



The Laurel

2020

St. Bonaventure University

Letters from the Editors

Hello Writers and Readers!

I am so thrilled that even during a pandemic we still have creative writers willing to submit their art to be shared. Although it's a non-traditional format, we really wanted to make sure that we could still share the 2020 edition of *The Laurel* with all of you and continue into our 121st year of publication. I am a senior this year, and I just want to express how grateful I am for being allowed to serve as one of your Editors-in-Chief for the last couple years. *The Laurel* and the St. Bonaventure English Department hold a special place in my heart, I will look back on my memories fondly. I am very confident in Victoria Wangler's leadership as she continues on next year as the Editor-in-Chief.

The cover photo is a picture I took on campus a year ago, it shows the beauty of campus and reminds me of the very famous Robert Frost poem. It inspires the idea of choices and pathways, some easier than others. I have loved seeing all of your wonderful work over my four years at Bonas and you all should be so proud of the work you create. Although we never could have expected a pandemic, what we can do is overcome and one of the best ways to do that is to create.

I wish you all good health and happiness and the best of inspiration to create.

With Love,

Maria Ragonese '20

Co-Editor in Chief

Dearest Reader,

I'm sure that you are aware of the Current Historical Circumstances. The entire world has been put to standstill and the future looms with fearful uncertainty. In late March, Bonaventure students were sent home as campus closed and classes moved online. As a result, we were unable to print our annual publication of *The Laurel*.

However, Maria and I, as well as our lovely academic advisor and editing team, have been endeavored to produce an altered form of publication despite the circumstances. This year, we are proud to present the 2019-2020 *Laurel*, an electronic publication.

It is times such as these that we turn to the arts to sustain us and comfort us. Regardless of life and its difficulties, we always have the ability to witness beauty and joy, to internalize it, and then to create. Writing and photography, baking and sewing. Music and gardening and watercolors. We celebrate our humanity in so many ways.

In a time when we feel hopeless, fearful, and discouraged, may the act of creation remind us of our own powers and our own blessings. This publication captures the love and dynamism of some amazing Bonnies. We hope you enjoy the art within these pages.

Love and Peace,

Victoria Wangler '21

Co-Editor in Chief

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The Last Man

BY GRACE USALA

I am the last man to see the sun fall
There once was a world to watch it with me in merry wonder
Now they sleep of beds where I carved them stones
Underneath a yellow cathedral hidden by trees of green
Some I have recognized but all are now
I remember the faces of friends and learn of the strangers
There is not much to do when you are one
Even the crickets have each other while hawks fly in flocks
What I have is a fire that burns red
And a blanket made from flagrant despair and my one longing
To have a flock of my own to fly with
Maybe then the clouds would not cover the sun and its warm light
Until then I am earthbound from my wait
At night there are no hawks or crickets seen for me to envy
Because when the fire is out he comes
To give me a frightful tremor from his brilliance and poise
I know that If I were to see him now
When I think so introspectively in the heat of the sky
My blood would coil and my eyes darken
So I sleep on brown soils out of fear for my own night sky
In effort to keep my heart in its place
When the moon comes back he is still there for me
Only he tells me why the war took them
Consequently why I wake longing for what I do not know
Why when I see families of rodents
A cut of pain seeps lower within my broken heart and soul
He is more God than I am pitiful
I know because I feel like the rats are luckier than I
Only the sky tells me the truth at night by carving the stars
He calls it his kingdom everlasting
My future pavilion that I need to wait to receive
And I ask why he does not take me too
In response he gives me lessons that teach only confusion
The sky does not speak but whisper to me
That waiting is my trial determining If I want him
My fears are that once I will not hear that
So be it that when I wake up I will look to the sky black
And see nothing but the stars hanging high
And hear nothing but my own thoughts that birthed from old loneliness
It is a thought of mine that one morning
I will wake up to a quiet place of daisies and lilacs
Until then my job is incomplete
Only I know not what it is but I listen to the sky
Then I wake up as I thought it morning
What I found was the king that ruled this pavilion I see
I was the last man to see the sun fall
Now I am the last man to kiss his kingdom everlasting

life determines its dancers

BY JOSEPH MALAFRONTÉ

buoy sounds far off

silent waters churn below still surfaces

under mirrored light, the moon high

Ocean meets Shore

a ripple born

reverberating, amplifying

buoy sounds far off

Ripples grow stronger

Ocean swells against Shore, Shore succumbs to each rise

Ripples merge, a continuous circle made

rising high, tips curling over edge

fall from heaven, the crash met with thunder

the dancers grow close together

still

pausing a quick moment before bowing away in retreat

the circle broken into two

buoy sounds far off

muttered ponderings

BY JOSEPH MALAFRONTÉ

Today I nearly lost a finger

Woodworking accident

Afraid to lose

What is a finger?

7 extras in reality

Not a thumb

Now a thumb, that's a travesty

I looked upon my finger and realized it to be
insignificant to me

Coffee cup still secured with three

So today I threw away my finger away

And religion

And societal obligations

Maybe tomorrow a pinkie

Because now I am free.

the mirror

BY VICTORIA WANGLER

I just might mess around

and break someone's heart.

build up expectation

unhinge the edges of some terrible,

wild thing.

uncap the elixir,

[something messy and cheaply-bought]

let it seep into my wounds.

I just might shoot off my heart

and dangle before the a b y s s.

what do you know

of want?

I ask myself in midnights.

what do you know

of need

and desire?

I just might do something unintentional

[a little too traceable]

[borderline unforgivable]

and then I'll be lost.

just might mess around

and break someone's heart.

it's a brave front, my dear:

the only heart to break

will be my own.



Untitled

BY HAILEY GARSKE

Dreaming

BY JAMIE O'MALLEY

I dreamed I was sitting in the sand
I look to my left and you are there
Endless sky, sunlight encompassing me
I wish I could sleep for 50 years
Dreaming of unrequited love
'til I'm 6 feet under

Aquatic Infestation

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO

An estuarine, however hard it tries,
Will always be intertidal
For it formed its beliefs on shifting sands
Interlaced with oceans of depths pre-conquered.
Coelenterates mock even the slightest current change
Squandering otherwise pristine biodiversity;
“You are the destruction of multiplicity”
As if tidal relations being argillaceous is the cause,
Not the polyethylene kamikaze divers from terra-green.



Untitled

BY JULIA WESCHE

Fallen down to my knees
Been caught up with all the irrelevant thoughts
That seems to conjure up in my mind

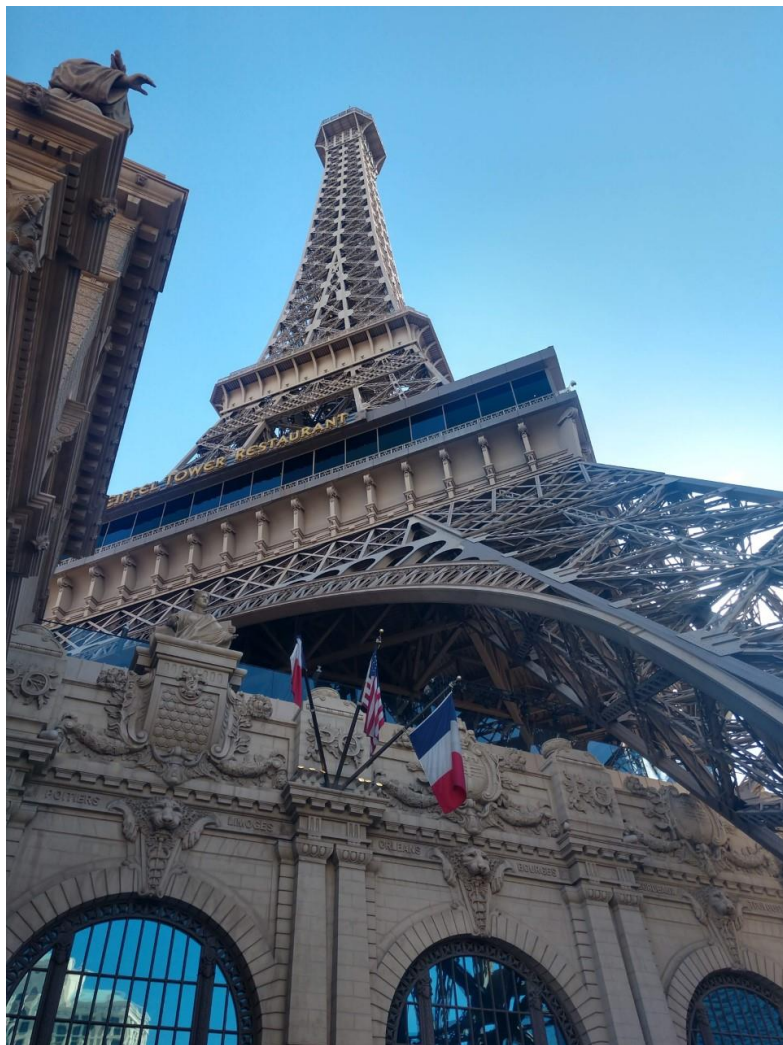
Desperately trying to find a way to get out and away from
The madness that's clearly trapped my mind
But I must remind myself that this has happened before
And if I did it once, I can do it again

Feels like everything's been a dream but all that I
Can see is the stream of tears in front of me
Your voice seems so distant and yet,
I don't even realize it when you walk into the room

As if I needed my mind to play any more tricks
Still searching for my self-conscience as I stare into the dark
The fear deep in my heart as I let it take part
Funny thing is, you aren't here anymore so...
Tell me why you're still on my mind

Still on My Mind

BY KIMBER-LEE LACONA



Not What it Seems

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE

To Those Whom Travel the Cosmos

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO

The escape velocity of supernova expressions
Is consequential to all variables of social condemnation,
For which I can attest to your sub violet light
And its very existence rewriting the theory of vibrance.

Sing to me in a choir of gravitation
Switching between half notes to form a world
For which I can rest each sullen thought
Until bedrock grows a layer of sentiment

Conquer the everlasting expanse of emotional conquest
Traveling for a millennia by less than competent gypsies
For only those who dance the horizon's horizon know the truth
Of what tune truly sings a heart into a nebula.

My Symbol

BY KELLY FITZGERALD

Is graffiti vandalism
Or a form of art?
Is it the disrespectful action of a “lowlife”
Or an artist’s quiet expression?

I own this building
It belongs to
Me
Who is to tell me...
NO
Who has the right
To tell me
What I can and cannot paint
n my own wall.
It is my choice
To either paint a single brick
Or cover every inch of the building with ink.

Soon or later
Every building will fall
Why not cover my structure
In art before its demise
That blank wall does not tell an interesting story
But the work of artists on my wall
Now that tells a story.
It tells the artists story.

A story of how the building has aged.
The paint will weather
But the remnants of it will remain.
If others can paint their house in any way they choose
Why...
NO
Who gets to tell me I can’t paint
My building
No One.
This structure is mine.
I
Will choose what goes on my body



Highland Light

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE

Untitled

BY JULIA WESCHE



“The Loneliness of Blue Eyes” BY CALSEY BUMP

This isn't the life that Christopher Underwood had envisioned for himself. His children may not be able to see it, but he once had dreams and goals of his own. He didn't want to stay in the same town that the past four generations of his family had lived in. He didn't want to end up sharing custody of his three kids, and only seeing them every other weekend. He had aspirations of his construction business growing to be successful, and one day passing it down to his son. He saw himself and his wife growing old together. He vowed until death do us part. He never expected to get a divorce and end up alone, but life just has a way of working out. For Chris, his life ended up being exactly what he had always feared the most-being lonely.

The only thing Chris has to look forward to is the two weekends out of the month that he sees his children. He dreads Sunday afternoons at 5pm when they have to pack their bags to go back to their mothers. It has been four years since his marriage failed, and not once has he ever mentioned having interest in meeting someone new. However, his children can tell through his isolated, crystal blue eyes, that deep down he wishes he had a companion to share his years with. At family gatherings and dinners with friends, he is always the only one by himself, he sees his brothers happily married to their high school sweethearts, and so desperately wishes that he wasn't the odd man out at the dinner table alone. Every night before bed he thinks to himself, *What if this is it? What if I die alone in this empty house that's full of memories that caused this pain?*

Chris certainly inherited his father's genes, he's a balding middle-aged man, with scruff on his face the color of an autumn leaf that just turned orange. He's very handsome for being in his fifties. His skin is permanently painted a sunkissed tan color as he has worked on construction outdoors his entire life. His daughters always envied the color he had year-round, even in the middle of a cold, snowy, winter. Women noticed his appearance, they found him attractive, but they always noticed the emptiness in his clear blue eyes. This stopped them from approaching him, making them believe there was something mysterious about him. The truth is, that emptiness came from his divorce. He believes that his ex-wife was the love of his life, and deep down hopes that one day they will end up together. Now this is something that he would never mention to his children- but he has always kept that wish close to his heart.

His life started to turn into a routine. Wake up, go to work. Pick up the kids from school, make them dinner, take them to their moms. Watch the television for a little before bed, then spend all night thinking about all of the things in his life that had gone wrong. He finds himself to be a complete failure. What he doesn't see is that his children could not love him more, even if they tried. Even though the love within his marriage didn't work out, he was able to love those three kids with all his heart and try his best to give them the world. His son prays that one day he'll be even half the man his father was. His daughters so desperately want to marry a man with as much compassion and faithfulness that their father embodies. They love him so much and see how important he is, all the while Chris can't see it himself.

Those three kids never got the chance to tell their dad how much he meant to them, or the impact he had left on them. Chris couldn't live with the idea of being alone after all of his children were out of the house, he couldn't breathe thinking about all of the challenges and hardships life threw at him. He couldn't fathom the idea of seeing his ex-wife in the arms of another man. He tried to conquer the nightmares that consumed his mind everyday but couldn't. His fear lived within him, and he had to end it.

Years later when his grandson asked his mother why she had decided to name him Christopher, she looked him in his big blue eyes and told him the story of his grandfather. That there wasn't another man in this world that could've ever compared to him, and she wished so badly that he would've been able to see that when he was alive. Through the tears, she explained to him how she idolized her father so much and wished he would have realized how strong everyone else saw him, even if he looked in the mirror and saw someone he despised. She wanted that strength to carry on through her son and show her father how proud of him she had always been, and always will be.

Airplanes Have Curves

BY JOSEPH MALAFRONTÉ

Consider the curves of an airplane

Did you think I might say they were sexy? Enlightening?

Compare them to a woman for God's sake?

All because I said curve??

Such a hypersexualized word for such a mathematical term

-a line or outline which gradually deviates from being straight for some or all of its length

What a fool you look now

Perhaps I meant to say men have curves just to spite you reader

The definition for a man is x^3

A phallic stretch at best to keep you reading

Consider the curve of an airplane

No more jokes now it is time to learn

The curve is flight, and flight is a mathematic equation

Therefore "women and men are flight. No, they are math. Binary?"

No! Keep up reader or it will be the dunce cone for you

The Nihilist would say there is no curve

But for Nihilists there is no need for curves

Or sex

Or math

So what have we learned? "Math is actually pointless in school?"

For you I'm afraid.

No, instead we have learned that airplanes are the new Marilyn,

And that humanity is an equation that we still don't understand

Goodluck dear reader in our brave new world.

Wired

BY KAITLIN SINCLAIR

My attention is drawn to an alluring being
Don't make it obvious you're staring

A true enchantress turned up here
My eyes are powerless

I gawk at your figure
So pure, so clean
Elegant

I can't make out what you say
All I'm focused on is your mouth

Smiling as you converse with him
He's hooked on every word you say

Why is it the mediocre boys who attract goddesses?
At last you catch my drift and look over

Don't fret my maiden
I'm not staring at your prince

I'm staring at you

I saw the breathtaking visible radiance of my generation
destroyed

How I mourned the daylight

Does the daylight make you shiver?

No, really does it?

I saw the haunting clock of time as I drifted past the
corridor.

How I mourned the hour.

An hour is unforgettable, an hour is moving

An hour is persistent

Chills, however hard

They will always be cunning

Night Time

BY KIMBER-LEE LACONA



Queen

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE

The Bad Guy

BY NATALIE WATKOWSKI

Go ahead, I know it's true.

I'm a sick and twisted bitch;

Looking for my next victim to break year after year

It's a fun game I play with myself to see just how far I'll go.

What started as a simple rejection

Has led me to completely shatter a soul.

Just wait until I get to you too and soon, you'll understand.

What kind of evil human being I truly am.

Behind closed doors I cry over my victims

As though they can still hear me.

The guilt eats away at my entire being,

But I must move on.

For each victim took a piece of me as I did of them;

Although they do not know who I am.

How could they?

Laying in my bed petrified to not make a sound;

Saying anything would mean I ruined

Everything in that house.

So now I lay beside my partner letting him squeeze me like a python

Not a sound was made when he slipped

Back into my thong again and again

I close my eyes and take it like some fucking doll

"No" never passes my lips

Silence is my personal apocalypse.

The guilt ate away everything we had built

Time to leave this life and try to

Start again

Another heart ruined, another victim under my belt

In the graveyard he goes along with

The rest, the rest.

His body remains to haunt me

I deserve it.

In his life I'm the bad guy.

But at least now I'm free.

Rock City

BY GABRIEL SWARTS



A Poet's Swan Song

BY MICHAEL MAKUTONIN

A caffeine buzz, a brain afloat
In mists of time and work and hurt.

A man in black, a thought in white,
A moment fades into the night.

"He's burning midnight oil," they say,
As life drains love and turns to grey.

And words he sends to golden gods,
And stoically he bears the odds,

And withers slowly in his cell,
An empty life that morphed to Hell.

Holding on for Life

BY KELLY FITZGERALD

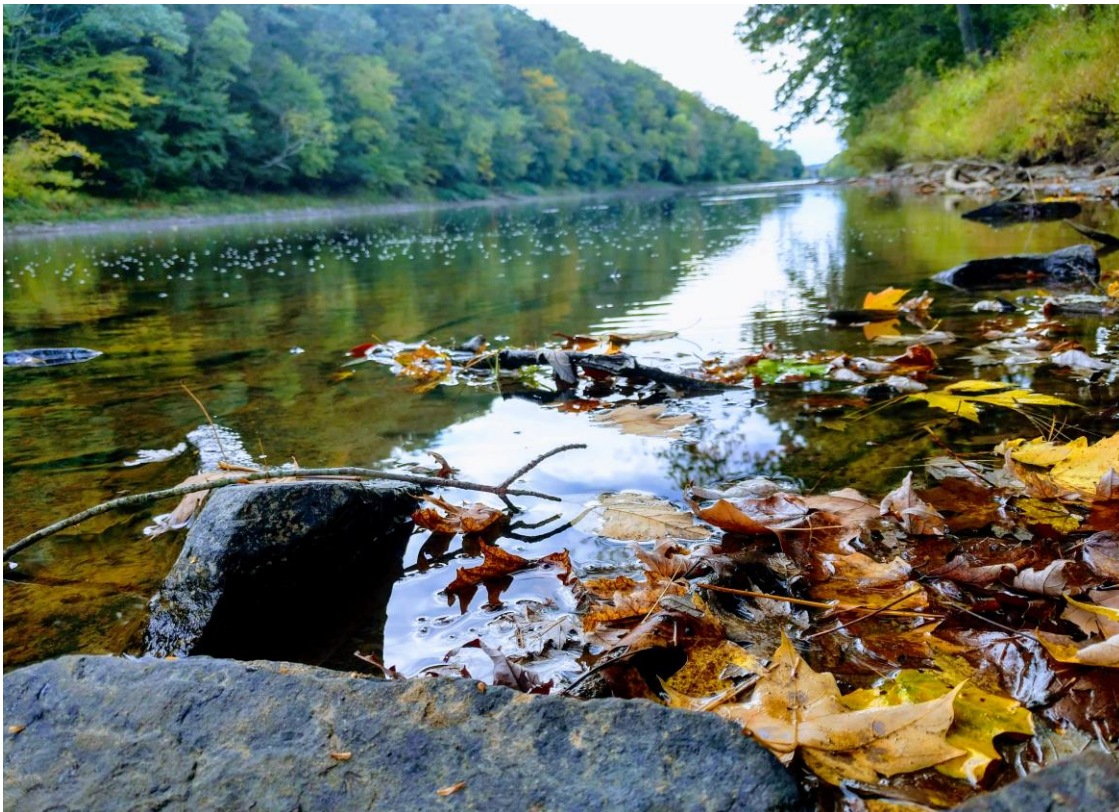
Another family gone in an instant; the same way my own family left me.

All I want is someone to play with. Someone to share my lonely nights with. To run around the creaky hallways with during the dead of night. Someone to finally see me once again since that stormy night. Is that too much to ask for from a five-year-old?

One night I ran to the storm-cellar to escape the rain from playing in the garden. My clothes were soaked, shoes squeaking, and my hair was dripping. I had never been in the cellar before. My parents said the wires in the cellar were dangerous. But what is so dangerous about wires? What could it hurt to just poke one small wire for just a second? The energy within me increased as I slowly crept closer and closer. Suddenly excitement and fright electrocuted through my body. The next thing I knew my family started ignoring my every word. They would walk by me like I was invisible, and then just left without me.

A new family has moved in. A young boy around my age plays in the garden as I used to. My determination to find a friend to play with has electrified me, he seems perfect.

One night as it begins to rain, I use all my power to flicker the lights in the cellar to get his attention. Soon he will be mine and they can't get him back. We will play together for eternity and I will never have to be alone again. As he slowly creeps down the steps I just watch and wait for him to join me in this lonely eternity.



Changes

BY BRIANNA RAGONESE



Untitled

BY JULIA WESCHE

I Hope I Lent You Light Today

BY MICHAEL MAKUTONIN

My dearest friend, I'd write so much,
If every word your heart would touch,

But word-smithy is not my art,
My thoughts are light, my feelings dart,

And so, with all my love I say,
I hope I lent you light today.

20 MG of Sleep BY MICHAEL OKIKIOLA

The day, forgotten

But

I swear it was at 9

these tiredness

dawned upon

heavy eyelids

like workout

strengthening

something

not the immuno digestivities

not brain

coiled in hours of daydreaming

on twin-sized haven

10 pm is 2 hours ago

I heard an alarm

my dread through cold wall

10 pm was 7 hours ago?

I must have picked you up at 9

can't be sure of it

maybe 8 and it may matter

The day's memories filled

with yawns as vivid

as the weight my eye bags drag

both straining

begging for the mercy of 20 mg

of sleep

a pillow

a hammer

a sofa

a punch

get me high in the bliss

of sudden slumber

make snore happen

like magic

like quickly and fast

like I had blinked and noticed nothing

like, snap!

like light switch click flicks,

empties the lights off my walls

like tick tacking of clocks closing

the atmosphere with the good darkness

I never seem to die to at

9

or 10

or 11...

I am still awake in my room...

like a river of some consciousness

lost in the day

now streaming from foam

body unrested still

from slumber,

I had managed to gather

"I shall ponder the effectiveness of the American

Roadway System" until I have lulled me to

sleep with tired questions

"Why the fuck is a star named BOSGACOG"

You are not easier to think of as time travel

I didn't do too well in science class

and I haven't seen all the Back to the Futures

"Pandas are carnivorous"

biologically that is

my neighbor plays Mario at 2 am

he goes to school tomorrow

I'd be going to bed.

Tori Kendry and the Glitter Pens

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO

I'm of the belief that what is in your pencil pouch says a lot about you. And Abigale Witherman had color coordinated, glittery gel pens. But you didn't hear me say that. I'm not the one to start rumors. All I have to say is that she has had them for three weeks and has never used them. Or barely used them. The point is that the ink cartridges are still full to the very tippy top, which should be a detention-able offense. Compared to my pencil pouch, hers looked like that of a prissy glittery princess. But again, you didn't hear any of this from me. It just really made you look differently at your black marker-covered eraser and "world's smallest pencil" collection. At least my pencils are smaller than Evan Migan's. He never has the commitment to take off the metal topper and get it to that perfect pinkie nail point. Or he lost them. He often lost them before he could get anywhere close to that short. That's also why I have a lot more, cause I never lose them. Well, except the two that I lost on the playground, but beyond that my record is pretty solid. If popularity was about how many mini pencils you have, I would even be more popular than Devon Youngwood, you know, that soccer player in the 5th grade. But it's not. It is about glitter gel pens and soccer goals and cat shaped pencil pouches. And don't you worry, Abigale Witherman has a cat shaped pencil pouch. And a controller shaped calculator. My calculator still had the zero-button missing from when Evan Migan picked it off when he was bored during a math lesson in 1st grade. But he is still my best friend, so I forgive him.

Mr. Juno was at the board scrawling out different cursive letters that we were supposed to be able to write by now. Abigail Witherman was mirroring Mr. Juno's perfect cursive S with her perfectly not glittery ball point blue pen like it was something to be wasted. It was something to be wasted, it was a pretty appallingly bland pen that looks like the one that one of Evan's moms uses when they are writing checks for adult things. But why would you have glitter pens if you weren't going to use them. I mean, yeah, her cursive was fancy and yeah, her cursive was perfect enough to get one of those green smiley face stickers that Mr. Juno only used when he was impressed with your work, but it wasn't glittery blue or gold or pink. All I am saying is that if I had glitter pens, I would make sure my perfect cursive, well if I could make perfect cursive, but if I could make perfect cursive I would make sure it was in just as pretty an ink.

"Could I have a volunteer to copy the first sentence into cursive on the board?" Mr. Juno asked, but he was already looking at Abigail Witherman. She was even the most popular person in the whole school among the teachers. Even if she sat in the most center part of the classroom, it was no excuse to assume she would volunteer. But she did. Because she always did. Because she was Abigail Witherman and she was already getting her little box of little colored chalks from her pretty cat shaped pencil pouch. I can't believe her parents can afford to send her to school with colored chalk and glitter pens. There is no way that my mom and I were ever going to meet that amount of wealth unless I became the president or something extreme. Like a scuba diving treasure hunter.

But wait. This was my chance. I didn't need to be a scuba diving treasure hunter to get money. Or, more specifically, I don't need to be a scuba diving treasure hunter to get enough money to get myself the glitter pens that I need to get more friends. I just need to take them. What better time to take them but when she has her back turned cause she is now writing perfect cursive "The dog jumped over the log" in large blue letters on the chalk board?

So, I am taking it. So, I took it. I mean, she isn't going to notice that the light blue glitter pen is missing his slightly differently hued companion. Who needs two different shades of blue glitter pens anyway? Especially when I have no glitter pens. Especially when the whole classroom wants these glitter pens. When the whole classroom wants to be someone like Abigail Witherman, someone who had all the friends on the playground. All we want is to have friends, all we want is the means to be wanted, to have pieces of conversations like. All we want are glitter pens.

It looked out of place among the grime and unfurled paperclips of my pencil pouch. A spot of color in an otherwise bland recreation of my bland social life. It didn't make me feel any different. I didn't feel any different. I still felt lonely. If glitter pens weren't the reason Abigail Witherman smiled everyday, what was it?

Untitled

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO



A poem is a can of alphabet soup.

It can be a love letter
That remains without a stamp.

It can be a eulogy
For someone who's still alive.
It can be a lock-protected diary,
A best friend to confide in.

It can be messy and it can be beautiful.
But it's best when it's both at once.

What Is a Poem?

BY JAMIE O'MALLEY

Stopped Falling

BY KIMBER-LEE LACONA

Standing still as the fire slowly burns out

Nothing seems to run through my clouded mind

The sky fades to a muted blue as the sun
disappears from the horizon

Everything is so fresh within my mind

I feel as if I'm ready to unwind

from all the thoughts that are buried so deeply

So deep that I feel that they're within my self-conscience

Teardrops cover the windows

One by one rolling down to the ground

To become one again within an iridescent puddle

The phallic nature of it all....

to me is something indescribable

For there are not enough words in the universe that could help express
how I truly feel about everything around me

The sound of the rain hitting the roof is somewhat calming

Before I can open the curtains to what's outside

the rain has stopped falling.

A Frigid Tango

BY MICHAEL MAKUTONIN

Ten o'clock

The logs burned with an infernal shiver,
And sparks would jump from every sliver.

The shadows caroused on feverish walls,
Their raucous songs rang through the halls,

They contorted and swayed in wild disarray,
They stole and they fought in a horrid ballet.

And a cold, hunchbacked beggar glanced at the sight,
He shuddered, he stared at the warmth of the light.

Eleven o'clock

Their bodies were sweating, their cups overflowed,
Their lips all trembled in a passionate ode,

The buffet was steaming, the bar was dark,
And all were giving their souls to the lark.

And a face in the window, hands trembling still,
Winked at a dancer and whispered a trill.

Twelve o'clock

The clock struck a tone and the band skipped a beat,
The hearts of the players gave rise to a heat,

And the fire burned louder with crackling delight,
It spit and clawed with a vicious spite,

And the curtains were drawn, and the stage was set
And the fire roared, its appetite whet,

And the face in the window frigidly stared,
At the bright little dancers all running scared.

One o'clock

The bodies were lifeless, the fire was rust,
And all was decaying and burning to dust.

The orgy of color was gone to the night,
The devil had taken his pick from the light

And as strays dogs were fighting for the scraps of the eve,
The wind lightly whispered and, with a heave,

The ragged, frail beggar, with his toothless smile,
Bent over a corpse; warmed his hands for a while.



Untitled BY JULIA WESCHE



A Roman March

BY MICHAEL MAKUTONIN

A battle-cry cuts through the air,
And 'pon the field of battle there

The children rant and farmers chant –
The women scream, and fear implant.

For yonder Roman soldiers march.

The shaman lifts his holy stone,
He cuts through sinew, muscle, bone.

The woods may walk, the men may talk,
And fear may hunt them like a hawk,

But still the Roman soldiers march.

A woman cries on bloodied breast,
Her son didn't yield at Rome's behest.

The soldier comes, tells her to kneel;
Chops off her head with shining steel.

For through the Roman soldiers march.

A vulture flies above the fields
Where many lay upon their shields,

The vulture lands, the hero stands,
They watch each other o'er shifting sands.

And on the Roman soldiers marched.

The Roman troop, through tree and glade,
March to escape the ghosts they made

The soldiers come home to their kin,
They lay in bed and think of sin.

For that's how Roman soldiers march.

Foregoing Experiments

BY KIMBER-LEE LACONA

Unbreathed upon, difference.
It evaporates,
Disappear.
Iridescent
Infinitely narrow spaced,
Marble paper
Difficult to observe
Perceive
Orifice.
An impulse,
Resembling marbled paper
Impulsion sinks downwards
Below and on the outside of colored lines.



Untitled

BY JULIA WESCHE

The Art of Saying Goodbye

BY MARIA RAGONESE

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

I stand in the doorway.

Tears in my eyes.

In denial of change to come

Like wind sweeping through,

Starting over once more.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

Although, I have said it.

Many times, in fact.

In varying capacities.

Some are forever,

Some are a see you soon.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

So, I hold on dearly.

Shoving memories in my pockets.

Saving them for a rainy day.

Providing me with some comfort,

That it will not all go away.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

So instead I say thank you.

For the laughs.

For the tears.

For everything else,

That lies in between.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

But maybe that's okay.

It will live on forever.

In some distant afterthought.

And in my heart,

A grateful warmth remains.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

But goodbye greets me anyway.

So, I greet it back.

I come to terms.

And I am thankful,

That my goodbyes are so hard.

I have not perfected the art of saying goodbye.

And I guess I hope I never do.

Hello BY JOSEPH MALAFRONTÉ

Phatic Salutations,

“Individual-ity can be a mistake looking for a commonality of indivi-duality”

Spent nicotine conversations

Smoke fires mingle

Snowflakes drift into piles

Only to catch cigarettes.

I have never met anyone who is like everyone, and the day I meet this person they will be the most unique individual I have ever know or will ever know because everyone would be equally unique.

watercolors mark

Enter water cup to clean

brownish’black that can never be

again created

I paint pictures with water cup water,

Will you see? Will you see?

The duality of individuality painted through diversity

Untitled

BY ASHLEY DELVENTO



O'Hara in Quarantine

BY JOSEPH MALAFRONTTE

It is 3:24 in quarantine on a Monday
A week after it all started
It is 2020 and I get dressed with gloves
because I'm going out at 4:00 and
at 7:15 I will probably need do work
Because I didn't do any over the weekend.

I don't walk up the muggy street beginning to sun
and I don't have a hamburger and a malted and buy
an ugly NEW WORLD WRITING to see what the poets
in Ghana are doing these days
Because I know what they're doing
They're doing the same thing we are
Sitting at home waiting for this to be over
Waiting to go back outside
Waiting for the day they can reemerge

and for Mike I just stroll into the
Liquor Store and ask for a bottle of Strega
because alcohol is considered essential still and
then I go back where I came from the grocery store
and the people try to keep their distance
but there is really no way no way in those tight shelves
I go to check out behind the plexiglass shield
and there 1,200 dead in New York

and I am sweating a lot by now and thinking of
leaning on the OP's bar
where not too long ago I had shared times
with all my friends oh God please help us

What you said was not what moved me to smile,
But how you spoke that will forever stay. :
A gleam in your eye that put me on trial,
As you asked me to never go away.
Your heart like a blanket from childhood,
Fabric, like steel, keeping me safe for now.
Knowing nothing could feel this good.
It was a stolen story,
a fairytale that I'd allowed.

But that's all it could be,
a fictional tale.
So alone I sit,
tears staining story pages,
Of stolen words I longed to hear.
Just like you, they were not mine.
If only I'd learned life is not a book.
But try again, I will, for one more chance
to sit alone reading a stolen book.

Old Man Sweaters

BY MARIA RAGONESE

Fiction

BY MARIA RAGONESE

Remembering the good times, your
Unconditional love &
Dreaming of your laughter.
Old sweaters keep me close,
Letting me know you're here.
Praying you can hear me &
Holding you so close & dear.

