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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The next Angle deadline is November 9th

The following submission guidelines must be followed for every issue. All pieces must:

1. Be typed (space according to your preference).

2. Include a cover letter which contains the author's name, address (campus or off-campus), phone number (home and work), and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted.

3. DO NOT include your name or personal information on your submissions.

4. Contain 1 work per page only if writing a poem or haiku

5. All submissions, including short stories, should not exceed three typed pages.

Regrettably, we are unable to accept any piece that does not follow these guidelines. If you have any questions concerning submission guidelines, please contact the editors at angle@sjfc.edu. Thank you!

You may submit pictures, drawings, photography, and computer generated images as well as many other types of artistic expressions.

****Please note: If you would like your submissions returned after the issue is published, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

**All submissions are judged anonymously.
REED FAZIO
ANGLE 2001

AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE
William Panara..........Medusa's Head

SECOND PRIZE
Meg Barboza..........Living in the Apocalypse

THIRD PRIZE
Ann Stanley-Barry........I Lost My First Child at Eighteen

ART PRIZE
Ann Marie Doyle..........Central Park
WILLIAM PANARA

MEDUSA'S HEAD

When us ugly people
mix with the attractive people
we feel like the ugly people
I want to make love to you
but only when the electricity is out
(Beauty is only a light switch away, they say)

Touch me in shadows Kiss me with closed eyes
Ugly people are only recognized at distances of inches
the rest of the time we vanish
(Good from far, far from good, they say)

Always naked in the light
Castrated by the sun
I'll take you to a movie and show up when the previews start
Shining armor isn't part of my wardrobe
(It's what's inside that counts, they say)

But what's inside keeps telling us
that what's outside
is really fucking us over

Stay with me in black
Caress my body with blind eyes
Blend the tip of your tongue into mine
while you look the other way
(Blinded by love, I've heard)

Let me kiss your vulnerable spots
Pretty smiles are for advertisers
Hold me in the black of your eye
Perfection is euthanasia
Authenticity is blemished

Until the sun rises
Then we will see
if we all look
the same
when we really look long enough
MEG BARBOZA

LIVING IN THE APOCALYPSE

I.

September 11, 2001, New York City, early morning

"I wonder now only when it will happen . . ."

--Sharon Olds, "When" form The Gold Cell

You wonder not when, but
where you will be-And you think only

of the ones you love-a shiver through
the spine, the gun cocked hard

below the ear, the solar curve
of a woman's belly-

The end of the world.

II.

The Manor House at Sunset

"(The building falling) looking like a Victorian lady sitting down with her
great skirts."

--Dr. Lisa Jadwin, Professor of English

Sometimes, we can keep
what we aren't ready to have . . .

still numb,

two days after the world began
its descent, I am told
what I saw . . .

An English manor. Sunset.
A room that is tight with furniture-
cherry or oak. Great windows looking out
towards a green lawn. A fire
is gentled, and a book is open
on the arm of a chair. The early evening
stars are still at their dressing
tables, the sun is retiring,

and the earth is not
yet ready for its end.

The lady would like to sit. A complicated
matter of posture and gesture
is necessary to make it safely
to the bottom.
Her back stiff, her breasts out,
and her great skirts

pooling at her feet
like the smoke on the
last august horizon.

III.

Rochester, Park Avenue, 7 pm

Every day of this week feels
like the last day. The cars roll silently down
this stretch of architecture and trees, carrying
the secrets of a city. Residents have been seen
weeping in their cars on East Avenue. No one honks
anymore, no one cuts anyone off,
their movements are cautious like the flames
of candles and the early bedding
of the sun in September.

The custard shop is
usually busy, but today a man sits
on a counter and waits
for no one. Patrons at a restaurant
wear American-motif clothing,
and the conversation is a whisper
captured in the trees and terraces,
gossamers of words floating
down the block.

Every day of this week feels
like the last.
The world rolls quietly
onward tonight as it did the night
before. And the night before that.
Those are the days that are easy
to imagine having happened. The ones
that pass their silence on
to the next. Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday is quiet on Park Ave.
And even the man who comes
with the clouds must pause
on his way to listen.

IV.

The Pit (I)
(for Nate)

It's been three weeks
since the end began
you tell me
that there are still

fires
burning at the core.
I can't think of
anything else.

You tell me
that thousands
must have been burned
alive-

that they were screaming
all the way down
to the bottom.
Several circles

into the pit.
I can't think of
anything else

Lately,

even my dreams
are the soft and supple
flesh-the quick
and impossible flame.
I lost my first child at eighteen;

(i was five months pregnant,
had been sick for three months,
no money to go to the doctor, no
money to buy medicine)

I was too proud to apply for welfare.

I lost my first child at eighteen;

(they said he was already dead, said
he had died inside of me, said it
must have been the pressure,
from the coughing)

how long?

I lost my first child at eighteen;

(he told me I was beautiful, said
he wanted to marry me, told me
that he loved me, that he couldn't
live without me)

he wouldn't let me have friends, wouldn't
let me be alone.

He said he trusted me

But not the world;

I lost my first child at eighteen.

(they were signing me up for welfare,
to cover the hospital bill)

I watched as they carried my son away,
(the father was not there)

I watched as they carried my son away
(my family was not there)

they carried my son away,
(I was afraid to tell my mother)

they carried my son away

in a plastic bedpan.
DIANDRA LICNCH

CANDLE LIGHT VIGIL

Light the candles,
mist of dew in the cold black night.
Break the harsh shocked faces
made silent by loud crimes against us.
Bring back the light and the life of loved ones lost.
Days dragging down without them.
Rain down,
Rain down on the rage and flames rising up
descend black night and rise up a new morning.

~To all who loved and lost
In the terrorist attacks
September 11, 2001

NIKISHA JOHNSON

LOVE LIES SLEEPING

she closes her eyes for the night
lulled by the sound
of my voice
quoting *Alice in Wonderland*
her hair swallows the whiteness
of her pillow
the mass of curls covers
her dimples which
even in her sleep
grace her face.
ALEXIS SPECK

ON HERON POND HILL

Rust spots on the bottom of a bucket,
Memories of the years before
Laughter, sweat, tears, smiles,
My father’s natural heaven.

Chasing one another
Through the forest of sunflowers
Leaves slapping our faces and tickling our legs,
Us giggling.

Eating plump tomatoes
As though they were apples
Juices running down our cheeks,
Napkins weren’t necessary.

Sun bleached hair, skin bronzed by the rays,
My mother’s hands were calloused,
Fingernails filled with dirt,
He thought they were beautiful.

Reed Fazio
The plaza was alive. Alive with the sound of a thousand voices filling the air. A sweet blend of languages and laughter emanated from the crowd milled around the fountain. The ancient Roman gods, Neptune foremost among them, stared down from their lofty marble perches, seemingly judging the crowd below. The crowd shifted around the fountain, some standing in awe of the fountain's size and beauty, while others frantically avoided the pursuits of over-zealous merchants peddling roses. The sky was dark. Distant stars shone palely above. The plaza itself was lit by hundreds of flashes. Photos of loved ones, memories being captured for eternity.

I looked around the crowd more closely. Scanning faces, noticing details more clearly. Young couples laughing and hugging. Old couples sitting hand in hand. Ahh, to be at this place with the one you love. What a feeling that must be.

As I sat there, alone, I wondered what happened. How do I go from bliss to this? My life was fine, how could sitting where I am sitting not be incredible? But it couldn't fill the hole. The hole in my life... in my heart.

Slowly, silently, I rose from my seat and made my way through the crowd. I couldn't sit there any longer, thinking of what now was and what had been. Glancing back one more time, I realized this may be my last time at this fountain, but I could not appreciate its magnificence as I wondered if the last time I would be with my love had passed. Arrivederci Italia. Ciao, il futuro incerto.
Vanessa Carroll

Senryu

The sun is orange red
beating down on me
The sun is orange red

The smell of his neck
is like the fresh air I breathe
The garden of love

The silence is loud
listen, look
The eyes can talk

Ann Stanley-Barry...........Twiggy Trellis
JEN ENRIGHT

A Hot Thing

Sand in my shoes.
A lonely walk by the Marina
Scorching lake breeze outweighs
the angry, cold pink that will ignore my return.
Palm trees, white sand, Lake Pretty View.
Fire burns in the happiest place on Earth,
And I am the spark ablaze.
Apologies are just words if there's not a hot thing fueling them.

Little boy in the sand, palms against blue-thoughts.
Sand brings laughter, water brings tears as a tiny foot
hits the sharp edge of a bucket.
Bucket, meant for bathing, now a mere beach torture device.
It wasn't meant to be that way.
A peaceful vista pierced by a hot thing in water and sand.

Thoughts grow legs of their own and swim away,
drifting ashore to a boy and a girl, or two of each, if Nature's kind.
A gift God granted on a night made for lovers,
making love on this solitary beach chair, now only occupied by one-
listening to the cry of peacocks and little boys,
birds' songs and waves
wondering when, out of love, a hot thing will create life.

Back home, dream shattered, sand still between my toes, fingers, thighs.
Silence clings on tight like death, slowly but stiffly sucking air from
tired lungs.
I miss you.

Cute couples together, some with children, some just a duo, holding hands,
back
scratching.
An ever-present couple, half of which is my blood,
loves her partner and gives him nice feelings.
Feelings I wish to give you now-in sand, waters lapping, a hot thing
surging through your flesh.
### Peter Mott

**THE WEIGHT OF MEMORY** *(Line taken from Li Young Lee)*

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<td>It burdens us all</td>
<td>At the top of my head</td>
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<td>Some so painful, will never forget</td>
<td>Worrying about things</td>
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<td>Some so vague, we cannot recall</td>
<td>Lying awake in bed</td>
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<th>All of the madness</th>
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<td>Seems to catch up</td>
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<td>When are you leaving?</td>
<td>And my full steam train</td>
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<td>Do butterflies come from a cocoon?</td>
<td>Comes to a stop, very abrupt</td>
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<th>So many questions</th>
<th>Stop asking your questions</th>
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<td>To which I have so many answers</td>
<td>I can't take anymore</td>
</tr>
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<td>And doing it so gracefully</td>
<td>As I die of exhaustion</td>
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<td>I feel like ballet dancers</td>
<td>My face hits the floor.</td>
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### Jodi Rowland

**MOMENT IN MIDNIGHT**

It's not the future or the present. It's not time or motion. It's the simplicity of jet-black asphalt radiating heat against two young bodies. It is in the warmth of the midnight-blue sky and in the soothing fresh air. It is outside this world. It is a romance in late summer with a friend. Freshly cut grass touching our noses and bright silver stars floating in our eyes fulfills the emptiness, the quiet inside. It is a reality of no other kind, no city street noise, and no people around. It is crickets chirping and cars faintly driving by in the distance. It is laughter found in our hearts and it is self-assurance found in the peace of two souls. Everything alive becomes wrapped up in time itself. The breath escaping our lungs forms misty, white air, and people inside are asleep everywhere. It is a childhood held in one single moment. Love is the moment in midnight.
He drove me to a park in Ontario, 
Closed off to the public 
And we meandered underneath the arc of diseased leaves 
To find a stagnant dug out beside the pond, 
Where we laid out our flannel blanket 
And drawing pencils 
Silently, he sketched the water 
Imagining lovers in a canoe 
While I laid across his hip, 
Trying to capture mangled tree roots

MELISSA A. JAPP

PUBLISHED BY FISHER DIGITAL PUBLICATIONS, 2001
Discarded candy wrappers strewed on a dirty street
My mouth filled with the aftertaste of something sticky - sweet.

The aroma of impending frost furtively fills my being
as the memory of sun-scorched skin steadily begins fleeing.

Syrupy samples of cider tasted and treasured outside the old mill
as chilled fingers clutch warm donuts
while tongues test the season's first thrill.

Enveloped in gray skies
as we roll past an old graveyard gate,
forgotten names from cracked headstones
silently mourn their lonely fate

Drives through the misty country
on a deliciously lazy Sunday
where lively leaves contrast blank skies
before the snow steals Fall's beauty away.
Sunny, beautiful.
Nippy, very windy.
Ball is kicked off,
The game has begun.

High, swirling winds,
Playing tricks on the ball.
Darting wildly from right to left,
I get under it and drop it.
For my efforts, an errant elbow
Sends me to the hard ground, reeling.
Wheezing and motionless, though okay,
Just the wind knocked out of me.

We trudge on,
As the big maple tree
Gives us a strip tease
The ball is snapped.
It's a run, right up the gut.
Braced for contact, I make the tackle.
His head hits my lip,
Blood drips, courtesy of a fat lip

Sky drastically changes,
Hues of purple and gray appear.
Rain falls and wind whistles away,
Man, my ears are cold.

Line up on the right,
Wipe the snot off my face,
Blood off my lip,
Sweatshirt jacket sleeve serving a purpose.
Pump-fake and go,
I got my guy beat.
Racing for the ball, I dive,
Hydroplaning through the end zone.

The game is over.
Limping my way home,
Socks and shoes soaked by the rain,
Sweatpants and shirt caked in mud,
Body bruised and battered,
Nose mistaken for deer Rudolph.
Slipping and tripping,
Over a cornucopia of wet, discolored leaves.

Two things I desire,
To make me feel whole.
Not material nor trivial
A hot shower and a warm bed.
DESTINI

LACED

Far from the reaches of my fingers you fall
And I can't help but blame myself
'Cause while I was wasting time watching your every move–

I Didn't See You

Teetering, taking tiny steps towards the edge of eternity
An end so easily achieved,
Easier than facing the facts I suppose

While I was out drinking spirits
You were sprouting wings and becoming one
A void opened in you, beneath you
In an empty wail I echoed

A scream of lost and the loss
Of the lesson
That some must fall to fly

We once ran from our fears
'Cause facing them was feasible
Or believable
Because burns leave scars

Did you know my car still smells like you
And my room
And my pillowcase is still laced with your hair
And I still wear those glasses

That never really Helped Me See.
The darkness of the night,
Floods in over the fiery sky.
The once present clouds lost
Their battle to the bright moon above.
The sun has gone away,
Set for a long night's sleep.

I am scared, alone in the room.
The lights are out, the candles are lit.
Why am I scared?
Could it be the owl,
Hooting in the background?
Or even the trees,
Scrapping against the glass pane?
No, I was afraid to be alone.
Afraid to be always alone.

Look at the star,
Streaming across the sky.
Look at how it dances in infinite space.
Can you see the shapes that it makes?
Is that really a star?
Could it be a world,
Forgotten in endless time?
Or is it a pinhole,
A glimpse into the Heavens?
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William Panara

3 O’clock Beauty

In her apron and shorts
Short hair, not much style
She’s 35 works for tips
Sleeps days hasn’t tanned all summer

Takes her an hour and a half to get ready
Foundation-Blush-Lipstick-Eyeliner-Perfume
Husband says she looks like a whore
Hair on his shoulders Bourbon breath
She doesn’t wear a bra
He sleeps on the couch
She puts spray in her hair paints her fingernails

Gets to dinner by midnight

They stumble in from bars
All of them - the men - young drunks - her fans
Kiss her with looks holler when she passes
Never any empty tables after Last Call
They talk to her all night flirt
Slap her on the ass Call her mama
Call her baby sweetheart beautiful honey lovely hotstuff gorgeous
Tell her she’s stunning
Tell her to keep the change

The sun rises while she walks home
Finds tears in her eyes
Don’t know why
No one notices as she passes
Gets home slips out of her clothes
Looks at her naked body in the mirror
Tells herself
I love you.
ANN STANLEY-BARRY..........FOR THE LOVE OF THE CHILD
I sometimes think about you
Although I know I shouldn't
Thoughts lead to actions that should not be
Yet here I sit confused and alone
Life goes on and on, you see
Life continues on

I sometimes miss your talking
Although I know I shouldn't
The world is full of wimps like me
Yet somehow I'm the chosen one
And life continues on, you see
Life continues on

I sometime wish upon a star
Although I know I shouldn't
Wishes are for those not strong
Yet I keep wishing anyway
Life goes on and on so long
Life continues on

The cycle is no cycle
Birth and Life and Death
The straight path is the shortest one
Yet mine is full of bends
Many jolts are better than none
And life continues on, you see
Life continues on . . .
I wonder where you are
What you’re doing and if you thought of me
So I opened the region of my mind that I keep you in
Bit my nails down to the skin
Thinking I might find some comfort in pleasing you
But the red faded to blue

When I think of you I’m only confused
When I’m with you I only get more battered and bruised
So I’m sorry I ever let myself have you

“How inspiration” I think
How can it be that easy?
To be inspired is only part of what it takes to be me
I try to write so persuasively and passionately
But where does that leave me?
Inspired, tired and frustrated with my inability to be free to write it down
The locks on my thoughts are more like a sheer white gown
Hiding but tempting the formentioned mound
And I know the release won’t be done with ease
A persistent drip turns to a flood if too quickly released
But if ceased?
It’s sure to flow over the top
It never really stopped
It was just–
Building . . .
Growing . . .
Waiting . . .
Wanting . . .
To be a steady stream that screams the love and hate of red and blue

But still whispers . . .
I’m sorry I ever let myself have you
There're a lot of broken-hearted people
in our country tonight,
people who have loved and lost,
people who never had the chance.
I don't know any of them,
and I know all of them.
People just like you,
and me,
and my lover-
except not my lover-
but somebody's.

Somebody just like me
has lost her lover.
She must be
a mess.
I can almost see her,
puffy-eyed and slouched
over,
clinging to his jacket.
I wonder if she turned her pictures
down.
I wouldn't even be able to look.

I've thanked God every night
that I am not her
and my baby is not gone.
Someday, he will be gone.
But not yet.
Not today.
Like everybody, I have my story. But they all seem so typical already. I mean, with all the guest essayists and headlines and constant news, it seems to me that we've already been at war for a long time.

Doubtless, the tragedy was ostensibly shocking, like all tragedies are, but nevertheless, a firm wake up call for America.

Yet even this theory is already lapsed over.

I want to tell you something different. Something, I warn you, that might come off a bit off-color, however also holding a theory that has been held in the minds and in the down-winded voices of so many, but is yet widely unpublicized.

The notion first hit me in church. I was attending Mass with my family at the church at St. John Fisher College, where I also attend school, and it got to that point when the priest asked the people what they wanted to pray for. Certain individuals immediately called out their wishes and grieving, and after every one, the priest would lead the unanimous response: "Lord, hear our prayer." And every time the people complied. And the sun was shining through the courtyard window and everything seemed to grow more and more hopeful after each prayer was sent. I closed my eyes and tried to picture the prayers floating up to heaven on little rolled-up diplomas like I'd done as a kid. But each time I closed my eyes, I couldn't help but think of the image of that second plane colliding and exploding into the building. Even in church, I was haunted by the horror.

And then I thought to myself, "What kind of man would do something like that? What kind of man would have the audacity to do that? To awaken the American wrath?"

Any true American man, like the courageous fire fighters of the FDNY and the Police Officers and others would charge into the invading smog, risking their lives, helping in a heartbeat.

But I'm talking about the bad guys; the highjackers; the evil ones; the killers.

For hours, I had stared at the photo of a man named Mohammad Atta in the corner of the newspaper. Another man's photo was shown next to him, but I couldn't pronounce his name, and I didn't care to make the effort. But this guy Mohammad Atta broke a certain comfort inside me.

A security that nothing like this could ever happen was slowly dissolving into reality as
I had stared so numbly into the screen that morning. "We will retaliate!" I thought. "We must."

As I continued to watch, the feeling broke into the realm of paranoia. For this man named Mohammad had the most eerie look. His cheeks were flushed pale as if he'd never seen the light of day. And then there were his eyes, the most absent and eerie dead eyes staring right up and into me. I remember my English teacher back home always used to say, "the eyes are the windows to the soul." This got me thinking, "Where is his soul right now?" Wherever it was, I could only hope that it was in pain. Torturous, torturous pain.

Yet then again, on a far too distant other hand, the Gospel that Sunday had gotten me in the 'turn the other cheek' kind of mode, so I had mixed thoughts and emotions. And as I stood there in church, listening solemnly to the many prayers going out for so many people, so many lonely, dying people in the world, I wondered: who will pray for Mohammad? Who will pray for him?

He must've had one hell of a downfall-two years of planning his whole life, I predict must have been dedicated to evil. But just think about it for a second: he is still human. The lowest of mankind, but still a member. Then I remembered Dovkoskety's Crime and Punishment book and how artful and yet so profoundly devoid of sentimentality the feelings that everybody deserves to be saved. They deserve it simply for being human. A brother. A sister. A family.

I know all this seems kind of childish, like when I was kid, saying to the girls, "I love you, but only under God and not the other thing," but I just couldn't help it. I wanted to pray for killers. I wanted to do it right there and then in that church, in front of everybody. I wanted them to be saved. Saved with all the rest. I could just picture myself raising my voice grandly and saying, "I'd like to say a prayer for the killers! Mohammad Atta! Osada bin Laden, or whatever his name is! And all the other 19 hijackers whose names I cannot presently pronounce!" I thought that last part would take the edge off a little. But I was too afraid the people wouldn't respond. They wouldn't say, "Lord hear our prayer." And the whole thing would blow up in my face and I bet from looking around that even a few of the church attendants would've probably attacked me. So I held my tongue.

I don't know. It seemed like something Jesus or Moses would've done. I knew I was right, but I didn't have the moral courage to submit. But it doesn't matter. I am not Jesus. I am not perfect. I, too, hate. But it doesn't matter because 'we're the people, and the people stick together.'
ROB GILMORE

VIRTUAL SUICIDE

Sitting in an apartment corner
idly
Frozen
Too much to process

Overload

Hard drive
Fried
Everything
Lost

Useless Worthless
Not able to process
Too much to process
Sitting in a corner
Producing nothing

Evicted

On a street corner
Sitting
Idly
Freezing
Unable to process
Unable to cope
No one will take in
Other’s refuse
Useless Worthless

Junk
Trash of society
Options slim
Outlook not so good

Can sell for parts
Used/Damaged
Broken Hard Drive

Or

Can sit idly
Lamenting
About improper installation
Improper maintenance
And Mishandling
Broken

Trying to process
How this all happened
Unable to process

Sitting idly
Without necessities
Too much to process
Cannot Process

Virtual Suicide

AJ ARNITZ
"Sometimes, I feel like I'm not even here; like I don't even exist," she says.

He browses through the pages of his paper, glancing briefly at her. He though she had been reading, but now he notices her book is lying demurely at her side, book-marked at the same unsubstantial juncture it has been at for weeks now. "Oh, come on honey. You know that's not true. Nothing could happen around here without you."

Her fingers trace the outline of a speckled sculpture she created years ago; dust echoes along the edges of her calloused fingertips. The pages of his paper turn.

"Do you ever feel that way, Eli? Do you ever feel as if you're just some automated machine, going through all the habitual aspects of life?"

He sighs, folds up the paper and turns toward his wife.

"Everyone feels that way sometimes. You just gotta go what you gotta do and find some time to do the things you want to do when you can."

"What if you don't know what you want to do?"

He runs his fingers through his hair harshly. "Why do you always do this," he says, "Why do you always have to be so over-dramatic?"

His slight intake of breath, vague sag of his shoulders, and small movements of his hands, tells her this is not what he meant to say: at least not out loud anyway. His left eye twitches ever so slightly. "Why are you on the same page of that book all the time? You used to read books like that in an hour."

She leans back in the unyielding wicker chair, draped with the decorative throw no one ever uses. The scattered objects on the walls direct her on a journey of his life: the framed belts from karate, the first dollar he ever made, the gilded picture of his parents,
the diploma making him qualified to go to work every day and do the same thing over and over and over. All these things add up to something, she knows, but she just can't figure out what.

Is this a life? Trophies and remnants and old videos to remind you that events didn't happen the way you remembered them.

She always hated that. The way the videos caught people on the sidelines cringing at the way someone spoke to their child or looking lost when they were supposed to be looking found.

They never seemed to really represent the memory anyway, but it had become some kind of cultural icon to have your child's life on video: just because you could.

But what she always remembered what the way the focus was always on who was standing in the way of the camera and how half the time that should have been spent opening presents or responding to miraculous goals was too often spent shepherding kids out of the way of the shot or keeping your eye fixed to this tiny fragment of what was really happening in front of you.

What she hated most was the way having the camera there changed everything. And she wished it would just all go back to being done and enjoyed while it was happening instead of being relived over and over and over again in some fractionalized, posed, off-setting rendition of what was real.

"Marie, where are you? What are you thinking?"

She glances back toward her husband. His paper is gripped in this left hand, waiting to crawl back up in front of his eyes. The remote control is lying inches away form his comfortable grasp, conveniently places so no one has to even rise to invade the room with Technicolor tantrums thrown off by the 28" television. She wonders when it became about having things instead of doing things.

"Never mind, Eli, I don't know what I'm talking about."

He shakes his head as she turns away, standing slowly. She walks softly toward the
kitchen and the glow of shimmering utensils.

"If this is about that abandonment issue," he adds haltingly, "... you've got to know by now, I'll never leave you."

She pauses imperceptibly, eyes resting on the glistening Cuisinart that was used once and now exists only to take up counter space.

She is tracing the dusty outline of the speckled sculpture of her memory, created years ago, and remembering the feel of wet clay on her hands and her indifference to the grainy chunks getting stuck in her hair, wiped on her jeans, and smudged on her left cheek, as the curves form themselves beneath her slippery mind.

"You already have" ... she breathes ... "You already have."

ANN STANLEY-BARRY.............ANI

38
Ryan Jones

We All Suffer From This Loss

They came out of nowhere. They brought death and destruction.

The nation was shocked and stunned. The whole world’s heart skipped a beat. After the initial gasp, We made a fleeting grasp, Searching for the truth. We crashed back to reality.

I reach out to find you, But I don’t feel your touch.

I know you should be there, I won’t accept this make believe fate. Your eyes that used to be so bright have dimmed, I don’t want to believe that for many of you, it’s too late.

Don’t leave me now, You just don’t understand how, Just how much we need you, We all lose you, not just one.

We don’t think it’s possible, No one can do this to us, Not us, we’re invincible, Not us, we’re invincible.

We all suffer from this loss. We all suffer from this loss.

It happened unknowingly, It seemed all too unreal.

We see horrible images, Our insides feel worse. Our brains suffer an overload, No one, no one, can prepare for this.

Why should anyone suffer this fate? What did we do to deserve this? Who can hate us this much? Who can hate us this much?

Your numbers are great, Our numbers are now smaller.

We all suffer from this loss. We all suffer from this loss.

You’re somewhere better now. Their evil can’t hurt you now. We take up your cause. You make us stronger.

It just doesn’t seem to end, The tears and the pain, The hurt and the questions. We want it to end, but we can’t turn away.

Why can’t you just come back? Don’t you hear them crying? Don’t you hear them crying for you?

Say it’s all a bad dream. Say it’s all a bad joke. We are forced to give up hope. We are weakened by this loss.

Our efforts make us stronger. Our efforts bring us together. You used to bring us together. You now unite us like never before.

We won’t come back down. We can’t show weakness. We must seek justice. We demand vengeance.

All in your name. All in your name.

We won’t give up. We won’t give up as long as we remember. We’ll never forget you. We’ll remember you forever.

Do not unite in the name of hatred. Unite in the name of pride. “We reap the thorns we sow in the world.” We sow new seeds, we grow stronger.

I know you’re in there somewhere. I can feel your presence. Know that I’m with you. Know that we’re all with you.

We would all do what we could, If only we could bring you back.

We unite, setting differences aside, We become one people again, one and the same.

We grieve for you. We will be forced to move on But we won’t leave you behind. We’ll have to move on without you. You’ll forever be at our side in our mind.

Don’t let them be forgotten, We must not let them be forgotten.

We all suffer from this loss. We all suffer from this loss.
Read the words
hear the sounds
Feel your face hit the ground
in the end I'll pretend I was dreaming

ANN STANLEY-BARRY