

The Chimaerid



Boston University College of General Studies

Spring 2009

Chimaerid (K-EYE-MI-RID) – The chimaerids are a group of fish, named after Greek mythological beast **the *chimaera***, a monster put together from the parts of many animals. Our magazine also is put together from many parts and includes the talents of many types of artists – poets, photographers, filmmakers, painters, prose artists, etc. We’re that kind of fish.

Magazine Credits:

Student Editor: **Rachel Derman**

Contributors: **Alissa Brown, Rachel Derman, Lindsey Metselaar, SPG, Anna Jacoby, Skylar Shapiro, Gabe Sherman, Ben Smith, and Caroline Stewart.**

Technical advisors and gods: **Matt Dursin, Matt Hallgren, Dean Robert Oresick**

Faculty Advisors: Professor **Robert Emery** and Professor **Regina Hansen**

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Life of a Pencil

By: Ben Smith

**His jaws clench
His teeth yellow
His breath stinks
His writing mellow
I'm bent and bruised
I'm spun and used
I'm dull then sharp
I'm making my mark
But down I go
Lint and lining
Finally relieved**



“Nike of Samothrace”
By Skylar Shapiro
Graphite on paper, April 2006
8 1/2" x 11", independent work

You
by Gabe Sherman

You might not know this but,
You are like the last cookie in the cookie jar.
Savoring every moment I have you,
The taste that lingers
Leaves me wanting more once you're gone.

You might not know this but,
You are like the game winning homerun,
The best movie I have seen in years,
That song I can just listen to over and over again because you never get old.
You are like,
Like,
Like I could use a metaphor
But nothing seems to fit,
I could use a metaphor
But nothing seems to say
Say what I am trying to say
Say,
What am I trying to say?

I apologize for speaking in tongues,
But you fill my mind with thought of grandeur,
Of what is probably improbable,
Nearly impossible,
And what I see today,
Before me
There you sit
A beacon of joy
That fills me
Every time my eyes fall upon you
Creating a tear in the fabric of space in time
That leaves me for a fraction of a second.
Dead.

You might not know this but.
I kind of like you.



“Sunset from behind Smoke
from a Forest Fire”
By Anna Jacoby
Color photograph

The Saddening Struggle
By: Caroline Stewart

A man cries out
His mother feels the pain
From across the sea.
A connection
Only a life giver could have.

A man cries out
His wife starts to tear.
A reaction
Only a lover could have.

A man cries out
His sister screams.
A reflex
Only blood could have.

A man cries out
His father, cried once too,
An experienced shared
Only a male bond could have.

His eyes
A brilliant green
Filled with pride
Yet dominated by a hidden fear.

He doesn't smile anymore
yet he will laugh out of pity.
Tattoo on his arm represents strength
But how strong is he?

His body is cut up
And his mind is scared
His lips never shiver
Yet his eyes look cold
He does not sway
But stands like a stone
I wonder under this rock-like body
If his heart is still filled with love and gold.

Do the shots still ring in his ear?
Are his dreams clear?
Flashbacks of the bad days.
I hope he feels safe next to me
I hope I calm his soul
Wonder if he is the same man that left me four years ago.
Because I love him so much
And I know that he loves me
But I have to share his love with the US army.

Now he picks up the bottle
And sits in his chair
Looking at him
He sits in a blank stare.

Streams down my face
Anger now across his
Still I love him so but
They stole his ability to love back.
Took it from me,
Took what was not theirs.
It was mine.
Mine.

Heart sinks looking at the blank stare,
Filled with emotionless life.
Embrace the love of mine
Will not give up
Believe he is still in there somewhere
And I will bring him out
If anyone it will be me

Safe from harm
in my arms
Relax in my arms
Believe in my arms
Trust in my arms
Cry in my arms
Embrace in my arms
And we will be one again
He will be one again
Whole once again.



“Perspective”
By Rachel Derman
“Digital Camera, edited with

July 7, 2008

As time passes you become more of a stranger.

You are not flowing through my blood or a part of my skin or holding my heart.

The glue of our intimacy—everyday familiarity—melts.

The memories fade, become distant, less refined: no longer front and center.

And I emerge, unfold.

Not a new me—just me
The me that was a we and now an I
Brought out by necessity
Yet refreshingly familiar

spg



“Somewhere Familiar”
By Skylar Shapiro
Acrylic on canvas, May 2007

The beach in the winter
By Lindsey Metselaar

Stepping off the beige wooden path,
her feet glide under the gritty yet smooth sand
as the cool wind blows a thin layer across them.
Not a foldable chair or a striped blue umbrella in sight.
She reaches down to roll up her faded blue jeans
and starts toward the faded blue noise in front of her.
An empty blue like the color of her father's eyes when she asked when he was coming home.
A blue like his old sweater she wore for three days straight as she slept in an old brown rocking chair, waiting.
Brave as ever, she took a step in.
Into the freezing water and allowed it to cover her legs.
She planted her feet and let the water burn against her pale dry skin,
remembering all the times he would try to get her to come to the beach in the winter.
"I get it now", she said to herself as she took a step out
and smiled.

Crash

By Lindsey Metselaar

“I’m tired”.

She leaves the big brown house

Closes the pale white door

Walks on the gravel

Gets in the car

Her fingers grip the open window as she pulls her door shut

She dumps her bag on the black leather cushion of the passenger’s seat

Runs her tan fingers through her dark brown hair

Un-straps her blue patent heels with her left hand

Turns the radio on with her right

Her bare feet find themselves on the pedals

One hand on the wheel,

One hand straps her in with a click

Like the click of a clock when she’s lying in bed

And all she can hear is the time going by

Drives

Past the red house with the white shutters,

Past the blue farm house,

Past the old man sleeping on his rocking chair outside his rusted white shack

The warm summer wind blows into her face

Not a sound on the streets besides
Tom Petty's voice drifting through her speakers
And fading after her as she turns onto the next road
As she turns onto the next road
The light appears
Like a dentist light shining on you when you know what's about to happen
When you want to get out of your seat and run
But it comes closer and there's no option
Except to squint
Except to turn away from that light
To turn right full speed
Knocking over the pink mailbox
Crashing to the ground like the crash of a plate on the clear white floor of the kitchen
The car spinning like a possessed carnival ride that won't let you off
Her head smashes into the window
It stays there like a magnet on a fridge
Both cars come to a stop
Not a sound on the streets besides
Tom Petty's voice still drifting through her speakers



“Cowboy Riding on the Hill-
side”

By Anna Jacoby
Color photograph

Create-ivity by: Alissa Brown

I write this request

because honestly, I am just so sick and tired of the so-called best.

For years in school all I've been hearing is analytic essay this

and what did the author mean by that?

But --what about me? What about us? Why is it that whenever our minds come up with new ideas we have to refer back to those that came before? I am here to open a new door.

It starts with me begging for modernity stemming from the insanity coming from the professors mouths about the fact

that we even have to go back.

Shakespeare and Greek mythology is great but what year is it? It's 2000 and way too late.

History and literature repeats itself and yes, this I do know. But if we don't get to be creative and expand and write about things that are fresh and new...how can we

ever expect to grow? I want to be different, witty clever and swift

With words as my kite up I want to lift. To soar through books and pages yet to be known...diction, syntax, innovative literature creates my writing tone

I don't need to read understandable plays, im still high in the sky writing for days

15th, 16th, 17th century literature was genius I believe this but for me personally I

just cannot relate. So I am asking all young minds to congregate. Do you really want to mimic what all these past writers have got? No. you all need to stand up and be original and give it a shot—because otherwise you'll spend the rest of your lives trying to explain this other guy's plot.

No way will I ever copy. That kind of work is just plain sloppy. Seriously if my teachers want me to get ahead, they have to stop thinking of what came before.

I will be my own musician writing master, I will conquer paper and write my own original literature score.

I am not saying I am the best. I am just saying that its time for us to wake up to a new challenge. The kind of challenge where I don't need to quote someone else to back up a point I'm making. I want to be the author, the first, a modern prose-giving, text-sharing...use words as the wind beneath my writing kite—words out there for the taking.

Is it so much to ask? Ask me to start anew, fresh, write something that hasn't been said prior. Teaching this new kind of inventiveness, I stand before you not just as a teacher but think of this, of me, as a sort of writing preacher.

The jist of what I'm sayin' is that we're never told to be the tellers of our own stories

We mock and parrot writers of earlier periods and they end up with all the glory

When will the time come where the students are asked to come up with a story untold

Not just a thesis based off of something we've heard or read, but writing that's entirely pioneered by the fresh minds of today—something bold, that'll get people hooked and sold.

All I want is for students to rise up. I, right now am practicing what I am preaching out on a limb here to take a forward-thinking chance, that maybe somewhere out there a professor will hear me and be encouraged to make each and every one of the words you're all trying to write, float up with my writing kite, and dance.



Untitled 1 (India)
By Rachel Derman
Digital camera, edited with digital media

Withering Winter

By: Ben Smith

Entangled and twisted in this situation,
Never before has time been bound by incarceration
Thoughts not unclear but lofting outside the realm of knowing
And here I balance between right and wrong, as a cool winter breeze starts blowing



“Gray Sky”
By Skylar Shapiro
Acrylic on paper, October 2007

Window watcher

by Lindsey Metselaar

I watched as she walked away from the building
and I heard tears fall down her cheeks and onto the street
like the violent rain that hadn't stopped since this morning.

Her black umbrella went up and blocked my sight,
so I moved onto the next.

A child in orange boots and a bright green jacket
danced around in the rain without a care in the world
while her father in a black striped suit yapped into his phone behind her.

Two doorman gossiped nearby while simultaneously lighting cigarettes,
and a jogger clad in yellow yelled "FUCK" as her ipod dropped into a puddle.
I put down my bowl of cheerios, grabbed my black raincoat, and joined them.



“View of Badlands”
By Anna Jacoby
Color Photograph

Olivia by: Alissa Brown

You contacted me first, just hours before Valentines Day.
I was online scrolling through your pictures and thinking to myself that I had never seen anything so beautiful in my entire life.
After eight hours of endless chatting you and I both knew, that even though our circumstances were next to impossible, that baby, anything could happen.
From everyday talking, and I had yet to meet you in person for real, but it stemmed this electrifying possibility of reality: our souls could meet—face to face.

But face time, for real? After months of “maybe this could be” to finally actually see...
Girl I don't know if I could handle that. I met you online. My parents don't know you exist. You're over a thousand miles away, and I've even dreamt about you.
I know you have too.

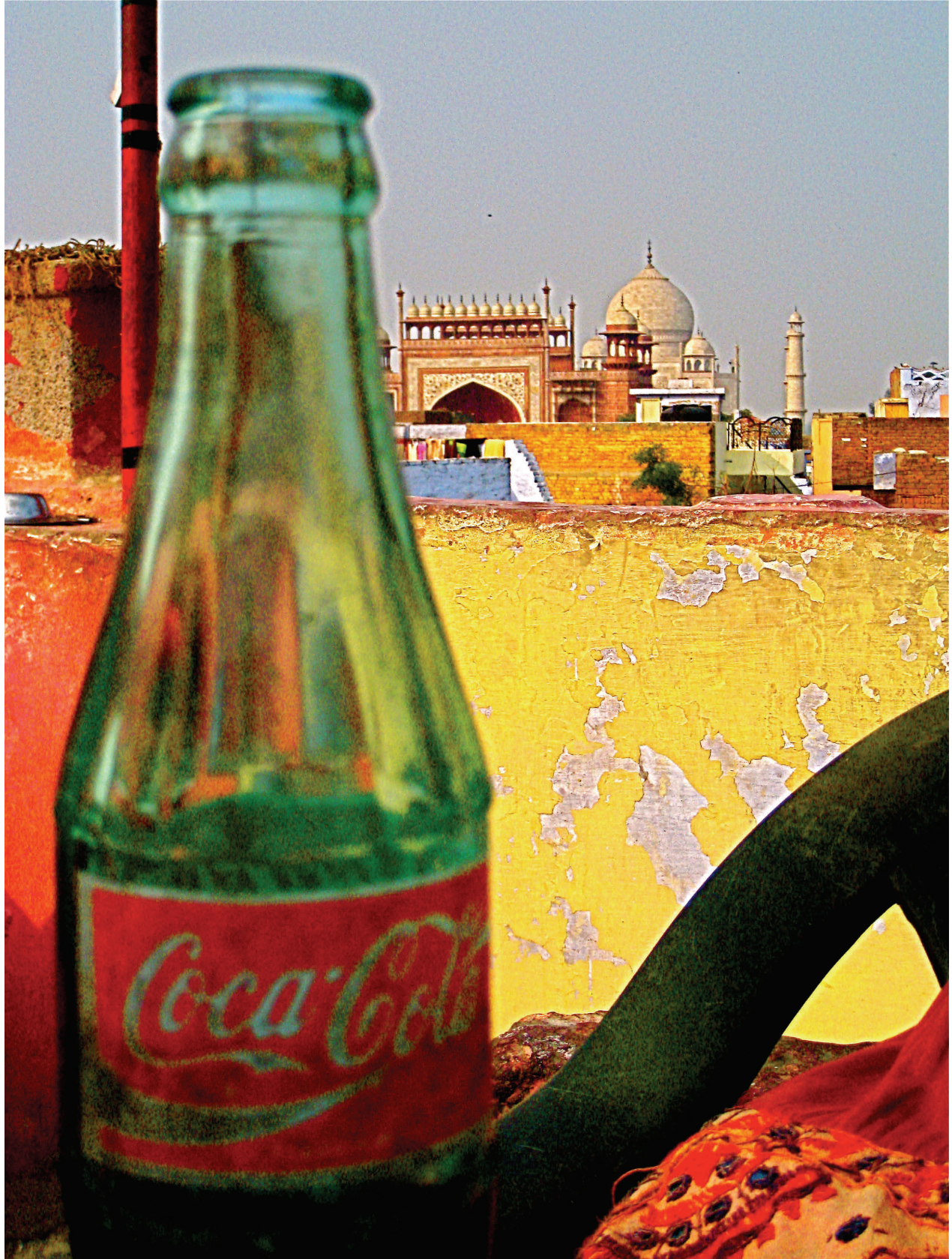
How you take your photos, or smile on webcam, how you send me texts, how you're my secret. I never want to give you up. All my friends know I want to road trip down to Texas to see your body dance in real life. But this is our “real life”—so separated.

Why is it that whenever people are meant to be, they always have to wait and see?
I could have saved you those nights you got in those bad fights. All your past girls that never loved you the way I could, if we had been together, it could have been better, it should. But now all we have is our future, will you ever come to Boston?
Those brown eyes of yours, I want to get lost in em'.

We always talk about that moment when we will finally get to meet. How our hearts will melt together, and nothing will ever be the same. But what if you come here and we're more in love than we can stand, and then you have to go back? Is it worth the pain, the separation anxiety heart attack? I'd rather finally spend five minutes of just shootin' the shit with you, then never knowing. But what's cool about our circumstance, baby, is the anticipation we've got, is always growing.

I'm always thinking of ways to save up so you could come visit me. I live now on my own. You could meet me at my front door, enter my loving home. I want to show you my life, girl sometimes I dream about all the things available to us in this world, hell, in Massachusetts you could even be my wife. Will that day ever come when I see your head rise off the pillow before I look out the window and see any sun? Will I ever be able to wake up and in my heart know I did everything to make sure all the “what ifs” were left answered?

I don't know. But what I do know is when you texted me today, after weeks of not even talking at all...I knew within the deepest holes in my soul, that someday, maybe one day, we will meet face to face. And when we do, I promise to hold every single second close to my heart. A year has passed since that Valentines message and I've been waiting ever since then. Since, all I've been wondering is...when, baby, when?



Untitled 2 (India)
By Rachel Derman
Digital camera, edited with digital media

GET LOST

by Gabe Sherman

I want to get lost in this ink,
This black ink that covers the page like a virus,
Growing and spreading as time goes on
Turning this once pure open canvas
Into a chaos of words and dashes,
Arrows and symbols,
Of what few can read and even less understand
Because I flick my pen with great haste
To get these words down on the page before they are lost,
Lost in the abis of my mind
Like an office that hasn't been cleaned in years
I keep piling thought upon thought,
Upon thought,
Upon thought.

That is why I want to get lost in these words,
These verbs and nouns,
Adjectives and adverbs,
Pronouns and made up words.
Twisting and turning their meanings to fit my need
For that certain day,
For that certain hour,
For that certain line,
For that certain moment in time,
To finish this line.

Because I want to get lost in these lines.
These metaphors and similes
Parralleles and run-on sentences,
Put together in this moment,
To create a poem,
This poem that does not read straight across,
But crests and dips.
Leading me deeper and deeper into it
Until finally,
I am lost,
In,
This,
Poem.



“Collage 2”
By Skylar Shapiro
Mixed media collage on paper,
October 2007



Untitled 3 (Costa Rica)
By Rachel Derman
Digital camera, edited with digital media