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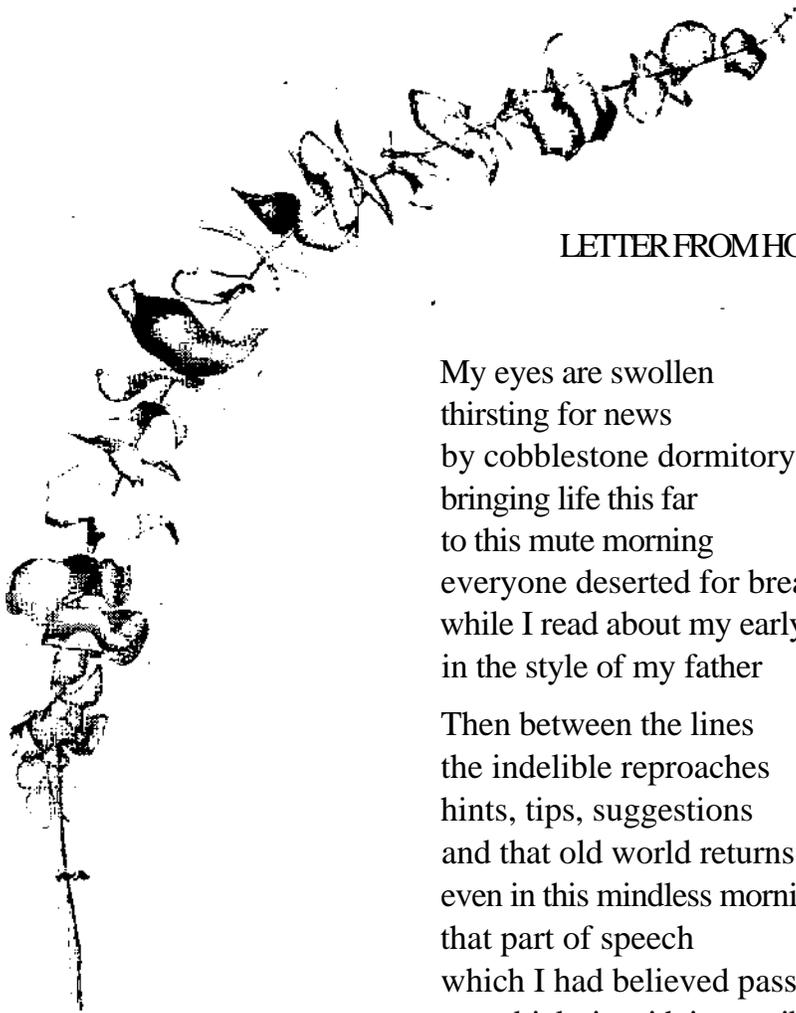
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LETTER FROM HOME

My eyes are swollen
thirsting for news
by cobblestone dormitory lanes
bringing life this far
to this mute morning
everyone deserted for breakfast
while I read about my early world
in the style of my father

Then between the lines
the indelible reproaches
hints, tips, suggestions
and that old world returns
even in this mindless morning
that part of speech
which I had believed passed
now drinks in with impossible silence
the final details burn
in a basket full of memories.

B. Z. Niditch

Order(Originality)

Sometimes

I am moved almost to tears
When I see that tree standing
Where the sidewalk curves around,
And where its sections are heaved
Into weird angles by thirsty roots.

And this neighborhood,
Where that tree stands in the curve of an uneven sidewalk,
When it regards the tree at all,
Sees it only as an adornment-
a trophy from a forgotten hunt
of a forgotten beast.

(When the hunt is over,
And the leopress looks down from her plaque on the Hunter's
wall, (and)

The Hunter looks back through the contemplative
blue smoke of his pipe (whose)
Stem hesitates before, and points to His
thin-lipped and silent mouth (which)
hangs just below center of his tanned
and lined face (which)
Remembers-

Remembers the Leopress as she was flying across the plain,
rippling-lean muscle stretched around the low-slung
feline frame,
spots obscured by speed.

Remembers the challenge of one order by another.

Remembers the explosion
That brought the cat's order to its knees before the
man's.

And Sometimes
I stand before the tree,
On that uneven sidewalk.
At a crazy tilt;
-And I feel the strength of a Leopress through strained
ankles-
-I feel a communion with another order-
And I am flying through the golden grasses of a forgotten plain
in my mind.)

But Othertimes
I'm safety-belted into place in my own order,
And I hardly notice the way the leaves block the sun
From that uneven sidewalk- except in spots-
Spots obscured by speed.

Jack Guilfoyle



In Search of Noah's Ark

When he left home in the nineteen nineties Leewenhok made no secret about the purpose of his journey. To begin with, few people believed it could be done, and there were many who wagered that if and when he finally sprouted whiskers his mission would be all but abandoned. Only his diary provides a written insight into the scope of his incredible odyssey.

"The purpose of this trip is twofold, the first being practical and the second intent on increasing man's knowledge of past millenniums. My goal is to simultaneously survey the great torrential rainstorms of all time, and at the same time supply the victims of these aquatic tragedies with the very best of late twentieth century rainwear—specifically, one hundred million pairs of galoshes, three-quarters of a billion pairs of rubbers, one-half billion raincoats, and one billion umbrellas shall be passed back through the ages in what certainly has to be the most ambitious and massive transport of matter through time. (Such a feat is only made possible as a result of the flexible rubber and nylon capacitors powered by turtleneck transistors found in my totally unique time machine. Simulated test runs verify that the machine is capable of reaching as far back into time as any human mind dare to imagine, and it should be noted that as the period of time gets further and further away from the point of departure the machine's capacity to transport matter increases at an exponential rate. Thus it is anticipated that the bulk of my gifts will be received by the victims of the Great biblical Flood. Nevertheless, my movements will follow a systematic schedule which will entail experiencing the more recent catastrophic cloudbursts to be followed by backward chronological movement which shall ultimately terminate at the helm of Noah's Ark. At this time, and only at this time, based on serious discussions with Noah and any others present who

happen to possess the capacity for intelligent speech a determination will be made as to whether or not I should attempt to pursue the issue of aquatic tragedies into the prehistoric era."

"For the interested reader, my present itinerary has me scheduled for the following stops: Honan, China—1887 (overflow of the Yellow River over 900,000 deaths); Bombay, India—1882 (cyclone and subsequent tidal waves killed over 100,000); China—1642 (flood, origin unknown, kills over 300,000); Friesland, Holland—1228 (flood kills over 100,000); Noah's Ark—The Great Biblical Flood (exact time and toll still to be specified). As a result of inadequate historical records it is impossible to specify the exact dates of occurrence at this time. Thus a year or more is projected for each scheduled stop. It will be necessary to arrive on a date which is ascertained to be prior to the catastrophe in question and await the ill-fated event. Upon arrival at all stations a headquarters will be established, and at the proper moments soggy relics from the past will be relayed intermittently to my arthritic old mother at the Public Library back in Chicago. This fine old woman has been directed to hang all such artifacts out to dry and thence to place them in the old books collection on 61st Avenue."

"I am most certainly indebted to certain people and things for having inspired this journey. Namely, men I've seen drown, women who've lost their virtue while being tossed from canoes adrift in the rapids of the Mississippi, and bugs forever swept away in the flush of a toilet. Such are the memories from which the inspiration for the great adventures result."

It is sufficient to state that as a result of certain glandular developments natural to the male of the species Leewenhok got no further than nineteenth century India. Here he began to establish an incredible reputation as a lover of women.

Just two years and two months from the very day he left his home in Chicago. Leewenhok petitioned his dear old mom to deliver him one hundred gross of lambskin rubbers—not because of wet feet, mildewed socks or for fear of pneumonia. The obedient old lady arrived in a barn in Olde England (to which her son had journeyed from Bombay) just as her boy was about to penetrate a Princess who'd been swept off her feet by Leewenhok's tales of water spouts and tidal waves. Making no attempt to redirect her son's energies toward his original goal, like a military courier the old lady made the delivery efficiently and without emotion, and thereupon rushed back to twentieth century Chicago to take her wash out of a summer rain.

Bored with being the groom of a Princess the self-declared Prince decided to move on to a totally new time and place. His two years on the continent had discouraged him from going further back into time. (Such inconveniences as disease, poor plumbing, bad breath, and bursts of uncontrolled violence convinced him he'd be more content in the far future. But necessity demanded that he release the goods he'd originally taken with him and stored in the time portal. For not to have done this would have meant a sacrifice of a vast amount of energy he anticipated he'd require for his future travels. So like the dedicated and practical soldier he was he bid his Princess farewell and rushed back into the Biblical Flood whereupon he spent a full month being toasted by a tubercular old man who went by the name of Noah. Although surrounded by diseased and hostile animals Leewenhok allowed the old man to persuade him to remain aboard the Ark until the weather subsided. They wiled away the hours playing an early B.C. version of dominoes. During that historic month on the Ark Prince Leewenhok discovered that the man called Noah was a cheat, that he had a foul smell about him, and that this long deceased legend had sexual

adventures with the animals whom history has recorded that he saved. Drenched, disgusted, and disillusioned with the Biblical Era the Prince bid farewell to the pathetic old sea captain. Leaving behind him tons of galoshes, rubbers, and umbrellas he plotted a course for twenty-sixth century Bermuda where for approximately the next five years he dried out.

D. J. Sheskin

The Bar

All the pretty little bottles line up
Dead soldiers
As the girls say this and that
that noone could possibly remember especially th
em because it doesn't matter because

What is very important is the
look
not the words
No the
pretty little look.

In a bar the boys don't hear
chitter chatter voices
They just look.
And if they're in the mood they get-anum ber or
buy her a dead soldier.
All the pretty little girls line up.

Clare Hennessy

Gazebo in a Photograph

Lonely under a light sky
White painted, brown roofed.
Empty.
No lovers
Strolling at dusk
To watch the sun set
Over the lake
Or see a silver fish flash
Out of the water.
No curious turtle
Pokes his head up
To watch a delicate
Swan glide effortlessly
Over the surface.
No one walks out on these planks
To skip a stone
Or catch a breath of quiet
Lake breezes.
The gazebo stands, alone,
And we inhabit it
Only with our minds.

Christopher W. Murphy

In Buffalo

(Mark and Ozz)

There are too many people standing around
here in taverns below cornered homes,
in want-ad pages of one diminished
from twelve. The work force is shifting now.
The graveyard slips into the steel-mill and
into the minds of drunken fathers awaiting their call-back,
waiting in lines like ghosts,
hovering in rusty silence, aloof
of their sons' twisted holiday spree-
In jobless Pennsylvania suspicion tracks
out of state license tags, coasting beyond,
the young men plot southbound
for plenty of work and dreams
of supper. Only backward
glances and kindness stripped
in kin remain here. Now nothing remains
here. Nothing is stronger
than the engines they ride above.
The strength of their engines exceeds
them now. Lackawanna is all arust
and so is Johnstown. Republic is all
arust and so is Bethlehem on a starry night.
In Bethlehem the gods of production reside
in cracked fugues and bitter
warehouses, acting sometimes
like children, sometimes like criminals,
remembering the plenty,
and the echoes of something worth having.
My cousin is sitting on his hands now speaking
too loudly for anyone to care,

about the place they started from
and their return to buffalo.
It is for home that
the new birth of their ignited engine
saves them into the wasted marshlands pelted
by the acid rains of their Erie homes.

Christopher Harig



Genesis

From the beginning: dawn
or midnight and the sun
about to come, or gone.

Winds wrestling the young trees
down to the ground, keening
you are, you are. . .

The sea curdles.
The plan has been undone,
and the driven children
must walk on the water
or drown.

Robyn Supraner



The Trial

"We are all debtors, my brothers."

Epistle of Paul to the Romans, 8:12

It was whispered throughout the courtroom that the young lawyer for the defense, though a junior partner in the ancient firm of Cohen, Steinberg, and Akman Associates, lacked the necessary experience to make an effective showing. The prosecutor, who did not belong to a firm, but who was, in essence, his own firm, was a seasoned veteran of the courtroom, renowned for the dramatic, articulate, one would almost say hypnotic character of his presentation. Many a jury remained locked in a closed room whenever this prosecutor had been involved in the trial, debating what should have been a clear-cut case. Unfailingly, one member of the jury would be so swayed by the prosecutor's presence that he would cling to his opinion, guilty, and no amount of evidence to the contrary could reverse him. The spell of the prosecutor was enhanced by his piercing black eyes, his wild, unkempt hair, his manner of suddenly turning his head around to face the jury, nostrils flaring, face burning. His eloquence was alarming. It was rumored that he had never lost a case in the many years of his practice, none, that is, except his very first. Whether it was this early defeat which inspired him to his present brilliance or no, the prosecutor was clearly favored to win this case, Everett versus The People.

A rustling swept through the courtroom like brown leaves whirling in the wind. Voices rose and hushed, pants and skirts crackled with static electricity, a wind dry as bones blew hot across those attending the trial. The arid air did not die when the security man pulled the doors closed. It lapped invisibly at the crowd.

"All rise," the beadle said. "Everett versus The People, now in session." He paused as the recorder slipped into the

courtroom from a door in the wings, threw off his jacket, and flexed his fingers over the keys.

"Everett versus The People," the beadle growled, glaring down at the recorder. And to the audience and the jury: "You may be seated."

The recorder began transcribing every word onto his machine with his flying fingers; he tried to record each word faithfully, but now and again he missed a few, and had to substitute his own version. In the main, however, he was as faithful to the words as possible.

"The prosecution calls Mr. Everett to the witness stand," the prosecutor said, shuffling some papers on the desk before him. Everett stood quickly and hurried to the stand, where he was stopped by the beadle. The beadle balanced a Bible in his left hand and held up his right. Everett imitated him, and after he was sworn in, sat stiffly and peered out at his lawyer, the audience, the jury to the side by the doors. His face was taut, his lips formed a line, but all in all he was not very nervous yet. A blankness framed his eyes, and lent him the appearance of dullness.

The prosecutor, in a charcoal suit and faintly glimmering red tie, sidled out from his table and strolled towards the witness stand. He curled his lip at Everett, who shifted in the chair, wishing that the courtroom could see the prosecutor's face at the same time he did. Everett did not like the prosecutor's private smile.

"You are charged with lust," the prosecutor began, suavely, running his tongue over his teeth. "You harbor thoughts of possessing what is not yours to possess." He dropped his eyes to the floor as if to collect his thoughts, but his accusations rolled mechanically off his tongue. "You dwell on acquisitions to be made, delightful accessions to your property, furtive trysts in the night, splendid conquests. You desire these. And these you would have through no merit

of your own. Mr. Everett, but by the willful dispossession of another." The prosecutor examined his knuckles casually.

"Can you say anything for yourself?"

Everett squirmed, wanting irrationally to look away, and the prosecutor continued. "Lust, Mr. Everett. Pure and unadulterated (here the jury laughed) lust. One might even call you a rapist. The thoughts are there, are they not? The inclination is present, if not the action." He cleared his throat. "It makes no difference. Ah. Mr. Everett, how does it feel to be a rapist?"

"Objection," said the young defense lawyer, who rose, as if to explain.

"Overruled," said the judge.

"It makes no difference," the recorder said, "since lustful thoughts are as lustful deeds." He continued to type on his silent machine.

"Not only does he lust," the prosecutor held his arm up to the jury, "but his lust is never satisfied. Never, ever satisfied. He desires women, he itches for money, drools for all manner of comforts, more and more," he tossed his head from side to side. "There is no end to the things Mr. Everett desires. Mr. Everett, my friends, is a glutton."

The prosecutor made this pronouncement with a flair, holding up the pinky on his right hand as he smoothed the breast pocket of his suit with the other.

"Objection, your Honor," said the young defense lawyer.

"The prosecution has no proof."

"Sustained. Please stick to facts."

"Yes." answered the prosecutor, unruffled, "proof. Mr. Everett, do you own a car?"

"Yes."

"Is it a nice car?"

"Yes."

"New?"

"A year old."

"Automatic? Electric windows? Air-conditioning? Good gas mileage? Radials?"

"Yes," Everett replied. "New radials."

"Mr. Everett, to the best of your knowledge, is there one child with a bloated belly in the starving, teeming, suffering third-world countries, India, for instance, who drives a nice car like yours?"

Silence pressed the courtroom like a vice.

"No. sir," Everett replied quietly.

A furious uproar ensued. Members of the jury looked at each other with disgusted smirks and the audience rattled and shouted.

"Here! Here!" shouted the judge, pounding his gavel.

"Gluttony!" exclaimed the recorder, fingers flying. "What else?"

The prosecutors black eyes glittered; Everett's palms began to drip and he wished insanely that the prosecutor would stop looking in his eyes.

The crowd settled and the prosecutor paced in front of the bench, his heel's clicking, a gold pocket-watch dangling from the breast pocket of his suit. "Would you consider yourself a good man?" he asked.

Everett stared at his lawyer dumbly. His lawyer seemed to know that his client was being badgered.

"The defendant does not understand the question," said the judge.

"Let me rephrase it, then. Mr. Everett, do you think you are smart? Would you say you knew the right thing to do nine times out of ten? Seven times out of seventy, at least?"

A weak chuckle spread through the jury, rippling and dying out.

Everett began to tremble. "Yes," he faltered. "I-I would say I was a good man, a smart man, sometimes."

"Pride!" the prosecutor boomed. "Mr. Everett has just confessed himself a **proud man!**"

Again the courtroom was in an uproar and the gavel pounded over the confusion. The people in the audience slid about in their benches, each person making a face more serious, more condemning, than his neighbor, but the effect, was rather odd. The faces of the spectators, and of the jury, could only be so condemning before the very physiognomy of brows and cheeks and chins gave them a comical aspect, as of a Halloween mask.

The recorder looked up to check his tape. "Has not God turned the wisdom of this world into folly?" he said, and rested his fingers as the courtroom quieted again.

The prosecutor returned to his table and slid a piece of paper from his briefcase. He studied it for a moment and put it back. The young defense lawyer watched him without expression.

"It seems your neighbor works for a large computer manufacturer, and earns a good deal more than you each year. Wouldn't you like to have his job?"

"No," said Everett truthfully. "I don't like computers."

"Would you like to have his money, then?"

Everett looked to his lawyer for advice and got none.

"Yes," he said.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I would like to have his money."

"Jealously," the prosecutor stated. He spun in a circle and startled the spectators, who laughed nervously at their own edginess. "It also seems that your neighbor's daughter is in line for a scholarship to college (which she will get, but that's irrelevant) while your own, rather less, shall we say, less wholesome daughter, is preparing to enter the working class."

"Leave my daughter out of this! My daughter could have

gone to college if-

"Envy."

'—she wanted to, and what the hell are you insinuating about-

"Anger."

"—my daughter, my daughter's a good girl. A good girl," Everett had risen from his chair and leaned over the railing toward the prosecutor.

The young defense lawyer rose and said softly but firmly: "The prosecution is leading the witness." He faced the prosecutor, who drew his gold watch from his pocket with his left hand and whirled it in the air around his forefinger. He clamped it between his thumb and forefinger when the chain was at its end. The defense lawyer crossed his ankles and sat back in his chair. He extended his hands on the table, palms up. The prosecutor stuffed his watch back in his pocket. "Your Honor," he said rapidly, "there is one final charge to be brought against Mr. Everett." He glided across the floor to the jury box and locked eyes with each man and woman in turn, now hissing softly, now shouting so that his voice reverberated, echoing off the high blue ceiling of the courtroom.

"Mr. Everett has a very long record, I am sad to say, oh yes, a very long record indeed. You see, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, when he was a child in the fifth grade he had a talent for math. Mr. Everett was a whiz with numbers, that is, he could have been a whiz with numbers. But he chose not to exert himself, to get B's rather than to study for A's.

"In high school, Mr. Everett could have been the captain of his football team, but it would have meant staying extra hours after practice to study patterns and such. Mr. Everett therefore declined, preferring instead to sleep more than was necessary."

Several members of the jury scuffed their heels on the floor and looked down at their feet, while others shifted about in the box as if they were sitting on something uncomfortable, perhaps a button or a zipper on a coat.

"Then, when he was twenty, Mr. Everett fell in love with a girl who was beautiful, smart, kind—and who admired Mr. Everett in return. (Yes, Everett, she really did.) But he was dating another, shall we say, more easily attainable girl, and so did not pursue this young lady."

Everett raised his head at the mention of his wife as if to speak, and dropped it again. The audience saw him do this, but he did not see them looking.

"Mr. Everett's daughter," the prosecutor continued, "had a flair for writing as a little girl, a wonderful talent for writing. She wrote stories and drew pictures, composed poems—oh, she was a marvelously gifted child, (and would have been famous, Everett) but she was never encouraged by her father because he was too tired to read her stories. He never took the time to draw her out, though he read quite a lot, and could have given her helpful criticism.

"Shall I go on? I think not. There is abundant evidence that Mr. Everett is guilty of the final charge. I could present to the jury many such proofs, but I will not heap them upon you further."

"The final charge," said the prosecutor, returning to his seat, "is sloth."

The jury and the audience seemed to draw one collective breath before they began to clamor and cause a commotion. Everett turned a deathly shade of gray; he had trouble sitting in his chair. He looked as if some consuming malady gripped him. The prosecutor sat with his hands folded on his briefcase. He glanced at Everett now and then with satisfaction.

"Silence!" the judge roared. "Silence, or the court will adjourn immediately!" He turned to the young lawyer and the

crowd tensed expectantly. "Does the defense wish to question the defendant?" he asked.

The young lawyer looked from his client to the judge. "No," he answered. Everett looked up at his lawyer with anguish, as if he had no hope, as though he were about to die. He clung to the railing.

The judge hammered with his gavel but could not control the crowd. "Then the defense has nothing to say on behalf of his client?"

"No, your Honor." The defense lawyer said this confidently, as if he had known all along that he would say it.

"What really could he say?" shrugged the recorder.

"Very well, then." The judge's voice was lost in the chaos. The spectators booed the defense lawyer loudly. Some of the men in the front row scrambled to pin him, but the security man held up his billie-club, and they shrank back.

"Court is adjourned until the jury reaches a verdict."

The jury reassembled in its box. It had taken only a few minutes to decide.

"Guilty, as charged," the foreman said. "Guilty as charged on all seven counts."

Everett sat beside his lawyer with his hands on his lap, chin on his chest. The audience touched their coats and sweaters absently. The women fingered the straps of their purses but did not pick them up. They seemed to be waiting for something. They sat heavy in their seats as if they had all day; no jobs to return to, no cars in the parking lot, no homes.

The young defense lawyer requested that he be allowed to approach the bench. The prosecutor, who had been grinning, stopped grinning. His eyes enlarged unnaturally, his head seemed to float independently on his neck, his hands grabbed at one another impotently: such was his concentration on the meeting between the defense lawyer and the judge.

The hot wind, which had been roaming through the courtroom

during the trial, suddenly sprang to life, making the audience sweat under their suits and dresses. Their throats were dry and dusty.

The judge leaned forward from his great elevated bench, and the lawyer stood before him. They spoke quietly; then, for a long time, they did not speak at all, but only looked fondly at one another, the judge from his lofty bench, the defense lawyer on the floor gazing up.

The judge began to speak: "Mr. Everett has been found guilty as charged—"

"Guilty, guilty, guilty," said the recorder. "That's okay."

"—however, at the request of the defense lawyer, and having been granted special permission by myself, **Everett's sentence will be served by the lawyer for the defense.**"

A profound silence enveloped the courtroom. The young lawyer turned to face the grim group. They regarded him sheepishly. The only disturbance was a tangible wind, whooshing through papers, through hair.

"The sentence is death," concluded the judge. "Court is adjourned." He knocked three times with his gavel.

Everyone left the courtroom; Everett, the beadle, the jury, the spectators, and the defense lawyer, flanked by guards, until only the judge, the prosecutor, and the recorder remained. The recorder sat at his tiny desk, with his machine still running, in a far corner of the room.

The prosecutor approached the bench. "You know that wasn't legal, your Honor," he said. "There is no precedent for that."

"I'm the judge, not you."

It was fixed. You knew the defense lawyer. You played favorites." He strolled towards the door.

"I'm still the judge."

"I'm well aware of that," said the prosecutor. He set his briefcase down at his feet and loosened his red tie. He

spoke to the judge from the opposite side of the room.
"Some justice it is." he complained.

The judge said, "You were the best at one time, the best there was."

"Some justice it is," complained the prosecutor again,
"justice based on special permission and the like."

The judge frowned and stabbed at his bench with his index finger. "A certain amount of judicial discretion is built into the system. You choose to ignore it."

"Yes, well," said the prosecutor. He picked up his briefcase and quitted the room. In most respects he was a brilliant lawyer; he was fairly sure what his prospects would be thence forward: a few minor cases to exercise his talent, perhaps, or maybe he would be a tax lawyer. His confidence had been dealt a severe blow.

His heels clicked as he moved down a narrow hallway. No, he thought suddenly, I was meant to be a prosecutor. I was intended to be a prosecutor. Two losses is not such a bad record, dammit."

The judge climbed down from the bench and walked through the bone-dry breeze, out of the courtroom, leaving the door agape, as the recorder read over what he had transcribed.

Laura Brookhart

A Madman's Garden

The psychiatrist said I should work a garden
To get in touch with Nature
And possibly myself.
I hate gardening.
And I have never even kept a houseplant
For more than the few weeks it took to die.
But for seventy dollars an hour
I'll take his advice.

I will plant blue roses in the spring
Vigorous, sterile hybrids,
Nurture them with venom
And distilled water.
Strong, inflexible, with thorns of steel.
They will chill the spring air
With radiations of glacial azure
Their only real enchantment
The very fact of their survival.
Their beauty will be mine
Planted by my own hands
In the filth of my past
Called potter's soil by the ignorant.

Come winter
Though their petals grow ragged
They will be the only flowers
That do not die.
They will stand and melt the new-fallen snow
With their icy heat
And they will blind the curious
With their reflected light.

Susan McIntyre

FORSYTHIA

The word 'FORSYTHIA' is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. Each letter is constructed from a dense, overlapping pattern of small, identical characters. The characters used are 'k', 'f', 's', 'o', 'r', 'y', 't', 'h', 'i', and 'a'. The overall shape of the word is slightly curved, with the 'F' on the left and 'A' on the right. The background is white.

To G. R. D.

Forgive me, for I have not loved you well.
How wry a world, whose tender dawns dare lie;
Soft, darkness plays the light to one in hell.

With smiles a spritely priestess tolls her knell;
I'm summoned to the shroud—and I comply.
Forgive me, for I have not loved you well.

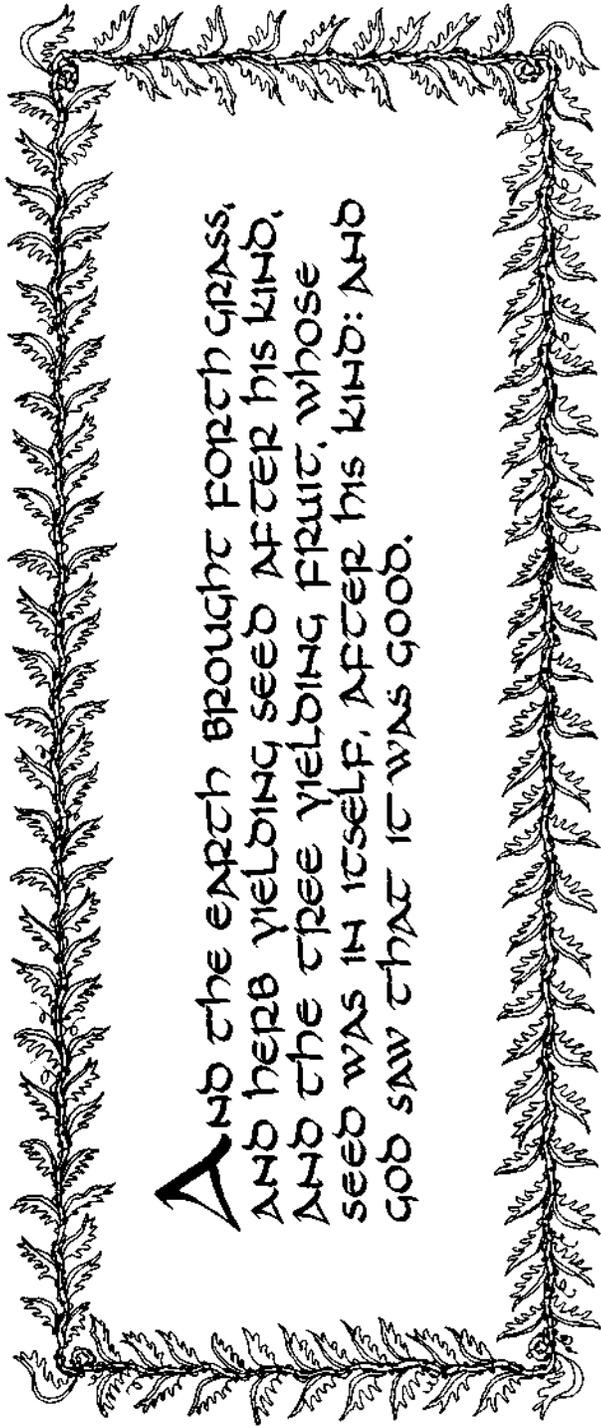
Achilles laughed as unarmed Hector fell;
Blood tends to win when blood and honor vie.
Soft darkness plays the light to one in hell.

In carne veritas: a secret spell
Upon us, all our wiles in vain defy;
Forgive me, for I have not loved you well.

No spirit here; the mortal part must tell
What haunting aches false visions lived supply.
Soft darkness plays the light to one in hell.

Shall I atone in Chillon's languid cell,
To greet at length my freedom with a sigh?
Forgive me, for I have not loved you well;
Soft darkness plays the light to one in hell.

Paul J. McCusker



AND THE EARTH BROUGHT FORTH GRASS,
AND HERB YIELDING SEED AFTER HIS KIND,
AND THE TREE YIELDING FRUIT, WHOSE
SEED WAS IN ITSELF, AFTER HIS KIND: AND
GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD.



THE MOON'S GONE BLOOD

and we are waiting
for the light
that destroys

summer pulls its longest days
across our dreams,
redwing blackbirds
call from cattails,
berries ripen to sweet darkness
along the melting highways

we wait in fear
of the greater melting
shock so strong
no eyes will remain,
no ears, no tongues

silver flashes in the sky:
storm? the long fork
striking the horizon
among black fists of cloud?

every night we grow more wary
how long before the stars go pale
around us, frogs cease song,
all becomes a brilliant whiteness
blue in every core

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