

Crosscut



The Voice of a Changing Community

A selected anthology of Crosscut

1993 through 2012

Crosscut

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OBITUARY IN MY MIND

Diane MacDonald Kasperek

I look for your face among strangers,
 Yet I find only blank stares
 Or occasional sympathetic smiles.
I listen for your footsteps, sounding in the hall,
 Yet I hear only echoes of scurrying feet
 Or the occasional scuffling of idle wanderers.
I look for your name in local newspapers,
 Yet I read only foreign names
 Or the occasional obituaries of old acquaintances,
Auld acquaintances.

I forget your name in the flood of faded memories,
 Yet I find I do not care,
 Or occasionally I will not let myself care.
Oh, I care for you of all people. Yes, I care;
 Yet I write your obituary in my mind.
 An occasional auld acquaintance.
Yes, I write your obituary in my mind.
 As I breathe life into your memory
 In every line of this poem,
Just an obituary in my mind

Thoughts From the Fishbowl

Terri Baker, Anthology Editor

Like *Crosscut*, I am a cross section of the Husson University Community. I am both staff and student; I represent both the New England School of Communications and Husson University; I am both “from away” and a long time resident of the area. The selections I have made for this anthology are influenced by all of these aspects of my place within our community.

The anthology you are about to read is a unique product, a nexus where time, location, and a group of people with a common goal have come together to form the Husson University community. Where these elements intersect is where I spend my days...in a small office that was once a closet, behind a pane of glass, on the edge of One College Circle in Bangor Maine. We call my office “the Fishbowl” because there can be no privacy on either side of the glass. No other person at any other time would have been able to offer this look at our community.

As I write this introduction, the Husson community continues to change. New people arrive while others leave, programs and degrees are changing, and the relationships we make in the small groups that create our community are being constantly reformed. So this selection of works has become a time capsule. We cannot know today what changes will occur tomorrow, but this work and every edition of *Crosscut* will continue to be the voice of the ever changing Husson Community.

The Amateur and The Nature of Crosscut

Dr. Matthew T. Pifer

Amateur art is sloppy, occasionally ugly, and often unguarded—qualities that define its strength. Out of these motley, unguarded moments tumbles sincerity, the honesty that gives art purpose—a point Adam Gopnik suggests: “As with all art, the answer to the uncertain future is a repledged allegiance to the truth of things, however strange they may be” (xxiii).¹ At their best, the works published in *Crosscut* reveal such strange often accidental truths, a glass of pink milk about to spill, and outlined in the promise of the stain is the significance of the magazine.

Crosscut is a place where the amateur can explore the varieties, the tremulous verities, of the voice. Tentatively, they can lean into a sonnet and see if rhyme has a place in the cynical certainty of this, their, everyone else’s world: in a time that evaporates, in a place where liars are paid millions and speak and speak while teachers, auto workers, soldiers starve below those clean, corporate windows. Another might quietly suggest that love is more complicated than lust or a Hallmark card, or that hate and fear are more destructive than kindness and social justice. These are subjects only amateurs can explore; professionals must get paid and in that transaction hand truth over to those who yell loudest.

In this, *Crosscut* is a place of whispers, like those we tongue when shoulder to shoulder, bellying up to the bar; folded in road hiss, tracing miles and framing horizons across the backs of our eyes; or lingering in the scent of tousled sheets, living for a second more in the sweep of her hair.

These whispers are often desperate and rarely shared, seemingly closer to madness than rational inquiry. The taint of

¹ Gopnik, Adam. Introduction. *The Best American Essays: 2008*. Ed. Adam Gopnik. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2008, xiv-xxiii).

silent apartments, burnt food, and wine reverberate in them. Yet in these works ring Pascal's circular claim that people "are so necessarily mad, that not to be mad would amount to another form of madness," or Foucault's observation that madness and reason are afterimages of the same thought.² The kind of thought the amateur can embrace being closer to the muck of its origin, using, as the amateur might, house paint and newspaper to reimagine the divine, or turning ingredient labels on soup cans into the libretto of an opera: madness shaping reason into truth.

These works are not sanctioned; they linger on the margins. This place is where *Crosscut* exists, and what it can offer us now and in the future. A place where the untutored, the flittering, the ill-advised might dust the polished surfaces and reveal the grit of truth our hurried lives lack. The grit we need if we are to digest anything.

² Foucault, Michel. *Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason*. Trans. Richard Howard. New York: Random House-Vintage, 1965.

Time Traveling

History is a kind of introduction to more interesting people than we can possibly meet in our restricted lives; let us not neglect the opportunity. ~Dexter Perkins

The origins of the Husson Community often seem shrouded in mists. For so many of us the names on buildings are just that, names. On occasion we may glance at the portraits that hang in the halls of Peabody Hall or the O'Donnell Commons, but how often do we see more than oil or ink?

The selections that follow are few. Too often we do not find the time to stop, to ask about what came before we arrived. But stop here now, look past the ink to see how *Crosscut* began. Look past the oil portrait to see how one man changed an unknown number of lives through the education of a single woman.

***Crosscut* Unbound: Reminisces from a Former Editor**

Tom Batt

Not many people now at Husson were around when the first issues of *Crosscut* came out twenty years ago. They were photocopied-and-stapled affairs, pulled together by my colleague in the English department, Jay Lowe. Jay invited me to help him edit and publish the first bound volume in 1997, with contributions from fourteen people, including two individuals still at Husson: Susmita Chatterjee and Kevin Casey, then a fresh-faced English adjunct with a quicker wit than most of us could keep up with. The following year President Beardsley agreed to fund a longer volume and much larger number print run. Jay had left Husson, so with the help of Bob Nichols and Rob Juckett from ICLS (the International Center for Language Studies), I recruited everyone I could think of to contribute: students, teachers, administrators, staff, alumni, bookstore personnel, the grounds crew... I was surprised how many people were closet writers, artists or photographers, and how willing they were to be asked to submit their work.

The building interest in *Crosscut* on campus turned into real excitement when Stephen King agreed to write the introduction. The buzz crested at the first *Crosscut* reading, at Borders on a Sunday evening in April. Over sixty people showed up to hear the contributors read their work. For invitations we had sent out facsimiles of the *Crosscut* cover, which featured a beautiful woodcut by Siri Beckman. (When he first saw the cover, Bill Beardsley raised his eyebrows and said, "Oh!") I still recall how grateful people were for the event: not just the contributors, but their families and friends, and people like Bob Smith, the late Chief Academic Officer, who looked around at the crowd and said to me in his quiet voice, "This is really something."

The following two years *Crosscut* grew in length and

print run. Lisa Hand, working for chocolate-chip cookies alone, designed a series of striking covers that inspired us to send out copies to high schools and colleges throughout the state, many of which responded in kind. Maine Poet Laureate Kate Barnes and Senator Olympia Snowe were next in a long line of distinguished figures who have written introductions for the magazine. The interest in *Crosscut* on campus, together with other outreach efforts by the English Department, such as a new Writing Center directed by Judy Eyerer, lent a sense of momentum that Greg Winston tapped into when he proposed the English major in 2000, the first liberal-arts major in Husson history and a milestone on the way to university-hood.

But the most valuable aspect of *Crosscut*, in my view, is what it means to the people who summon the creativity and courage to publish their poems, short stories, drawings, photographs and essays. People like Al Weymouth, a retired English professor who said he was flattered and thrilled to be included; Rene Collins, Husson counselor and short-story writer; Frank Coviello, a student in three of my writing classes who told me he never thought of himself as a writer until his essay appeared in *Crosscut*; Jessica Bay, a physical therapy major whose drawings appeared in two editions; and Amanda Foye, the ten-year old daughter of an physics professor, who, standing on a box, read her poem "Space Shuttle" at that first reading at Borders. The work that appears in *Crosscut* every spring represents just one face of Husson University, but it's a wonderful one.

PUTTING BONNIE BY

for Bonnie Haghkerdar

Heather O'Brien and Ruth Burgess

We are in her hands,
we have one enormous class
and it runs together.

We are too inexperienced and
take too long to learn;

We don't have to ask,
she reads our expressions.

We wrap her in an abstract deed;
and store her in a volume.

She does not try to get out.

Later, we watch her inside the Registry of Deeds,
floating among maps and flaky lawyers.

Mortgage, quitclaim, and warranty deeds made
tracts on the land around her.

We press our hands against the volumes
and feel her wiggling inside.

Carefully, we transfer her back to her office;
we place her on a pedestal with our anxious hands.

We have her now.

FROM A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR GEORGE PEABODY

Theresa Hainer

It was the first week of January in 1974 that I met George Peabody. I was 18 and he was 62. Our lives have continually intertwined over these past 25 years and he will forever be a symbol of hope and mentorship for me.

We were brought together because of a gentleman from Bucksport, Maine. This man, born in 1876, was named Fred Forsyth. He was then 96 years of age. Though George was Fred's legal council in those days, they had actually met many years earlier when a younger Mr. Peabody worked a summer construction job building the bridge from Bucksport to Verona Island and Fred was the rural postman who delivered the mail to the island. They became friends. Fred retired from the postal service in 1936 at the age of 60. The following year, Gorge began his law practice at the age of 25. Despite the 35-year difference in their ages, their friendship endured. I have been honored and blessed to have known both of these exceptional men.

I met Fred Forsyth in 1973. He was a patient at a local nursing facility where I worked as a nurse's aid. I had plans to go to Eastern Maine Medical Center's Nursing Program in the fall. My plans changed, however, after my parents divorced and - due to lack of resources - I opted to attend a technical college LPN program instead. I left the nursing home to begin my course work in January of 1974.

The day after New Year's, I received a phone call from the office of George Peabody. I was asked to come in the following Monday at 9 a.m. Prior to this time, I had no idea who Mr. Peabody was. Upon arrival to his office, I was escorted to a conference room and seated at one end of a very long table. Mr. Peabody entered, introduced himself and informed me that his client, Mr. Forsyth, felt that I should become a "professional nurse," and that he had set up a trust fund through which this could be carried out. I was speechless! It was a dream come true. I felt overwhelmed and uncertain whether I should withdraw from the technical college that was to begin in two weeks and pursue my dream or go ahead as scheduled. I opted to complete the year-long program first, to be sure that I was serious about a career in nursing. If I determined

that this was the right choice, I assured Mr. Peabody that I would be back. Upon graduation from the technical college, I became engaged to marry and promised Mr. Forsyth that I would take him home and be his private nurse. I cared for him until the birth of my daughter in March of 1976. Mr. Forsyth died on May 20, at age 99.

It was then that Mr. Peabody became my mentor and pushed me to pursue my professional nursing career. I attended school from the fall of 1977 until graduation on May 22, 1980. Each semester he would write reassuring letters indicating that my tuition payments had been paid in full and to stay focused on my studies. My only regret was that on graduation day, Mr. Forsyth was not alive to celebrate with me. To my delight, however, as I marched up the aisle past the smiling faces of family and friends, I saw the silhouette of Mr. Peabody framed by the doorway, and I marched right into his waiting arms! It was a memory I will always treasure.

Six years later, I decided to further my nursing education at Husson College. I attended school on a part-time basis from 1986 through 1993, while working full-time. Little did George Peabody know that he would become my “silent cheerleader” as I greeted his portrait every week while attending classes in Peabody Hall, named for him.

Later in the 1990s, Mr. Peabody came to Eastern Maine Medical Center’s Ophthalmology Department where I was working as the charge nurse. This time he was my patient. “Well, we’ve really come full circle now, haven’t we?” George commented. It was as we reminisced of earlier days that George made a confession to me. As Fred’s legal council twenty years earlier, George was not in favor of Fred’s decision to send me to school. I was young and Fred didn’t know me well, after all. He smiled as he relayed how Fred argued with him: “Well, it’s my money, isn’t it?” “Yes,” George conceded, “but I don’t recommend you give it to her.” “What do you recommend?” asked Fred. “I recommend that you give it to me!” replied George. Thus, the trust fund was born. “Sound legal advice!” I quipped, and we both had a hearty laugh that day.

In 1998, I received a letter from George Peabody. He was acknowledging and congratulating me as recipient of the Nurse Excellence Award. The letter reads as follows:

Dear Theresa:

I read very little these days because of eyesight problems. The office keeps me informed of things that I should be aware of. Low and behold, I found on the top of my desk yesterday a copy of a news article which contained your picture and the article concerning you relating to "National Nurses Week."

I well remember you and Fred Forsyth. You made a particular impression on him and he wanted to do something for you. He was a very perceptive person and seldom made a mistake. Certainly in this instance, he did not. He helped make it possible for you to complete your nurse's training and I was delighted to be a part of it. As always, Fred knew what he was doing and his choice of an individual worthy of assistance permits of no exception. I well remember another publication issued by EMMC recognizing you for the way you handled yourself during your nurse's training. Now to find you among those nominated to be recognized during "National Nurse's Week" confirms my belief that Fred rarely made a mistake.

I congratulate you.

*Sincerely,
George F. Peabody*

Our last meeting was later in 1998. It was very emotional for us both. I had felt compelled to give something back to others in honor of the symbol of hope and mentorship I received so many years ago. Once again, I came to George for his sound advice and council regarding how to set up a trust fund for nursing education. He cried, and said, "You really pulled through, you really pulled through."

To the contrary, Mr. Peabody. I will always remember it was Fred who opened the door of opportunity for me, and George who pushed me through.

Thank you.

Goodbye

Nordia Garnett

*Dedicated to the first graduating class of
occupational therapy students, Class of 2004.*

There is no easy way to say goodbye
It seems like just yesterday that
You all came into my life
First, as strangers
And now at our crossroads
A group of educated professionals
Who have shared in the fun,
Laughter, challenges and dreams
From this moment on we must travel
Onto our individual paths into a world
We have spent years to prepare
This is it!
Take a deep breath, ahh
We have finally made it to the end.
Goodbye.

You Know What They Say...

The weather right here is a little different because of the location. ~Keith Olsen

There is that over worn and over used saw about the changeability of Maine weather, wait and you will see it change. One of the challenges we face is the location of the Husson Community. The weather fluctuates. The economy fluctuates. Every thing fluctuates. It is all beautiful and bleak in turns.

From the blueberry and strawberry fields to the paper mills and bitter cold, it all has a role in molding our community. In spring, in autumn, in the colors of the lupine and leaves, we find what we love or what we never want to see again.

These selections reflect what Bangor Maine and the surrounding areas can be. And if it seems there is an overabundance of snow, blame it on the location.



"The Carrying Place" Stonebridge 9

*The Carrying Place
— Karen Stonebridge*

Freezing

Shawn McKenna

The Cold, Cold, Cold
That resides outside
Cold but forgiving
For it only lasts a few months
Then returns the warm air

The Cold, Cold, Cold
That resides inside
Cold and unforgiving
The cold weather here
I fear
Will never disappear

Like the icy cube
Steals heat
From everything it touches
So too does my heart
For *nothing* can warm it.

Snow

Bob Nichols

still,
the
soft white
whisper * y
insistences
pillow * ing me
sift * ing down * y
drifty * ing me
inexorably
still *

SNOWSHOES

Glenn Geher, Ph.D.

It was a perfect winter day. High pressure had taken over in Maine temporarily -- basically, that means it was really sunny out. Snow had blanketed the landscape. The entire state of Maine now qualified for postcard status. It was mid-January. Kathy had some plans that afternoon. It was Sunday; I actually had free time. It occurred to me that the stars and planets must have aligned themselves just so. The plan came to me in a matter of seconds -- I was going to take out my snowshoes for the first time in 3 years. Murphy, my always-ready-and-willing companion (a beautiful 4-year old Husky/Border Collie mix), and I got in the car. The adventure was underway!

I knew exactly where we were headed -- Field's Pond in Orrington. Murphy and I had been running by there on an almost daily basis that month and the idea of walking out onto the frozen, snow-covered pond seemed unreal to me; I was going to do it! So was Murphy!

When we got onto the lake, after I put on the rusty old snowshoes, I sort of had a plan. I had taken my boat out there the past fall with Jon and my Uncle Saul. We found a little stream that extended past a peninsula. We explored it in the boat for some way...we must have gone a mile down this magical, windy stream into nowhere. I wanted to go back -- I wanted to see where that stream went! Murphy and I hit the lake and headed toward the stream.

I had never snowshoed across ice before. Accordingly, I was a bit concerned of falling through. Initially, I was especially cautious -- regardless of all the snowmobile that had blazed trails across the lake (a sure sign that the ice was thick enough for my dog and me!). With time, I felt more confident with my endeavors. I was becoming one with the landscape -- the sun, the white pine trees, the omnipresent snow, Murphy dancing through the snow, and, perhaps above all, the perfect stillness of winter in Maine...in one word: Perfect. I was in love with the world out there on Field's Pond.

Murphy and I came to the peninsula. We walked onto it.

Clearly, we were the only ones here. We came to what would be a perfect campsite -- Kathy and I will have to come out here in May! We could bring the marshmallows, the Thunderbird, and Murphy-- that would be fun!

We eventually got to the other side of the peninsula. The stream was there, albeit not as frozen as everything else was. It was clear that I would not be able to explore this stream on my snowshoes--temporary disappointment set in. I would just have to go explore Brewer Lake (a larger, adjacent lake with several islands); not a bad consolation. Murphy thought it was just fine.

Between the peninsula and the stream was what appeared to be a solid strip of snow-covered ice. We would have to walk about 200 yards on that strip until we got back to the main body of Field's Pond. Of we went. Quickly, very quickly, I had an unnerving thought - my right foot, snowshoe and all, was completely submerged in icy water. Not good. My heart raced into overdrive. I suddenly had a thought that occurs to me about once-a-year as an outdoorsman; I'm going to pay for taking this stupid risk in the first place...My left foot was still OK - and close to the perimeter of the land. I lunged toward the land, grabbing onto some vegetation - a bush on the shore - just large enough for me to pull myself to safety.

Within five minutes, this trip went from the most comforting, peaceful experience of my life, to a near-disaster. Great irony.

Murphy and I negotiated our way back to the main body of the pond through the thick undergrowth of the peninsula. My next few steps onto the pond were, to be understated, hesitant. Sometimes my zest for adventure puts me in a dangerous position. It happens about once a year and it always makes me uneasy about whatever it is that drives my decisions. At least now it happened in January - I've reached my quota this year already! After about another ¼ mile, I felt more relaxed on the pond. Eventually, we reached some snowmobile tracks - home base! I felt better now!

Murphy and I followed the tracks through a short path in the woods over to Brewer Lake. Like all Maine lakes this time of year, it too was majestic. Blue skies, snow-covered lake. Perfect. Directly in front of us was an island. To the right were some people ice fishing. I figured we could head toward the island, check out the ice fishing, and then head back. Murphy agreed.

After a few steps, we saw a large bird flying toward us from

the island. It was the only bird we had seen all day, so we took an extra look. As it came closer, it became unmistakably clear - a bald eagle - as proud as they come. The bird glided gracefully and purposefully directly overhead. It must have come within 15 feet of us. Murphy was just as attentive to it as I. Eventually, it soared over to Field's Pond - out of sight. What a moment - what a memory.

We walked along. Beyond the island, we came to the people ice fishing. I had never seen ice fishing up-close and so I was pleased to have the opportunity. Murphy and I approached them: a guy about my age tinkering with all sorts of gear, a young girly about 10 years old, perhaps the guy's daughter, and a small brown and white dog that welcomed Murphy with standard playful gestures. Murphy and her new friend played chase on the snow - it was fun just to watch.

The guy fishing was very friendly. He showed me his gear, told me about what people were catching, etc. He indicated that people do catch salmon out here, although he had, to that point, only caught one white perch. He seemed happy with that. He pointed out several traps of his that were scattered in the area. A red flag sticks up from the trap when a fish bites. Great fun! When we were talking, he was in the process of baiting a live minnow - hook through both eyes, of course.

In what seemed like an instant of pride, my new friend suggested that I take a look at his catch. He pointed to another trap, about 20 yards away, and indicated that the perch was right near it. I headed over. By the time I got there, the sometimes-loyal Murphy had decided to join me. When we got to the trap, I looked around. No fish. I gestured over to him to ask if I were in the right place. He looked most surprised that I did not see the fish. In a moment of grave concern, he came running over. I continued my visual search - to no avail. In second, the ice-fisherman joined me - were both stumped. He was upset. I felt bad. Once these emotions were at least somewhat manifest, I looked over to Murphy

Murphy's behavior meant exactly one thing - someone had found this man's fish. Murphy was involved in that distinctive fixed action pattern of lying directly on her back and wriggling with joy - she was on the fish, alright. I gestured to her to stop. At that point, she stopped, put the fish in her mouth, and took off. Suddenly, the foot in the water did not seem so bad...After a brief chase, I got the

fish back. I then placed it where the fisherman had state it had been in the first place.

It was now all too clear at this point what course of action was most appropriate. I smiled. I eked out a, "Good luck!" ...or was it, "Take care!?" I looked at Murphy. We headed back across this beautiful winter wonderland. We made it to the car. What a day! We would do it all over again in a second.

Snow Dancing

Marie C. Juckett

My thoughts are white

I move
through
fresh, soft snow
beneath
 my
 feet
I run
I step
 carefully
 so as not to fall
 and
break my thoughts
or
myself



Lupine

Barry Kitchen

VNTY PL8TS

BNGR ME

Terri Baker

LUV 2GO	CRZY I
LUVBUGG	EMYSMOM
ILV-FMLY	GDS OILS
10 JONES	YOWZZA
HMNBRO	GATO
PATTY K	MRS RDV
BEGONE	DOGMA
ROCNOUT	SRSLY
A IS FOR	SILVER
JS RIDE	MACHINE
IB1RU2	MANDI-Z
YELEES	BEALS
CARROTS	CMPASSN
DA UP EH	PAMALA
WENDI	CHEF KNG

Springtime

Kara Anne Schreiber

Showers abound
Puddle wet ground
Roses in bud
Ink spots of mud
New leaves and grass
Tumbling children
Inspired wren
Mornings are warm
Earth is reborn

Young Men, Old Before Their Time

Linda Eaton

Many a body, tired and twisted from pain, moves slowly and carefully across the bitterly cold parking lot. They emerge like a swarm of bees from their Queen, young men in their 30s and 40s. They have been busily working all through the endless night to make paper, serving the smoking, monster paper machines as the churn up the vast number of trees to produce the ever-needed paper consumed gluttonously by the masses. Laboring, hour after hour, shift after shift, around the clock, do the bees for their Queen and the men for their machines. Both paper machine and Queen bee use them up, these men and bees, one by one, then dispose of them once they are done, never noticing the damage left behind. So it is for these young men, old before their time.

Sad it is to watch them as they retreat from the mill to their safe, warm places called home, these men. Swirling smoke and the distinct smell of raw wood fill the air and it lingers forever on their clothes and in their skin. The tradition is continued, preserved so the great monster machines may live on, for the third generation of young men, old before their time.

What transforms the youth of these men to an age beyond their years? Just watch as the pole the wood, mix the chemicals, and repair the paper machines in temperatures that exceed 100 degrees. Sweat pours off their bodies as they labor behind the mighty monster machines, where the space is so cramped only the lightest of them will fit, and the air so thick a breath can hardly be drawn. Watch as they negotiate the heights of the cat walks, with balance so great a tight-rope walker would be proud, as they visit the realm of birds, high above the mighty monster machines. Look also as the crane moves slowly overhead to carry its heavy cargo, the enormous rolls of paper that will soon be converted to business forms, tomorrow's newspaper or a vast number of other products. These are the things that transform these young men, old before their time.

The profession of papermaking, I have seen, requires a knowledge so keen as to be able to detect the smallest of flaws with only a touch. With instinct alone, they can find and solve whatever

problems occur. Yes, they do command and deserve respect, this proud and skilled breed. All this is done to the huge rolls of paper, as they wind on and off the might machines at speeds so fast, the careless work can have a finger, hand or whole arm ripped from his body before he even feels the pain. Even worst, at times it seems one of the mighty machines, avenging its tireless overuse, reaches out and grabs one slight piece of flesh and pulls in an instant that unsuspecting man into the rolling, churning, monster paper machine. Watching this happen to a fell paper maker devastates the very hollows of even the toughest of souls. These are things, you see, that make these young men, old before their time.

IN THE FIRST HOURS OF AUGUST

Michael Stutz

the cold
morning air

lingers

the summer's
still so

endless

The Blueberry Manager

Kathryn Storer

In the summer of '93, I managed a blueberry field. The field was located near a well-known landmark called the Moose Horns. The Moose Horns are located on Route 15 in upper Abbot Village, Maine.

The berries were originally wild blueberries. After the field has been set on fire in May, they become cultured berries. The blueberries do not grow as large as cultivated, but, in my opinion, are more delicious.

In the beginning of the harvest, about the first week of August, the berries are ready for picking. As the manager, I had to act quickly to let the consumer know the berries were ready for picking. I knew I was going to have to advertise. There are many resources available for advertising. Radio, newspaper, and signposts, to name a few. Radio was my first choice because it is instantaneous, with about 3,000 listeners a day. My ad was put "on the air" just before a much noted weatherman on WDME radio in Dover-Foxcroft. Before the station ran my ad, they placed the song "Blueberry Hill." One of the ads went like this: "If you buy five quarts, you get the sixth one free." I liked this ad because, as a consumer, I like the word "free" attached to a sale.

Another way I advertised was to put a sign on a roadside stand where there were one-quart boxes of cultured blueberries. The sign read, "SELF SERVICE \$3 A QUART." Customers would stop, take a quart, and leave the three dollars in the old wooden bucket with a big rock in it to hold the money down. I really liked this way of selling – it restored my faith in human nature. Never was any money missing and sometimes there was up to \$50 in the bucket. I believe people felt good about the trust factor. It was a good year.



Teworgy Strawberry Field

Dave Haskins

AUTUMN LEAVES

Morgan Holbrook

black
white
gray
leave shapes
becoming mingled
like at a party
on top of the top, over the top, of the
bottom
bumpy
sticks, twigs
half moons
crescents
a pile
i remember as a kid, jumping in cool, wet, damp, piles of
leaves
the musty smell of rotting autumn
that hung on my clothes for days
it was the most fun i've ever had
now in the east it smells like that all the time
what about the ones in the "gray area?"
do they count?
or the ground underneath, how does it feel?
there's that spot in the photo that looks like a spider
only it's legs are pulled off
but it's big
or maybe it's a scorpion
circles
critters
bacteria, eat away
rotting slowly

do dead bodies feel like leaves if you jump into a pile of
them?
whole
half
folded
the life force gone like the chlorophyll
(oh shoot what's the word for the fall colors?)
(i've learned it once and have forgotten)
see through
woven: under, over, under, over
poking out of the mass
species?
looks like birch
or is it beech?
the beeches are yellow
tiny veins
(like in dead bodies)
slick
slippery
shiny
glistening

We're All in This Together

Share a happy memory. Also share the difficult times that have helped you become stronger and wiser. When shared, the value of these experiences multiplies. ~Steve Brunkhorst

In winter we stand together, huddled for warmth. The coffee we grasp is as much its warmth as for the stimulants it contains. We all know the frost muddled brains need a jumps start, like so many cars this time of year.



Our Friendship Knot
—J.B. Obst

When I Was a Student....

Beth Clark

Recently, I approached the dreaded head-to-toe physical, the final practical exam for the advanced health assessment class that I was taking. My dread came from the fact that I shared the class with six of my former students and it was co-taught by three of my peers. A failure in the final assessment would shame me in front of my peers as well as former students.

As I discussed my trepidation with some colleagues, they began to talk about their experiences. One had to perform assessments on three different age groups. Another had to do hers on a stranger in an inner city clinic. My experience seemed trivial compared to the challenges they had faced, yet I found little comfort from the comparison. The stakes were raised, as a failure in such a controlled environment would bring even greater shame.

What craziness possessed me to pursue this degree at the age of 57? My kids were grown and on their own. Wasn't this the time for me to relax and spend my evenings reading or quilting or painting or watching a movie now and then? Now I was pursuing a degree that I had started over thirty years ago. Back then I had abandoned my educational plan to marry my husband. Here at Husson University, I was presented with the opportunity to accomplish a long-held goal. It was both a blessing and a curse.

College professors, especially those whose careers have spanned decades, are known to say, "When I was a student...."

I often ponder what purpose this statement serves. Is it to validate the importance of that professor's own experience? Is it to convey a sort of elitism? Does it minimize the challenges faced by today's students, challenges that may be different but perhaps no less demanding?

Driving to Bangor, I pull out the study notes that I have

written on index cards. I try to maximize my time by studying during the morning and evening commutes. I recall doing the same in my undergraduate career, trying to grab a couple of extra minutes of study time as I negotiated the incessant construction and jammed traffic on Interstate 93 to Boston. I had more time and fewer responsibilities then, and yet I remember the challenge as being every bit as daunting as the challenges I am facing now.

I reflect back on my experiences with my best friend in the Northeastern University nursing program. We partnered for each of our science labs, and our relationship was a comedy of errors. Though each of us graduated with highest honors, there were times when we thought we wouldn't graduate at all. In our chemistry lab, the beaker of liquid boiling over a Bunsen burner broke in a perfect circle along its lower edge creating a fountain of boiling solute. Simply turning on a faucet in the biology lab sent the goose-neck faucet flying into space with the water covering both us and our science experiment. The final straw was the physiology lab where our kymograph never worked and our "anesthetized" frog went hopping across the laboratory tables. We tried to record the actions of the frog's gastrocnemius and the rat's uterine muscle. Nothing produced the anticipated results. The kymograph slowed and speeded up. The paper jammed. Our frustrations increased exponentially.

My partner and I approached our physiology professor. We broke into tears as we outlined our multiple frustrations with the equipment, the lab specimens, and our stalwart efforts to secure the coveted grade of A. After listening to our story calmly, the professor uttered these long remembered words: "I know that you think you have a big problem. But to me this is not a problem at all. When I was young in Germany, I was sent to a concentration camp. I escaped, barefoot, across the frozen ground. All my family and friends perished in the camp. I alone escaped. I went to college in Europe where I was discriminated against not only because I was a Jew but also because I was a woman. Many people wanted me to fail. I persevered as I said to myself, 'I will do the best that I can.

And if I fail, I will work in the bakery. I will knead the bread, and I will be the best baker that I can be.”

We said little more after hearing her words, but lowered our gaze and left her office quietly. We felt shame and guilt at burdening her with our petty difficulties. We never approached that professor again. We now understood why she would not kill the lab rats as other professors had, but rather performed hysterectomies so that we could study the smooth muscles of their uteri. We now understood her thick accent and her gentle actions. For me, the shame and guilt persisted and would resurface over the years as I tried to process the difference between my life and hers. My life would never be as horrific as hers; but my small difficulties still presented challenges and I benefited from mentors who recognized that sometimes it is valuable to meet a student at his or her own level. Does it really matter to that student if the professor has had a more difficult road?

My physiology professor gave me a lasting lesson. From that time forth, whenever I faced adversity, I would repeat her words like a mantra. “I will do the best I can. If I fail and have to be a baker, then I will knead the bread and be the best baker that I can be.” There are countless times when these words have given me inspiration and perspective, a centering in a stormy world. She also made me more sensitive to the young students who have a limited perspective, branching out from a relatively sheltered life. Do my stories really matter to them? Which ones will have the greatest meaning and the most lasting value?

I thought back to my colleagues telling the stories of their head-to-toe assessments. My experience using my husband, who I had used extensively as a practice partner, would never compare with theirs doing three head-to-toe assessments or performing with strangers in a busy inner city clinic. But my experience was what it was. I had the stakes of failing before my colleagues and former students. A failure

might shame my husband as well. My time and effort and sleepless nights would be negated by a failure. I realized that sometimes comparisons do not serve the intended purpose. I need to be sensitive to that fact when I work with students. Their world is different than the world of my youth. My experiences are no better or worse than theirs. Our experiences are different and that difference brings richness to our sharing in the educational process

My education was overshadowed by the Vietnam War. Hundreds of students from Northeastern and neighboring colleges and universities streaked down the streets of Boston – the picture of their naked bodies stares at me from the pages of my college yearbook. Free love; sex, and drugs and rock and roll; ban the bomb – these were the phrases that interwove the fabric of my college years. *Hair* was playing at the Colonial Theater. Friends were going to Woodstock. One of my brothers served in the army in Vietnam while the other applied for conscientious objector status, tearing my family apart. When I was a student, I straddled two cultures: the world of my parents and the world of my own generation. These worlds spoke different languages (“like... you know...”), had different values and norms, and asked different questions. It was not easy learning to be bicultural, while at the same time pursuing a demanding college education.

I am glad that I am still a student. My age and history means that I will never be able to connect with students who are younger than my youngest child; yet the experience of being a student keeps me sensitive to the hopes, fears, and stressors of being in the student role. I cannot fully understand the experiences of Generation X, Y or Z, but I can honor the experiences and ideas and values of those students. Making comparisons for the exercise of motivation, one-upmanship, or minimizing the experience of another probably has little value in the context of educational growth. When I was a student, the world was different. It was at times both challenging and overwhelming, but nowhere near as complex as the world

faced by the young adults of today. I hope I can pass on to students the wisdom of my experience in a way that inspires rather than shames. That is not an easy task. My ego as a student is often fragile. The stakes are high and the challenges enormous. Thank goodness for educators who recognize the challenges inherent in the student role and support and affirm. When I was a student....

ACCOUNTING CLASS CAPTIVES

Zann Reynolds

It wasn't such a beautiful day outside but lively nonetheless. The wind was harsh. From the classroom inside it all seemed like a faraway place, totally detached though it was only separated from me by a pane of Anderson brand glass. I stared.

Two flies inhabited the glass pane, indoors. Little Fly blindly crawled its way along the perimeter of the pane, searching for a way into that separate world. Fat Fly fluttered and crashed crazily against the invisible wall as if it intended to break through. Now and then Fat Fly would fall still to take a breather and face the outside.

Little Fly continued to creep, never pausing until a heavy gust of wind popped an adjacent window open inward. After Little Fly stopped in surprise, a gust of wind forced its way through the window. The air swept up Little Fly and hurled it outside, where it soon disappeared from view.

The next rush air closed the window again. Now alone, Fat Fly stopped floundering against the window. It washed its hands and considered the situation. Fat Fly then began crawling slowly along the perimeter of the pane. His gust of wind never came.

I furrowed my brow, feeling as if I should have learned something from the flies.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDEM

Reg Urbanowski

What is the end of being human?

The goal?

Moralist, Rationalist, Empiricists, Materialist?

Elusive as Zeno's arrow³ -

Reduced to mere Forms⁴.

In the myth of the cave⁵,

Chained to the wall by Parmenidian shackles of paradox⁶,

One thinks "to be" always was -

And 'what was' is absolute.

What we have become

Are shadows on the wall of the cave

Reflecting the phenomena that are now behind

us.

The shadows are the ghosts of the ancients

Presenting us with what it is to be human:

Reductio ad absurdum

³ Refers to Zeno of Elea's notion of time and change.

⁴ Refers to Plato's theory of Forms.

⁵ Refers to Plato's 'myth of the cave'.

⁶ Refers to Parmenides' notions of paradox.

LIBRARY LABYRINTH

Laurie Easton

** In response to Allen Ginsburg's Poem "A Supermarket In California"*

I climbed the marble steps of the monolith,
With thoughts of you bombing my brain.
In my thirst for knowledge I drank you up. Gulping the air
you
changed
with your stench'd breath. Every page, every
paragraph...Smelling like
copper and coke and cock.

Old tomes and volumes of Whitman, and Blake – Tennessee
Williams
and

Kerouac call me
And then I peek a boo at you.

Slinging your wrinkled droop skin down over your NAMBLA
registration, with the bill of rights in your right hand and your
private parts in your left. I ensnared a flash of you, running up a
Non-fiction aisle, in the way out back stack, chasing Walt Whitman
and little boys. Beatnik boys...

Resolutely hiding behind your excuses with the communist
manifesto, calling all "Negroes"
to fight your war against Capitalism –
with neon signs, riding in blue cars.
Internally fighting the schizophrenic, gay man.

You wanted a better world,
You should have known that
You can go

Too far
and become cynical, and ironic...make the perverse seem justified.

Tucking figs in your armpits and
not being satisfied unless it is a dirty climax – creepy
with hostility and
the defeat of innocence.

You jaded me, Allen.
Baptized me with your bullshit until I saw
you are naught but what you
sought to crush and crumble.
Lying all the way and hiding behind your words and blaming
your mother.

Whitman was a miracle. Whitman was courageous. Your verdict is
still out.

Coffee

Hee-Seon Kim

Coffee is like my boyfriend.
Sometimes it wakes me up
when I feel sleepy.
Sometimes it warms me
when I feel cold.
Sometimes it pleases me
with sweet taste.
Sometimes it saddens me
with bitter taste.
Sometimes it angers me
with no taste.
The difference is, only
coffee gets cold.

HAVE IT YOUR WAY

Scott Matteson

I walked to Burger King to receive my last paycheck. A short woman with a fox-like face, wearing the usual brown uniform with two white stripes down the side, and a tie dangling from her neck glared at me slyly. She had fired me a week ago. I had all but forgotten as I approached the counter. My nostrils filled with the broiled meat scent. I looked down to sign for my check only to read: "Scott Matteson, TERMINATED!" I read it as though her voice was yelling in my head. Even more cynical was the smiley face she drew next to it; this was her bite, and it stung. The mockery was intolerable. Soon a plan gathered itself in my head. I drew a tongue sticking out of the smiley face and signed my name while contemplating revenge.

Stacy, a friendly, long faced blonde girl with glasses, was working the drive-through. I shared my plan with her; she reacted with an uncertain grin, and commented, "You're crazy." They were short on help. Because of the numerous call-ins, Terry, my former boss, was making the burgers. I opened the restaurant door to a sunny fall day. The smell of singeing meat in the air was still noticeable. Beside the door was my answer: a large tarp banner was dancing in the light breeze. Highlighted on this banner in all their glory were three burgers: a single, a double, and a triple, each accented by the same flaming background. They beamed down upon me. The prices were also highlighted. They started at \$.49 for a single and increased by \$.50 for each step up. I pulled out my wallet to count my last twenty dollars; I felt a crazed look graze my face as I walked to my car.

I slowly drove down the narrow winding path that was the drive through. Stacy was on the other end; "May I take your order?"

I started modestly by ordering a cheeseburger with light mustard, heavy mayonnaise on two bottom buns cut in half and double wrapped. Stacy repeated the order back to me and asked, "Will this complete your order?" I continued by ordering another burger, this one was with heavy onion, heavy lettuce, light tomato, extra ketchup, extra mustard, extra mayonnaise, light barbeque sauce, light pickle on two bottom buns cut into quadrants and double wrapped.

There are thousands of ways to make a Burger King cheeseburger and I was determined to try as many as my budget would allow. After each burger, Stacy repeated my order back to me and asked, "Is this it?" After trying to repeat my first five absurd requests Stacy became too tongue-tied to repeat the entire order.

The air began to shake with the blowing of horns. The line of cars behind me had overflowed into the Wal-Mart parking lot, and unfortunately for those patrons, I was only half way through my order. An older man in a beat up rusty blue boat of a car wailed on his horn angrily and made at least two inappropriate hand gestures before peeling out of the parking lot, leaving a cloud of smoke. The others soon followed, venting their rage in the form of hand motions, yelling and honking, but they all eventually succumbed to my stubbornness and left.

Upon ordering a total of thirty cheeseburgers, I pulled up to the window to pay. Mike, a nerdy manager who resembled an awkwardly overgrown hobbit, met me at the window. After paying he asked, "Please drive around to the front." I refused to until I got my food, then he threatened, "Before I call the cops." My objective was to make Burger King pay without doing anything illegal, much like a Dr. King protest.

I parked in front of the store, my heart racing as my hand clenched the steering wheel. I could not believe what I had just done, a proud, foolish sense of guts and triumph overcame me only to be immediately stopped by a dose of reality; "WHAT THE HELL

AM I GOING TO DO WITH THIRTY CHEESEBURGERS?" I exclaimed. Again my foolish plan had to evolve. I thought about taking them to a homeless shelter, but I knew of none in the area. Then I remembered the high school soccer team had a game, but, eventually one thought prevailed. I entered the store to collect my burgers and started offering them to customers, providing they agreed not to order anything else. Free cheeseburgers were an easy sale and customers quickly took them. A large, raspy man even helped himself to ten for his family, and suspiciously, the neighborhood kids.

After being fired, ridiculed, and mocked, I had avenged my wrongful termination. In the course of forty-five minutes, during rush hour: I had made countless customers go elsewhere, I had displaced my anger upon this careless corporate conglomerate, I had rendered a total of 60 buns useless by ordering only bottoms, and I had spread joy to strangers with my generosity. Terry looked at me as though wounded by a hunter, her eyes swelling with fatigue. Defeated, she quietly said, "Please leave." I followed her request with a smirk as I exited the Farmington Burger King for the last time, and drove away, jobless and broke. My mouth expanded to a large grin. I had made Terry's life a grueling nightmare for forty-five minutes. My career was over, but for a short time I had it my way.

TO MY DOCTORS

Janice Tye

I gave you my respect before I met you
But you have earned my trust.
You hold my future in your hands.

I strive to make my mark amongst your patients
To show that I exist outside my records.
I am so much more than my disease.

We have a lopsided relationship, you and I.
I do not really know you, or know
Your interests, your hopes, your dreams.

I strive to protect my spirit as I pledge
To assist you with my will and determination.
You are the guardians of my health.

Some days are hard, but I look to the future
As I follow your treatment plans.
Together we will safeguard my life.

A MOMENT OF TIME

Cynthia Priest

In August of 1987, Lee Christian School was in need of a full time principal. I was told I would fill that job. I had been teaching for six years, but the thought of becoming principal was overwhelming. I was young, inexperienced, and insecure. Two of the 35 students were my own children, and none of us were sure what I could accomplish. However, I possessed many organizational skills, and for this reason I believe I was given the job.

I found dealing with people the most difficult part of the job. I lacked the communications skills that I needed to help people understand what I expected of them and to help me understand what they expected from me. I made many mistakes and misjudgments. The teachers were patient most of the time, and I tried to listen. While honesty and a true apology went a long way in building relationships and respect, something was still missing. Oh, how I envied what I thought other principals had that I didn't!

Then on April 8, 1988, early in the morning, I received a phone call. There had been a car accident the night before, and Nathan, one of my students, had died. I remember thinking that he couldn't be gone. He was only a junior. I had just said good-bye to him before he went for that ride. I didn't even pay much attention as I said good-bye. It was casual, maybe even my typical hope-your-homework's-done good-bye. If I didn't say anything about it homework, I probably thought it.

Nathan's mom was one of our teachers, and out of love and respect for both her and Nathan we closed school for the funeral. The teachers and students went to the service in dress

uniform; it was packed and very different from most I'd been to. Nathan believed he was prepared for death, not that he knew it was coming, but he had come to know Christ as his Savior. He knew that someday he would be taken from this life to be with his Lord. Because of that, the tears most of us shed were not hopeless tears of grief, but tears of sorrow for the pain of death. We would miss him terribly, but we would see him again someday. So we sang and spoke of Heaven and hope.

A little later I went out to the school alone, to remove Nathan's things from his desk. Since I was his teacher and principal, I thought it was something I should do for the family. I pulled out his chair and sat down. It was as if time stood still awhile. My eyes looked over his desk, trying to know him better, before saying good-bye.

Nathan Burrill was of about average height and weight for a high school junior. He had wavy, brown hair, gentle eyes, and usually a smile on his face. He was shy, but polite, willing to take part in a skit when asked, but not willing to volunteer. Often, when in a crowd, if he was asked a question, he would shrug his shoulders in what became known as the "Burrill language." In many ways, he was a typical high school junior, his favorite foods being Mountain Dew, pizza, and Snickers candy bars, and his favorite pastimes were cars, motors, and hunting. He occasionally made honor roll, but he grew discouraged with all the required studying and homework. He wrote in the year book that his goals were "to graduate and get out of school," and "to get a job and a good car."

In some ways he was not typical. He was exceptionally caring of his mom, maybe even protective. He was also a loyal friend to those who grew close to him, and they loved him dearly. I wished I had taken the time to get to know this side of Nathan better.

The tears started to flow freely. Had I been more

concerned with his grades than with him? My mind condemned my heart for not knowing Nathan better. As I pulled out his textbooks one by one, I picked up his Business Math, the subject he struggled with the most. Suddenly, I found I wasn't thinking of myself; I was thinking of Nathan and started to smile. He had finished school -- the Lord had graduated him early! There would be no more struggles with homework, tests, or failures of any kind again. We had been given the privilege and responsibility of teaching Nathan, and even though it seemed to have ended too soon, I was thankful I had that time.

I learned a hard lesson while sitting at Nathan's desk. I learned what being a parent, or teacher, or principal is really all about. We are to prepare the next generation, in not just academic subjects, but in how to live and how to be prepared to die. We must show them truth and love. We must really learn to listen and to care about who they are. We must give ourselves immediately and completely because the time with each one is really so short. This is what the other principals I envied must have known. It is now my turn to try to make a difference as God gives the opportunities.

I'm One...Are You One Too?

Freaks are the much needed escape from the humdrum. They are poetry. ~Albert Perry

I'm not suggesting that everyone is a "freak", although I proudly use any number of words to suggest that *I* am. The vast diversity of the members of our Community makes it uniquely "Husson". In the Circle you'll find students and professors, instructors and staff, Mainers and those "from away", Hussonites and NESComers. You'll find them all here.

I'm one, how about you?



**Chipmunk Peeking
- Barry Kitchen**

From Cover to Cover

Marlon Weaver

From being forced to cross the Atlantic Ocean under the cover of stars
to volunteering for a mission above every ocean to the stars.

From being stared at on an auction block and having the family sold
and separated
to ten years running, in the most watched block, as a priceless model
of the family unit.

From working for peanuts and fertilizing somebody's land with the
blood that runs off the back
to owning the land, working the peanut, and transfusing the blood
back.

From being fobbed of a spoken language, losing a religion, a culture,
a god
to influencing: the language spoken in cultures, songs in religion, and
the pathway to God.

From losing a hand and a foot or a leg for not being fast enough to
get far enough away from "the man"
to using the hands, legs and the feet in running farther and faster
than the average man.

From the king, of a nation, beaten into a personal slave and called
names like coon, spook, and "Boy"
to a boy named King who would grow up to "win over" a nation for
the equal freedoms of every person.

From generations that had to take the names of past presidents
to being the name that can give a future generation its first
president.

MIDFIELDERS

William Beardsley

They could have been brothers. It was the swagger, taper of the shoulders, curls on the nape of the neck. Both had played midfield for Newington High, came to college as a package. Roomed together. Teammates called them the twins. But, that's where the similarities ended. Josh said little, kept to himself, drove his wreck of a car home for Mass. Sean was the man, had the moves, gift of gab, drove an SUV, defined what it meant to party on a Saturday night.

That was two years ago. Josh chewed on a donut hole. He sat in a new Ford pickup at a gravel rest area on the edge of town.

"Swigart's Field and Forest" was embossed on the door. Ed Swigart sat in the driver's seat. The sky was lightening up. The dashboard clock was creeping up on seven. They were working the Parker tree farm. Actually, it was more like a garden, gravel paths, stone bridges, myrtle, ferns and rhododendron under a canapé of oversized oak and pine.

Josh shook a cigarette from the pack he lifted from his jacket pocket.

"Forget it. You know the routine" said Swigart as he shifted into gear and turned onto the woods road.

Josh flicked it out the window and leaned back hard, head pressing against the rear window. It had been a bad night. Mom had gone to bed after supper with her cough. Sally and the boys fought over the phone. Dad had the T.V. Josh didn't sleep. It wasn't the cough or the T.V. It's what Swigart had told him as he'd left work. "Going to work Parker's tomorrow. I'll pick you up quarter to seven."

"Count me out. I'll go back to work on the wall." He waited. "Let Kelly go to Parker's. It's light duty. He'll like it."

But it wasn't to be. Here he was, heading into Sean Parker's family tree farm as a common laborer. Like there was no class system anymore. Like in the South where black kids and white kids played together through high school then went their separate ways. Like he and Sean had built forts together, played soccer for eight years. Dr. Parker had taken them to the NCAA nationals in Annapolis their senior year, and now he was their gardener. Dad laid off, mother giving up, sister and brothers out of control. Left college after freshman soccer. Went home for Thanksgiving. Never came back. Didn't return phone calls. Slipped out the back door when Sean had stopped by. All added up to ten dollars an hour.

Something moved. His mind stopped swimming. His eyes focused. It was Sean's father, Dr. Parker, walking through the woods. Narrow man, hair never out of place, quick little prance, bit of a bantam rooster.

"Stop the truck. I can't do this." His body turned tight as a wire.

"Can't do what?"

"I told you I didn't want to come," Josh shot a glance at Swigart.

"Just stay in the cab. I'll be right back." Swigart dropped onto the ground and walked to meet Dr. Parker. Josh stared away out the side window, hoping the windshield reflected the light. He glanced down at his hands, dirt beneath broken nails, torn jeans. Last time he'd been with the Parkers he'd worn sunglasses, a soccer jacket and khaki shorts. He was hot. Head hurt. Then it was over. Dr. Parker was walking away. The pressure drained away.

Ed Swigart climbed into the cab. He sat for a moment, hitting the palms of his hands against the wheel. Then he turned. "It's going to be a long day." Josh was looking out the window. "Dr. Parker said Sean is home from college. He's coming down to help after breakfast. I said we didn't need him

but the Doctor just said it would be good for him.” Josh started to speak. Mouth was dry. Nothing came. He took a deep breath, still looked away.

...

“Hey man! Didn’t know you worked for Swigart. How’s it going?” Sean stood behind Josh, a pole saw in his hand. Head cocked. Stupid grin.

Josh looked back but kept working his saw. “Fine, how about you. How’s school?”

“Oh, you know. Same ol’, same ol’. Soccer’s still good. You still play?”

“Yeah, a bit in the summer. Kid brother’s pretty good. Work some with him on his foot work.”

They worked in silence, each on his own tree, pruning up to seventeen, maybe eighteen feet, then on to the next. They worked in tandem with natural ease.

“So, how’d it turn out with Patti?”

Josh worked his saw. “Left. Went to Florida to live with cousins. Lost the baby.”

“Abor...”

“Don’t know,” Josh cut in.

“Bummer. Really messed things up I guess.” They moved on. “That mean you may be back next fall? You know, with Patti gone and all that?”

“Maybe.” Josh walked away. “I’m doing other stuff now. Maybe not. I’m not really into college these days.”

“Yeah, I know,” said Sean.

But Sean didn’t know. There was no Patti, no baby. Just a dad at home, a box of food from the Episcopal Church last week. Two brothers and a sister who prayed they’d never have to leave high school.

“How’s your Dad doing?” asked Sean. I see him at games but never get a chance to talk...Team could use you.”

“Lay the hell off.” His fingers knotted up. He was sweating. “You don’t get it do you. You never got it.” He spit. “Well, screw you too...”

...

He slammed the kitchen door. His mother looked up from the table. “What is it, Sean?”

“Nothing! Where the hell is my damned father? He set this whole thing up.”

“Stop it Sean. And don’t you bother him. He’s with patients.”

“He’s always with patients.”

“That’s his job. That’s why we live in this house. That’s how he pays your tuition and bought your car. What did he do to you? He does everything for you.”

“Where have you been? He doesn’t do crap. Hell, when was the last time he ever saw me play soccer? Didn’t even give me a brother or sister to beat up on.”

“Well don’t blame me...And, that’s unfair. You know he would if he could...Remember he took you and that Josh boy to Annapolis.”

“Get with it, Mother. That was two stupid years ago. Hell, Josh quit and his father still comes to all my games. He seems to care a hell of a lot more than our precious doctor of the house.”

She stood at the sink. Turned the water on. She spoke softly as she filled the tea kettle. “Don’t you ever say that again.”

...

It was dusk when they finished windrowing the branches and brush and headed for the pickup. Josh didn't notice Dr. Parker until it was too late. He was too tired to care.

"I brought you each a beer. Where's Sean?"

"He left about lunch time. Haven't seen him since."

Swigart leaned back against the tree and drank deeply.

"Funny. I didn't see him at the house. He must've headed back to school early."

"Nice guy," said Swigart after Dr. Parker had left.

"Yeah. Bit of a prince."

"Don't be too hard on him. He's got his burdens."

"Sure, like too many zeros in his check book."

"Let it be, Josh. He's Sean's dad. Sean's all he's got."

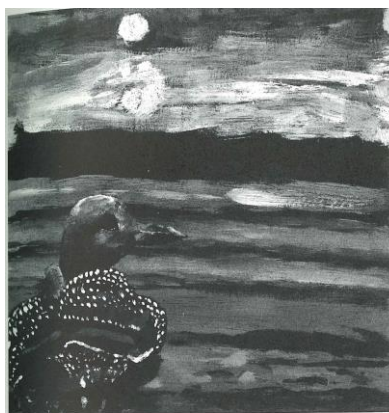
"Father like son."

"Hey, he likes you."

"Yeah, like a son."

Swigart turned the key. "No, but almost. Someday you'll get it right."

The engine roared. Country music filled the cab. A landscaper shifted gears. A boy stared out the window at the passing trees.



—Lucas Martin

A Slave to the Rhyme

Jamie Gagnon

I've been a slave to the rhyme.
Chains of servitude wasted, *
Feigning happiness like a mime street performer.
I fight to be ridden,
Fight to break Mother Goose's Hip Hop,
I want my skill hidden, subliminal.
This isn't fifth grade,
Where my poems I couldn't spit,
And my lines spoken like Sling Blade Billy Bob.
Even now I struggle to slow,
Revisions allow a second chance,
That otherwise here would show pop.
Well now it's time to break these shackles,
I B-line for the door,
Like a madman letting out a cackle chortle.
I reach my exit free from the evil,
Looking back inward I see the pure,
So from line one to now, I obey this one last time.

***Chains is a unit of measurement equal to 66 feet.**

MY LOVE IS ONLY THIS

N. K. Steinhart

There is pain in knowing
 Your heart aches because of me.
That I could not love you
 Like you deserve to be loved.
That you needed me
 At a time I did not want you.
That you think of me always
 But I am so self-consumed.

There is pain in knowing
 Someone else is near you.
That she glows because
 Your smile warms her heart.
That she truly listens to you
 To hear you voice sweet nothings.
That she wishes for her and you
 Like you wished for you and me.

All this time, the pain has been here
 And you have not.
Though I know you would have come,
 If I had just told you to.

But now it is only this...
 That we are the memory
 Of two people
 Who were so right
 For each other
 At the wrong moment in life.

YOUR RHUBARB WORDS

Sidney, xiv

Rick Doyle

The apple makes the sauce of Fall –
Rhubarbs, apple-blossomed Spring's.
One's as good as the other,
Hot or cold, with a little whipped cream.

Some tastes run to the strawberry-rhubarb soup
Or the sauce on stuffed rock cornish hen
Or cream cheese-rhubarb pie with almond garnish,
But you've never sampled any of them.

You like your rhubarb the way you find it.
Pulling (not cutting) the sourest stalk
That ever on earth grew gracefully
From its flourishing place in the humid rot

Where coffee grounds lie down with eggshells,
In this gross feeder's slow-cooked hash,
With beanbushes and faded lobster claws
And all richest well-composted trash.

Common as buckwheat, back in Eden,
Wild – like lotus, or like loose-strife –
Rhubarb had its place in the Garden
But also belongs to modern life

Along with the dream we cherish together
Of sitting to feast beneath golden pines,
In golden light – sisters and brothers,

Employers, lovers, husbands and wives –

Along with the barely shriveled leaves
Dropped by the path somebody took
In making the prints we stop to study,
As if they were footnotes in a book

Of stubborn etymology
By some crabbed antiquarian:
Rhubarb, from the Latin, rha barbarum –
Rha barbarum, a scholastic tag

For the Rhubarb barbarians.

The Desert of a Moon

Sayoko Nakamura

Under the night sky on a dark desert
The traveler walks, leaning on the moonlight;
The shadow of camel's hump falls on the sand,
Looking for small pond*

Pass a night there
No fear
'cause the moon watches you
Until the sun rises up.

*oasis

TELL ME ABOUT THOUGHTS

Frank Welch

Tell me about thoughts
Tell me about dreams
wisper to me of forgotten things;
 so you've come to see the show
 my demise,
 my failure
 what else do I know?
Force fed constant lies, conformity was the key
Companionship was the lure, to everything you see
So you've come to watch me die
To dance on sanity's so fragile edge
Always dreamt I could fly;
besides, the ants on the street below
look so enticing, so compelling
Hypnotized by reality
imagination the key
Too much truth in dreams that never came.
Silly me, to think I'd survive
Your vicious little game.

AT THE SHELTER

Heather McAnirlin

At the shelter we call him “Sitting Bull.”

Merle lives in the second building on the property, which is the men’s dormitory. Unlike the women’s house, the men’s rooms have little patios outside their doors with a plastic lawn chair stationed outside each exit. My friend Merle eases himself into his chair every morning, leaving little room for breathing space, early before the overnight worker leaves to have breakfast with his girl. He just sits there with a notebook in his hand until the sun is high in the sky. I study him unmoving and wonder if he is in a trance, meditating, or just medicated (most of us are on something or another).

Along with my regular jobs of folding the laundry and setting the tables, my unofficial house chore is to fetch Merle in at lunch time. Meals are dished out buffet-style in the kitchen in the women’s house. On our walks to the house Merle sometimes tells me about his screenplay.

He says he isn’t really homeless; he has a condo in California. “A modest place,” he says. He’s here just observing, doing research for his latest project about a man how lost everything and ended up among the common in a small shelter. So Merle left his belonging in California and flew to New England to wander around and just to see where he’d end up. He said he fooled the volunteer who did his intake interview and is now considering taking up acting.

Some days he tells me there is a role in the movie based on me. She’s a quiet, unassuming girl who runs away with a handsome caseworker and lives happily ever after. Whether his tale is true or not, I’ve decided it is the best gift I’ve ever been given.

I’ve been here too long and believing in Merle’s story is

the only thing that keeps me from growing a hard, cold heart. Thinking that someone among us doesn't really belong here gives me hope. Maybe when he leaves he'll take me with him. I could pretend to love him in "that way" if it would get me out of here.

These are the thoughts I have as we walk in for lunch.

I want to lean over and ask him if he things he could want me. But I ask him to tell me more about California instead.

AT THE HOUR OF DAWN

Susmitta Chatterjee

As if in
A communion with the sublime exchange
Of light, in the far corners of the skies
Followed my existence
A trail of golden light, a crimson potency
My existence trailed in the communion
"This is it!" exclaimed I. forever longing and ever realizing
The world of light
That was the communion I reached
And this the world bequeathed you me
In being love of the spirits domain
A story told by a seer of the past
A mind trailing towards the stars
At that moment of time I found
My existence a light, an ineffable purity
Towards a goal of completeness
And through the darkness of the night
Continues the search for the dawn
A day beyond.

HODGEPODGE

Loretta Davis

A cluttered attic, like a disorderly mind, is unorganized and holds a lot of forgotten memories. Both an attic and a mind enable people to keep things stored for future use, even if they don't need them. They also allow people to keep things hidden away. For example, secrets can be hidden and discovered in both an attic and a mind.

You never know what you will find in either of these places when you go exploring. You may discover old images and articles of your childhood, or maybe things of a more recent nature. Not all of these discoveries will be pleasant. But will invoke some kind of memory.

A mind and an attic are both on top of structures that are essential to their own framework. For example, the attic of a house is at the very top; without the house, the attic couldn't exist alone. The same goes for the mind and the structure of the body.

Some people have a tendency to be pack rats, and store all the things they can in their attic. These same people might try to remember every little thing they can about what happens in their lives. This doesn't help when you are looking for a certain item because it may be buried under a mountain of other little things that may not be as important.

Along with the similarities of these two things come a few differences. Sometimes the door to an attic is locked because it contains precious things, yet it can easily be opened with a key. However, the mind isn't so simple. If you have something locked up in your mind, there isn't a certain key that you can use to unleash it.

Cleaning a cluttered attic is much easier than organizing

the thoughts of a disorderly mind. A little bit of Murphy's Oil Soap and a few garbage bags will tidy up any attic, but it takes a lot of hard work and concentration to organize the thoughts in a mind.

A more important difference might be that you can almost always count on your attic to be there when you need something, but you may not be able to count on your mind. For example, you are trying to remember what an old picture looked like, but you aren't able to sketch it out in your mind. On the other hand, you can count on the picture being in the attic just where you left it. The only exception might be in the case of a fire in an attic, yet you still have smoke to warn you. There are usually no warning signs of when your mind might suddenly leave you. Even if there are warning signs, the person it's happening to doesn't see them. It is usually the people around them who see them first.

Ovens

Terri Baker

The Hecatomb ovens
Accept no loaves,
Only bodies
Unrising
The bread of our
Ovens stoked
Ashen snow
From unhinged jaws
And on their
Snow that never
On the tongue.

Gaping wide

Unresisting cattle.
They have become
Affliction.
Morning to night,
Floats

Searing breath;
Melts



Winter Daffodils

Matt Pifer

THREESOME

a poem for the primary colors

Nancy Nichols-Pethick

First we find
yellow

and blue, swing-
dancing a 2 a.m.
in the Jungle Room, cool
music jazzing their emerald shoes.
Then later, blue

and red, late rising
on a rainy day, tea
in the teapot, a bouquet
of tangled violets
on the eyelet
tablecloth. Finally, red

and yellow revving
up the engine of
their union down
on Lover's Lane. Each kiss
throws a bright spark
like a lit match up
past the cool green tips
of trees, to burn
in the purple sky.

Poaching

Kevin Casey

When they started to come down the other side of the mountain, the flurries stopped and the sun came out. The sky was still dark behind them. The road was wet and black except for a few patches of snow, scraped to a dirty shine by a plow. The pine, spruce and hemlock bough, weighed down with snow, swung slowly in the wind, occasionally sloughing off a clump in a powder cloud.

Steven rolled down the back seat window to smell the air. It was clear and smelled like snow and cold. He wished he could seize - in words - all this smell meant to him, for his friends in the front seat. He wished he could describe how the air had driven snowflakes deep between balsam needles, then shook them out later, how the air had been crushed in a gale against the cliffs above the road that were covered in lumps of oozing, blue ice, and how the air had been tumbled by the plow together with sand, snow and rock salt, then flung against the trunks of trees. But these ideas bounded off at odd angles, defying capture, and Steven remained silent.

Steven could hear the car wheels hiss on the wet road, gusts of air push into the window, and once heard a blue jay he couldn't see screaming at something in the woods. The car grew cold and he rolled up the window.

Below them in the valley, the sun glinted on the tin roofs of homes and on the train tracks that paralleled the river. Steven could tell the lakes from the fields by the huts and the trucks of the ice fishermen. On the far side of the valley, in Canada, it was dark and snowing.

Ed and Dave's laughter from the front seat kept Steven from staring at the snow in Canada. In Ed's living room early that morning, as they loaded up the car, Ed and Dave had

begun laughing at things Steven didn't understand, or didn't think were funny.

As they passed the final rest area, Steven was about to suggest that the two look at the white ribbon of the Moose River below them, and at the snow falling on the mountains across the valley, instead of goofing around, when Dave said, laughing still:

"Man! Look at this! Look at this place!"

"Unreal," Ed said solemnly, shaking his head. "Unreal." He looked as though he was going to cry.

Though disappointed at the moment that he couldn't reprimand his friends, Steven was excited to be back. They were quieter now. And Steven began telling them about the cabins his parents rented out, and about the town. He soon felt as if he was babbling, though, and forced himself to be quiet.

They drove through town, three miles beyond the transfer station to where the plow no longer had a reason to go. Steven had David park the car at the beginning of the Scott Paper road that served as the seven-mile long driveway to his parents' camps. Ed and Dave were still quiet as they all put on their hats and coats, stuffed the food and beer into their backpacks and pockets, and helped each other get the straps around unbending elbow and over shoulders made thick with layers of clothes. Steven's whistling was constant, but only carried a few feet before dying in the cold air.

They stepped up over the lip of snow onto the unplowed road and waded to a set of snowmobile tracks, where the walking was easy. The snow was tight in the frozen air and squeaked as their boots moved upon it.

A few miles before they reached the camps, a noise like an infant screaming tore through the wood. It was loud and close. They all froze. Steven had heard this sound before, and there was always a dying rabbit at the end of it.

"Uh...Steven?" Ed said. Ed's large hands fumbled with

the knife on his belt.

"It's just a rabbit, guys," Steven said.

"Well, he doesn't sound happy," said Dave.

"That's because someone's killing him."

Steven was satisfied, not simply to see his friends rattled, but to know about and feel comfortable in the frozen, terrible emptiness around them. Here, in the quiet and the cold, *he* would be the leader, conducting his friends through the barren white, the wilderness and fear, back to their shared youth. They would have fun like in the old days, and it would be him orchestrating it all. The sound stopped and they continued to crunch along down the road, Steven smiling.

They finally got to the hill overlooking the cabins and saw the rolling line of the mountains across the lake. The lake itself was a faint blue sheet. Steven could make out the mouth of the river, but he knew he couldn't describe it's location, and so didn't mention it.

They could see several of the cabins. Steven chose the cabin with running water, which flowed from a spring line buried deep. They knocked their boots on the porch floor and went it.

Dave and Ed walked around, looking at the cabin; Steven stood in the doorway, watching them. There was the one double bed, and two bunk beds, pushed against the wall to the left of the fireplace. The lumpy, black couch was on the opposite wall. There was the counter with the large, chipped ceramic sink, the gas-powered stove and refrigerator, and the wood stove that separated them from the fireplace. The large, pine table with benches was in the middle of the cabin. They dropped their packs on the couch.

"Hey, let's check out the place before dinner, Steve," Dave said.

"Sure. Let me just get a fire going."

As Steven crouched to build the fire, loosely crumpling

last year's newspapers, he was sharply aware of Ed and Dave standing behind him, watching.

"It could get to sixty below tonight if the wind picks up. We'll have to keep this going for three days," Steven said. "No matter what."

"The Eternal Flame," Ed answered. Dave smiled.

When it was lit, Steven took them to Wellington Stream, which bordered his parents' property on the north. They heard the stream before they came to the bank that overlooked it. It sounded like coins being dropped together inside a box.

The stream was about ten feet across in most places, and, except in a few spots, the ice and snow managed to cover that distance. Alder branches, with fins of snow along their backs, arched over the covered stream. Where the stream was open, the branches moved in the air stirred by the rushing water, and they held no snow.

There was an open spot in the stream directly below them. Along the edges of this hole, the ice had no snow upon it, and was thin enough to show the water flowing beneath. Beads of water clung to the underside of this ice, moved in toward the hole, then fell back into the stream. They could see dark stones set in place beneath the water, which was streaked and mottled with the pale blue it reflected from the sky.

They stared at this open spot for a long time.

Dave finally stirred and asked if trout would bite in winter. Steven worried that they would want to try to fish, that they would press the season. He muttered something about torpor, and that the road was right over the ridge to the left.

They were close to the cabins, near the spring area, when Dave said, pointing, "Ed, Steve! What do we got here?"

"Bobcat?" Dave offered.

"Bunny," Steven said.

"Come on," said Dave.

"Really! Snowshoe hare."

"That's a big bunny, Steve," Ed commented.

"Indeed," Steven said. "And good eatin', to boot."

"Gee, Steve, rabbit would sure taste good for dinner," said Ed.

Steven hadn't gotten his hunting license yet. He hated poaching, poachers, getting in trouble, and feeling guilty. The season was being pressed. This was not part of the plan, not part of his role. He looked out toward the lake and saw the smoke from their fire.

"Let's get the .22," he said.

They walked back to the tool shed, where his father kept some guns. Steven kicked snow away from the door. "One moment, gentlemen," he said, turning. He came out of the shed with a single-shot .22 and a pocket full of bullets.

Steven took them back to the spring, and followed the tracks up the orchard hill into the buckthorns. Their quarry was beneath a rose tangle, planted long ago. The hare was bigger than they all though it would be, sitting like a sphinx and beautiful, with large, black-tipped ears and chest puffed out like a lion.

Steven fell down upon the snow, on his belly. He waited a long time before he fired. The .22 snapped like a cap gun. The hare didn't move, but twitched its ear. Steven took another bullet from his pocket and shot again. The hare squirmed and wiggled like a child being tickled. It had stopped by the time Steven ran up and grabbed it. The hare's left ear had a neat hole in it.

"There's the first shot. See?" Steven asked, pointing to the hole in the ear. Dave stared at the dead animal with mild disgust. Ed said, "Hey, do your folks have any skis?"

The once elegant, white hare was nearly covered in blood by the time they got to the cabin. Inside, Steven's fire had died. As Steven stood near the sink, scraping coagulated blood from the inside of the rabbit with his fingernail, Ed and

David crouched near the wood stove, building their own fire,
laughing.

CHARADES

F.E. Whiting

The flowers have died,
The birds stopped their singing.
The trees have all withered,
The bells stopped their ringing.

Death, in its battle with Life
has won
and now all that's left is a tomb.
The Sun has burnt out, the sky
is black,
to blood has turned the Moon.

How long will you let this charade
continue?
Until Death itself comes up to
claim you?

The old man died that night,
The light of his life grew dim.
He was alone and completely forgot,
and the hopes of mankind

.....died with him.

VACATION

Nancy Nichols

the Coronado Bridge curves
like a rib above San Diego Bay.
and today the dark sky is the skin
that holds the rib in as we drive
its length in search of a Pacific view.
The weather is wild;
clouds huddle in an angry debate
to the west and the wind
threatens to shake us down
like ripe apricots from a tree. But we
press on, find a parking place, stop
at Starbucks for something warm
and head for the sand.
You hold my hand as we
navigate the rocks, the ice plant,
and the abalone shells.
When we get to the water, we each
tap it once with our feet, a ritual
something like making the sign
of the cross, throwing salt
over your shoulder, or knocking
on wood. But ours is less
for luck than to let the ocean
know that we were there:
that we stood on its shores and saw
the curve of its body roll into fog,
kissed its fish-fresh sigh with
our own lips, and felt our slight
bodies expand like air balloons
to fill a space made huge above

the pounding surf. And when we turn
to leave we aren't walking
but floating: we drive down Orange
to 75, back across the bridge to 5,
then take 805 south to Bonita
where we stall like weather,
a small but wild storm.



Downtown Bangor Building Backsides

Ulrike Guthrie

(photo by Liz Grandmaison)