Dear Fisher Community:

Thank you for making this year’s *Angle* a success. *The Angle* has undergone immense changes this year. We are proud of the praise it has received, and we know, with the support of our writers and readers, it will grow even more next year!

We would like to extend a special thanks to M. J. Luppa and Dr. Nicolay for their endless support and passion in building a vehicle for the literary voice of the Fisher community.

Thanks also to our dedicated staff. We will be sad to see the seniors go, and we wish them all the best in their new endeavors.

We are looking forward to the new faces that will be joining *The Angle* next year. We welcome all of you to come share your talents with the magazine.

Mindae Kadous will be taking over as Senior Editor for the 2002-2003 school year. She has a lot of exciting ideas for further development, including an Angle website, to be launched in September.

Thanks again for your support. Have a great summer!

Sincerely,

Melissa A. Japp
A. L. Higham
Mindae M. Kadous
# Table of Contents

**The Present Situation**.................................Meg Barboza...............5  
**The Hills Are Blazing**.................................Shari Allen...............6  
**Winter: Rochester, New York**......................Ginger M. James............7  
**That Unexplainable Feeling**.........................Rashaad Jackson.........8  
**Fading Ink**........................................Dave Landers...............9  
**True Reflections**.....................................Jodi Rowland...........10  
**Bowling Alleys**......................................Emily Gregory...........10  
**Black and White**.....................................Phil Lorigo...............11  
**Sleep**................................................Mr. Underhill............16  
**Bits and Pieces**......................................Nikisha Johnson.........17  
**Serenity**.................................................Evelyn Jansen..........18  
**Seeing You**.............................................Jen Enright............19  
**Oscar**................................................Ginger James...........20  
**Dinner Plans**..........................................A. L. Higham...........21  
**Tomorrow at Nine**...................................Ann Stanley-Barry........27  
**The Seasons of Rochester**.............................Lisa Guarnere..........29  
**Triggers**...............................................Megan Herrman...........30  
**Stirring**...............................................Melissa A. Japp...........31  
**Rememberence of Iman**...............................Wegdan Ashkar.........32  
**You’re Still Beautiful**.................................Samantha Moringello....33  
**Canada on a Lake, July 1999**.......................Kate Gruenfelder........34  
**Perfumed Anxiety**.....................................Mindae Kadous...........35  
**Emily**................................................Kate Gruenfelder........36  
**The Poem of Ellipses**.................................Meg Barboza.............37  
**Union of the Disremembered**.........................Ann Stanley-Barry......38
ANGLE 2001

AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE
MEG BARBOZA.......... THE PRESENT SITUATION (IS A GREEN JADE BOWL)

SECOND PRIZE
SHARI ALLEN.......... THE HILLS ARE BLAZING

THIRD PRIZE
GINGER M. JAMES......... WINTER: ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
Lately,
    I am haunted
by the memory of a green jade bowl
sitting in the silky light
of the room of the ancients
in the Baltimore Museum of Art.

I remember almost nothing
of the shape or size, but the color
always stops me where I am;
it seems to hold me in place,
guiding me through
these gray walled days,
perhaps toward a Japanese river—
a quiet haiku—where
I dip the bowl’s paper thin lip
beneath the swift rushing water
and lift it out, heavy

with the weight
of the expectation
that I carry
three miles back
to my home
without spilling
a single drop.
The hills are blazing,
Crimson and rust.
The trees
Holding onto the last of
The year’s leaves
Await hibernation.
Our horses climb up from the valley
Of the creek bed while
I lean back on the branch
In the tree that marks
The corner of our yard
Wrapped with the fence
Which announces the field
That extends forever.
The gold and fiery leaves dancing
As they leave home.
The sun vanished
Darkness incomplete
I await my calling.
The moon shines above,
A bright white orb in the velvet sky.
Snow crunches underfoot,
Creating a dry, cold melody
As we walk down the lane.
Our breath freezes
In the icy air, suspended like tiny crystals.
Snowflakes float lazily,
Landing on our lashes
And freezing there.
Night has fallen,
And a fire crackles on the hearth.
I am in love.
RASHAAD JACKSON

THAT UNEXPLAINABLE FEELING

That unexplainable feeling
Like when he got shot
When you up and left
From which you told me hi
Or as you walked by
When we put you in the ground
Alone and I heard no sound
It comes from anger
Or the thought of danger
Cause dad died
Or when she lied
When you say the sweetest thing
When I gave you that ring
When I don’t know what to do
When I’m away from you
That unexplainable feeling
DAVE LANDERS

FADING INK

AFTER MARVIN BELL

The things I did, I did
Because I had to do
Because I had to leave
Although I cared for you
And knew you cared for me
And maybe you still do
And maybe you can block the distance
But that I cannot do

The things I did, I kept
In boxes in my room
In envelopes I hid
To save the truth of our doom
And maybe see it later
And maybe to show you
The way that I am terrified
Of everything I do

These things I kept, I’ll burn
In a year or two
Reminding me of how you yearn
For the things I do
So maybe you will fade
And someday, you may smile
And I hope the world we made
Will keep you strong a while
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, bluring even the t.v. screens with the colorful columns of names and scores. I’m sick of losing—in bowling, in life.
PHIL LORIGO

BLACK AND WHITE

The air is saturated with the kind of cold that makes you wonder if global warming is just a myth. The bitter wind makes me wish for Satan's scorn to rise from Hades to blister my skin. It's winter in Chicago, and I'm wearing a hooded sweatshirt. If she could, my mother would return from the grave just to come back to tell me to put some warm clothes on. A hat maybe. Perhaps some gloves. The hood of my sweatshirt is thrown around by the wind, which is irritating my eyes. I can't tell if my contacts are drying out or if they are frozen. It's that cold.

I always walk to Mick's, a bar owned by a buddy of mine. He keeps me in free drinks, and I keep him company on those lonely tavern Monday nights. Terry owns the bar, but he named it Mick's. He thought it sounded tougher than a bar named "Terry's." I agreed. Mick's is three blocks from my apartment. I don't own a car, and don't like pissing money away on taxis, so I walk there every Monday night. Past the record shop. Past the butcher. Past the homeless guys. Sometimes I give them a dollar if I wanted to feel better about myself. Most times, I don't.

Reaching my destination, I smile as the blast of warm air engulfs me when I open the door. After a few blinks to thaw my eyes, I survey the situation. Three townies playing pool, one slutty barfly, two kids who are definitely underage (but I'm not telling Terry). And the old man with the walker. The old man with the walker is in my seat, but I'm not going to ask him to move. I grab the stool next to him and wait for Terry.

"Old Man." I don't even know his name.
"Young man." His raspy voice can barely be heard over the jukebox.
"I got that picture I was telling you about last week. This one's of my grandfather in World War II." I reach into the front pocket of my sweatshirt and pull out a picture folded in half. I slide it in front of him as if it's some business transaction. He reaches for it with the speed of a tortoise and takes his time to unfold it. After thirty seconds of silent staring, he folds it in half and jams it into his coat pocket.

"Didn't know him. Your grandfather. Didn't know him. Looks like a handsome man. He died in the war, didn't he?" He stares at the bar directly in front of him when talking to me.

"Yeah, he died. In the war. Took one in the face early on." I reach into my pants pocket to pull out my cigarettes.

"That's how it happens. He was a good-looking man. Not as good-looking as I was, but close. War takes away everything good about you. It stole his good looks, as well as his life. For me, it took my right eye and my right knee." He pulls out a Zippo lighter and slides it over in the same manner as I gave him the picture. His eyes remain focused on the same spot of the bar. Even his glass eye is staring down.

"Where's Terry?" I ask the old man.
"Went to go change the keg a few minutes ago." The old man puts out his hand. I place a cigarette in it. He breaks the filter off and puts the remainder in his mouth. I light mine, then his, and return his lighter to the bar in front of him. Leaning forward, I fumble in my back pocket for another picture. This one is folded in quarters. I remove it, unfold it, and place it on the bar between us. Without turning his head or moving his eyes, the old man drags the picture directly in front of him on the bar. I figure he's going to stare at it for a few seconds, so I go behind the bar. I don't know where the hell Terry is. I reach into the cooler and pull out a bottle of beer. Coors. Fine, whatever. I twist off the cap and return to my seat.

The picture is already back in front of where I was sitting. It catches me off guard how beautiful the picture is. Gazing at it, into her eyes, I'm taken back to when I took that picture. Back in 1987. My recollection is interrupted by the old man. "You were in love with her, right?" It doesn't even sound like a question coming out of his mouth. More like a statement.

"Almost." It doesn't sound like a statement coming out of my mouth. More like a question. "I knew her for one night. After that..." I take a drag of my cigarette and exhale deeply.

"She looks like a keeper." The smoke trickles from his mouth. He looks at me for the first time this evening. "So why did you let her go?"

I put my cigarette out and light another.

"I have always loved pictures. Black and white pictures. I remember when my grandmother showed me that picture of my grandfather when I was seven years old. Something about the absence of color made it authentic. From then on I was fascinated by photography. I had taken pictures in my teens. In high school I took photography, but that's not where I did my learning. I read. Books. I read until I knew what I was doing. Lotte Jacobi. Alfred Stieglitz. These names mean something to me. Not the bullshit my teacher was spewing. I finished high school and decided to go to New York City instead of college. I set up camp there and lived like a photographer."

The old man nods.

"So do you want to hear the short version or the long one?" I extend a cigarette to the old man.

"Long." His voice is full of gravel. After giving him the cigarette, he breaks the filter off of this one, too.

He motions for me to continue.

"I was at a party in 1990. New York City." When telling the old man about the picture, I'm surprised how much I remember.

High on whatever pills I just ate, I slump down on Damien's couch. Damien wasn't his real name, but the couch wasn't real leather, either. He used to throw these parties; a mixture of intellectuals with connections and kids like myself. Detached from the party, I just stare at the people like some stare at a television. Maybe it's the pills, or maybe I'm just that disciplined, but everything shifts into black and white. Every time I blink, it's the shutter on my camera blinking.

Ronnie shouting at Damien.
Sarah stumbling onto someone important looking.

The door beginning to open.

And a beautiful creature walking in.

When you're on this many pills, everything is familiar. It's like déjà vu. You always know what's going to happen next, but you can never act on that knowledge. Everyone looks familiar, especially strangers. Everyone's your best friend. And if a gorgeous girl walks into the apartment, her beauty and welcoming glance are magnified millions of times. I follow her with my eyes as she walks up to Damien. They exchange a quick kiss, and he points to the table with the booze on it. She walks over and begins to pour a drink. I don't realize it yet, but I'm already standing somehow. I swagger over mixing stumbles with all the cool I can muster. Weaving in between the familiar strangers, I park myself inches behind her. As she sets down the bottle of vodka, her elbow brushes against my stomach. She whips around and stares at me, mildly startled. I open my mouth but no words come out.

"Ariel. I'm Ariel." Her words sound like a symphony. Sure, I knew it was partially because of the pills, but the pills couldn't completely make up how great this girl was.

"Hi." I wanted to say more, but that's all I could get out.

"I take pictures. I take really good pictures." My speech wasn't slurred, but my mind was a collage of irrelevant thoughts.

"Show me." She was so confident. I lazily motioned behind her with my weak arm and swagger off into Damien's back room without looking back. Stepping onto the shag carpet, I knelt down and removed the top of a cardboard box.

"So how do you know Damien?" She asks, taking a sip of her drink. I was the one startled this time.

"You know. I just know him." I was barely paying attention as I flipped through my work. I kept a box of pictures at Damien's because of these parties. Sometimes real important people would show up, and I didn't want to miss any opportunities to get my work noticed. I stood up a little too fast and shoved an 8 x 10 into her chest.

"Look." I stared at her as she stared at my picture. It was a picture of a stripped car. The wheels were gone. Various parts were removed and the mechanical underbelly was showing. And it was in black and white.
"God, this is amazing." Approval from this girl was the equivalent of approval from God.

"What else have you done?" She closed the door to the back room and took a seat on the floor. I slowly lowered myself and grabbed the top half of the stack of photos in the box. I sat down, almost leaning on her, and began to show her my work. I explained why I took each picture. I told her that my uncle worked in a factory, and that's how I got in to take those pictures. I showed her the one of the dead cat and gave the story behind it. I showed her the one taken at my mother's funeral, but remained silent. She gently removed the stack of photos from my hand and kissed my lips. A smile slowly crept across my face. She got up and went over to the door. She locked it and turned the lights off.

We made love. We didn't fuck. We didn't have sex. We weren't two people doing it in the back room at a party. We. Made. Love. I don't know how it happened. We weren't fumbling in the darkness. We weren't consumed by lust. Somehow, this stranger and I just came together. I still can't explain it. But it happened.

We fell asleep afterwards. Well, at least I did. I awoke to the sunlight beaming through the hazy window and shining directly into my eyes. I slowly turned my head to look at her. She was just as beautiful now that I was sober. I was still a little out of it from whatever I took the night before. I removed her arm from my chest and sat up. She opened her eyes and let out a cute little growl.

"Morning." The sun on her face illuminated her smile.

"Morning." I whisper as I kiss her forehead.

"I want to see the rest of your work. It's fucking amazing. Get it all ready, and I'm going get cleaned up and grab us some coffee." She put her dress back on and aimed for the door. I put my boxers back on and inched over to the box of my photos.

"Last night," she said. "Last night was amazing" She exits the room with a smile that makes me wish she wasn't leaving.

I grabbed the bottom half, the half we didn't look through, and started taking out the best ones. The picture of the bird's nest outside my apartment. The photo of my empty refrigerator. The one of the condemned house. I grabbed about ten pictures by the time she returned.

"Show me what you got." She pops back in the room quicker than I expect. Her enthusiasm this early in the morning makes me feel so important. She hands me a mug of black coffee and sits down next to me.

I explain the story behind the picture of the supermarket. I hand her the one of the dark clouds. I pick out the one of the dead tree.

"How do you do this? You have such an eye for what's, just, I dunno. The black and white makes it so, so..."

"Authentic." My statement causes a silence filled with understanding. She nods in awe and pointed to the box.

"More. Show me more."

The box was empty, but I still had a stack of photos on my lap.

"This series I took at a studio. One of my friends worked at a porno theatre. I found out where they filmed the movies, and took pictures of the actors and actresses. With their clothes on." I got two photos into the series and she grabs my hand.
"Show me something else." She sounds anxious.

"No, these are good. The way their faces look-

"I want to see something else. More buildings." She grabs the stack of photos out of my hand.

"Why? What's wrong with these?" Frustrated with her, I try to grab the stack of photos out of her hand. She pulls away, and they spill onto the floor. We both look at the aftermath of our little skirmish, and she looks at me. She stares at me from the floor directly in front of me. Gazing. With those deep eyes. So dark. So powerful. She stares at me from the picture on the floor. In black and white.

"Don't." Her words sound desperate. "Don't say anything. Don't think anything. I know what you're thinking and I know what you're going to say." She grabs the edge of the picture and flips it upside down. "Don't think what you're thinking."

"I." I don't know what I am thinking.

"I..." I don't know what I am saying.

"...I...I..." I don't know what to do.

"I'm leaving." I grab the photos as quickly as I can. I pile them into the box and mash the top on. I pick it up and headed for the door.

"Don't..." She sounds weak. She sounds ashamed. She sounds defeated. I bite my lower lip so I won't say anything. I bite my lip and I just walk out the door.

The old man coughs, sharply taking me back to the present. I look down at my hand and see my cigarette has gone out minutes before. I drop it into the ashtray and look at the old man. He is still staring at me.

We both look at the picture and remain silent.

"You keep that one." He looks at me the way I always imagined my grandfather would look at me. "You keep that one and you learn from those memories."

I nod.

"You tell Terry I had to go. Tell him I had a good idea about some pictures." I put my cigarettes back in my pocket. I fold the picture of her back into fourths and carefully put it into my back pocket.

"Old man." I say as I stand up.

"Young man," he says, and slowly turns his head back to the bar.
Mr. Underhill

Sleep

Sleep,
Dreaming of glass reflections,
Now shattered.
Reflections in the stony brook,
Crystal clear
Cool water running nowhere
And everywhere
Darkening into night shadow
Turning to day.
The country hung,
At the gallows pole,
As HE weighs the balance
Of right and good and evil and power and profit,
Leaving us on the brink of world war.
Bound for judgement against the rest,
Ignoring the pleas of the enlightened
In exchange for ignorance
The sheep leading the blind,
No one knows the way we move
Until after it’s said and done.
Unreported.
NIKISHA JOHNSON

BITS AND PIECES

bits and pieces
of nothing
corrupt
our souls
while
we sit
and watch
nothing
but
something
that we think
will satisfy
something…
and we stare into nothing yet
secretly
we are
WAITING
for the rebellious

ATTITUDE

of the 60’s
to
resurface
in the youth
yet
their souls
are
silenced
by
bits
and pieces
of what they
believe is
the truth.
I can hear the sweet sound
That her small hands make
When they are one
With the instrument.

She stumbles on the notes
Every once in a while,
Her fingers going back
To get it just right.

The sound, the feeling,
The satisfaction that only
The music can bring-
Keeps her fingers to the keys.

The years of lessons have paid off,
Have allowed her to discover
A talent- a talent that brings
The praise of adults.

But it is more than that.
It is a melody. It is daydreams.
It is another place
To be in.
I can see you shadow me
through my days and nights
when you take that day-long trip
that brings the world
apart back together again,
just by boarding that airplane
that will fly over the Atlantic.
I can then see your beautiful
eyes and feel your mouth on my body
and grip your soft hand in mine
and squeeze all the love in my heart
back in to you.
I’m stuck to you like
grass stain
or yellow on daisies.
We walk that stony path
wrapped up together
to brighten our way.
And we draw the strength
to balance our hearts
and not to fall
when we take the voyage back
to where our hearts beat separately,
where we don’t breathe in unison
and we hold on tight
until we can tread
the distance once again.
GINGER M. JAMES

OSCAR

His voice
Is as the sound of rain,
Falling softly, gently on a hot summer night.

His laugh
Is as a stream,
Tripping and bubbling along perfect pebbles.

His eyes
Are dark as the night sky,
Wrapping the earth in its comforting embrace.

His hands
Are as the breeze,
Caressing gently the branches of a nearby tree.

His stature
Is as the strong, tall oak,
Lifting its head proudly to the sky.

Everywhere I look, he is there,
Filling me with wonder.
THIS PAGE HAS BEEN REMOVED ON REQUEST OF THE AUTHOR
THIS PAGE HAS BEEN REMOVED ON REQUEST OF THE AUTHOR
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ANN STANLEY-BARRY

TOMORROW AT NINE

Tomorrow at nine
I’ll be catching the moon
not to keep it locked up, not to brighten my room
not to squander its soft luscious luminous light

just to know I can reach whatever’s in sight
just to know I can fly on the soft summer winds

Tomorrow at nine
I’ll be shedding my clothes
I’ll be burning my bra I’ll be picking my nose
I’ll be burning my bra I’ll be picking my trend

not to join a crusade not to launch a new
not to join a crusade not to launch a new

just to prove to myself I am human again
just to forewarn myself of what’s happening

I’ll lay down on my pillow the sweetness of which
I will paint my walls saffron and indigo and teal
to remind myself daily to remember to feel

27
I'll walk very slowly
the smell of the earth
I'll walk to that place where the lake meets the
I'll walk to that place where the moon seems to
I'll glide out to the branches
I'll swing myself up toward
and the higher I swing, the louder I'll
till I'm sure I can hear myself feel
bubbling over and then I'll let
of the branch
and I'll soar
with the lake at my feet and I'll listen so
I'll hear ancestors speak thru the clouds
and the water the dirt and the leaves
and then I'll close my eyes tight and let go of belief

I'll admire the grass breath-of-wind on my back
tree be
I'll shimmy I'll shake the moon, toward the lake
laugh myself go
of the earth through the stars
closely

28
LISA GUARNERE

THE SEASONS OF ROCHESTER

Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall
The typical order the seasons arrive.
The calendar says it’s wintertime in Rochester.
But what if the snow comes very late
And the temperature refuses to fall
And the sun is shining bright in the sky?
Is this really winter?
Fear not, here it comes,
Sun today, snow tomorrow.
Half the high of today will be the high for tomorrow.
And two days after that…
The sun might be back,
The snow might be gone,
Shades might be a must
And gloves might be taboo.
To live in Rochester
Where winter, spring and fall sometimes share their time and talents with each other.
Where visitor are either over packed, or not prepared to bear the elements.
Where the weather forecast is constantly changing.
And don’t forget the 5-degree guarantee,
If the forecasted high isn’t +/− 5 degrees
money is donated to a local charity.
Rochester summers are quasi-normal.
Partially cloudy,
Sunshine,
Warm,
Hot,
Maybe a slight breeze.
If today is normal,
Tomorrow may not.
It’s all a guessing game,
So just sit back and watch,
A magical wonder,
Known as Rochester Weather.
MEGAN HERRMAN

TRIGGERS

When I was a little girl I pressed very hard with my crayons.

The doctor asked me, “how does your body feel physically?”
I felt like I was drowning in his soft black leather couch,
and as he asked this,
I sank deeper.

How can I describe the extent of this ache-
why does my body feel so broken, if it is my mind we are discussing?

Trapped in the evening commute I became a captive audience
to the scattered musings of my brain . . . I am barely aware of the light
ahead.
The pizza delivery boy is expecting me to be kind and let him out.
The light is red, his car, my fingernails- red.

Red reminds me of my back . . . maybe it’s red.
Crimson red, burnt sienna, yellow ochre, raw umber.

When I was a little girl I pressed very hard with my crayons.

Repetition makes colors sound harsh,
if you cut me open
these colors would come
rushing out from my insides.

Was it last fall when I locked up again-
After the leaves turned plastic red,
and wax shavings fell to the ground dead?
MELISSA A. JAPP

STIRRING

Grandfather,
crooked back,
stirring oatmeal in morning
for grandchildren.
Bent over stove,
a windblown tree
who’s
clutching bones
tightly to chest,
fingers wrapped
'round wooden spoon.
Plaid pants, brown sweater
gray plastic glasses and hair
combed over, still wet with
morning shower.
He’s making the hots-
they stick to your ribs he sings,
puts hair on your chest he jokes-
and he will pour you a bowl,
with a full glass of whole milk,
even if you say you're
not hungry.
WEGDAN ASHKAR

REMEMBRANCE OF IMAN

Shot in the shelter of her mother's arms

A four-month-old

Owner of a face of radiant glow

Deprived of the sun

Not old enough to understand her world

Yet young enough to be a victim

Claimed by hate

A thing of ignorance

What was her crime?

That she spread light as the crescent moon

How was she a threat?

When she could not speak or walk

If given the chance to live

What would Iman have said?

In the language of the Quran

One that needs no subtitles
SAMANTHA MORINGELLO

YOU'RE STILL BEAUTIFUL

I see you sitting there looking out the window, wondering if you’ll remember me today. You look at me and stare, and question yourself, “Do I know her?” I smile and you smile back. I ask how you are, and you whisper, “I don’t know . . . I guess I am all right.” I try to talk to you, but you barely respond. I try to bring up the good memories that I have of us together, but you don’t remember any of them, not a single one. You just sit there and smile, and rub my hand. I still don’t believe that this could happen to you. I don’t know why, and to me, it just looks like you’re suffering. I sit there quietly, looking at the other elderly people sitting in the room. I look back at you and tears start to form in my eyes. I think to myself; you’re already dead, you don’t remember me, you don’t remember anything, but you can’t help it and it’s not your fault.

I look at you again, and I see a certain sparkle in your eyes. The same sparkle that I used to see when you would sing, dance, laugh. It doesn’t seem that long ago, and it hasn’t been, it’s only been four years. She looked beautiful in that moment, untouched and unharmed. You are not the same person, but you’re still my grandma.

I get up to go and the smile wipes away from your face. You ask sadly, “Where are you going?” I tell her, “I have to go to work, but I’ll be back.” She nods her head okay, as I give her a kiss goodbye. She yells to me, “Be careful!” I smile and say, “Don’t worry grandma, I will.” During those times in her worry, her sense of being a grandma comes back. That’s when I know deep inside her, the old her still lives. I look back at her and she is looking out the window. She has already forgotten me.
KATE GRUENFELDER

CANADA ON A LAKE, JULY 1999

The humid air forces a sundress on my sweaty body
night air brushes over the hairs on my arms
and kisses a smile on my lips
The water is a textured floor, silver, shimmering
and it meets the fiery orange sky – lapping against the sunset

The small tide plays with my toes, begging me to come in
I resist only because it’s dark and the horseflies and blackflies are forming
into packs along the surface
Tiny sapphires tinkling above the water.

The wet sand cakes my feet – trying to swallow my toes
while the crickets use the water’s beat to play a song for me
that’s all I can hear: crickets playing in perfect tune to the water’s tide
it soon falls in sync with the beat of my own thoughts
Not always steady but constant.

I reach out and feel the cool, smooth leaves
they touch my hands and tell me to stay a while longer
I accept the invitation and smile.
It was the summer when twenty-two didn’t seem too old
for me and more than four partners was suddenly overlookable,
like everything else wrong with you.

So when you picked me up and I had to open my own car door
and then we snuck into the movies so you wouldn’t have to pay,
I still thought it was our first date.

And when we went out dancing together and I watched you
two-step with your ex-girlfriend for “old times sake,”
I still believed it was our second date.

So when you bought my ticket and drinks at the concert because
you couldn’t keep your hands off my little black dress,
I still wanted it to be our third date.

It was the summer when all it took was a Coco Channel creation
to know, you were three dates of spilled perfume.
KATE GRUENFELDER

EMILY

My house is on a cliff
where my sister lives
with her head in the clouds
as we live high
on this cliff

My mother bakes
Blackberry pie with
real whipped cream.
I love the whirl of
her blender—
mixing cream and sugar.

Her voice is sweet
and melodic—
filling my head with
flowers and popsicles.

I often visit my sister
in her room
in the clouds.

“One day my prince will come,” she claims.
I can’t needle her cloud.

She needs to dream
she needs to sit,
licking her ice cream cone
dreaming of her

Prince-Not-So-Charming
and smelling Blackberry pie

A pleasant Fairy Tale

A. L. HIGHAM
MEG BARBOZA

THE POEM OF ELLIPSES: ATHENIAN MORNING
ATHENS

I can not stop staring
at the bust of Socrates—his lips
are parted slightly; it looks
like he might say something
about the injustice bred
in poetry, about modes
or gymnastics. . . .

They say
that much of what we know
about Socrates comes
from Plato, his student. This
I can believe. His stone eyes reveal
nothing; no dead and dusty knowledge falls
from his lips, but I am determined
to get something; the hint
of a form . . .

I close the drapes
on the Athenian morning—
the white robes of the senate whipping
below in snaps: sounds that ideas make
here on Earth. I crawl
on my knees toward the bed
and climb in. I won’t be denied
or turned back. Don’t waste
your breath on particulars, dear . . .

tell me, tell me, tell me everything.
UNION OF THE DISREMEMBERED

you speak of screaming banshees
you hear the rifles
you like white bread
you could eat hot dogs all year round
you absorb other's opinions
I reject them
you call yourself a pessimist
heavy like your butter
I call myself an optimist
everyone
admittedly
we're both obsessed with answers
you for your
and me
we both feel
you for your birth
me for my mind that seems
we both came home to emptiness
and we both know how
which is why it works
why we recognized each other
saw beyond the
why we held so tightly to each other
why we believed being together forever
and still
why we were so sure
as I wonder I don't
and I speak of social preconditioning
and I swim in the lyrics
i like wheat
i only like them in the summer
like rice paper
with steely ambivalence
while spreading yourself
for all to eat
while secretly believing
is lying to me
there are similarities
to the questions that we speak
lack of identity
for my lack of memory
we don't belong
across the sea and me
to wander through other realities
and the moon behind the trees
to love someone who's different
I guess
in that first instant
false facades we had constructed
through all those days and those nights
was simply meant to be
I wonder sometimes
and even
doubt that it is true
we house each other’s souls from behind
we live and love and laugh and cry together
each one of us bringing what the other
it was the moon and it was the which allowed me without fear of death
i’ve flowered your words
i’ve lived this life before you come to it with new eyes with your easy
dee down I believe deep down but it is you who change lives your existence your heart holds all the world
and even though you say you do it anyway believing and not doing that matters
I have been tempered your commitment
I feel myself glow but how can a light for it is so bright itself
and pull moons out trees together
to the other was lacking you wanted to be constant moon that proved to be to enter constancy of burial and you’ve pruned mine it seems and temper my exhaustion acceptance of the world
I can change things you believe you cannot just walking by lends itself to kindness with room to spare you don’t believe which is better than it is the action not the thought by your love your kindness you say you cannot see it know what illumination it brings it has no way to compare