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THE GALLERY

Autumn 1984

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THE GALLERY

Connecticut College Art and Literary Journal

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The Gallery is published twice yearly to display the work of the students and faculty of Connecticut College. We would like to thank the College Community for their continued enthusiasm and support.

- - the editors - -

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Cover Design by Nicole Meuderscheid

Dream No More

I have dreamed until I can no more dream than die.
My mind, once an artist's palette,
Colors merging to create new
Wonderous shades,
Is now a blank, freshly painted
Blue-white wall.
The room is empty and illusion, a frequent visitor,
Has left forever,
Bumping into reality on its
Frightened way out.
I have dreamed until I can
Dream no more.

Untitled

The leaves melt in the violet sky
The bird has flown from the rusty cage.
Mirrored glass shines words I cannot understand.
An old ribbon bleeds dye of crimson.

The leaves etch black on the violent sky
The bird is shot with a frightening cry.
The glass cracks; shatters and is no more.
The ribbon is fire and drifts towards the door.

Day After Day

- I. Day after day
The longest hour
Continues.
Slow and plodding
It fills with monotony.
A tangible footstep
Falls nearby,
And the waiting
Does not stop.
- II. Cry after cry
The loudest shout
Continues.
Sad and piercing
It fills with tears.
A blue-black cloth
Falls nearby,
And the weeping
Does not stop.
- III. War after war
The maddest anger
Continues.
Red and burning
It fills with fury.
A drop of youth
Falls nearby,
And the fighting
Does not stop.
- IV. Day after day
Cry after cry
War after war
Continue,
And life
Does not stop
Until death
Falls nearby.

Martha Hawley

Beth

Queen Exquisite
in her castle clean
crawls out from her spire
to dance in the rain.

Play in the rain sweet queen.
Splash!
Dance alone.
Flee from castle corridors
and drink.

Play in the rain obscene.
Fly!
Take no one with you
save your craving soul,
with your throat to the clouds,
and know that flowers don't die from the rain.
Lest they bow blindly.
You have no gods.

Play in the rain serene.
And when the sky bleeds black thorns
and begins to shriek,
glare back.
Breast wide
with your throat to the thornèd sky
your brine more pungent
than heaven's wine.

Play in the rain sweet queen.
Cry!
Learn to drink the furious
but feeble storm,
for there will always
be rain.

Of a Floral Soul Renewing

My room smells of shadows
and the music not playing,
the stench of echoes
and stale paint.
There are no souls here,
only bodies
of bones.
Only strangers have been here.
My sheets smell like chalk,
my plants, like the heat.

Bloom!

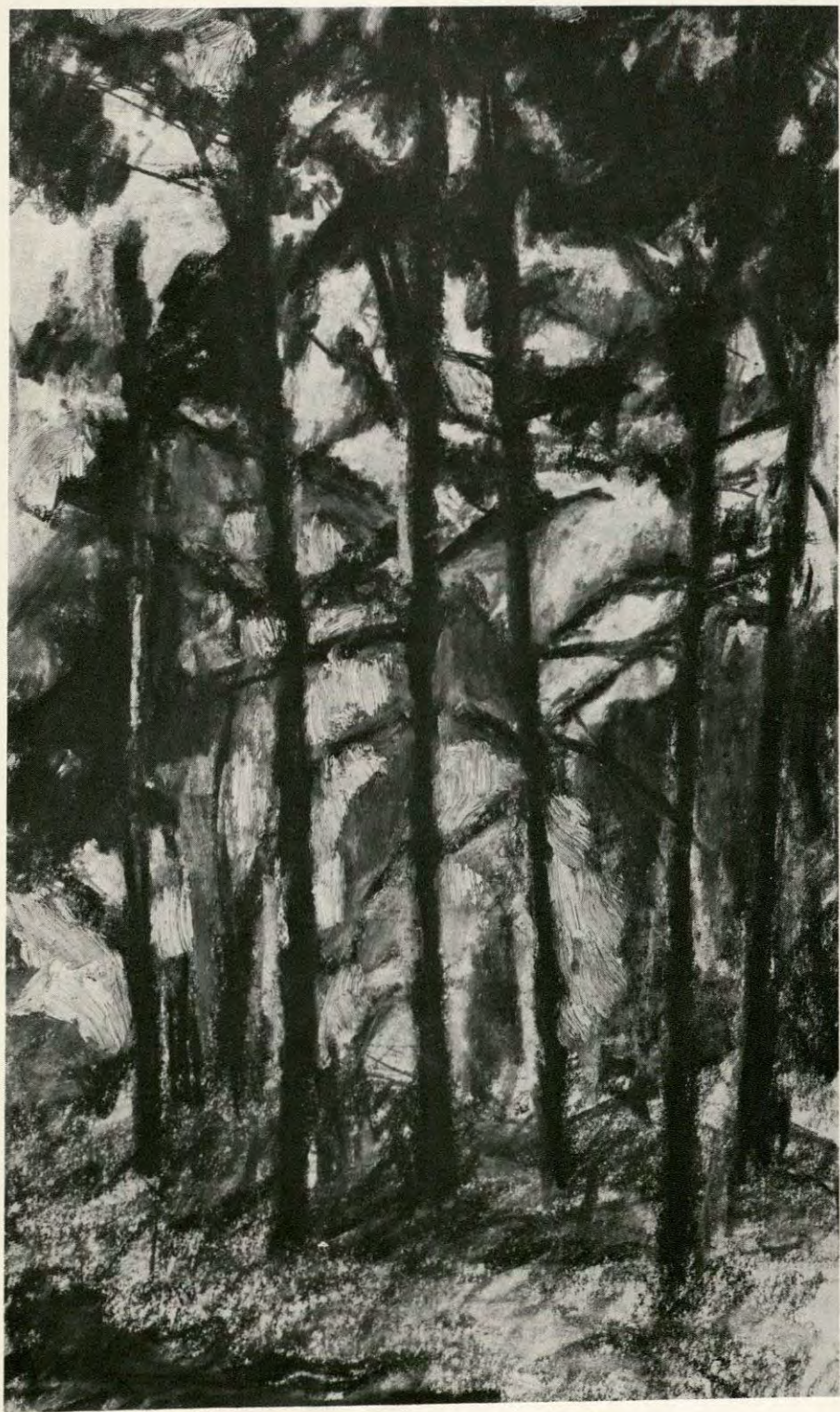
Flush my cheek
with your florid verve.
Oh that I marvel
your firey flood.

Drown the shadows,
and back echoes choke.
Save me from this
vapid wreck.

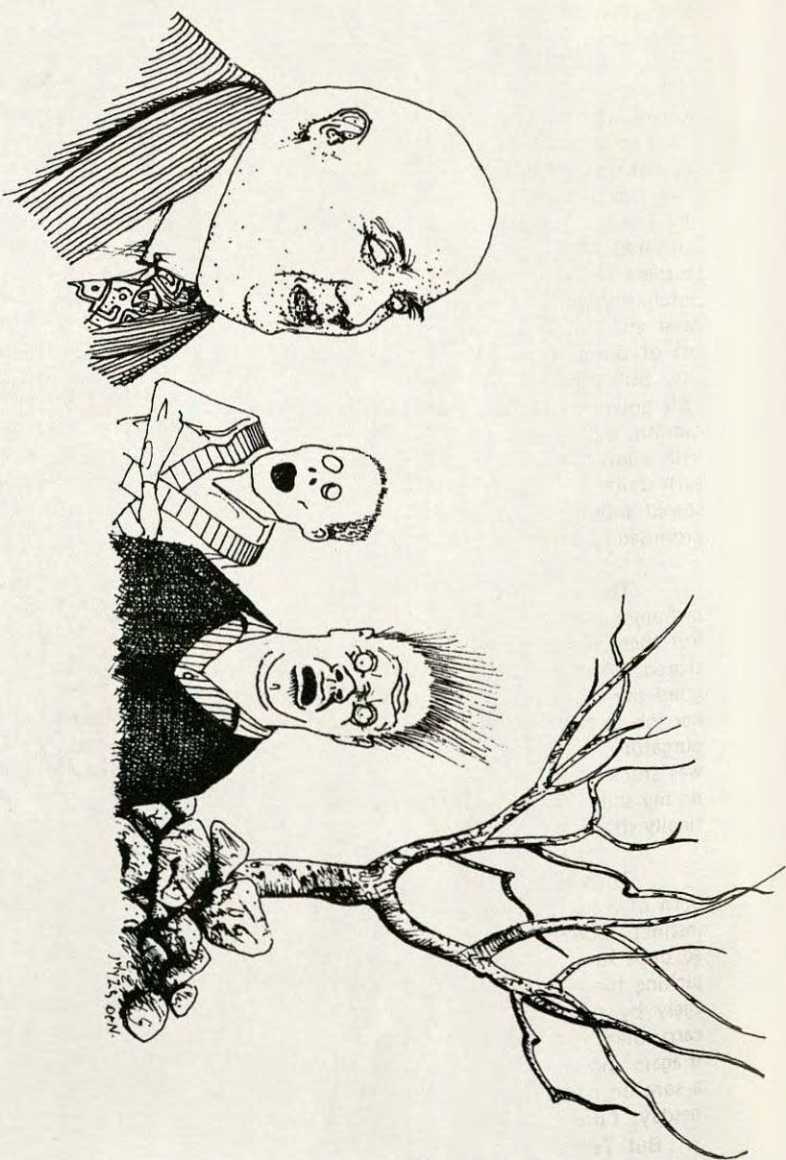
Lisa Mintz

I've watched the ground
A rock, stay wet for days,
Kept the drapes drawn back
So everyone cold can watch me
Think about the men I can't have.
The widow's walk on the next house,
And there isn't water for miles,
Takes what light it can
From a hole in heaven.
Waiting is a calling,
I try to sit still so hard.
But tonight, this latest lover
I will not keep, finds me beautiful.

Caley O'Neil



The sudden appearance of the man made
the townspeople uneasy.



A Nasty Affair

The letters and postcards had told me how beautiful Martha's Vineyard was, how cute Teal's kittens were, and how much fun we would have. And after three months, a million "I love you's" and six hundred dollars in long distance bills, I believed her. I had met Darla on a road trip to Smith at the end of last year and in one long night, after innumerable beers and with several drunken (and rather vicious) stabs, I had separated this poor, plump girl from her virginity forever. I promptly, drunkenly, pronounced my undying love for her and headed back to Brown before the sun came out. I didn't see her again until the end of the summer.

It rained the whole week I was in the Vineyard. It would pour in the morning, clear up a little by lunchtime, and when our hopes rose, the clouds would come back again. We spent only one day on the beach, not quite basking in a not quite drizzling and definitely dreary day. I pretty much knew by that point that I didn't love her. At home in Texas, I had asked myself every day why I was saying all this shit to a girl I had known for only a few hours. I wondered why she did the same thing. I had been lonely at the time, and the prospect of having a girlfriend at an exclusive East coast girl's school had a certain mystique that I couldn't refuse. It just made me feel so damn collegiate. After all, I couldn't casually toss lacrosse balls in the leaves at dusk, and I felt out of place on chilly fall days, always wishing for the summer heat I had left. Still I knew I didn't feel that queasy love stomach for her, that instinctual little quiver that tells you things your mind cannot. But I did feel magnificently caddish, dating girls in Dallas while keeping up a ludicrous long distance affair with a girl I really didn't know. But as the relationship got more serious with each dollar on the phone bill, I began to realize that there was something very stupid about this indeed, and I was going to be very sorry for it. But I had promised to come, promised my love, and I was stuck.

This is not to say that I wasn't fond of Darla. She had a good sense of humor and was very pretty, with brown hair to her shoulders and blue eyes. But there was a certain blankness to those eyes, an emptiness that her voice shared. And there were some statements of hers that made me curl my toes, grind my teeth and grimace. She once told me over the phone that working her job at the frozen yoghurt stand in Oak Bluffs was "like walking around in purgatory." What bothered me was that she said it seriously. But as I said, I was stuck. I was, however, determined to make the most of the week, relying on my slight fondness for the girl and the hope that school and distance would finally strangle the relationship.

Then the kittens began to die. They were not quite three weeks old, born of a mother that was not quite a year old. Teal, the mother, lacked all instinct. She wouldn't feed the kittens unless we held her down. She disappeared once for two days, and she often seemed to hate the kittens. Instead of picking the kittens up by the backs of their necks, Teal would grab them savagely by their legs and drag them around screaming. Sometimes she would carry them to the top of the dresser or a bed and drop them off the side, doing it again and again until we put her outside. I arrived on Sunday, Teal developed a sore on her cheek on Tuesday and the first kitten, the runt, died on Wednesday. I buried it in the woods behind Darla's cabin.

But Teal's bad mothering was often mixed with some rather feigned caring, some half-hearted licks and snuggles she affected as if trying to show that everything was normal. When the kittens began getting sick, she would sometimes drag them out to us on the porch, set them down at our feet and look up meowing, urging us to do something for them. But then five minutes later we

would catch her on the dresser, dropping a kitten to the floor.

But the first few days of my trip were by no means miserable. We spent most of the afternoons sitting around the cabin with Darla's friends, smoking joints and drinking beers, listening to the rain. They were summer people, a rather faceless crowd of L.L. Bean sweaters, shorts and topsiders. They usually left us by four, bound for the yacht club to sail and and whatever else those people do. But they amused me quite a bit. They were all nice looking, quick-witted college students with nothing to do but play tennis, sail, and wreck their parents' cars at night. One night after a party at the cabin, Darla and I were watching T.V. at about three a.m., me gathering the courage to turn out the light, when Davis, one of Darla's yachting friends, showed up to tell us he had rolled his father's B.M.W. at the curve down the road.

"I don't know wha' happen. I was going around this turn, pretty fast, not real fast, but fast, when all the sudden we were in the woods, on our backs."

"Whose backs?" Darla asked, "Who was with you?"

"Nobody, just me and the car."

"You're pretty drunk, Davis," I told him. I rather liked him; he was very rich. I gave him a ride home in the rent-a-car I had gotten earlier that day, back to his parents' mansion in Edgartown. After he thanked me and was getting out, he turned.

"You really love Darla, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I could tell that, you know? I could tell . . . I mean I could really . . ."

"Davis, go to bed." I watched as he walked up the stairs to the huge, dark house. Darla was asleep when I got back to the cabin. She murmured when I climbed in bed and kissed her neck, beginning to play out the role I had given myself.

It was sunny in the morning, but two more of the kittens had died. They were stiffened in the cardboard box, their backs arched unnaturally and their mouths wide open. Their siblings lay about them, what little body heat they had left wasted. I drank a cup of coffee and buried them before Darla woke up, together not five feet from the runt. I remembered what my father had told me so many times when I was a kid, burying animals on our place in west Texas. "Bury them deep," he would tell me. "The rain or the buzzards will bring them up if you don't." I kept digging, buried them deep, because I knew it would rain. When it was done, I went inside and had another cup of coffee while Darla slept. When she turned over and woke up, I told her about the kittens. She closed her eyes and I watched tears run down her face to the pillow. I went outside on the porch to see the sun, but in minutes it was pouring.

It was beginning to get to me by that point, the messy little cabin, the raucous-voiced girl I was sleeping with, and all the God damned rain. Darla's friends seemed a little taken aback by the whole affair as well. We saw less and less of them around the cabin in the afternoons. It seemed that the dead kittens had ruined the atmosphere for them. It was more and more just Darla and me, her saying little cliches of love alternately in each of my ears while my mind sought some form of escape. I thought of my father, who had suffered through

all sorts of women, through five marriages and four divorces. What was it about us, me and my old man? It was not the first time I had fallen in love with someone I didn't like and probably would not be the last. I have a decidedly weak heart and it takes a good seven to ten minutes for me to fall in love. But this time it was really too much. I was stuck in a smelly cabin with a silly girl, surrounded by the cutest, furriest kittens, who unfortunately, kept dying.

It was now Friday. Darla was supposed to work from early Saturday until five that afternoon, which meant, thank God, that I would have most of the day to myself. Saturday was not the problem, however. Friday night was the problem. I had to find some way to escape this miserable domestic situation. I solved it pretty easily; I got drunk.

Darla and I, along with the last of the die-hard preppies, piled into Davis' other B.M.W. and headed down to a party in Edgartown. I didn't know anyone there but they had grain alcohol punch. I stood vigil by the bowl all night, talking sports with the guys while trying to extricate myself from Darla's grasp. Pretty soon the evening was blurring nicely, my face all numb and my legs wobbly. Then there was something about a car ride, me sitting next to someone showing wallet photographs. Then there was the cabin. Then I was in bed, my head on a pillow, feeling guilty about not being able to do something but not knowing what the hell it was I was trying to do.

I woke up late Saturday and Darla had already gone to work. It was nearly one when I walked out to the porch to survey the day. Though not completely sunny, it was by far the best weather we had had. I thought of Darla, slaving away over frozen yoghurt in her own private purgatory, and felt almost happy. I went back in and checked on the two remaining kittens. Despite the space heater, they were both cold, covered with fleas, and barely alive. I shaved and showered quickly, and left the cabin. I got in the rent-a-car, lit up a joint, and began driving around the island. I drove back and forth from Vineyard Haven to Oak Bluffs to Edgartown, picking up occasional hitchhikers and trying to avoid idiots on mopeds. I had never seen so many mopeds, ridden by people who looked like they lacked the coordination to even walk. There was a certain charm to them, though, but maybe I was just stoned.

At five I went to pick Darla up at work. When I pulled up in front of the yoghurt stand, it had begun to rain. Darla ran to the car and jumped in, her hair stringy, gnarled and wet, her eyes running mascara.

"Oh, I've had a simply horrid day!" she said, and planted a sloppy kiss on my right ear. I looked out the left window and tried to appreciate the rainy parking lot. "You were pretty drunk last night," she said.

"Uh huh."

"A bit too drunk."

"Perhaps," I said. "Those kittens are going to die, Darla," After a minute she said, "Well, there's nothing we can do about it now." I couldn't have put it better myself.

I showered again and, for some odd reason, shaved again. When I came out of the bathroom, Darla was sitting by the cardboard box, watching the kittens, who were convulsing and howling. Teal was on the bed, turning circles and chasing her tail.

"These sure are going to dampen our party," Darla said, gesturing to the

box. She had planned a farewell party for me. I was leaving the next morning, finally, on the ten fifteen ferry. I was rather doubtful whether anybody would show up for this little party, anyway.

But they came, about seven or eight of them, the finest prepsters Martha's Vineyard has to offer, bearing gifts of beer and hard alcohol. They showed up about nine and we sat around drinking and talking loudly, trying to ignore the occasional cries of the dying kittens. I was, surprisingly, rather enjoying myself, thinking that these people weren't so bad after all and I had just been boorish. I had had a good bit to drink and was feeling pretty good. Once I turned my head and saw Darla without really recognizing her and noticed that she was very pretty.

Sometime around midnight, at a short lull in the conversation, a hideous scream came from the cardboard box. I think it made us all jump. The girl next to me got goosebumps and I got a very unpleasant feeling in my stomach. It was not a cry for help or a cry of want, it was the scream of something in horrible pain. When we checked the box, we found one kitten dead, his little body even more twisted and contorted than the other, his mouth and eyes wide open. The other kitten, the biggest of the five, was squirming feverishly, his hardly-open eyes rolling. His back was arching backwards and he appeared to be trying to twist his neck around, all the while emitting that horrible scream. I knew what I had to do. I picked up the dead kitten and wrapped him in newspaper. I took him outside and set him down on the ground, next to the other graves. I got the shovel and quickly dug the deepest hole yet. I dug through roots and shoveled up stones, four feet into the rocky soil. Then I went inside and poured myself a huge glass of straight Myers rum and guzzled it. I picked up a wash towel from the counter and walked to the box. When I picked up the screaming kitten with the towel, I looked at Darla's friends. They all seemed to nod. I wrapped the kitten in the towel and walked out to the back of the cabin. I put my left hand around its body and my right about its head. Just one quick twist, I told myself, just one. I wrenched its head with all my strength and he screamed louder. He was fighting me, trying to stay alive. I never thought it would be so hard to break such a small thing's neck. There were many cracks as I put my shoulder into it, as if I had to break a thousand things to end this horrible affair. Finally it was done and he was dead. I didn't open the towel. I buried the two kittens together, side by side. I shoveled the dirt and pounded on the mound. I pounded and pounded on it, my body shaking, making it hard to lift the shovel over my head. But I pounded it so hard that no rain or buzzards will ever bring them up. I finished and walked back inside. I poured another glass of rum and sat down. I looked from my shaking hands to the people's eyes, while they looked from my rising eyes to their own hands. I looked back into my glass and watched as my tears made slight, spreading circles in the murky liquid. Darla came up and put her arms around my neck. "Thank you," she said. The party ended very soon.

I stood on the steps to the ferry the next morning and looked at Darla, I hoped, for the last time. "If you don't call me tonight, you'll have me in purgatory."

I kissed her forehead. "I know," I said, and headed up the stairs. The wind on the deck was cold and I zipped up my jacket. I sat in a chair by the rail and looked out at the Falmouth lighthouse, hazy in the distance. I thought of Darla, of school, of the kittens, and of my father. Bury them deep, I thought. I felt the current shifting under me and hoped the ride would be a long one.





Missing Church

The phone rings maybe six times before I answer it.

"No, Billy's dead," I tell some kid. "Call back this afternoon." I unplug the phone and burrow under the king size sheets, pulling one of the long pillows over my head. It's only ten o'clock and Billy's close and personal friends, all three hundred of them, are calling already. Billy's my younger brother, the rock star. He's asleep right now. Dad says even when Billy's awake he's still asleep. My parents hassle him a lot. They love to worry.

Lately my parents have been real worried about themselves. Aware that they're growing old and fat, that they compulsively spend their money, that their marriage is shaky, my parents fly off to New York or someplace where they can stuff themselves with expensive food, buy sweaters that they won't wear, and argue about important things like who left the camera in the hotel room.

They're away this weekend, which is why Billy's asleep and I'm lying in their big bed with a hangover and only ten hours sleep in the past two nights.

Eyes closed, I reach for the glass of water on the bedside table. I knock the T.V. remote control onto the floor and spill the water on Dad's new sixty watt receiver, his latest bedroom necessity. I mop up the puddles with a sweat-shirt that belongs to Maureen Walsh, my sometimes girlfriend.

I stumble out onto the thickly carpeted hall, wearing only blue striped boxers, my favorite pair. The bathroom door is open and the light makes me squint. A chunky Irish statue sits on the toilet, elbows resting on his knees, face buried in his hands. His underwear lies limp at his ankles and a silver cross hangs on a chain around his neck. Gerry McMahon is my best friend from high school. He lives in the corner house, and commutes to the local community college. He talks about leaving home, transferring next year. In high school, he planned on escaping town on a wrestling scholarship, but the right offer never came and Gerry gained twenty pounds.

"Hey Gerry. Thought you were going to church this morning." My voice sounds dull.

The statue's hands part and two half-open eyes peer out. "What time is it?"

"Ten something," I say.

The statue's hands close back over his face. He groans. "I don't know whether I gotta crap or puke."

I walk downstairs.

The University calls these two weeks Spring Break. Opening the front door to retrieve the Sunday paper, I do not find springtime. A soggy chill blows through my blue striped boxers. I exhale, watching my breath or last night's smoke drift off. Spring Break. I do not feel rested from this vacation, crawling to bed every late night drunk or stoned. I can't even recall which bars I've been to on which nights and with whom.

I stretch my arms over my head, holding the newspaper high, taking deep breaths to purify my lungs. A dog barks and I'm caught. Katie, a vicious wolf known for gobbling little children, is out walking with a bundled up corpse named Mrs. Wirth. Mrs. Wirth has no children. I pretend not to notice the old witch, but of course she has to throw me this quick scowl that says: I know your parents are away and I heard all the noise from the party last night and why don't you just move off my street which I've patrolled for over a hundred years with my baby-eating dog. And for goodness sakes, would you please not stand there nearly naked, corrupting the neighborhood.

In the kitchen, a half-keg sits on its side, empty, next to a metal tub that leaks. Water and beer form puddles on the floor. Someone had made spaghetti, and the sink is full of crusty red and white plates. There are no clean glasses so I bend my head to the faucet and suck. The water quickly

saturates the dry, damaged brain cells that have been flaking off all night. My skull aches from the decay.

I start back upstairs, but I see Maureen through the window, walking to the front door. Maureen Walsh used to be my best friend until she became my girlfriend. I still see her sometimes when we're both home from school. Really, it's impossible not to see her a lot since she lives only four houses down on the same side.

She rings the doorbell. She's been coming here for four years, but she still rings the doorbell every time - even when my parents aren't home.

"Come in Maureen," I say, pulling up my underwear.

"Hi, Ted," she says too loudly, lighting a bright white smile. Last night, Maureen drank with the rest of us, but this morning her cheeks glow healthy red on either side of her freckled nose. She's never hungover. Her short, feathered brown hair, still wet, gives off an herbal scent. She wears a blue raincoat, unzipped to reveal a red plaid inner lining. Like Gerry, she wears a cross which rests on a soft blue sweater and white turtleneck that hide all evidence of her small breasts.

"Mmm, you're looking good today," she says.

"Well, I feel great," I tell her. "In fact, I'm just on my way out the door for a quick ten mile run."

"Do you always run in your underwear?"

"No, only on nice days like this. How come you're up so early?"

"I'm going to eleven o'clock Mass with Mary Beth. I thought maybe you and Gerry might want to come."

"Uh, maybe," I say. "I thought you went to church last night?"

"Yeah, I know," she says. But Mary Beth doesn't want to go alone. I thought I'd be nice." Mary Beth is her older sister by two years. Maureen has two other sisters, Catherine and Jean, also older. Mary Beth is the prettiest of them all and a real bitch.

"Gerry'll probably want to go," I say. "Let me get him." I take a step and add, "I think he's puking." I always make a point to be as crude as possible around Maureen. So does Gerry, who appears at the top of the stairs, announcing his arrival with a long burp.

"Ah, here comes Sunshine now," I say.

Maureen laughs and says, "Morning, Ger, ready for church?"

Gerry lets out another burp. "Yeah, I got to grab shower. I'll be down at your house in a little while. You coming, Ted?"

I don't usually refuse an invitation to church. I've always loved to annoy my Jewish parents by running off to Mass and then spending the afternoon at Maureen or Gerry's house feasting on Sunday dinner. But my parents aren't home and lately I'm bored with church, although Gerry's mom bakes the greatest desserts. "I don't know, Ger, let me shower and clean up some of this mess and maybe I'll go."

"Come on Ted," Maureen whines, walking toward the kitchen. "I'll start cleaning up. Go get ready."

"Remember," Gerry says, stepping out the door, "We're playing poker tonight. You might need the good luck." Gerry thinks he's being funny, but I think he means it.

Gerry moved here from Long Island, appearing one day in my ninth grade homeroom. I had lived on the street for a year, but I certainly wasn't going to be buddies with him just because we had Ridgewood Road in common.

He made the first move. "You play hockey?" he asked me one day.

"Been in the town league for six years," I told him.

"Well, if you want to shoot around in my driveway sometime, come on up," he says.

He was decent to invite me like that, since I happened to know he had the best street hockey driveway I'd ever seen. It was long and incredibly wide, paved with smooth black tar, and the garage at the end had a single door with no windows to break, where you could put a net.

Two days later, hockey stick on my shoulder, I walk up the street, remove one of my mother's driving gloves, and knock on his door. A skinny older woman appears, acting as if she's known me for years.

"Come right in, dear. I just baked some brownies. How are you today? Let me call Gerry." I follow her down the hall past pictures of red faced, blue eyed older versions of Gerry. I count five brothers and no sisters.

In the kitchen she sits me on a stool and pours a glass of milk. "I drive by your house and see you and your brother outside all the time," she says. "But darn it, I just can't tell the difference between the two of you. Now you're . . ."

"Ted," I tell her. "My brother's Billy."

"Ted, that's it," she slaps her knee. "I saw your mother at the Barber's party up the street and she told me all about you and Billy and your sister up at Harvard whose name is . . . don't tell me . . ."

"Beth," I tell her.

"Oh, right, Beth," she says. "Well, Teddy, let me tell you something." She wags her finger at me and whispers, "Your mother is one bea-u-ti-ful woman. And just the nicest person, Teddy. Now have some of these and I'll fetch Gerry."

She goes upstairs and I wait, eating the warm brownies and reading a poem hung above the sink that says not to complain about dirty dishes because some people don't even have food. Gerry finally comes down and Mrs. McMahon makes us grilled cheese sandwiches with Velveeta cheese before we play hockey.

By Halloween of that year, the McMahon's corner brick house had become my second home. On nice days, Gerry and I roamed the neighborhood; we played soccer, wrestled with the younger kids, and visited Maureen and her fat friend, Carrie Rogers, who were the only girls our age.

When the weather turned cold, we shot pool in Gerry's basement until dinner time. Just as I would get ready to leave, Gerry's father would come home. Mr. McMahon would stir his martini and stroke his wrinkled chin and say, "Theodore, did I ever tell you about the time . . ." He would finish his story and sit back with a smile, puffing on his unfiltered cigarette.

At Thanksgiving, Gerry's brothers hitched home from school and played football with us in the street. At night we laughed at their wild accounts of college life, wishing we were as old as they.

Gerry's brothers never mentioned feeling like this. I am taking the hottest shower of my life in an attempt to make my body sweat a little. Maureen knocks on the bathroom door. "Ted, I did most of the dishes, but I've got to get ready. Come down to my house when you're finished. Hurry, ok?"

"Ok," I yell. Christ, I haven't seen Maureen's parents since Christmas. To talk with them is annoying, but to talk with them hungover is painful.

Mrs. Walsh is dizzy. She is forty-four years old and already showing signs of senility. Gerry and I wonder if enough oxygen reaches her brain. Mr. Walsh is a big bony guy who looks like he should be somebody's body guard, but instead he's an executive vice-president who jets off to Switzerland or China every month. When he comes home from two weeks in Geneva, you would think he'd just come back from a day of fishing. He walks in the door and Mrs. Walsh stops stirring her rice, or whatever she's doing, and looks up.

"Oh, Dick, how are ya'?" she says. "Did ya' have a good time?"

"Hi, Anne. It was a good trip." That's it. No hug; no kiss; then up the stairs he goes to sit on his American toilet with a copy of the *National Review*.

At least my parents yell and fight to show that they don't like each other. The summer after my senior year, when Billy was at camp and Beth was living with her boyfriend in Boston, I was home, cutting the lawns, and watching my parents do battle. In August, when they decided to separate, I escaped to Maureen's pool side where we talked for hours. Actually, I talked and she listened and said, "Don't worry, Ted. Things will get better." At night we would swim and kiss in the dark warm water.

That fall, we went away to school and came back for the holidays. On Christmas Eve, Maureen, Gerry and I went to midnight Mass. The next day, Christmas Day, I was sitting in front of the fire listening to Creedence on head phones when they both walked in. We drank wine and exchanged presents, and planned a party at Maureen's house because her parents were going away. On Friday night, we had a party and last year's friends showed up.

Around midnight, I told Maureen, "I think I'm gonna get going." She's drunk, see, so she pulls me into the bathroom and gives me a kiss.

"Listen, Ted, I was hoping that you might stay here with me tonight," she says, knowing that's exactly what I want to hear. Well, I tell her I'll stay, but I'm pretty surprised, since she's about as snow white as they come.

After a while, everyone left except her friends Nancy and Eileen, who I find out are also spending the night.

"They don't want to go home, it's too late," Maureen tells me. "And they've already crashed in my bedroom." I had figured it was too good to be true, so I wandered up the street to my house, leaving Maureen on the couch.

The next day, I overhear Maureen thanking her friends for staying. "I didn't know what to do," she told the girls. "He really wanted to stay and I couldn't say no. Thanks for bailing me out."

All of a sudden, I can't wait to get back to school.

Spring Break that year is spent in Florida with Gerry. We drive a car down for his uncle and he lets us stay at his condo and pays for our plane ticket back. This trip isn't as wild as when Gerry and I and four other guys drove down our senior year, but it's a good deal and the weather's great.

One weird thing happens on this trip. When Easter Sunday rolls around, Gerry's relatives keep asking me if I really want to go to church, like it's some big deal. Maybe they think I've never been, or they're afraid I'll go burn in hell because I'm not the right faith. Finally, I figure out why they're so uptight when the priest tells the story of Christ being done in by the Jews. It's then that I realize that I've never been invited to an Easter service before. Right there, in a tiny church in Boca Raton, Florida, a big smile crosses my face. These people must seriously believe that I might take offense at what they're doing here today. Or, maybe they think I might nail them to their front door when we get back to the condo. I can barely keep myself from laughing out loud.

That evening, Gerry and I go swimming at the beach.

"I hope you didn't mind going to church," Gerry says.

"Come on, why would I mind?" I laugh.

"I don't know," he says, "I thought you might mind."

"Just don't leave out any hammers or nails tonight," I say, too quietly for Gerry to hear.

"What's that?"

"Nothing," I say, diving into the water.

I climb out of the shower and begin shaving. My brother, Billy, sleepwalks in to take a leak.

"Where you headed?" he asks, knowing I don't shave unless I'm going somewhere.

"Down to Maureen's," I say. "And to church." Billy laughs.

"Is she gonna save your soul 'cause you slept with her last night?" I have to laugh too. "Fuck you, Billy."

I had really wanted to have that party last night. I hadn't been home since last summer and I had started to miss the old friends. But last night's party wasn't the same. When we were in high school, we would start as soon as my parents stepped out the door. We would empty the living room of furniture and create an indoor soccer arena. Playing with a taped up ball of socks, we would ignore the girls and play a round-robin tournament. Some parties, we would close the doors to the little den and light up joint after joint until the room was thick with smoke.

Last night's party started in the usual way. Gerry, George and Vinny brought a keg and we ordered pizza and watched a hockey game until people began to arrive. About thirty people came and we were cranking tunes and getting high and all the girls were taking turns crowding into the bathroom to talk and giggle.

The guys are sitting around, chewing tobacco and talking about the good times we had in high school. When the beer runs out, they drift away to nearby bars. In high school, when the beer ran out, we would've bought more beer. Back then, no one liked going to bars.

The time is three in the morning when I find myself alone with Maureen. We're both drunk and sitting in front of some movie that seems to have been on all night. In the past year I've seen very little of Maureen, but tonight, she leans her head against my shoulder, as we pretend to watch the movie. I look down at her thigh, tightly wrapped by her off-white Levi's. She's a little chunky these days, but still really cute. When I ask her to go upstairs, she says ok.

I take my shirt off and remove her sweatshirt, turtleneck, and bra. We roll onto the bed, kissing. Ten minutes pass. She undresses no further. Ten more minutes pass, and she removes my hand from between her legs. I ask her what's wrong and she says nothing. Soon, I fall asleep. Maureen wakes me to say goodbye, pulling on her turtleneck. As she walks out the door, I quickly fall back asleep.

I start to dress, but get only as far as my clean plaid boxers. I pick up the phone and dial.

"Hello, Mary Beth? This is Ted. No, I don't want Maureen. Just tell her I can't go to church with you guys. Thanks."

I walk to Billy's room.

"You want to have breakfast?" I ask.

"Thought you were goin'?"

"No, I don't really feel like it."

Billy looks at me kind of strange. "What are you cooking me?"

I am frying some eggs when Billy comes down in sweat pants with his guitar. "I'd like to dedicate this one to that pretty girl who's cookin' for me this morning."

Thomas Nusbaum

Perspectives

(to S.S.)

Groups

The white-clad men gather
In the Acropolis or Archon's court
With purple-robed gentlemen
All in neat sandals, criticising
The barefoot crowds gathered
Around great Athens:
In the stockyards and the eateries,
Banker's tables and Piraeus,
Questioning for change . . .

Appointed leaders argue for
Measures that will quell dissent,
Support ideals of the Polis, control
The wanderers, silence their ideas,
And lock them into sandals.
Yet as they discuss, how they all sway
And shift because of rough and sore callouses
On the soles of their feet.

The Morning After Battle: The Somme

What breaks on the Horizon distant, Day?
A glory fleet and winged, forbearing light
Into a rented landscape . . . Does this say
What force has forged this world, a Hell-sent sight?
On this mute battleground, hammered valley
The fecund breath of mud-stained youth is past
Eyes fused blood fire red that cannot see
The smelted earth in which their death was cast . . .
In battle's brindled light no ecstasy
Of honor's charge, the vapour's acrid shine
Had choked their passion, youthful fantasy.
For they believed that Hell was glory's sign;
The earth, last honor heaped upon the dead
Is all but Dawn in glassy eyes . . . and dread.

Perspective: April 1, 1942

At Auschwitz, tell me, where was God?
And the answer, "Where was man?"
In the ash stained air which reeked
Of broiled flesh, in machines of death, inchoate:
Nerveless husks of leather groomed mannequins
Line up lifeless stalks devoid of seed
And imitating their captain's masochistic jerk,
Spurt rounds of hot sperm lead
Into a vegetable field.
God was not there.
Nor was the deity in New York
Where my father, after being taken to a brothel
By his buddies at the age of seventeen,
Went to a baseball game between
The Tigers and the Dodgers
And to this day doesn't know who lost.

Capacity Not To Exceed 59 Riders

The business of buses is slow
In the morning wake of fifty-seven
People who have gulped their coffee.
They scan their papers nervously, as if
In each line is some hidden truth.

The newsprint is neatly folded, each page
The riders watch, the death page and
The news of accidents and international - -
The bus jolts and the people lose
The thought; What is today's forecast?

The world passes by their sleep
Dulled eyes that follow the same
Route day in, day out; the trees
Might change or, "Am I to wear
A raincoat?" Still it never rains.

The Fires 2100 A.D.

or

Rebirth of Simile

No yesterdays or tomorrows but now
The time is planted in the world's weak mind
And everywhere are visions in no sequence.
I suppose once there were images, records, but says the state
For our safety fires licked their ink, subversive
And immoral, burned to rich fertilizer
Spread thickly on the scarred and barren earth.
Unlike the state, our lives are forgotten,
Spent bodies given to an antiseptic pyre
To Prevent Disease. The world is filled with
Some two billion nameless shadows
Empty like the air, beneath a trillion stars
Someone of the past walked under, someone
I can never know.

Jonathan B. Leff

There was something in his voice
which said,
"I'm from New Jersey, but I spent a few months
in London".
He was trying to blend the accents.
Also, he went to St. Moritz
one weekend that spring.
"N'est-ce pas?"
It is hard to remember that he is a poet.
Poets do not blend accents.

Stepping out of the cabin
air-conditioned for my northern comfort
first sun slaps my face,
Stinging my eyes, making me squint.

Pale sandaled foot
touches southern runway.
Broken shells dot the surface;
tar covers the beach.

Violent colors and patterns.
("It's a Lilly.")
claw at eyes accustomed
to Madison Avenue's December tweeds.

Dinner at the club tonight?

Palm Beach pastimes
chatting and nibbling,
sipping ice-cold intoxicants
that slur after-dinner words.

Sunny-day umbrellas
shield octogenarian skin
from the ultra-violets
that Elizabeth Arden warned against.

I do not wish to return to Paradise,
for the protection was never true.
In reality, as vile as its moments become,
flaws are expected; understood.
I cannot live waiting for judgement,
dreaming of shadows of the fall.

Go to Paradise without me,
and dance upon the clouds.
Leave me in the post-laserian clutter of today.
There are no serpents in the city.
With a paucity of trees, one may touch them all.
In chaos, bliss is appreciated:
In Paradise, anticipated and betrayed.

(Based on John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, as discussed
by Prof. Gerda Taranow, Connecticut College,
Spring 1984.)

Ilisa Sohmer

Poem - - To Dublin

a time
apart

layers
shed

found core
touched

strengthened

then
self

gathered in

in me
the water rises
dammed up
in

my chest
and
I wait

brimming

only need

the hand
to dip

in
break the
surface
over

the edge

The night
looked like
some kind
of
stupid painting

with its
waning
crescent moon
and bright stars

as I walked up the hill
alone
now certain

I think of
Emily Dickinson

and wonder
when to expect

the letting go

Sarah Babbitt



The Last Masterpiece

One morning the
breakfast cart was

late in the morning
I was never hungry
so I feverishly dizzy

went outside to the green
hospital garden and
all the birds

flew away I wish
I could
but I sat weakly

among cooing doves
and I decided

to paint a picture
of the garden suddenly
I knew I would have to work

fast for soon the
unit door would close

in the morning
so I painted rapidly
my last masterpiece

A Love Story

A portrait of Picasso.

"I feel as if I'm in a play," she said
eating macaroons.

Staring up.

"It's all right," said he,
Picasso staring down.

A huge bed
and a window
with curtains

wavering

the hot morning,

roses left alone.

"I'm dreaming," she said.

Picasso was reprinted
actually.

"Let's go to Europe," said he,
sun dipped
over window top

she thought of Cezanne.

Peter Sinclair

Circles

At night, in the lake,
beavers paddled close to wild
irises. On the bank, we drew lines
to the peak, barely lifting our chins.
"Our little mountain" - - yes, ours.

Miles south, few are the nights I count
nineteen falling stars in an hour.
A foreign reflection, calm now,
on early morning's current rides.
Yes, "our little factory", when

just behind, the sun hugely rises,
then sets in blinding mirror windows.
Tonight, an audible easterly blows
a sickening odor that settles over
my yard like black city soot.

Science says: matter never disappears - -
it merely changes structure and form.
Come spring, we'll muse again on whitest shore.
Behind, rabbits edge toward
crocuses on warmer days born.

Dessication

In October, trees
sacrifice their leaves
anticipating winter's weakened sun.
Vernal bonds turn to mud
where fairy shrimp, buried,
mold until born
of spring's floods.

Now you too wither and wilt.
But it's not my breeze that jilts
and tears the fragile stem
from its clinging branch - -
for that, I bear no guilt.
You're draining, drying,
and my three seasons' sorrow
can't replenish the pit
that thirty winters' droughts
unfilled.

Susan Horwitz

Memory Relived

From my window
far up in my security
I can watch two small boys
overturning rocks in my garden
marvelling at beetles.
Childhood ecstasy.

Mirror Image

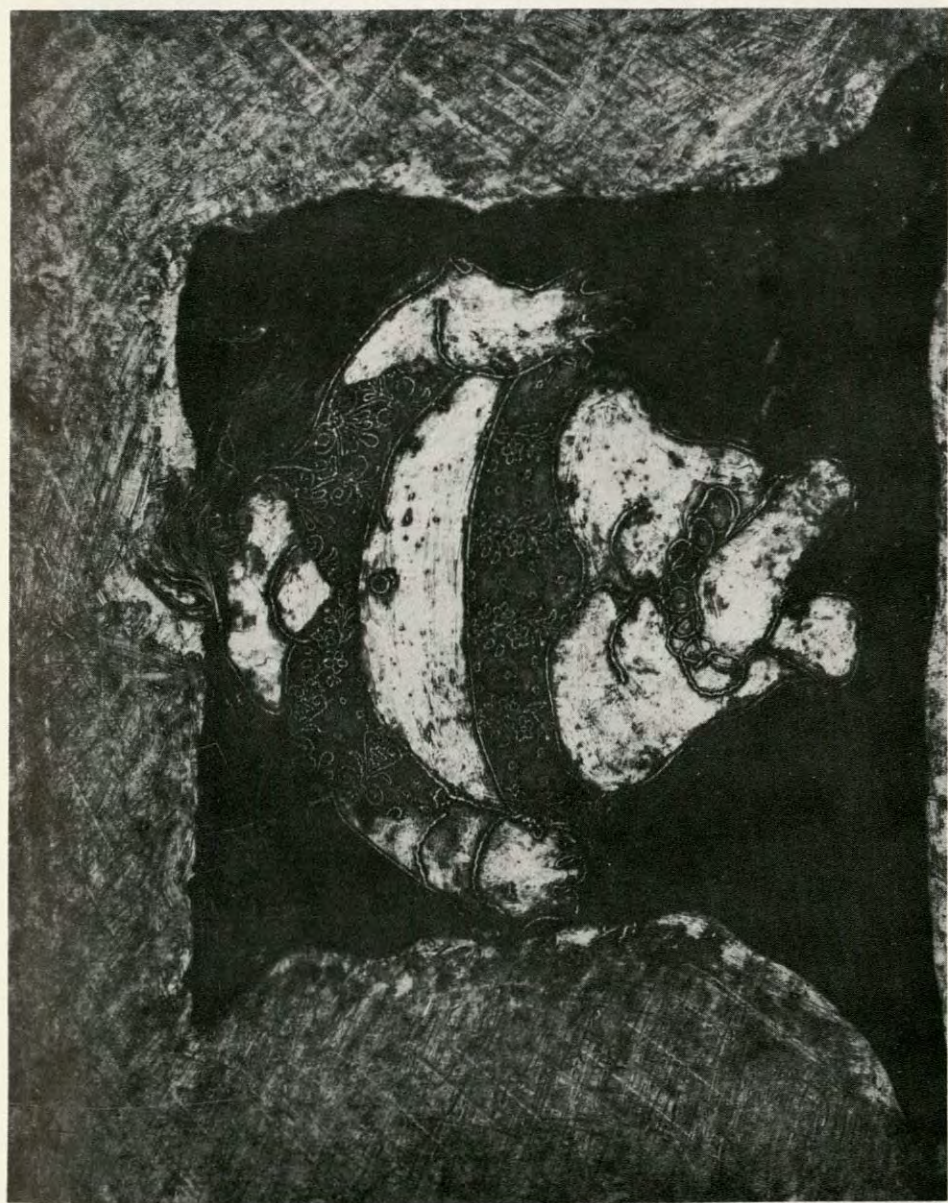
Flying together:

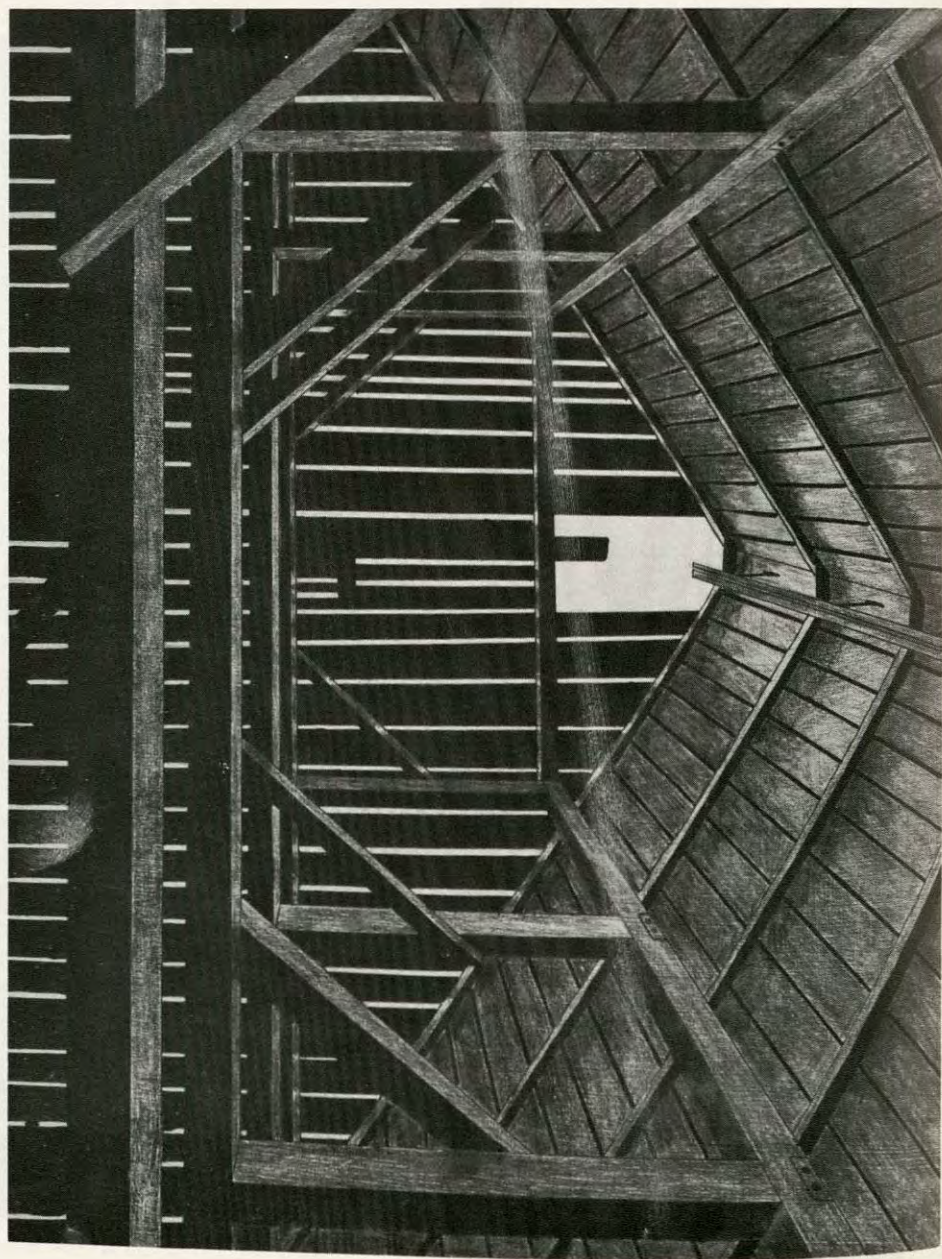
Two crows,
deep shadows on a winter sky

Two shadows,
black like crows on winter snow

I am in utter fascination
of the rain
as it dances on the
windowsill
and splashes to
my lips.

Christina Fraser





A New Generation

Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a revery of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride, a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken . . .

F. Scott Fitzgerald
This Side of Paradise

"Where can we go?" Chaplan asked me as the mist weighed down our eyelashes.

"I don't know," I replied. A siren sounded down by the Moose River, its whine wading through the fog. I twisted the ring on my ring finger with my thumb, feeling the cold knob of stone between my fingers. Maybe the submariners are on alert now. We could go down to the river and watch the subs like stunned moles nose their way into the Atlantic.

I grabbed onto Chaplan's wet arm and pulled him off the lighted sidewalk. We splashed through the soggy grass of the Charles College green. Along the green's edge, the orange and white lights, staring at us like cats' eyes, enclosed us in a secluded wet room. I danced away, twirling my black coat, letting it form a spiral around my legs. The mist wound around my ankles.

"This place is crystalphobia," Chaplan said. "The Crystal City, the place of clarity, honesty, and truth." For a moment we stood on the stairs of Nelson, looking back at the wet room with its boundary of lights, leaning against the paned doors of the auditorium. The spires of the silhouetted, stone buildings diffused into the blackness of the night. At the edge of the green, a tree, barren and nude, clung to the wet room. Its branches sprawled against the darkness, cried like cats to the lighted windows. Wandering beneath these lights, a girl stretched her arms above her head, whimpered that she wanted a lay, and disappeared into one of the doors.

"We can go back to my birthday party," I suggested.

"Why not?"

* * * * *

Once while sharing a cab ride from LaGuardia to Fifth Avenue with a young businessman, I learned that long distance relationships did not work.

"Where are you going?" he asked me.

"I'm visiting my boyfriend in New York."

"You guys in college?"

"Not yet. We are planning to go to different colleges, though."

"I tried that. It didn't work out. Long distance relationships are hard to keep up."

I snapped shut the ashtray on the car door.

"They may work, though," he said after reflection.

Now my boyfriend, Dan, was a ten-hour car ride away. The last time I had seen him, he had wrapped himself in a blue blanket and screamed as I walked out the door. Ever since then, I have taped his pictures onto my walls and read and reread my typewritten letters, begging him to give us another chance, to stir the coals under the ashes. In the letters I reminded him of the rose that he gave me whose dried petals I have savored in my Waterford vase and of the yellow candy heart from two Valentine's Day's ago. Next to the vase, I keep the heart in a glass box with a metal inlay of a sun on the cover. Written upon the heart are the words, "MY GIRL."

Dan had called me a couple of days ago, saying that he might come down and visit me for my birthday. He wanted to see if the spark was still there.

Dan and I had been married for three years. We met during our sophomore year in high school at an Isaac Asimov lecture in Straus, the old library at Gordon Academy. On Tuesday nights, the teachers held their meetings there under chandelier lighting. Dan and I would watch them through the two-story arched window of the dark building next door. We sat on our books at the top of the grated stairs, holding onto each other's knees and looking through the window at the voiceless figures making gestures with their hands, heads, and eyes. Mr. Norton, one of the college counselors, often stood and made motions in the air with his hands, especially in the spring when the seniors heard from colleges and the juniors began their search.

That was the time that the buttroom acquired a new member or two. The buttroom was painted light blue. On the right wall, as one walked in, the "buttroom crowd" had painted a color-striped tunnel on top of the blue. The tunnel wound around a bend and disappeared behind the orange couch. The room, which had once been a basement office, was small and rectangular. At the far end a fan jammed into the top half of the window puttered above the sound of The Grateful Dead and Neil Young. In between classes and at break time, smokers and an occasional non-smoker shuffled from couch to hard-back chair to edge of butt-can to couch. Books were dumped on the floor outside the door and someone had written "Gordon the Pressure Cooker" in black ink upon the blue paint.

Dan and I would grab a cigarette at recess before we got our mail from our mailboxes in the Student Center.

In our senior year, we made a bet in front of the mailboxes.

"I bet twenty dollars that you will get into a more prestigious college than I do," Dan had challenged.

I squeezed his hand. "No, sir. You will get into the better school."

In April, I pried open my box to small envelopes of rejection from Yale and Georgetown. Dan lost the bet. He got into Dartmouth.

Now I wait for letters from Dan in Box 812, my Charles College mailbox. He rarely writes. But he often calls, running up a phone bill of nearly a hundred dollars a month.

"Dan is on the phone again, Allison," Elizabeth called from her room earlier that week. I tucked my Marlboro's into my left hand and paused at my doorway, momentarily holding onto the door frame. Lifting the yellow phone that we shared, I tugged it out of the hallway and into the closet. When Dan called I liked to be in the dark where I could close my eyes and rest my head against the curve of the large cloth suitcase.

"Hey, Babes. Are you still coming up?" I questioned. I dug my thumb into the stone of my ring.

"I told you that I was. I am Dan and I always keep my word."

"I know it." I lit a cigarette.

"How are you doing?"

"Oh, okay. But I miss you a lot." I slouched down on the floor, touching my elbows to the cold tile.

"Guess what I did on Friday night? I was a little drunk."

"I don't know. What did you do?" My tailbone began to ache.

"Remember Jack?"

"Yeah." I had spoken with him on the phone a couple of times.

"Well, I had always wondered why he never touched any of those girls that are always in his room. It was beginning to bother me, especially with all those girls right next door and none of them interested in me. I don't know what they see in him. Did you like him?"

"He's all right. I like his humour."

"Well, I was with him in his car and he asked me if I had ever fooled around with another guy before."

Smoke drifted from my cigarette and stung my eye.

"I didn't want to disappoint him. I mean getting up the nerve to ask

and all. I thought what the hell."

I twisted the box of cigarettes around in my hand, squeezing the ends. The cover tore.

"Are you there, Al?"

"Yeah."

The cigarette in my coat pocket collapsed in my hand. "I only have one left, Michele. Do you want to share it?"

"Please."

We chose the table in the far corner of Porter, the student snack bar. The large windows beside the table resembled a black wall against the lighted room. A group of long-coated students pulled open the door, leading to the outside, books held tightly against their chests. A cool breeze crawled up my pant leg and along my spine. Behind the juke box, a sandy-haired boy leaned over and turned up the sound. "Red, red wine, it's up to you, all I can do alone, memories don't go." I struck a match and watched the end of my cigarette burst into a little flame that flickered out. I inhaled hard and jabbed the rim of my styrofoam cup, ripping off pieces above the steam.

"Dan called me last night."

"What did he have to say?"

"He fooled around with another guy."

"Has he done it before?"

"I think once before." I drew a head in blue ink on my napkin and wrapped lines around it.

"How does it make you feel?"

"I don't know anymore."

"These days it is such a artsy thing to do." Michele wrote Dan on her napkin.

"Is he coming up?"

"Yes."

"I didn't think I was ever going to see him again after your breakup."

"I know. But we have to try again. I think that he is doing this to test me, though. He wants to see how much I can take, how loyal I will be."

"Red, red wine, don't let me alone, it's tearing apart, my blue, blue heart." I wished that the sandy-haired boy would turn the music back down. The coffee was still hot. "But because he'll sleep with a guy is why I love him. I love his crazy side."

"I know, I know. I am attracted to that type, too. I makes me wonder about myself."

"He'll do anything and it's okay. He makes me feel like I can do anything and that I am okay." But who am I anyway?

The voice of the Violent Femmes came over the juke box. "One, one, one cause you left me, two, two, two for my family, three, three, three for my heartache." Elicia liked that song. We listened to it in her room last night as we read our journals and talked of dual personalities on her yellow and white bedspread. Through the course of her writings, Elicia discovered that she wrote like Elicia sometimes and like Beans, her nick-name, at other times. Elicia, she claimed, was her maternal side, the responsible side that read her early-American history and organized her shampoo, soap, conditioner, and toothpaste in a white bucket for her showers. Beans ground marijuana stocks and smoked them out of toilet paper rolls, stumbled drunk down the halls of Broderick clinging to her maroon bookbag which contained her diaphragm, wrote notes on males' memoboards disclosing her love for anyone behind the closed door. "Five, five, five for my loneliness, six, six, six for my sorrow, seven, seven, seven, no tomorrow."

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"Beans here," slurred Elicia against the wind as Chaplan and I walked toward her on our way back to my party. The mist pelted us with larger and larger drops of moisture. Wet strands of our hair whipped against our faces, blocking our vision and clinging to our tongues. Elicia, clad in her black coat and black pants, emerged from under a tree and stood beside the sign to the Admission Office. She raised her hand, which held a beer bottle, above her head. She threw her arm down to her waist, releasing the bottle. It struck the pavement and spun like a boiled egg. She bent over, for a moment resting her hands on the cement, found the twirling bottle and walked her hands back to her feet. She stood up slowly, wobbled, and chucked the bottle again. This time it splintered across the pavement, leaving a graveyard of glass underneath the Admission sign.

"Elicia, come inside with us," I advised. "We are going back to my birthday party."

Inside Abbey Fletcher we leaned against the cinder-block wall in the hallway across from the entrance to my party. I rested my butt against the back of my hands and stuck my feet out onto the floor. Near the entrance-way, a puddle of beer, scraped by people walking through it, spread on the tile floor like a malformed hand from the yellow baseboard. In the room shadows of couples danced on the walls and disappeared as they fell into the blackness of the windows. The scent of a burning clove cigarette twisted around the corner of the doorway and lingered in the hallway. A circle of people, their attention focused on a black and white bean-filled sac which they passed among them, hovered at the end of the hallway near the glass-patched doors. Above them hung a light clouded by frosted crystal. It blurred light over the group as a Vietnam War torture light blared light above victims on LSD. The black and white hacky-sac bounded off the patched jean knee of a long-haired boy wrapped by a Mexican belt and slid down his chest to his white suede shoes. He kicked it up into the air and passed it to a girl whose arm wore beaded bracelets. She stuck out her sneakered foot to catch the hacky that hung in the air amidst the stream of light from above. The hacky fell to the tile floor next to her foot. "I'm sorry," she blurted.

"Ah, you can't say that," said the white-shoed boy. He picked up the hacky-sac and threw it against her chest.

"They didn't get a hacky. Crystalphobia once again," Chaplan snickered, as he raised his shoulders and tucked his chin into his chest. He then looked up at the end of the hallway through his scrunched eyebrows and jammed his hands deeper into his pockets.

I leaned forward off the wall, releasing my hands and letting them dangle in front of me. A line between the cement blocks of the wall imprinted a slash across the palm of one of my hands. At the end of the hall, the group waited, quietly, as if stalking a kind of satisfaction. From above, light shattered over and through the circle.

"What is a hacky?" I asked as I tucked my hands back under my butt.

"It's when the hacky-sac touches everyone in the circle at least once without touching the ground."

"Why did he throw it at her?"

"That's the rule. You can't say you're sorry when you miss it or make a bad pass. It spoils the whole game."

"I don't like playing hacky-sac," said Beano, as she tugged a strand of her hair from the right side of her tilted head and tucked it behind her left ear. Someone down the hallway said, "I'm sorry."

"Why not?" Chaplan asked.

"I don't know. I like to write on books of matches, though. See, I have my Beano matches with me." From her coat pocket, Elicia pulled out a book of white generic matches on which she had written "Beans." "Beans is my irrational side."

"That's stupid," Chaplan huffed.

Elicia pushed her hands heavily into the pockets of her coat, flattening her boobs against her chest. "Well sometimes I call myself Elicia. Beans likes to go out and party while Elicia likes to get the work done."

"How about just trying to be Beans. If you be Beans long enough, Elicia will disappear. Then you can pretend to be Elicia."

"But I can't be Beans." Elicia removed her hands from her pockets, the book of matches clutched in her left hand, and picked at the skin around her fingernails. "You see, Beans is the kid in me. I can't be a kid all the time."

Two shadows emerged from the room and passed us in the hallway. They opened the door of the stairwell to the upstairs. "Dan would be here tomorrow," I thought.

"Why not? You only have to pretend otherwise. People everywhere pretend," Chaplan continued. "What do you think Reagan does in office? He is one big pretender, a one-man stage show running the country. So, what's the use?"

Elicia rummaged for her lipstick in her pocket and smeared a pink shade over her lips. The strand of hair came untucked from behind her ear and fell over one of her wide-opened eyes. "There's use," she said. She stuck the book of matches back into her pocket and gazed down the hallway. The hacky-sac hit the wall near the glass doors and fell to the floor. "I hate that game," she mumbled. I touched her pant leg with my foot.

"Even here on campus with the closing of the school paper," Chaplan persisted. "What do you think its closing was all about?"

"They just needed to get it better organized," I said.

"Bullshit. The student government had no right to cut off the paper's funds - only to make up another constitution."

Elicia sighed.

"A school without a paper, without freedom of speech. What a game. This is the barricades."

"I'm getting my poncho and going outside," Beans said. "I want to see how dry I can stay in the rain." Beans turned her back to us.

"Chaplan, let's go back outside. I don't like it in here."

The wind held the door tight in its frame and the mist strained against the windowpanes. For a moment I thought that the door was locked from the outside. But we pushed hard against it and stumbled out into the wet. Rain clung to my nostrils and dripped into my mouth. The lights of our wet room protruded from the ground like flowers, and the mist, burdening the ground with its weight, encircled their stocks. Walking through the mist, Chaplan and I headed toward the lights and the river.

... The country of the Cimmerians lies shrouded in clouds and mist . . . There the souls of the dead who had departed swarmed from Hades; young brides, unmarried boys, old men having suffered much, tender maidens whose hearts were new to sorrow, and many men wounded by bronze-tipped spears and wearing armor stained with blood.

Homer
The Odyssey

A siren sounded. We are sure to be hit this time. I waited for the whistling of the missiles. "Chaplan, I have a good name for this place," I said as I drew my black coat tight against my chest. "We can call it the land of the Cimmerians."

Jennifer Marshall

