

The Chimaerid



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.

Advisor’s Note: This year’s edition of the **The Chimaerid**, while not arranged completely thematically, does incorporate themes of interest to students this year. You will find a number of pieces on the theme of “place,” Boston in particular, as well as places beloved by travelers. Encouraged by Professor Tyler, many students submitted imitations of classic works of literature and art, while others created work that comments on a particular art form or artistic movement, such as hip hop. The edition is rounded out by some lovely work of personal reflection in the form of essays, photographs and poetry.

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Cover photo: Jackie Burnbaum, Untitled

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Waking up in a Cold City

Brittney Cooney

You'd think that a city with so many different morning greetings would be a pleasant one to wake up in. But there are good good-mornings, and there are bad good-mornings. I get a good good-morning from my local coffee shop every day when I get my [much-needed] morning fuel before classes in the form of a vanilla latte. The girl behind the counter is bright and smiley when she recites the words to me. '*Good morning, what can I get for you today?*' and sometimes even a rehearsed '*How is your morning so far?*' And after responding with a familiar, expected '*I'm well, and you?*' I expect to hear another '*I'm well*' from her in return. Any other response would tell me she's much too warm with strangers to be a native of Boston, Massachusetts.

It's too cold here for that.

She'll then go to work steaming milk, pumping syrup, pouring shots, scooping foam and suppressing the urge to climb over the counter and strangle me for giving her such a complicated order to fill. Instead she'll lid the cup, set it on the counter in front of me, and run through the final words '*Have a nice day*' with a wide, plastic smile that she has to put on every morning with the rest of her uniform. And this, I consider a *good* good-morning.

And I smile back to give the illusion of thankfulness, take my coffee and walk out the door into the streets of Boston. I join the thousands of other coffee-drinking students and businesspeople, each with their own lives, their own agendas, their own insecurities and worries for the day. Some wear headphones, not necessarily so they can hear their music, but so they don't have to hear the rest of the world. Some take long swigs of their coffee as they run to catch the subway because they know it won't stop for them. No one stops for anyone in this city. Still others honk their car horns to teach the other drivers a lesson, or throw up their hands in frustration when an ambulance siren wails behind them.

Someone's life is on the line, and it makes them late for work.

Everyone in this place is alone. They either walk alone, drive alone, ride the crowded subway alone, or they talk on their cell phones...alone. The couples I see walking and holding hands seem especially alone in their own way. They're together, but they are alone together, as if their being joined has closed them off into their own magical world of sweet conversation. It's the only sort of interpersonal interaction I've seen in this city. In fact *any* kind of intimacy between two people who are not a couple is considered rude, especially if you don't personally know the person. Even something as insignificant as making eye contact is considered an invasion of privacy. Everyone is to be left alone. *You* are to be left alone. As if the whole city wants to be left alone, we wander through the crowded streets in our own personal bubbles with our hands in our pockets, with our cups of coffee, with our headphones, each of us looking for a form of security in our solitude. Growing accustomed to the cruel impersonality of the city, I pull my jacket closer around me and take a sip of my warm coffee, trying in vain to shield myself from the cold.



Andrew Bank, Untitled



Andrew Bank, Untitled

BU Bridge

Pat Malave

Should I decide to cross the BU Bridge?
Its winter weather's as cold as a freezing fridge.
In fact, I could always just take the bus That way when I am cold I will not fuss.
My BU Bridge dilemma troubles me
Because I don't have money for the T
And I don't want to get hit by a car.
That highway's width doth seem to be too far.
Today the traffic man is not at post
And getting smashed by car will make me ghost.
For bones are weak and I am not that strong And traffic lights all seem to take too long.
I guess I'll have to risk it, close my eyes And run into the street and be surprised.

Sullen Streets

Courtney Crook

We trudge the sullen streets
Of our homes we wish to find
Over hills and under trees,
Though these thoughts don't scape our mind
We left to find each other
Seems we left to find ourselves
After too long we forget
The lives we left upon shelves

We trudge the sullen streets
Let their bodies be aware
For changed men return home
Hard we will be to repair
The world is now different
From the one which we had known
Hunger strikes our bellies
While we run on brittle bone

We trudge the sullen streets
Seems they welcome us with joy
Never received a welcome
Since we were but a small boy
Their attitudes are great
We have been greeted with cheer
Though all we think about
Inside is fanciful fear

We trudge the sullen streets
To find what it is we lost
No longer knowing what
We had been sent to exhaust
An exit seemed quite dire
In this time of our hard need
All those we did not kill
They are left to beg and plead

We trudge the sullen streets
A job we have left undone
What were we left to do?
There was no where else to run
The state of gray remains
It seeps through all of mankind
We did not fill our task
The end was too hard to find



Rachel Derman, Untitled



Gabriela Hernandez, Untitled



Courtney Crook, "Fourth of July 2009"

If Only

Julia Garofalo

Free as a bird still attached to its strings,
If only a marionette could breath and sing
Then the world would awake as the sun does rise,
If only, if only they could see through his lies.

Triumphant as a trumpet yet twice as bereft,
If only a heart did not bear such a heft,
Then the world would awake as the sun does rise,
If only, if only He could hear their cries.

Subtle and sweet but rebellious as Cade,
If only a soul in advance could be paid,
Then the world would awake as the sun does rise,
If only, if only there weren't such ties.

Abstract in existence Van Gogh akin,
If only the mind wasn't conquered by Yin,
Then the world would awake as the sun does rise,
If only, if only the mind were as wise.

“Or”

Sara Shilling,

The way it has been raining reminds me of the times after the storms when we would wander around the driveway helping all the washed up earthworms back to the dirt. and if we waited too long we would only come to find them all dried up and you were lucky if you could save even one. Then there was mom calling me into the old black car where I cried if I didn't get the seat behind the driver. The interior roof fabric all hanging down because I had been picking at it since I grew tall enough to reach. Or that summer mom sat in the neighbor's yard all day watching a cicada hatch out of its shell and wouldn't you know she left for five minutes to get a flashlight so she could stay the night and it was gone. Or when I got my head stuck in the railing on our back stoop. I was wearing my magenta stretch pants and the railing was all rusty and it was red instead of black in most parts and I thought I would lose my head. Or the way you used to lift me up so high in the air until you got too old and I got too heavy. Or that night when I wanted you to tuck me in so badly and you were so tired but you did it anyway and I asked you about your dead parents for the first time and you told me everything my words asked and I couldn't believe that you didn't cry even one time. I know you didn't because lying there next to you I kept checking to see if your eyes were wet. Or the time I asked you if you remembered all of this and you just turned to me with your hazel eyes laughing and I knew you could never forget.

How I'd Like to Die

Anonymous

If you asked me how I'd like to die,
It would not be from broken heart,
Nor would I drown, for that is
Such a simple way to part.

Not by hanging, not by fire,
And not in any way by me,
For what heroism is there
In departing easily?

No, when I reach the reach the heavens
And meet God in all his wonder,
I'd like to say I gave my life,
By rescuing another.



James Shalom, "Shalom 1"



Mia Probinsky, Untitled



Mia Probinsky , Untitled



Yuki Fujita, Untitled



Yuki Fujita, Untitled

I Hear my Suite Singing

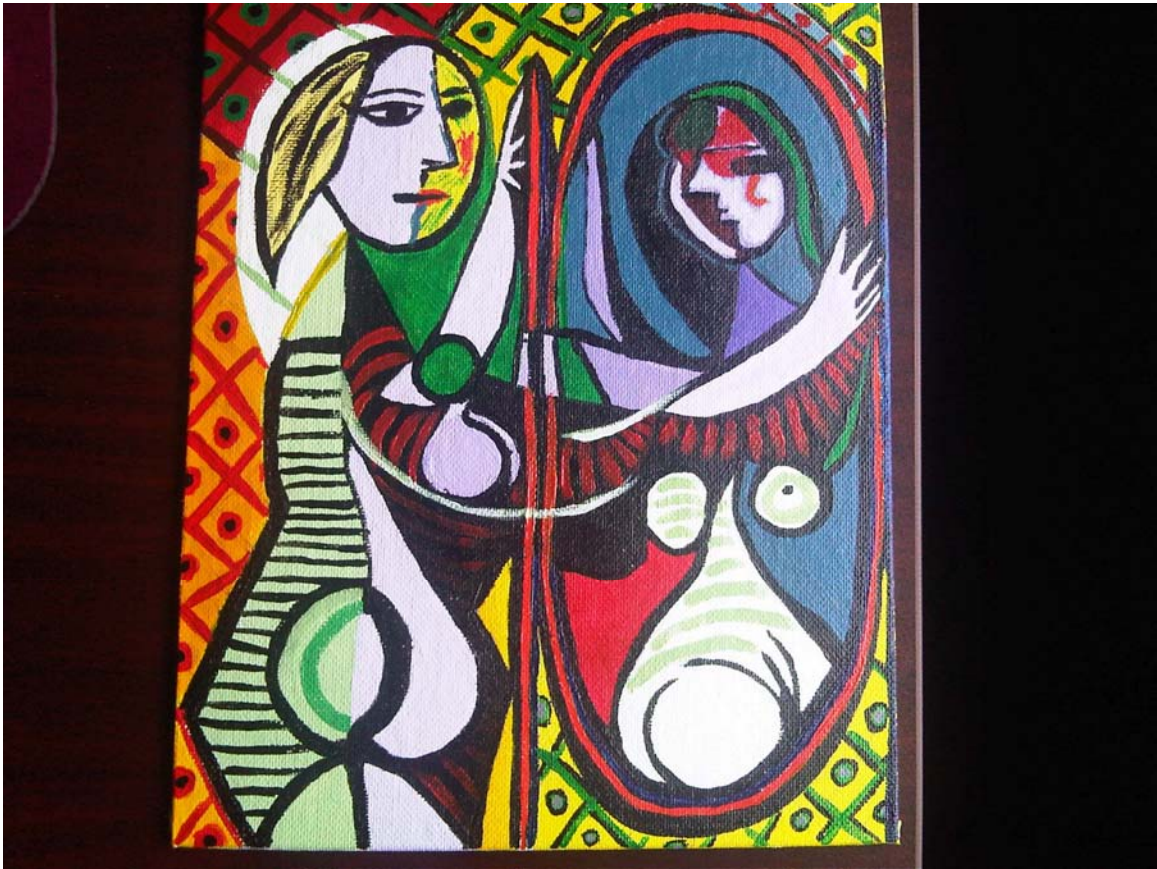
Jennifer Kim “

I hear my suite singing, the varied carols I hear,
They are of such different character, and each one sings her personal tune,
My roommate singing her joyous laugh while watching T.V,
The girl next door singing the songs of love to her beloved mate,
Her roommate singing the rhymes of her gloomy poems,
The girl alone, two doors down, singing the songs of broken heart,
And me, I sing the songs of hope and faith,
Each singing what belongs to her, and to no one else,
Their personal tune echoes into the night until all is still,
Yet night becomes day and the songs of night and stillness become strong melodious
tunes from the singing of my suitemates.

I hear universities singing

Jonathan Heilman

I hear universities singing,
the cry of students' pleas,
the engineer singing as he
crosses his T's.
'The medical student humming
as he learns about himself,
the athletes singing songs
of ironclad glory
and singing of each other
and the brotherhood they share.
'The soft melody on lovers lips,
carrying the low hum of spiritual polarity.
'The lofty whistling of a utilities clerk
rings out through the occupied showers.
Beltings outside the dormitories remind us
(hopefully) of late-night camaraderie.
'The whizzing and whirring of brilliant young minds,
a vibratory memory of intellectual community
connects the city's young minds
with those of the past.
Bringing new life to the city,
Giving it breath.
'This city belongs to us, and to
those who work to make it their home.
One day I want to be this city,
and make this place my home.



Rochelle Berezdivin, Untitled

Numb

Brittney Cooney

Little boots trudge through the snow,
Crunch! Crunch! like tiny sugar crystals,
They steal the feeling from her toes
And blanket summer grass and thistle.

The land is grave with Summer's death,
Swathed in Nature's frozen tears
That fall like breadcrumbs from the sky
And settle on her tiny ears.

Fear in heart and heart in pieces,
Falls she to her feeble knees
As Nature weeps and feels the weight
Of sadness for the child she sees.

She lays and pulls her jacket close,
Lacking enough strength to weep,
As Nature tucks her into bed,
She falls into eternal sleep.

I took an Axe to the Tree of Knowledge

Julia Garofalo

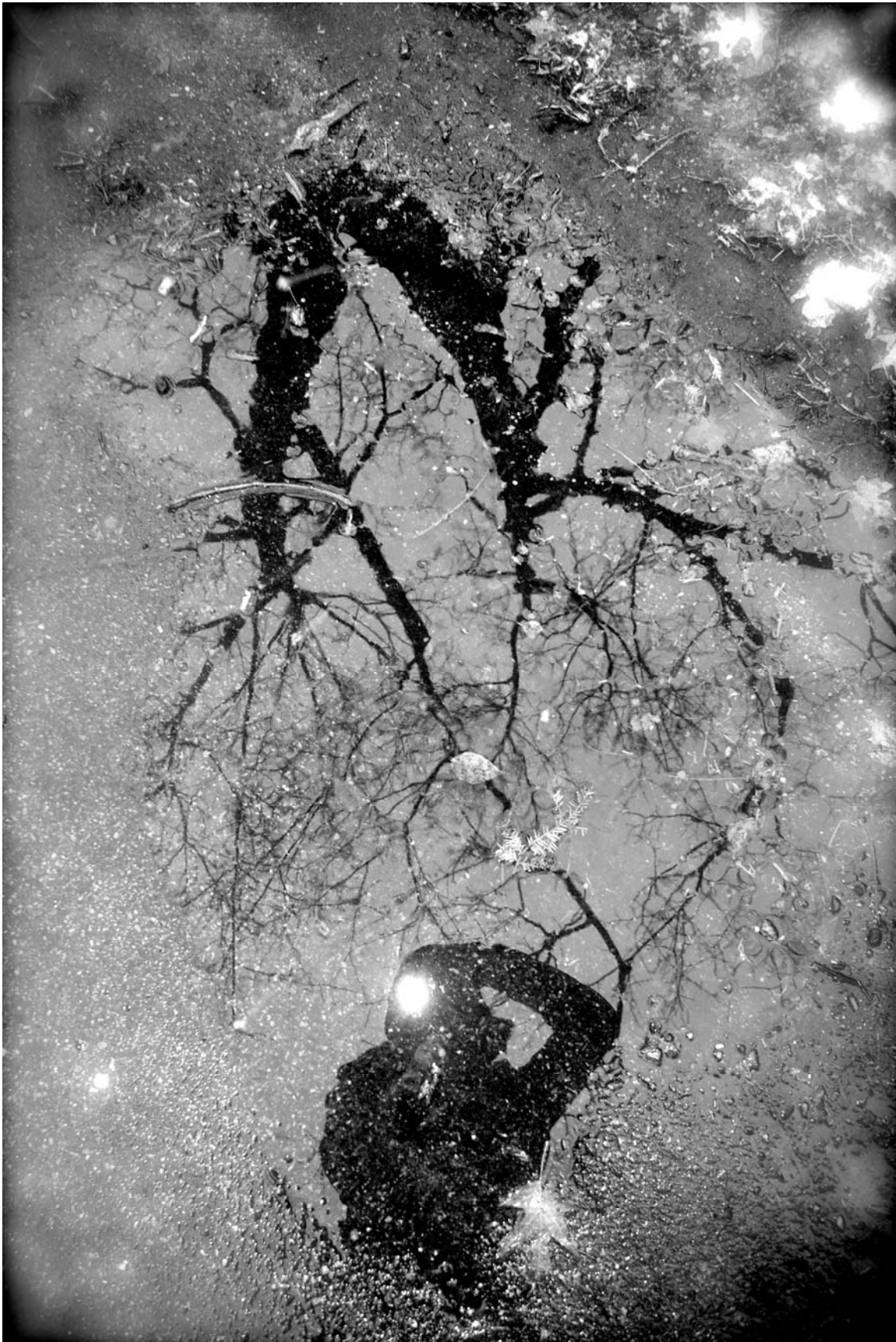
I took an axe to the Tree of Knowledge;
It toppled over from my furious blows, crashing
Onto the vegetation below. Its gnarled branches splintered
Into a thousand pieces as it collided with the unwavering
Earth. My calloused hands dropped the weapon, its
Blade drenched in sap, water, and blood taken from
Perspicacity. Breathing heavily, I collapsed among the aborted
Fetuses of Fruition, watching as the juices squirmed into the dirt.
I took an axe to the Tree of Knowledge;
And God rejoiced.



Courtney Crook. California



Courtney Crook, The Broken Trail



Andrew Bank, Untitled



Andrea Lien, Untitled



Alexis Jackson, Untitled



Alexis Jackson, Untitled

Cohesive Musicianship: Found on the Radar

Sean Croegaert Key

It's said, "you are what you eat." Brian Ellis believes it's slightly simpler. "You are what you do. Meaning my life resolves around music, therefore I am a musician." Brian Ellis is a rapper, DJ, and currently a professor in the ensemble department at Berklee College of Music in Boston. I met Mr. Ellis at the Berklee faculty office, in a cramped room, decorated with some Apple computer monitors and a piano, just what one would expect to be in storage at Berklee, because as Ellis exclaims, there are much better rooms at Berklee. "I got a call from a old friend, who told me he was at a college, in a room full of Korg Triton synthesizers. From that moment I knew I needed to get out of here." Born in White Plains, New York, raised in Franklin, New Jersey and attending high-school in Connecticut, Ellis always seemed to be a loyal East Coast citizen, until he went to North Carolina A & T, for two-years to study electrical engineering. Then one day he got that call from an old friend. Ellis stated, "I was waking up in college, feeling like I was preparing for a life with a dead end job. I needed to make some music!"

After leaving school in 2001 and drifting for a semester, Ellis was accepted to Berklee to study music synthesis, and music business. He began associating with musicians at Berklee and began to rap on countless projects within the school, searching and pinpointing anyone he could collaborate with. For reasons like such, is why his DJ name is DJ Raydar Ellis. Back in high school his friends knew him as someone who would go to any extreme to gain information. Whether it was finding the new Pharcyde single, or wondering what Jules Verne's life is like, Ellis was always on the prowl, as if he was a radar.

So Brian ran with the name DJ Raydar Ellis, as he currently is a member and the DJ for the Hip-Hop/Soul group Rebel Starr based out of Brooklyn, NY. Ellis, balances his group and teaching at Berklee mainly by the 15 dollar busses from New York to Boston.

When Ellis graduated Berklee in 2006, he moved countless times embarking on his music career. He lived in North Carolina, Atlanta, Los Angeles, New York City and Boston. All in a two-year period, Ellis lived in five states, but doesn't regret it at all. He was out and about on different tours, or musical ventures, all of which built his resume in the long run. He was living the life of an artist that we do not normally see, the non-material, glamour-less, raw life of performing and recording, and performing and recording.

This life proved well for him, as he was offered a job back at his alma mater Berklee, to teach Ensemble classes. Seemingly hesitant at first, Brian finally chose to come back and see what they had to offer him. At this time the head of the ensemble department Ron Savage and his former professor and Ellis's great mentor Steven Weber, sat down with Ellis and basically offered him a buffet. Ellis was offered the position for the Turntable Technique class and was asked if he was interested in creating new courses. Yes, I will rewind, there is a course at Berklee Music School titled, Turntable Technique, where students learn the ups and downs of the 2 decks and the DJ. Yet, this class is not to be confused with a "How To DJ 101" class. Just like any other instrument, there is a great respect and appreciation for the turntable and Ellis treats the class in such a manor. "The main thing I try to instill in them from the beginning is, what they are getting into as a DJ, is way beyond what they have been sold. It's a serious instrument, and just like any other instrument there is a certain level of respect and dignity that you have to uphold when you approach it." On the first day of class every semester, Professor Ellis sits down with his students and explains to them the history of the DJ. Reaching back to the beginnings of Deejaying in Jamaica in the 1960's, to the block parties of the South Bronx in the 70's, he touches all buttons of the DJ, just as if it were a classical music course. "I teach them about the history of records themselves, wax cylinders, 45's, 33 1/3's, the basic terminology...then I go into Jamaica, then the Bronx, then I'll end up at, "this is how we end up with house, this is how we end up with techno, this is how we end up with hip-hop."

While teaching Turntable Technique, Ellis came up with the J Dilla Ensemble course. For those that do not know (I hope you don't consider yourself a hip-hop fan) James Yancey aka J Dilla was quite possibly the most influential and musically talented hip-hop producer of all time. In February 2006, Dilla lost his life in a fight with Lupus. The origins of this class trace back to Dilla and the influence he had over all musicians from any genre not just hip-hop. Ellis explains, "That 2002-2006 timeline, if we weren't playing what we had to play, what were we playing? Dilla. He is someone that many Berklee students have wanted to play for a while." Bringing a Dilla course to Berklee may seem like just another music course for people ignorant to the significance and influence Dilla has over all musicians, period. "Dilla is the musicians producer," Ellis exclaimed, as I thought to myself he is one thousand percent correct.

A true musician, Brian Ellis keeps himself extremely busy as he crosses state lines many times a week. His group Rebel Starr, is composed of female emcee Likwuid Stylez, rapper Back Wordz and himself. He described his inclusion in the group, as "somewhat random," but one thing he stressed was the connection Rebel Starr had to his earlier group Revive Da Live.

Revive Da Live was a group started mainly of Berklee students who wanted to showcase Jazz music that they were hearing at a local Boston cafe called Wally's. They then started putting on shows in Boston, and with local success, they migrated to New York City. In the big apple, the group became popular and began involving other musicians like Robert Glasper, Bilal, and Mos Def. The success of Revive led to Raydar meeting Rebel Starr at Karma Lounge in Manhattan. Ellis spoke of their meeting, "I kept seeing their shows and I became a fan. Then one time at their show I walked up to them after and said 'he I see you guys asking the sound guy to play track 2, or 5, do you guys need a DJ?' They said yeah, so I started to DJ for them." After Deejaying for them for a couple gigs and producing tracks for them, Raydar took me to a day in Brooklyn when they went record shopping together. "You know we went shopping together, because we genuinely like being around each other, and they basically told me I was part of the group."

Rebel Starr recently performed with famed rapper Talib Kweli and his band Idle Warship at Southpaw in Brooklyn, and DJ Raydar Ellis calls the show, “Our debut as the Rebel Starr that we are.” Everything clicked at this show, and stuck out in the mind of Raydar. It is the togetherness and cohesive bond that creates for a successful vibe, Ellis believes. He feels that without a self-contained unified aspect of music making, the sound loses its value. Fellow hip-hop producer Steve Jones of Introspective Minds says, “I completely agree with Raydar. There is something special about working together on a project from start to finish, it creates a special sound for that project, one that can’t be achieved with mass collaborations and an variety of different producers aboard one project.” Such musical ideals depicts the passion and value Ellis takes in his music, and proves his goals are far beyond becoming a successful mainstream artist.

For Raydar he explained to me that in his career, he never saw himself being a successful rapper, DJ and Professor. Ellis said, “Everything that happens is happening and after I’m like oh shit, this is going on, and I realize it.” It is a fact that Brian Ellis is a man of music. He followed a path that only seemed correct for him, and after years of performances, tours, albums, grading final exams he realized his career. “So my whole goal, when I realized I wanted to do this for a living was just to be able to support myself off of what I love. At 27 years old I can say I’ve achieved what I wanted to do in life. I can live in New York and have that whole artist lifestyle, and I can come here and teach these students and help them figure out where they want to be in life, it’s the best of both worlds, and I’m supporting myself off it.” Brian Ellis is not the next rapper to blow on MTV, and won’t be on Billboard’s Hot 100 chart next month. But, he will be in Brooklyn, or Boston or wherever working tirelessly to create music that is true to his relationships with whomever he is working with at the time, and striving to keep the morals of hip-hop alive. Ellis finished by saying, “Hip-Hop slowly kind of took over my life.” It has a tendency to do that, doesn’t it?

Hip Hop's Infected

Stephen Jones (Jones The Jedi)

Hip Hop has mutated through a hazardous cancer. Tempted by sweet toxins, we indulged without thought of future consequences. Inhalants left brain cells blurry of the past's essence. But we won't hesitate to roll up another one and take its sweet smoke to cover the lack of respect we have for ourselves.

Lunges continue to blacken. Pimping hoes and stacking.
Glorify the demons. Awareness of self is what we're lacking.

Life's rules summed up by "respect by any means."
"Wear this chain; show your grill, action and scene."

Got to the fork in the road and chose the wrong path.
Spray can tops, cardboard box, where's the phonograph?

Thought her value could be measured in rope platinum chains.
They say she evolved. I say mutated; rearranged.

A monster she created cause herself she hated.
her pupils dilated. In turn her soul deflated.

Fell into temptation without much hesitation.
Signed her soul away, the "good life" she was chasing.
Reefer blazing with the mason. General's warning seemed blatant.
Scrutinize the contract! It's your destination.

Read it once or twice but after that seems neglectable.
The routine's taken over. Now your lunges are susceptible.

Arsenic was found. Glycolosis slowed down.
Left cups of Promethazine, the body never found.

She feels good now, but time will soon reveal.
Her heart slowly pumps as she eats her last meal.

P.E. told ya'll, "Don't believe the hype!"
Smoke and mirrors, deceptions, up to you to choose who's right.

I ask, "What makes Marlboro different from the Sony Corporation?"
Well, the prior sells physical death where the other mental deterioration.
Funny how some depend on her for their own salvation.
After a life of crack deals they depend on her for communication.

Both cause a cancer, but of two different kinds.
One'll erode your throat; the other will erode your mind.
There's a drug dealer on the screen spitting a poisonous rhyme.
Fall too hard for the hype and your third eye's left blind.

Minimal difference between a pack of camels and that new hit single.
On a man hunt for a loosey, now you're back to serving Gringos.

With that stated, choose your poison wisely.
"Do what you wanna do" was sung by Ron Isley.

Be careful not to overdose. Analyze and look close.
Weigh the worth of your verse before the craft is but a ghost.

Precision planning will provide a proper system as your guide.
Look beyond persona and the truth is what you'll find.

The essence of the truth lies far behind her skin.
Tread these waters cautiously; don't be lured in by false grins.

Hip Hop looks so different from her purest state.
Her growth seems similar to the transformation of Michael's face.

She started gaining mass appeal and more money started coming in.
I'm not so much surprised, they say the dollar is the root of sin.

Who thought b-boys breaking to beats would lead to tales of crack sales on the streets?
The conclusion of the east vs. west beef seemed to be her peak.

Her sound soon changed after this drastic situation.
Corporate hands tightened grips to regulate the population.

Breaking soon ignorable but cocaine sales exploitable.
Flashy new Bently; to the listener unaffordable.

Those diamonds come with rules so I'm here to drop a jewel.
Fools fool fools to keep their bank accounts full.
But realize the jewel of all jewels rest inside you.
No price attached to it. Awareness shines through.

It's your choice to decide to put it up for sale on the market.
Two million will satisfy, but understand its worth is priceless.

She glorifies drug dealers, pimps, and killers.
Leave it up to her dominions to teach our seeds what's "realer."

No ruby could mirror the gem you have inside.
Fear of ourselves holds us back, that's where it gets live.

Deprived of self, but that advanced check seemed to fill the hole.
As the old saying goes, "All the glitters ain't gold."



Rachel Derman, Untitled



Rachel Derman, Untitled



James Shalom, Untitled

Plain Frank

Courtney Crook

Frank was a plain man who never ever needed a hand
Every day and every night frank only seemed to be uptight
He would go to work all the while just stare and smirk
Going to sleep and waking up eating pancakes with lots of syrup
His shirt was pressed with the greatest of ease he never seemed to have any worries
Then the ground opened up and swallowed him
The earth closed its throat and nearly choked on what remained of Frank

Shakespearian Allusion

Julia Garofalo

All the world's a stage,
The men and women merely players,
But I have no interest in this play,
For I've seen repetitive renditions.
The entrance dull, the exeunt all too familiar,
Emotions overplayed, lines blatantly butchered,
Faulty lighting, cheap props,
Tacky curtains and uncomfortable seats.

Everyone's a critic but few have much to say,
The audience doesn't pay attention to the rude mechanical
Desperately trying to add more to simple memorization;
True emotions come bursting forth.
Line after line, act by act, word for word,
The hempen-homespun revels in the echoing auditorium,
Shouting, proclaiming, and saying:

*Wherefore art thou commoner basking in the morning sun?
Bring up thy cross and walk with me;
Through the meadows and the fields,
Through the mountains and swamps,
Take up thy cross – steady now –
And show thy worth to the world!*

All at once the inspired crowd rises joyously to their feet,
Applauding their sibling with great fervor
For they have seen passion with their own eyes
And did not dare look away.
The mechanical bows, a smile tears through the skin,
The standing ovation continues even after the curtain falls,
Never to rise again.

First Line from Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier"

Carmen Guzman

"If I should die today, think only this of me:"

That in the 18 years of my life, in which I gave you all of me, I learned to love what I have, even if it wasn't much, And embrace all the broken promises that gave me a lot to think about; because these teach. I learned that teaching and learning Are truly what life is. And through this I gave my best and the best gave to me.

Think of those happy moments that we shared, For everyone deserves happiness, even you, Even me. Think of happiness as the greatest lesson, For all we do in this life is search for this great state of bliss.

And think not in vain of me because I found it. I found it in you; I found it in me. And all I want is for you to be happy for me.

Poem

Michelle Tugentman

You bring me up to break me down
Break me down to bring me up
You don't care how I feel until
You've said what you need to say
My good is never good enough
And when you stab and jab and poke
With all the words you think you need
My heart breaks piece by piece by piece
Until you feel some sick release
With puffy eyes I sit and stay
Like a puppy, like a dog
Pretending one day things will change
Convincing myself that nothing's wrong.

24/7/11

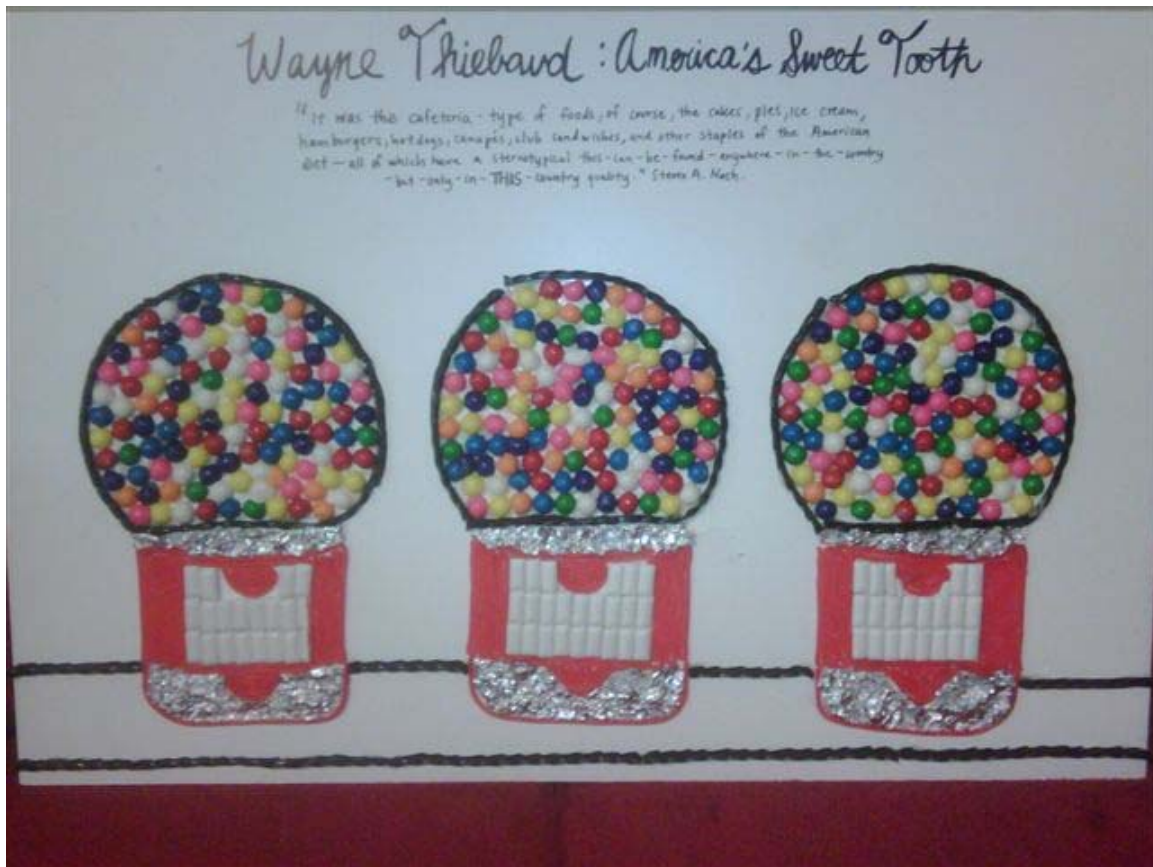
Ann Powers

There are only so many days a year
When you can order raised voices, open boxes of complex regrets
And overstock the irrelevant
I tell you to stop getting things only you and I would buy,
That I'm tired of eating syllables of anger.
It is my turn for regret and
I close up shop, lock the door and bar the windows
But sometimes I put a Help Wanted sign close to the register
In case you come in and read it
Otherwise I'm stuck here retyping \$1.97
And printing receipts to set things in stone,
Making sure the non-refundable stamp is on top.
After rereading the slips of paper that adds up my total,
I realize you taxed me twice.

Rancid love

Alexis V. Jackson

There's something so forever about you
Like blood diamonds life is cursed till I steal you
Like Cain's mark on my heart people know I belong to you
Wrote your name on my tag so if lost I get returned to you
Like a chronic disease can't stay away from you
I'm susceptible to you
Got mad love for you
Like Hosea, I'll give all I have for you
Even though I'm rejected and left by you
Like God's love, try to escape and I'll come after you
Jonah didn't understand and neither will you
Until like Thomas He shows all that was done for you
Place me up on your shelf, and like an obedient clock I'll still tick for you
Collect dust and keep time in reserve for you
I'll reverse for you
So that time with me will never run out for you
Like King Arthur, do my best to protect you
And when that heart that your lovin' turns cold to you
Just like the prodigal son's father my arms are open to you
And like the camel through the needle's eye
I'll thread you
Even though clear like mud
The two don't go together
Alexis V. Jackson



Alexa Giovanelli, "Imitation of 'America's Sweet Tooth'"

It's Called Tide

Jonathan Heilman

The gift you gave me, insecure delusions.
A temporary problem, a permanent solution.
Not just on another page, but another book entirely.
You're not with me, you unlike mind.
I tried to fly, but when you lied
you made me hurt, even cry
Now I'm trapped, a slave to this void.
I tried to build, you only destroyed.
Like a sandcastle, swept up by the tide
I tried to live, and part of me died



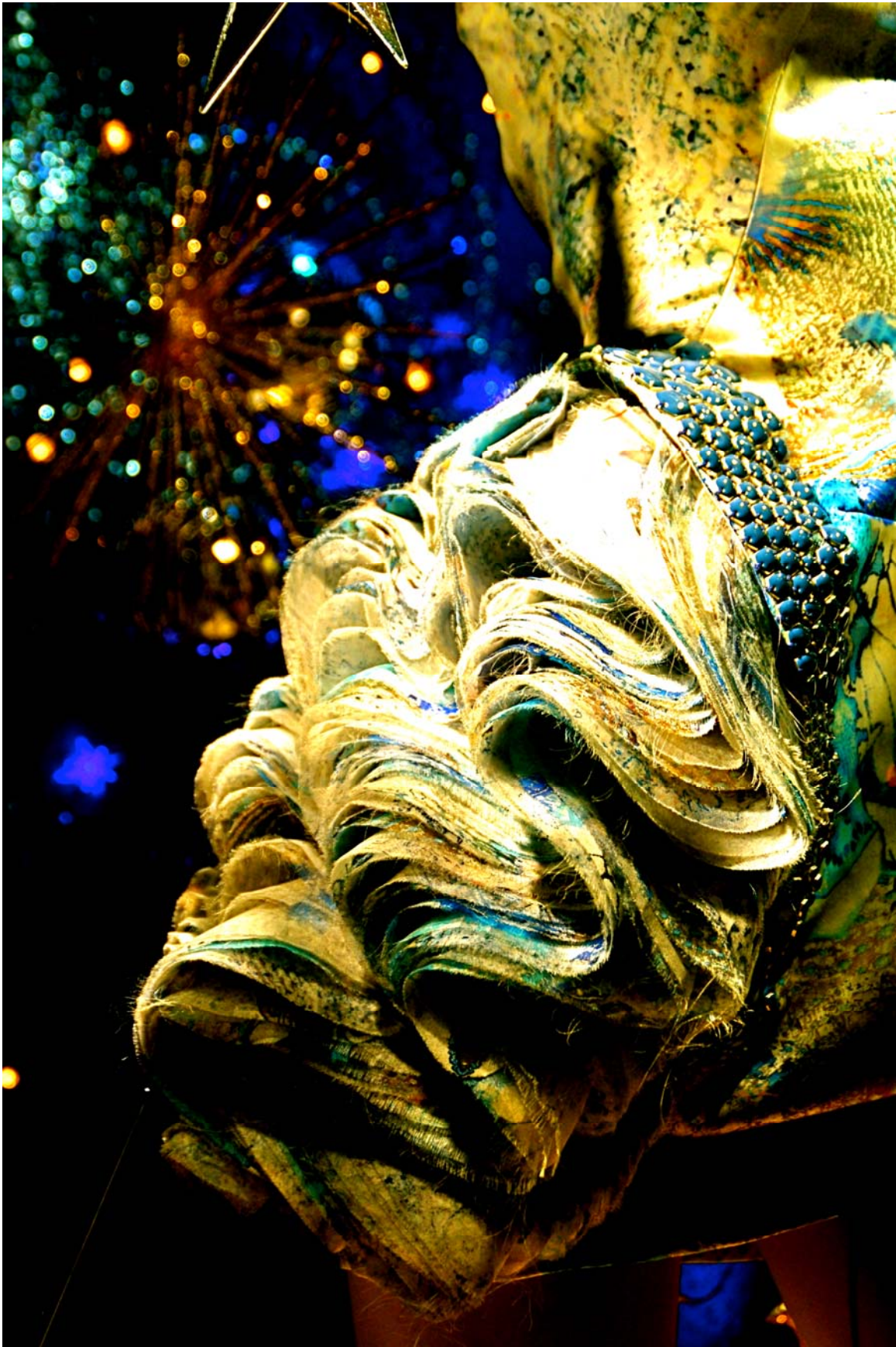
Yuki Fujita, Untitled



Andrea Lien, Untitled



Andrea Lien, Untitled



Rachel Derman, Untitled

Irony

Courtney Crook

The rain fell down
It puckered and poured all over the ground
I knew it would be hard to leave her, but I never expected this
I walked out the door without so much as a kiss
Each wet tear rolled down my cheek
My outlook on life was suddenly bleak
My feet hurt like they were made of lead
What was this throbbing pain all over my head?
Up and down the block and around the corner
Faking a smile to the flower shop owner
Up the steps to my own front door
Of any of this I cant take anymore
Turn the handle and enter the hall
Should I do it gently or just with a fall
Shake off my coat and slip off my shoes
Should I leave my clothes on or do it in the nude
Walk into the kitchen and turn on the stove
Breathing in the gas as if it were some magic clove
Maybe ill just watch some TV, to divert my mind
Not think of the paralyzed inert body they would soon find
I had been thinking of it for a while and now the time has come
I knew exactly what I was to do I was no longer fearsome
I grabbed the knife right off the counter
I was sweating so much my fingers had started to blister
It slipped from grip and fell upon the floor
It slit through to my toe right down to the core
I shuddered with pain not felt before
How could she do this to me that bloody whore?
Why should my life end, hey why not it be her
Ill do it right now it won't leave but a blur
Wipe off my red toe and back out the door
Oh what a day it was becoming how could I ask for anything more
Back to her apartment as I usually did
I smiled with over-excitement much like a kid
I hid it in my back pocket as to not draw a crowd
Oh dear god I just hoped she would not scream too loud
Rang the doorbell and waited for her to appear
Hoping that she wouldn't fake a smile and say you again dear
The door it creaked open and light fluttered outside
I guess it is an invitation for me to go inside
Right down her hallway without making a sound
Hot on the trail like some sweaty bloodhound
I saw the figure though I did not believe it at first
I guess it won't be my body they will take away in the hearse

Martyr

Ann Powers

You glance up, and collect your faith in el Mar
It reflects as the sun sets, and try
As you might, I cannot see your last ray
Of sacrifice. There are too many facades on your tray
That need me to believe in a substance of may-
Hem. Impossibility looms like tar
As you tell Mary
Of clinging to belief by clinging to your arm.
“Atrophy is the very essence of it,” you recite as you start ty-
Ing her ends of doubt together. As you lead libation, she begins to tarry.
Seizing her hand, you add “My name is Marty”
And with that, you snicker at her art-
Ful misgivings as you revel in your glory and guilt-giving army
With the satisfaction of a rat.

Self Betrayal

Alexis V. Jackson

I forced that four letter word off of my tongue
And as it was birthed I felt it cut my lips
In the shape of a crucifix
And as the syllable dripped from chin
In the air the sound hung
And I instantly regretted it
I died to self
In the hopes of living in us
But o how that feeling makes us forget
Our vows
My vow
To never say it,
Never feel it,
But here I am
With sliced lips and burning tongue,
Keeping this account in my mind as I end our memoir
I did the unthinkable
By giving the ungivable
And now the situation is unchangeable
Our condition no longer rearrangeable
I wanted you to love me if you were able
But the secret should have remained confined that I was capable
Of reciprocating the insatiable
Hunger that a being can have for another
All cuz I gave what we have a label

Now I'm open
A million more reasons to be afraid
Of being anything with you
Now you have all of the power
And the odds are no longer in my favor
Cuz I gave up all control

I relinquished my crown as commander and chief of who we are
Now all of everything is nothing and the something is now rushing
Into maturation, that I never said I would be ready for
But can't go back through that door
The lock has been broken
The secret was spoken
And now I am open
With this fact I'm coping
Don't know what I'm hoping

But we were supposed to remain the what if
The could be
We were the undiscovered galaxies
You were the seeker

And I was being sought
But now the tongue has succumbed to that suppressed thought
Since from foreign places in my mind I brought
The golden letters
These coveted treasures
And like a merchant robbed
I sit here in a fog
Wishing I had never even left my home

Now I'm open
A million more reasons to be afraid
Of being anything with you
Now you have all of the power
And the odds are no longer in my favor
Cuz I gave up all control



Mia Probinsky Untitled



Andrew Bank, Untitled

Newspaper Clippings

Ann Powers

Focus on the little things
Savagery, bloodlust, morality, empathy
These are writ deep in our genes
With all things noble and terrible
But our conscience is clear.

Ask someone why they love
Taking a moment to flounder
And they will say
It's a better play in the long run
Savor it, it speaks for itself
And let's you leave everything else behind.

With no lone star,
He understands amazing awaits
In this crazy little thing called hate
He's seen what makes us good and evil
Learned the green romance and
Knows why there's no bible on your hotel bedside table.

At the heart of it, timing is everything
So he has the roots and everything else shipped
And like a low-flying superman
The logo is there to tell you
Freedom begins here.

Clown Tale

Eli Eisen

My grandpa was a master of telling stories. I do believe he invented the phrase “Back in my day”. He would have an anecdote for any situation, no matter how ridiculous. These stories he liked to tell in the third person. I heard my favorite story the day my brother was begging my parents to let him have a clown at his birthday party. I can’t remember if it was Bozo or Krusty that had gotten hold of him, but he was really pleading away. My grandpa heard this and called my brother and anyone who wanted to hear into his study. “Johnny my boy”, my grandpa growled, “I hear you want to have...clowns at your birthday.” Johnny sat back on his heels when he heard the ominous way grandpa said “clowns”. Not sure what was the right way to go, he gave a cautious yes. “HA!”, exclaimed my grandpa, as if he just got a tug on his fishing line, “I have a true as gold story for you that happened to yours truly and it will change your tune, Johnny boy.” With that we leaned in for a most unusual tale.

“This is the story of a boy named Harvey, Harvey and the clown”, my grandpa began, “Harvey was a timid one. He was afraid of the dark. He was afraid of his own shadow. He was afraid, for crying out loud, of his own sheets! For his seventh birthday his parents gave him a night light--you know, to help the little tike fall asleep without wetting the bed. And it was in the shape of a clown! From the moment Harvey plugged in that night light, and the glowing clown face lit up his little space, a desire was born in that boy--an overwhelming desire to see a circus and to see real, live, in the flesh painted face clowns. So great was little Harvey’s desire he became obsessed with all things, so to speak, circus- related. He decorated his room with trapeze posters, a ring master taming a lion adorned his bed sheets, and his most prized possession, placed right next to his bed, was a calendar--each month showing a different clown. Throughout the year Harvey collected and acquired until his walls were full of posters and his basement was stuffed with circus props and clown costumes.

Then one day, walking home from school, something caught Harvey’s eye and quite

interrupted his walk--a poster, brightly colored, announcing in 6 inch letters: 'The CIRCUS is coming to YOUR town!' Tim dropped his school bag and quite forgetting his upbringing, ripped the poster from the wall, his feet barely touching the ground as he ran home. In his clown-lit room ,Tim scrawled the date on his calendar, July 4th. He ran downstairs, asked his parents to buy him a ticket but his loving parents--now quite a bit concerned about his unhealthy obsession with the circus, told their only son 'No.' Tim, not to be deterred, went out to cut grass to raise money for his prized tickets. Since his parents would not take him he would have to ask his grandpa who like me was a pushover and would never say no. By July, Tim had cut hundreds of lawns, his hands were callous from gripping the rusty mower handles, but he had his money. Tickets sales opened the day before the show. Tim, was first in line, having camped out all week in front of the ticket booth in order to get the best seat. When Tim pushed forward his cash, the ticket vender asked, 'Well young man you're very lucky, pick your seat.'" Tim glanced at the seating chart slid before him. 'Row one ,seats one and two please,' he said having rehearsed this moment many times in front of the mirror. The vendor smiled a knowing smile and rewarded Tim with two tickets. Tim stood motionless, gripping his ticket like it was the winning lottery ticket. His eyes never left his ticket the whole way home. He stayed up all night in anticipation of the day to come.

In the morning he was the first one out of bed and left the house before the sun was up. Harvey worked on his grandpa and those two were the first two at the gate. They were the first ones in the circus riding the rides and eating cotton candy. They were the first ones in their seats long before the stage show was scheduled to start. As the people started to trickle in, Harvey was growing more and more impatient and anxious. Finally the lights went down and the show began. First the animals with the ring master. The tiger on the bike, the dogs jumping through rings of fire. The roaring lion (which made Harvey cringe in his seat.) Then the acrobats, flipping, twisting and jumping to the audience's OooOos and ahhHhhs. Harvey was coming out of his seat with excitement. And you know why. The clown show was next. As the acrobats left the stage, the lights suddenly went out. A single light focused in on a small car which screeched on stage. The car pulled

to a halt a few inches before the end of the stage and out popped the first clown. Then a second and a third. Out of the car they came until they were seven racing around the stage. They ‘clowned’ around with pies in the face and banana peels under the feet. Then, as if commanded by an imaginary alert, they all lined up and walked off stage to raucous applause. For the second time, the lights went out. Then a single beam, a bright spot light, a small car, and a single clown emerged. Unlike the others he was older with a bright red nose and a white powdery face. Another light came on illuminating a horse covered by a beautiful multicolored cloth. The blanket kept the audience’s attention while the older clown produced a mike. ‘Helllllloooo everyone,’ the clown boomed, causing the audience to jump in their seats. The clown walked up to and around the horse saying, ‘Look at this fine animal. Who wants to see the horse’s ear?’ The audience screamed and cheered at the clown to unveil the ear. The clown in response carefully lifted the cloth and unveiled the horse’s ear. And Harvey, along with the rest of the audience, roared his approval. The clown stood until the last sound had reverberated across the stage. Quiet at last, the clown said, with a dry grin, ‘Now who wants to see the horse’s ass?’ The audience again erupted in raucous applause. The lights went out. The audience froze. Then the spotlight popped open and found it’s focus--right on Harvey, in shock from the cruel assault of the bright white light. The audience, momentarily confused, was silent. then one laugh...then another and another and another! A wave, no a sea of laughter, is all Harvey could hear. Even his grandpa had tears rolling down his eyes.” And my grandpa, Grandpa Harvey was crying and laughing as he was telling it. My brother and I looked at each other and at our grandpa who stopped mid-guffaw to stare out into the garden. My brother leaned in to me and whispered, “ He’s really off his rocker isn’t he?” “Eeeup.”, I replied.