

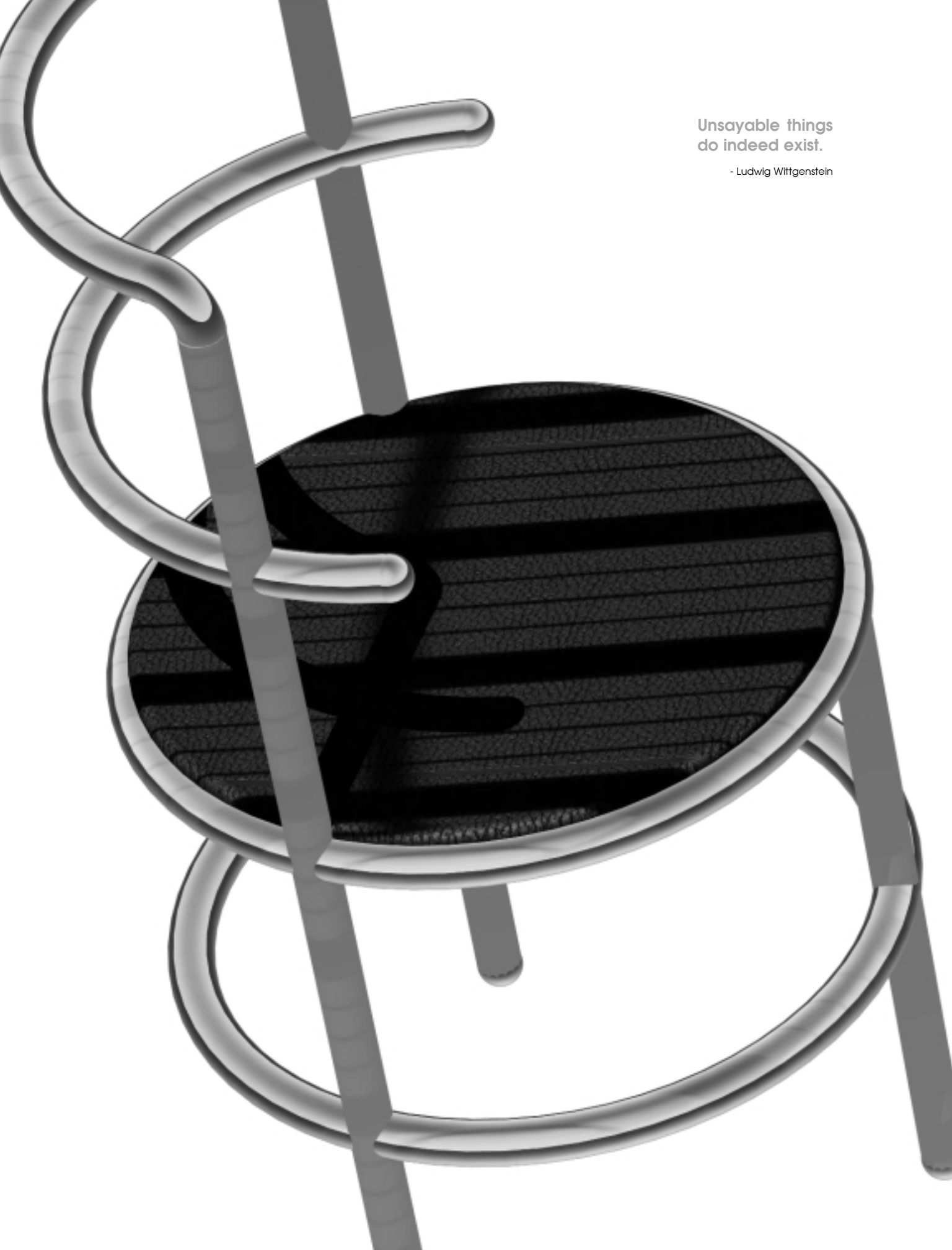


eyrie 98



Unsayable things  
do indeed exist.

- Ludwig Wittgenstein



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**We Write** by Vikki Earley

Eighteenlivingbeingbodiessmashedup  
in a room—  
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without perfume.

**Me in the Heavens**

Earl Jones  
blended silver print



## The One that Got Away by Danielle Bordeleau

Jess smiled to himself. Something about the ocean had always calmed him, like a lullaby. He shifted in the little seat and reeled his lure in a bit, his streak of impatience getting the better of him. But the sun and the sharp salt smell in the air and the lull of the engine soothed him.

Jess and Leo had been trolling the Gulf, ocean, bays, and lakes of Florida together for fifteen years. They had both been born and raised in the Sunshine State, and though they lived on opposite ends of Florida now, they still went fishing together at least once a month. It was late June, and they were five miles south-southeast of the town of Carrabelle, past Dog Island, in the Gulf of Mexico.

Leo Doyle was a well-known lawyer in Tallahassee, the state capital, where he handled big-name cases and statewide prosecutions. He was currently taking a break after pulling off an acquittal in the case of a brother and sister who murdered their parents and infant brother. Leo possessed a particular talent for instilling a reasonable doubt in the jury's mind, and that was all he needed. His ace in the hole had been when he had the confessions thrown out of court on a technicality.

Jess was a bit more humble. He had started a silly sidewalk restaurant with a tacky theme down in Miami, and it had become a chain which just opened its tenth café. Now he dabbled in real estate and had fun. He wasn't married, and was considered somewhat of a catch in his circle. His circle was small, though, and was not even one of the poshest in the metropolitan Miami-Ft. Lauderdale area. While Jess met plenty of women, he had a hard time finding one he could relate to. They were all fun for a bit, then suddenly Jess had nothing left to say to them. He wasn't overly handsome, except in a ruddy country way, and he could never seem to meet a woman who really wanted to settle down and have a little family. He sighed again and fiddled with his reel.

"Beer?" Leo asked, popping one open for himself. He plopped back into his chair, gut hanging over the waistband of his shorts, skin reddening beneath a thick mat of curly, black chest hair. He tilted the hat on his head a little and adjusted his sunglasses.

Almost wholly unattractive physically, Leo still had a beautiful little wife and a baby daughter, and Jess didn't know how he did it. His personality certainly wasn't his redeeming factor. Leo had been crude, sarcastic, and nerve-racking as long as Jess had known him. He had a way of being on edge, always on the offensive, a tendency that drove people away from him in his personal life. It had a great deal to do with his success as a lawyer in a two-bit southern town with thirty pages of attorneys listed in the phone book.

"Yeah," Jess replied, tossing his empty at Leo, who switched it for a full beer from the cooler. Leo belched as he tossed the can to Jess, then laughed. There were more empty cans in the cooler than full ones, and the sun was almost directly above them. They had gotten on the water at six o'clock this morning. On the ride out the fog had been thick, almost impenetrable. The ocean was flat, the water like olive-colored silk rippling slightly in an imperceptible breeze. Visibility had been less than ten yards, and when they stopped the boat, all was silent. Jess thought the rest of the world had disappeared, that the entire universe had become a ten-yard circle of olive-colored sea water and fog, with a boat and two men at its middle. As the day wore on, the fog burned off some, the visibility was around one hundred yards, but the water stayed dark.

Leo and Jess had a handful of beautiful grouper already, each well over twenty inches long, but they couldn't stop fishing yet. They weren't out of beer. It was a fifteen-year tradition, and one they didn't want to break. They always went out to sea with at least a case of beer, and couldn't pull the lines in until they finished all the brews.

The two men were on this trip chasing the elusive cobia, mean fish that gave a thoroughly satisfying, if not exhausting, fight. So far they'd hooked the handful of grouper they had kept. A small red snapper, and two redfish, they had thrown back.

Suddenly, Jess had a strike and snapped to attention, lifting the rod steadily up, pulling the fish out of the rocks. If he got the fish up out of the rocks, everything would be okay, then he could reel it in.

Leo always said, *"It's the most intense fifteen seconds of your life."* It felt like a big fish, too, like a rocket ship; Jess had to keep the fish out of the rocks or it would be gone, instantly. It felt like a cobia. He reeled, dipping the tip of the rod, the butt end planted in his hip, then hauling up on it, reeling and dipping, hauling up. Then he saw the fish, close to the surface. It was giant, at least fifty pounds, and it was a completely euphoric feeling. Leo was at his side now, ready to pull the fish into the boat. Jess made one final pull, and the cobia's nose broke the water surface. Triumph. He lifted the fish out of the water, swinging it toward the boat, when, as he watched it happen, the knot on the leader began to slip. It caught right at the end, and he had the huge fish over the side of the boat, but then it was gone, the knot out and the fish slipping over the side with a hook in its gnarled jaw.

"Shit!" Jess saw it happen, but he couldn't believe it. The fish didn't fall into the boat like it should have, instead, with blind luck, it hit the sidewall just right.

Leo laughed, "Your knot slipped, I can't believe it."

"If you'da grabbed the fucking fish that wouldn'ta happened! Goddamnit! Did you see the size of it?"

"What?" Leo snorted. "I don't think it would have been legal, looked about an inch too short."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Jess was steaming.

Leo just kept laughing. Then he suddenly yelped.

The tip of his rod bent and plunged toward the water, yanked out of the boat, save for the fact that his thumb had become painfully caught in the reel. Leo screamed, and Jess scrambled to grab his friend's rod, dropping his own to the floor of the boat. The first thought Jess had was that somehow Leo's hook had gotten tangled in rocks. There was no fish that big in these waters. He was amazed that the line didn't just snap.

They both had thick, sturdy saltwater poles, and Jess didn't believe he had ever seen one bent at such a hideous angle. Somehow they coordinated

themselves, and Leo freed himself. The drag started running out then, like it was a big fish. With Jess's help, Leo began the greatest fight of his life. It was a smart fish, too, and he thought it would surely break his line, or his rod, or just plain get away. After nearly ten minutes, Leo saw a flash of scales beneath the water, and he knew he had it. He had thought maybe it was a shark, but it was a fish. Sharks don't have scales.

"Fuck being the most intense fifteen seconds!" Leo clamored, "this is the most intense fifteen *minutes* of my life!"

The fish ran under the boat, out of sight for a minute, then back. Flash of white, Jess thought he saw *hair*? Again, it ran under the boat, and there came a splash from the rear of the boat, behind the outboard motor. They stepped to the back in what seemed like slow motion, Leo trying to keep the line

Leo always said, *"It's the most intense fifteen seconds of your life."*

from getting tangled in anything. In a sudden spray of brine, a hand burst from underneath the surface. Impaled in the tender, pink flesh between the thumb and first finger was a large fishhook. Strings of watery blood flowed from both an entrance and an exit wound, down the wrist. Little fingers like a clamp grasped the edge of the boat, pulling an arm out of the water. The arm was followed in another spray of water by the head and shoulders of a woman. She grasped the boat with her other hand, and pulled herself up slightly.

Leo stood still, in shock, rod held loosely. He looked at it in disbelief. Then he looked at the girl. Then back to the rod. The girl. The rod.

Jess moved first. One step backward. This couldn't be happening. The sense of surrealism intensified from what he had felt as he watched his catch of the day slip off his line.

## The One that Got Away *continued*

The creature seemed to be a woman, but unlike anything anyone had ever seen. *Or had they?* Jess thought. Her hair was like purple and black spiderwebs of seaweed cascading gently down her back, sparkling with tiny bubbles, like diamonds. Her flesh a soft, pale olive, the color of the ocean. Her eyes glimmered like darkly cut sapphires. She moaned then, slipping a little on her injured hand.

Jess stepped forward before he knew what he was doing, noticing that she had a fish's tail, but then, he had seen it flashing in the water, so he rather expected it to be there.

Leo stood stock-still, eyes like dinner plates.

Without thinking twice, Jess reached down gently, and with quick, deft fingers, freed the woman's hand from the large fishhook. Then he scrambled backward again as she fixed him with a stare that chilled his bones. On his hands and feet, with his butt dragging across the boat's deck, he scooted away as far as he could. His mind, while it had been functioning perfectly moments ago, seemed to break down. He could no longer accept what was happening. That they had pulled this creature from the ocean floor. That Jess had freed her, and yet she sat, silent on the deck, fixing Leo now with her dark, icy stare. Leo, who stood motionless with the rod still in hand.

She was beautiful. The scales of her tail sparkled and shone like a coating of iridescent jewels. Her fins began at the small of her back and flowed down her tail, silky, like a bridal train made of the finest material. Her eyes were a particular shade of indigo that burned with a watery fire. Jess's eyes followed the flowing, shimmering hair down over her shoulders. She was bare above the waist, where the tail began, her body almost luminous. The tail, sinuous. She basked in the sun, used to the cold depths of the Gulf.

Leo shattered the moment by speaking. "What's a pretty little thing like you doing on the end of my line?" Humorous and sleazy, a defense mechanism.

She cocked her head to one side, uncomprehending.

Leo took a step forward, reaching out to her in a way that was not at all comforting. He was staring

at her exposed breasts, reaching for one. The flesh beneath his rough fingers was soft, enticing. He moved to grab her, wrap her up in his arms, but she was too quick. Her hand clamped over his wrist like a vice. The blood from her wound ran down his fingers. Leo watched his hand turn white from the pressure.

He yanked back, to no avail. "Whaddaya think you're doing?" he asked.

She pulled harder, forcing him to step close to the edge of the boat. It became a tug of war, the fish-woman with one hand clasping the rail of the boat, pulling Leo ever closer to the edge. He would get bursts of energy and gain a few inches of deck back, but she was slowly winning.

Jess crouched, horrified, paralyzed as he watched the struggle. Then in one final second, with one final tug, she flipped his dear, close friend Leo right over the side of the boat. The petite little thing, with no legs for leverage, picked this two-hundred-fifty-pound man up with one hand and tossed him aside. Jess could hear him kicking in the water, trying to swim. There was a drunken, gurgling scream.

She took one long, last look at Jess before she disappeared. It seemed as if she were sizing him up, examining him and passing judgment. She lunged, then made a quizzical face when Jess did not flinch away. She turned suddenly and slipped over the edge, making no sound as she slid into the water. Leo's splashing ceased, though Jess dared not think what that meant.

*She pulled the disgusting, legged creature's body down with her. The others would approve, though she would dazzle them with stories of the other man. His strong brow and handsome features, his perfectly muscled limbs, his prowess at escaping her. It would make a good story. She had just found him too sensitive and beautiful, so tenderly afraid, that she felt her heart make the decision to spare his life. The terrible creature she was dragging down as a trophy deserved his fate. So were the decisions in her culture. The others would approve.*





## Frenchtown Route 13 by Robert Casserly

### *Josephine*

Josephine rides my bus  
twenty times a shift,  
always riding up the hill  
from Basin Street,  
to the same corner,  
cuz she only likes to walk  
the easy way,  
so she pays  
half-fare and keeps  
walking back down  
to Basin Street, cuz she's  
sixty years old,  
spits blood,  
and can't sell a cock suck  
like she used to.

### *Freddie*

Freddie says he's the best  
one-armed pool shooter  
in the whole wide world,  
with the pecan-wood cane to prove it,  
but the children call him Whiskey  
and laugh, laugh, laugh,  
at his swollen, road-rashed toes  
peeking out his boots.

### *Miss Emily*

Miss Emily left St. Louis wintertime  
in 1912, a wild girl  
who never knew her mother, and when  
a Memphis sheriff shot their horses  
her father carried her to Birmingham,  
where they killed him, for being a black man  
on a Saturday night, so she walked  
all summer with no shoes across Alabama,  
begging food from farmers who beat her,  
and worse.

When she found Tallahassee  
in 1914, a preacher said, "Child,  
your family all gone to the house of God."

**Wildman**

Wayne Denmark

line conversion silver print





by Dawn Fish Nowell

## Jon Gee:

Not to be Mistaken for a Writer,  
or a Poet for that Matter

The decision to feature Jon Gee in this year's *Eyrie* was an easy one. His work speaks for itself—even when Jon doesn't. He is quiet, complex, and purposeful. Writing is only one form he uses for expression, and he uses it exceptionally well.

Jon's work was published in last year's *Eyrie*, and was praised by one of the judges of The Columbia Scholastic Press Association's Annual Critique for 1997 at Columbia University in New York. Jon also placed as a winning poet in the 1997 international *Penumbra* poetry contest. His talent is familiar to us here at Tallahassee Community College, and we hope to see his name appearing in various literary magazines in the years to come. It would not surprise any of us.

As a resident of Tallahassee all of his twenty years, Jon is familiar with the atmosphere, the people, the attitudes, and the wet heat of our southern little town grown into a concrete capital suburbia. When asked about the changes he has witnessed over the years, his shoulders moved up and down in an indiscriminate shrug as he reflected, then explained, how his circle of life has not appeared to change much at all. It's obviously a matter of perspective.

Jon has been writing his entire life and works diligently to believe in his talent. Out of three hundred pieces of poetry written for his private collection, he might show only seven or eight of them to someone else. For most of his pieces, he will let them sit for months without looking at or thinking about them. When he feels he's forgotten them enough, he'll go back and read each piece, decide if he still likes any of them, and then begin his editing process. He admits a good portion of his poetry and prose is personal, and he has no intention of publishing any of it.

Fortunately, he does let go of some of his work for the rest of us to enjoy. For example, his prose piece, "Jenny and Peter," featured here in *Eyrie*, demonstrates Jon's ability to step out of himself to bring us a woman's attempt to free her life from mundane normalcy. We are reminded the struggle can be lonely and precarious.

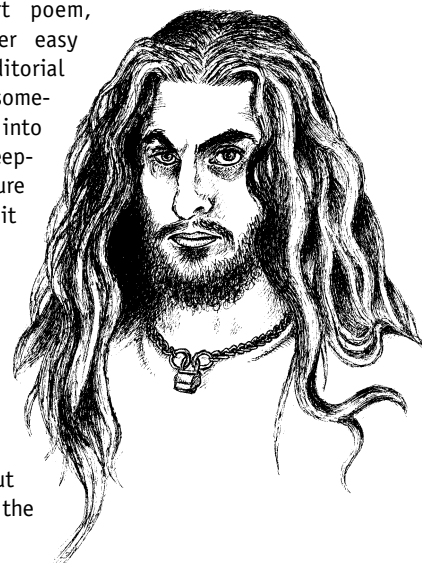
Showcasing Jon's short poem, "Kafkamikaze," was another easy decision for the *Eyrie* editorial board. His ability to take something quite usual and turn it into something far larger, yet keeping it true to its actual nature is no simple task—to do it well, that is.

As suggested by his poem's title, some of Jon's work has been influenced by the Austrian author, Franz Kafka. And, like Kafka himself, Jon's manner may appear as quiet ambivalence toward life around him, but his writing reflects quite the opposite.

It is interesting that when asked how long he has been writing, Jon told us, "All my life." When asked how long he plans to write, he told us, "The rest of my life." Yet, unlike Kafka, Jon does not want to be called, or even formally think of himself as, a writer. It's almost as though the label would serve as a curse, and the magic of creating for the sake of creating would somehow be taken away.

In spite of his doubts about his work and his fears of possible degradation through repeated rejection by editors and publishers, Jon has plans to submit selections of his work for publication in the professional literary world. Agreed, it does take courage and abundant perseverance. We, here at *Eyrie*, believe in his talent and enthusiastically support his decision to move forward with his writing.

With Jon's varied talents as a writer, a poet, and an artist (his pen and ink self-portrait above gives us a hint), the chances of seeing his name again are pretty good. Fortunately, it's an easy one to remember.



## Kafkamikaze by Jon Gee

I am a piece of crumpled-up paper thrown out on the cold hard floor  
a few words hammered into my skin, my few ideas, my few opinions  
and a misspelling, which, quickly discovered,  
necessitated my being whisked free of the huge, hard machine  
that hugged me and beat my sentences into my burning hide  
and my author looked at me and sneered, crumpled me up and threw me aside  
I am but a first draft after all, for something greater than myself  
a practice, a rehearsal for a magnificent performance  
and I do not blame my author for throwing me away imperfect  
my wasted scorned form here cluttering up the floor  
if it weren't for the one slip of the keys I would be  
accurate. complete. ideal. How can I blame my author for  
destroying my body's usefulness because of a single acquired blemish  
when I do not know what I would do  
if I were faced with the same choice.

## Jenny and Peter by Jon Gee

Jenny became a writer describing the world to Peter, who was blind. She loved him because the first words he said to her were, "You must be a writer." She was actually a clerk. They had been content for six years. Six years because it was more flattering to be called something she was not. It had always infuriated her to be told what she was. She knew what she was. She had chosen to become it. If, when she was almost twenty, she had been debased to be called a whore by her lover, it was only because she herself had consented to be so inscribed to him. But to be called a *writer*—what an inspiration!

Toward the end she had been trying to explain the class struggle to him. "When you see a fat cat," she would begin, "the assumption isn't that he

**"When you see a fat cat," she would begin, "the assumption isn't that he hunts well, but that he's well fed."**

*hunts well, but that he's well fed.* By now, especially from the perspective of those whom history has forced into a submissive position, it can hardly be denied by any rational thinking person that the human animal is entirely domesticated. Therefore there can be no instinctive or inborn justifications for wage slavery. It exists as a product of conscious immorality, not as a form of quote-unquote natural selection." As she would turn away from Peter she would make a repressed grunting noise, as though

struggling to contain her disgust at the ugliness of the majority of the world. Over her shoulder she would hiss, "It's not as though a bourgeois could actually survive in the wild." Eventually they mutually agreed to avoid each other.

Gerard she had met at a party. He was dressed like a beatnik painter in a black beret, black sunglasses, a black turtle neck, and white overalls splattered with the primary colors. She watched how he stroked at his tight black goatee as he held a cigarette between pursed lips and hollowed his cheeks sucking in nicotine. "I'm a writer," she announced suddenly, upon marching up to him. "That's great, he sneered, "now drop your pants, bend over, and I'll show you the secret liberal handshake." That night he spanked her after sharing black coffee. She felt equal to him because he always asked to be hurt back in the same ways he would hurt her. In six months she was more miserable than ever—alone again because he'd fallen for a teenage Trotskyist who wasn't as "selfish" (i.e. intelligent) as she.

After that she met John the Democratic candidate. He was fun to ride around with because whenever he got cut off in traffic he would wave his fist out the window and holler, "You pompous low self-monitor!" or, "Petty bourgeois! Your days of oppression is over!" He was forced to drop out of the race though because he took the Fifth Amendment rather than answer a reporter who asked him if he had been popular in high school. Moments before their relationship ended later that night, John confessed to Jenny that he had been popular, even elected student government president—but only because he had run on a ticket of preppie supremacy and athletic imperialism. Jenny began to wonder if she would ever find a partner worthy of her eagerness to share her artistic vision.

She was considering going back to Peter, even if it meant humbling herself to the level of her former role as clerk, sharing with him only in secret the fact that she was a writer. He may not have ever seen the truth, but at least he'd never had to lie.

Denise became a painter by laying it on thick. Like life was her own royal jelly, she painted the town red. By the time she became Jenny's grand-

mother her hands had become so stiff from clenching life by its brushes, palettes, canvases, and color tubes all they could do was tremble. It was no longer lust for experiences of life that made Denise shake like she was receiving a low current of electricity. Now she did it even when she was asleep, and had to wear a special cubicle helmet to bed to prevent her from rolling over and smothering herself with her own rigid palpitations.

But Jenny still respected Denise and came to her for advice about anything important. Denise, unlike Jenny's parents, was never too busy with work to give Jenny the feverish lectures on the value of self-interest and the importance of the work ethic which every child needs when going through their maturing phase.

Jenny asked Denise about Peter, and Denise told Jenny this: "There are a lot of male Darwinians and a lot of male Tsarists out there telling women that what they need or should want is a male provider. I happen to be one of the growing number of the female species proud to be perversions of this outmoded genetic/social tendency. I say, go ahead and be the masculine provider yourself, ladies! And for your pleasures as the despot take a male slave; I'm sure there are plenty who will be relieved to be so unburdened of their patriarchal responsibilities. But remember—you're the Man now. If your 'better half' isn't putting out all it takes to satiate your pleasure principle, well get rid of 'em! How many times have we been dumped for not being whores enough? And now it's our turn to lose our patience! Oh what a wonderful world this will be—"

To which Jenny replied, interrupting, "Grandmother, *Peter*. What about *Peter*? . . ."

"I think you should've stayed with Gerard."

Jenny went home to Peter and soon forgot about being a writer. After all, she would never be able to write anything Peter could read, and if the rest of the world was anything like what it consistently appeared to be, nobody really cared what anyone else thought anyway, nor was there anyone, therefore, who deserved to read her thoughts just because she had had the courtesy to write them down.

## Blood Maroon by Wendy Kinal

Milled fever  
traces of it in arteries and veins  
Ah, feel the winter in your callused skin  
and stretch-marked belly  
I am the spring you grow in your womb

Ra is my twin  
He sears my skin  
and reduces your body to ash

To question this aquarium  
of exposed sinews blood maroon  
Always welcoming the flesh that burns it,

To flail your pickled digits  
in my face

To stroke the lover in your organs  
and frame me like some sort of mirror,

Is to humor the  
Charcoal Widows that dance to skin-stretched drums

You are my family  
I let you in  
And wrap myself into you



pages 17–19   five selections from:  
**Kid Book**  
Cate Marron  
silver prints







## Apple Pie by Roni McNeal

I planted and watered, saved up all year, but  
when I ran to my tree for an apple it was a  
pear.

In shame and confusion I flung my fists in fury.  
I pruned and preened, and cut up most all  
the branches.

Pears lie on the ground now battered and bruised.  
I turned my back, went inside, and slammed  
the door.

I cried for my loss and hunger within.

Famished and frail now weeks gone by I had  
to make a choice. Maybe my heart would  
like pear pie instead of apple . . . maybe it would  
be, well . . . nice?

**Romina**  
Pablo Fonseca  
silver print



I feel like everyone is looking at me. What, they never saw a six-foot-four guy wearing a dress? Look at that fool RuPaul for God's sake. He's a fucking millionaire for being a giant, black cross-dresser, but I'm the weirdo. I'm looked upon as a freak while he is that "glamorous diva." Fuck that! These people are going to accept me, even if I have to kill half to get the other half to see I'm for real. I ain't no gimmick to bring fame, I'm the real fucking McCoy. Whatever it takes to get the job done, I'll do it. You know, people really piss me off. They act like this gay guy is so great, but a real decent "keeps to himself kind of gay guy" gets trashed in the media. Take Rock Hudson for example. This is a guy that kept his private life out of the public eye. The second he died, everyone started trashing a

**"Mmmmm, sweet,"  
he manages to slur  
out with breath that  
actually makes me gag.**

name that was once up there with all the other Hollywood studs. The poor guy wasn't even alive anymore to defend himself. What kind of bull shit is that? People suck.

So anyway, I'm standing here in the middle of the Republican National Convention wearing a beautiful evening gown. What the hell are they staring at? I get so excited once I'm in. This is the fun part of my job. I'm one of the people you've seen time and time again, but will never recognize. You've seen blurry photo after blurry photo of me and my colleagues. My job is to get all dolled up like this or throw on a tux, then find my target and try to get as close as possible. Once in position I wait for the snap. Then *voilà*, I'm the secret love of Fergie, or the mystery man of whichever new starlet has a hit

movie out. In this case, I'm the transvestite lover of a hot, young, Republican governor. Tabloids pay good money for these types of pictures.

Showtime. The target has just arrived and entered my strike zone. Jobs like this are the hardest. Even though contacts have helped me get in, I'm a security target based on appearance alone. I will only have a few seconds after contact. After that, it's off to jail. Not to worry, with a job like this it's expected. I'll just sit a few hours in a holding cell. My governor "friend" is close. A quick look to the photographer, I get the nod and there I go. Looking the part, I glide my way through the crowd. For a brief second I catch my reflection in a mirror. God, I'm an ugly woman. Time slows for me in these last few moments. I enjoy every millisecond. I wish you could see the look on my target's face—precious. I really get a kick out of knowing that in any other situation this man would be screaming, "Security!" Not in this situation, however; he has votes to consider. Even the vote of this six-foot-four transvestite with a long, flowing, bright red wig.

Contact. It begins as a handshake. I pull the target in for a hug. I see badges closing in, so I go for it. With the camera angle always in mind, I give a peck on the cheek with a reach for the crotch. Now, that reach for the crotch is an official trick of the trade. I must be careful not to actually touch. That would be against the law and would result in more than just an hour or two in holding. That reach in reality never touches, but in the eye of the camera I had a handful. Now is the embarrassing part. Handcuffed and escorted out like a common criminal. Thank God I'm in disguise. I hear the Governor quietly tell the cops, "Get that fucking fag out of here now!" Good, he's a jerk. I enjoy when a target makes a comment like that. It helps reduce the guilt when the photo hits the supermarket racks for everyone to see. I'm sure his embarrassment will far exceed mine.

The ride in the cop car is always the same. Some jerk-off cop making boring, unimaginative comments. "Nice dress," is one of their favorites. It's almost like they have a handbook on things to say to make them sound like complete assholes. I

wouldn't mind if they were actually complimenting the dress. It cost me a pretty penny. An evening gown for a person my size isn't cheap. Once processed, I'm put in a holding cell. You'd think I would get a hard time for how I look. Quite the contrary, I'm usually one of the semi-normal ones.

So, I'm sitting here bored out of my mind. What the hell is that smell? Man, it's god-awful. You know the smell. I put it only one notch above a garbage dump. The smell comes from the behemoth behind me. Just when I think the stench is intolerable, he opens his mouth. "Mmmmm, sweet," he manages to slur out with breath that actually makes me gag.

"Pardon me?"

"You heard me, momma, I think you're sweet."

"Fuck off. I'm not interested."

"I didn't ask if you were interested. When I want something I take it."

This is where he stands up and I get scared. Normally I think I am quite capable of defending myself, but this is a BIG man. He towers over me, and like I stated earlier, I'm pretty tall. It isn't really even his height that's scaring me. What's getting me is his enormous girth. I can practically feel his gravitational pull. Now he says in a voice that sends fear rushing through my body, "I hope you're in for a while, 'cause you're my bitch now."

I can't say anything. I'm thinking of things, but I really can't talk.

I didn't think I could ever be so thankful to hear the voice of a law enforcement officer, but when one calls my name for release I feel like crying with joy. On my way out of the police station I see men wearing black suits—Secret Service. The last guys I want to see right now. They ask the typical questions: who let me in, why was I there, blah blah blah. I tell them I was at a local gay bar, got drunk, next thing I knew I was arrested. They buy it.

It's a bright new day and I'm ready to get paid for my efforts. Time to head to the office to get my check. If the photo came out it should be a pretty healthy check. In the darkroom I see the photo and sure enough, it's a beaut. "I can't believe the Governor is dating that fag. Look at him with his hand on his crotch." I love this job.

## Dzoguese Loza by Vivian Elebiyo

*in Yoruba\**

Dzoguese Loza ti sha mi bia  
Ọti ti mi si enu egbo  
Nibiti ele si wagu osoro  
Epada si ehin wahala ehinla ni.

Oro aye yi ribi gbọ alagemo  
Tin ba nu won, won la ọ  
Mọ wa ni igbhin aye  
Awon to gọ kọ si arin  
Gọ kọ gbagbe. Sugbon mọ  
Ni lati ku kin gbagbe.

Emi awon ti amọ ti gba wa de  
Egi enla to subọ ti jabo la ela mi,  
Mi ni bi ti ma gba ori misi  
Ti ogo ba rọ mọ wa ba  
Ti orun ba rün mo wa ban na.

Enọ ori mi ban fun onga  
Mi ni omọ obirin ta sunkun  
Ni ebi opọsi mi tin baku  
Mi ni omọ okunrin ta sin  
Mi tin ba gabọ.

Mọn gọ kọ si wagu elọ olowo  
Mo ri ewon eniyin tọ  
Wẹ ese daradara  
Won fa ya eworan era mi  
To dudu, mo wa ni ewowo.  
Sugbon wọ mi lankun si—  
Mọ ti fa di Eroyin Kayafi ni elu Oyibo.

*in English*

Dzoguese Loza has treated me thus.  
He has led me into the sharp forest where  
Running forward is impossible and going backward  
Is a great difficulty.

The affairs of this world are like chameleon faces,  
When I wash they do not disappear.  
I'm in the world's extreme corner, those  
Who sit in the middle sit and forget  
But I can only die to forget.

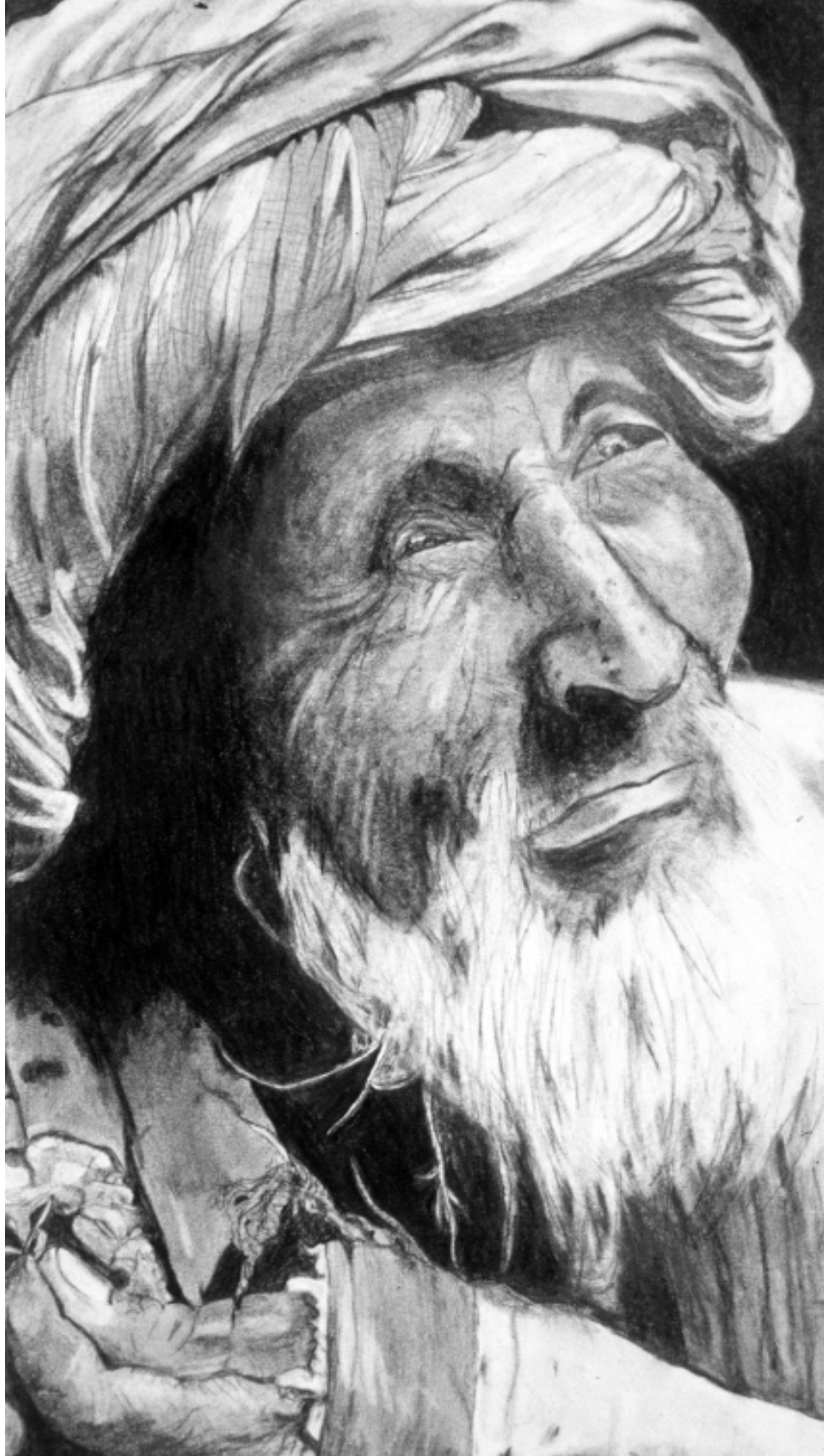
The spirit of the unknown has entangled me,  
The bamboo tree has fallen on my hut,  
I have no place to lay my head.  
When it rains I am there,  
When the sun shines I am also there.

The lice on my head is meant for food.  
I have no daughter to weep by my grave  
When I die.  
I have no son to bury me when I fall.

Sitting in a rich man's front yard  
I can see well-dressed humans trying to  
Take a picture of my black and bony body.  
But look at me once more—  
I'm about to make headline news in  
The United States.

*\*Yoruba is the language of the people living between  
Benin and the lower Niger River in West Africa.*

Afghanistan Saddle Maker  
Kristen Sweet  
graphite pencil 118"x15"



## Clueless by Laura Richardson

Dear Advice Lady:

**M**y art history teacher has asked me to write an analysis of a painting for class. I've been to the museum to see it, but I have no idea what it's about. In fact, I *hate* the thing. The paper is due next week and I'm freaking out. Help!

*Clueless in Tallahassee*

Dear Clueless:

**D**on't panic: help has arrived. Advice Lady is going to bestow upon you the secret to sitting happily in class on "paper return" day admiring your lighthearted A while those around you are moaning and groaning under the weight of heavier grades.

Writing a paper for school is not a difficult task if you keep some important principles in mind. Why are you writing the paper? Because your teacher

no coherent development of the thesis, no organized structure!" This leads many of you to the conclusion teachers are nasty, vile creatures whose only pleasure in life is making their students miserable. This isn't true! It's just that most students think they need to impress their teachers by making their essays as complicated as possible or amuse them with cleverly hidden subject matter. Think about this: a teacher who teaches four classes a week with thirty students each is flooded with 120 papers to read for each essay they assign.

Now imagine that buried somewhere in that pile of papers is a little gem that is clearly written, easy-to-read, and does not try to explain the meaning of the universe without ever actually discussing it. If this is your paper, congratulations—you get the gratitude grade! "Sold!" you say? Okay, let's get down to work on that paper of yours.

You say you don't have a clue what the painting is about; in fact, you *hate* it. This incites sheer terror in the typical student. Don't worry, you don't have to like the painting or know what it's about to analyze it. Let's break it down into steps.

You're looking at the painting. You've no idea what to do. What's the only thing you can do? Right, you can tell me what's in it. Describe the people or objects to me using words like "red," "shiny," and "truck." This trivia is the concrete detail your teachers keep talking about. Don't skimp on this part. The beauty of detail is it can take up half of the paper if you let it, greatly reducing the amount of space to fill with actual ideas! Therefore, write down every single thing you notice about the painting. And make your detail detailed. Don't just say "her dress is green," say it's "bright green" or "muted green."

At this point, you may notice yourself thinking, "Why are those fat globs of paint heaped up on her arm? Why in the world did he make that man red?" or even, "Why doesn't this guy learn to paint? These don't look like real people." You probably think these are frustrating distractions hindering your quest to find the correct answer your teacher has cruelly hidden in this uniquely unfathomable painting, but they're not! These questions are your

**"That's the *problem*, Advice Lady, I don't know why he made the guy red!" Simmer down and pay attention.**

assigned it. What's your goal in writing the paper? To get a good grade and complete the paper as easily as possible, right?

If you're an average college student, you've probably been listening for years to post-paper harangues from red-eyed, grim-faced teachers who all seem to buy the same script: "No concrete detail,



friends—give in to them. Ask yourself every question you can think of about the work, or even the painter: the paint, the choice of subject matter or colors, obvious mistakes in shape or proportions, or how you feel about all this stuff.

Now take your list of questions (feel free to make up more as you go along) and start answering them. I can hear your indignation already: “That’s the *problem*, Advice Lady, I don’t *know* why he made the guy red!” Simmer down and pay attention. This is the fun part—you get to make the answers up! *I’m serious*. You can make up any answer you like. In fact, you should make up *lots* of answers. I hate to mention this for fear of frightening you, but these are called *ideas*.

Keep making up answers until some of them start making sense to you. This will feel very strange. You may get excited and your head may start to tingle. You may begin to wonder just how many cups of coffee you’ve had (or hours of sleep you’ve missed). At this point your answers will gravitate toward each other, trying to fit together into a coherent (there’s that word) structure. Don’t be alarmed. This is normal—it’s called *conceptualizing*. It doesn’t matter if you arrive at the concept the *painter* had in mind. *He* probably had no idea why he painted the way he did. That’s why we call it *art*.

Once you have a concept that pleases you, see if you can put the gist of it down in a sentence. *Voilà!* You’ve developed your thesis, so put it in the first paragraph of your paper. A good way to do this is to write “title of painting” by “painter” in “date” “verb” “thesis.” This can be your entire first paragraph!

Now you just need your organized structure, so look over your descriptive notes of the artwork with your thesis in mind. Choosing the details that make your thesis seem plausible, begin writing your essay. Start with a descriptive overview of the most important elements of the entire composition. Remember to use words like “red,” “shiny,” and “truck.”

Then, in a new paragraph, return full circle to describe each element in detail, using the answers you included in your final explanation of the paint-

ing. For example, “The crude figure of the farmer, painted blood red with thick, rough brush strokes symbolizes his primitive kinship with the dark, fertile soil he works, the lifeblood of the earth.”

Try to show the painting to your teacher the way you discovered it: your first impressions, and then closer scrutiny of each of the elements and how this led inevitably to your well-developed conclusion.

If you’ve done your work well, you may find yourself reading your paper in class while your teacher bounds excitedly about the room, punctuating your oration with intermittent cries of “yes!” and “details!” while pounding forcefully on table-tops and walls. After class your fellow students will most likely follow you down the hall asking where you got your details and ideas. Don’t tell them! Just smile sweetly and shrug your shoulders. Otherwise, everyone will be writing papers like ours.

Good luck, Clueless, and remember: one step at a time, and keep ‘em smiling!

*Advice Lady*

## A Faery Encounter by Chad Stanke

Atop a shimmering path of dust, through a brisk night air,  
a vision of passion glides effortlessly, knowing not a care.  
The scent of flowers evokes a lust, and I see a Faery lass.  
Serenity within her hand, o'er my face doth she pass.

Inhaling breeze from her sweet scent, I lose track of time.  
The Faery lass then danced for me, and sang a Faery rhyme.  
My sight grew dim except for her, I floated where I laid,  
then kissed my lips with the tenderness, did that pretty maid.

I awaken to the warmth of sun, and see not a soul in sight.  
The haziness within my head, hides memory of that night.  
Why cold earth was made my bed, I inquire the gods above.  
My heart is free, and my body is exceedingly filled with love.

I return to my home in afternoon, pondering the night of last.  
The scent of flowers in the air, evokes my dreams of past.  
Sight of enchanting femininity fair, a thought of a passionate kiss.  
In my mind, an esoteric love, an emotion I sorely miss.

Riddled throughout my dreams of sleep, are visions of winged charm.  
Emotions course through my mind, yet they cause me no alarm.  
The lovely maiden greets me, in an imagined forest range.  
Flowers in my bed when I awake, my dreams have become strange.

Then and again I see a sprite, out the corner of my eye.  
I know the vision's fleeting though, I shrug and give a sigh.  
If e'er I'm bold sometime I'll go, into the forest tall,  
and look for the sweet Faery lass, my one true love of all.





## More Bunkshooters by Christopher Mitchell

In the churches we've visited, we were revisited by memories of shirt tearing, jesus yelling, perfect quoting bunkshooters knowing not of the true shekinah, knowing not of soft talking or humble of giving self, knowing not of true poor true sick true death, knowing not of life on street 404 or street 405, or johnson's road, or tiajuana tombs, bunkshooters chair busting, out falling, christening baptizing. in the churches we've visited, we were revisited, and again, inside the cold air space between this pew and the next, a fresh visitation, shirt tearing, jesus yelling, perfect quoting, chair busting, out falling, christening baptizing confirming ordaining marrying divorcing shunning excommunicating, word hurtling fist shaking, name calling, calling us all fools. jesus on street 404 or street 405, or johnson's road or tiajuana tombs, is soft talking, humble of giving self, giving peace, getting stabbed getting nailed getting hung, dying living, suffocating, blood tasting on street 404 or street 405, or johnson's road or tiajuana tombs, soft talking, humble of giving self. back inside the thieves murderers sluggers generals knives swords spears, plotting plots plans preparations to kill, conscious unconscious iscarlots, chair busting, out falling, christening baptizing confirming ordaining marrying divorcing shunning excommunicating, word hurtling fist shaking gospel style booty dancing name calling, calling on the phone, calling for your susan b., calling us all damned fools, shirt tearing, jesus yelling perfect quoting chair busting visitations, revisitations, revisitations, going to street 404 or street 405, or johnson's road or tiajuana tombs, vomit making people vomiting doctor coming people dying preachers relieving them mansion in sky going to their mansions in the sky, don't worry, as the maggots come, mouth moving still moving, money pouring in (call now, we have operators standing by) i've got your number, i've got your number, i've got your number, i've got your number, i've got your number, i've got your number, i've got your number. poor little montgomery ward girls, straight edge hard core (sixty bucks a week) and all your need is jesus, yeah, all you need is jesus, give it to 'em give it to 'em, all you need is jesus.

jesus at two in the morning, never too late, at two in the morning jesus is still at street 404 or street 405, or johnson's road or tiajuana tombs, soft talking humble of giving self, on the phonebox in the sewer in the cardboard box john calls home, jane calls home in the phonebox, jesus is there in the phone, at two in the morning. "go to sleep you freak" sayeth preacher boy bob, in his nice gucci room carpet floor laying with his wife, fire for warmth at same time as air conditioner forty degrees set cooler, racking up that bill he'll pay for with john in the cardboard box and jane on the streets in the phonebox, racking up that bill he ain't even awake, he makes his money with a suit and tie, makes his money with a sermon and leather bound book or two, makes his money with his mouth, his mouth running the other day mouth moving still moving vomit making people vomiting, puke puke puke puke puke, mouth moving still moving, puke puke puke puke puke.

("what do you know about jesus?")

the soft talking god still talking soft, the humble god still humble of giving self, the daylight coming, his grace still saving, and in the next day, at two in the afternoon, never too late, still at street 404 or street 405, or johnson's road or tiajuana tombs, in nice gucci room carpet floor next to man and woman, in john's box in jane's box, calling them all home, calling them all home, with the preacher name calling calling us all damned fools, still calling them all home, calling us all home, calling.

*for carl sandburg*

## Look at Me by Roni McNeal

Did you know I was arrested once?  
I got suspended for hitting my teacher.  
I hate my parents, I stole their car, and then wrecked it.  
Isn't that cool?  
Do you like me now?

On the outside you are as cool as the silver spoon I forgot in the ice-cream box.  
On the outside you grin like the bob-headed football player half-glued onto my Uncle Joe's dashboard.  
On the outside you plow through any obstacle that crosses your path, never taking a second glance at those you destroy.

But you're so cool.

On the inside you melt like milk-duds on a New York sidewalk when I laugh at you.  
On the inside your wall crumbles like a graham cracker in a vice.  
On the inside you're stung like lemon juice in a paper cut.

Your stories and jokes aren't curtains, just thin, transparent veils.  
I see through you like the windows of my house.

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Cibyl Lane  
hand-painted silver print



**Spheres**  
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**Squid**  
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digital image



**Spiritual Horn**  
Sonya McQueen  
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**Free Dancers**  
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**Sunrise**  
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**Traci-Bug**  
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**Tony Duran**  
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**Sierra Series No. 5**  
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## artist profile: Barbara Psimas

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Barbara Psimas  
mixed media ■ 2.5"x2.5"



**Torn Metal**  
Barbara Psimas  
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**Gray Feathers**  
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**Girl with Doll**  
Barbara Psimas  
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**Together**  
Barbara Psimas  
mixed media ■ 18"x24"

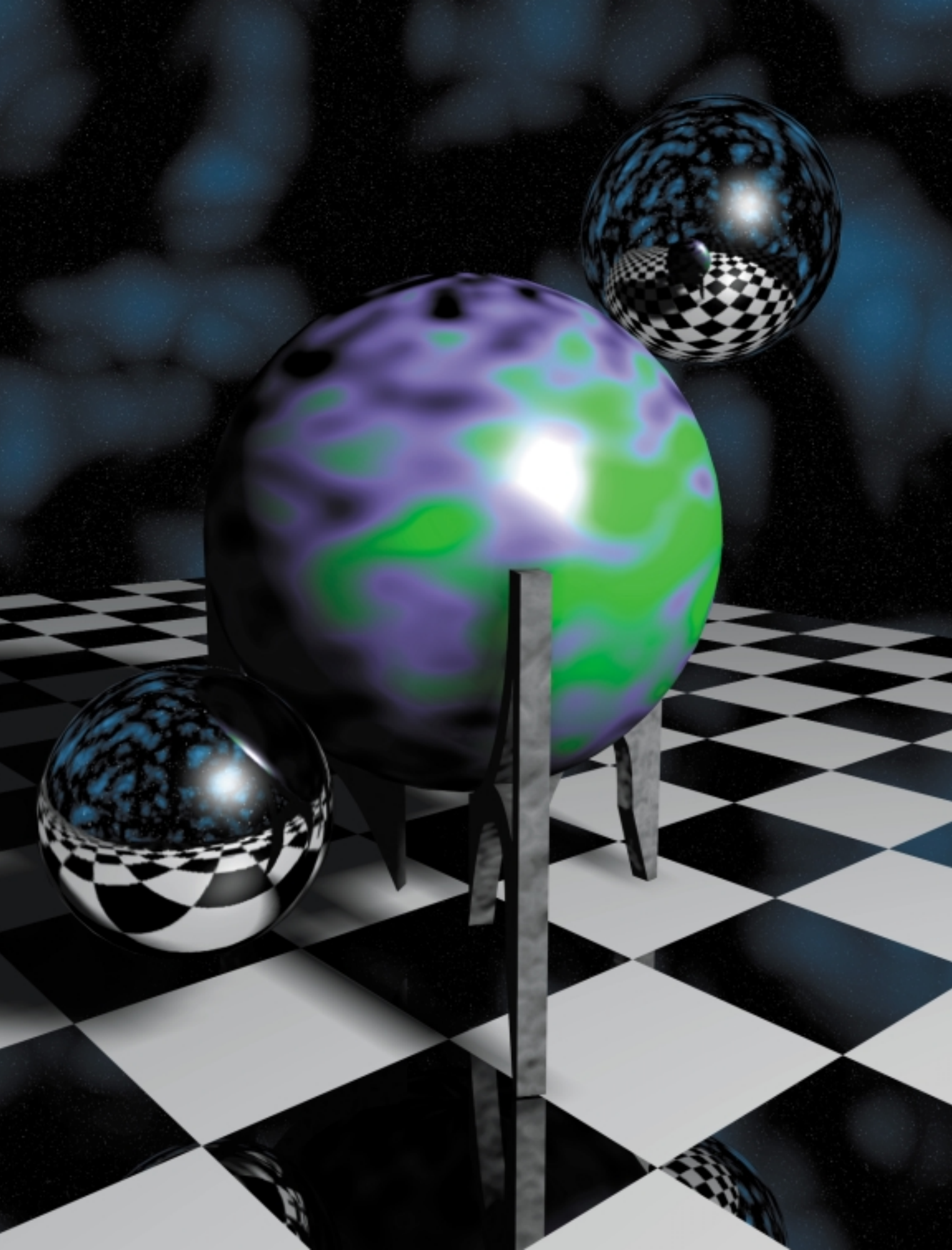


**For Stephanie**  
Barbara Psimas  
linoleum cut ■ 9"x7.5"





















James McQuinn May 72























# artist profile

by Dawn Fish Nowell

## Barbara Psimas: Creativity in Motion

Constant motion describes her; constant creativity defines her. Art is her passion in life and she passionately lives her art. Barbara Psimas is unique, vibrant, and energetic. Her presence is always obvious within a gathering of people whether they be artists, writers, or musicians. She has a smile and an ear, not to mention an abundance of ideas, for everyone.

Barbara has been a practicing artist her entire life. She cannot remember a time, from the earliest days of her childhood to some twenty-odd years as a wife and mother, when she wasn't drawing, painting, or making something to satisfy her hunger for artistic self-expression.

Barbara moved to Tallahassee from Virginia, but developed her foundation for seeing life through an artist's eye during her early formative years in California. It was the opportunity to be with, and in, nature on a daily basis that served as her starting point with all aspects of her art. Color, texture, lighting: nature taught her, and continues to teach her, endless qualities of itself and more. Stopping for a moment to fully realize how sunlight passing through the new-green of a budding dogwood differs from the sun ricocheting off a waxed magnolia enables a person to look at the world differently than the day before. For Barbara, looking at the world without noticing the play of light would be impossible.

Before attending Tallahassee Community College, Barbara was a completely self-taught artist. She was successful at it, too. Her work, for the most part, consisted of native American watercolor portraits and wildlife.

Since coming to TCC for formal training, she's explored a wide range of mediums, especially oil painting. Her application of color and learning to make them stand on their own without a need for blending is one of her greatest challenges. Her nature is to blend, as she always has with watercolor, and she believes that, ultimately, a person should follow their inner nature to do their best work.

We're pleased to showcase such a talented artist-in-residence here at *Eyrie*. Her gifts of creation are unequivocally inspirational.



One thousand copies of *Eyrie* include a unique, original artwork from *Eyrie Series '98*, hand-signed by Barbara. Countless hours went into the creation and assembly of this project. After oil painting sixty-three squares of Plexiglas, Barbara pressed and burnished each one onto a large sheet of paper, then applied ink to many of the originals. Once satisfied with a completed sheet of sixty-three originals, she then cleaned each piece of plastic and began another sheet of originals. She completed this cycle sixteen times. The originals were then cut from the sheets and hand-pasted into *Eyrie*.



















## **Fire** by Amanda Baker

Glowing, flickering  
coals. Forever changing like  
foaming ocean waves.

## **Consciousness** by Amanda Baker

Reading to myself,  
eyes follow the page, but my  
mind has gone elsewhere.



an excerpt from

# The Products of the Louisiana State Penal System

by William Jawde

*"Once those steel bars slam shut, you can forget about your life, just forget it. It's two different worlds. One wide open, one trapped. One with unlimited fresh air, one with a muggy stench. One hopeful, one hopeless. This fact really hits you as you read your rarely sent letters from out in the world. That's when you surely realize where they're coming from: another world. It's a world with women, night clubs, families, pet dogs, houses, football teams, casinos, cars, cruises, airplanes, trees, deserts, mountains, valleys, lakes, oceans, rivers, beaches, excitement, relaxation, newspapers, schools, restaurants with real food, offices, governments, privacy, and, oh yeah, did I say women? Sitting inside those walls will make you imagine the world as a much nicer place than it really is, since all you can do is daydream. The only memories you have are the good ones that become greatly exaggerated. You do some things to pass the time, especially sleeping. Daytime soaps on the caged-in tube, hard labor, and card games provide a little distraction that keeps a piece of your sanity. But that carries the significance of a summer breeze. So naturally by the time you get out, you're a little crazy. . . ."*

October 21, 1996

After finishing the final paperwork, Spider Joe quietly waited for 2 P.M. to roll around. He nervously scratched the spiderweb tattoo under his crew cut. Rubbing the heart-shaped locket with pictures of his old girlfriend and their newborn son inside made him think of all the things he'd lost over the last six years. The great job, the house, his mother passing, and Miranda and their boy, how could he forget them? He lost everything, just because of six years. "It would be nice to have them at least," he said to himself, "but here I am, back at square one." As he heard the officer call his name, he stood up with a blank look on his face and proceeded to leave. He sighed. "Well, this is it. . . ."

**NAME:** Joseph "Spider Joe" Dupree  
**AGE:** 27  
**CHARGES:** armed robbery, breaking and entering, carrying a concealed weapon without a permit, possession of explosives  
**TIME SERVED:** 9 months Livingston Parish Jail, 62 months Angola State Penitentiary

**NAME:** Christopher MacDougal  
**AGE:** 29  
**CHARGES:** 3 counts possession crack cocaine, drug trafficking, possession of a stolen firearm, violation of parole  
**TIME SERVED:** 3 months Ascension Parish Jail, 48 months Angola State Penitentiary

**NAME:** Albert Boudreaux  
**AGE:** 31  
**CHARGES:** battery on a law enforcement officer, manslaughter, 4 counts battery  
**TIME SERVED:** 4 months Amite Parish Jail, 74 months Angola State Penitentiary

**NAME:** Michael Bourgeois  
**AGE:** 27  
**CHARGES:** 3 counts vehicular manslaughter, 2 counts DUI, burglary  
**TIME SERVED:** 9 months LaFourche Parish Jail, 70 months Angola State Penitentiary

## The Products of the Louisiana State Penal System *continued*

Chris had never been happier in his life. Finally, the string of bad luck would be over. The lanky intellectual with a drug problem moved down from Maryland only to get busted again, but this time in the worst state to go to jail. He thought to himself as he approached the front entrance, finally it's over, *finally!* Chris cheered and jumped for joy as he walked out the front door and lit a cigarette, looking like a total goofball.

---

Angry Al stared spitefully at the corrections officer as he was handed his belongings: a pair of old jeans, a tee shirt that had the words "I Love Pennzoil" on the front, toiletries, a diamond-stud earring and, of course, the ring from his ex-wife. The officer placed these items into Al's arms, which were covered with tattoos and scars from his previous barroom brawls. "Let's get out of this hellhole," he snarled to his ride.

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Mike took a long drag from his cigarette as he walked to the corrections van. He held his duffel bag in his left hand, the one he came in with about six years ago. "No smoking in the car," the driver said. Mike just smiled at him as he ignored the officer's command.

"Damn," Mike said as he stared into the gray sky, "already this cold in October? It's gonna be a long winter. . . ."

### Summer, 1998

**T**imes got hard. Jail savings ran out, and it was getting increasingly difficult to pay the rent every month. The men were usually forced to pawn or shoplift in order to get money, and these petty things led to bigger crimes to obtain the money to live.

"I got a plan," Spider Joe said to the other three in the apartment. It was a day after rent was due and they were desperate. "I've had this planned since before I went to the pen. Now all we need to

do is go do a small heist, about a thousand dollars. We can do that today. Then I can get what we need for the job. Then after that, we'll get over a hundred large. We could do it by Friday."

"Yeah, go on," Al said, as the others listened in.

Joe cleared his throat. "Well, it's pretty original, put it that way. But here's what I was planning. In my old town Raceland, the place is split in half by a railroad track. On one side is the police station, and on the other is the main bank. Sometimes a very long train will go through, like at 3:07 on Friday afternoon."

"So?" Mike asked.

"So, we stop that train, we take our time and get away. Now here's what I figured. If we bomb it, then everyone and his mother will flood the operators and cops with thousands of calls. So the bank alarm call won't get through for a long time. Also every cop anywhere nearby will be on the other side of the track from the bank. Also I-10 is on our side, and so is my little bayou where we dump the stolen car."

"Wait, let's elaborate on this, I think we have something here," Al said.

"Of course we do, I've been thinking about this for years. Now's the time," Spider Joe said.

### 3 P.M. Raceland, Louisiana.

**T**he sky was gray and cloudy. Church bells were ringing at the Catholic school. The park playground was filled with kids and parents swinging on swing-sets and climbing on jungle gyms. School buses zoomed down the streets. It was the average Friday afternoon in Raceland.

The four men waited across the street from the bank. Joe got up on a tower in order to count the cars of the train. Al was right under him. "Hey Joe," Al said, "I want you to shoot Chris in the head when we get to the bayou."

"What for?"

"Because he pawned my damn necklace for crack rock, plus it gives us more money. I hated Chris from the get-go."

"So what? Why don't you kill him then?" Joe

gave Al a weird look.

"Well," Al explained, "You're sitting behind him in the car, and I'm next to him. He'll see it coming if I try to pull a fast one. He's expecting it from me. So just do it when he parks at the bayou."

Joe was surprised. He began to think that maybe Al was scared to kill Chris. Joe shrugged his shoulders, he figured it was not a good time to anger Al. "Okay, whatever, I'll shoot him. Wait, here comes the train."

The train whistled and made a low, vibrating noise as it shook the tracks. Joe counted each car to strategically stop it at the right point. Then, through his binoculars, he noticed a school bus was stopped right at the crossing where the bomb was. Usually, the road never had cars there. This was unexpected.

"I can't do it! There's a school bus full of kids there!" Joe panicked.

"What do you mean? I don't care! You push that damn button right now before you screw this up!" Al argued. Finally Al wrestled the remote control away from Joe and pressed the button.

A few seconds of silence . . . then **boom!** The whole town heard and felt the bomb go off, as the train derailed and fell to its side. Joe shook his head at Al as he saw the school bus fly through the air.

The men waited in the car for ninety seconds, then they heard sirens in the distance and proceeded into the bank. They walked in with ski masks over their faces and brandishing large handguns. When a teller hit the silent-alarm button, the call was placed. But it would take at least ten minutes for a cop to drive all the way around the train, because railroad crossings were few and far between in Raceland.

As the men acted crazy inside in order to intimidate everyone, they split up. Joe and Al went to the back to dynamite one of the vaults open, and Chris and Mike worked the front.

When Joe and Al finished in back, the men began to exit. As they were walking out, a man in the crowd fired a .357, hitting Mike four times and killing him instantly. Al quickly turned around and blasted the old man.

"What do we do with him?" Al asked frantically.

"Let's just leave him," Chris said.

"No, we gotta take him!" Joe said hastily as he picked up Mike and headed to the car.

Chris drove. Al rode shotgun, because he was the best aim. Joe sat directly behind Al, and Mike was dead in the trunk.

"God, Joe, that was a damn big blast," Al said happily.

"I know, I was there," Joe exclaimed, annoyed by Al's big mouth.

"How much we got in the bag?" Al asked Joe.

"Oh, it's gotta be at least a hundred, maybe a hundred twenty-five large."

"Yes sir! I'm going to California!" Al cheered.

The men were too nervous and excited to say anything the rest of the way to the bayou. As they parked at the bayou shore, Al looked back at Joe and silently motioned for Joe to shoot Chris. Joe said aloud, "What do you mean? Mike's already dead."

"Think," Al said, "a hundred twenty-five grand divided by two."

"You're right, Al," Joe said as he pulled his 9mm out and put it to the back of Chris's head. Chris looked in the rearview mirror at Joe, who was looking in the mirror back at Chris's eyes. Chris was terrified. Joe winked at him, and quickly pointed the gun two feet over at Al. He blasted Al's brains across the windshield.

As Joe and Chris pushed the car in the bayou, Chris asked, "Why him and not me?"

"Would you rather it be you? Besides, he's a jerk. Al always had a bug up his ass against the world."

"What are you going to do now?" Chris asked Joe.

"Well, I do know one thing. I'm getting the hell out of Louisiana."

"Hey, thanks a lot, Joe."

"Okay man, just run now. Don't be stupid. Get out before it's too late."

## Menthol Green by Kim Van Zorge

menthol green wears on you like the sticky red of cherry cough drop  
melted in your ashtray.

gazing down, the ash-stained carpet  
reveals more than a mouth would allow.  
semen dried on fiber (a passing thought)  
of lustlorn figures embraced in breath.

suspended in moment . . . a drop of saliva,  
patiently hanging . . . waiting . . . waiting to fall  
as words spill off your lips with one tumble of tongue.

hair entwined with bony fingers, I listen  
as your ramblings fade into sound;  
overshadowed by the scent of nervous swallow  
and drawing me closer to your exhale.

stuck, now I find myself to your vinyl couch.





## San Andreas by Vikki Earley

san francisco  
                  *blues*  
split my heart  
                  *into*  
as you call  
                  *tonite*  
and fall  
                  *i fear*

thru

dusty-faced faults  
                  *i've pawned*  
into my life  
                  *my love*  
once more  
                  *of you*  
unaware  
                  *my dear*

of my

secret soul desires  
                  *for less*  
for you  
                  *than all*  
i dreamt  
                  *i earned*  
forever  
                  *last*  
in your  
                  *year*  
absence.

**Robert**  
Katherine Denmark  
silver print



## Going Home by Joanna James

I'm going home now for my supper:

buttermilk and cornbread.

The kitchen floor is brown

and a rug is in front of the sink.

The chairs are pink.

Where is the face across the table,  
my friend?

It was brown and toothless.

Blue plates and tall cups.

Black metal legs and blue walls.

Blue flowers look down from the kitchen cupboard.

A blue jar sits in the kitchen window,

It is a wooden windowsill.

The white formica is stained.

I'm going home now.



We are the heirs to  
the past decades of intellectualism.

I am the grandson of Pound.  
Kafka taught me to swim in  
dark rooms, over the summer.  
Kafka never swam, or  
visited Amerika.

I've seen the things Joyce did,  
he couldn't see, but things were more prevalent then.  
Today they are so common  
they are invisible.

Whitman was a fool,  
a romantic would have walked  
in the stars with him.  
In the pursuit of humanity  
I found that all roads lead to nowhere.  
Pursuit is an illusion, one that best should be ignored  
for sanity.  
And one that should be accepted for social ability.

This vehicle didn't handle as well as *his*, thought Griffin, although he was slightly impressed by its modest armaments. Out of the corner of his eye, Griffin spied a lone ped hobbling down the sidewalk near the hospital. Griffin's feeble mind ascertained that it must be an invalid. Griffin thought all peds were invalids. Who would want to go through life without a vehicle? Griffin figured he could have some fun and do this guy a favor at the same time. The haze of the dusty, pitted windshield made it hard for Griffin to line up correctly, but he had done it a thousand times, and half of those at night.

Griffin mashed the gas pedal and the vehicle hesitated a bit. A grimace shot across Griffin's face. *His* vehicle would never hesitate on demand. The thundering roar of the engine was deafening, and it

ter as a fountain of blood sprayed the windshield. The force of the impact had split the ped's body in two and entrails hung from the car like streamers from a newlywed's limo. Griffin wiped the spittle from his mouth, content with the favor he had done for the ped, and switched on the wipers.

After pummeling through some bushes and mowing down a tree, a sign, and a lamppost, Griffin could see again. He began slowing to fifty, a cruising speed. As he reflected on that nice stunt, he realized he would have never done that in *his* vehicle. Mowing down trees and signs was just too amateur—sloppy. Griffin felt embarrassed at his lack of pinpoint accuracy, but the feeling was subdued as he remembered he had to get this vehicle back to Reggie.

Griffin didn't see a damn soul through the rest of the resi-district. It was like a ghost town, and Griffin surmised this was due to an inherent lack of recreation in the district. The sun was setting in front of him, and Griffin relaxed at the wheel in the midst of a blood red sky. About a mile before the turnpike, Griffin thought he glimpsed the familiar urban camo of a Moving Violations chase tank. Endeavoring to make perfectly certain he hadn't picked up a tail, Griffin flipped on the infrared rearview, and to his horror found not one, but two M.V. chase tanks with their turrets readied and their flak armor deployed. He could have outrun them in *his* vehicle.

Griffin saw the turnpike ahead, and decided to go for it balls out. He tried to remember the last time he was chased by an M.V. cruiser, but couldn't. He thought maybe it was in high school when he had left campus early one day. Griffin mashed on the gas pedal and it creaked to the floor with an agonizing metal shriek. Again, the vehicle hesitated. Griffin looked back when the juice finally hit, and was blinded by a flash from one of the tank cannons. He hadn't fathomed what happened, but when his brain finally made sense of it, he was knocked out with the force of slamming into the crater the projectile had made. The last thing Griffin heard was the clamor and crash of twisting metal. An M.V. crewman congratulated his buddy on a nice shot.

**As the feathers and red mucous rained down onto Griffin's car, Reggie spied a lone ped hobbling down the walkway.**

echoed off the buildings with an ominous undulation. The vehicle gained speed. The ped realized the vehicle should not have been there, because the resi-districts were off-limits to vehicular travel, but he just kept on hobbling.

Griffin smiled a contorted grin and took a deep breath as the vehicle bounced up onto the sidewalk. Moments later, the ped was impaled on the front cattle catcher, and Griffin wailed with giddy laugh-

Griffin's eyes were hazed over with sleep and the whole lower half of his body ached. He realized this, yet it didn't seem to bother him much. In fact, he was content to just lie on the bed. He couldn't remember feeling such a happy indifference to life. Then again, he knew he had felt it somewhere. Maybe in high school, he thought, when he had gone to the hospital for a broken collar bone.

A nurse called out in a loud voice. She barked at him, telling him it was time to leave. She went on in her screeching tongue, proclaiming that this was not a recovery center. She told him he must do that on his own time, somewhere else. The nurse was frumpy and had a look of great loss about her wrinkled, leathery face. She shoved some crutches in front of Griffin and told him to come back in two months to get the cast off his leg. Griffin took the instruments and began to step and hop down the hall. On the way out, a man held the door for him and gave him something that looked like a claim check. Griffin hobbled down the walk and headed in the direction of the turnpike. The sun was high overhead and Griffin thought he might be getting hot. He didn't care much, though. Actually, he felt very at ease with his indifference. He thought he remembered this feeling from high school.

Reggie reveled in the fact he did not have to give Griffin his vehicle back. After all, if the guy doesn't show, it must mean he doesn't care. Reggie ingrained this into his brain as a way of fending off the guilt he had buried inside him. Flipping on the targeting display, an electronic whir permeated the compartment and a dim, red crosshair came to life on the windshield. Reggie targeted a bird and then blew it to smithereens using a rocket much too large for its intended target.

As the feathers and red mucous rained down onto Griffin's car, Reggie spied a lone ped hobbling down the walkway. He mashed the gas and felt the beast under the hood spring to life. There was no hesitating in this bad boy, Reggie thought. In moments, Reggie was on the sidewalk and closing fast with the ped on crutches. The window was hard to see through due to the sprinkling of bird fodder, but Reggie knew he was lined up well. The ped real-

ized the car was there yet he didn't seem to care much. He just kept stepping and hopping down the sidewalk. Moments later, Reggie made contact with the ped and roared with laughter as the body was mangled on the steel spikes in the front of the vehicle. Reggie loved the fact that Griffin's vehicle was so well equipped for games.

As the vehicle bounced over the remains of meat on the sidewalk, Reggie pulled some swift maneuvers to avoid hitting a felled tree, sign, and lamp-post. Reggie was overwrought with pride at his magnificent skill and precision. He actually wished Griffin was there to see how much better he had become. Griffin would have been proud.

## Contemplations on a Shred of Plastic by Brian Kitchens

I see before me a wad of  
discarded plastic wrap  
drifting among blades of  
pristinely cropped grass.  
Which is more unnatural:  
the wisp of petroleum by-product  
or the grass,  
more closely manicured  
than my own nails?





## Ouroboros by Christopher Mitchell

For the birthday cake  
april is s0 cRuel  
1996

*everyone dies*  
and the sun will burn until everyone drowns.  
*everyone dies.*

pour us some wine, my fairest flower  
and we will talk of miracles.  
the final breaths, last wispy gusts  
pull a leaf and a little galaxy.  
upward, tiny suns, on we must go  
Wells pull planetesimals and comets  
and we must reach our destined.  
split aorta, platelets on the porcelain.  
"you feel like breaking some glass?"

titanium claw tears through epidermal layer  
and finding the sky in the ground, another ten years  
on the asteroid, we will live here, another ten years  
on the asteroid, we live.

another ten years.

200,000 jack kennedies there've been per aEon.  
to buy the clothes that fade, the clothes that fall apart, i am  
wondering, how's my favorite little girl?

i'm

kind of  
deS(er ted).

a fat little woman shields her children  
as the (tribe?) crosses the street,  
and shields them from the good looks  
—dangerous charms of the aristocracy.  
downward singing, sitar flows, gently  
line by  
precious  
line

and so i watch them go  
line by  
precious  
line.  
“and so i sing my song”

la la.

no more farewells, no more hello—i refuse to speak to them  
they’ve brought us to the taste of sweat  
but we are going back . . .  
we are coming back.

they sealed our souls in the innermost hole;  
covered with dirt our grave.  
never . . . never . . . never . . . never . . . never . . .  
i have no son, and here is the day.  
this is the day i borrowed—get a flirt.  
everyone knows i’m insane.

but on we must go. (they’ll forget me)  
for when you feel,  
“you feel.”

come back in an hour, you tormented souls.  
“why is this night different from all others?”  
and the people you gave it to;  
they say: “take it away.”  
everything is free  
to everyone in this room.  
“but take it away, i feel . . .”

alop . . . jor . . . jhala.  
keep it when the rasa resounds.  
keep it, then give it away.

for everything free  
for everyone here.  
status quo ante.

is one of us still on the roof?

## Ouroborus continued

we own you.

we own you.

*while the queens of all the  
earth writhe upon deep rugs*

chaos. futility. —they will forget you.

“why is this night different from all others?”

enjoy your life with your wife, whom you love.  
but even she may betray you.

YET

every twelve years, we live the dream  
cancer and jupiter, long live the king  
we all lusted, but could not steal  
rexque futururus, long live the king.

the king is dead.

this is thy sheath, there rust.

the fish looking to the right screameth out.

YET

if ouroborus stopped  
and if ouroborus caught  
the prey would remain away  
the corpse would rot incomplete

(by this i mean the kids with the quick drugs,  
and the soul looking under for the moon,  
and the guns and the guns and the guns and the guns and the guns  
)

YET

for the murdered fantasies  
bodhisattva-less imperfection  
i am not a god  
and this is my friend, my lecture;



"i can not depart!"  
my friend.

YET

*out spreads the earth above the water.  
the sun rules the day, the night; the moon and stars.  
his lovingkindness is everlasting.  
he who remembered us in our low estate  
his lovingkindness is everlasting.*

tablature notation:

thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you.  
many before have tackled this—and many before  
attained expression that i was unable to conquer. 1, 3  
eric compuzano of prayer chain—"sun stoned." 4, 5  
jack palance—the silver chalice (writers?) devious.  
also inspiring the vision were ben's bova's welcome to  
moonbase, a future of humans fulfilling only base level  
of maslow's hierarchy self-vision (huxley?) clawing  
oxygen mining lunox from rocks anyways. terms from  
classical hindu performance art. rasa the tone = per-  
vade the rhythm. dances with wolves perhaps too,  
though never on purpose, the king is dead. in calicut  
a festival (see the golden bough). the king is dead.  
pisces who stares at the left hand is escaping the  
cycle. an ouroboros was a medieval mobius strip—the  
chimera chasing its own tail. 52 and again from the  
haggadah. children must be reminded . . . 67, 68 e.e  
cumplings—orientale. solomon 71 (ecclesiastes)  
shakespeare's juliet dies, psalm 136—by what manner  
could such a beast thrive?

## Iguana Be a Man by Robertó Torres

It was one of those idyllic days of summer, all clear sky and shining sun. I was eight years old and living in a remote corner of a tiny town in the middle of a very small country that most people can't place on a map, let alone recognize by name. Anyway, early that morning my father decided to wake my older brothers and me and treat us to a day at the river. Now, to me, going to the river was always an almost orgasmic experience, for not only did it mean swimming, fishing, and engaging in any sort of aquatic sport my brothers and I could come up with, but it also implied the possibility of an iguana hunt. Many people in my little corner of the world considered the eggs and meat of the iguana to be a delicacy, and we were no exception.

Looking back, I feel sad I was too young to appreciate the magnificence and majesty of that river bend, and be awed by its crystal-clear water, or the song of the dozens of birds that took refuge in the huge trees lining its banks. Instead, all I could really concentrate on was trying to keep up with my brothers. Since my brothers are older than me by five and six years, they were able to do many things that I could not, such as climbing to the highest branch of a tree and diving into the river, or swimming in the deepest areas, or where the currents were just too strong for me to be safe. Of course, that meant my brothers detested having to look after me and tried to get rid of me at every opportunity. On the other hand, it also meant that I would become obsessed with trying to prove that I was not a baby, and I could do anything they could. To me, my ultimate proof would be to capture an iguana.

That day, as my father, brothers, and I were blissfully swimming the hours away, the opportunity presented itself. On top of a rock, basking in the midday sun, bestrode the world a behemoth iguana. To me, this iguana looked over one hundred feet long; it was a dark green monster, and its eyes were filled with an icy indifference that only a cold-blooded reptile could exude. As my brothers and I traded glances, it must have known the fate it immediately reserved. As it looked down on us from its perch, with a smug look of condescension and confidence that we puny mortals could never possibly be a threat, I resolved I

would hunt down the leviathan and become a hero among men.

Forsaking his better judgment, my dad decided there was no time to go back to the car to pick up any equipment, and my heart sank as I heard his strategy. As he whispered to my brothers to surround the iguana and trap it, I realized that he was leaving me out. As my brothers stealthily swam toward the shore, he turned to me and told me to just be quiet and stay out of the way. I was devastated. I tried to explain I was ready, that I could help to catch it, but he was already moving toward the iguana.

While my father and brothers encircled the iguana, I climbed out of the river. However, I stayed away from them, resenting the fact that I was being robbed of my prize. Suddenly, I realized something was amiss. One of my brothers sprang the trap too early, and the iguana ran, crushing everything in its path like a juggernaut, directly toward me. My eyes grew large with surprise and fear, and as the monster drew near, my primal instincts debated whether to stand and fight, or turn around and flee. Suddenly, filled with either courageous determination or great stupidity, I launched myself at the peril at hand, and with a fierce battle cry filling my chest, I seized the beast by the tail. Time seemed to stand still as the creature kept running, dragging me as if I was a twig or some other object of no significance. Still, as it kept running through the brush, I stubbornly held on to its tail, impervious to anything but the sound of my heart and convinced that we were destined, this animal and I, to battle until the bitter end. It was then that fortune ceased to smile at me, and began to mock me, because I hit a rock. The jolt made me lose my grip on the animal, which ran away without ever noticing me at all.

As I was lying on the ground, the shock passed, and eventually all I could feel was pain—excruciating pain. My body was cut, scraped, and bruised in more places than I could count. But even worse, I had nothing to show for it. The iguana had gotten away. Then, as my father tended to my wounds, my brother asked the question I will always carry in my heart: "Why the hell didn't you let go, stupid?"

Karina No. 1  
Victor Williamson  
silver print



## Toned by Shane Allison

He calls to find out if I am available.  
A MOTOROLA vibration.  
A public phone and a private conversation.  
Touching the tones with my salined fingertips.  
A tall, voluptuous build at the age of forty-four.  
And all he can do is grin because I am the fool.  
To meet him in that bathroom of beige floors tinged with hot rainbows of fluorescent lights.  
Vertical views of inner thighs and a black tee shirt.  
Vertical views of hair embedded in pink-white trenches of skin.  
Vertical views of his denture-cream laughter in the brown of my eye.  
I am angry for driving all this way to watch.  
Burning unleaded fuel to get to that stall and find nothing.  
He ruins my free time to fill out job applications and breathe.  
Availability  
An emergency contact  
Last place of employment  
Name  
Date of birth  
And a one-year friend as a personal reference.  
I am happy because nothing life-threatening happens.  
I take with me the memory of his boots and belt.  
I take with me the could-have-beens and the curly, brown locks of hair.  
I steal his voluptuous build.  
Capture the ocean blue of his eyes, but not a touch-tone phone number.  
A Thursday night support group.  
A 1-800 number and I still can't get his name.  
I should charge him for gas money.

### Pipes

Karrie Osbourne  
silver print



## Mad Bomber by David Goldsmith

Buddhist incense burns  
burns from their little kettles

Suspended below the rigid arms  
arms outstretched  
stretched from a steel cross

Backdrop colored with gray clouds  
clouds that cover eyes like fleece  
fleece through which sound would be heard

heard had there been sound.

The Brutish old of Man  
Man rises, from his dusty bed  
Man moves, dusty Mecca moving east  
east in our final days

Hands that brush the dust from aeons of rest  
Rest on the broken workers' backs  
Backs on which we the giants stood  
Stood and will stand.

Finally, I  
I am not the man, I am not his hands  
And I have only now felt them,  
them beneath my feet, realization  
realization, finally at this very point  
Point at which, at which . . .

at which I have turned suddenly  
Suddenly God looks me in the eye

His face surprised, as if It didn't expect  
to see me here  
Here now I laugh—Ha  
As if something should be funny.

## Life in the Stone by Jan Artley

The pounding of the hammer and pick drew nearer as the days went by. Although the sound frightened me and made me feel uncertain, the day of freedom from the cave near the quarry was one of the happiest of my ancient existence.

The sun was bright and the air was hot. The cave in which I was trapped was cool and dark. Even so, the men working to free me were dripping with sweat and parched by the dust they created. When the hammering and scraping finally stopped, a dim light began to shine in. At first it was just a small glimmer of light, then, as the thousands of tiny dust particles began to settle, slowly more light shined through the blackness.

Unable to move myself, the men placed me on a flat-bed cart with wooden wheels. As they pulled me closer to the entrance of the cave, the sun's rays reflecting off me became so bright that looking at me for a long time would cause blindness. It had been so long since I had seen the sun, I had almost forgotten what it looked like. But, even after all those years of darkness, the brightness of day quickly warmed me like an old friend.

After my transport across the island of Paros, the men placed rollers under me and pushed me over them onto a ship. The sea was calm that day, and the water, just as clear as the sky, gently caressed the side of the ship.

Upon my arrival at Olympia, I was sold to the man who sent for me. I thought it peculiar that he could see me when no one else seemed to have his vision. On my travels I attempted to make myself visible, but no one paid attention to me. With his dried, cracked, and knuckled hands, he could see through the stone and almost hear me. He talked to me while he toiled over every little detail of my body.

From the very beginning he took his time. First he drew an outline on all four sides of my body. Then he began to remove the prison around me, using a pick hammer, drill, and punch. He stopped only when he was within an inch of me.

Although I welcomed freedom, the iron tools repeatedly struck by a wooden mallet were almost enough to scare me back into the cave. But I had

nothing to worry about: the man's hands were old and wise from hours spent working on all the stone men who came before me.

The next and most decisive stage of my escape was the detailed modeling of my surface by chisels

**At first it was just a small glimmer of light, then, as the thousands of tiny dust particles began to settle, slowly more light shined through the blackness.**

of various types. Finally, my body was smoothed over with emery chips and powder, followed by powdered pumice.

Transforming from the humble beginning of a block of stone in a cave near a quarry to the image of the man that stood before his maker was exhilarating. I was freed from the ground and taken to a sea-bearing vessel. Following my arrival in Olympia, I was painstakingly sculpted by a wise, old friend who saw past the stone to free me. After surviving great turmoil to begin again in the wise hands that freed me, I know the place I, Oenomaus, now stand is where I should always stand—among the gods.

## Night Journey by Phyllis Yates

My car sliced through the ebony night.  
My silent companion, the moon, glowed in the velvet sky.  
Sometimes illumined, sometimes disguised  
by tendrils of rising fog.  
Autumn has arrived.  
Not in the falling leaves,  
or the chilly mornings.  
It arrives in the quiet camaraderie  
of a long drive home  
with the occasional glare of a deer's eyes  
barely glimpsed in passing  
to remind me  
time is passing as swiftly  
as my solitary car.

**Breezy**

Cibyl Lane

pen and ink ■ 10"x14"





## Sonata for Wacissa by Robert Casserly

An inspiration for fresh bream  
Roasting in campfire coals  
Provided my Sunday purpose,  
So my blade dipped, I pushed

And sent a water curl spinning,  
Slipping down a side channel  
To a hidden place of hungry fish  
In a swamp's secret heart.

*Blackwater slides  
Under the lace of trees.*

Cypress and sweet gum fought  
For sun, wrestling up thick  
In the midst of solar riches.

I paddled soft, past  
Splatter pods and paddocks  
Crowned with reeds.

Cicadas whirred drowsy music.  
Steam rose slowly from breathing swamp.  
My line never even twitched.

No bream . . . no drum . . .  
No speckled trout . . .

Sunlight dapples spelled me  
To sleep, my canoe  
Rocked like a cradle in the current.

*Blackwater slides  
Under the lace of trees.*

I am a water bug  
Skating fast before  
A heron's beak.

I am a frog  
Swelling my throat sacs  
Because it makes me sexy.

I am an iris  
Hiding petaled, purple fire  
In cupped, green hands.

I am a dreamer  
Whose fishing pole slips  
And quickly sinks.

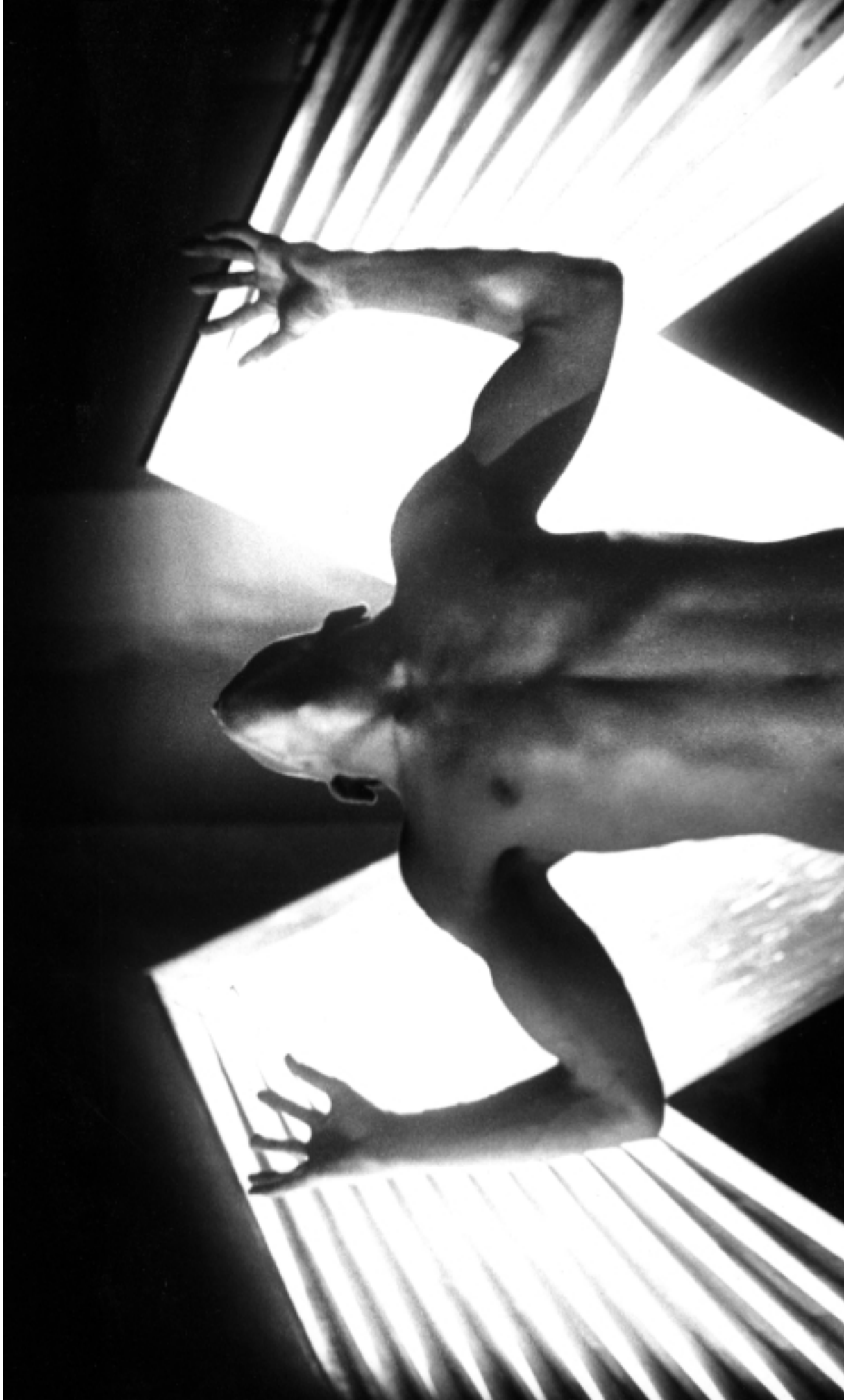
*Blackwater slides  
Under the lace of trees.*

A croak-bloated orchestra battled  
In a night riot of Urps and Awnks.

I clung to five feet of frog-free  
Hummock, and even my campfire  
Sent amphibious swirls of smoke  
Up into the charcoal star pond,  
Adance with Wacissa's sonata.

*Blackwater slides  
Under the lace of trees.*







**Robert Casserly**  
editor-in-chief



**Dawn Fish Nowell**  
prose & copy editor



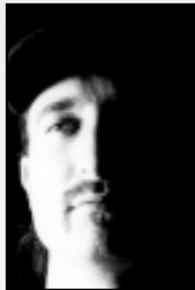
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design



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editorial board



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The *Eyrie* staff dedicates the 1998 issue to Mr. Paul Shepherd—plumb, level, and square.



## Colophon: how we did it

Except for the excellent printing by Graphateria of Tallahassee, *Eyrie* is completely student produced. All manuscripts, artwork, and design elements were created by students. Every phase of production was directed by students and executed with minimal off-campus assistance. However, we must credit five books that provided us with invaluable editorial guidelines: *The Chicago Manual of Style*, by The University of Chicago Press; *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, by Evans and Evans; *The Elements of Grammar*, by Margaret Shertzer; *The Elements of Style*, by Strunk and White; and *Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language*, by Portland House.

"Unsayable things do indeed exist," (epigraph) is a quote from *Tractatus*, by Ludwig Wittgenstein (1889–1951). Wittgenstein was an Austrian-born philosopher who examined the relationship of language to thought, and the inability of words to represent reality. Wittgenstein used a chair as an example of a perfectly simple object that had, when examined critically, so many imperfect definitions, uses, and interpretations that words could never fully explain it. Accepting Wittgenstein's proposition, we embrace Chair as a symbol of what *Eyrie* is, and leave more specific conceptions to your discretion.

### Contest

The *Eyrie* contest is a monetary award (\$75–\$100) given to the best submissions in four categories: poetry, prose, photography, and illustration. All staff members vote on the awards and are not eligible for prizes.

**This year's winners are:** poetry—*We Write* and *San Andreas*, by Vikki Earley; prose—"The Products of the Louisiana State Penal System," by William Jawde; photography—*Kid Book*, by Cate Marron; illustration—*Spheres* and *Squid*, by Kevin Wiseman.

### Production

Simplicity reigns in this year's *Eyrie*. In an exploration of minimalism, we cast off everything from lines to spot color. It's against the grain of the times—but innovation has always been the *raison d'être* of *Eyrie*.

From the beginning, we present you with a clean slate: our cover. An unadorned twenty-three gauge natural poly, it bears only our name, yet reveals *Eyrie's* mascot: Chair.

Chair was created with Adobe Illustrator 7.0.1 and Strata Vision 3D 4.0. Chair sets the stage for *Eyrie* on our contents spread, then leaves us to ourselves, appearing again only to bid us farewell.

The content of *Eyrie* is presented to you sans serif. Our body typeface is the eminently readable ITC Officina Sans (a slight misnomer, as the face sports minute serifs). Almost everything else, from titles to credits, uses the classic, quasi-retro, ever-stark ITC Avant Garde.

Using QuarkXPress 3.32, (4.0 came in late!) *Eyrie* was produced over approximately one working week, not including prep-work, on a Power Macintosh 8500 upgraded to a 275MHz G3 chip with 1MB of 275MHz backside cache. Only Apple is this cool! For our viewing pleasure, the Mac used dual monitors: a 17" AppleVision and a 21" Radius

PrecisionView 2150 powered by a Radius Thunder 30/1600 video card.

Most artwork in *Eyrie* is reproduced using full-bleeds. There are few effects as striking as a full-bleed, but bleeding artwork must be approached with caution. Every effort was made in *Eyrie* to preserve the integrity of the artwork. In some instances, it was necessary to bleed off only three edges, or not at all.

All artwork was scanned either with a LaCie Silverscanner III at Tallahassee Community College, or with a Kodak Professional RFS3570 film scanner at the *Tallahassee Democrat* newspaper offices (a big thanks to Steve for supervising), and was processed in Adobe Photoshop 4.0.1.

*Eyrie* was finished with stainless steel Wire-O binding in an effort to make it easier to read, allow for full-bleeds, and create a tougher, longer-lasting magazine.

One significant advantage to *Eyrie's* minimalist design is that production costs came in well under budget. It was decided that no color would be used in *Eyrie*, except for the sixteen color pages of artwork. This allowed us to implement our innovative cover and original artwork at a lower cost than any *Eyrie* in the last several years.

*No effort was spared in this endeavor.*

