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INSTRESS

Journal of the Arts



*40th Anniversary
Edition*

Instress 2006—40th Anniversary Edition

“Within these pages, there is the hope to present new and daring thoughts, ideas and approaches to the world at large, always polished by the service of discipline—of mind and of medium.”

This 40th Edition of Instress Journal of the Arts is dedicated to all who have contributed their time and talents to the creation of this publication both past and present. We applaud and thank you.

“May the readers of this magazine not only experience the ‘instress’ of what it presents, but go on to unprecedented creative heights within their discipline and find their way to enlighten and enrich each other through the pages of *Instress*.”

- 1st Issue of *Instress* 1966

Special thanks to everyone who submitted—your talents continue to make this publication a labor of love.

Thank you to the college and to Dr. MacDowell for generously funding
Instress!

Much appreciation goes to the Misericordia Print Shop and to Amy Lynch-Binieck for allowing us to invade the Writing Center.

A very special thank you to Wendy Carey and to Dr. Becky for your dedication to making *Instress* a worthwhile project.

Staff

Heather Jones — Editor

Wendy Carey — Advisor

Dr. Rebecca Steinberger — Advisor

Joseph Jelinski

Christopher Cimei

Alison Davenport

Jacob Garner

Sara Hando

Alicia Magda

Jocelyn Garber

Art Out Loud

Instress CD 2006

Joey Jelinski—*You Alone*
Andrew Favine—*Tell Your Good Time Hello*
Matt LaRose—*A Thing Like That*
Tony White—*I'm the Best*
Steve Hannis—*Sentiment*
Coals to Newcastle—*BvO (acoustic)*
Ray Kline—*The River*
The Modern Age—*Stop That Train*
Tsuksa Waltich—*Scherzo #1 in B minor (Chopin)*
The Cosmics—*Pale Blue Eyes*
Ricky Hutchins—*Genie*
The Modern Age—*Art of Being Lonely*
Matt LaRose—*Blue Eyes*
Tony White—*I Know You Know*
Andrew Favini—*In My Defense*
David Hage—*So Far Away*
Joey Jelinski—*Roman Holiday*
Outro

Recorded, Edited, and Produced by Joseph Jelinski

***Thanks to those who participated and shared their music with
us to aid in the making of this second annual Instress CD***

Journal of the Arts Awards

Neruda Award for Poetry

Thomas Simko

“Geomorphism Isn’t a Word”

Emerson Award for Prose

Alicia Magda

“Little White Lies”

Monet Award for Art

Virginia Grove

Ansel Adams Award for Photography

Katie Turner

Corpus

The Emerging Talent Award for High School Poetry

Richard Monti

“Direction”

Pope John XXIII HS, New Jersey

Cover Photo by: Justin Lucas

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-Katie Turner

Stained White Shirts

You're drunk
again
and you're gaining weight
you don't know why you do this
you couldn't tell how
your last sober night went
you can't tell how
many nights ago
except
you don't get prettier
you don't get more charming
and you shit a lot more

you're not looking forward to
this next hangover
maybe it
the beer
does give you strength
to risk getting slapped in the face
but invariably
a slap in the face is
the only outcome

pissing money away no worse
than anything else it can be used for
but there should be better uses
for beer

cottonmouth kisses
probably aren't very good anyway
the stink of thirty cigarettes
lipstick smeared on dirty glasses
unwashed bathroom hands
barstool sweat on skin
the sticky aftertaste of inebriation

sometimes a guy just
gets lonely
maybe that's what it's good for
beer brings hope to the hopeless
for a little while
that idea of hope
you're not even sure what that means
and so what if you know that it's
artificial, useless, meaningless

hope
at least it feels real
until you're home
and your insides are spilling out
over the bucket
and onto your hair

here's to hoping
cheers, salute
hoping the fake hoping can stop
that someone wants you to mean something
to them
if you want someone to understand you
say what you feel
don't dance around the issue
have another drink
and spill it

you're not clever
by writing down how you feel
you just wrote my first real poem
maybe
and there's no one here to read it
at an hour past last call
you don't want pity
just more beer

- Thomas Simko



- Deborah Fries

Tornado

Depending on every language,
Spiraling,
 Careless few are usually found broken
Fragmentation.
 Whirling torn and floating...
MUSIC, not the poem.
Like the intense crackling and snapping of a bonfire!
 Yet found in the wind tunnel...
Majesty.
HARSH, but gentle. Illogical Domination!
Since its beauty will every be
 Arguementum Ignorantium!
With wings like the night's envelope
Raspberry colored tongue licked the sky,
Tainting all, dripping saliva,
STAINED sky.
Near the beach,
 Without a crowd,
BREAK,
 In a chemical lingo...
Fishing on a warm beach with the sun coming up,
 Breeze carrying away color,
And the tongue, stained and black, seems to streak the coastline.

- Sara Hando

Scandalous

One Night with a Prince

a lover,

a bastard.

Hand tied behind my back

manipulating

whip

wounding

more possessed

in bed

what?

But society? life?

we both agreed

to the terms

everything required.

No recriminations later.

-Heather Dries

Urban Shadows

Madman in taffeta
coming in through the garden gate
with roses high enough to be my fortress.
I avert my eyes.
No voyeur here.
Like playing peekaboo with a horror flick,
you look because you have to.
To avoid is to deny.

We are such stuff that nightmares are made of.
What are you afraid of?
asks the pimped up girl
adding more mascara
to already-Cleopatra eyes
as she peers through the glass
at the Hoxton bus stop.
Sequined black miniskirt
could not get more mini.
Whatever she's just injected makes her not care,
and she sings to herself for the next 5 stops
twirling her fingers in her hair like you know you used to.
She wants you to look.
After all, isn't it about time
She was made the Subject?

- Rebecca Steinberger

Intersections

I want to groove to your mambo, I say, but I know this condition is terminal and no synonym can replace my desire. My books are growling and all around lurking William James or Henry James or some other James making the text crawl so slow that I forget about being violent and just think. Look at me go all juggling sighs and umpires. I am ecstatic about flesh. A little goes a long way. You are turning plural on me. All remedies have disappeared. What a stipulation to be one. Eating a pear inside the adult bookstore on West Colfax slurping the juices as if I were in paradise thinking, "juices abound in paradise, how interesting." My thesaurus lies to me and forgets all the connections. Sensational experiences are their "OWN OTHERS."

When I was six my brother tied 2X4's to my arms

and convinced me to jump off the garage and flap.

He was my role model growing-up.

I'm assuming an earlier shape.

so surprising – wadded up and truthful.

This makes movement difficult.

Sometimes I forget the grammar and how to begin,

which may mean I never wanted to know in the first place.

And, my brother, different intersections,

wondering, after all these years

where to put the apostrophe.

I sit in the grocery store and listen

to the vegetables which symbolize

distance; or love. They tell me

nothing special, which I already know.

This narrative nostalgia is killing me
you say, but I believe you mean
your affection is riding through me,
and my need is taking root; listen,
you can drag my flesh away from these words.

- Mark Tursi



- Christina Stango

Street Lit Fantasies

Yesterday I walked the streets
Thoughts occurred to me
I want to buy things with my looks
Meat on/off my bones
Cold winter winds blow in
There is no spring/no fall
Only death heat/bone cold ice
Hand in my pockets
I don't usually smoke
But it seems like the right time
I'm through with this dried up town
My mind howls
Past the foothills
My future is there
Need to find it
Assimilate my folk-soul
She is my religion at the moment
All that is pure to me
I need a microphone
To shout my tortured blues
The specter of my soul plays next to me
Before all is dust
Hoping for once
I write my number on the napkin
Leave my red lip mark
Where I bit/now blood

- Matt Hannon



- Alison Davenport

Life's Little Disappointments

The couple clutches at their wedding rings refusing to allow them to wander off like so many of their other possessions. The woman explains that when she dies, her husband should bury the ring with her and be free forever. The man, her husband, is nice and nods in agreement. He was the type that never put spiders down girls' shirts in the playground or snapped their bras from the back. A spider web does not make a very fine bra thinks the man, wishing he was young again, and realizing that he is terrified because the wrinkles on his hands are not spider webs after all, but are his own life loosening at the seams. The man is worried that the spider may not be able to carry the ring away, and then he might be condemned forever to nod in agreement. A place he does not wish to be. The woman clutches his hand and realizes that she is already in her coffin and covered in spider webs.

- Mark Tursi



- Katie Turner

Sleep Deprived

My eyes droop
My thoughts cease
I lay on my comforting bed
Hoping to revel in imaginary adventures of the mind
But hope is all I have
For I cannot sleep

-Alicia Magda

I am Not a Poet

I am not a poet.
Raw emotion, now void expression
What few words scribbled
Can comprehend.
Random thoughts, wrenched out in clueless chunks...
What is my poetry?
Still void expression...I have none of it.
I am not obsessive.
Raw emotion, clinging desperation,
Can't fathom the rapid thoughts
Chaotic messages,
Questioning every move I make.
Every...
Little...
Step...
I am not a vocalist.
Throat howling, voice belting, Astonishing!
Can not compose music,
I sing what has been done.
(Giche, giche ya ya, Mocha choca latta..)
And fewer ideas...but a voice.
Ah...a voice.
What is attractive?
Double D's, thin and curvy,
What do you see in my spiky red rocker style?
Bright Blue capturing eyes,
White smile, seldom shown...
Constant doubt, a gaze in the reflection.
Over weight? Short? (but I am not obsessing)
I am not many things,
But what we see isn't always what is real.
And I may seem an attractive, obsessive, vocalist...
However.
I am still not a poet.

-Sara Hando

Mindful

Clamoring and jostling
With the crowded notice
In
My Mind

Rubbing elbows with tuxedo-suited ideas
The
Party
Punchbowl

Brushing through gossamer memories
Afraid of peering into what I have
Tried
To
Forget

Rummaging through a dusty room of longings
Searching with only a dim lamp to
Light
The Dark

Caught in the crowd jostling
But forever set to meet again and again
Failure
Fear Foraging with Hope

-Alison Davenport

Something Hip

Sounds on/off
Articulating mass hysteria
Remain cool/unaffected
You are above this mess
Auto-masterminding hipness
Black sweater
Sunglasses indoors
The complete mojo-hand
Scaring the straights
you are the scourge of complacency
Hopped on jazz
Word play sex
A hyper-smattering of diction roulette
Junked out apartment
like life
Say nothing behind your tobacco-infused shroud
Eyeing up the room
“Oh god, check out the guy in the corner with his capitalist friends”
Dig, man
the trash ain’t for me
I am a permanent stare
The antitheses of the Blank Generation
I have nothing to give
Nor do I care
I just want
free love/free life

- Matt Hannon



-Franck Arnaud

I'm Only Interested...

I'm only interested in writing fuzzed out
love letters

Self-replicating art forms

Echo drenched signals from the mind

I need feedback, loads of sound

Tossing paint across the walls

Black light explosion decay

I want to reinvent the art form of art

Cigarette smoke blinding truth

Strobe flashing fantasies

Pouring gallons of white paint in a black
room

Only just to watch it splatter

Set a piano of fire

Listen to its sweet music

-Matt Hannon

Morning Glory

Mother nature yawns hyacinth
morning breath through her drowsy forests
Sunrays cast themselves onto cool rocks
warming them under her organic quilt
The old birch stretches its limbs
to purge the kinks left by the still of night
Far below, an early bird
gorges on crimson teaberries
Meanwhile, a grey squirrel
looking for mischief,
stirs nettles with his hyperactive tail
arousing unappreciative groundlings
Lethargic toads peek out
from their bed of ferns
to see the break of day
Slowly and softly,
Nature's soundtrack
begins to resonate
A chickadee croons
to the beat of loose stones
careening to the ground,
her rhythm held by flapping
her wings
Hours of darkness fade into
the sky

- Heather Jones



- Jolene Carey

Geomorphism Isn't a Word

Green paper lends to the hollow bed.
Feather down speaks a language of intimacy
beyond its own echoes
and the weight of someone else's head on its existence.
The head of a poorer man's interpretation,
a mix-upped mesh of Kilgore Trout and Henry Chinaski,
plods through the penumbra of his hallucinations.

Monoliths like blocks of cheddar,
buried behind windshield wipers,
cry, "Consume! Consume!" like Wonderland wafers.
God is only three-quarters good.
Geometric geology singing, stuck with swords,
announcing Joan Rivers, announcing tin stars.

Drunk to pass time
between the transient ghost of things being better
and things getting worse,
so that the knowledge of soap
being unable to reattach shadows
becomes common,
but between me and God
I've still got a quarter for the jukebox.

A hurricane of blackened pages
Singeing at the edges
and rushing inward,
vanishing, transplanted to libraries of dormancy
through the tallyhos of prohibition
crumpling down to a puritan horizon,
constraining wild dreams,
cremated without fire.
To extinguish memory.
To renovate a dream.

- Thomas Simko

Cocktail Party

Snow falling fast,
Oh, Frost, falling fast
I've empty spaces, too,
Vast caverns of marble,
Conference rooms,
Cocktail parties.

Not fingernails and slate,
But the sound of elbows rubbing
Like coin scratching gray dust
From a lottery card.

Hello, sir, yes, sir, all day sir, my life, sir.
Snow falling fast, I lean against
The walls, absorbing warmth from the wires beneath
An electric answer to my cold demeanor.

So good to meet you.

I drink coffee and wonder about Prufrock,
My brother under the flesh.
I wear the soft down he eyeballs and
Mimic mermaids to seduce him.

In the room the women smile and flit
Talking of Derrida and lit crit.

I have seen the eternal footman snicker,
And I asked him for his number.

-A. L-B

Harmonious Chaos
Or
Chaotic Harmony (Revised)

A balance, a scale tipped neither to its ebb nor flow
Waves washing over, renewing replenishment
Attaining well roundedness, in dichotomous disasters
Confused as a shit house rat? Better off than ignorance?
Blindly following, a dimly well lit path, knowingly
All movement coincidentally predetermined

Time, non existent as a handless clock—Revealed
The Importance is unimportant, yet perfectly imperfect
A pimple protruding from the base
A Paradox to the balancing opposites
Yet, the pus, confuses the varying views
Feet in the clouds, Head on the ground

Safety and security preferred, possibly, probable
Perhaps an allegory of a mug of root beer table
Sticking yet able to separate—the difference of existence and non
Impermanence is permanent yet, no answers, only guesses
Left is right, Right is wrong, wrong is right, right is left-
out

- Joe Jelinski

Backwards

Rain runs up hill and falls into the sky
Life like clouds catch fire and burn before our very eyes
Night breaks and silver stars slide into the sea
and the waves will come and wash away dreams
of what may have come to be

- Danielle Maroni



- Deborah Fries

Power

At last, here it is, the greatest of all pursuits,
Upon which nations fall and people rise to claim its precious fruits.

It is sweeter than white sugar, and richer than pure gold.
It is desired by every man, since the ancient days of old.

All crave and want its greatness, yet none will ever share.
They merely wish to pass it on to their own, entitled heir.

It burns the soul with cold wariness and simple, blinded greed,
All the while Discord sows her ill-forgotten seed.

All become an enemy; all become a foe,
As power warps the simple mind into ambition that will grow.

None will forsake its riches; none will forsake its might,
For power corrupts absolutely just as day turns into night.

- Andrew Bader

Too Hot to Handle

I was sitting in a Starbucks the other day, relishing in the immediate satisfaction I got with each sip of my caramel mocha latte grande with two shots of espresso. The hot syrup slid down my throat and flooded my body with warmth. The lights were dimmed and there was "mood music" playing, coupled with the lull of conversation. Suddenly, I got this overwhelming physical sensation, like an urge. I thought to myself, "I must be addicted". I get antsy when I don't get any after more than a couple of days. Any glimpse, even the packaging, of the object of my desire and I get excited. Seems to be the popular "drug of choice" these days. But, hell, if you really think about it, it's hard to resist. It comes in a variety of colors, sizes, and strengths. White, black, brown, small, "grande", weak, or strong. And, it's easily accessible. You can get it on just about every street corner in any major city. You can buy it in bulk from T.V. and the internet. And, get this, you can even make it in the privacy of your own home. Of course, nothing is free, everything comes at some kind of cost, even "coffee". Some people end up seeking outside help with their craving issues. I think I may end up in a support group for addicts myself. So, anyway, I was sitting in a Starbucks the other day. After I sucked up the last bit of liquid energy left in my cup, I got an urge to have a smoke.

- Heather Jones



- Franck Arnaud



- Virginia Grove

Monochrome

A deep breath in
Counting the cracks in the floor,
the rhythm
Tick, tick-tock tick tick tick-tock tick,
the release

Sigh.

Eyes fading, drooped;
Sacks of skin hanging over
the eaves of the world.
The buzz; unfocused blur
Motion
The shades come up.

Sleeping feet,
the internal tickle.
Mental upholstery and
a life inside, blinking.
Winking.

A shuffle
like a forced conversation,
cough cough
the voice of the gods.
Another deep breath,
cyclical motion
routine sighs.
Life in Times New Roman

Skipping over lines

.....
Paraphrasing history
Emotional dichotomy
Syntax errors
juxtaposed to worry lines.
Are we there yet?

The mother of invention
Boredom births intent

Doodling to the next minute,
the next answer,
the next line,
the next raised hand or laden fingertip.
Creativity for the apathetic
or does creativity spawn apathy?
Shedding milligrams of skin
in small deaths;
the page ends
eulogy for a fingernail.

- Thomas Simko



- Katie Turner



- Justin Lucas

Baptism By Acid Rain With The Gutter As My Font

It's pouring as I walk through Flatiron
Be damned if I could get a cab
I think about you and wonder if it's worth tryin'
To get back to what we once had
It's so cold and dismal
I can't help but be sad

All those lies I told, the excuses are getting old
Maybe this rain is like a baptism to this sinner
It's my chance to start over, the city as my witness
No one looks at me, but they can see right through me
Like they know I don't deserve forgiveness

I stumble around the Village
Already full of rum
Not a goddamn person around for interaction
And I sure could use some
I'm soaked to the bone so it can't hurt to notice
What I usually wouldn't
I get some advice from the flowers
They tell me everything will be alright
I just don't know if I believe them this time

It's time for me to leave
But I sure don't want to
I've been a lot of places
But I haven't been anywhere
I'll go back to you and to them
But I'm not coming back the same
I don't know where I belong
But it sure isn't there
And there's no place I feel more alone
Than when I'm home

-James McCabe

Plume

A puff of birds
rose like smoke
from the far hedge
that burned sun,
but you couldn't see the stain
of late-day they left behind

from your bed
holding you like a corpse
those smoky windows
that once were your eyes
turned only to the light
and the memory of dance

and to your feathered hat
waiting by your side
for the next trip into town,
still holding onto hopes
that rose
like a puff of birds
from the sheet-white bed

- Wendy Carey



- Deborah Fries

Light

Clean bright sunlight
Streams through the
Clear panes and
Falls across the floor
Lighting a new day
Waking me to kind simplicity

Harsh pulsing rays
Stab my eyes
With blinding brilliance
Across a stark and naked landscape
Chilled by an icy touch
That stunningly freezes my resolve

Fading twilight glows
Across an arching open sky
In a haze of crimson
Illuminating silhouettes
Merging the falling shadows
Fading slowly into night

A numbing darkness
Envelops and quiets the night
Leaving me to strain
Against a void of emptiness
Whispering in seclusion that
Holds me captive until dawn

- Alison Davenport



- Justin Lucas

Prepositions

I work at the language as a spring of water works at the rock, to find a course, and so, blindly.

-- Robert Duncan

I'm the tiny dust on eyelids. I come to and I'm still in the same spot I started. The neighbors pass by stroking their histories with clubs. I avoid their smiles and unplug my reason for the cheaper glow of t.v. gray. I write lines for us like "tripping over our own shadows," which I may or may not have stolen from Robert Duncan, even though he has never written these words, and really I meant to emphasize tripping on acid and not the ambiguity he imagined in *There could be a story without its end in its unfolding*. What a multiplicity! Poetry is great that way. Saying everything and nothing at the same time. The way you're looking reveals something about your being. I don't know the geography, or is it the grammar? I hoard words in my recycling bin and cover them with smashed circumstances. I am beaten by wonder, but I manage to intervene. I am a smeared windshield. The rearview mirror gets in the way and distorts my clarity. Looking through my eyes I see all sorts of dangling modifiers, which is precisely what I mean when I say love looking through a shot glass.

I'm the "&" between: the action of words on skin, a crumpling, aluminum chewed between
teeth and tongue,

all those words listening peering through windows without

prepositions

no

direction between the thing itself

writing as if

I'm waiting in-between sentences,

unreliable

feeling a wake

the days my heart is creased

suddenly the word (un)fulfilled,

meaning

I push against these words.

- Mark Tursi

My Life in Laundry

Laundry, laundry, laundry.
Separating the darks and the whites, that's crucial,
but what to do with beige?

Most of my life is tumble dry low,
though a few matters can withstand heat.

Now and then, a delicate slips in,
and the warm water withers it.

Sometimes I wish I could shrink,
Like that woolen
sweater, a tiny
new me,
pocket-
size.

-A. L-B

Ode to Grilled Cheese

**Oh how I love grilled cheese.
It's so much better than a deadly disease.
I love how it's warm and gooey
But it's not so great when it's chewy.**

**The best part of my day is lunch.
It's almost as good as brunch.
All day I think of what will be served
But I sure do know what is deserved.**

**I think of grilled cheese all day long
And then I realize why I belong.
Grilled cheese is my favorite food.
It puts me in the greatest mood.**

- Jessica Callahan

Bliss

Floating glistening bubbles
Dance delicately across the temperate water
I touch their gentle exterior
One by one they burst in my puny palm
I feel my tired muscles relax
Mmm bliss.

-Alicia Magda



- Franck Arnaud

Direction

They flocked to the left so I veered right,
yet with man's multitude in numbers,
vast newcomers and grand old-timers,
my pioneering bent seemed so slight.

Though with spirit I plowed on boldly
the route I shadowed had been done before,
brookd by a predecessor or two
relinquished now to posterity.

My plans, hardly salient conquests,
like paths from jet exhaust soon dissolve
though roaring engines climbed the clear blue skies,
leaving white crisscrossing lines manifest.

I have joined common comradery,
luxuriated in crowds' comfort;
but sometimes elevated voices
bookend laughter with tomfoolery.

Witness the masses drawn to a rock star;
no screeching movement could hide the void,
or New Year's Eve public celebrations,
mere excuses to drink and act bizarre.

Yet audiences for popes thunder
their radiant aura of purity
surely must extend to the farthest stars.
These times I live in are the wonder.

- Richard Monti

Little White Lies

Note: () passages thoughtfully omitted in final draft of letter, as they are writer's truest feelings.

Miss Jezebel Hartman
Cityscape Apartments
162 5th Avenue
New York, NY 10011

My dearest parents,

I miss you both even more every minute (the sweeping green lawns, Olympic-sized swimming pool)! Still, your little chicklet is loving the glittering city, it's utterly breathtaking (the smog from the factory vents surreptitiously leading into my lone window and Mrs. Brachetti's daily kielbasa endeavors)! My apartment is spectacular (it sure is quite the spectacle). A 5th Avenue loft, to think (about, in my dreams!). I must sheepishly confess, I have been partaking in a bit of shopping lately (for carpet cleaner, what are these odd yellow stains?). I'm already advancing in my fresh, exciting career as a fashion consultant for Saks (critiquing the window displays as I walk twenty-blocks to my dead-end dishwashing job). You must not shed a single worry over me, there's a police car on every corner (busting the crack-dealing, faux fur-wearing forty-year old whores). Daddy, you don't have to remind me, I always remember to lock my (ten) door lock(s)! And oh, the savory delicacies I've treated my discriminating palate to: out of this world sushi, Beluga caviar, filet mignon straight from the regal Plaza (Ramen noodles of the chicken flavor variety, canned tuna, a slice of ham from the Plaza Market on 70th)! Hope you're proud of your little pumpkin making it in the Big Apple (does anyone know how high-priced apples are in this city? It's a scandal!). My life is fabulous (strangely true, despite only five dollars in my nova-checked Burberry wallet, there truly is something to be said about financial independence). I'll write soon (as soon as I can steal more stationary from that apartment lobby on 5th Ave, I think the concierge is on to me)!

Your little muffin,
Jez

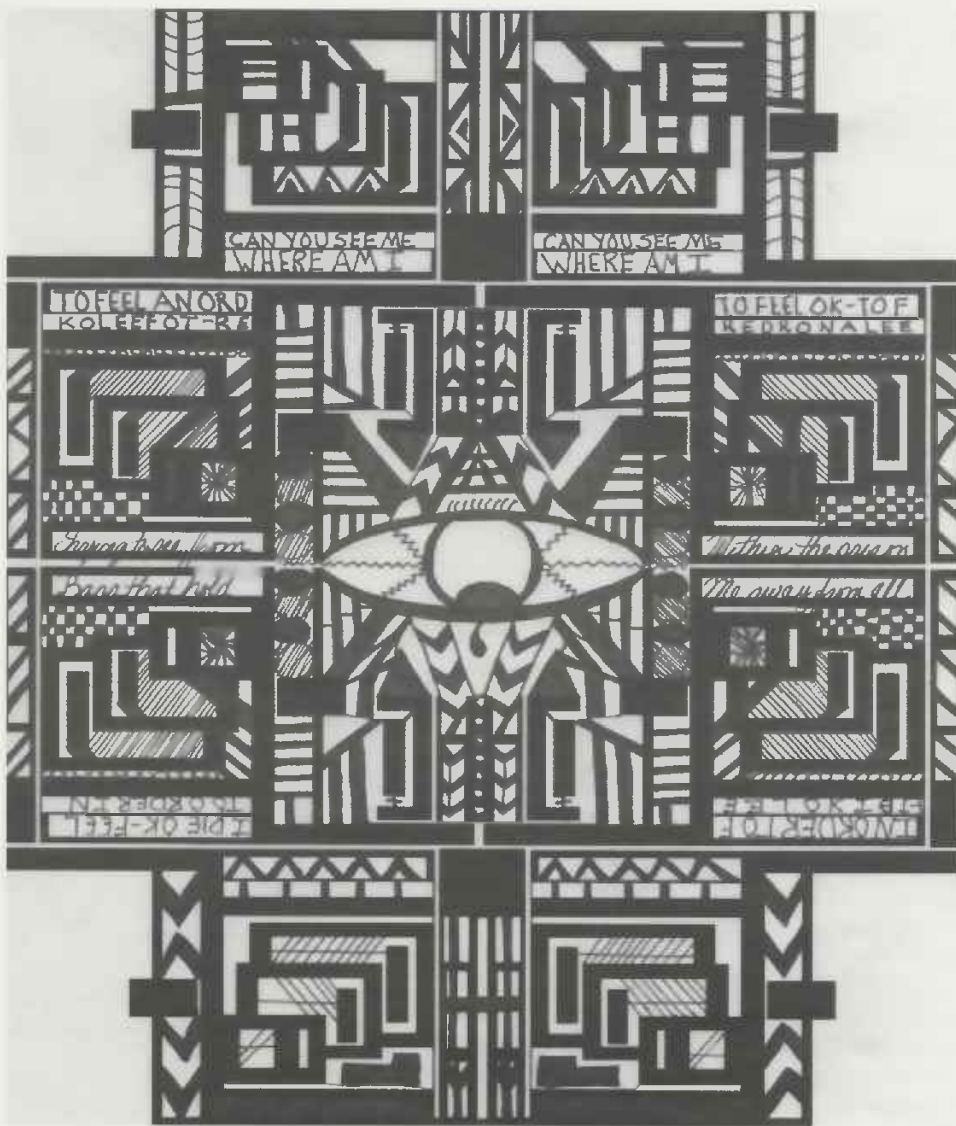
Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hartman
20 Spring Lane
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Our gorgeous Jezebel (why must you endlessly shorten your beautiful given name),

So lovely to finally hear from our little darling (you are still our tiny itty bitty baby, we don't care if you think you're all grown up at twenty-three, do you hear me, Jezzy honey)! Your father and I think about you tons and miss you every moment of our days (holidays in Bali, drinks by our Olympic-sized swimming pool). We must come visit you and your posh new apartment (a 5th Avenue loft, why the Akroski's daughter has a three-million dollar pad at the Trump, well, we'll just have to tell them we bought her an entire floor at the Waldorf). Make sure you eat well; we don't want our precious, beautiful daughter to be all scrawny skin and bones (at least she won't look like that cow Ellen Stratica)! You must inform me if you appear on any of the society pages (Beth Akroski always informs me when you aren't, that snide, materialistic, bitch of a woman)! Fashion consulting sounds like a tremendous opportunity (oh darling I plead for your return, your father's been swigging whiskey again in the shed with Jorge the gardener and I just can't attend another dull tea with all those wolf-ish ladies without you)! We're so proud of our little sugar pie, to think, she's a swank New Yorker (please dear, Lorna's been hiding stray cats in the basement again, that wretched maid)! Write soon (we're planning a surprise visit in two weeks)!

Hugs and Kisses,
Mommy, Daddy, and Mr. Whiskers

- Alicia Magda



- Virginia Grove

Brokenness

Unbandaged bleeding
Soaked back through the pores of my skin
Fear not gauze covered
The black and white shadow cinema shows drops of blood running
Running like me
Drops fall down, drops crawl up
Silver-grey nickels collected pay for your drive through
Bound-gagged-hiding-I lay tired with tires
And I hear my short breath float over the air above me

The cause of the need
Is the scraped up knee
Breathing rapidly inside of me

Uncasted brokenness
You hit each skin pressed reset button
Hurt outside of plaster shells
Colored in by hands of less than an artist
Like dragons in clouds I search for something in the bruise
Something in the broken
Tears fall down, hands crawl up
Held I leave- bound-gagged-hiding
And I see a small girl float over the air above me

Yet I choke on stagnant air
While I am here
And sweet girls tie ribbons in my hair
When I am there
But she and she won't share
And now I cannot see where
The cause of the need
For you to care comes from
When I want to hide the knee
And bandage it at the same time
Free from the rapid breathing
Inside of me

Unbandaged and uncasted
Bleeding and broken
I try to tie ribbons in my hair
And crawl out from the air
Above
When I look from below
At a band-aid and a cast

- Virginia Grove



- Susan Lazur

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