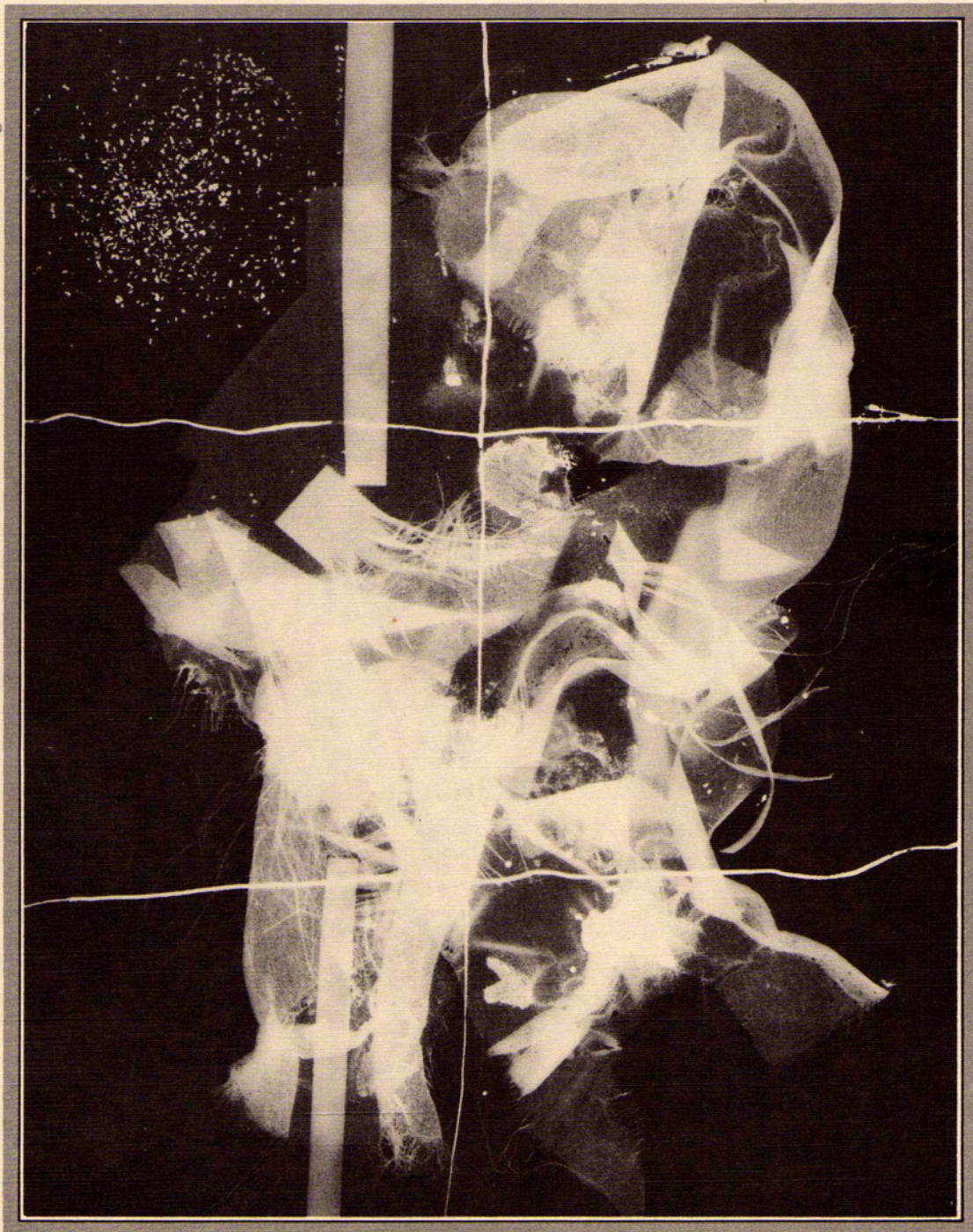


1986-87

Expressions



I N C A R N A T E • W O R D • C O L L E G E

COVER:

Untitled

Donald Duthie

First Place, Visual Art

1986-87

Expressions

I N C A R N A T E W O R D C O L L E G E

San Antonio, Texas

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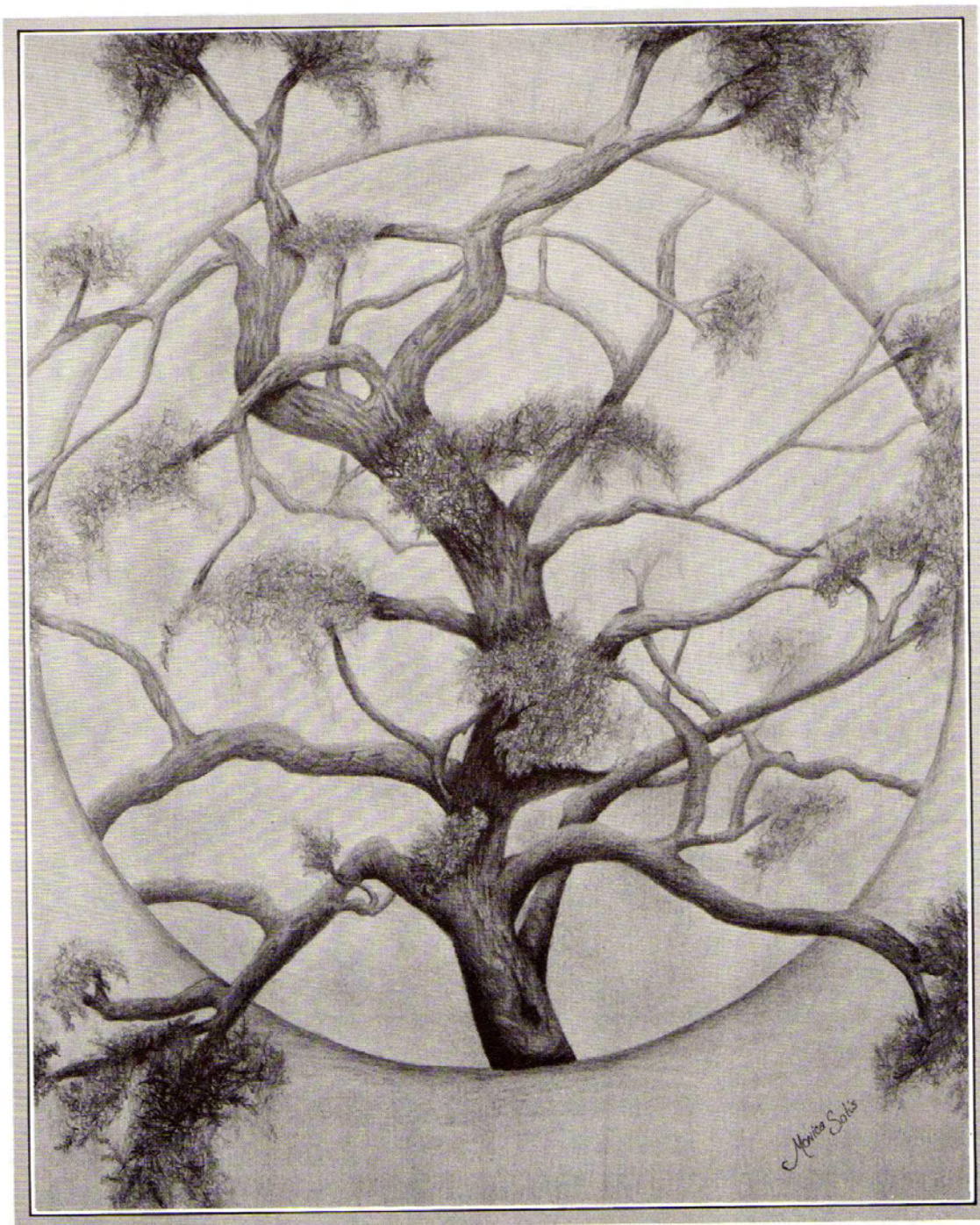
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UNTITLED – *Monica Solis*

THE UNIVERSE IN MY VEINS

Rhonda Dzanski

Under purple moonlight I walk through the forest and hear music. The breath of jasmine blossoms fills my soul. Ahead of me is a barren field. I walk to it, lie on the cool jade grass, and look at the night. It is as if the earth is taking me through the stars. The journey reveals to me the poetry written in the sky. I can feel the universe in my veins. For one moment the struggle for peace has ended.

THE GIRL WHO SPOKE TO UNICORNS

John P. Buentello — First Place Prose

Once there was a girl who was born to the woods on a night that held a blue winter sky. That night was soundless, save for the child's cry, and when she was at last discovered by a villager who had lost his way among the trees it was he who was to hear her last human cry. It was a soft whisper of breath, much like the frost chill of the night air, and it lasted until he took the babe in his arms and bore her away from the woods.

The child grew quickly, and though the life she was brought into was a harsh one, the villagers treated her with as much kindness as they could muster. Still, they saw the child as unnatural, for she spoke not a word since that first night, and indeed never a sound was noticed to escape her small lips.

The child grew quickly, and her limbs became swift and lean, her step a graceful sigh that many an older village girl envied. Her hair grew to a golden mane that fell in showers about her shoulders whenever she moved, and her gentle hands could smooth the most brutal hardness from face or heart.

The villagers called her Bereth, which means silence, and silent she was. In all the years she spent among the villagers she spoke not one word, and neither joy nor pain could bring the softest sound from her lips. When asked why she was silent she would smile for a moment, then her gaze would turn away from those who asked and they would let her be. One did not question what gifts the gods visited upon another, nor ask why a gift had been reclaimed.

When the girl at last reached that age where the mind and heart begin to wander from each other, a longing came to her eyes that the villagers could not understand. He who had found her in those woods long ago implored for Bereth to tell him what made her heart ache so, but never was a word

passed to him from behind that gentle smile.

One day the girl left the village. Some saw her make for the woods, and so followed at a distance, for they knew that her heart was being called upon. The girl stepped into the place that had first seen her upon her life so long ago and walked the paths as though she had traveled them each day of her life, but in fact this was the first time since that night that she had ever ventured past the village road.

The girl stopped at a place in the woods where the ground was bare grass and clover, and settled herself lightly upon the ground. Her hair fell in soft waves across her features, and she took the briar comb from her skirt and pulled the golden strands back, holding them in place with the comb.

The villagers watched in silence then as the girl closed her eyes and very softly began to sing. It was the very first sound any save her foster father had ever heard her speak, and the music that filled the air was like a sharp, pleasing breeze to them. The song she sang held no words, nor was there any tune that the ear could hear, and yet there was such beauty there that each man and woman felt the deepest stirrings in their hearts.

As they watched and listened, the woods grew deeply still, until only the girl's song could be heard. As she sang the girl began to motion with her small gentle hands, and it was as though she drew the darkness from the woods around her and cast it away, leaving a soft pale light in its place.

Suddenly, from the edge of the light, a form appeared, a lean and grand shape all cold muscle and fiery light. The villagers gasped nearly as one as they saw the unicorn approach the young girl, its silver shoes leaving nothing but feathery curves of light where it walked. Bereth sang to the beast, and when it approached she beckoned to it, and waited until it brought its snow-white head to her hands.

She stroked the animal's mane, its silver-white locks moving like puffs of smoke

through her fingers. The delicately curved horn it carried shook showers of light from its end, and these fell around the girl to enclose her in a soft halo of light. The villagers watched while she sang to the unicorn, then the girl folded her hands together and lay among the clover, sleeping while the unicorn stood over her, its deep golden eyes mirroring her beauty in their depths.

The villagers talked in hushed whispers as they watched, and it was decided that such a fantastic thing should be reported to the King at once. Two of the fastest riders ran back to the village to find their mounts, and their legs carried them like the wind as they counted each moment they would have to be away from the wonderful vision of the girl and the unicorn.

When the King was told all this he pondered long and hard, for such a tale was both difficult and easy to believe. At last he dispatched his huntsman to follow the men back to the woods and see if the tale was true. He instructed the hunter, who was called Damar, what he must do if the tale proved true. He must shoot the beast through the heart and take its horn back to the King. The silver horn of the unicorn held a great magic, such of the kind that only Kings and gods could fathom. The huntsman bowed once and departed.

When they returned to the woods the unicorn had gone, and the girl sat upon the clover, making chains for herself from the plants that grew around her. The hunter was told that the girl had stopped her singing soon after she had awakened, and that she had sent the unicorn away. Now she just sat and made chains for her neck, and combed her soft golden locks.

The huntsman told all the villagers to return to their homes, and after they had done so he stepped to the spot where they had been and sat to watch and wait for the girl to begin singing again. Soon Bereth placed her comb back into her hair and placed her hands gently upon her lap. She lifted her

head toward the stars that had formed above with the coming of night and began to sing her song once more.

The huntsman had never heard such beauty, and he was one who had heard the songs of every creature in the world. The song that Bereth sang was the most beautiful by far, and he forgot himself entirely in the soft gentle stirrings of her voice. It was only when the unicorn appeared that he once more remembered the mission that had brought him here.

Damar marveled at the sight of the creature. He noted the power that its stride held, and wondered how so magnificent a beast could move with such silence through the woods. He saw the showers of flames dance upon the edge of its horn, and thought once more about the strength of kings and gods to hold sway over such power.

As Bereth sang to the animal the hunter drew his bow from around his back and took a single arrow from the quiver. His movement was as silent as that of the unicorn's, and when he took sight of the animal there was not the slightest trembling in his aim. He paused for but a single moment, the first time he had ever done such a thing, and watched while the animal turned its head away from the girl and toward him.

The eyes that captured him in their gaze were an endless river of silence. They held him in their grip, and opened his deepest secrets to pour from him shouting their blasphemies into the silent woods. They took his every fear and washed him clean, leaving him shaken but unmoved. He saw into the eyes of the animal, and saw the girl's song take shape before him. There was speed and quickness there, and a surge of life more powerful than he had ever felt before.

Beyond all that he felt one other thing. There was a gentle movement along his cheek, and for a moment he thought the sensation came again from the unicorn, but he looked to see Bereth standing before him, her hands touching his coarse face. She looked at him

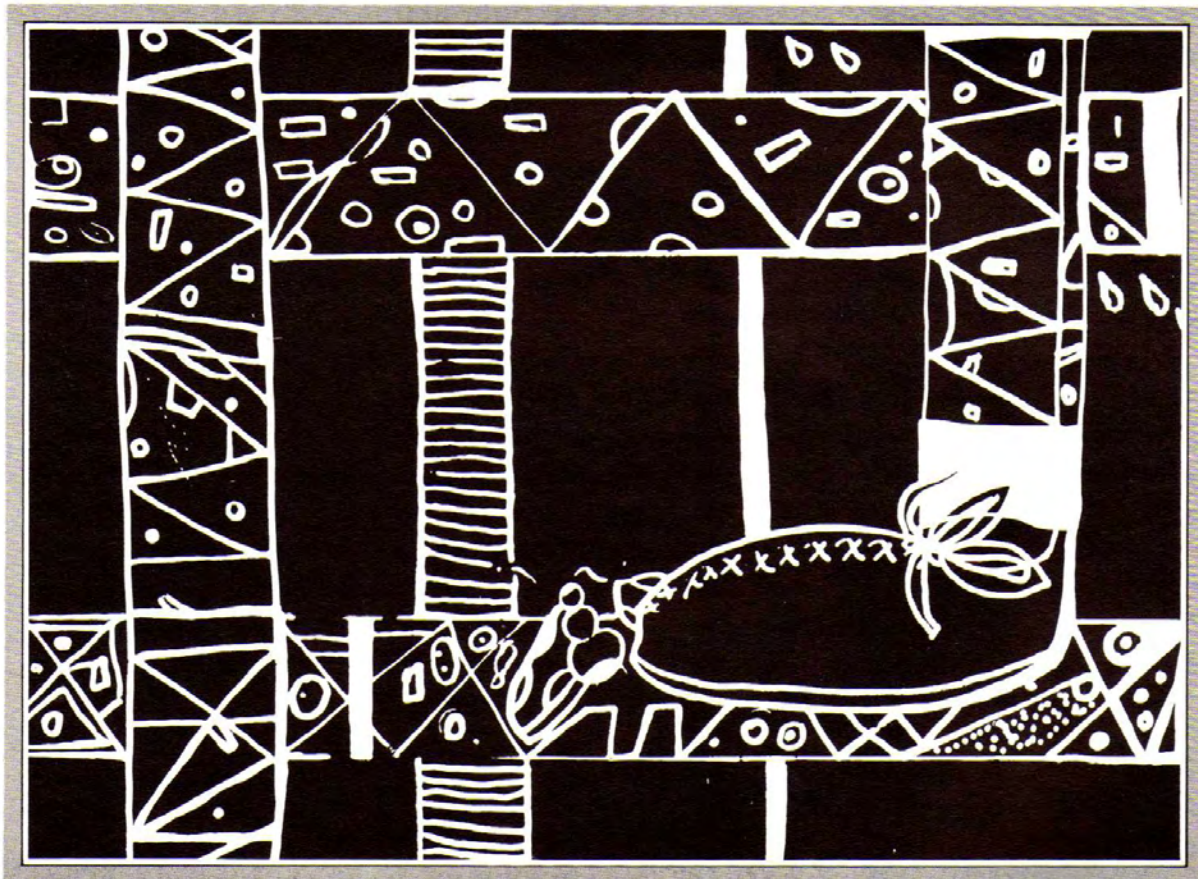
with her gentle smile and opened her mouth to speak but one word in a voice that was but a whisper. Damar listened for a moment, then nodded.

He left the woods then, traveling alone back to the King. He told his lord that all the villagers had said was false, and that they were only less the fools than he himself. Afterwards, while the King sat and brooded, he took himself away. Gathering up all his belongings he took those things that had served him well in his trade as a huntsman and buried them in a secret spot deep in the woods.

Afterwards, Damar took his leave of the King and built for himself a home of stout timbers at the very edge of the woods. Though the villagers were willing to accept him he spent little time among them. They believed that he roamed the woods searching for the girl, but such was not the case.

At night, he would sit with his shutters closed and think about the beautiful song he had heard on that night. He saw the girl once more, and heard her song upon the wind as she called to the unicorn. He often thought about the one word she had spoken to him on that night, and the memory of the brutal sounds that he come from her lips as she spoke in human tongue for the first and last time in her life disturbed him deeply. He never tried to find her again, for he knew that her songs would forever be only for those magical beasts that roamed the woods. For him and all others who shared his tongue she could only make the harsh and hurting sounds that even now could cause his heart pain.

This he dwelled upon, when the nights were cold, and the winds blew heavy against the trees.



Annihilation of a Fly, Catherine Ciarrocchi – Third Place Visual Art

TWO PLY
Linda Winans
First Place Poetry

Take two lengths of spun yarn
Fixed together at one end.
Accentuate the twist in each
Until it wants to kink back on itself.
Then twist the two together
In the opposite direction, and let go.
Instantly you have a double helix,
More than twice as strong
As either of its two parts,
The heightened tension trying to unwind
Binds each strand to its partner
With a spiral force, both pushing and pulling:
An irresistible commitment;
A magical formula for a bond.



DUCKS
Donald Duthie



UNTITLED, *Jeanette Mendez*

Jonson twisted gracefully as he reversed his direction over the wall's tender sill. "I want to cry," he said, his words burning like fire. "I want to laugh, to speak of things I've seen. But I can not, can not, for I've seen nothing. It's like a nightmare from which I can not wake, a prison which holds me tightly. I can not flee between the thin bars."

It was true, he had not seen one tree, not one animal of any gender, nor a life of strife and trial. His was a life spent on the peaceful dreams of his ancestors. And everything was perfect, everything had evolved to a precise function. And containment. There were no caressing winds to tear away the stigmata of the master machines, nor the warped desires of his stagnant civilization.

He danced on the wall's sill, dipping down to brush the earth, rising up on thin wrists to touch the sun's fiery arms. "Just one day ago, I was learning in the library, experiencing the images of the wars, bright and shining wars, and of the fast, beautiful ships that flew in the oceans of space. So many things to remember..." his voice trailed to a disappointed sigh. "Do you remember the wars?"

"I remember," Harrison replied, sucking at the tip of an artificial nutrients bag. Metabolisms had been genetically altered, way back when the need for bulk foods was overwhelming. But the people saw that it was a good thing, so their metabolisms remained changed, and a planet's life substance spread to feed a solar system.

Harrison shrugged his massive shoulders and gazed into the sun's glare, watched as it submitted to the coming night. "I remember the domed cities, the huge, silver domed cities. People hated them. They hated the architecture, the containment. They hated the cities, but they were forced to their honeycombs by the sheer threat of extinction. I remember." He watched the sun's farewell, bordered by the silhouette of a drowsing city. He sat crossed-legged on the concrete, his plastic suit stretching, but not creasing. The gentle hum of purified air hissed in the stillness as transports rumbled below them, shunting through their burrows. "And with all I remember, it does not help."

"No help," Jonson mimicked. He flipped his lithe body countless feet into the air, and fell to the sill with soundless precision. His body was that of a gymnast, given him by the deft mani-

pulatory skills of a trained geneticist. He whirled backwards, and pirouetted on the toes of one foot, then sat on the edge of the sill, legs dangling. "Have you ever awakened in the dark of night to find that you have not one good dream left to sleep with? That you can no longer face the dim shadows, the creeping shadows that

weave against the wall and tell you that you have nothing left to live for? Beguiling you, tempting you? Have you ever faced that morning that the first men faced, and find that you no longer recognize its value?"

"The sun warms us, and tends to our open crops, and causes us to see the world in which we live."

"But what do you feel when you look up and see its fires?"

"Why I see a light, a brilliant, burning light."

"You see its substance, but do you feel its presence?"

"Feel? I feel warmth, I feel its warmth on my flesh."

"And that is all," Jonson said with a cry, no longer conscious of the sun.

"But to feel its presence," Harrison said, bewildered, "one must create a thing, a picture in one's mind. One must have the sun in one's mind. To create..."

Harrison rose, stood on thick, muscular legs, and left, mumbling to himself as he did, speaking of creation, and not knowing what he was saying.

When Harrison had grown to a small dark dot, and when he was finally gone, Jonson resumed his dance, turning and twisting and tumbling on the small width of the sill.

I wish I had a thought, I wish I could create, I wish I had a thought, I wish I could create...

And after untold hours of effortless flight, he stood very still in the purified breeze. And he laughed at himself, at the useless, supercilious flight in which his race was still engaged. And he laughed at his perfect body, his perfect flawless dance. And he laughed at his last, dying thought.

Then he jumped, leapt twenty feet into the air, as high and far as he could. There's nothing left but memories, he thought, as he fell to the unliving substance of the ground and broke his neck. . .



DEER, *Cynthia Tapia*

BLUE BLOOD, *Jennifer Rosenstein* – *Second Place Poetry*

Black is the forest through which I stalk,
and graze,
 and feed,
 and hunt,
 and feel,
 and praise.

Approaching my prey behold its beauty,
and hue,
 and fur,
 and fangs,
 and teeth,
 and scent.

My feast is the color of black,
and red,
 and green,
 and blue,
 and yellow,
 and grey.

The sun glistens down on my spikes,
and nose,
 and flesh,
 and nails,
 and spine,
 and brow.

Leaping and climbing and flying through trees,
and shrubs,
 and rain,
 and heat,
 and gold,
 and fire.

He hunts me down with blasts of bullets,
and knives,
 and rocks,
 and arrows,
 and sticks,
 and pride.

My skin is pierced with tears,
and splits,
 and scrapes,
 and stabs,
 and gashes,
 and pain.

Blood pours out from my claws,
and ears,
 and eyes,
 and mouth,
 and nose,
 and guts.

I lie dying in a mass of skin,
and bone,
 and teeth,
 and hair,
 and tongue,
 and urine.

Plucked from my body my heart,
and liver,
 and guts,
 and spleen,
 and lungs,
 and soul.

Standing stuffed in your home where you stalk,
and graze,
 and feed,
 and hunt,
 and feel,
 and praise.



NO ME MIRAN
Diana Montemayor
First Place Spanish

Ojos,
Lunas negras,
Llorosos y temblorosos,
Mares eternos,

Quisiera acariciarlos
Con mis besos,
Borrar sus lágrimas,
Sus penas,
Arrullar sus dudas
En las nubes
De mi amor...

¡Pero, ay caray!
Mi dilema es,
Ojos de lunas llenas,
Por tantas lágrimas
Y penas,
No me miran...



HAYSTACK, *Cynthia Tapia*

HORIZONTES PACIENTES

Robert Botello

Second Place Spanish

Horizontes pacientes
son los que veo esta mañana
Rayas de fuego amarillo suave
penetran mis párpacos
y me llaman a levantarme
muy quedo.
Ahora no me ciegan como antes.
El sol jamás se alza
como dios exigente
sino que
recorre el cielo
como quien sabe
que la historia del mundo en
algún tiempo
será nada más que una gota de lluvia
que cayó al mar.

CINCO DÉCADAS

Mario A. Herrera

Third Place Spanish

En la primera década te amé.
En la segunda década te amé.
En la tercera década te amé.
En la cuarta década te amé.

Cincuenta años de mi vida conmemoro,
estoy agradecido por el honor de oro.
Algunas reparaciones internas
hice con tus manos y maneras.

Estoy complacido por el alimento
y pocos acontecimientos lamento;
Atravieso nuevas etapas,
fronteras destacadas,
desconocidas, destapadas.

Amor mió, quizá no alcance
otro año de boda y enlace;
Pero mi voto nupcial lo lanzo
con mi último aliento y lazo.

En la quinta década te amé.



THE FOOL IN THE RAIN

Julian Huerta

Second Place Prose

A light mist fills the air as I sit alone on my front porch staring out at the night. The warm glow of the porch lamp behind me is the only light for miles around. The noise of the crickets is constant. In the still of the night their world seems to be a crazy struggle, cricket against cricket fighting desperately to be heard. My world is my land. On it and from it I live.

I was glad when Janie finally fell asleep. If I had stared at that ceiling for one more second I would have surely gone mad. I guess what she's really worried about is me. She stares at my face a lot, especially after we've gone to bed. It's as if all our communication now is done through our eyes. There is really nothing either one of us can say.

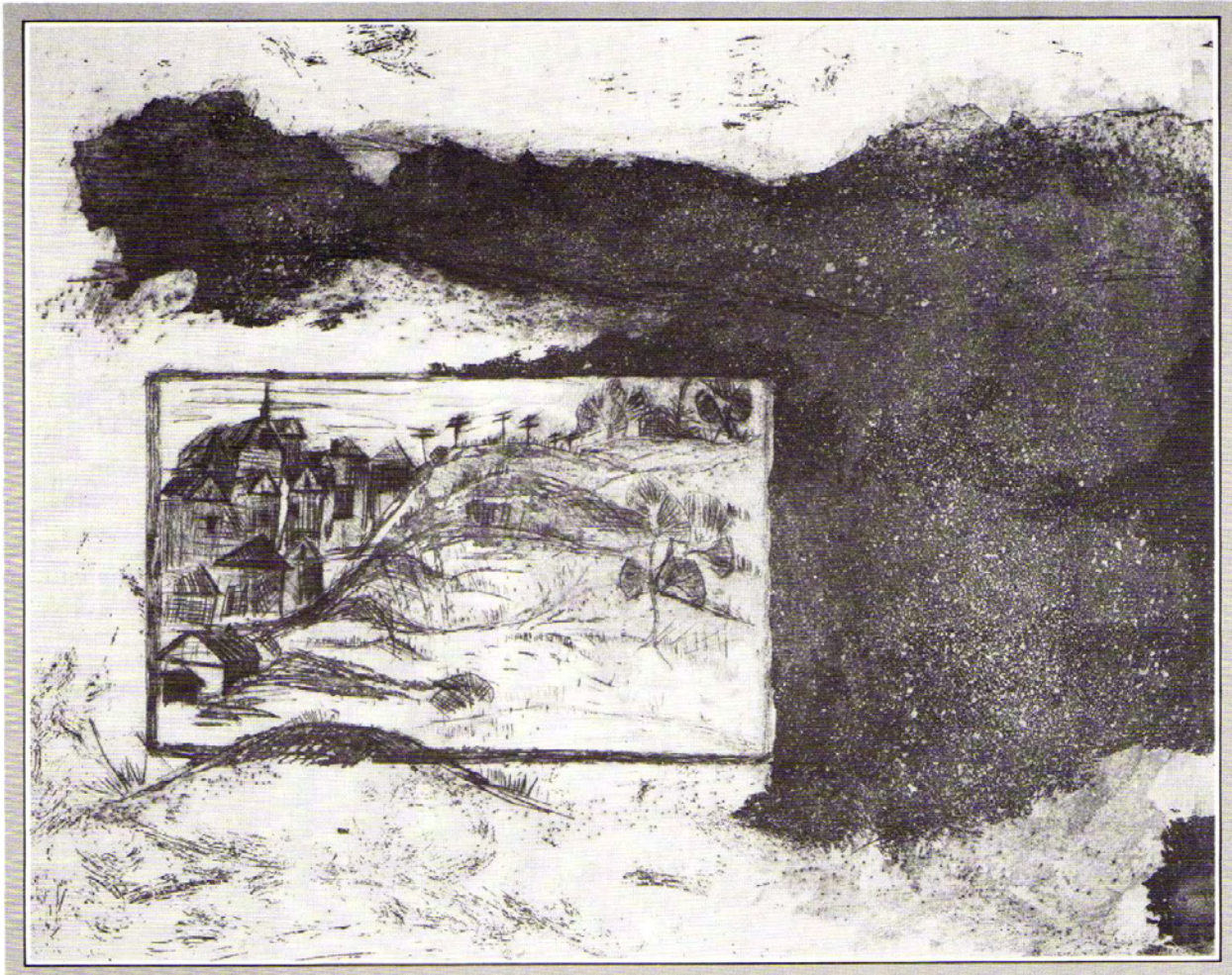
I haven't been able to sleep since. . . we were all there at the Finsterwald's. . . all the farming families in the tri-county area. We stood and watched like fools, as there wasn't a damned thing anyone of us could do. For as long as I live, I don't think I'll forget Mark's face as he stood there, his wife crying as he held her, while some son of a bitch sold their farm to the highest bidder.

The mist has turned into drizzle now, and I feel the cool droplets running down my back. I remember my old man used to like to sit on this porch after the sun had set.

"A man who just wants to depend on himself," he'd tell me, "ain't got but one thing he can be: a farmer."

I guess that's why it's so hard for me to accept the fact that my family's future is in somebody else's hands. This place was Pa's joy, and pride. Now, there's nothing I hate more than the fear that fills our home... no room for pride anymore... just gets in the way of what's real. Time is my real enemy now, and at least if I don't sleep it seems to go by a little slower.

The rain is coming down hard, but I don't feel like getting out from under it just yet. As the water washes down my body, it seems to take all my worries with it. Besides, in the rain is where a fool belongs.



UNTITLED, *Donald Duthie*


EVE'S SONG

John P. Buentello
Third Place Poetry

She cries eternal in the night,
A deep throated song of life.
Words empasioned with the guilt,
Of forbidden taste, longing desire.
To those empty of soul she calls,
Awakening that spark of flame.
The arm that cringes reaches out,
To take to bosom wretched hearts.
And plucks upon soulless strings,
Making sounds long empty of paradise.

ATMOSCAPE

Linda Winans



Over there the clouds are pudgy stalagmites
Growing on a flat transparent floor
That's lying miles below our feet
And miles above the heads of earthbound beings.
Here's one in the south,
Arching upwards a few thousand feet,
Its top flat as a mesa,
Sprinkling a shower of luminescence
Over fantastic formations in its own strange valley.
Towering in the north, drawing the rest,
The phallus of Zeus himself has risen
From a dazzling misty ocean
Full of little puffy islands struggling for a shape,
Puny plumes where drops of cloud have fallen.
A surreal seascape falls away behind
Exploding icebergs back-lit in stop action,
And further back the shining masses melt
In the streak of rising sun.

Mutable societies of steam molecules,
Aroused and dissipated by turn with
The gain and loss of heat
Radiating from above and
Reflected from below,
Endlessly they rearrange themselves
In the pumping of the poles,
In the meeting and the mixing in the atmosphere
Of the mystic elements in which we look
For matter, meaning, force and form.

AND THE WIND BLEW
Jennifer Rosenstein

He danced lightly through her
daydream in the sun.

Captured her in dark corridors on
Luminous days in the park.

She smelled his sweet blue breath through
windows of her room. She teased
him at the edge of the stream with
pebbles and sand.

He wanted to haunt, appearing as
an ornament on a charm bracelet.
He dangled between her fingers, smooth
and cool. She twisted him, rolling him
down her nose, over her lips, shaping
her curved neck, flirting him
downward between
her breasts.

Water glistened numbness on her tongue,
he floated in dark moisture through fiery
cavities of her body.

Her pillow caressed her face, cradled her
neck. She relaxed and contracted every
muscle, as her pulse
slowed to a
drip.

Feeling each strand of hair on her body
she rolled in the cold teal sheets wrapping
herself as a gift.

Her fingernails blued with cold as
the chill beaded moisture on the edge of
her face.

Darkness swallowed her mind sweeping her
through the ceiling toward the black wind.
The breeze lapped her and tossed her over
and over. Thrusts of rain washed her wrists
and ankles.

Fire singed her body hair.

Dust sanded the flesh from her bones
revealing their glistening white aura . . .

Inhalation snubbed to ash . . .

And the wind blew . . .

THE REINCARNATION OF
OF RONNIE THE RUNT

Julian Huerta

The bar was one of our favorite places to wind down. The music was turned up. It drowned out even the most earnest attempts at conversation, but my friends and I were quite content just looking around. I was admiring a ravishing brunette when I noticed, from the corner of my eye, a tall lean figure approaching me. The determination with which he made his way through the crowd convinced me to refix my gaze on my group and make like I was minding my own business.

"Hey," he said into my ear as he tapped my shoulder, "Remember me?"

I looked up at his face, simultaneously searching my memory for someone who might fit his description.

"No," I said curiously.

"Ronnie," he replied as the noise faded momentarily, "from grade school."

"How're you doing!?" I exclaimed, as the transition between songs ended and the music returned to full volume.

He began to recount for me some of the highlights of his life, but as I could hear very little of what he said, my mind began to wander. I thought of the Ronnie of my childhood, classmate of mine for five years at West End Elementary School. Although I guess I really never knew him, it seemed obvious to me that he had changed.

Ronnie was the type of kid who always had trouble fitting in, the result I thought, of over-protective parents and less-than-accepting peers. He always seemed to stick out. Not only was he the shortest kid in the class, but the invariably plaid, gaudy garb his mother dressed him in worked like one of those signs kids stick to each other's backs that say "kick me."

"Huh?" he pointed to his ears.

"Nothing," I mouthed, as I grew more confused about what I felt and what I wanted to say to him.

As the music began to die down again, he motioned to me that he was going to rejoin his friends.

In school, he always had his homework done, but he kept it locked in his brief case so that none of us could copy. This is not to say we didn't try. Many a recess period was spent trying to scare, bribe, or just plain shake the key out of him. But he was steadfast.

Ronnie the Runt (later shortened to Runty) seemed to have been predestined to be where he shouldn't have been. If a tree limb or swing seat were going to break, you could bet that Ronnie would be on it. He was a nerd's nerd. I don't think even the teachers liked him because there was always something suspicious about the way he walked around engulfed in private thoughts as if he were plotting some diabolical deed he'd attempt if he were ever tall enough.

For years he tried to be a part of our clique. But at losing him we quickly became quite adept. "Time to lighten the load," we'd say as we split up and headed home. I guess Ronnie thought this was our way of saying good-bye because he'd always reply, "See you tomorrow," as if he were one of the gang, never knowing that as soon as each of us was out of his sight we'd circle back to our secret meeting place.

Over the years, as I thought back to my childhood, I came to regret the way we had treated Ronnie, never having given him a chance or tried to get to know him. Now here before me stood the "new" Ronnie. No longer clad in plaid nor overly studious-looking, he seemed to have taken on a whole new identity.

As I started to tell him about how well he had turned out, it struck me that I was basing my opinion of him on his appearance, all over again. Who was I to say that he was any better or even any different? Feeling rather disappointed in myself, I switched,

mid-sentence, from a hearty congratulations to a comprehensive apology for anything I, or anyone else, had ever done or said about him.

"Lighten the load," he said into my ear as he smiled, shook my hand and walked off.

If he was just saying "so long" or had heard what I tried to say before, I wasn't sure. What I was sure of was how I felt. Ronnie was o.k. with who he was now, and who he was then. I suspect he was o.k. all along. I couldn't help but be happy for him.

STRENGTH UNWANTED

Deborah Rowe

I am strong now

I've picked up my life
now that you're gone.

I lunch with friends
who, like me,

are not alone.

We talk about independence
accomplishments
strengths

I subscribe to the right magazines
they boost my confidence

toasting testimonies

of female fortitude

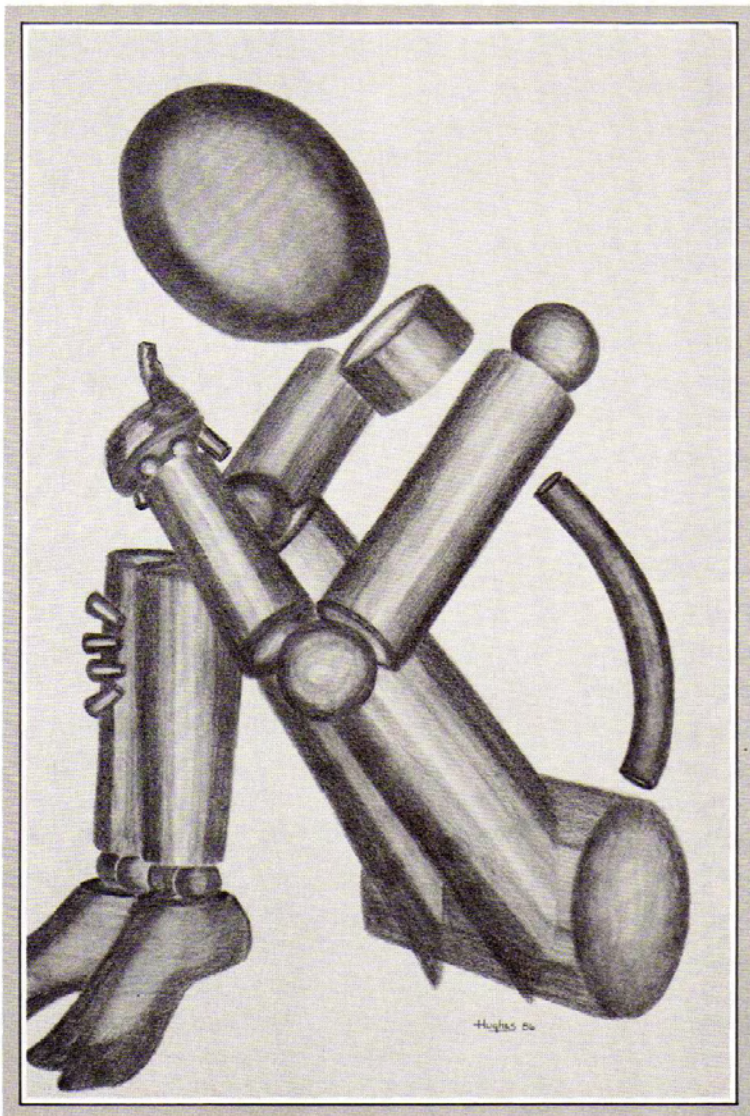
I can manage money
and play mechanic.

I can greet old friends
and without you, stand strong.

and it's the holiday season
and it's Saturday
it's any afternoon

And I miss you . . .

But I am strong now



MECHANADROID, *Cheryl Hughes*

ORION PASSES

Lawrence Buontello

on the occasion of my birth
chain upon the hillocks
of the earth
and gazing high to summer
skies beyond the glory
of the night,
i see the white refrain
of stars above my
silent serenity.
Orion passes. . .

the world changes colors
below my weary feet of clay,
and i am witness to a slow ballet
of olden gods in revery. . .

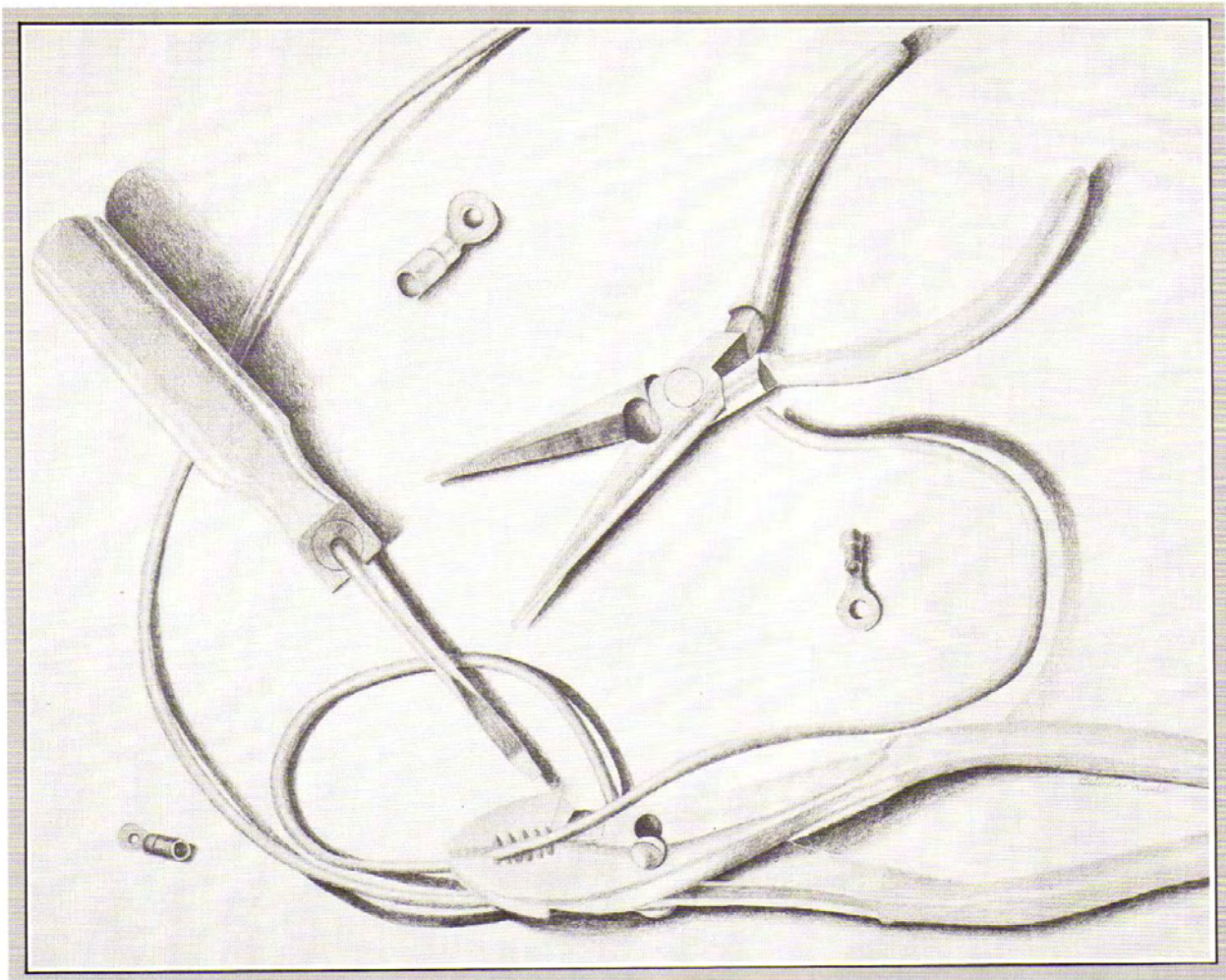
the flame of passion
stirs a restless
heart of stone.
i kill the scope of finite
dreams and wither
all alone. . .

fury rapes the tranquil mind
of one of gifts
and freedom's
lone imprison'd child.
i seek the autumn fire
of a wild
fall to death
and strike the children
round my heartless breast. . .

Scorpio and Southern Cross
around the North Star
turn away
from my rage in gentle eve,
and i weep
to the music of the spheres.
i shrink into the pale
sleep
of winters' brusque return.
Orion passes. . .

comes the birth of days
with mirror'd waters
splitting free of ice
and frozen graves.
i break the frosty duet
of silent caves
and open several eyes
to the streamers of a
warm spring morning. . .

i find no fury in the day
of cool reflections
on the bright horizon,
but the favor of a natural
maturity.
the prowess of the hunter
leaves me to a soft
and elegant retreat.
Orion passes. . .



WIRING WONDERS, *Belinda Wood*

STORM, *Linda Winans*

The rain had draped the valley panorama
With layered veils of gauze
And drummed a puddly symphony
In every secret crevice
Of the thirsty mountainside.

Staccato on the friendly tin roof;
Dull percussion rumbling behind
The winds' occasional crescendo
In the dancing leaves;
Big fat drops splatting
On big flat rocks. . .

A rolling rustling,
Rising and falling,
A run-on lullabye lyric
Wrapping a wet compress
All around my brittle mind
And floating me gently off
Into the humming river of sleep. . .

STAR SONG

Linda Winans

The stars are singing to us,
Whistling in the solar winds,
Heedless whether we hear their harmonies:

“Come on, Earthlings, Grow –
Or don’t.
We won’t wait for you,
Spiraling in your tiny space
Spinning your wheels and your yarns,
Yawning and wondering why,
Work and worry as you will, you still
Aren’t where you wish you were,
Your minds
Could leap light years beyond
The limits of your toy top.
But will you wallow
In your self-indulgent fears,
Hide in what you’ve done for years,
And soothe your coward conscience
With comfortable illusions of
Our constant constellations?”

“See us sail
Farther from each other every day,
Stretching space between us,
Pushing back the boundaries
Of growing galaxies...”

The universe expands like an enormous lung
Inhaling time –
Perhaps gathering breath
To blow up a cosmic balloon
With stars painted on it.



UNTITLED

Michael Gooding
Second Place – Visual Art

A KALEIDOSCOPE

Diana Montemayor

Crystal blue
Green stars,
Liquid orange
Red moons,
Sweet purple paradox,
Misted skies,
Swirling in that
Timid yellow
Spider's web;

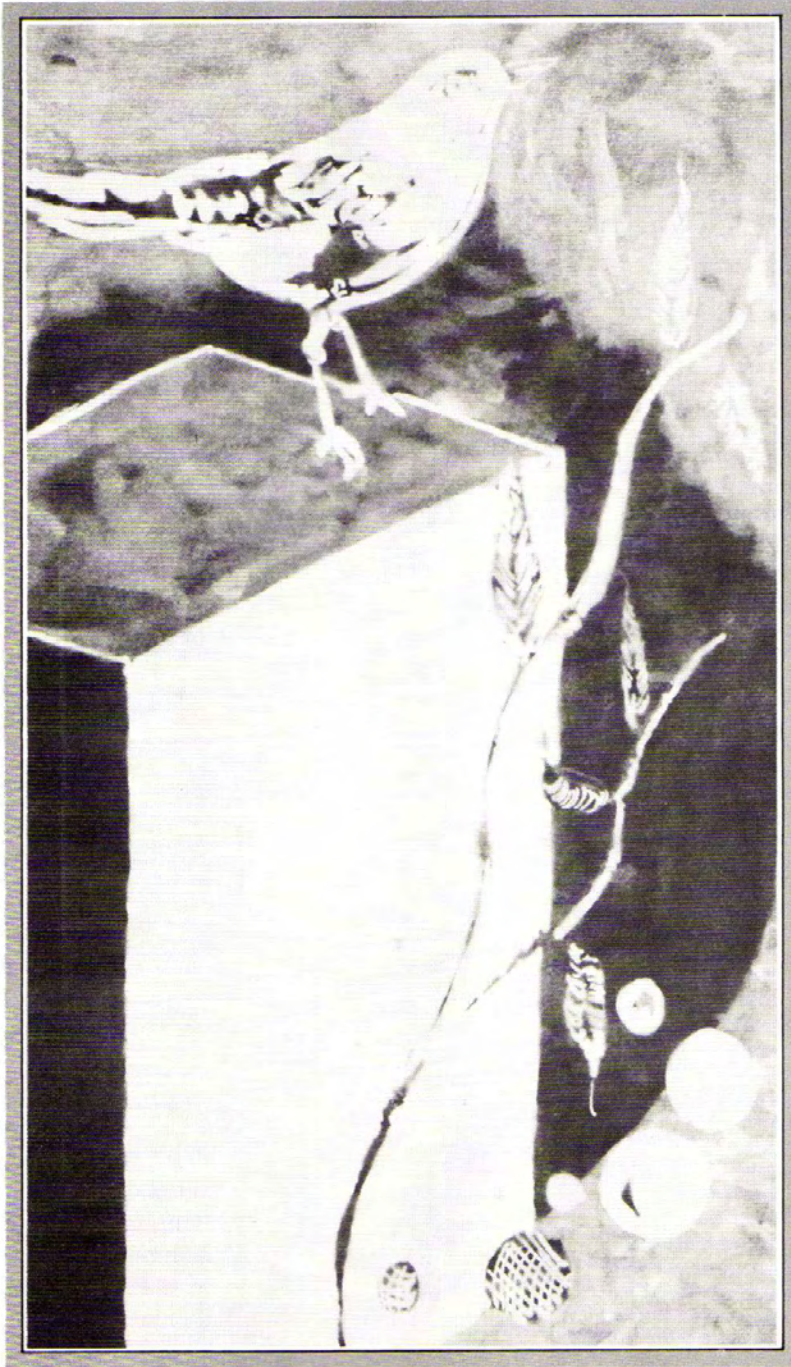
Beautiful, tempting
Dimensions
Full of lies. . .

OMNIBUS

Diana Montemayor

Royal purples,
Oranges, reds,
Pinks splashing
A canvas
Baby blue,
Rushing birds
Weeping
Dying rays
Of light,
Casting
Specks of grey,
Soon to be night;

Thank-you, God,
For harmony
And twilight. . .



UNTITLED, *Donald Duthie*

OWL SONG

John P. Buentello

Night's raging silence,
Is ended by the song.
The slicing cut of wing,
Lifts high to pay homage,
To the bright Goddess,
Who rules the night.
Blackness is pierced,
By golden eye,
Seeking warmth and pain,
Of movements muted.
Those invisible to life,
Are plucked upon the nail.
Cool breath escapes,
To wrap hot blood.
A beating of heart,
And wing together.
There is no ending,
Only new beginning.
As we lift ourselves,
To fly. Our song begins.

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