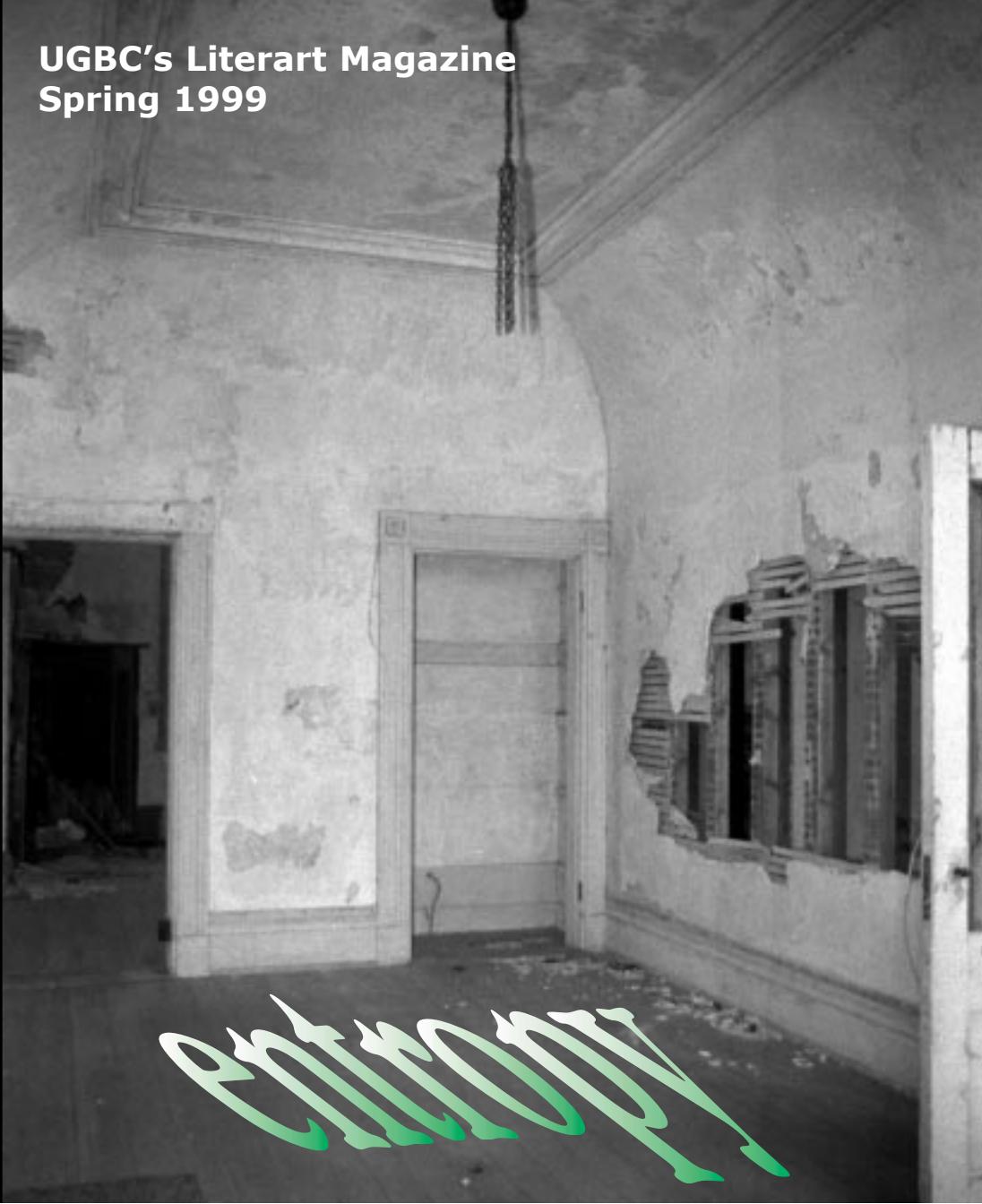


UGBC's Literart Magazine
Spring 1999



Art

Images of Reality

As Gilbert Blythe recommends to Anne in L.M. Montgomery's Anne of Green Gables, the best writing comes from experience and describing what you know. Whether it be recording a conversation with a family member or expanding on an image in nature, writing allows us to come to terms with the complexity of reality and obtain a more full understanding of who we are. This issue of Entropy is dedicated to glimpses of reality that can offer meaning and insight into our own lives. Within the expansive abyss that we call "writing" lives an element of truth and experience that sparks similarities in the life of the reader challenging him to reflect on his own life. These emotional and scenic portraits painted in the words of writers are aimed at evoking passion, laughter, anger, and fear that prompts the audience to see their own personal experiences and how they relate to reality. As Anne Lammo wrote in her novel Bird By Bird, "the power of good writing is telling the truth. We are a species that needs and wants to understand who we are." When you read the prose and poetry in Entropy, hear the voices and passions of the student body of Boston College and challenge yourselves to examine the truth and reality of all that exists around you.

Entropy, Spring 1999

E D I T O R I N C H I E F

Suji Narayanan

A S S I S T A N T E D I T O R I N C H I E F

Megan Mulholland

D E S I G N & L A Y O U T

Jonathan Ralton

S U P P O R T I N G E D I T O R S

Tina Greenberg

Alexander Gulla

Megan Jones

Jill McEwen

Marie McLaughlin

Please note that in the Fall 1999 issue of Entropy, the photography on pages 34 and 35 should be credited to Caryn Waechter.



This issue's cover photography is by Jonathan Ralton.

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Literature



Sinking Gully, *George Atallah*

Eyes of an infant gaze in wonder,
Lost in the light overwhelming the eyes,
Denies even Thomas with unshattering faith,
Sensing no holes, and no hidden lies.

Soul of a youth yearns for light still,
Filters the faults found in darkness behind,
Flustering ears with unbearable tension,
Endures the chiming, citing possession of mind.

Trifles of proof convince not like pure writ.
Refusing treatment that would cut but cure,
Stand naked revealing all upon sleeve.
Infected and scabbed and asking for more?
Peculiar trust knows not more to believe.

Ode, *Karen Kegel*

Poets
 Flooding
 with sensitivity
Blessed
 with universal
 appreciation

Monoliths
 of
 empathy

Poets
 cannot be feigned
 cannot be camouflaged

But
 You arrived,
 fracturing
 such reckless
 tags
 Poet, artist, thinker, seer, lover
 of life
 that you are

Under the welcome fever
 of a horizontal hourglass,
 two basked in the entwining
 melt
 of thought- waves



Verse spinning from your lips
In soul dipped
give and take

Then
The timepiece tipped
(by your hands)
You sped the infant
bridge
and flurried to where
Poets
go

Flattened,
I froze in senseless space,
mind agape
Slapped faceless
Disillusioned and questioning
Poets
the only way
a poet
knows how.

Play, *Claire Windsor*

One of my first memories was playing house with my mother. I remember that she and I were in my bedroom which had yellow plaid wallpaper. I also remember that my mother was really bad at playing house, which is ironic. She didn't know whether it was time to go to work, or clean, or eat, or how to hold the Cabbage Patch doll right. Anyone of these things is enough to make a four year old lose her mind, but together these "playing house" violations generally push towards wanting to play alone. I never really minded having seven hour tea parties with Bert and Ernie and I believe that if the Sit and Spin was an Olympic event, I would have won the gold. But there was something missing from my playtime. It was something that was almost impossible to have as a young girl. I wanted, I needed to play with my two older brothers.

My two older brothers, Ben and Rob, were the only two people who thought I was no fun to play with. Whatever it was that those two boys happened to be doing at any particular time, I convinced myself was the epicenter of fun. I tried several approaches to get into their pretend world. The most popular, and most quickly rejected, was the "I'll laugh at everything you do and make them think they're hilarious" approach. That would never work because the boys would quickly remind me that I wasn't allowed to laugh near them. The next one was the "accidentally play in their space and they won't notice when we all start to play together" move. Never worked. For some reason I was always spotted playing near them. Our play spaces never really meshed well. Another popular tactic was the "take their toys-no mercy" approach. Though that was one often used, the outcome was never favorable. When caught, it was I who would end up in solitary confinement with the ugly, yellow, plaid wallpaper in my bedroom. The final resort was the "scream at the top of your lungs for Mom until she makes you play together" action. Highly successful.

Once inside their games I really felt like I was part of the team. I was the missing link to the most possible fun a 5, 7 and 9 year old could have. We did things that Bert and Ernie would have never done. Barbie would have cried and gone home while My Little Pony



would have been shot on the spot. These boys didn't mess around. We used the whole yard to play in, and not just the grass by the swings. We hid in the bushes from lions, and, arms linked, jumped from a colossal mountain which was the gigantic two foot boulder in our yard. Just by playing with them I felt myself maturing. I wasn't such a baby anymore. I learned how to bleed without fear. I wanted to be one of them.

I joined in on their boy games and boy rituals. It was I who wanted to find the inch worm my brothers fed to our neighbor. I watched as he chewed the worm and I never thought about cooties. That night we got into trouble for feeding our neighbor that inch worm. I too was pulled aside to be yelled at. When someone had to snort the concoction we mixed using a bit of from every bottle in the spice cabinet, I volunteered with only them in mind. I had sacrificed for the team, we had to help each other. I would clean the boys' rooms, give them my desert, and take blame that would have been rightfully placed on either of them. It was wonderful. I had arrived.

A favorite game of my brothers was one called "disaster." It was a creative game where, as the title suggests, disaster would strike and survival was key. We would begin by doing some everyday tasks like eating, driving, sleeping when suddenly, without warning, disaster would strike. It was earthquakes, floods, fires, or any other life threatening situation they could think of. Though I felt like my survival rate should have been as high as each of theirs (each being 100%), I always died. Always. In order to fully understand what it would have been like to die in a disaster, my brothers helped me improvise. Getting smashed on the head with pillows until I fell on the floor was supposed to simulate a tornado. Having one of them sit on me was to show me how it feels to suffocate. Leaving me under the coffee table, simulated be buried alive. I died in some dramatic ways. I was swallowed by an anaconda, run over by a tank, and eaten by an evil Ewok. The game proved to be more disastrous for me then for them, but I continued to play.

It wasn't until the day Ben gave Rob a pile driver (an interesting wrestling move), then I realized there was more to playing with the boys than just dying in disaster. They were on the second floor and I had just gotten back from my ballet class. My mother and I heard a thud from upstairs and seconds later Ben appeared in the kitchen. He told me that Rob was hurt. He said over and over again that he didn't do anything wrong, which is a dead give away to guilt. I was happily playing with the dog and stayed downstairs. Within a minute I could hear yelling and both boys were crying. Curiosity brought me halfway up the stairs before I was intercepted by my mother and brothers. Right then my father drove into the driveway, and Ben cried a little harder. Rob was hysterical and my mother was looking for her purse. Meanwhile, I'm standing by the door in a tutu. My mother grabbed her keys and she and Rob went out the door. Ben and I watched as Mom and Dad made a verbal exchange in the driveway, before she and Rob got into her car and drove away. Ben was going to die. Though I was only six, I could smell the danger. Dad came to the door, opened it slightly, walked past the both of us to hang up his coat. He then came and stood in front of both of us. Though I didn't want to leave the excitement, this was real life disaster and I wasn't going to die this time.

Later that night, Mom brought Rob home in a neck brace. They felt bad for him and even let him drink soda. I, on the other hand, removed my tutu as ordered and waited for an update in my leotard. No one would fill me in on the night's events. Rob looked like he was permanently handicapped and may never utter another word again, while my parents clearly needed naps. It was my father who informed me of what had happened. He drew me an age appropriate diagram to explain exactly what Ben had done. Ben had held Rob upside-down and then basically sat on his head, crushing his neck and skull. Rob would be okay, but Ben was not allowed to play with either of us for three days. Since it was Friday, I had the whole weekend to show Rob what an excellent playmate I was.

The weekend was full of G. I. Joe marrying Barbie, Atari competitions. Meanwhile, from the confines of his room, longed to



play with us. On Sunday, hours before his release, Ben, Rob, and I played Chutes and Ladders. Rob and I sat on one side of the doorway, and Ben on the other. It didn't matter to any of us that Ben had sat on Rob's head two days before.

At times when I was little I would have done anything to be an only child, especially when my hair was getting pulled, there was a mass lynching of my stuffed animals, or when my brothers insisted they have lizards for pets. Growing up we certainly bumped heads as we became individuals. I emerged from behind my tea set as a woman who they listened to understood and admires. They, in my eyed, could do nothing wrong. Like the game, we have had our own personal disasters along the way. They didn't come in the form of a tornado an earthquake, but broken hearts and lost friendships. But like we did when we were little, jumping off the "mountain" in our backyard, we still link arms to make sure all three of us land on our feet.

Cold Front, *Kristen Sborgna*

*A thousand doors ago
when I was a lonely kid
in a big house with four
garages and it was summer
as long as I could remember.*

- Anne Sexton

It must be difficult
for my father to imagine
his little girl drunk
at a bar, in bed
with a boy (plump
breasts and hips full
enough for child bearing) ,
or speaking in class
like she really does know what she's talking about.

I think he often sits at
home, evenings, smoking cigars and
re-reading my weekly letters,
wondering if I've ever
smoked pot, if I'm still
a virgin, if I ever forgave his missing
my lead in the 8th grade play,

knowing he can never
ask me. He would not
fully believe the answers



either way.

Like the way I could never ask
about the little velvet
bow-on-top box, glimpsed
at only in that brief moment
before she slammed the trunk,
or the rushed,
hushed phone conversations
I never even heard, leaning
in the marginal space between
two rooms.

So we sit together, evening,
talking about our days, about
the coming cold front,
about the thoughts
of some dead philosopher,
or television character,
about the trips we used to take
to the Cape
every August

when he would change me
into my pajamas, and I could still
fit bobby-horsed
around his thighs.

Man and Muse Underground, *Carrie Friedman*

The man in the beret was a writer, this much I could tell- - the pocket- protector with pens of every color, every tip gave it away.

I was kitty- korner across, and he had tilted his enormous note pad up like an architect's drafting table.

He must be serious, I thought, maybe he's even good. I looked at him, he averted his eyes. Yep, definitely a writer.

And I blushed, tried not to let my mouth's corners turn up, my heart beat fast, felt like a new crush's stare from across a crowded room

when you instruct yourself: 'Flip your hair, laugh at something, do anything' to whet his interest. But I looked bad that day,

the race and all: my shirt soaked with sweat, my number still pinned in place, eyes squinting, flushed face, unshaven legs.

He worked furiously nonetheless, like a painter whose art- class- model has a 3 o'clock and my stop approached and passed,

Too busy searching for ways to inspire him: I hummed a Beatles song while digging for and unwrapping a stick of gum carefully, slowly, flap by flap,

Alternating my content face with a melancholy philosopher's gaze, a pensive dreamer's meditation. I rocked to and fro

A little in my seat. I wondered if he offer me a copy when I get off, will this be published? And then he spoke to me, all raspy and

Smoked- out, just how I imagined. Can- - can you just move a little to the left? I'm trying to record the scenery, and you're blocking my view.



The Party Date, *Karen Kegel*

A cloud refusing
the strings of gravity
Sailing above fields of common heads
with breathless delight

Sparkling champagne
Stored until mature for life
Bubbling to greet the parted lips
of a weighted shadow

Entranced by a golden heart
and a diamond smile,

Caged by her newly- tapped
standards,

she gnaws the chain of her birthright
to grope for an evaporating hand
that will only take a needle
to her soaring balloon

Saturday Afternoons, *Matthew Diemer*

Silver-tainted men with shiny navy-blue satin jackets
stomp and whistle, egging on mean-faced young men in shiny navy-blue singlets.
watching false bravado cross-face broken home
latent homosexual throws substance abuser in a split-crotch.

Red-haired girls with White Rain hair and Bubbalicious crackity-crack
yap and yaw about Johnny, Steve and Craig.
Occasionally they all quiet, point, and giggle,
then turn the broken record back on.
Lettermen with expiration dates on their sleeves look over past glories and call out
"Turk! Check 'is oil! Now double it! Double it!"
fresh-faced girls under their arms blink blankly,
count sheep 1-2-3.
low self-esteem turns over sexual dysfunction with a cradle.
He beams. Ennui gazinis out of overachiever's grasp
bald-headed men with three strands groan and smack callused hands to now-fleshy
heads.

Bellowing, grunts, and barked commands reverberate through the jungle gymnasium.
Shifty thirty year olds glance down at their black and
white stripes, then up at the clock.
The smell of must commingled with sweat clings to the ground
weighed down by the exhalation of fervent cigarette breath.
Everybody is tired.



Some wallow in it, perched in the safety of plastic stands.
Others accept as another cross to bear
Some give it a sidelong glance and kick in the teeth.

The Long Way, *Suji Narayanan*

"Why do you always take the long way? Don't you know that if we cut through town we'll shave at least fifteen minutes off the trip?" Anu questioned from the passenger seat.

"What are you talking about? Going through town you hit all those lights. Besides, it's a nice day and I'm the driver, so we're going my way." I replied.

Adjusting her body so it faced the window, Anu remained silent for the duration of the ride home. She was mad that she wasn't driving and that we had to take the long way home. I secretly knew that going through town was shorter, but I wanted an excuse to spend time with her. When my sister left for college, her visits home and time spent with me became less frequent. The only time we had together was spent driving to the train station so she could visit friends or on route to the airport when she was going back to school. It wasn't her fault though. In fact, I don't think she even realized how much I missed the time we spent together.

When my sister was in high school she drove me to school every day. We lived in Morristown, an urban town in northern New Jersey notorious for its poor school system. Wanting us to receive a good education, my parents sent us to Oak Knoll, a girl's Catholic school about fifty minutes away from our house. Each morning I would wake up late and scurry into the shower, hoping Anu wouldn't realize how late I was. Knowing that I would never be ready on time she packed me a bagel with raspberry jam, my favorite, and grabbed me a juice box from the fridge. She'd leave two dollars bills in the front pocket of my purple L. L Bean backpack so that I could buy lunch at school. Anu always made her own lunch, a salad packed in a ziplock bag with a side or dressing in a Tupperware container. I think she knew I felt "cool" buying my lunch so she always set aside part of our weekly allowance for me to buy lunch.

After my parents got divorced, my sister and I lived with my Dad. He never mastered the art of domestic responsibility so my sister and I took on most of the household duties. Every week Dad gave my sister and I twenty five dollars to spend on whatever we

wanted: pencils for school, ice creams, cookies from the school bake sale, and lunch money. On Sundays, after church, we would hop into Anu's rusting 1990 Toyota Tercel and head for the Shoprite. Going down the aisles we picked out all the stuff Mom would never have let us buy. Other families doing their weekly shopping together would stare in disgust at our cart packed with fudgesicles, grasshopper cookies, frozen pizzas, rice pudding from the deli counter, and numerous 12-packs of Coke. Once in a while we'd buy the occasional carton of milk or loaf of bread to justify all the junk food. However, seeing that those items usually lingered in the refrigerator with slimy, green mold coating their surfaces, we stayed away from the foods most families considered dietary necessities.

When we finished paying for the groceries, we packed the bags into the trunk of the Tercel until there was barely room to see through the rear window. On the ride home, even when the car was packed with frozen dinners and ice cream, Anu would ask if I wanted to take the long way home. Even though I was only thirteen, too young to have the authority or driver's license to rebel, she always asked me which route I wanted to take. Without contemplation, I always chose the long way. She never grumbled or turned her body towards the window when I requested the long way. Upon hearing my response, she'd casually roll down the window or turn the music up real loud so we could sing along to Casey's Sunday countdown on Power 95.5 FM. It always amazed me that together our voices silenced the surrounding sound of cars passing, honking horns, neighbors fighting, and street vendors calling for pedestrians to stop and look at their merchandise. I secretly wondered why she always offered to go the long way, knowing I would say yes. I knew her free time on weekends was crunched between driving me to field hockey practices, picking me up from sleep-over parties and dropping off Dad's work shirts at the cleaner's. Her busy schedule made the free time she chose to spend with me even more special.

When we took the long way in the summertime, we'd pull into the driveway, pop open the truck of the Tercel and be greeted by either a stream of sticky liquid oozing from overheated popsicles or



a pool of ice cream resting stagnant on the car's cloth interior. We'd run into the house, grabbing wet towels and napkins, and slop up the liquid covering the rest of the groceries, salvaging what we could. I always worried she'd blame me for choosing the long way or snap at me saying, "If we'd only gone straight home this would never have happened," but she never did.

Things were different when Anu left for school though. I went to the grocery store on Sundays by myself and rarely ever went the long way. I started watching my weight and was embarrassed of what other shoppers might think if I splurged on a package of Enteman's cookies. When she went to school, I was left to drop of the dry cleaning and had to navigate the shortest bus route to hockey practice when Dad couldn't drive me. The long way had been our way of escaping the adult life that had been forced on us too soon. The long way allowed us to forget time and be kids again, but when Anu left, I had no car, no sister, and no escape. School friends and teammates couldn't replace her absence because they didn't appreciate the freedom of the long way.

When Anu left, I still woke up late for school. Dad screamed for me to hurry up. I skipped lunch frequently because Dad didn't put money in my backpack like Anu. He thought it was "silly" to buy my lunch when we had perfectly good food I could bring from home. Dad and I drove to school in silence aside from his occasional grumble when I'd belt out a line from Debbie Gibson's latest hit. He sped to school so he wouldn't miss his morning meetings and never knew there was a long way.

I couldn't wait for Anu to come home for vacation, expecting everything to be like it was before she left. But she changed when she came home. She started to speak with a Boston accent and there was an instant fight if I even mentioned the long way. I don't know if she didn't want to be reminded of the responsibilities she had when she lived at home or if her college friends had given her a new outlet to life's problems, but car rides home with Anu were never the same.

Now that I'm in college I'm beginning to understand that you

can't preserve childhood traditions forever. Our interests changed and belting out songs to the Weekly Top Forty isn't as fun as it once was. I think the long way was our childhood release to the pressures of our adult responsibilities. Even though I have new stresses and solutions to college pressures, I still make time for the long way when I go home to visit. If I turn the music up real loud and listen closely, I can still hear the sound of our voices silencing everything around me.



I think you should know
That I don't forget much,

That I've stopped thinking in terms of I miss, I crave, I want, I wish.
And because of this, you are on a hook in the back of my closet,

Silent for the first time.

A robe I don't need 'til my other fails me,
A parka too thick for even the deadest of winters.

I can't forgive you this time 'round.
Our heads hit, but heavily
And when the bad outweighs the good. . .

Well, I just might make do with my thin layers for awhile,
Hold my arms and hands close to my body,

Take heat off others if I must.

Maybe you're frowning at this however-my-mood strikes me attitude.
Maybe I need a pushover instead of an activist,
Maybe you'll write an essay on the numb, heartless type.

You would know, and I will never.
Like picking teams in Gym class,
You let me down.

So you can rest
Understanding that
It's all about survival in these parts
And I'm chilled to the bone, doing what I can,
Determined to,
In some new-fangled, sincere way,
Triumph.

You, however,
You had a choice.

And in the worst way,
you lost.



I remember when we'd
Climb the tree
By the edge of the yard
With apple blossoms filling
The outer branches in springtime.
I'd hang on the
Thickest parts,
Never going as high
Or as far out
As my cousin.
Nana would say
Don't go too far up
And would listen
Because I was afraid.
I sat where the
Trunk forked and
Dangled my legs
And thought about reaching
For the next branch
Until my cousin was
Too distant to catch.
And I would jump
Down and say
Next time I will go
So high I'll find the
Top and wave to everyone
From above.

The Follower, *George Kourkoulis*

From my jail cell I feel
the swirl of love curling over
the world.

If I strain, I can barely touch the
sweet flow with my fingertips,
bringing its essence to my lips,
feeling the lip caress of a woman.

As I sit in shadows I hear the laughter
and sweet sounds of love echo and reecho
between my ears...I hold my hands over them, can't
stand the happiness, the feeling cuts like a knife,
opening my heart, bleeding tears.

I strain, love scours roughness off souls like sandpaper,
then cleans their wounds with the soft slide of silk,
so double sided, angry feelings with smiling faces,
laughing eyes and anguished minds.

My bones ache with the need to feel
love with fingers hands skin face lips neck,
I shudder with anticipation and hope
such soft skin, loving touches response given,
love such a novelty, a nothingness that means the world.

I hunger for these things and here in my cell I cannot find what I
need. I rock with eyes screwed shut hands clamped over unwilling ears
teeth grit against the need. I have an ache of mind body and soul.

Each fleeting glimpse of love in the smile and touch of a woman, laughing
giving

happy needing...I want more than this cell, this prison,
the speck of satiation I receive by watching and hearing and



feeling...how...

such an unbelievable rush, flow of water and blood and tears I rush, my body flies
soul turns, always moving never slowing...how...I smell women, their scent all
around me, they are near and I am far, close but distant, as far as the moon and
beyond, I reach, reach and stretch farther and farther but they are gone, the distance
increases

I am left grasping at air and a fading perfumed sweetness...how...

At once I am back within the darkness of my solitude, alone
once more left grasping for a dying point of light...fading, fading always smaller
never growing. I walk my path proudly, sometimes stumbling always walking striding
I walk the tunnel, following the receding light, always hoping for the moment of union
of body and brightness always feeling warmth on skin and in blood stirring feelings
loving feelings I follow forever...

I

Follow

Forever.

Intrigue, *Marie McLaughlin*

Today I sit behind you
and study short hairs on the nape of your neck
the cowlick swept up at your crown
your T-shirt's dirty wrinkles
I lean closer and wonder if you feel my breath
heavy and warm on the back of your neck

Yesterday I sat next to you
as you jotted mercilessly in your book
long hands, dirty nails, scar striped knuckles roll across a full blank page
hidden from my thirsty gaze

Tomorrow I will sit across from you
peering through the fan of hair
heavy brow, elusive eyes
looking to see the color you find
the masterpiece you've made



Tee-hee, tee-hee
the blinding face of misery
laying out the deadly snare
catching youth, lovely and fair
pariah of society
weighed down by chains, links made mighty
looking for an escape
faced with intellectual rape
cautious steps turn into leaps
a ragged heart the workman reaps
lamb to lion, splendid metamorphosis
beggar and noble, unlikely kiss
propagation of a race
pain reflected in your face
spawn produced of hybrid skin
startled shudder at the drop of a pin
faced with eternal damnation
you search for cause of celebration.

sweat trickling
lights flickering
thudding beats
fierce heat
smoky haze
booming bass
shaking floor
"give us more"
jumbled song
don't have long
dry lips
hate this shit
quick prayer
almost there
energy surge
you emerge
center stage
got it made
here you are
rock star

Portabello Road, *Carrie Friedman*

I'm staring at a picture of you
the same one as before,
the latest ever taken
before the standoff and the war

and next to it, there's another propped precariously,
blowing and dangling when my noisy desk fan hits it.
a photo you took when I was still a fresh faced girl,
on the London street upon arrival,
my arms wide out, cars passing, but I'm hesitating a bit.
I can't remember why, do you?

I have yet to sleep since the phone call.
I busy myself with props:
the tilt of my desk lamp has to be on a perfect slant,
only feminist music playing,
but on a volume so low I have to strain to hear.
when I want to.

the skin under my eyes where my cheeks should start
is all pink-red and puffy-raw,
I look like a confused football player on a sunny game-day,
or else a garishly blushed-up woman from the baroque period.

all semblance of eye-makeup was excused for the night,
there's a pretzel to my stomach's name,
I ponder my acne- - icing on the cake.
I turned my phone off and have messages from people I hardly

know,
with advice and tidbits ranging from warm baths to lesbianism.

but I'm too bust to hear
too preoccupied with the picture dancing on my desk,
propelled by the humming desk lamp's sprays.
it's a picture you took,
I'm hesitantly crossing the busy street to you,
and now I can recall:
I was looking both ways.



The Little CRX, *Erin Carr*

One night he even let me drive it. It was his passion, his baby, the thing that made his life complete. It had grown out of his own will and determination, paid for with hard sweat from a thankless job, and was tangible proof to his father of his own competence. It was a little red Honda CRX, and it gave his life meaning.

I would walk through the school parking lot and see the little car, always squatting proudly in the first spot, middle aisle. I would peer through the dark windows, hoping that the driver was still inside. There was always something important I had to tell him, even though our marathon phone sessions usually had ended only six or seven hours earlier at well past midnight. If he wasn't there I would have to go to his home-room to find him and compete with others for his attention. But if I caught him here in the parking lot, he would be mine.

We had an odd friendship, born out of shared tears of pain that no one else seemed able to comprehend, or at least were too scared to admit existed. An unbreakable bond developed as the trust we had each been so apprehensive about grew stronger and the world we created for each other became impenetrable. It was a world that our respective boyfriend, girlfriend, and best friends could not enter or understand, but we preferred it that way, relishing the intimacy and security of our secret hideaway. The privacy we coveted was easily attainable, since his car only seated two people. I haughtily began to claim exclusive privileges to the coveted "shotgun" seat. Flirtatiously, I would tease him about letting me drive the CRX, which would always bring loud objections. "This is my baby, I love this car like it's my kid! ... See, look, the seats are molded to fit my body... And no one is ever going to drive it, Erin Carr, not even you."

I would always laugh at him, seeing in the flashing blue eyes that his car transcended a mere physical object and became the primary source of pride in his life, the only physical being he could acknowledge his love for without fear. I never expected that one night I would take the keys.

There was something different about that night though. Dusk had settled over the graduation party, and everyone was lounging in the soft grass, caught somewhere between the present and the past, the real and the surreal. He and I sat in a corner of the lawn, removed from the group. We were painting pictures for each other out of the stars that were beginning to appear in the dim haze. As I created various pictures in the stars and recounted childhood tales I somehow knew that all of my fears would be faced and all of my hopes would be probed before the night was through.

As if sensing my foreboding he suddenly turned and said "Do you want to take off?" Of course I said yes. When we got to his car and he handed me the keys I looked at him in disbelief and began to protest. "No, Jeff Sousa, really, I've only been joking about driving it."

All he said was my name, and looking into his eyes, I realized that he was not doing this for me. He was doing this for himself. I took the keys.

It was strange to be in the driver's seat of the little car. I recalled with the clarity that only comes from impassioned sensitivity how merely riding beside Jeff in the car had been a personal victory. And now I sat in the driver's seat as the only one he trusted, the only one who understood him, the only person in whose reflection he saw himself. I gripped the wheel tightly, knowing that something momentous was happening and unsure what it was, but certain that it was something I had longed for and feared a long time. My stomach was still churning, but when I glanced at Jeff I felt a tingling rush of tumultuous excitement, and I knew that my eyes were glowing with the same eerie light as his.

Under Jeff's urging, I gunned the engine and soon we were accelerating down the busy street. The open windows created a rush of warm summer wind that made it impossible to communicate and so we merely shouted in delight as the car took wings.

It was maybe then I realized that I was flying. We were flying into the unknown to conquer the known, forcing ourselves into the reality of the present to rectify the past and justify the future. The future, our future... it stared at us with blank eyes, and we were barreling



through it, defying it in the same instance we were creating it.

We were running away, trying to conquer our fears yet knowing that we could only vanquish the phantoms that held us back together. The ghosts of our boyfriend, girlfriend, ex's and all our friends chased us down the road, taunting, screaming, pleading for us to turn back to them, annoyed that we had found the strength in each other to turn away from them instead. We took our fears of getting hurt in another relationship and turned them into hope for our own future together.

I can still taste the newness that emerged from the night, still feel the road beneath the car and the keys against my bare legs, still see the empty night ahead and the dots of lights beside us on the road and above us in the sky. I still recall the rush of hope that my fantasies from childhood might be realized and that true love might exist. As we pulled over in the parking lot so that he could repossess the driver's seat, I eagerly drank in the gleam of his pale blue eyes and wondered if I knew all of what he was thinking or just most, and I wondered if he would always read me as easily as he did now. I will never forget the utter security of that night, when I knew that I was finally with someone who understood me when I cried, who would not laugh at me when I began to quote John Donne but begin to recite with me. I clung to the hope that the oneness we felt in our friendship was not formed from the division of two people but from the addition of two halves. Each person has an identity that can only be realized when they find the one person to whom their mind and heart can equally belong. It was that night when I realized not only that there is true love but that this is true love, and that I had been privileged enough to find it. I vowed that night to never let it go.

A soft, liquid haze blankets my memories of that summer we spent together. We found ourselves forever linked after that night he surrendered his car, and part of himself, to me. Each weekend we would run away in the little CRX, sometimes to the beach, other times to the mountains to go hiking or to the pier to watch the boats. We would lock memories into the glove department: a shell from the beach, a napkin from a

restaurant, a road-map for all the times we got hopelessly lost. Now, all the memories run together in a bittersweet mix of innocence and impulse that can only be found in young love. And maybe one of the things about young love that makes it so cherished is the fact that it never grows old.

One day, inevitably, I had to leave for college. Jeff Sousa stayed at home at a state school, promising to visit me every weekend. He did visit me, many times. The first weekend was bad, the second even worse.

"You've changed," he told me late one night. "I don't know who you are anymore, and that kills me."

I refused to admit that I was changing. I was sure that he was just looking for reasons why we weren't getting along. Then one weekend he asked me if he could take me for a drive. Not into the city, but far away from Boston, to anywhere else.

Getting back in the car was like stepping back into the summer. I rolled down the windows and shuffled for my favorite CD.

"Hey," I said, pulling out one of our favorites, "remember when my Jimmy Buffett CD kept skipping and so I tried to clean it out the window?"

He started laughing, and a new light, or maybe it was an old light I hadn't seen in a while, was shining in his eyes. "Yeah, God, Erin Carr, that was so funny. You should've seen the expression on your face when that thing went bouncing down the highway."

"Yeah, I don't think I'll be trying that again any time soon," I grinned. Suddenly the connection was back, I knew what Jeff meant. I was a different person at school, but here, in his car, I was myself again. Then, the summer wind was whipping through the car and summer music was blaring from the stereo. It was as if we could recreate summer and go back to happier times.

Unfortunately, all summers eventually end in New England. With the dawn of cooler weather, Jeff's visits became less frequent, and, crestfallen, I realized that I didn't miss him as much as I should.

Over Thanksgiving we broke up. It was a bitterly cold night. I



had insisted on driving my car, and at the end of the night, to the tune of Simon and Garfunkel's most heart-wrenching ballads, we ended it. He got out and slammed the door. I drove aimlessly for hours, unable to cry and desperately trying to find what I lost. Was it the part of me who identified with Jeff that left that night, or had I abandoned part of my old self when I left for Boston?

The day after Thanksgiving I found myself back in my dorm room, struggling to justify the two roads my life was taking. When the phone rang, I jumped. I expected my mother on the other end, inquiring about my safe arrival. The last voice I expected to hear was Jeff's. My mind immediately traveled back to the night before. I heard his grieved voice, saw the despairing gleam in his eyes and heard the definitive slam of my car door. I bitterly recalled watching him walk away into the night and felt again my heart constricting with the determination that he was walking out of my life forever. The iciness in my voice reflected the barrier I had already formed around his painful memory.

"I know that you probably aren't talking to me," he said. There was an odd tone to his voice, one I had never heard before, despite all we had been through. "Have you talked to anyone yet?"

I assumed he was talking about our break-up and retorted quickly, carefully guarding all emotion. "Yes, I told a lot of people. Janine doesn't like you very much." Ha, I thought, this will get him, he really respected Janine's friendship. I was hardly prepared for his answer.

"...I'm calling everyone who cares about me, so you're the first one I guess." His laugh was distant. "I am okay, I was in the hospital but they let me go... I'm not sure how it happened Erin. One minute I was driving along, upset that you had left for Boston already. I guess there were a lot of wet leaves on the road. But I ended up in the entrance to the cemetery. It took a while for me to realize that I was upside down. There was glass everywhere. The police said I skidded 600 feet on the hood of my car. They couldn't believe that I was alive at all, never mind walked away... yeah, the lit-

tle CRX, it's gone..."

When I hung up that night, I cried all the unshed tears from the night before. I was sure that I had now lost him forever. The demise of the CRX signaled the utter destruction of everything that we had together. It was as though the memories stuffed within it had scattered with the breaking of the glass and lay strewn across the road. The vehicle that had brought our two worlds together was gone; there was no longer a link between Connecticut and Boston. The skidding of the CRX sliced through our one magical world that we had vowed to hang onto. But it was more than the mere absence of transportation or loss of a tangible memory.

It was defeat. I had been sure our love could transcend our two worlds, even the two different people I was becoming. The night he called I was balancing on a precipice between my two worlds and my two persons. I knew I had to decide between remaining the person I had been or believing in the person I was becoming. It was a defeat that love could not transcend these things. I was not angry or hurt by Jeff but by love. I was defeated by the idea that the perfect love I had triumphantly claimed to possess existed only in isolated instances, during a specific time period. I could change worlds but love seemed incapable of following.

And so that night, after my tears dried, I chose. With bitter disappointment I turned away from the past and Jeff and with new determination chose my college path. It carried me down the road toward the cold hard world of business, far removed from feelings and emotion.

I only look back at the memories Jeff and I shared on crisp, clear nights when I see a little red CRX zooming down the street. It is always flying, and he is always inside, the Jeff from that summer. He is smiling broadly at me, smiling that secret smile that only I can understand. Then once more I think back to Jeff's abandoned CRX. For an instant I wonder whether our love had been dissolved when we lost our hope for the future or whether we lost our hope for the future when our love dissolved. I knew that if the CRX had remained, if I had remained in it and followed Jeff into his life, I would have



lost some of my own identity in the process. Perhaps keeping love means losing your own identity. If that is true, I will always wonder whether it was worth it. And so I smile a lopsided smile as I watch the CRX chase its dreams down the road ahead and just pray that it doesn't lose its way.

Martyress (A Sestina), *Kristen Sbrogna*

Each time another he leaves

you lie as you did on other
mornings, a languid gown, torn and too big

for itself after the years
of spring fasting

though you once had other choices
but those choices

have panned thin leaving
you little to cling to but violent cravings and fast

food binges. The cleft in your chin
and other scars you discovered through the years

were problems too big
like your mother's big

inherited thighs, and somewhere you made the choice
for a lifetime of suffering, years

of self-defacing, a martyr of sorts, who leaves
herself to die for others



like those who fasted
for the salvation of humanity, a relation fading fast
in conviction because you die for a big

fat no one and you told yourself it wasn't the others,
the billboards, the glossy women, who made your choices,
but who you had left
alone each New Year's
resolution a promise to decrease the years
your face shows haunted by the need to deny your fast
aging to keep those lovers who repeatedly leave
you too tires of your comments on your big
sides, the inexplicable want of his choices,
so another he dresses and flees another
bed and another
whispers in the sheets and after years,
after all your choices
have melted and evaporated and turned to fast,
hard rain and landed in big
puddles crowded with leaves
the only thing other than your voice diminishing fast
you see are the piles of years, too big
to pick through and piece together the person you chose to leave.

Behold Tragedy's Creation and Misery's Twin, *George Atallah*

An iron sword laced with liquid venom
secured in the hands of fate's blind will
Will that knights with careless curse
that creeps and seeps so unlike death.
For death to all seems no surprise,
Yet love lets live consuming breath.
Thoughts and Being, soaked and drenched
with nauseous suffering and pensive pain,
while subtle rage tears at the core
of beating fiber drunk with blood.
Burning passion burns the eyes
with tears that burn on gentle cheeks,
and guiled smiles keep disguised
the solemn torment of one so meek.



I roll over
arm protecting
you and your still
form. I watch the
steady rise and
fall, the murmur of
nothings. I steal
a kiss from your
lips, and smirk.
Pull the curtain,
and count sheep till
dawn.

Ink Blot, *Lori Piscatelli*

Ink Blot
Splash! A cracked petal
fills the void
I etch the ache
on the page
alone
like it was carved into my corazon
Artfully,
an unfading mark.



Art
folded in the
wrinkles of her flesh
of her mind
Art
secured in the
false teeth
floating alone in a plastic cup
Art
trickling down the vein
black and blue
heart to head
where the blade etched
another line of poetry
Art
lifting her soul
outer body
to recite some verse
to heal the wounds
and begin again in
Art.

Photography





Melissa Costigan



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Jonathan Ralton



Jonathan Ralton



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