

**Northern
Lights '99**

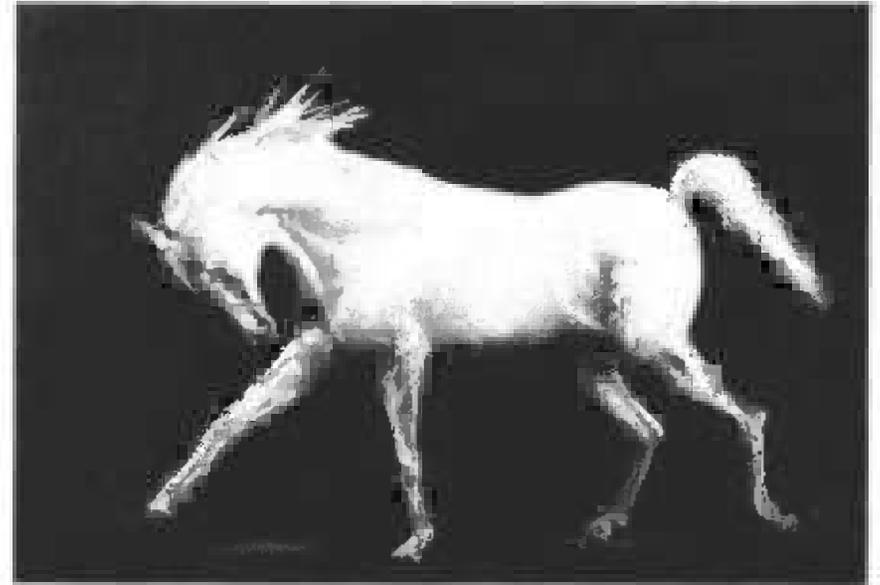


**University of Wisconsin-Marquette
Arts Journal**

Northern Lights

1999

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Marinette



Horse
by Carolina Rozas

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Acknowledgments

We were not able to publish all the entries submitted this year, but we wish to thank everyone who contributed. Thanks also to ABC Printers for their printing assistance.

Editorial Committee: Katherine Holman, chair; Maureen Molle, Kerri Borths, Shirley Evans, Jane Oitzinger, James LaMalfa, and Steven J. Champion.

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How Beautiful It Is by Yesenia Francisco

How beautiful it is to live, how
lovely it is to dream, to know how to smile
and love others.

How beautiful it is to look at the
fish in the sea and the moon, the stars and the sun
shine.

How beautiful it is to know that
there is a God that gives us all of
this and fills us with
happiness, love and peace.

How beautiful it is to see
a flowering garden and
to hear an old one tell stories
of yesterday.

How beautiful it is to
hate a lie, to do
good towards all and to love
the truth.

How beautiful it is to sing,
a song to love
and freedom to vocalize.

The Trapped Love

by Nick Kohn



Stallions
by Carolina Rozas

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Faria, there was a young Princess named Jodi. She lived in a castle surrounded by luxury and had everything a young princess could want. Well, almost. You see, all was not well. The princess had fallen in love with a young prince from a nearby kingdom. The two were a perfect match for each other and were to be married sometime during the upcoming summer. One day, however, the princess had received a telegram from her young love's enemy. His name was Folgrin, and he was a wizard who lived in a castle of his own. The telegram stated that the prince had been captured by Folgrin and placed in a tower not far from his castle. The telegram further stated that he would not be released until the princess agreed to marry the wizard.

The telegram was met with obvious disgust and concern from the princess. Impatiently she paced around her bedroom trying to think of a plan. Then, as she looked out her bedroom, one came to her. She decided that she could never marry the wizard and instead must go rescue her trapped love. With that she fled her room and began her journey to the tower.

It was around sunset when the princess finally reached the tower in which the prince was being held and an eerie mist had begun to surround her. Quickly she rode up to the iron door of the tower and, upon reaching it, dismounted her horse. As she reached for the handle, the door opened before her. She cautiously began her entry into the tower.

Once Princess Jodi had fully entered, she examined her surroundings. She was standing in a long dark hallway. The walls and ceiling seemed to be made out of stone, and they were covered in droplets of moisture. As she began to move down the hallway, she heard her footsteps echo throughout the structure. After several feet she reached a wooden spiral staircase. On the wall next to the staircase Jodi noticed an inscription. It read:

**ALL THOSE WHO ENTER HERE MUST BE PREPARED
TO FACE TWO CHALLENGES.**

The princess, though she did not quite understand, prepared herself for the worst. She ascended the staircase slowly and eventually reached the top. As she stepped off the last step, a door with three keyholes, one red, one blue, and one purple greeted her. She noticed the purple keyhole was twice as wide as the other two. Hanging on a nail on the wall were two keys, one red and one blue. She took the two keys into her

hands. She then proceeded to place the blue key in the blue hole and the red key into the red hole. Both times she heard a click as she turned them. She then placed the blue and red keys successively into the keys but they were both too small.

"Now what?" she thought to herself. Then it came to her. She held the two keys together in her hand and placed them into the purple key-hole together. The pair fit perfectly and the door opened.

"That wasn't so bad," she stated out loud. She then stepped through the door.

The door opened into a small stone room. On the other side of the room lay the prince, asleep on the floor.

"My love!" cried the princess. "I have come to rescue you!"

"Hold on," snarled a voice from in the room. Suddenly a dark figure appeared in front of the princess. It was Folgrin.

"It was very brave of you to come here, princess," said the wizard. "I have a proposal for you. I have a second challenge for you, and if you correctly solve it, you and your prince may go. If you don't, you must marry me."

"I accept," said the princess without hesitation.

"Excellent," replied Folgrin. "Here it is then: I never was, yet I always will be, no one ever saw me, nor will they ever see me, and yet I will always be written as a part of time."

The princess thought hard for a moment. Her eyes sparkled as she thought of an answer.

"Tomorrow," stated the princess confidently.

"Unfortunately that's correct," cried the wizard. With that the room was engulfed in light. The prince and princess awoke in the courtyard of the prince's castle. They looked slowly into each other's eyes.

"What happened?" asked the prince.

"I saved you from Folgrin," replied Princess Jodi.

"With you near me I shall never have anything to fear again," said the prince.

They were married later that summer and lived happily ever after.

For You by Margarita Socop

One eighth of May you gave your first scream to the world
When your mother gave thanks to God for bringing you to the world.
You are the most beautiful rose, you are a divine pearl,
You are a beautiful star
That the heavens allowed to fall to earth.

The most violet violets are no more than the red roses
That fill a beautiful garden, when the moon
Rises illuminating you with its immense splendor and with
That brilliance from your petals full of birds all around you
From my eyes stream tears, tears of Love.

You are the flame, the perfect refuge
Able to fill my heart. Yesterday I felt it was very sad
But with one of your smiles, you made it smile.
You are the perfect friend that God gave as a gift to me.

The most violet violets are no more than the red roses
That fill a beautiful garden, that I discovered in America.



Dangerous Beauty
by Anette Svensson

Oneness
by Gina Villa-Grimsby

As I sit here, all by myself,
but not alone,
I think of you,
you are with me.

I feel your presence,
your warm, invigorating, unconditional love.

It is everywhere,
in my breath, that creative force of the universe,
in the radiant trees enveloped in warm sunshine,
in the nurturing, healing powers of the earth,
in the freedom of song the birds sing.

You are with me.
I am you.
you are me.
We are a life-giving connection
we are one.

May we learn to honor you,
to honor ourselves,
to honor all of life,
to know and understand this unconditional love,
so that we may live it and
breathe it with each breath we take
and spread it world wide each day
so that we may truly live in universal peace.

I thank you, Divine Creator.

The Many Aspects of Womanhood
by Amy Gustafson

Subtle, yet boisterous
Content, yet uneasy
The many aspects of my womanhood

Caring, yet selfish
Honest, yet perfidious
The many aspects of my womanhood.

Uplifting, yet calming
Happy, yet depressed
The many aspects of my womanhood.

Determined, yet uneasy
Free-willed, yet dependent
The many aspects of my womanhood.

Faithful, yet unbelieving
True, yet false
The many aspects of my womanhood.

Free, yet enslaved
Enslaved, yet free
The many aspects of Our womanhood.

Transition
by Carolyn Fiedorowicz

Icicles of fear
Spear
Cold gray skies
Chills of rain
Splash
Into icy puddles
Misery
Spreads its blankets
Over the waning day
 Outside, the weathers test

Beams of joy
Flood
Through eastern windows
Dust pillows dance
Over bright coverlets
 of warmth
Streams of yellow sun
 Enliven rooms
Comfort
Preen its feathers
Snuggles, rests
 Inside, Security nests.

Are You Hungry?
by Slatá Hild

Are you hungry? Have you ever tasted a Mediterranean salad? You should. Believe me, you will see the world in a different color. Actually, you will be in a different world.

Imagine green lettuce covered with small drops of a heavy amber oil; it looks like someone has lost yellow diamonds. Round slices of red apples are smiling at you. They compete with each other. "Take me! I am the sweetest! I will melt in your mouth and give you a pleasure you want!" Oranges are always magic, but oranges from Mediterranean salad are incredible. Their fresh, juicy, slightly sour flesh makes you come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as a taste of passion. Take a bit, hold it under your tongue. It makes you dizzy, it makes your eyes smile. What are these black and green marbles? Oh, that is a mysterious world of olives. Take your time, enjoy them. They know everything. They would share with you some of their secrets if you let them. Put these golden nuts in your mouth. They will transform their strong, fit bodies in a sweet paste, giving you as a present all strengths they have. They sacrifice themselves for you. Dark marks of beauty, raisins, want to be taken, to be added to your own beauty. The whole salad is a picture of perfection. It wants to be a part of you. It says, "Be pleased by me."

Are you hungry?

Jake's Birth Control Shoes
by Adam Cocco

"Hey Jake, what are those things over your shoes?" Jake looked down at his feet for a brief moment, stared at the black gaskets that covered his sneakers and answered sheepishly, "Oh, they're just rubbers. My mom made me wear em." There was a fleeting pause. I could sense that Jake had just committed some teaseable offense, but in my youthful naïveté, I couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was.

"YOU'RE WEARING RUBBERS?!?!?!?!?" Joe's taunting howl sliced through the playground din like a knife, and all movement ceased. Swings froze in midair, and kids halfway down slides screeched to a grinding halt. 300 little necks snapped in the appropriate direction to catch a glimpse of Jake Smith* and his birth control shoes.

"Jake's wearing rubbers, Jake's wearing rubbers!" It started out as a solitary cry, but quickly gained enthusiastic momentum. "Jake's wearing rubbers," I screeched, even though I hadn't a clue as to exactly what a rubber was. The merciless jeering continued for a minute or two before the clamoring recess bell broke up the crowd.

Poor Jake was the adopted son of two strict German parents. Collectively, they had about as much fashion sense as, well...two strict German parents (Sorry, but I couldn't think of anything worse). From bright yellow jeans, to one-inch wide rainbow suspenders, Jake was paying the price for his parents' ignorance.

Walking back to class, I managed to pull Joe aside and meekly ask him what a rubber was. (Joe was the class expert on such forbidden knowledge, a result of overexposure to Playboy and Cinemax.) He offered me a rather detailed summary that only added to my pre-adolescent confusion. Rather than pursue the matter further, I shrugged my shoulders and continued on, my wet feet squishing and squashing with every step.

I watched the skinny red second hand as it crept past the twelve and inched toward the one. Five minutes had gone by and there was no sign of Jake or our teacher. I looked at Jake's vacant chair and felt a tiny rumbling in the pit of my stomach. Something was wrong, very wrong. I drowned out the post recess chatter and sank deep into my chair, wallowing in my own inevitable fate. A minute later, our teacher walked through the door, her shoulders wet from teardrops. It began to rain inside and out.

My worst suspicions were confirmed by the expression she wore. It was a scowl to end all scowls. I imagine Hitler's mother wore a similar

frown upon hearing of her little boy's actions (He did *what????!!!*) Her ghastly lips were parted a bit and offered a glimpse of her slowly grinding teeth. She stood silent at the front of the room for what seemed like an eternity. My pupils widened, and I braced for the storm.

The silence was awkwardly broken by some kid in the back. "Uh, Miss Linder, I have a question about today's math assignment."

"Shut the hell up," she said, paralyzing us with her sole obscenity (Oh my God, she said the H-word). My pupils widened to the size of cocktail olives. "You guys are in deep, deep trouble." She read off a list of names that included over half the class. I was the second one she called. "Sharpen your pencils, boys, cuz you're going to be doing a lot of writing." Lightning had struck.

500 times. We had to write out the Golden Rule 500 times. Miss Linder watched over the class like a chaingang warden. 17 number 2 pencils scribed that immortal passage in perfect unison for hours and hours.

Needless to say, we all learned our lesson. Jake could have walked through the door with a condom for a hat and no one would have even cracked a smile.

It rained again the next day and Jake wore rubbers (to keep his feet dry).

*Name changed to protect the unfortunate.

Flying Over Chaos by Elisha Wolfe

On the Edge of a Cliff
Set sight to soar
Capture each moment
Last its every angle
Be inside
Before going out
Cliff Dive on Happiness
Exult on the Wind
Fall to Laughter
High above Heaven
on the wings of Giggles
Relief from the Go. Go. Go.
Looking over the Drama
Confusedly chuckling about our silly sickness



Confusion
by Sonda Rae Spaulde

A Weekend in the Country

by Jacquelyn Adderley

I remember one summer, when I was ten years old begging my mother to take me to my grandparents' house to visit. It was on Thursday when I found out I would be spending the whole weekend with them.

The next morning my mother hustled and bustled putting my little sister and me in the car along with my suitcase. The thirty-minute ride to my grandparents' house seemed like ten hours. My baby sister, who took up most of the space in the back seat of my parents' two-door, golden, 1977 Chevy Impala, kept trying to grab my book, Charlotte's Web. I was becoming frustrated and feeling like a caged animal wanting to get out.

Once we arrived, I jumped out of the vehicle. I could smell the fresh country air; it smelled like fresh linen. I looked around and saw the tractors lined up one by one like at a car dealership and, behind the electrical fence, the cows and horses congregating around the barn. I was so excited about being there; it was like going to the Milwaukee Zoo.

I pranced into the house laughing with my Aunt Michelle, who had flown out of the house like a hawk to greet me. My Polish grandfather met me at the door. He is a tall and stern man, with very little hair. He said he wanted to remind me that I was no longer in the city and that things are done differently in his home. I was trying not to laugh, because I hear this speech every time I go there. He went on to say, "If you or Michelle (that's my aunt and his daughter who is the same age as I am) think you are staying up late every night giggling like you always do, you have another thought coming." After he finished lecturing us like a college professor, we would nod our heads like good little angels and excuse ourselves. We would dash to Michelle's bedroom with my little pink suitcase in hand.

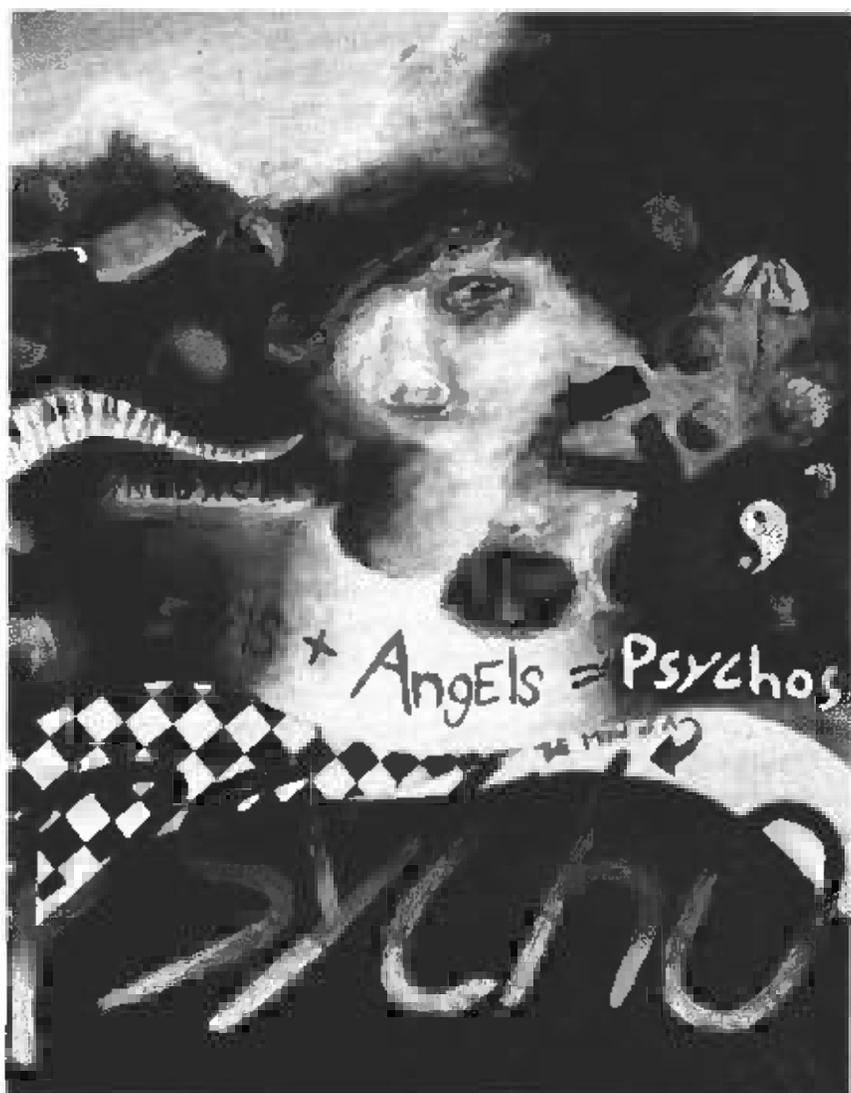
As we entered the bedroom, we gathered our Barbies and headed for the living room. Barbie and Ken got married, went on a honeymoon, had kids; the stories would be never ending. We would play for hours. Then my grandmother would say, "Time to get ready for bed." We would leave our Barbies lying on the floor, make a mad dash for the bedroom like a couple of wild things, put our pajamas on, brush our teeth, and grab pillows and the sleeping bags which are stored in the bedroom closet. We then made a bed on the living room floor under the big picture window by the doorway to the kitchen. I would give Grandma a kiss good night and gracefully walk to Grandfather and give

him a kiss good night. He would say, "Now, remember what I said; no giggling and get straight to bed." I think that is the part he dreaded most, putting us to bed.

Michelle and I would snatch up our Barbies and race to the bed. We asked Grandma to put the night light on, which was made of clear heavy glass balls shaped to form a pineapple. She put the night light on top of the black cast iron fireplace, which was situated in the middle of the living room and about three feet away from the wall, and plugged it in.

It wasn't too long after being in our so-called bed that we started giggling and laughing loudly. We heard Grandfather's deep voice call, from their bedroom, "Girls, get to sleep!" So, of course, angels that we were, we would quiet down. Then a few minutes later, I started telling ghost stories about a headless horseman. I got close to the end of the story when I looked over and on the floor across the room only about six feet away was a stick horse. I couldn't leave well enough alone and thought of a great trick I could play. I gently stretched out my arm and scooted my body over just enough to pick up the stick horse and waved it over my aunt's head. The full moon brightly shining in through the window made it all the better. She screamed and I laughed; my grandfather yelled in his deep voice from the bedroom, "Girls, for the last time, get to bed!" Once again we attempted laughingly to quiet down, but we were as full of energy as a toddler learning to walk, and our mimicking Grandfather yelling at us didn't help matters.

What broke the camel's back was when the pineapple light started flickering and then all at once went out and after a few seconds came back on. With a shriek, Michelle and I grabbed the covers, pulled them over our head and started giggling uncontrollably. My grandfather came out of the bedroom like a wild animal looking for prey. We knew we were in big trouble now and with one good crack from Grandfather we knew we wouldn't be able to sit for a week. He said, "I told you girls to get to bed; now you're getting a bust in the ass." That was his famous line. With a hard grip on my arm he turned me over like a sack of potatoes and cracked my butt three times. It hurt more than going to the dentist, but I couldn't stop laughing even though it hurt. All I could do was shout "Owie! Owie! Owie!" and then it was Michelle's turn. She yelled at her dad trying to explain about the pineapple light without laughing, but he didn't want to hear any excuses and because I was still laughing, he cracked her a couple of extra ones. With tears in her eyes and me laughing, we finally realized he meant business and it was time to go to sleep. It was a ritual for us to giggle every night. I took a few



Psycho
by Aaron Sundstrom

deep breaths trying to relax and a few more and finally by 2:09 am I had fallen asleep.

My grandfather, the stern man that he is, woke us up at 5:00 am instead of 6:30 to do chores in the barn. It took us a few minutes to get motivated. We were slow as turtles, but Grandfather, who was persistent and trying to teach us a lesson of life, kept coming and waking us up. We finally got up, got dressed, and staggered outside to the electric fence where Grandfather, with his strong muscles, lifted Michelle and me over the fence. We continued to stagger toward the barn still half-asleep. We fed the rabbits, chickens, ducks, pigs, and horses. My grandfather would milk the cows and if we were done before him, he would have us stand by him in the barn and wait until he was done, and if we were good, he would allow us to milk the cows. Why I was so fascinated with milking cows was beyond me.

After the chores were done, we headed for the house and washed up for breakfast. Grandma would have pancakes and sausage waiting for us. But not just any pancakes; they were almost paper-thin and as big as the cast iron frying pan. About four of them would fill a person up.

Grandfather would sit at the head of the table like a judge in court, and Michelle and I sat across from each other. Once in a while, he would teach us Polish or tell us funny farm stories that made us laugh.

I was always amazed by Grandfather; one minute he would be yelling at us and calm the next, teaching us something or making us laugh. Yes, he was a stern disciplinarian, but he loved us unconditionally.

I guess the reason I loved going to my grandparents' so much is because my father was gone a lot with work and never really had time to be a dad. My grandfather, being a farmer, always had time for me even if it was going along with him to the fields or the barn and working side by side. He is the one that taught me lessons that needed to be learned. I even remember once calling him Dad.

As for the rest of the weekend, it was about the same: giggling at nighttime and getting that bust in the ass, as Grandfather put it. Did we learn our lesson? I think not. But, I can't blame the old guy for trying.

Old 261
by James LaMalfa

Old 261 sat simmering in the July heat,
Clicking and clucking, sighing
The way the big ones do.
The fireman kept coal burning in the firebox
From Wednesday, when I first saw her,
Till Saturday, when I rode behind her.

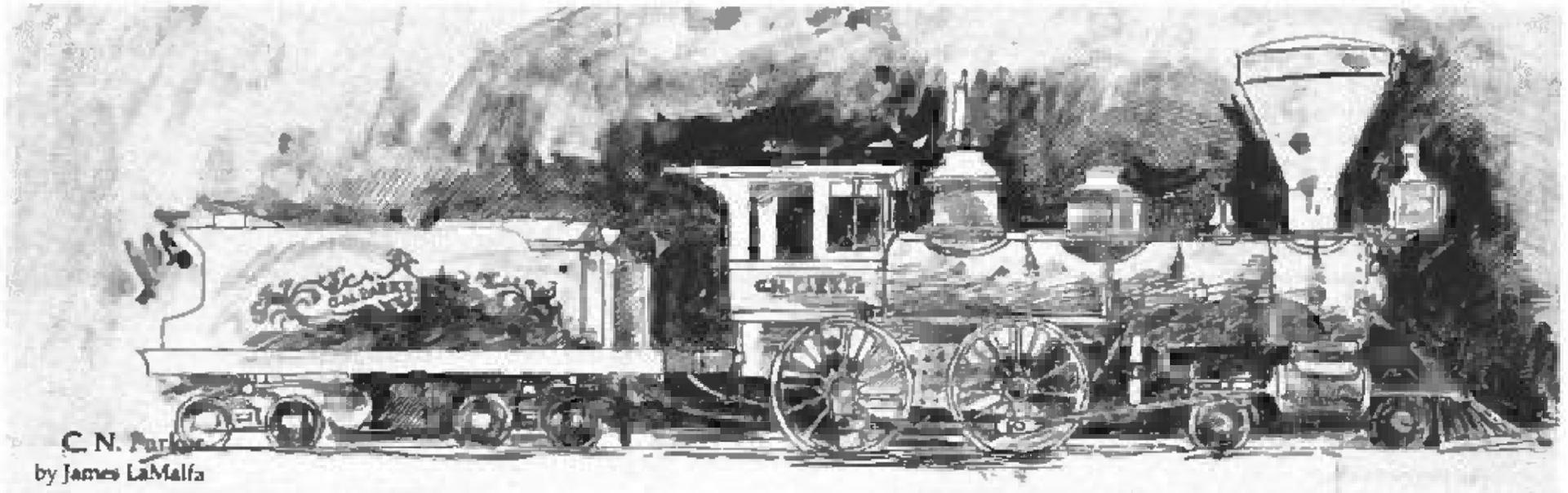
Takes a long time to fire up a Northern,
And once fire's in the belly,
You keep feeding Moloch
Good hard Pennsylvania coal.

Some day they'll all be gone,
The great god-engines,
Whose mournful steamboat whistle,
Could be the last trump,
Before Jesus brings down his right hand,
And all the sinners are carried to hell
Crying out their lost chorus.
That's what 261's whistle could be.

Or maybe it's saying,
"Remember all those great steam paddle boats
That ran south and north on the old Mississippi,
When Mark Twain was a real pilot,
Knew every bend in the river,
Every gap-toothed grin from deadheads,
Till the cold machines pulled the river's teeth,
And the old man was domesticated."

She ran freight for the Milwaukee Road
Near twenty years,
Then the diesels came along
And poetry left the rails.

They're all gone now,
Those big, black, beautiful, glistening steamers,
All except 261,
Painted up all shiny bright,
Her brass glowing like demon lights,
Or marsh willow-the-wisps,
All spiffy and clean
To keep the tourists happy,
Dressed in their Sunday go to meetin' clothes.



Steam engines are alive, you know,
Their hearts beat like yours and mine.
They sigh, groan, sing when contented
Moan like a lost soul when they need fix'n.

Driving a steam locomotive is an art.
The engineers could run a steamer,
They will tell you,
By listening to the old girl talk.

The engineer,
Steady,
Hand on the throttle,
Touches this valve,
That gauge,
Without looking or consciously thinking,
His jaw set straight,
Goggles covering steely eyes,
So when he takes them off at the end of a run,
You see two round white moons,
Topping a coal-stained face,
And a good-natured grin,
As he and his fireman
Sip steaming black coffee in the caboose
With the brakeman.
With his red bandanna, striped coveralls and cap,
The engineer wears the uniform of the elect,
For there's a special heaven for these men,
Where they can listen to the moan
Of a three-chime steam whistle
Echo off the pearly gates,
And all the clouds are superheated steam,
Mixed with black billows from a coal-burning engine,
Like Old 261,
Going on for eternity.

Don't you know,
Haven't you already guessed?
God in His heaven's
An engineer too.

A Dog's Day by Rebecca Hofer

Curled up in a ball
is a dog with his bone,
Gnawing away playfully
not really feeling alone.

The poverties of life
don't seem to affect him.
He's content as can be
if humans don't neglect him.

He starts to doze off.
He decides on a whim,
for the Dog Days of Summer
were named after him.

He doesn't drive a Porsche
or hear the clacking of chalk,
for he's taught life
and he's content to walk.

He doesn't need a fur coat
cause he makes do with his own,
and worldly crises don't bother him
as he chews on his bone.

He's not blowing up the world
or causing any strife,
so why can't we be like dogs
and just enjoy life?

The Mentor
by Dana Dziedzic

When we met,
I knew
that I would
learn a lot
from you.

You offered
your wisdom,
knowledge,
advice, and
encouragement.

What I
didn't know,
is that we
would become
friends.

We shared
stories, jokes,
aspirations,
and many,
many laughs.

As I look
back
at our time
together,
what I will
miss
the most,
is the
laughter.

My Fantastical Knight of Old
by Emily M. Otto

You came riding into my life
like some knight of old to rescue me,
your lady fair, when I needed
and wished for you the most.

But alas, I'm accused of being
overly romantic for the times, and my own good,
but if I can not make my wishes based on love,
then no wishes I care to make at all.

For true love is the key, that I believe, to finding
happiness and serenity in the trials that press our
daily lives, and what sweeter way to think of love
than in the fantastical world of romance.

For like good and evil, love and romance
go hand in hand, making life grander
and more pleasant than even the beauty
of the largest and most perfect blooming rose.

I wished for you, and you know that's true,
I was being held prisoner by a dark and
evil spell, cast by the nastiest of sorcerers
to keep me trapped inside my empty self.

I had no hope left, all was dead.
What was the point of going on when
feelings of despair do their worst to engulf
your will, your pride, your hope, your very life.

The sun no longer shone, and the stars had lost their
glimmer, "No love for you!"
Is what the spell-caster to me did tell,
"No longer will anyone want such a wretched wench as you."

And as time went on, I began
to believe that the caster of such

wickedness must be right, for no one saw, and
no one came. My desperate cries were not heard!

Somewhere, down deep inside, that hopeful
romantic that I am, somehow did survive,
and with all the strength that was left to me,
I made my wish to the Powers That Be.

My wish was simple, yet quite bold.
I wished for everything strong and pure
that the fairytales and legends teach, and asked for my
Knight, my Prince, my Protector, to rescue me.

I was on the edge, and could take no more,
ready to jump from the highest of towers,
to end all of my pain and misery,
no more sadness or loneliness could I endure.

That's when the light of your
shining armor caught my eye, and I knew,
that the Powers That Be, had finally answered my
prayers, and had sent me my romantic wish.

You slew my dragons, and scaled the walls,
fighting all of the demons that stood in your way.
You carried me to safety, and whispered gently
and sincerely, that everything would be just fine.

You freed me from my fears, and taught me how to live again,
without the restrictive walls.

You held me tight and assured me, that
being my romantic self was perfectly all right.

You are truly a wish come true, and if a fantastical
knight of old I've made you out to be, I'm sure
you will not be offended, especially since I did it
out of love, and made it as romantic as can be.

Moms by Kerri Borths

Moms are one of the most unique creatures on our planet. They are
multitalented and serve many useful purposes. Moms have a built-in
multipurpose cleaner—spit! A Mom's spit can take care of anything
from a milk mustache to a smear of mud. Moms also have a special
sense of when and what kind of cookies to make to cheer up any mem-
ber of the family. Moms know when to nag and when to offer a silent
hug of support. However, above all of this lies one of the greatest phe-
nomena of all time. Moms have eyes in the back of their heads!
Although never scientifically proven, this has been kid tested and con-
firmed.

So never forget to treat Moms with the utmost love and respect.
When misused, Moms have the power to make life very difficult for
every member of the family.



Where is Mom?
by Marne Watson

Something About Music

by Slata Hild

On a sunny day an old gentleman entered the City Park. He didn't seem to be in a hurry. In fact, he was moving slowly, carefully watching his steps. Suddenly, he stopped right in the middle of the sidewalk and picked up something small. It was a notebook. The gentleman sat down on the bench closest to him and opened the notebook, hoping to find a name to whom this thing belonged, but right after he touched the first page, seven little creatures jumped on his lap out of the book.

"Who are you?" shouted the gentleman opening his eyes very wide.

"We are notes," said the little fellows.

"You're what?"

"Notes," repeated the fellows.

"I am Do," said the first one deeply.

"I am Re," smiled the good looking second one.

"I am Mi," said the third slightly moving her head.

"I am Fa," dropped the fourth one looking away. She was a shy one.

"I am Sol," the fifth proudly introduced herself.

"I am La" said the sixth with a European accent.

"I am Ti," drawled the seventh.

"We belong to the girl who has big, blue eyes and pretty blond hair. She mixes us around and puts us together a hundred times a day. She says that she writes music, whatever that means."

"You are notes and you don't know what is the meaning of the word 'music'? That is very strange."

"Maybe it is. We jump around so many times but we have no idea, no possible clue why we do it. You tell us, please. Go ahead, do us a favor."

"Well, if I would like to be realistic, I would say that music is you, folks. Many people put you in different order and then by saying your names, they play different instruments. They make noise. Sometimes, that noise is wonderful. For example, Mr. Mozart definitely knew what he was doing. Sometimes, they want to kill you with the sound of drums. You don't want to hear that, or maybe, it is just me. Maybe, I am getting old. Soon I will start stealing Christmases," smiled the gentleman. "But you fellows are very powerful. You do something that changes people's mood, even their lives. You make them excited. It is when your blood starts boiling, and you are ready to do something silly, nice and silly. You make them sad; you make them happy."

"Oh, yea," interrupted La. "It was a boy, a very cute boy who often visited our girl with blue eyes. He used to say that we pumped him up."

"Yes, you make people feel something that they can't find in real life, something like love or success, or glory. Sometimes, people simply

want to be healthy, and be able to walk or see. You accompany their dreams. You feed their souls. That is music."

"If we are so significant, what would happen if we got lost, just like now? The girl with the blond hair is probably looking for us. If she doesn't find us, she won't have her music and her dreams. What then?"

"That is a sad thing that you are all alone here, talking with a stranger, but don't panic. She will find you, I am sure. But right now, listen! Can you hear a bird walking on the snow, 'cheep-cheep'? Icicles are crunching 'crunch-crunch'; tree branches are whispering 'sch-sch', and here goes the wind. Isn't it a wonderful, magic orchestra? The world can't lose the music. It is all around us."

The notes were quiet. They were listening and thinking about how important they were. Each of them was a miracle.

Suddenly, somebody said, "Isn't that my notebook you are holding? I was looking for this everywhere."

"Oh, yea. You must be the beautiful young lady with the blue eyes and the pretty long hair. You write music, isn't it true?"

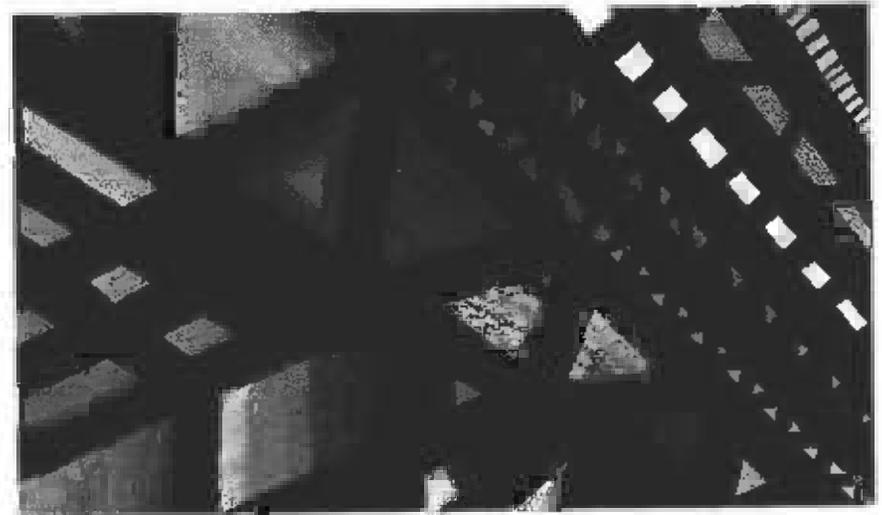
"How do you know?" The girl seemed to be surprised.

"I have just had a conversation with your notes. They told me about you."

The old gentleman got up and started walking away.

"Thank you," shouted the girl.

"No, thank you," said the gentleman. He looked at the sky; it was very, very blue. He smiled and started humming something. He was happy.



Grid

by Sarah Schroeffer

Zambezi River Rollercoaster Rafting

by Elisha Wolfe

Follow the River
But Listen...
Do not go there where
It Roars at You...
Its mystifying glory encompasses
taking your **body** Wherever
To the bottom
To the shore
To the crocodiles
Under Over Around
And Through
Plunging Dunking
Gasping for Air...
Then back On
For the next "Ride"?



Wild Ride

by Marne Watson

Us
by Kerri Borths

Two small stars shining
In the big black sky.
That's how we started,
You and I.

Then you took my hand,
And something magical began.

The years since have seemed to float away,
But now you can be certain that I am here to stay:

As our love has grown stronger,
Our stars have shown longer.

And now we have decided to combine our two lives into one.

Through the years there may be some tears,
But we must always remember that when we face our fears together,
Love will light our way through any stormy weather.

Do Not Give Up

by Yadira Marte

It does not matter how many times you have fallen
if each time you get up again.
Success in life does not consist
in how fast you run but rather in arriving.

It does not matter if you lost the game.
Accept the fact that you gained an experience.
Success in the race of life
is not in the speed but rather in the resistance.

It does not matter when, where nor why.
Have, in the middle of a mistake,
the greatness to say, I made a mistake.
And if you fall just at the goal,
have the fear of giving up
and the courage to begin again.

Non-Alcohol Campaign by Steven J. Champion

so you think your macho mug in hand
how does it fit into life's grand plan
undoubtedly the benefits don't pay like they say
you'll be cool you'll fit in just do as they do
a host of physical abnormalities can arise
when they do they come as a surprise
nervous system-brain-sexual dysfunction too
an event that is sure to leave you feeling blue
touted as a sexual cool
nothing could be further from true
coping with life's un-supposed to do's
anemic deficient toxified
some live cells harmed others died
gastric digestive nutritional plight
compared to a jet, it's orval's first flight
skin eyes balance coordination
what is all this jubilation
loss is loss to be celebrated?
the brain deteriorated
what kind of deception can be revealed
excited about being stripped and peeled
to rid mankind of her/his noble mind
of her/his true purpose to make blind
swedes egyptians greeks italians
native americans indians africans
all the world's people have the same trouble
too much to drink makes them see double
muscle control is gone
no need to worry
say so long
you really didn't need it anyway
not today
so be prepared to be sick to be tired
maybe you'll get fired
it's all fun it'll make you real cool
so get drunk get sloshed get blitzed on the brew
I know alcohol is something you just must do
but on your way home it's really uncool
to take it out on us friend brother sister father mother
sons and daughters too

Pilot by James LaMalfa

He flies into the sun
Over the vast, chartless, Pacific Ocean.
His mission is done, and well
Carrying the fight, steadfast, never flagging
He asks no reward, only honor,
But fuel is running low.
His squadron long since out of sight,
The prospect of falling from the sky into the
Oncoming, magenta twilight.
Chills the spirit.
He staves off anxiety with thoughts of home and family,
A lighted room and loved ones held near.
But time and the steady beat of his craft's great engine
Bring him back to cold reality.
He knows now he is lost.
The deep uncaring ocean waits below.
A flash of light off a distant windscreen
Pulls his glance once more to the horizon.
A slim profile rides the distant, unplumbed swells.
The carrier,
Home, friends, warmth, a place of rest,
Is close at hand.
Thus God calls his wounded sparrows
To His healing arms
And they are made whole.



The Pilot
by James LaMalfa

I Believe in You, Friend
by Adria Vargas

I believe in your smile,
window open at your thirst for life.

I believe in your gaze,
Mirror of your purity.

I believe in your tears,
Sign of shared joy and sadness.

I believe in your hand,
Always spread to give or receive.

I believe in your hug,
Sincere reception of your heart.

I believe in your word,
Expression of what you want or hope,

I believe in you, friend,
So simple in silent eloquence



Mountain Lake
by Aaron Sundstrom

For Those Who've Gone Before
by M. P. Ceccarelli

I'd like to cry,
for those who've gone before me;
And show respect,
at losing someone dear.
Imparted gifts abide enhancing ever
the lessons, love, examples and resolve.

I'd like to cry;
will time give occasion?
When wanting them reminds me,
of the dearth,
of gifts, and debts, and patient advice given,
of power, and prayer, but never of the cost.

So should I smile,
while draped in somber linen,
or laugh as solemn rites
are brooding deep.

Forgive me,
I am quietly reliving,
this spirit's passing, and its wake of joy!

Is Death the End?

by Dorothy Demarce

Death has always been a very hard thing for me to deal with even though I have a belief in God. I always have a hard time being around people I know who are dying, or going to a funeral home or funeral.

The first two people I lost because of death were my mom's dad and my dad's mom, the same day. It was a very difficult time for my parents because neither could really console the other. They each had a loss of a parent. For us kids, we were closer to our grandfather and we always had the feeling that our grandmother didn't really love us as much as she loved our cousins because we were not of her faith. So it was difficult for us to feel the loss Dad was feeling. It was one week of hell of running from one funeral home and funeral to the next.

During my grandfather's funeral service, I was sitting and looking at the casket remembering things we had done, when suddenly a light appeared over his head. Everything else got dim and a deep chill went through me. I always felt this was the point when God took him to heaven. This vision stuck in my mind forever and when I go through a difficult time in my life, he appears to me and it gives me great comfort to know he is around. Once during one of our family gatherings, my sisters and I were sitting around talking about difficulties in our lives. We all at one time or another had the same feeling and vision that Grandpa was with us. I thought this very strange, but I also felt very blessed and loved. We needed that extra comfort and God sent Grandpa to show us we were not alone.

Ten years later, my mom's mother died after having several strokes and being in a coma. We were all there who could be and the night Grandma got worse, I kept thinking that if her pastor would get there immediately, she would live. But God had other plans for her. Right before she died, she raised up her head and called my grandpa's name. I can remember standing in the doorway and feeling a chill. For some strange reason, I moved over and felt I was letting Grandpa come and take Grandma home with him to a better place. A few minutes later she was gone and at peace.

A little over a month later, I was going on a vacation to Mexico. On the morning I was to leave, my sister called about 6:00 am for me to come over before I left. I didn't understand why because she knew I had to finish packing and leave, but I dropped it all and went to see her. As I was driving, I kept wondering why she wanted to see me. My mind worked overtime and pretty soon I was driving faster and faster. Fear

began to set in. When I arrived at my parents' house, the Rescue Squad was there. When I went into the house, my dad was lying on the floor covered with a sheet. At first I felt shock and disbelief. After all, I had been on the phone with him a couple of hours the night before, so this could not be true.

A majority of us kids had a difficult time with Dad's death and I know all of us were very angry with him. I know I felt cheated of a loving father and our children of a grandfather. He hurt us deeply because we were finally getting to enjoy him again and had started doing fun things.

My mom told me later that I'd better take my trip because Dad had been to the doctor and made her promise not to tell me for fear I would cancel my vacation. His doctor told him he had to quit his job. When he went to tell his boss, his boss asked him to stay a couple of days longer to train someone for his job. My dad agreed, but didn't make the second day. Dad loved to work and we felt he died because he was told he could no longer do so. I couldn't help but wonder why he would continue to ruin his health just to be working. How could he choose death to all of us?

My anger subsided when I had a special dream about him. All of us girls were together going through a mall when we heard someone coughing. As we approached the building where people in caskets stayed, my dad had to get up so they could change the sheets and lining. He went walking with us and we really had a great time talking and laughing until we hit the street corner where his casket was. He told us he had to go back and we all pleaded with him not to. He just looked at us with a big smile and said, "You know I have to go back." As he left us, I woke up. This experience did help me accept his leaving us, but more so after I learned others in the family also had dreams with Dad smiling and happy. It's like his life was work and if he couldn't work, he couldn't live. I'm sure he is in a better place now, even though I would sooner have him here with me. He needed his happiness first. I still miss him just the same.

The chill of death is not always bad. To me it is a comfort and a sign that someone from above is letting me know they are still there for me. After my time on this earth is done, I pray I may have the privilege of being somebody's chill.



Sunset
by Earl Valley