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True Reflections

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Cover Page Footnote

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JODI ROWLAND

TRUE REFLECTIONS

A reality stands in front of the glass
while imagination stares back.
Two images linked in one reflection
separated by their inhibitions,
their unwillingness to unite.
The cold glass surface cuts her in half
making her see body and feel fat,
making her see contorted truths and feel alienated.
The glass image is her sculpture-her life,
The iced edges forming her sketchy independence.
Her own truths shatter from reality.
Her own body differs from the world.
She stands in front of her mirror
seeing her image, feeling her truths,
Her world is separated-her world is glass.

EMILY GREGORY

BOWLING ALLEYS

I don't want to be here tonight; I'd rather not sit around trying to look pretty while my eyes are assaulted with cigarette smoke and my hands tired from the uncharacteristic lifting of nine pounds. I used to think bowling was fun—in September, December, all the way till April, but it has somehow lost its savor. Maybe we just go too much, maybe I'm tired of never breaking 80—except that one time when I did and then the “thrill” was gone. It's the best activity we could ever do if we want to get together as a group and ignore each other. Musical chairs for college students. I think my contacts will dry up and fall out, blurring even the t.v. screens with the colorful columns of names and scores. I'm sick of losing—in bowling, in life.