will squelch the heat.

Jackson Square

It was 1989 ... Saint Patrick's Day in New Orleans, the Latin Corridor was busier than any other day, save Mardi Gras. The temperature was low 80's ... the sun blazing ... people were enjoying the street performers who varied from rap to dance to jazz to Beethoven played on a baby grand ... all done on a street corner in Jackson Square.

Crowds of people, families, young men, women and children, moved hurriedly from one scene to the next in search of something more exciting. Some moved more slowly, as if overwhelmed by the experience, trying to take in as much of the scene as possible.

Jackson Square had it all: artists, flea markets, food vendors, entertainment. People were eating, drinking, laughing, enjoying the day.

I was standing near a wire trash container when I saw the man with no shoes. He was sorting through a similar trash container, seeking anything he could eat and filling a paper cup with liquids from nearby empty containers. He wore layers of bulky, heavy clothes, tattered, dirty, and worn out. His feet were so stained and blotted they looked like shoes.

We stood about six feet from each other. Me, passionately studying what he was doing ... and him ... not paying attention to anyone or anything except the task of examining the trash, and pouring Coke, coffee, warm iced tea into a large recycled paper cup.

It was like we were all invisible to him. It made me wonder, had we all distanced ourselves, insulated our feelings for so long that he really felt invisible?

I was happy that day until I saw him, the man with feet like shoes in the middle of thousands of people and yet all alone ... in Jackson Square!

Clinton's Quandaries

Bill waltzed, as if on an oil slick
certain he'd win the favor
he used every hackneyed trick
and miraculously won them over.

But Paula's on his case
with a box of detergent degreaser
armed with thorough haste,
a mopping witch arbitrator.

The power of manipulation
through the use of therapeutic language
has won a few national elections,
for the mercurial, smooth-talking haranguer.

But bending and rules
and feeling the pain
won't free Bill of who
he's going to "meet" again.

Gingrich's Contract with America

Newt marched in like Moses
with a load of new commandments:
cut taxes, conquer, and don't stop to smell the roses
and if you fall out of line, say "good bye" to my handouts.

But his soldiers found him insensitive
and made demands of their own:
be less partisan, no invective
we've got a mandate from back home.

We're the freshman Republicans
and we don't dance the Potomac two-step
we're above the pork-ridden political trash can
that reeks from Seattle to Charlotte.

With didactic lessons for the press
and an attitude sure to abrade
Mr. Gingrich learned he was best
not to fight the army he had made.

Last Night's Dream

The summer after my fifth birthday, Grandpa told me, *"I'm taking you to the city."* Grandpa prepared some clean clothes and locked the gates. We were on our way, walking in the sunflower field that looked like woods to me.

"Why are we going to the city, Grandpa?"

"To go to school, you are old enough."

Large sunflower leaves were like umbrellas. Layer upon layer, they brought forth their humid and heavy sunflower fragrance. Locusts lay in the shadows of the leaves as if drunk. Long-horned grasshoppers hummed in their usual dreamy tone. By the brook, occasionally a thin breath of wind would pass by, like snakes wriggling in all directions among the sunflowers, playing their ghostly games. Startling sunflower fragrance ran in all directions and flowed about for a while. Dried sunflower seeds left home, and like the rain, poured into my pocket.

"Are my parents in the city, Grandpa?"

"No, they are not."

"Where are they Grandpa?"

"Grandpa never intended to hide anything from you, but I don't know where they are."

"But where are we going? To see whom?"

"We are going to live with your aunt and your cousins."

"Do they know me?"

"Your aunt and your uncle saw you when you were only a few days old."

We walked a whole morning, and still did not walk out of the sunflower plantation. In the afternoon, we got on the bus, still surrounded by the blooming of the sunflowers. The next day, we got on the train. I was entranced by the interior of the train all day and the sunflowers disappeared like a dream.

"Does Aunt know where my parents went?"

"No, she does not either."

"Did you ask?"

“Yes.”

“Did my parents go away by train too?”

“Don’t think about it any more. Okay?”

“Maybe uncle knows?”

“Let’s not talk about it any more, go to sleep.”

“Did you ask Uncle?”

“Remember, if anyone asks, tell him that Grandpa does not know where your parents went.”

It was dark on the other side of the glass window. In the dreams that followed, I still could not sketch the faces of my parents. Rather, I was swimming in the endless sea of the blooming sunflowers.



In Honor Of The Unknown

Because I'm sitting on my front porch on a Friday
Night with nothing to do and nowhere to go
Because I don't know what to do with my life
Because I can't have what I want
Because change isn't easy and time is irony
Because I want to scream but don't know what to say
I am angry because I am stagnant
Someone needs to flush the toilet bowl of my life
 mix the shit up
I need new scenery
I need new words
If I could grow wings, I would fly
Because I'm tired and I'm walking in place
The same tired place
With the same tired face
Alone on the front porch
Contained, contained
By magic invisible chains
That I feel like breaking
But lack the strength
 Because I am capable of freedom — Someday

i watch the lid close

i watch the lid close
and my thoughts echo back
thru the aching time

an image of youth flickers
past my fading eyes
a glimmer; nothing more than hope

paper flowers burned to ash
and cracking plaster girls
the monuments fell

eroded by unceasing
painful time; it never ends
it never ends

except at the end ...

a thousand other times
i'd heard the song played
but none meant more than the first

dull violet notes carried
on an ancient wind
and on the wind a sick smell

i watched a girl climb a tree once,
and try to catch her balance
on the shivering boughs

she didn't know what else to do

standing in the forest
as the rain began to fall
and the thunder tolled

thundering, an echoing plea
“what was it you wanted?”
i could give nothing more ...

it was never enough
the pain and the broken mirror
lay at the foot of my restless bed

the fragments writhing
snaking their way around my legs
and into my mouth while speaking their truth

i know now, they knew nothing of it

The Devil Got Me

The Devil got me!
ain't this some shit!
From the seduction of her body
to the lying of her lips.
See I thought I was the devil,
I guess this year they come in higher levels
disguised in dresses and venomous rose pedals.

The Devil got me!
Ain't this a bitch!
She might have gave me something
cause now my balls itch!
Don't laugh, cause the Devil might get you.
I'm not playing this game no more before my whole life is through.

Now with my angel on the left
and my Devil on the right,
just choose one before I go to bed tonight.
I'm going to lock my doors and leave them whores,
foot steps on my floors, blood running through my pores.
That Bitch! Ain't gettin' in
I swear by the hairs of my chinny chin chin,
I'm starting to get horny and now it's past ten,
Be strong Kenji, don't give in
I hear a knock on my door,
SHIT!
The Devil done got me again!

Why have I been cursed?

The night falls short again,
and the day has spilled frustration unto my afternoon.
If only I can escape this place without walls and find one
love that is true
I humble myself knee bent beside my bed
with my hands pressed tight like bonds and eyes shut like
secrets.
I again pray to find my love.
Why have I been cursed?
Cursed to not love,
cursed to turn away love,
and cursed to not love myself.
My colors are empty
but if they were filled, I'd be the darkest black of emptiness,
dust gray, as of a dead soul,
and purple, for the purest form of blood of many hearts
that have been torn.
I am nothing!
I do not love myself.

Dream, I Will Not

I can see them in front of me
Their eyes looking into the night
How will I get to the point
How will I know what I am
 I am nothingness
Trapped in a body not meant to be seen
 I feel afraid
Yet I want to run free
I want to open my eyes—the sun will kill me
It will engulf who I am, and let it explode
I will be naked
 I will not, I Will Not
I can not feel, I will not feel
It is too hard
It is too uncomfortable
Maybe I will fly—I will not be able to get off the ground
Don't come too close
I will be afraid, I will be naked
 I will not, I Will Not
Maybe I can dream
No harm in that
I will sit and dream
 A L L Night, A L L Day
No one will come close
They will not harm me
I will not be naked
 I will not, I Will Not
I will dream
 A L L Night, A L L Day

I will be dead, I will be nothingness
Not a Sound, nor a step
Not a laugh, nor a cry
Not a face, nor a name
Just a dream, and like all dreams
They will wake up
And I will be lost
Not to be found, not to be remembered
 Lost
Into the night, into the nothingness
 I WILL NOT, I WILL NOT.

On Quarry Road

Andy in a broad brimmed hat,
shoulders squared into the October night,
he bounces at the wheel, in the teaspoon
of the Farmall's seat. The rest of us
yanked along in hay wagon
rattle. Andy doesn't look back,
just drives. Engine a false
boast of might.

Cass lies in my arms, the green
narcotic of just shorn hay.

Woolen sweater, I bite threads
near her neckline, fingertips on
the ridge of collarbone.

Cold air and the whip of black
hair in my face.

The whole giving of a moment
held.

The shrill chorus of a half dozen
middle school kids.

Firefly sparks from the black exhaust stack
Andy's solid back a wall,
and above us nothing,
the Milky Way.

Openings

These fields, the green-brown checkerboard
of rotating crops, hold the boast of barbed wire border,
the comforting shade of a lone Sugar Maple,
pollinating bees, and the shadow-kiss
of three hawks circling.

Here in the fast-water gap of mountain stream,
in the shad fly-hatch of trout leaping; here in
the echo of German Reformed Congregations;
at the combination funeral home-furniture store;
Here in the fashion of no buttons, the purple,
black, and gray of Amish clothing; here: a quiet
beauty to keep you.

Yet, beneath the just-turned
brown loam,
under the bristle-green hills,
deeper than the worn stone bed
of Penn's Creek, another layer.

At night, listen for ancient rivers
running through your sleep, taking away
the limestone, eating firmament
till the thin shell caves, Earth
upon itself, an underworld opened.

Sink holes, the devil's chimney.
A gaping mouth entry plugged with
rocks and stumps, forced to swallow
oil drums, water heaters, batteries,
refrigerators, paint and pesticide.

Below are passageways, rooms
the size of barns, bones of animals
unheard of; ground water for a thirsty place
and a dark turbulence that the cud-chewing heifer
can taste but never see.

Disguised as Jell-O

Disguised as Jell-O
Halfway between a nun and a prostitute
Locked into ebb
Traveling for days to reach chaos
Hidden by floods of rubbish
I fear the peril
Loosen the burlap and let me out

Empty

The coffeepot is dry.

No more annoying trickling sounds from a faucet that has become
idle.

Rain, which made the scenery so lush, has disappeared.

My Datsun burnt out.

And now all my fish are dead.

My body reeks of odor, longing for some sort of cleansing.

Dried-up silverfish lay in my tub like leaves in the autumn.

I can feel the hanging skin on my lips flip-flop as I murmur words
to myself.

Finally, I find my last bottle of whiskey, but then smash it against
the wall because of its drained uselessness.

I would give anything just to feel saliva in my mouth again.

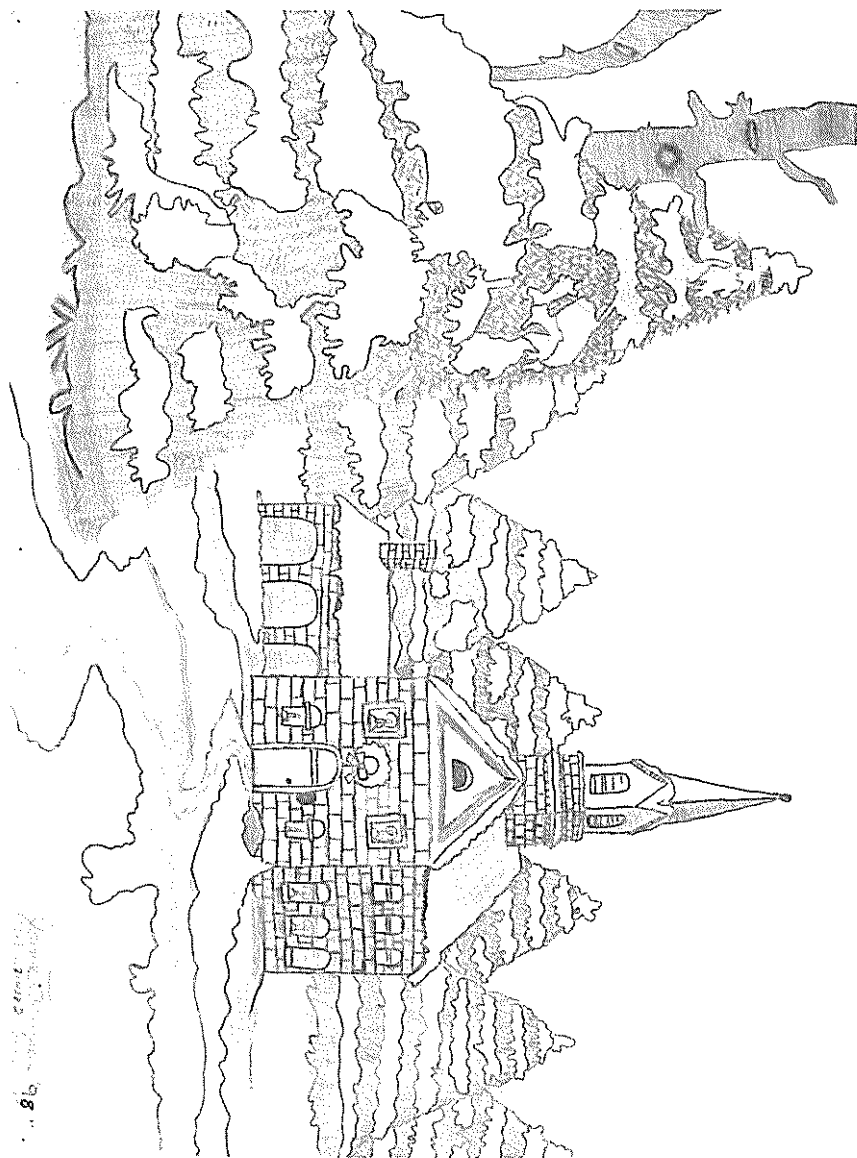
But my life has dried up,

Because of you.

My Prophet

Shiny, black, and new all over
Taste like cinnamon, smell like clover
Deep, creative, intangible, but still candy-like
Your clutches are trance-like
Whip it, burn it, teach it to grow
Irresistible lethal flow of wretched wants and desires
Those things to have or throw to the fire
Take me, bruise me, suck me, throw me
Feed my thirst, choke me, thank thee
When did pain feel so good my prophet?
Like a loaded cock, it
Punches me, then quenches me
Lickable, kickable
Please surround me with your sour you
Mutilate and complicate
And love me black and blue.

Please stop domestic violence.



... 86 ...

A Part of My Utopia

Shakespeare, Chaucer, Aristotle, Poe,
These are just a few that he'll know.
He is amazing and you will see,
His classes are great, just take it from me.
His grading is tough, but yes it is fair.
Sometimes you'll want to just pull out your hair.
He wants you to think and he'll make you do it.
Sometimes you'll wonder, "How will I get through it?"
Trust me, don't worry, there's no need to fret.
No matter how tough the work seems to get.
Just take your time and you will do great,
Oh yeah, remember, don't come to class late!
When you're in his class you're under his spell,
He's my professor, his name is Frushell.

Three Weeks Later

I was always quiet, shy, and predictable. I was an average, run-of-the-mill Catholic school girl with my plaid skirt, black patent leather shoes, and white button-down shirt. I wanted some adventure in my life. I wanted to do something different. I wanted to be wild!

The school day was almost over and I only had one more class to go to, gym. There were eight girls in the class and we all packed into the little locker room. Well, it was actually a big bathroom with four stalls, a few sinks, and two mirrors. We started to change for gym, like we normally did. Four of the girls went outside for roll call. As I was tying my shoe, Sara, one of my friends, asked if anyone would like a “hit” of her cigarette. Of course we all knew that we weren’t allowed to smoke on school grounds, let alone in school. But, since I didn’t want to be the only one to say “no”, I said, “sure”. A few minutes later we flushed it down the toilet and went to gym class like nothing had happened.

About three weeks passed and no one said anything about what happened in the locker room. Everyone thought that it was forgotten until one day in social studies when our teacher, Mr. S., pulled me out of class. He said, “I’m going to ask you a question, and I want the truth. Were you smoking in gym class? It’s no use lying. The other girls have already confessed.” Too ashamed to speak, I shook my head.

“I can’t believe it. I expected more of you. If I were you, I would tell your parents before someone else does.” After school that day I didn’t know what to do. I waited until my mother got home from work and told her what happened. She was very disappointed, but she was glad that I told her. I finally got it off my chest. It was over. Well, at least I thought it was.

The next day in school, our principal, Sister Mary, pulled me out of class and took me to a side room. “I had such high hopes for you,” she said. “I can’t believe you would do something so stupid. You have to be taught a lesson. I am going to suspend you for one day to set an example for everyone. Well, do you want to call your father or should I?” Right then it set in. An overwhelming fear ran through my entire body. All I could say was, “You, please!”

I was just paralyzed. I didn’t even blink. I was hoping that I would wake up and find out that it was just a really bad nightmare, but I didn’t.

“Mr. Williams, this is Sister Mary. Your Daughter Jen was caught smoking in the lavatory and she is being suspended for today. Uh huh. Uh huh. Thank you. Good-bye.” I kept wondering, what did he would say, what was he going to do to me, and was I going to be alive tomorrow to talk about it.

With tears in my eyes, she escorted me to class to get my things. Then, she ushered me to the doors of the school where I patiently waited for my father. It seemed like hours until he got there. As I was walking toward the car I felt like a prison inmate walking toward the electric chair. I got into the car without saying a word. It was the longest ride of my life, and I only lived five blocks away. My father didn’t say anything to me until my mother got home. Then both of my parents told me how disappointed they were and that I was never to do it again. “Oh, by the way, you’re grounded for the rest of your life,” they said.

Looking back at it, it was really strange. I never really got yelled at for smoking. My parents told me that they knew sooner or later I would get curious about it, but they hoped I would be smarter that to do it in school. Right then I promised my parents that if I ever got curious about anything again I would talk to them about it.

I never found out how our teachers knew about what happened. Maybe they could smell it on our breaths, or maybe it never flushed down the toilet. Who knows? The only thing I know is that if you are going to do something — be ready for the consequences and make sure it’s worth it.

**In Loving Memory:
Harry "Smitty" Smith, February 1, 1998.**

God saw you getting tired and
A cure was not to be, So He put
His arms around you and
Whispered, "Come, live with Me."
With tearful eyes, we watched
You suffer and saw you fading
Away. We loved you dearly, We
Could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Your hard working hands put to
Rest. God broke our hearts to
Prove to us, He only takes the
Best. God will love you and
Keep you until we meet
Someday. May God grant you
Eternal peace and may your
Tender love watch over us
Always.

Unreachable

Floating up so far above my head
hanging from Heaven
from invisible strings
tauntingly swaying to a divine song
a perfect angel sent to tease
to invite and to hurt
reaching to touch only being pushed away
as if not good enough
refused
rejected
from what I want, from who I want
from where I want to be
never knowing how it feels to have what I've always wanted
to capture and keep to myself
always dangling above me
too far to touch but never too far to control me
showing off the power
the power over me
over my body and my mind
smiling at my face
but always stabbing at my heart
pulling me closer yet pushing me away
never knowing how to feel about HIM.

Hope

Emotions: love, hate, hurt, fear.

Which is the strongest?

Without it, we have nothing to look forward to,

Nothing to want, nothing to need,

Nothing to long for.

It gets us through each day.

A yummy dessert, seeing a loved one, a cure for an illness, or
even a dream.

It can create excitement; it can also lead to a letdown.

Still, we must value it.

Never stop dreaming.

Never lose Hope.

Between the Goal Posts

All tied up. Clock reads 90+ minutes.

The crowd tense

Uh-oh — OT sudden death

The stars: forwards, centers, defensemen

Forgotten: “That poor goalie!”

W = “You’re a hero!”

L = “It’s your fault!”

Pressure on those shoulders.

Jitters: How can you even block the ball?

Speed, agility, accuracy...

“Wizard, if I only had the courage.”

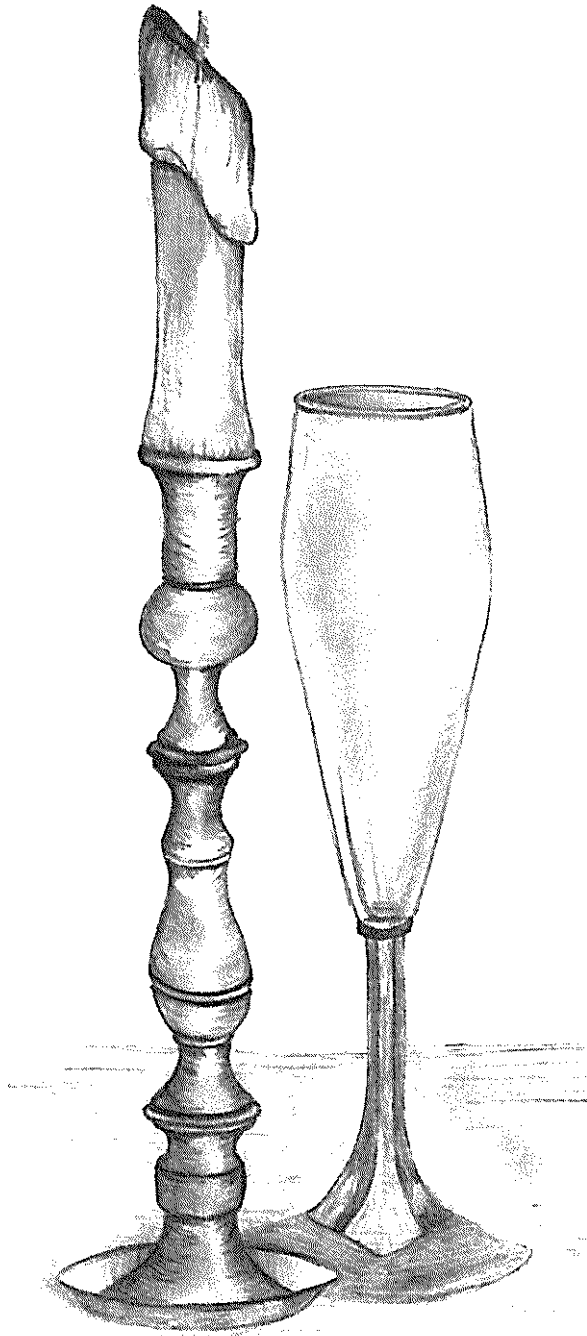
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“What a hero!”

More like, “It takes guts.”

Moonset

As I drive westward in the early morning,
with only the sound of my own voice
to keep me company,
I am startled to glimpse
the full moon on the horizon.
The same color as the clouds,
it is barely visible
but burns its razor image
in the back of my mind's eye.
This silver dollar in the sky
reminds me that day and night
are but mirror images
of one another: like a negative
that through the mystery of the darkroom
transforms itself into a print.
The setting moon will not let
me forget that in the brightest morning,
night is just twelve hours away.
It's as if some cosmic giant
flipped a coin
and switched out the lights,
leaving us all in darkness.



A Study in Light and Shadow

Three deaths and fifteen minutes ago I was an ordinary guy. I was the reclusive next door neighbor, the man at the supermarket with a box of waffles and three cans of soup in hand. I was one of the shadows, a dancer of the line between life and death. Hiding from the world, content to live life alone, to die even alone. I existed just beyond the perceptual range of humanity, where shadows thrive.

I moved about in the darkness until the day I was forced to step into the light. I was walking home from the store three blocks distant. I remember distinctly the sight of the setting sun, the horizon bathed in the crimson glow of twilight. It was breathtaking. Yet despite the beauty, my body tensed. I don't live in an especially dangerous part of town, but I prefer caution to recklessness. I turned at every sound. My eyes probed the darkness of every corner. I was afraid. Perhaps unjustly so, but I did not dare change my ways. Was it not Jefferson who said the price of freedom is eternal vigilance? The price of survival is no less.

I stopped jerkily in mid-step and darted around a corner, realizing I actually saw something in the darkness. I wanted to remain unseen, not that I should have bothered. Even in the full light of the day people fail to notice my presence. It comes with the territory, I suppose, of being able to blend in with my surroundings perfectly and unintentionally. Nevertheless, I hid in the gloom, only tentatively peeking around the corner. I would like to say some eerie premonition prevented me from straying. Actually, I think I was simply curious.

What I saw was nearly unimaginable. I saw three boys, boys only because of their actions. Like children, they clustered around a new toy, teased it and played with it. Their toy, however, was more animate than anything store-bought and much too frightened. Somehow these boys had cornered a young woman, a scared housewife perhaps. I watched in part horror and part fascination as the boys lightly shoved her back and forth. They laughed fiendishly as she begged to be released. One of them even began admiring the form of her femininity, arousing, I imagine, a whole new sense of dread within her.

I did not know what to do. My mind was in turmoil. Courses of action passed between my ears chaotically. Initially, I wanted nothing more than to flee for my own safety. I suppose that is the first reaction of anyone in potential danger, whether or not they realize it. The survival instinct is difficult to overcome, it is a driving force in the longevity of our race. A second notion envisioned me running for help but passed as quickly as it had come. I would never return in time. Then my mind cleared. In an instant, all indecision had vanished. I knew the answer to the only question that really mattered. What would I do if that woman was someone I loved? For I knew love, I understood its power over a man. Love is the one emotion which can suppress the survival instinct absolutely. So without pausing, I stepped from my place of hiding and into the alley. No longer was my mind in control. Something from within my soul was dictating my actions. In that moment I loved that stranger with all my heart.

Just to my right as I entered the alley was a pile of trash. Among the rubble lay rotting vegetables, mold and disease eating them from the inside out. I saw papers fluttering aimlessly in the light breeze. Pinning the whole mess to the ground was an impressive antique desk. It was, like so many things, of two faces. The first was still strong and vibrant, a model of oak and wood stain. The second didn't even exist. Marking its presence was a line of charred ashes, but I found meaning in that emptiness. My life had an unspoken affinity with void. I reached down as I passed and wrenched one of the two remaining legs from the desk. It was solid oak, yet broke with little difficulty. I continued down the alley.

My entrance did not go unheralded. I stopped as all three boys turned. The woman also looked up, clutching the torn remnants of her blouse. Silently, the largest boy strode towards me. He harshly ordered me to leave. I replied with silence. He responded with a forceful hand on my right shoulder, but I was too intent on my goal to think, my purpose too clear to be muddled with analysis. I reached up and grasped his wrist firmly, pinning his hand to my shoulder. In the brief second we touched, that boy became every person I had ever hated. The desk leg I held in my hand became the embodiment of every emotion I had ever experienced and suppressed. So with more pleasure than I might have liked, I lifted my club high into the air and brought it crashing down against his temple. He fell dead with a soft thump.

The remaining two turned in shock and rage. Every emotion passed over their faces, rage being the final. I took a step and one of the boys reached towards his belt. Another step and a knife had been drawn. My third step was the most tragic. The boy leapt at the woman. Before my foot had fallen she was dead, her rich, red blood leaving an unsightly stain on the bricks of the alley.

I stopped dead in my tracks. The empty-minded clarity that had governed my actions was gone. My mind came flooding back into my body and it brought doubt along with it. I stood unmoving, immobilized by fear. Fortunately, I did not even twitch. The third boy reach behind his back and revealed a weapon. The gun he brandished reflected the vision of the setting sun along its barrel. With a faint smile, I concentrated my gaze on the intensity of the light. It was so strong, so overwhelming. I waited and watched until even that light went out.

Forgotten

I can't bear to think of him anymore,
yet I still try to grasp onto what I remember,
which is nothing.
His beautiful eyes, smile,
still ache inside of me.
Knowing I can never see them again.

With my thoughts diminishing as I get older,
not as they use to be,
I was young and innocent.
Pure in heart and mind.
Too pure.

Why did he go?
Why can't he be here? I long to see him.
What justice was done? For they got away and so did he.
Forgotten in the family, to never be brought up again.
But forgetting him, they forgot themselves.

I see him in dreams, not as a child,
as a man.
Now, his face is so clear.
In a dream?
But why, now, can I not see him?
In the dream, he is happy.
Maybe it's not a dream.
Maybe it's what he wanted out of life and has happened in heaven.

Now, the burden of his death rides on me.
Confused, I don't know what else to do.
But, forgotten, it may solve everything.
Yet, if I were gone, would I be forgotten too?

My Luck

The water swiftly rumbles past,
To where there is no end.
The flowers finally bloomed at last,
So I can pick them for a friend.

I laid quietly at the top of the hill,
staring at the sky.
Something that gave me a thrill,
caught me by the eye.

As I quickly sat up,
to see what was there.
I suddenly jumped, listened,
and finally stared.

The rumble of the earth
shocked me head to toe.
I wonder what my life would be worth,
if I were suddenly to go.

Then around the bend I saw,
the most awesome sight.
A man very handsome and tall,
with eyes big and bright.

With caution I moved closer,
to see if I were dreaming.
He looked at me with wonder,
with his gorgeous smile beaming.

I imagine us,
to be together for life.
But, what was the rush?
He had a wife!



Just Another Night

I've got friends but ...
I'm alone

I've got a girl but ...
She's not home

I'm smart but ...
I'm a bore

I can love but ...
I'm a whore

I'm handsome but ...
I'm empty

I show up but ...
Never party

I'm talented but ...
Not creative

I'm alive but ...
Don't know how to live

I'm good but ...
Misguided

I work but ...
Unmotivated

I'm in the crowd but ...
Hard to spot

I'm here but ...

I'm not

I've been invited but ...

Already saw the show

I'm all dressed up

And have no place to go

American Dream

I gave up
Yes, I gave up on the human race
On sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll
I gave up on the American way and the American dream
'Cuz all those things gave up on me

I gave up happiness and fun and meaningful relationships
'Cuz nobody believes in those anymore

I gave up on myself, my heart, my mind, my needs, my desires
My body, my soul
'Cuz those never got me far anyway

I gave up on everything and everyone

And nothing's changed much since

Now I'm just like everyone else.

Hopelessness, Vulnerability, Sadness and Stars

That small boy
Look at him
Jumping at the stars
Look how he tries

Do you think ...
Nah ...
Do you ...
Do you think that he thinks that he can actually
Jump high enough to grab one

How he tries over and over
Reaching for those stars

How sad.

Mystery Of Lust

Part 1: The Rise

Life-simple, timid, dull, and boring.
Thoughts drift to the extraordinary.
Chance brings an unanticipated gift.
Giving you an emotional lift.

She stands before you, bound greeting or not.
Beautiful body of elegance and grace.
Your body unable to handle a heart's pace.
Will the acquaintance be for naught?

Your thoughts and senses more acute.
The connection between you and her seems pure.
You long for her all the more.
At times the conversation is mute.

You concentrate on nothing else.
Normal self lost to a hidden twin.
Conscience has been forced to cease.
Friends and family now lost from within.

Life fast-paced, strange, and alluring.
A new emotion creeps into your head, burning.
Once thought more acute, senses now laggard.
Your appetite for lust being agitated, not haggard.

A natural high fills your soul.
Burrowing down into you like a mole.
Rationality and common sense it has stole.
Conscious life exceedingly droll.

Risen.

Part 2: The Reckoning

Feelings from inside gradually shared
When done, nothing left unbarred.
Emotions open for all to see.
Open and free you must be.

Notions of lust go unsaid.
Finally lay down in her bed.
Feelings change.
Becoming slightly deranged.

Holding each other close.
Momentarily anything but morose.
Sharing wants and needs.
Not worrying about the deed.

The touching, the feeling.
Every moment more appealing.
Emotion has reached the ceiling.
Nothing could be more revealing.

Awareness seeps into your state of mind.
Common sense returns, no longer blind.
Conscious feelings change.
The relationship feels strange.
 Reckoned.

Part 3: The Fall

Like a bolt of lightning.
The realization is frightening.
One person for all eternity.
Lust has not reached this extremity.

Used to love her, no, lust her.
Now that the goal is reached,
The relationship is breached.
Acceleration towards disaster.

To begin anew, irresponsible.
To regain what was, impossible.
To keep on with what is had, hopeless.
To think anything will come of this, useless.

Senses return to ordinary.
Feeling of need to let go.
Severing the ties, mandatory.
Life for both will once again overflow.

Life-simple, timid, dull, and boring.
Thoughts drift to the extraordinary.
Chance brings an unanticipated gift.
Giving you an emotional lift.
 Fallen.

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