

 collage

spring 2003

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issue2



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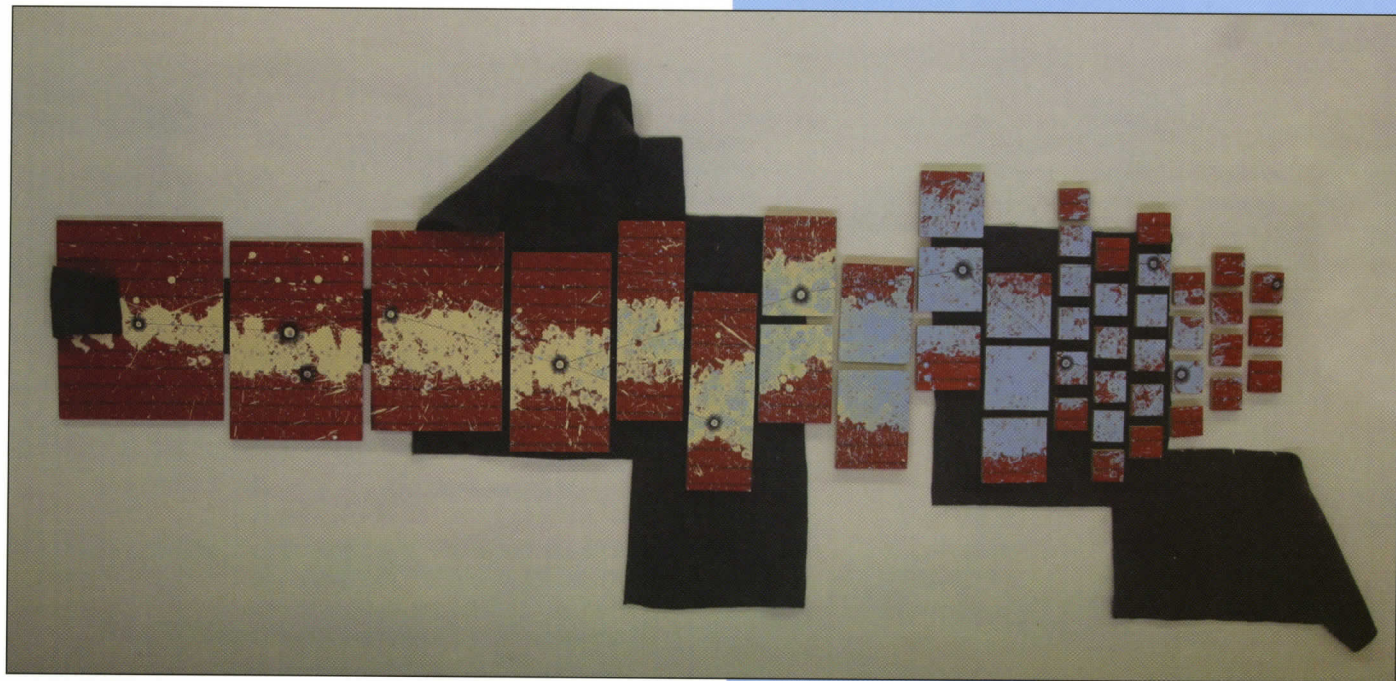
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Monique Morvant Hey Now Lil' Girl



She threw out her thimble
and pricked her own thumb.
Tears of scarlet blood
running down her motherly hands
were claimed by her starched white apron.
Some drops
fell further to the floor;
and some drops
integrated the spotless spit shine of
his snake skinned shoes;
the same shoes that her
round-headed husband
has just polished on the street
for 25 cents and a slap on the back
from *this man*.
the same 25 cents that her husband
would use to buy her a rose in the park
regardless of *this man*.
Despite the fact
that *this man* kept
needling her to move,
She stayed
Pinned to the cushion.
"Keep those quilt squares
separate but equal," he screamed.
She ignored him.
Neither his twisted face,
Nor his roaring words,

mattered.
She stitched on,
making rainbows,
majestic spreads,
using every color she could imagine:
black,
white,
red,
yellow,
blue,
and green,
all joined together.
There was no limit to her progress.
"Put the white squares here,
and the colored squares there." he screamed.
But she did not listen;
she stitched on.
Despite the fact
that angry spurts of spit
leapt from his thin lips
and sprayed her queenly cheeks,
she stitched on.
It seemed to be
a miracle;
she sewed a new
line in time
silently sitting in
her seat.

Adam Orion **This Grail Gave Less**

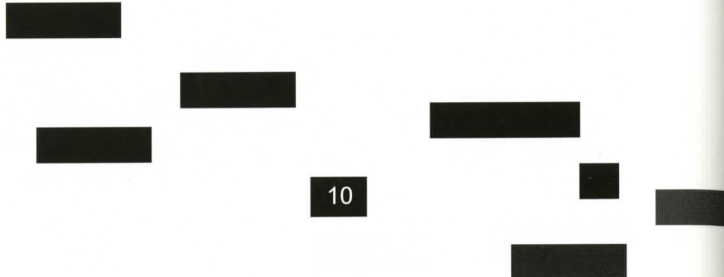
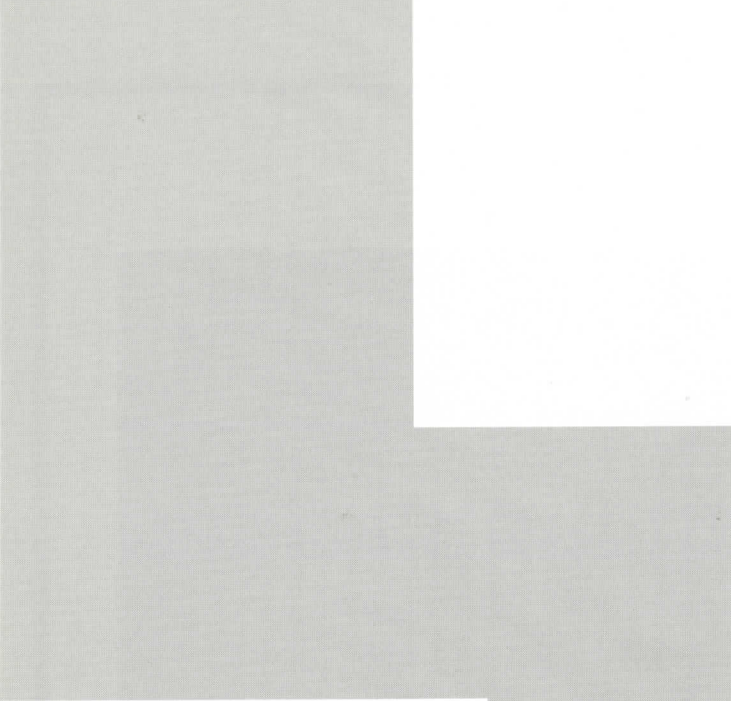
The New Quest is old, yet renewed each day again.
No Life to drink; just a short awakening.
The search much less, far more suited to plastic spoons
That clink and stir and blend and ready the lifeless flask.
A wish for sugar and angels that only croon,
A crank for the broken toy, readied for the task.
Eyes now open: fixed; ready; see through the mist of
Appearances. Trials of stairs; walks. Now repeat.
Repeat the motion; scribble each chore from the list;
Give nothing, and please wash the soda from thy feet.
Nine to eight, numbers echo this lateness. No time
To love, give excuses instead; we will breakfast.
Meet Pale Followers of the Clock, arrayed in lines,
That blend dawn into darkness, click-clock, dust to dust.



Jenny Cordle Portland



Hans Schmitt-Matzen Loop 2

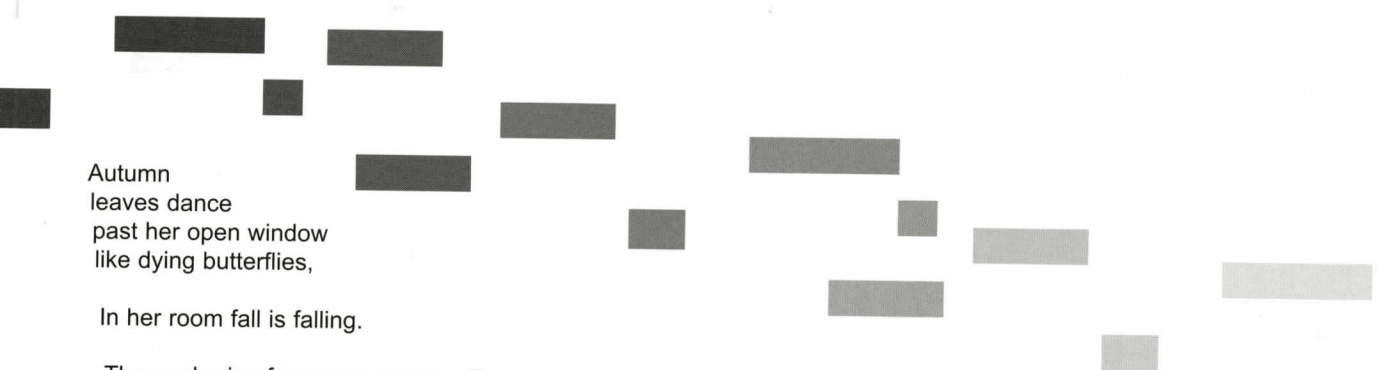


You love that elk
You hung his patient head
in your office behind the desk
We named him Isaac,
dressed him for holidays
with sunglasses, ties,
Santa hats.

He saw your life when
no one else was looking,
saw clients cry, get mad,
witnessed you rake fingers
through prematurely gray hair,
her slide across your desk
after hours.

Now he's gone,
replaced by a pink stain
embedded in the drywall
where his left antler
should be. Is that where her
wine glass hit?
Was Isaac the victim?

Carrie O'Neal Broken Antler



Autumn
leaves dance
past her open window
like dying butterflies,

In her room fall is falling.

The euphoria of summer creeps off
to frolic in warmer climates
as winter's steely grip closes in
almost overnight while her guard is down.

She sits silently
wishing she were somewhere else
wishing sometimes
that she were someone else.

She walks through the decaying summer
collecting the remnants of a
soon to be forgotten spring
because spring is forgetful
but fall is nostalgic.

She gathers the memories
and throws them into a sealed plastic bag
tucked in the bottom of a pair of bluejeans
soon to be tossed on the floor
of her spinning bedroom.
Carelessly forgotten.

Jennifer Uselton Monster Study



I am the Waste Land
 I am the Broken Sword
 I am the tears of the maidens
 that fall, unheard, untasted

My name is the Chevalier Mal Fait
 miracle-seeking, fettered heart

On your outer marches I ride
 Alone, clad in metal and mystery

or wild-wood in rags and tatters
 waving a naked sword aloft

My heart is the sword that was broken

My soul is the land made waste

(seek the source all hidden
 vessel sweet outpouring)

some balm to heal time's gaping wounds
 the trees of thought all sundered
 the castles of memory all razed
 O mother rain down your gentle grace on me
 and let me breathe again

A lance, I cry, a lance that bleeds
 and bleeds like mother's flow
 like thick hot tears

A lance that pierced me
 near my thigh near the quick
 A sword that bit me
 savagely, in the neck

and stole my dreams of glory
 and sucked out all my pride

in one fell slippery stroke
 might almost have been a caress

Blanziflor and Helena
 Venus generosa

I pray you,
 feed me with your thick hot tears
 let me drain the holy blood
 lick the lance's point
 pierce me through and through

tell me,
 will they sing of me

when I am all in ribbons?

will the bards tell

how vainglory becomes
 transfiguration

will they come still to
 eat my flesh
 and drink my blood
 over and over again?

Aaron Hines Fall Time River



Carrie O'Neal Impressionists

I want Edgar Degas to gently blur my vision
when I do the speed limit past her house,
my kids strapped in seatbelts,
my husband's sedan parked
in her driveway-wish Degas's ballet dancers
would dance into his mind,
do a lovely pirouette, toe shoes landing
delicately in first position on the tip of his nose,
smashing it, beautiful pain.

When my boss screams about work
piling on my desk, I long for Cezanne, his
gentle stroke, calming my eyelids, obscuring
the cubicle into a lush garden,
letting Cezanne's bathers
hose down the boss, splash him,
relieve us of suits and work,
strip us all down to nakedness,
let us realize that life exists.

I call on sweet, tortured van Gogh when
the children become so cranky
that I cannot think anything except I'd like
to hurt them. Vince and I sit at his café,
have coffee, then whiskey, then a walk because
we cannot bear to go home--
no lover there, no romance.
I ask him what inspired *Notte Stellata*.
He looks up, confesses that his sky fell that night.
He could do nothing but paint blurry heaven,
remind himself that daylight would come again.
He convinces me to free myself
of contact lenses and accept the world
imperfectly for a while.

These men, these works remind me
we should squint at ourselves in the mirror,
spin around in fields with the night sky overhead,
watch the stars swirl until daylight comes and
we must drive past her house again.



I found a diamond in a dumpster once,
its bright, eternal, unyielding facets
discarded among razors, syringes,
yesterday's news and credit card statements,
potato chip bags and diet soda cans,
hidden, folded in a shredded tissue,
waiting. It's a bad habit, I admit,
this prying urban archaeology,
like playing the lottery or sniffing
airplane glue, and often I lay silent,
for hours it seems, hiding from detection
inside a steel green vault—patient, listening—
shuddering as old curmudgeons grumble
past muttering curses over dead prophets
and delinquent youth, quietly wishing
they were more like me, and I less like them.
But I can't help myself; I examine
the refuse and jetsam of humanity,
analyze the artifacts of broken lives,
seek an augury from trenchant tea bags,
divine meaning from discarded dreams, breathing
always the noisome stench of life, trying
desperately to glimpse the gods of men
in this garbage.

And once, just once, I found
a diamond.

Stan Williams Giving Away Something I Found



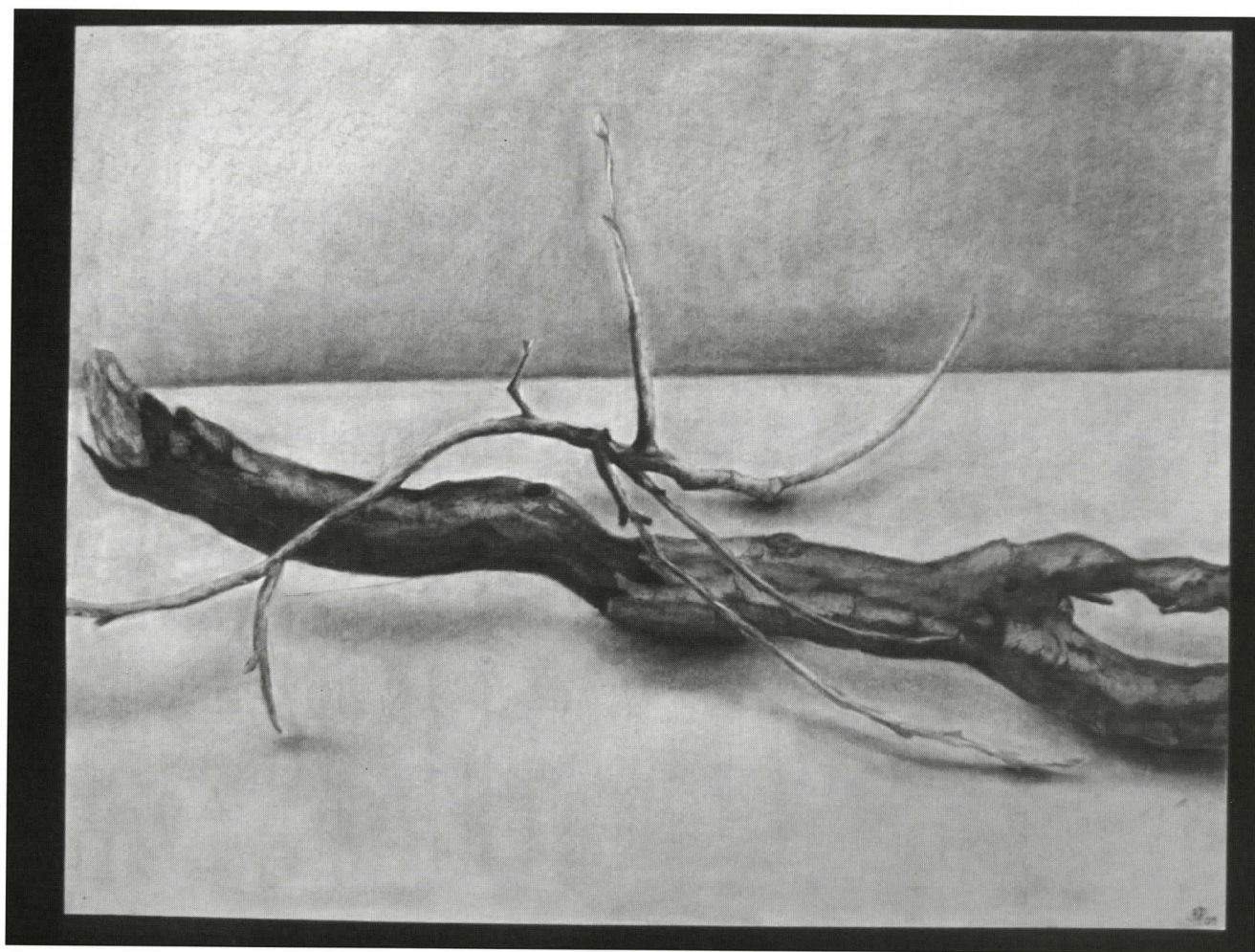
Vangie Holsted Take A Closer Look

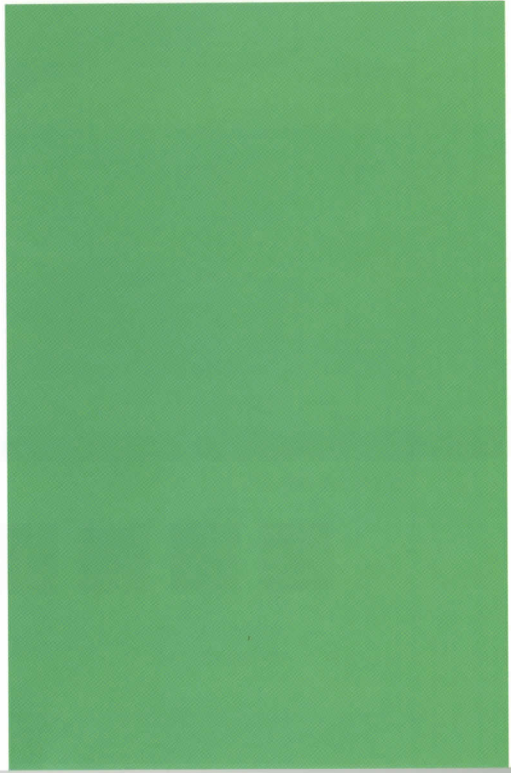
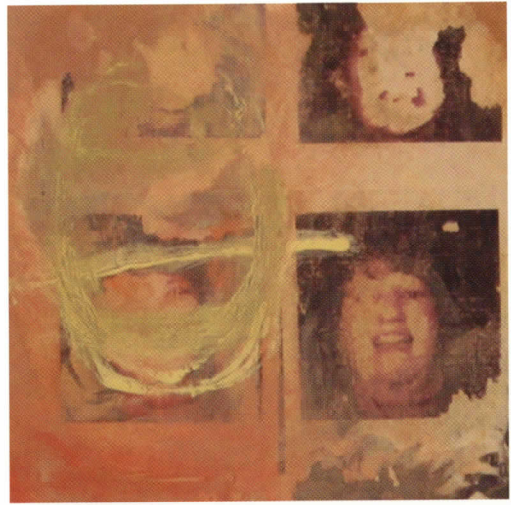


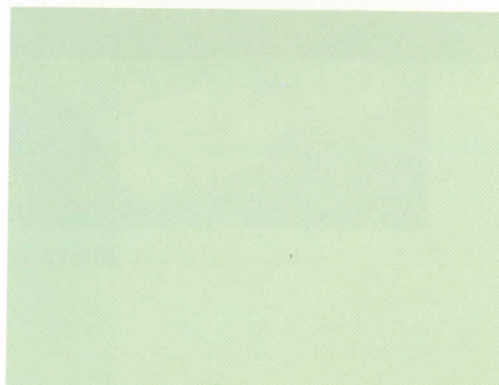
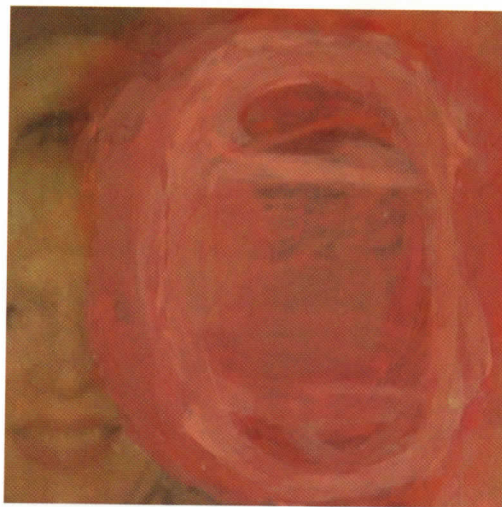
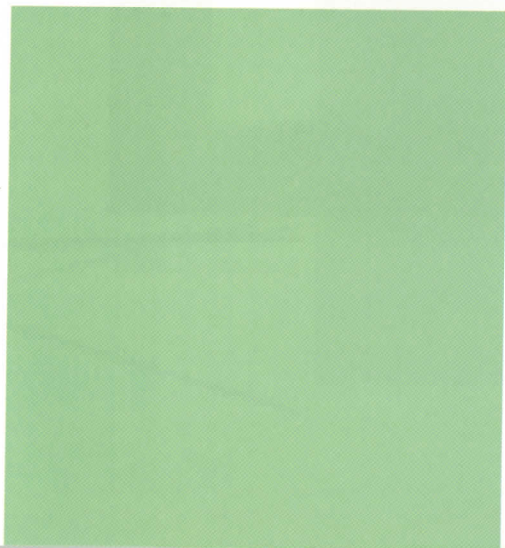
Mary Maloney Green

Full moon
Clock ticks
Crickets
play the song
of the evening
I watch
the green light
waiting for the click
off
Then the window
opens and closes
the gate
opens and closes
my car door
opens and closes
my eyes
open and close
taking you in
spitting you out
My dream
I count the reasons
why
that green light
encompasses you
and why
I dream
in green

Jessica Dinkins Untitled









Linzi Croy Laura

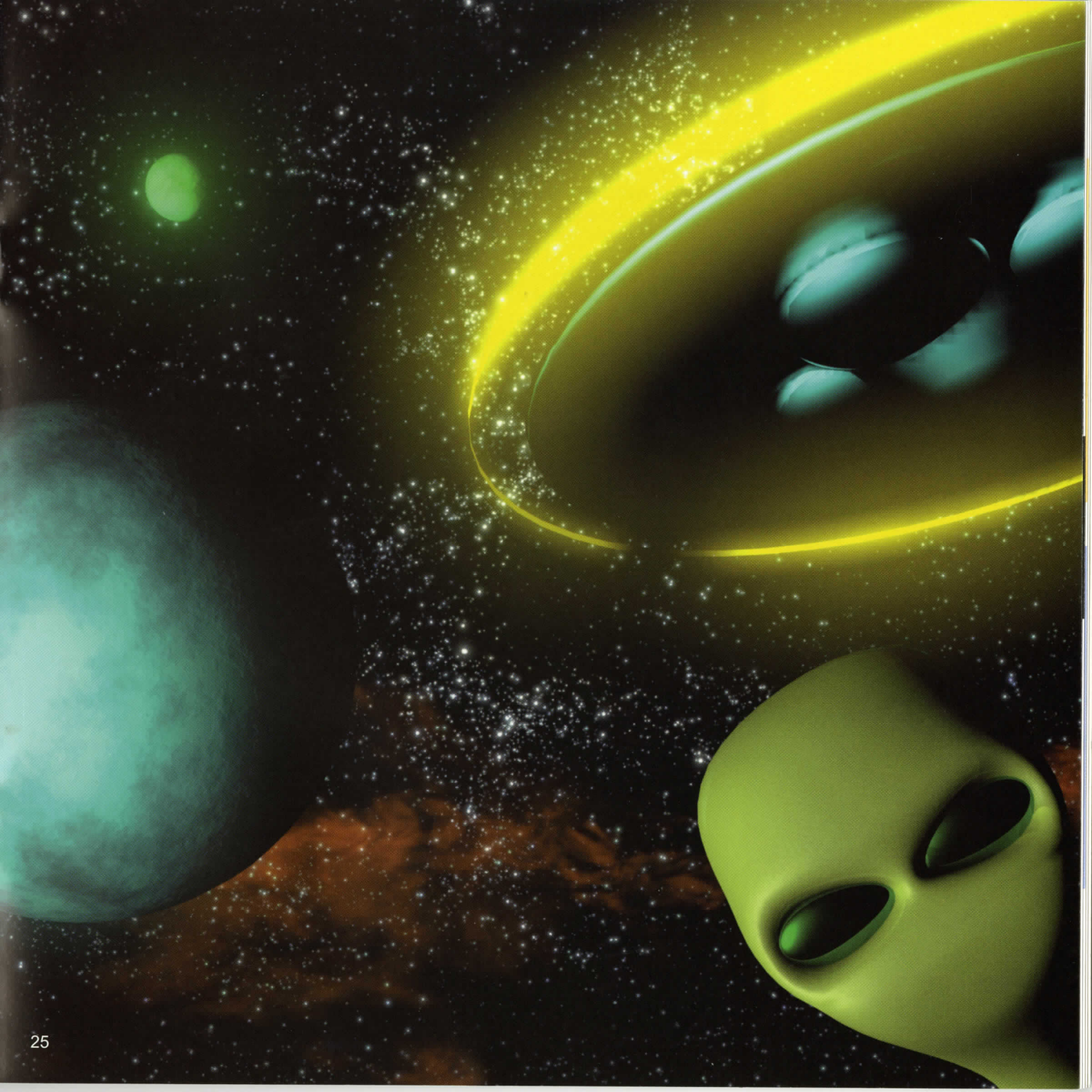


Jenny Cordle My Words

Tonya Clarkson Living Word (Video Installation)



Brian Matthews Untitled



When you are not paying attention, the crunch is surreally loud. The strangeness of the situation begins to flow and many are simply left spellbound. Others become obnoxious and revel in their laughter as if the sound of their voice could lift everyone's spirit. Spring days become long, but the summer seems far too short for those whose hearts are still young and in the midst of an awakening. Not all these events take place due to the crunch, but they are worth commenting upon.

One sound can mean so many different things to so many people. A bird could sing the song you have had in your head all day or perhaps be your death rattle. The drip from the sink could be your

whelming with peculiarities that everyone knows; there is too much to draw in. The sucking of a man as he puffs his cigarette, the click of heels on the pavement, a siren blaring a call of superiority, the preacher on his makeshift pulpit confessing the role of Jesus in all of our lives, and suddenly the crunch. There came the sound of strange blood pumping and unlikely surfaces meeting each other for the first time and the last time.

"You weren't even paying attention," you think to yourself. The entire world had you in its grip with its ferocity. Everyone was around you carving out a part in the cosmic scheme or trying to feel at least partly fulfilled when the crunch

alarm clock or maybe the one noise that keeps your eyes open the entire evening: loud, soft, or frightening and all entirely different. To the musician lost in his talent—searching for the perfect rhyme or the most wonderful melody to steal away the world's heart, if for just a moment—they all become music. To those fixated upon a 9 to 5 job, sounds become deadening. They become things beyond description that he notices but does not actually recognize. In youth, there was a world without bounds; now there is only an attempt to laugh; now only a choking on saliva.

A walk down the street can cause one to become numb. The world is over-

came without warning.

A night to remember until the push came to shove, until the world removed you from its love. Faithful as you were, there was no escaping the end that was chosen. Guilt is for those with hearts. Guilt is for those with a beauty in their lives. Every day, we

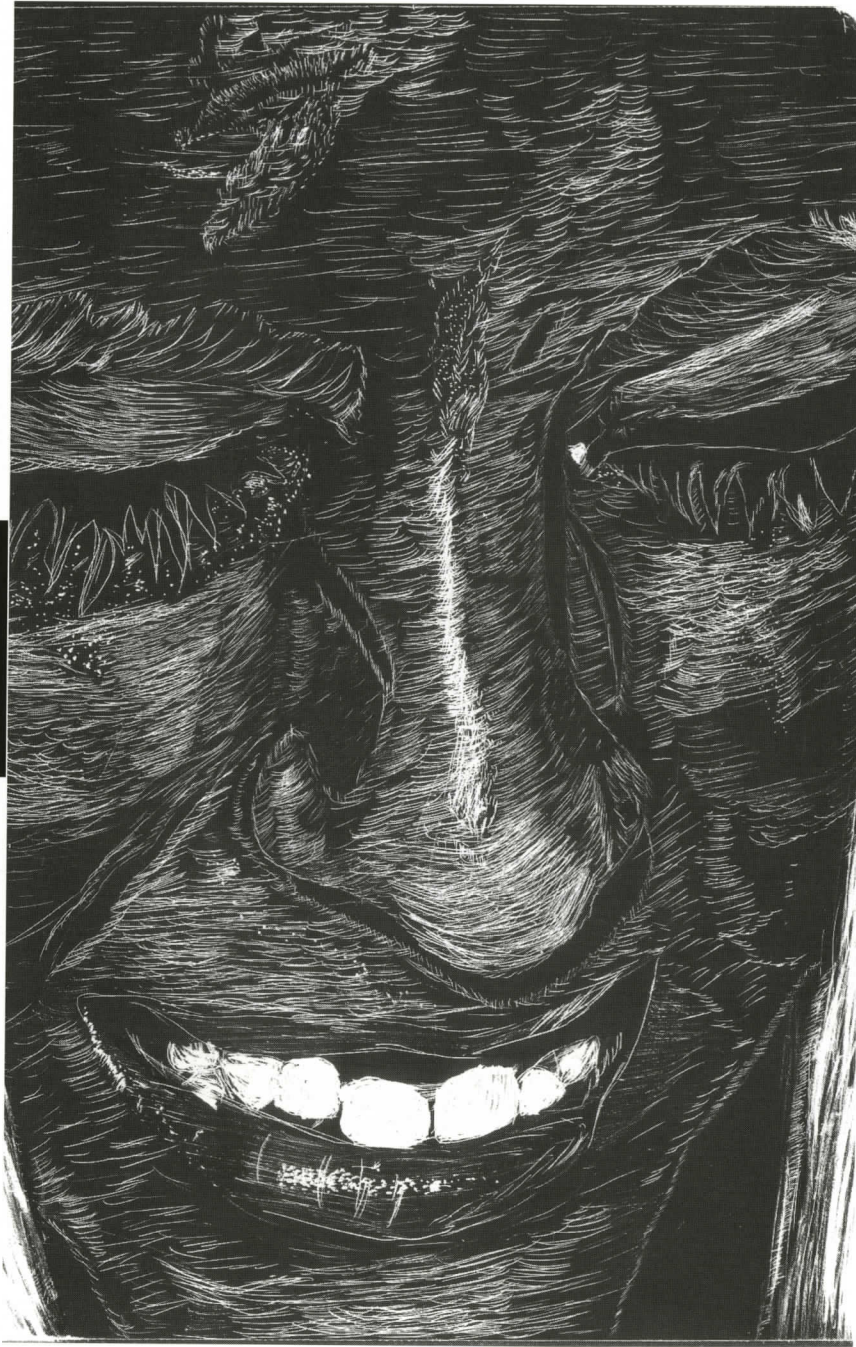
simply become closer to the finale, but it seems that growing up becomes less interesting

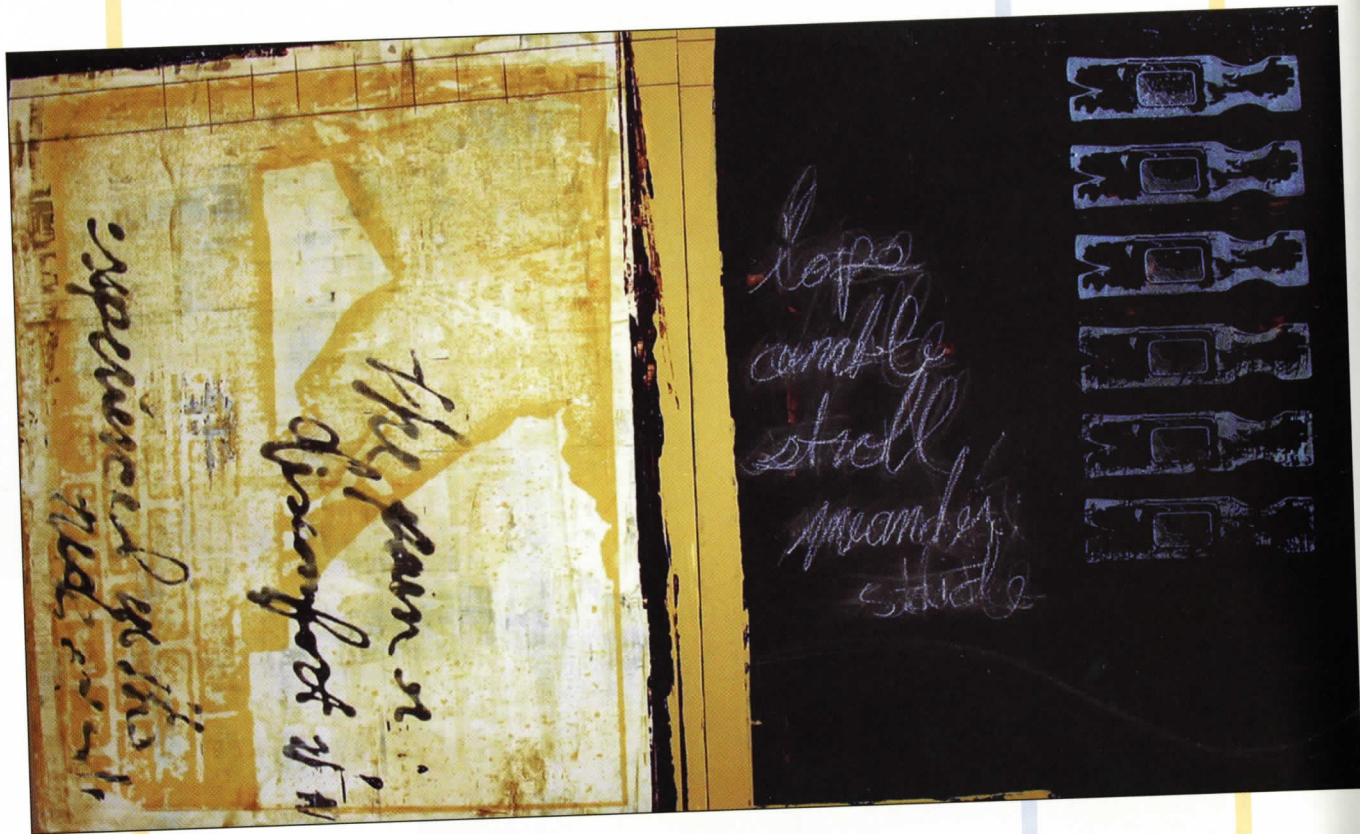
with age.

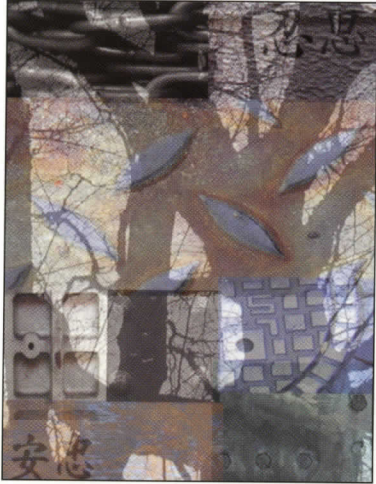
"Damn bug," you think.

You catch a few people staring as you curse quietly and wipe your shoe off on a patch of brown grass nearby.

Damn bug.

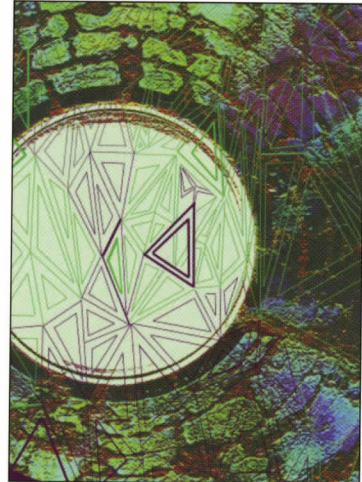




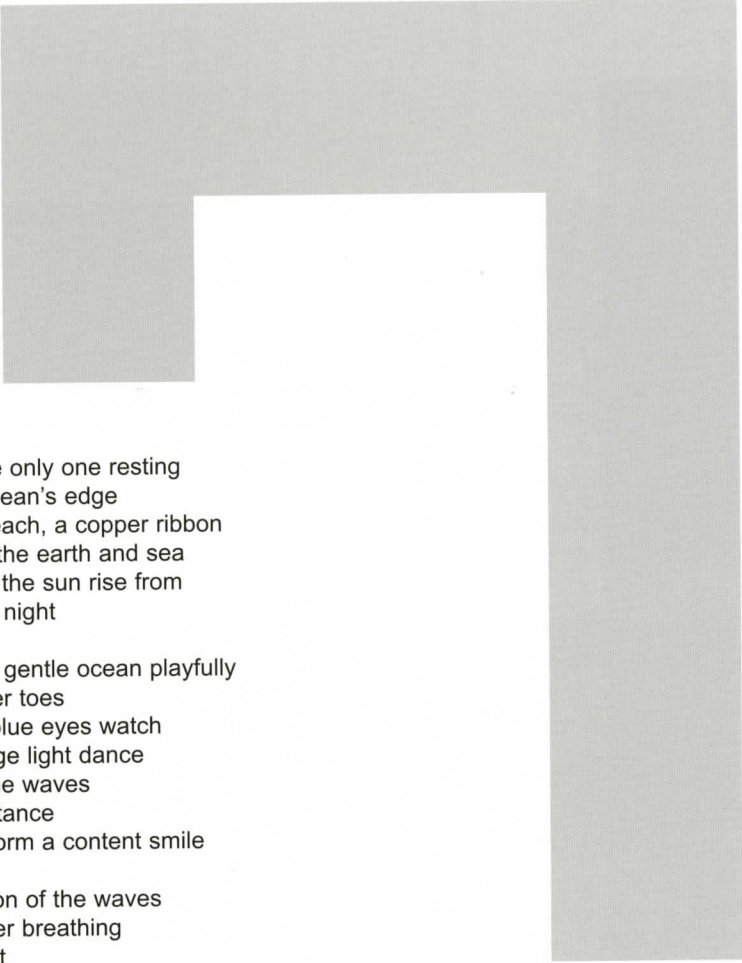


Stacie Moore **Fractious**

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Stacie Moore **Hegemony**



She is the only one resting
On the ocean's edge
On the beach, a copper ribbon
Between the earth and sea
Watching the sun rise from
The quiet night

While the gentle ocean playfully
Tickles her toes
Her soft blue eyes watch
The orange light dance
Around the waves
In the distance
Her lips form a content smile

The motion of the waves
Mimics her breathing
In and out
The cool salty breeze
Plays with her hair,
The subtle colors
Of the dawn sky

And her lovely eyes sparkle
With the dream
Of the new day
And, with all the beauty
Of the sunrise,
Her place in it

Brandon Slayton Caitlin's Sunrise

She kept most in jars
on high shelves in the kitchen,
out of reach.

These were ones
not worthy of display-
too random
or too many.

She had about thirty-five

"That shirt looks great on you"s,
a few "Your hair looks so good like that"s,
and one or two

"I was hanging out with the boys"s.

She had exactly nine

"Santa ate the cookies you left out for him"s,
and nine "Go to sleep so the Easter Bunny will come"s.

There were some "Call me so we can get together"s, and
in the mix were several varieties of "You can trust me"s.

She kept the good ones locked inside
wooden display cases,
pinned behind glass.

These were the pretty ones.

"Your father and I are only separating temporarily"
had been painted and re-painted, now a faded blue.

"Kitty *ran* away"

was next to it. She thought
it would make a nice contrast-
crimson and gold
gilding around the edges.

"This is a very trusty car"

was on the same row as

"Hold still. This won't hurt a bit".

Both of those were bleached white.

"You're the only girl for me"-

a transparent yellow. It stood by

"I'll pay you back tomorrow"-

green and black camouflage.

"I love you" was one of her favorites.

Its color was strange to her, so

it sat on a row all its own.

It was reflective and multi-colored.

She loved to see it shimmer

when the sun came through
the window.

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the staff of collage thanks you. to all others

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be recognized for the effort. please submit

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and have something to show for it. again,

thanks to everyone for their help...

PLEASE HANG ON



DON'T LET GO