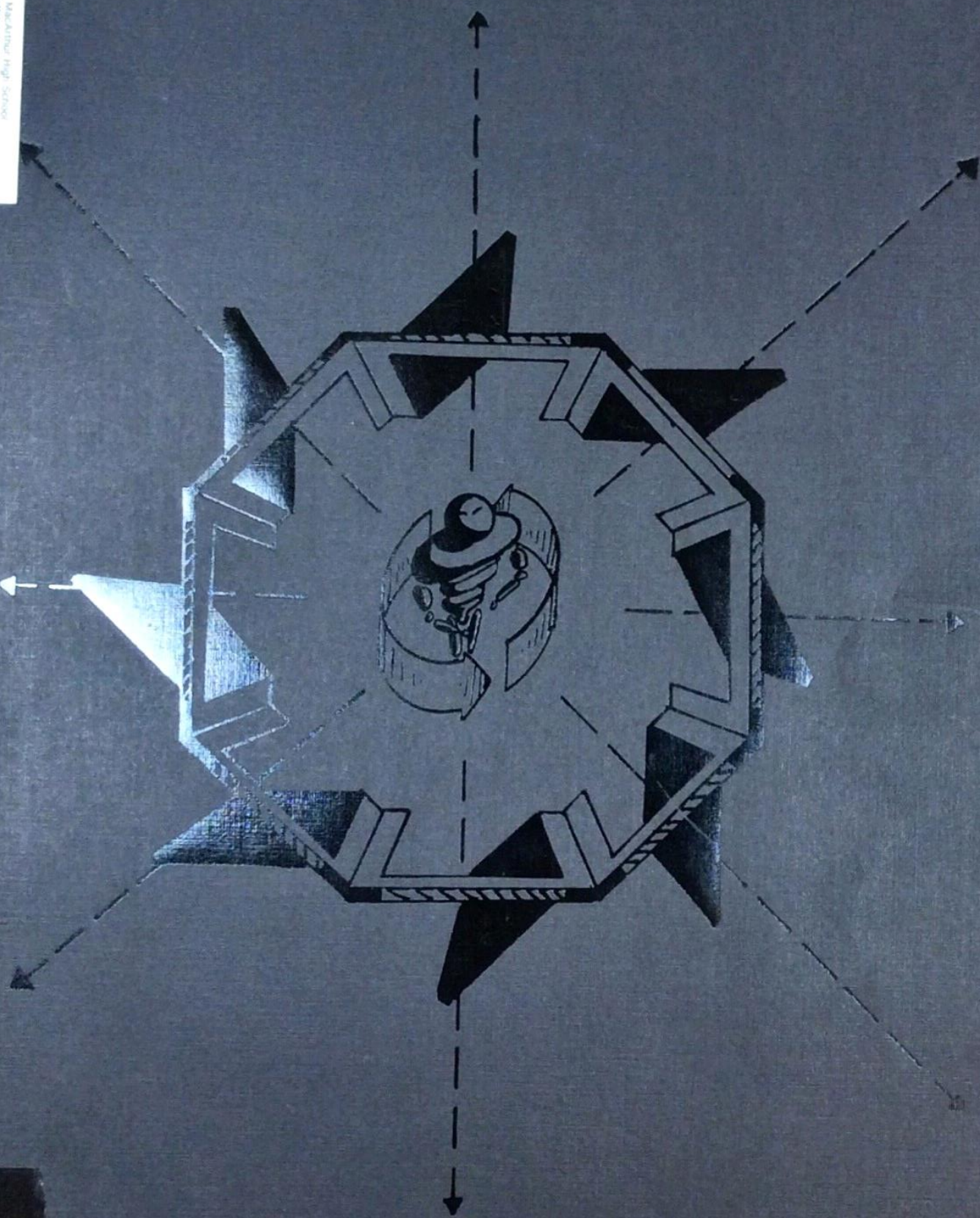


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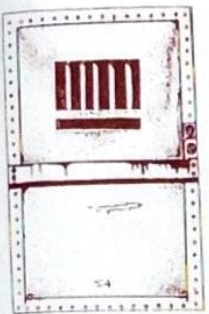
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Doors

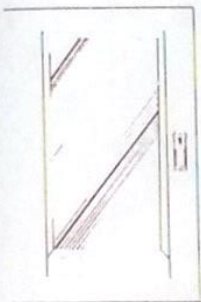
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an ageless balance
hating to ask
eyes clamp shut
light slipping in through the cracks Pages 3-18



a single window of sanity growing smaller
one last silent outcry
wishing to see
one escape too high to reach Pages 19-38



a protective shroud
covering from darkest fears
denying your claustrophobia
fearing being found Pages 39-54



a place of rebirth
soft bare feet
caressing you
bliss is yours to embrace Pages 55-68



your sanctity
sacred souvenirs
sunlight streaming in
treasures of your mind Pages 69-87

Bullseye 1994 Volume 10
Douglas Mac Arthur High School
NorthEast Independent School District
2923 Bitters Road
San Antonio, Texas 78217

Bullseye 1994



Jennifer Mc Entire

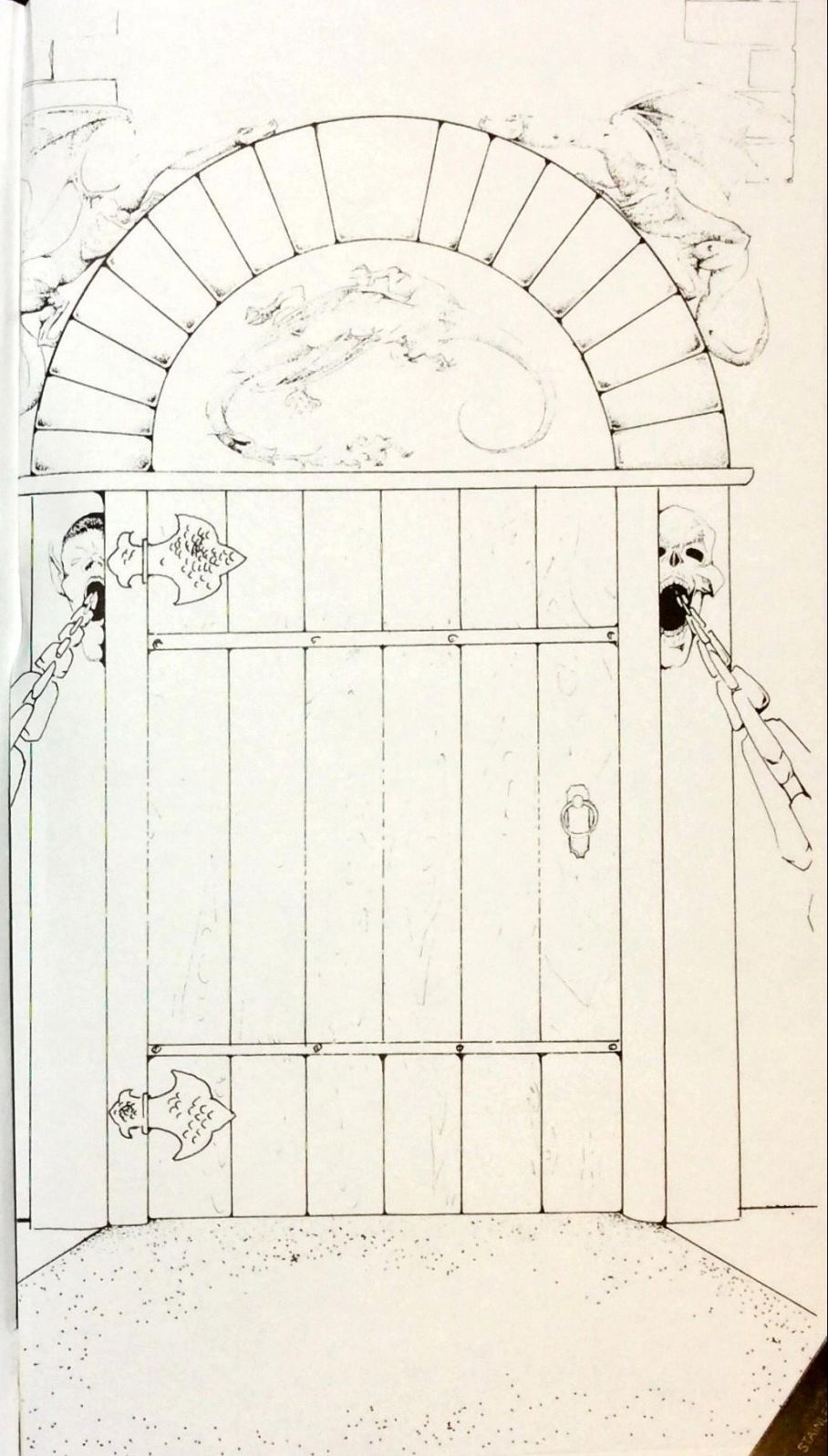
Introduction

Locked in by a door, you experience a feeling simple enough to overwhelm a child, yet complex enough to conquer the strong-willed. You are intimidated and bewildered by the world holding you inside. It is beyond your reach, taunting you to open the next door, but all you can do is scream. You are trapped and no one is there to listen. You are in the darkness, searching for a way out. Feeling for a door, you hesitate to unveil your deepest secrets. You hope to disguise them with indifference, but know the fear prevents escape. You must go through, but you admit you cannot do it alone.

The door opens --- you feel the warmth of a hand grasping yours, leading you into a place of light and harmony. You are awestruck with the bliss from the images adorned by the outside world. You know what it is to love. Getting through doors becomes easier. You can remember what it was like, the lessons you have learned, and all of the doors you have gone through. You can look back and feel complete. You hope that the key you now hold, the key that can surpass your mistakes, can open other doors. You are ready to continue . . .

Text for introduction and dividers by: Jayne Farrell, Karen McBurney, Michael Revis, Rabi Shook, Raetta Towers, Scott Westenberger

Cover Design by Clarence Garcia



sitting huddled
and shaking
never knowing where to go
(and hating to ask)
tears streaming down your smooth cheeks
at an ageless balance
between life and death
this established - everything stagnates
eyes clamp shut
filtering out the light
slipping in through the cracks
beneath the door



Josh Rudloff

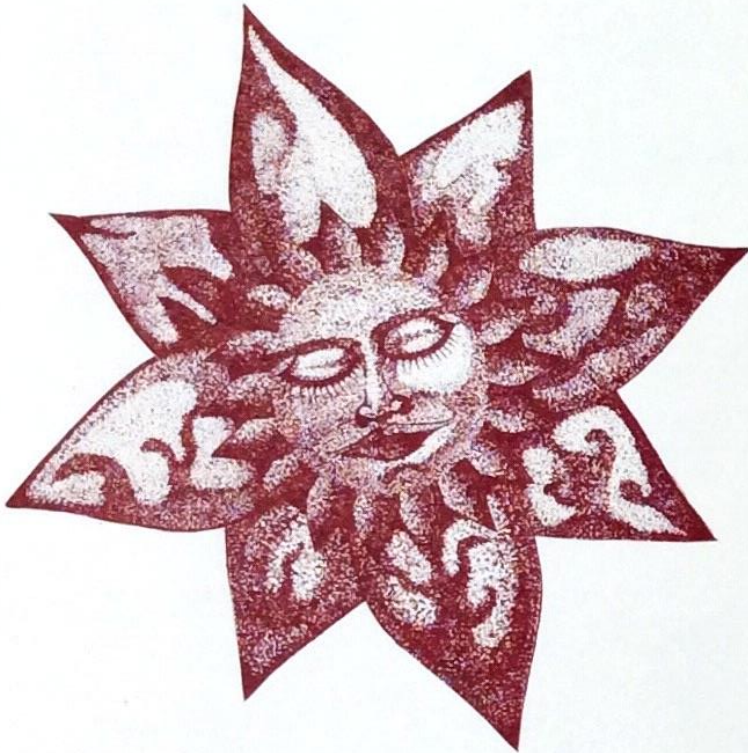
Josh Rudloff

Dragon Warrior
Bullseye 1994

Happiness
Joshua McMunn

Merely an interval,
Between periods of discontent.
Not being pained in body,
Or troubled in mind.
Letting your interests,
Be as wide as possible,
Allowing your reactions,
To be as possibly friendly.
Existing as a way station,
Between too little and too much.
Being busy with the unimportant,
Depending on a leisurely breakfast.
It lies in the taste,
And not in the things,
Having what we desire,
Not what others think desirable.
Renown is a source of sorrow,
Obscurity a source of gladness.
Health and a poor memory,
Not believing in miracles.
Making up in weight,
What it lacks in density,
Not consisted in physical ease,
Nor freedom from care.
Something begotten as a by-product,
In the process of making something else.
The enjoyment of genius,
Untainted by your own lack of it.
Married women and single men,
Having important work,
With enough leisure and income,
To do it properly.
Not a state to arrive at,
But a manner of traveling.
An anxious person wandering,
Possessing a clear conscience.
The only sanction of life,
Not to be pursued in any way,
The rational understanding,
Of life and the world.

Where happiness fails,
Existence remains a mad and lamentable
Experiment.



Leslie Rodriguez

How Long

Jaime Ingaran

The sound of rushing footsteps and hurried voices fill the foyer.

"Hurry, Jack! He'll be here any minute." A woman in her mid-forties rushes her husband from the kitchen into the living room.

"I still don't understand. Why's he coming home so early? Duke's not letting out for at least another month. In fact, no college is," Jack protested, turning to the large window that faced the driveway.

"Jack, it's a long way from North Carolina to Arizona -- I don't know why he's coming home early, I'm just glad. And don't you start bothering him the moment he comes through that door!"

"Juli -- oh -- look, he's here!" Juli's face lifted into a relieved and anxious smile. A young man in his early twenties steps out of a metallic gray Z28.

"Alex, you're home!" Juli exclaimed, unable to contain her excitement. She rushed from the house, as Jack moved into the open doorway, and embraced her son.

"I've brought someone with me," Alex replied, holding his mother. Another man stepped from the car.

"Hi," he said, slightly shy, "Mom, Dad -- this is Adam." Jack came down the walkway to greet the boys.

"Hello, Alex," he said somewhat skeptical, yet delighted. "Well," he said, half smiling at Adam, "let's go inside." The entire greeting was tense, almost fake.

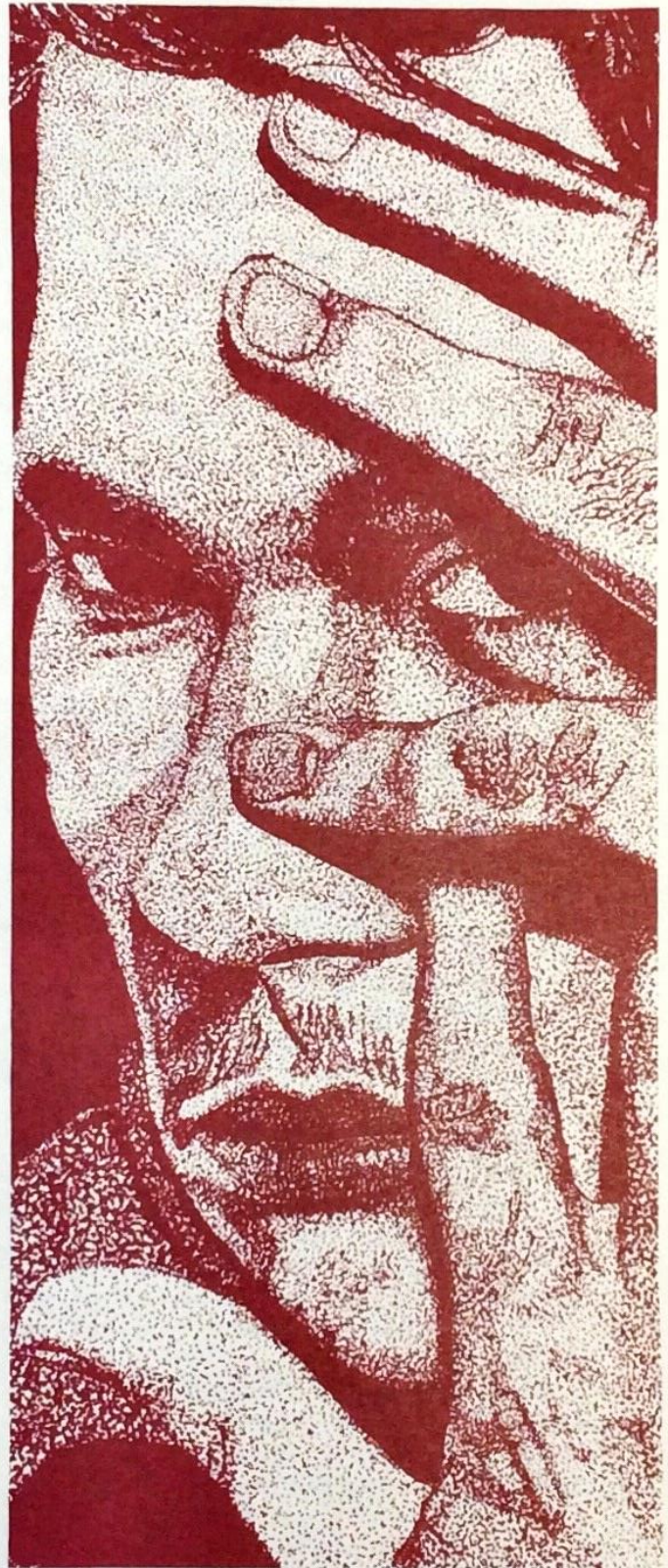
"I don't know where Adam could stay, the guest room's so full of junk and . . ." Juli began as they carried the bags into the house.

"That's okay, Mom, we'll arrange something," Alex said, almost under his breath, as he shut the front door.

"You look a little pale and thin, Alex. Have you been taking care of yourself?" Jack asked as they set down the bags in the living room and walked into the dining room. Alex didn't answer; he just turned with wavering and sad eyes to Adam.

"Well, your mother prepared a wonderful dinner."

Alex just picked at his dinner; he seemed more



Jennifer Bramble

consumed with tense thoughts.

"Sorry, Mom, I can't eat anymore. I'm really tired, I'd like to just go to bed if no one minds."

Juli and Jack glanced at each other concerned. "Go ahead sweetheart."

"I-I'll go too if that's all right. I can just sleep on the floor," Adam said, setting his napkin on the table.

"Let me go get some blankets and things," Juli began to stand up.

"I'll get them Mom."

"Oh, all right." She sat down again.

After the boys had gone, Juli began to clear away their dishes. Jack followed her to the kitchen.

"They're gay. I know it. He's been acting strange from the moment he stepped out of his car. That's why he's home early ya know - he probably got kicked out. Adam's his-what-do-ya-call, his lover or somethin'!" Jack said taking a beer from the fridge.

"Jack! How could you think that!?! Alex is NOT gay!" Juli said defensively.

"You'll see, Juli, you'll see."

Juli stood at the counter a moment, letting the hot water fill the sink. Could Jack be right? No! Absolutely not, she scolded herself for even contemplating it.

"Good morning Mom. It's weird sleeping in my old room, but it's great to be home," Alex said, kissing his mother on the cheek before pouring himself a cup of coffee.

"Sit with me, Alex, let's talk." They sat at the small kitchen table.

"So tell me how Melodie is," Juli said staring into the steamy black liquid.

"Oh, we're not together anymore."

"Well for heaven's sake-- why not!?"

"I told her something and she couldn't handle it." Alex didn't like where this conversation was headed. He wasn't ready, not yet.

"Well, what was it? What on earth did you say? Is there a chance you can still work things out?"

"Mother--no. I'd rather not tell you what I said. At least not right now."

Juli suddenly seemed offended. "Fine. If you need me, I'll be out on the back porch," and she swept up her cup, sloshing coffee onto the table, and stormed out the back.

"What was THAT about?" Alex said to the paper towel he used to wipe up the coffee.

Juli sat on the back porch swing, sipping her coffee uninterestedly. She refused to believe that her son, her youngest son, could be...gay.

She stood and threw the remainder of her coffee out into the yard. She watched the dirt where it had fallen and finally, disgusted, turned to go back into the house.

"Mom," Alex called to her as she passed his view in the hall, "Mom, what's wrong?"

"Nothing Alex. I-I'm tired. I spent a lot of time getting ready for you and your brother to come home. That's all. I'm tired."

"Brad? Brad's coming home! Why didn't you say so?" Alex smiled at the thought of his older brother's coming home. The smile faded as he remembered his dilemma -- the reason he was here. Juli ignored him and shuffled into her room, closing the door behind her.

"What's wrong with you? Are you feeling all right?" Adam said at Alex's blank stare.

"Brad's coming home too. We were always so close. How's HE gonna take the news? How's anyone gonna take it? How am I going to tell them?"

"Look, you'll tell them and they'll take it. I'm sure they'll be shocked and scared, at first. But they're your family, they'll come through."

Brad came home later that night, about the same time Jack came home from work. They all sat in the living room and laughed. Soon the laughter died down and Alex straightened up in his seat.

"I need to tell you all something. This is very hard for me to say to all of you, I just hope you all hear me out -- and maybe understand." He passed a nervous "this is it" glance towards Adam who urged him on. Alex looked down at his hands and cleared his throat.

"I have AIDS," he looked up quickly to see everyone's reaction, "but I'm not gay, if that's what you're thinking. I'm not exactly sure HOW I got it, but I have it."

Alex looked around. His father's brow began to wrinkle. His brother and mother's faces began to twist and tremble.

"How long?" Brad said in a choked voice.

"How long what?" Alex asked in a tight whisper.

"Have you known? Will you live?" Brad's eyes began to waver as he stared at his brother's face. How long? How long to change the face of a man? But his eyes, his eyes were the same.

"The doctor's not sure how long I've got. But I've known for about a month. That's why I left Duke. A lot of people began to know . . ." Alex remembered how grown people could be so cruel and childish.

Nothing was said after the announcement. A relieved sort of peace moved across Alex's face. He let a shuddering sigh escape his chest cavity and removed everyone from their shocked trance.

"This explains a lot," Juli said staring out into the hall, "except Adam. What does he have to do with this?"

"He's the only one who hasn't turned me out. Of all my 'friends' at Duke, he's the only one who's remained my friend through everything."

Jack looked apologetically around the room, "Your doctor called my office this morning. I didn't want... I didn't want to believe that... that you... of all people... that this could happen to one of my boys." Jack left the room.

"Alex, we'll be here for you. All of us. We're your family..." Brad began to cry. Juli still sat in shock and disbelief.

The weeks turned all too quickly into months for the Marks family and also for Adam, who continued to stay with them, and Alex grew all

the more ill. Each day brought a new symptom, a new sickness. Within five months of Alex's return home, he had to be admitted into the hospital. Brad had to return to college, but he came home every chance he had. By the seventh month, Alex had lost such a significant amount of weight that he was hardly anything except bones covered in skin. In the middle of that month Alex fell into a deep coma.

"How long?" Jack asked the doctor when he and Juli visited.

"It could be any moment, any day." They waited.

On the day Alex died, which was the day following his parents' visit, Brad came by. He was there when the heart monitor flatlined, holding Alex's hand. He noted how peaceful his face was. A peace he'd never seen before. He remembered his question to Alex --how long?-- and his afterthought. This was his answer.

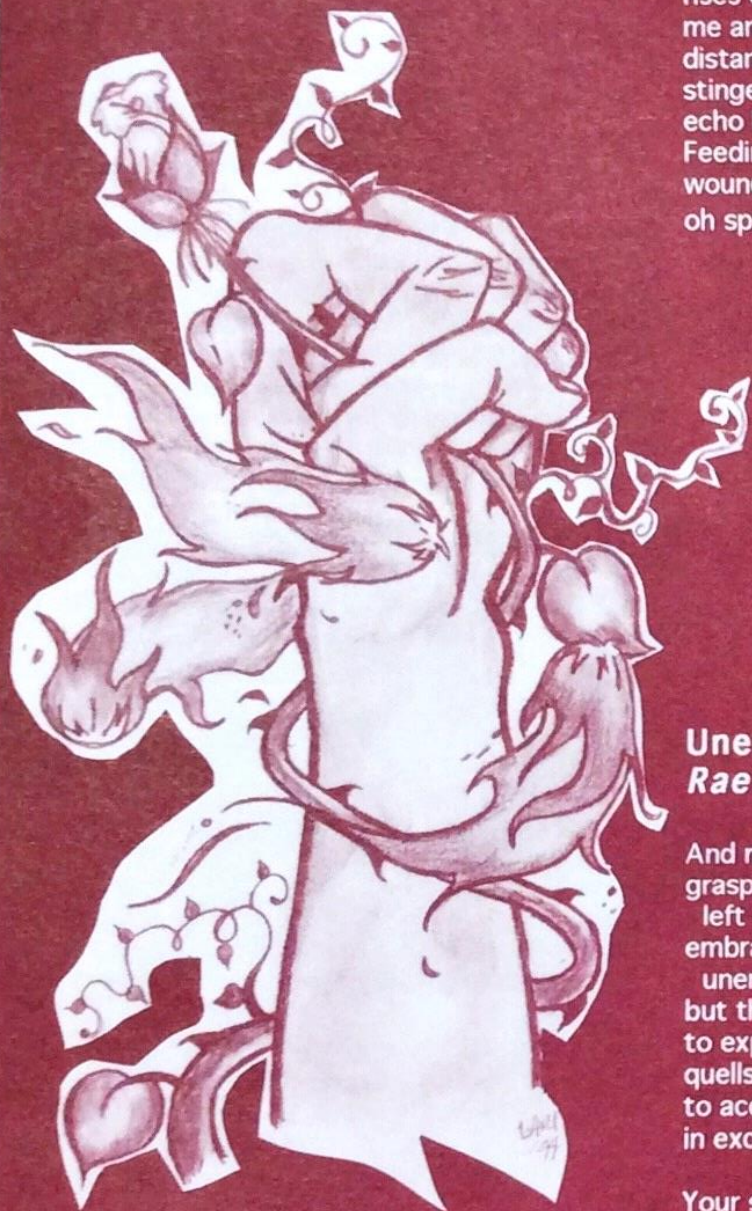
"It didn't take too long, did it?" Brad said kissing his brother's forehead, "not too long."



Jennifer Bramble

Thank You
Wendy Dykes

I stumble through a dense field of flowers,
searching for something unfamiliar. I grasp
at the thorns of roses and scrounge through
petal puddles. Blood runs down the future
lines of my palm and as the sun sets and
rises everything is calm. Darkness beholds
me and at last I see pollen glowing from a
distance. So I fly like the wind with my
stinger and my stripes, like the continuous
echo buzzing through an Indian burial site.
Feeding on my beloved and soaking all his
wounds till death do we part; I thank you-
oh spiritual flower for stealing my heart.

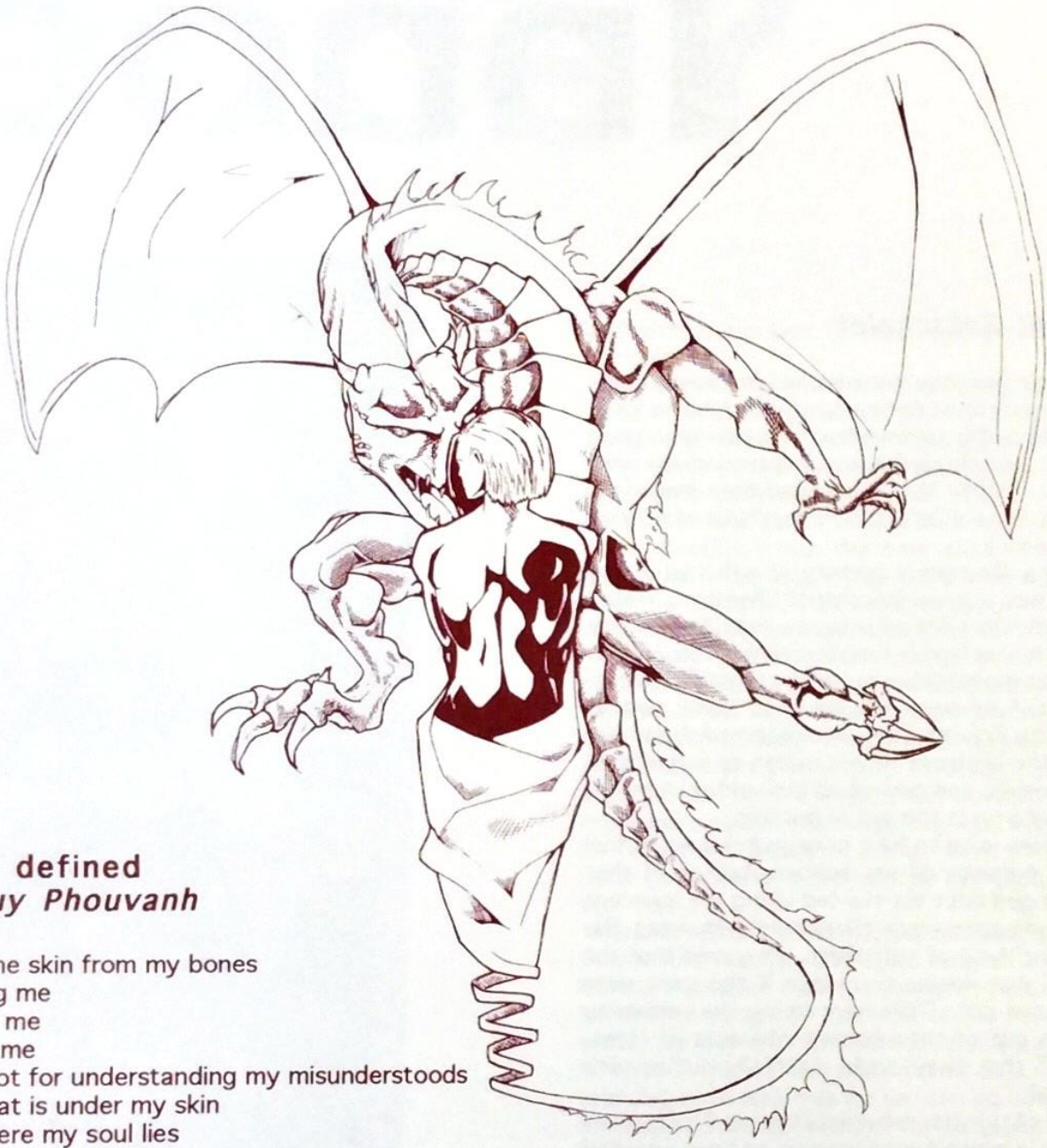


Uneasy Smiles
Raetta Towers

And maybe I could
grasp your hand
left outstretched
embrace your warmth
unending still
but the danger attached
to exposing myself
quells any desire
to accept your self
in exchange for mine.

Your soul-searching, earth-toned eyes
tempt my whole spirit
to yield itself to you
yet I hesitate to relinquish
my very being
to your judgment
because too often people
are crushed
when only a small fraction of their shield
is carelessly given away.

Lari Whitford



love defined
Cheuy Phouvanh

peel the skin from my bones
hurting me
hating me
loving me
care not for understanding my misunderstandings
for what is under my skin
for where my soul lies
care not for the beating heart you raped
but look close
and find you in me
look close
find hate in me
find love, deception, and green jealousy in me
lie to me
so glibly
with words you've hidden within the curls
of your tongue
leaving me
desolate, barren
uncloaked without my self-respect to shield me
from wounds you inflict upon me
call it love

Josh Rudloff

Innoc

Josh Batschelet

This war has become so gruesome. Back home there could be a family. Back home there could be life without fear. I was always a good shot. People said it was because of my gray eyes. Maybe that's because they make you cold. For soldiers to survive, that's what they have to be.

Now Georgia is burning, the flames licking the sky in a celebration of Sherman's march south. I'm tired of being so cold. As I lay the torch to a home, I have visions of babies being born and old men trying to instill their wisdom in whoever will listen to some parting words. Fighting the war of contradictions. We kill the brothers of our nation to pull it back together, and now all of the cold soldiers are caught up in the act of burning.

There used to be a pride in it. I used to feel the purpose of my actions, but all of that changed once we started killing the innocent people who were tricked into showing the wrong type of patriotism. They said that the land was easier to retake if the men were cleared out. They were luring the remaining men out of their homes into acts of "treason" that they could rightfully punish with death.

All of this fire is exhausting me. The families that remained once we arrived have now fled screaming about the inhumanity of it all. There is no sparing of anything. Valuables burn, homes burn, the world burns, but my eyes are still gray. My eyes are still tired. The carnage of this war must have burned itself into the back of my eyelids, for I keep seeing it there. The bodies fall, or remain standing, but lack appendages that lie limply on the ground in a grisly nightmare. The field doctors are overrun and cause about as much damage as they prevent. The infections spread, and the wounds grow into these malignant spiders that creep up the body until they seize the heart



Jeremy Mack

ence?



and wrench it in two. So much agony to create unity.

Life at home was never like this. Rolling plains were covered in grains, not the twisted corpses of fallen boys. We boys joined this army even though we were too young. My old friends decided that it was time to become men and that I should be a man with them. Besides, I was the best shot among them, and what would I do there with all of them gone anyway. We were all the product of a sick man who overlooked the fact that we looked twelve and allowed us to be accepted into manhood. It was all different from childhood. Tin cans don't scream and twist their faces into balls of agony when they are shot. I used to be so steady. I wouldn't blink with the pull of the trigger, but now as my cross-hairs set on the target my eye begins to twitch and beads of sweat form on my brow threatening to slip into my eye and poison it all.

More screams of a newly evicted household. I must find rest for this aged body of mine before I collapse into just another heap of vandalized scraps on the side of the road. I search by my feet, for there is no hope of a horizon. Around a corner and next to a still-standing brick wall is as far as I can go before my body folds disheveled onto the ground.

The crackling of the guns and the fires mixed with the shouts of the people all begin to fade away until a false silence surrounds me. I can still see the line between where the war was a trial of innocence and where I was graduated into my new frame of mind.

I stood on Kilder Creek Bridge where we were guarding the railroad with my sight pointing into the water below, and the light was coming through the sight illuminating my gray eye. The day before we had lured an innocent man into attacking our bridge, and now we were punishing his gullibility with a death sentence. He was one of the men who, in spite of the

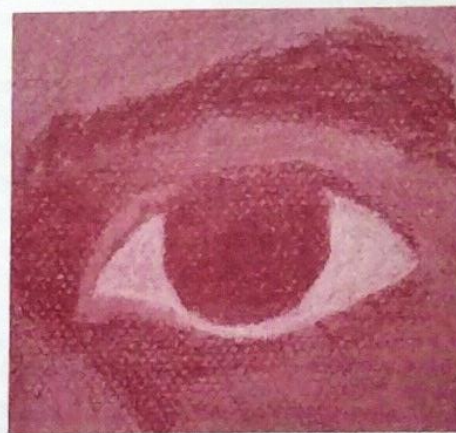
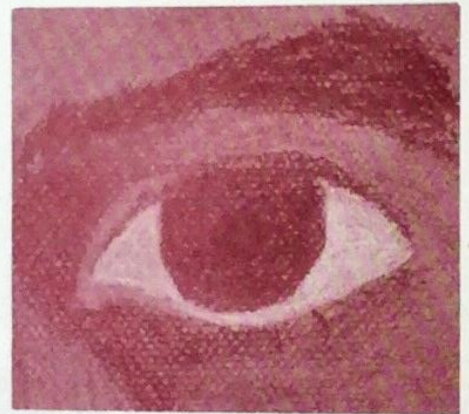
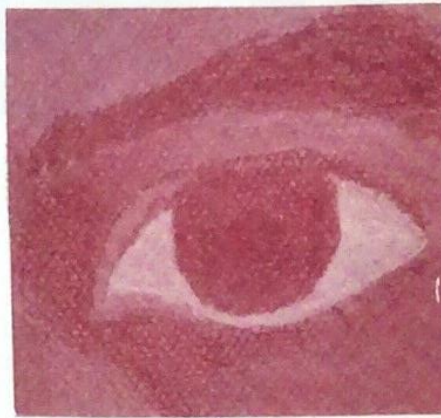
patriotism they held, were unable to be soldiers, and thereby suffered guilt for their inability. We capitalized upon this guilt by giving them a chance to prove their worth and then catching them in the act. Now this man was bound and held tight with noose gripping neck. His life was being supported by the weight of a soldier on the other end of a board.

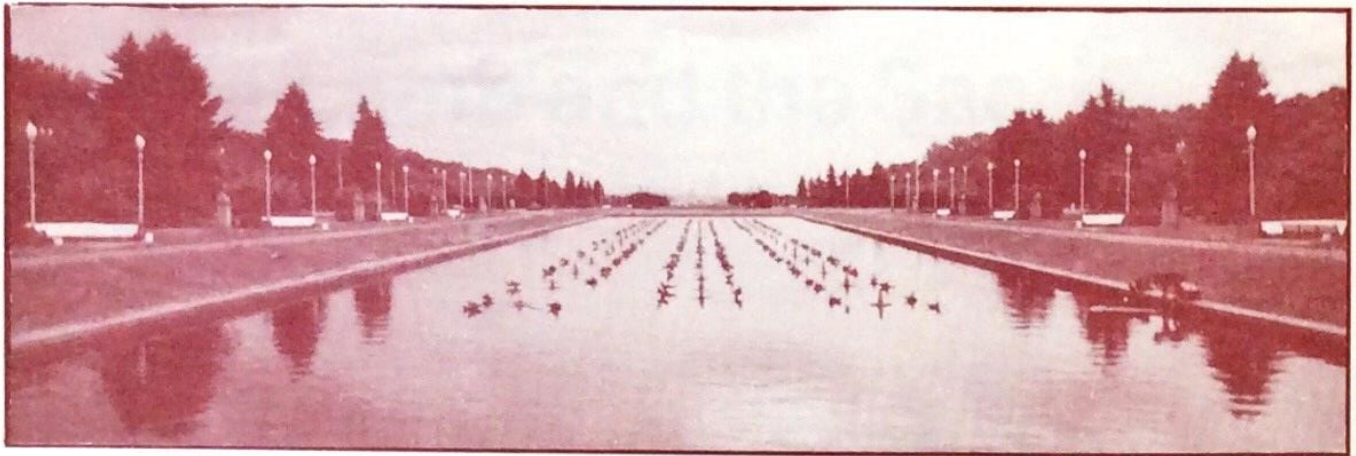
I sat, not even wanting to look at this man, but staring through my gun down at the water that I was guarding against the chance of the rope snapping. My eye began to tire so I shifted my focus over to this condemned soul in his last moments. His eyes seemed to be gauging his chance for escape. The one thing that always amazes me about the human spirit is its refusal to give up even when staring into the eyes of defeat. Then the man's expression changed as he seemed to focus on other aspects of his life. The soldier stepped off the board, his body began to rotate as he fell, his eyes glazed over, and he smiled right before his neck snapped. This is the image that haunts me now. This smiling hanged man has sealed my hate.

The screams of unguarded women being fired upon arouse me from my comatose state. Once a body reaches this level of exhaustion there is no more sleep, only periods where you are not rested but given enough will to exert some more of the depleting energy that you have left.

These people who flee their houses usually are only able to salvage one item. They all take hold of their thickest mattress and run with it on their backs. The thick cushion of feathers is able to stop the travel of the screaming bits of lead that chase them.

It is feathers that stop bullets in this war of contradictions. We fight the war to create unity, we hang the innocent to prevent the chance of them becoming guilty, and we scar the young to make them men.





Martin vonRosenberg

My Father and I

Kristi Gonzales

My father said something to me this morning which emerged several thoughts from my head, and I began to really think about his life and mine. . .

On the way to school, my father and I listen to the oldies radio station, and today was no different. A song began to play, and my father said to me, "That reminds me of Vietnam." I saw a faint smile on his face as he listened to the song, and I began to think back to the time when he first told me stories about his time in the Vietnam War. When I was a young girl, I didn't understand what Vietnam was all about, and of course, I thought that the stories were meant to fascinate me. Because I have studied about Vietnam in history class just like any other high school student, I now have a bit more understanding about the war, but I can never understand everything that occurred and why. The truth and horror of the war literally shocked me because I had no idea what kind of ordeal it truly was.

My father enlisted in the Navy to avoid the draft when he was eighteen years old. He never held a gun nor did he harm anyone, but my father did see enough corruption, insanity, and sadness to last more than his lifetime. My father lost his friends to a serious accidental explosion, and he lost friends to the enemy. During his service time, he was awarded medals for bravery and courage because he helped save people after the explosion took place, but my father thinks nothing of the medals, and the medals remain in a closed case on our book-

shelf collecting dust.

When my father talks to me about Vietnam, I am able to detect a strong sense of disgust and sadness in his voice. At times, talking about Vietnam is not easy for either of us because I don't always know what to say. Because my father shares with me a part of his life which he sometimes wishes never happened, I am very fortunate.

Being in a war at the age of eighteen is the farthest thing from my mind, but when I do think about it, it is quite scary. I am not too far off from being eighteen, and not even in my wildest dreams could I imagine being on the other side of the world away from life as I know it. This is only one of many reasons why I respect and appreciate my father. Like my father said, "There was no ticker-tape parades or welcome home parties for us." Hateful people often greeted those who returned home from Vietnam with spit and piercing words.

I know that I will never hear all the stories my father has to tell nor will I ever totally understand Vietnam because I was never there, but I will always keep a great amount of respect for my father and all Americans involved, and I will definitely never forget the stories my father has passed on to me. From now on, whenever my father hears another song and says, "That reminds me of Vietnam," thoughts will once again flood my head, and I will remember what my father when through to be the person he is today.

I love you, Dad.



Randy Zingg

Gold Moon Rising
Joy Thompson

He was born alone
without a home
without a hope
softly pleading for silence
in a shattered world.
A gold moon rising
in a sky of blackness
no star to guide his way,
alone, afraid, unwanted.
As a child he was unscarred
untainted, untouched
a purity so perfect
a love so deep.
But as he grew
as he walked the street
the evil around him crept.
The hell of earth
surrounds him
the truth stands to the light
clinging to the daylight
crying for the hope
knowing that there is none
still he stands alone.
And the evil around him crept
ever growing, ever bad.
scraping away at his hopefulness
and the purity was lost.
The roses bleed
their stems turn black
his world is stripped of love
the green eyes cry for life again
the green eyes cry for hope.
And a gold moon rising
in the midnight sky
in a bleak sky of blackness.
He has no hope
he has no love
he has no purity left.
But he has a soul which some don't have
and a gold moon rising
in the midnight sky
cries to the world below.
And the roses bleed
and their stems turn black
and the rivers beat his pulse
and he cries to the earth once again
and the purity was lost.



The Lamb and the Sacrifice

Jason Earle



Susan Garcia

The boy cowered under the bridge. The rain pounded down above him, and then gently fell to his face. He was cold, but this was nothing new. He was used to the rain, to the cold, to everything.

The boy was naked. The mud provided him enough clothing to suit his tastes. The dirt was his friend. His fingernails were caked with it, and his hair was matted down with the soil. He was completely covered with mud, and this was normal to him.

He pulled his cat closer to his chest. The thin feline uttered a small cry: an oath of allegiance. The boy coveted the cat. It was his only friend, his only companion. The cat was also covered with mud, but it, too, thought this normal.

The rain ceased its clamor and the clouds broke. Out of the unknown darkness came the moon. Silver light shining, it cast its glow over

the river near the boy. The boy also knew the water. It could cleanse the mud and provide cover.

The boy got up and went to the river. He walked into its cold embrace, leaving behind the covering of mud. He still carried the cat, which did not mind the water. Both knew its use and neither minded the cleansing.

When he was once again clean, the boy climbed onto the bank. The moonlight fell on his body, illuminating the wetness and giving him an eerie glow. The boy liked the moon with its silver face and all-knowing light. The sun always seemed so revealing to him. The moon knew all, but none knew its secrets.

The boy looked into the distance. He could see the light of the torches. The town was coming. The boy wished for the rain. It would drive them away. It was his ally but their nemesis. He

welcomed its touch and concealing powers.

The boy made his way to the forest. It was their friend and he hated it, but he needed it. He knew his way through these woods, but the town knew it better. Soon, he could smell their torches and their rage. Closer they came and harder he ran.

The boy broke through the forest and into their arms. They encircled him, their eyes telling the tale of their hate. The torches were held by their heads, casting the evil glow of the fire. This was a light unlike the moon. This was harsh and spiteful. It was theirs.

Their leader came forth, carrying a torch and their lone weapon: their book. It was the testaments of oracles, the words of prophets, the promises of saviors. By oath and blood were they bound to it. The leader opened it and read a passage. Cries of encouragement came from the throng of people. The leader then closed the book and asked the boy if he wished to repent and receive the Divine Blessing, knowing that the town desired otherwise.

The boy would not disappoint them. He

stared at the leader yet said nothing. Secretly, he prayed for rain. It was his last hope, his only chance. The leader looked once more at him and then turned away.

This was their sign. They moved together. Someone stole the cat from his arms, and it vanished into their hate. The torches now came for him. Their hands grabbed at him. Now he cried for the rain. Their fire came close. He wanted-needed-the rain. Down came the torches.

The pain. Its raw beauty was tarnished by its intent. The fire reached its pinnacle. His blood boiled under his flesh, and he saw them all through the red haze. They tore at him. Their rage was his. Their pain became his. Their sins . . . their fears . . . their lives. He was their sacrifice, their virgin, their sacred calf. As the deed came to a raging end, he cried-begged-for the rain. But it fell on deaf ears.

The crowd was done. The boy was dead.

And as the town crawled back to their homes, the rain fell. Down came its cold touch. It was their ally now, concealing their act as it washed away the past.



Nicole Moore



Aaron Harbour

Siberian Tiger Cub

Bullseye 1994

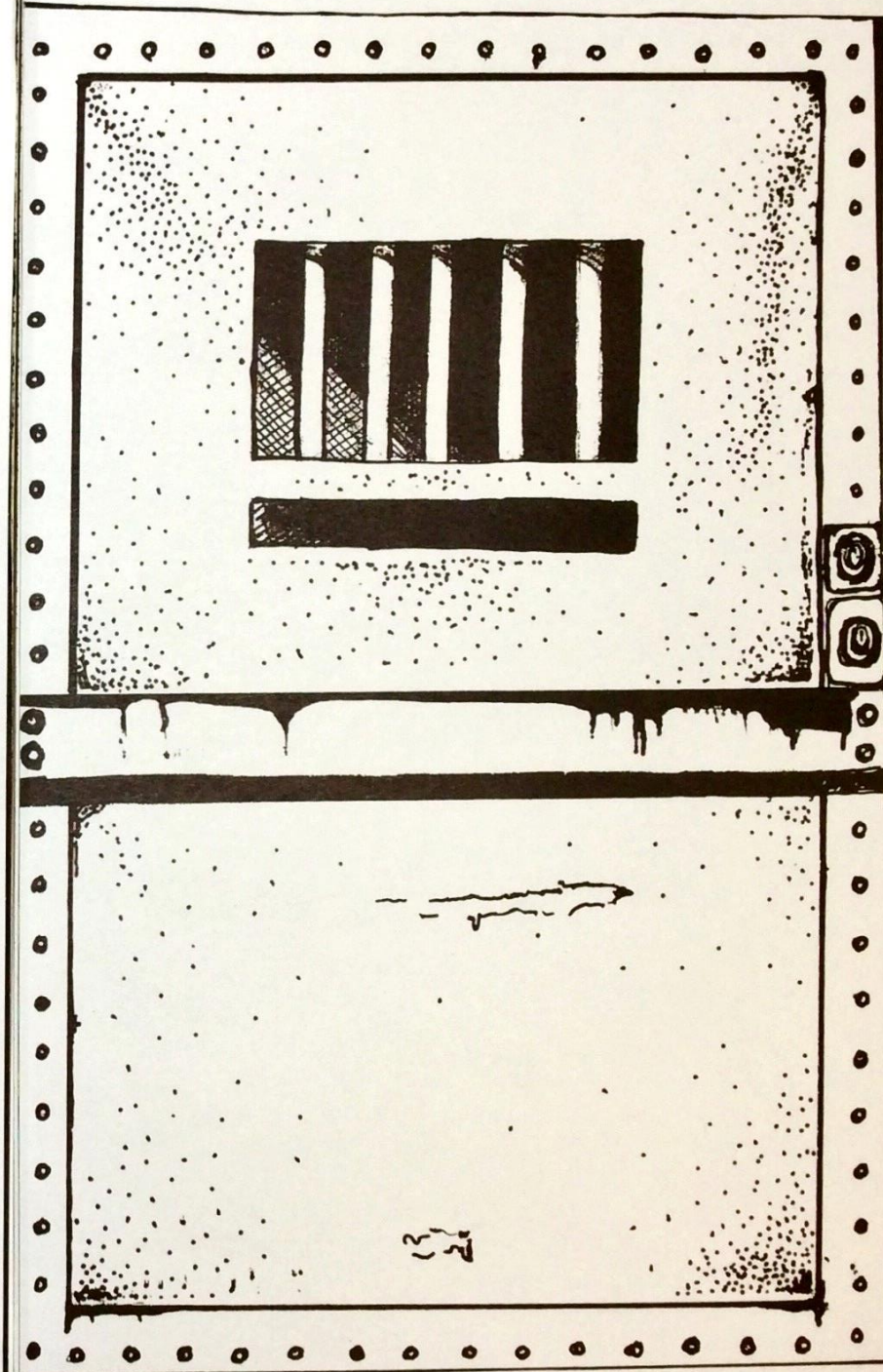


Life
Elizabeth Siberry

Jennifer McEntire

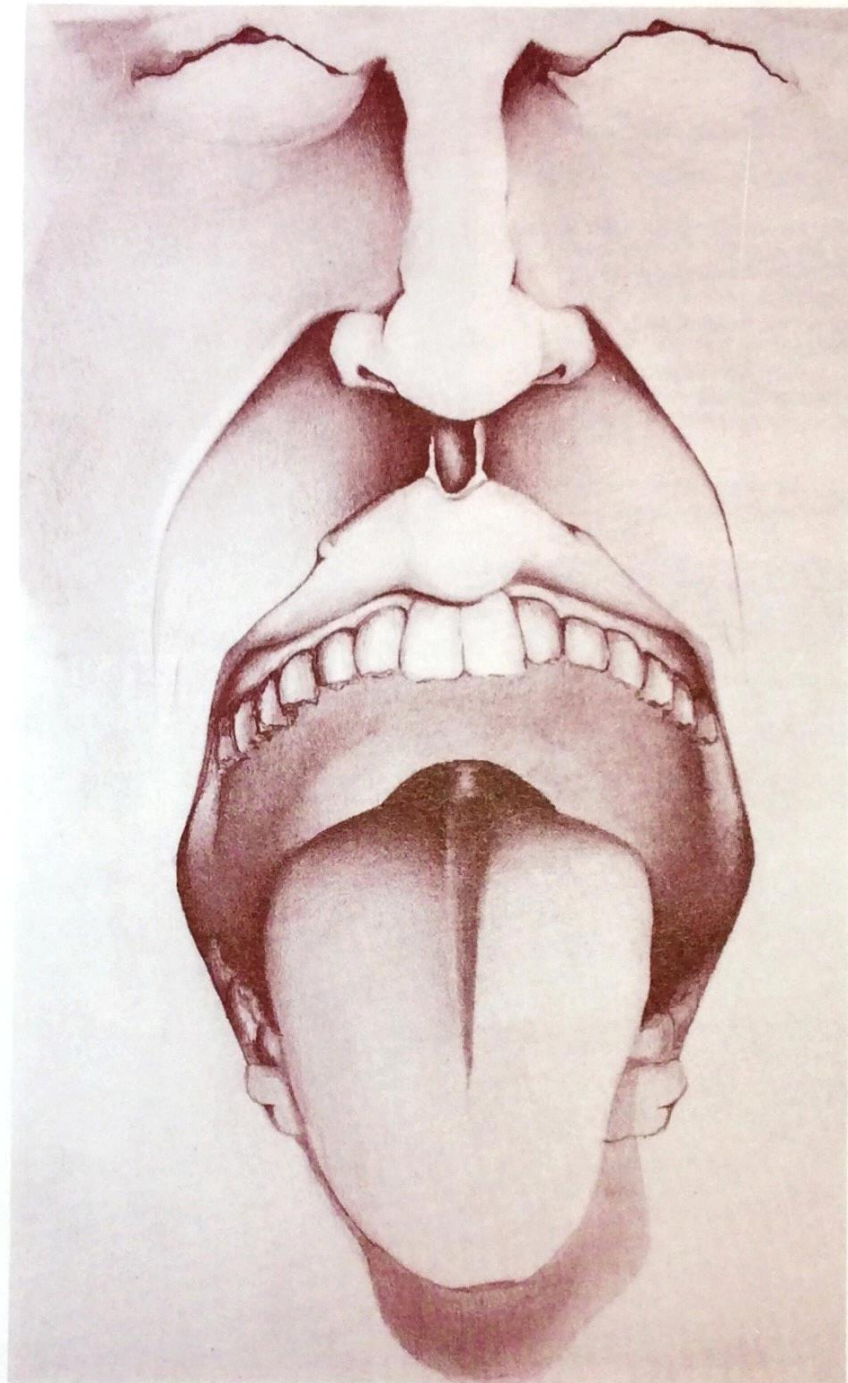
a seemingly meaningless existence
 trivialities glorified
 material desires
 a constant questioning of priorities
 our infantile, ignorant coexistence
 brilliant ideas
 really just rehashed revelations
 thank God though
 if there be one to thank
 we're His creations
 or He ours
 what if awareness were granted
 is wisdom a privilege
 or possibly a detriment
 knowledge of everyone's inadequacies
 their pettiness, selfishness
 envy
 materialism
 deceitfulness
 to be conscious of these traits
 within others
 and ourselves
 a tormentuous existence
 hour after hour

time spent
 like worthless pocket change
 proclaiming love
 declaring hate
 rebelling against...
 against things of significance
 most often not
 we fool ourselves
 convinced of our own greatness
 creating our own emotions
 confusing thoughts with feelings
 a dangerous practice
 they do not equate
 narrow vision
 we do not look beyond us
 my own little universe
 all that exists relates to me
 selectively seeing
 ignoring what contradicts
 my opinions molding my perceptions
 creating
 blindness
 life



bound inside your thought
your single window of sanity
growing smaller
as the light dwindles on another day
wishing to see a patch of sky
or the wrinkled strands of her heart
watching the dust swirl in the rays
you gather your strength
for one last silent outcry
a yell to rival a dead man's soul
its soft goodnight kiss
and peaceful remiss
sleep
now the end comes with the sunrise
and the gray walls seem a little smaller
than before
holding you in close to their damp breasts
you stare out your window
your one escape too high to reach

Glenn Westbrook



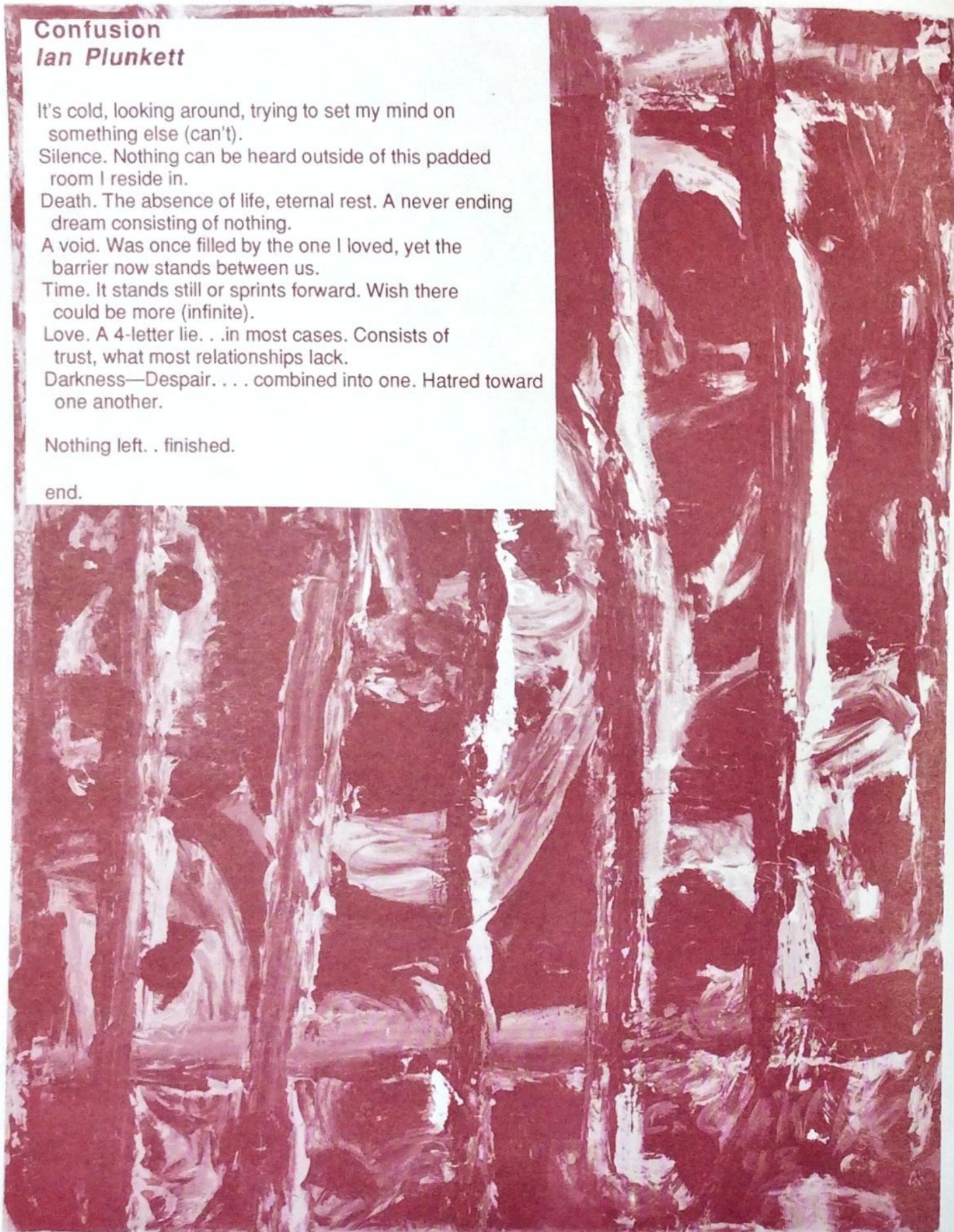
The Screamer Randy Zingg

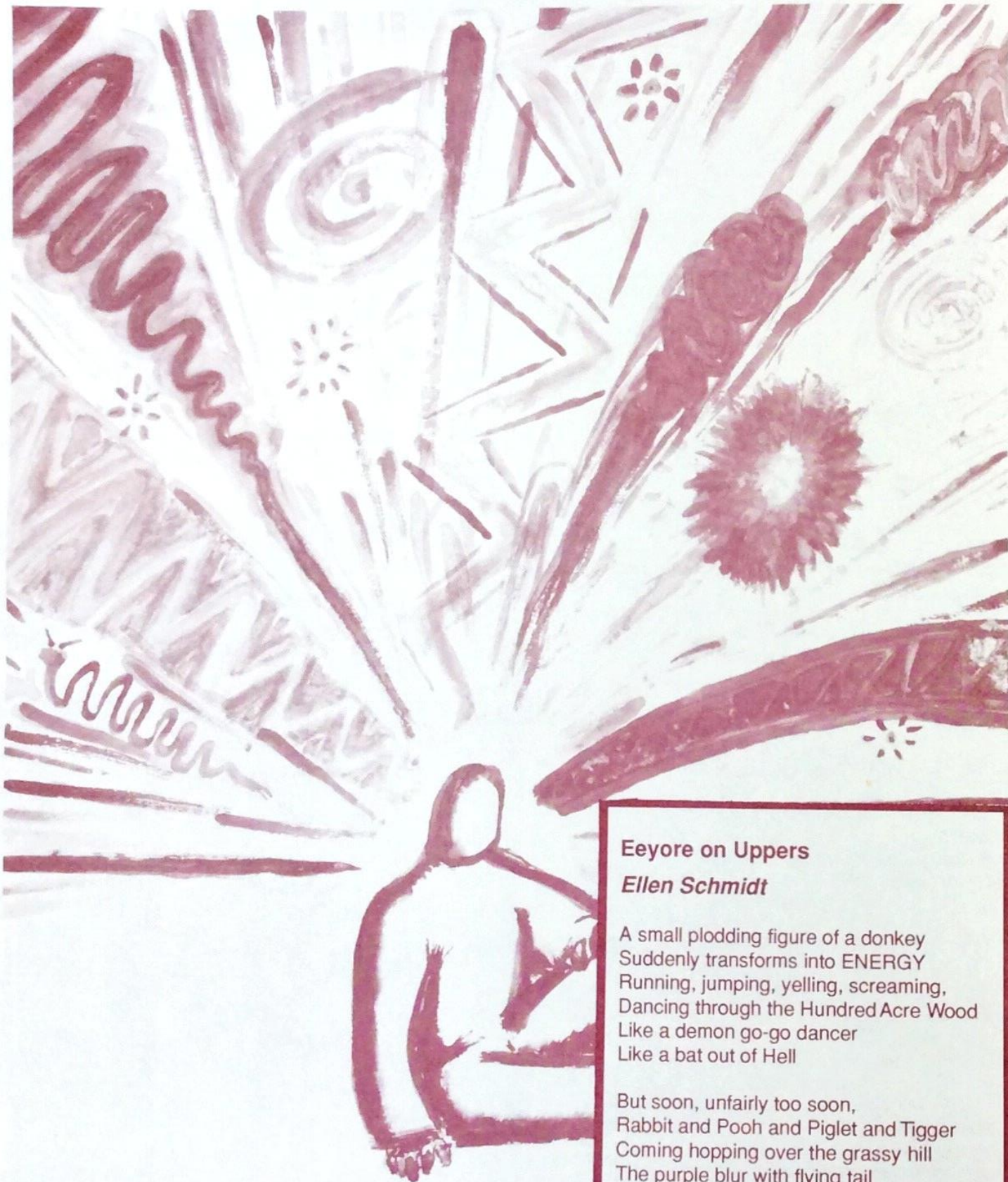
Confusion
Ian Plunkett

It's cold, looking around, trying to set my mind on something else (can't).
Silence. Nothing can be heard outside of this padded room I reside in.
Death. The absence of life, eternal rest. A never ending dream consisting of nothing.
A void. Was once filled by the one I loved, yet the barrier now stands between us.
Time. It stands still or sprints forward. Wish there could be more (infinite).
Love. A 4-letter lie. . . in most cases. Consists of trust, what most relationships lack.
Darkness—Despair. . . . combined into one. Hatred toward one another.

Nothing left. . finished.

end.





Eeyore on Uppers

Ellen Schmidt

A small plodding figure of a donkey
Suddenly transforms into ENERGY
Running, jumping, yelling, screaming,
Dancing through the Hundred Acre Wood
Like a demon go-go dancer
Like a bat out of Hell

But soon, unfairly too soon,
Rabbit and Pooh and Piglet and Tigger
Coming hopping over the grassy hill
The purple blur with flying tail
Is transformed back,
Into a small plodding figure of a donkey.



Man in White

Dexter Rendon

What do you want? Can't you see that I'm busy? I know you're here to see just how crazy I am, but you're wasting your time, I'm not crazy. I already explained that to everybody. Leave me alone now, I don't think I'm really in the mood to talk. —BYE NOW!

Hello, Doctor. How are you? What's the matter, not in the mood for idle chitchat? I understand, just the facts—right? Well, read the court transcripts, I'm sick of the damn facts. Stay or leave, I don't care but I won't be talking today. —BYE NOW!

Doctor, Doctor...back again I see?! What for? You know that you won't be able to get anything out of me. I know there are other things that you could be wasting your time on, so just get the hell out of here! WOW! You're a bold one, most people get scared when I give them the silent treatment. They think I'm plotting some evil and twisted way to harm them. But I guess you've had a lot of experience with "psychos."

Well, little man, can I call you "little man"? Tell me about yourself. Cat got your tongue? Aw . . . come on, you want me to tell you about myself, but you can't even tell me about you. That just doesn't seem fair, now does it? Well, I understand, you want to keep your personal life to yourself. Well then, let me tell you about you.

Let's see . . . you're a little man, about 5ft2, you're partially balding, and looks to me like you're not very happy with your present job, I haven't seen you smile since we first met. You're probably married to a woman who's not sure she really loves you anymore and you probably have 2.5 kids who don't see you enough to know what a real father is. You're a victim of the 40/40 plan; forty hours a week for forty years. And that pisses you off because you had so many hopes and dreams that were going to change the world. A sad story . . . I really feel for you. HA, HA!!!—BYE NOW!

Hey, little man. How are you today? I'm the same. Actually I'm getting a little antsy. I've

got to get the hell out of this place, I really don't belong here. Can't you see that? I'm normal, I really am. It's just that nobody understands what I'm going through right now!! Can you help me please? I need someone to support me. I need freedom!

I'm sorry. . . I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get upset. It's just that I can't take this anymore, I need to see the sun and feel air, then I'll be okay. I'm getting tired now, so you'll have to leave. —BYE NOW!

Little man, disappear quick, I'm not in the mood! What the hell is your problem, don't you understand English? I don't want to talk, so don't be ready to listen! You're so pathetic, can you hear yourself? You sound like a broken record and I'm ready to throw you away. Get out now please I have a lot of sleep to catch up on. —BYE NOW!

Hello, little man. How's life treatin' you? All is still the same here. Ya know, I was thinking yesterday about once when I was little. I was sitting on the sidewalk, drying off after a day in the sprinklers with all of my little friends. I looked into one of our fir trees and I saw a small patch of snow still clinging to a branch. It was the middle of July and this cold white bit of snow was still clinging to the tree. I never said anything to any of the other kids, I just kept staring at it and wondering how the snow lasted through the warm spring and summer months. As I stared, I realized that the snow was out of it's season and that it felt alone. But I also realized that it was just trying to do what everyone else is, it was trying to survive. Is there really anything wrong with holding on tight and never letting go? Is it wrong to be afraid of what you don't know? And if it is, why? It's time for you to leave. —BYE NOW!

Little man, the drugs aren't working. I can't sleep! I lie awake and I think about things, all sorts of things. One minute I'll be thinking about my window in my office at work. The next minute I'll be thinking about my dog that



got run over by my uncle's truck in the seventh grade. It's interesting isn't it? The way your brain works. What things do you think about? I know you have a brain and I know you're smart. Do you think about me a lot? Do you wonder what it's like in my brain? You'd like to see, wouldn't you? You'd like to poke and prod? Well no way, it's time for you to be the one tested on. Get the hell out, now! —BYE NOW!

Little man, where have you been? I haven't seen you in forever. What?? Do you really think I can get out of here? How? Oh...I see. I talk, you listen, and then maybe I get out, right? No way in hell!!! You're wasting your time and mine. Get out! —BYE NOW!!

Little man, I need your help, will you help me? Yes . . . I will talk, if that's what it takes. What do you want to know? Oh . . . you wanna know about them? All right, if that's what you want:

I was on my way home from work in my brand new B.M.W., when I noticed a young woman on her knees working on the garden in her yard. She looked so natural and homely and I couldn't keep my eyes off her. After passing the house, something struck me and I immediately turned around. I wasn't sure at that time what I was going to do, but I knew something big was about to happen. I pulled into the woman's driveway and noticed her last name (FEDER) on the mailbox as I did so. As I got out of my car she rose to her feet and dusted off her knees. She greeted me politely as she took off her working gloves. I noticed her hands were worn a bit, but they still had a hint of elegance to them along with a wedding ring. I'm not sure where it came from but for some reason I told her that I represented an office downtown that was importing her new set of furniture ordered by her husband. As soon as I said that, she was putty in my hands, she asked me in, offered me a cup of coffee, and then excused herself so that she could go wash up. As she walked up the stairs to the bathroom, I knew what I had to do. I went out to my car and got the handgun that I had bought for my girlfriend out of the glove compartment. I placed it in my suit pocket and headed back inside. As I walked back through the front door the woman was com-

ing down the stairs looking as fresh-faced as she had when I had last seen her, I couldn't contain myself. I rushed towards her and grabbed her by the neck. With all of my strength, I proceeded to squeeze the life out of her. She barely contested and not a sound came from her. An orgasmic feeling came over me and I couldn't help but crack a smile. Her fate had been mine to decide and I had decided!

Then he came in. He was about five years old with golden blonde hair and eyes as blue as the sky. He bounced merrily down the stairs until he saw her lying on the floor, motionless. He looked at her with a questioning face and then glanced over at me. He went to her and shook her violently, trying to awaken her from her permanent rest. After numerous useless tries, he looked back over to me and his eyes began to water. Not a sound came from him, though. I looked into his eyes and realized what I had done. Without saying a word, I reached into my coat pocket and grabbed the gun. Because I knew that I had taken that child's security away from him, the only thing that he could depend on, I pointed the gun at him and said, "don't be afraid, little boy, you'll be okay soon. Soon you will be in heaven with your mommy, the angels, and GOD himself. So . . . close your eyes, bow your head, and pray that pain will not engulf you", and with that, I fired and it was over.

I waited there for the police to come and after God only knows how long, they did. As they shoved me into the police car, they asked me how I could do such a thing and I looked at them and answered, "How could I do what?" . . . You see, everyone thinks I'm crazy because I'm not sorry, but I'm not. I know what I did and I freely admit it. And for that, I'm put in this hole, left like a piece of rotting meat that no one wants to acknowledge. Leave, please. —BYE NOW.

Hi, little man. How are you today? I'm doing much better, thank goodness. Last night I actually slept. Usually they are so loud that I just can't sleep. But last night they were silent.

Any news on getting me out of here? Oh, well, that's just great! How long do you think I'll have to be here? Oh, thank you, little man,

I couldn't have done it without you. You saved me! How can I ever repay you? Oh, God, soon I'm gonna be free again and I can talk to them.

Thanks again, little man, I won't forget this.—BYE NOW!

Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting for my release. Where is it? I haven't got time. They're calling me and I have to go to them. Please get me the hell out of here, or they will keep me awake forever. I need strength and rest. You promised, little man, so you better deliver.—BYE NOW.

Hey little man. Have you come to bust me out? . . . What? Why won't they let me out? You promised, remember?! You told me that if I talked, you would get me out of here! Why? Why did you lie to me? Don't you understand? They want me outside, they want me to speak with them. They are the angels of mercy and they are going to save me, they are going to forgive me, and let me into paradise. And if I don't come out, they are going to scratch and scratch at the walls and try to get in 'cause they know

that I am good and that I deserve my place in heaven. Please!!!!

Let me out like you promised!

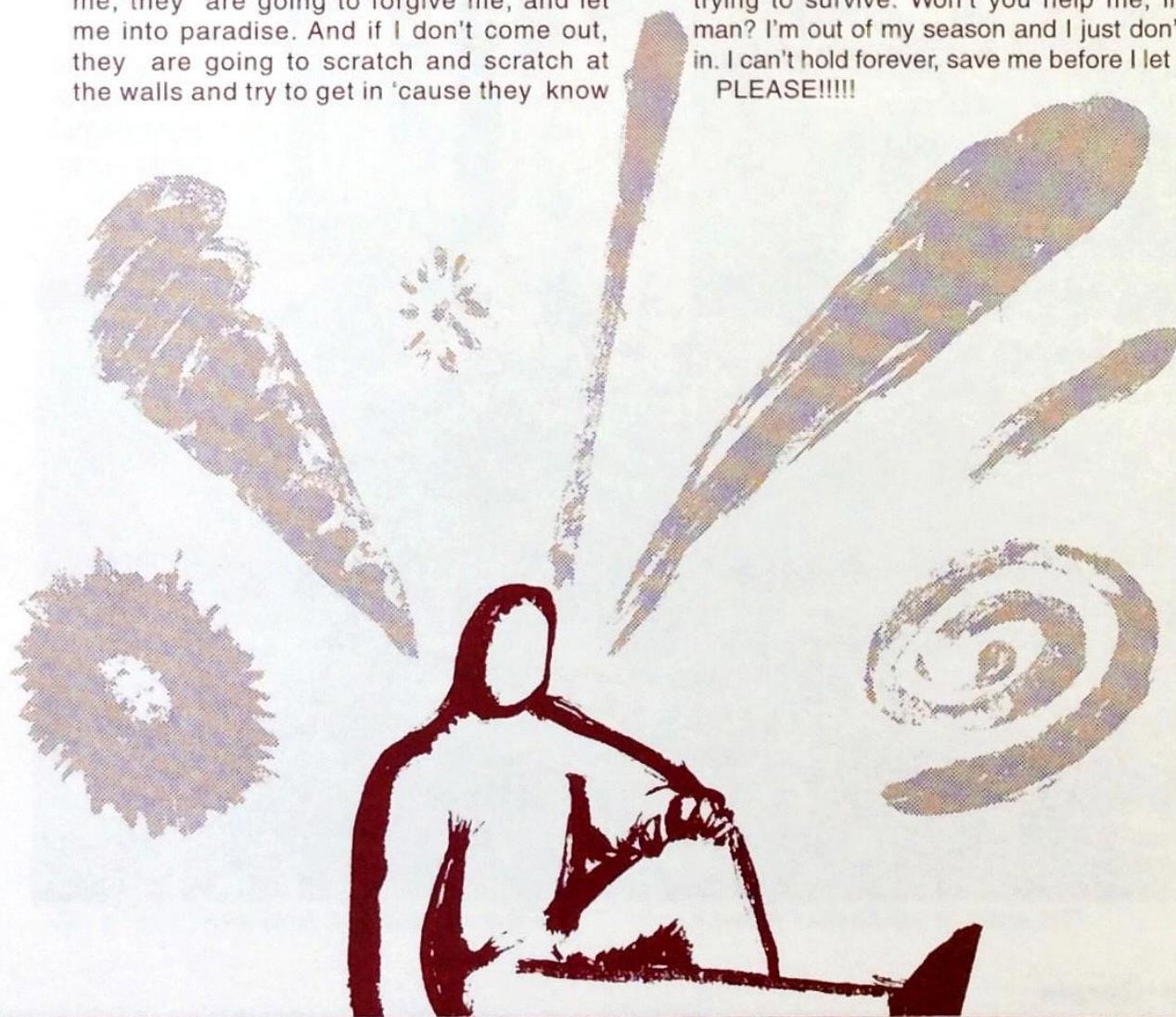
I'm going to kill you!! I am gonna rip out your vulgar little heart and make you look at it because I'll never sleep again! You're gonna pay for what you've done! I'll make sure of it!!!

Sure go ahead, put that beautiful jacket on me that will keep me under control! I'll get out of it and I'll break all of your fingers one by one and make you eat them.

NO! Don't leave me alone!!! They'll start their scratching! My eyesight is blurry, help me. Wait . . . can you hear them? Those are the angels trying to forgive me! Let me out, please!

I'm no one important, I just need to leave, help me!!!!!! It's just me here, the man in white, just like the snow. Trying to cling on, trying to survive. Won't you help me, little man? I'm out of my season and I just don't fit in. I can't hold forever, save me before I let go.

PLEASE!!!!!!



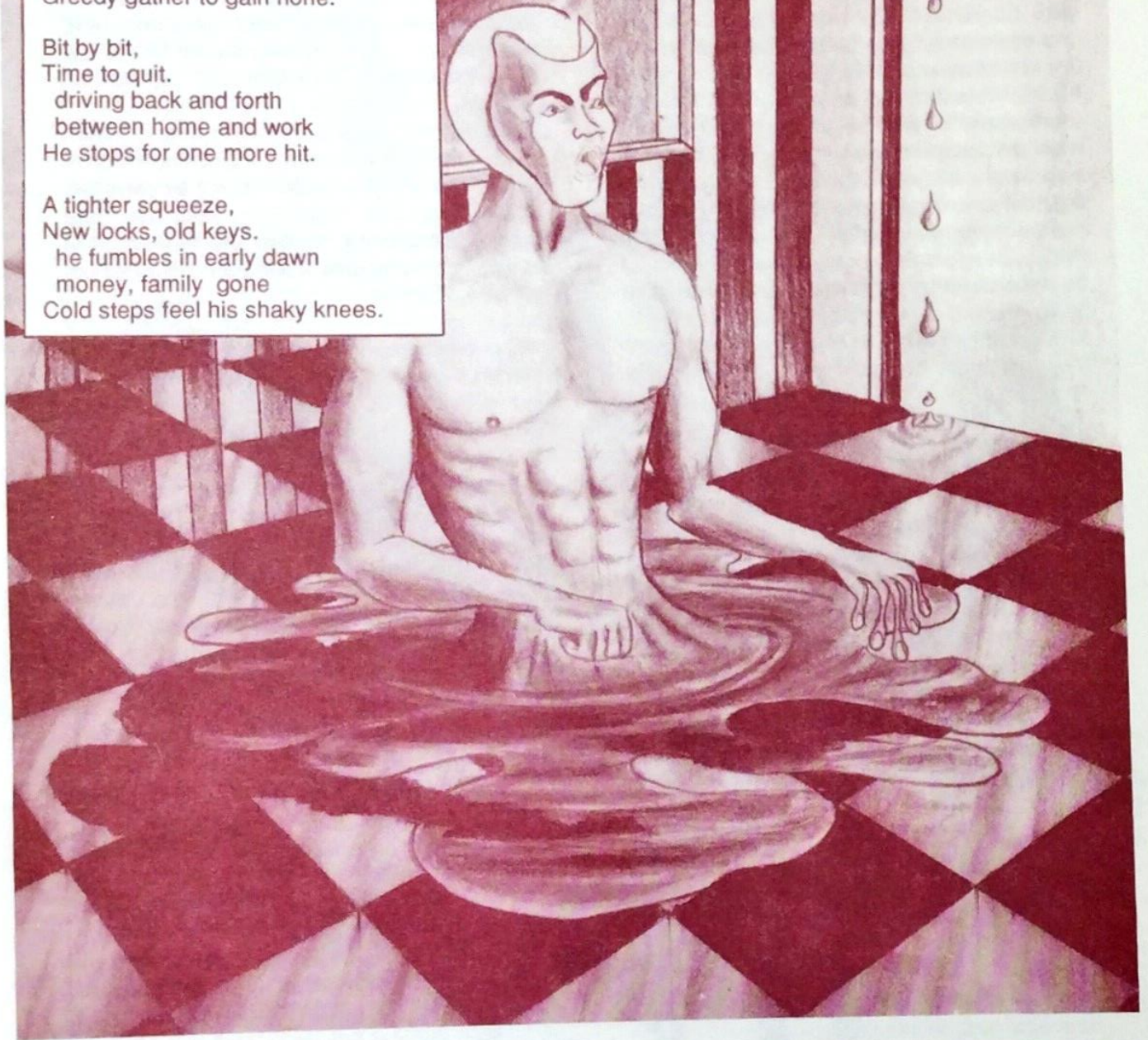
The Gambler
Marybeth Smith

Pour another
For my brother.
golden trim
lighted dim
The rolling colors start to smother.

Careless fun,
No harm done.
but look around
at whiskey drowned
Greedy gather to gain none.

Bit by bit,
Time to quit.
driving back and forth
between home and work
He stops for one more hit.

A tighter squeeze,
New locks, old keys.
he fumbles in early dawn
money, family gone
Cold steps feel his shaky knees.



"IT"

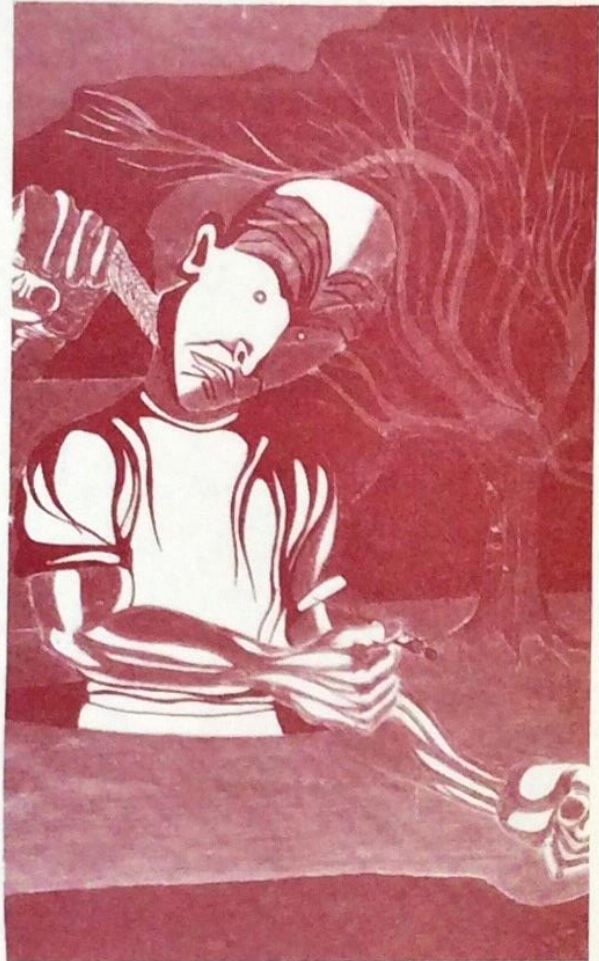
Richard Brady

I know now what I should have known from the beginning. Unfortunately, I was impaired by his deadly silent hands, stained with the innocent, ignorant blood of those whose paths I have now followed into this hellish pit of despair which I once knew as life.

I think it was a year ago, that I took this blind step towards a place I knew nothing of. It was then that "IT" had its first taste of me. I assume I am not an acquired taste, for "IT" came back to me sooner than I expected. This time, though, I hesitated. I had already satisfied my curiosity, or had I? Was what I experienced as my first "high" exactly like any other I could experience? I believe it was this question which led me to let "IT" feed upon me once again. This time though, it gave me a different feeling. An indescribable feeling. So I tried "IT" again, and many times after that.

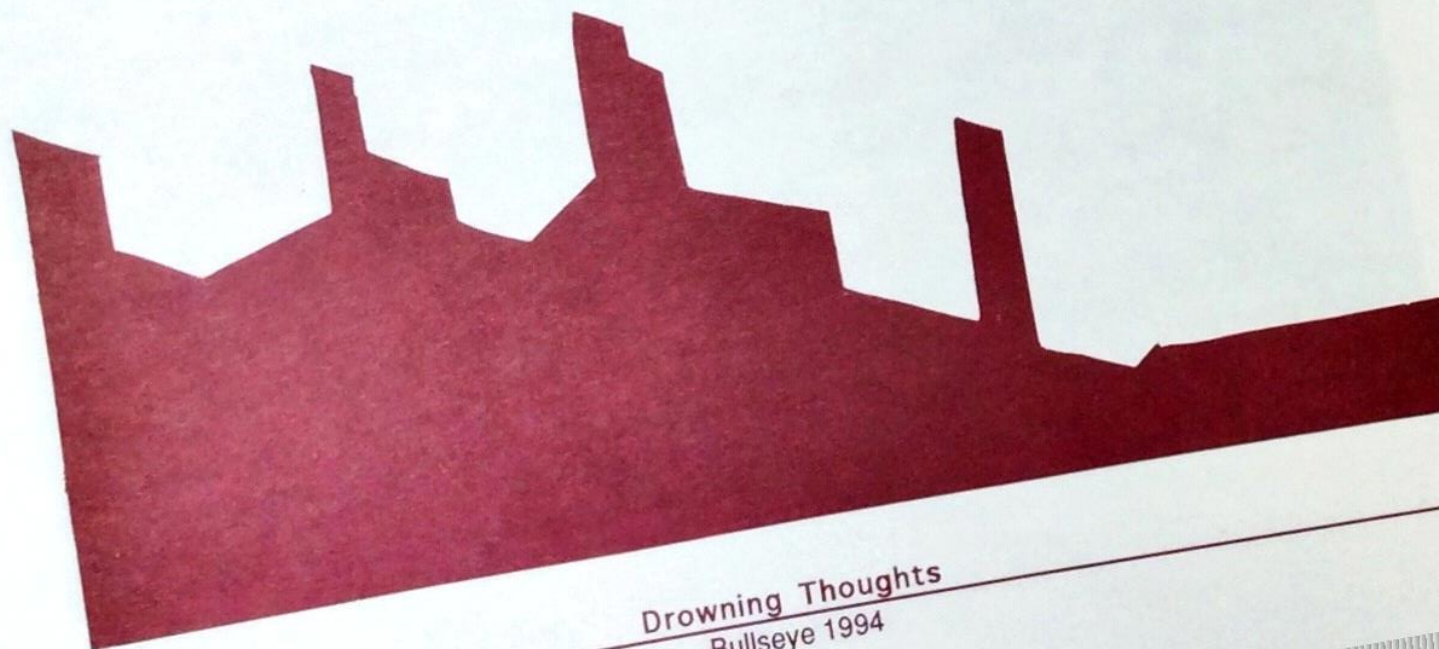
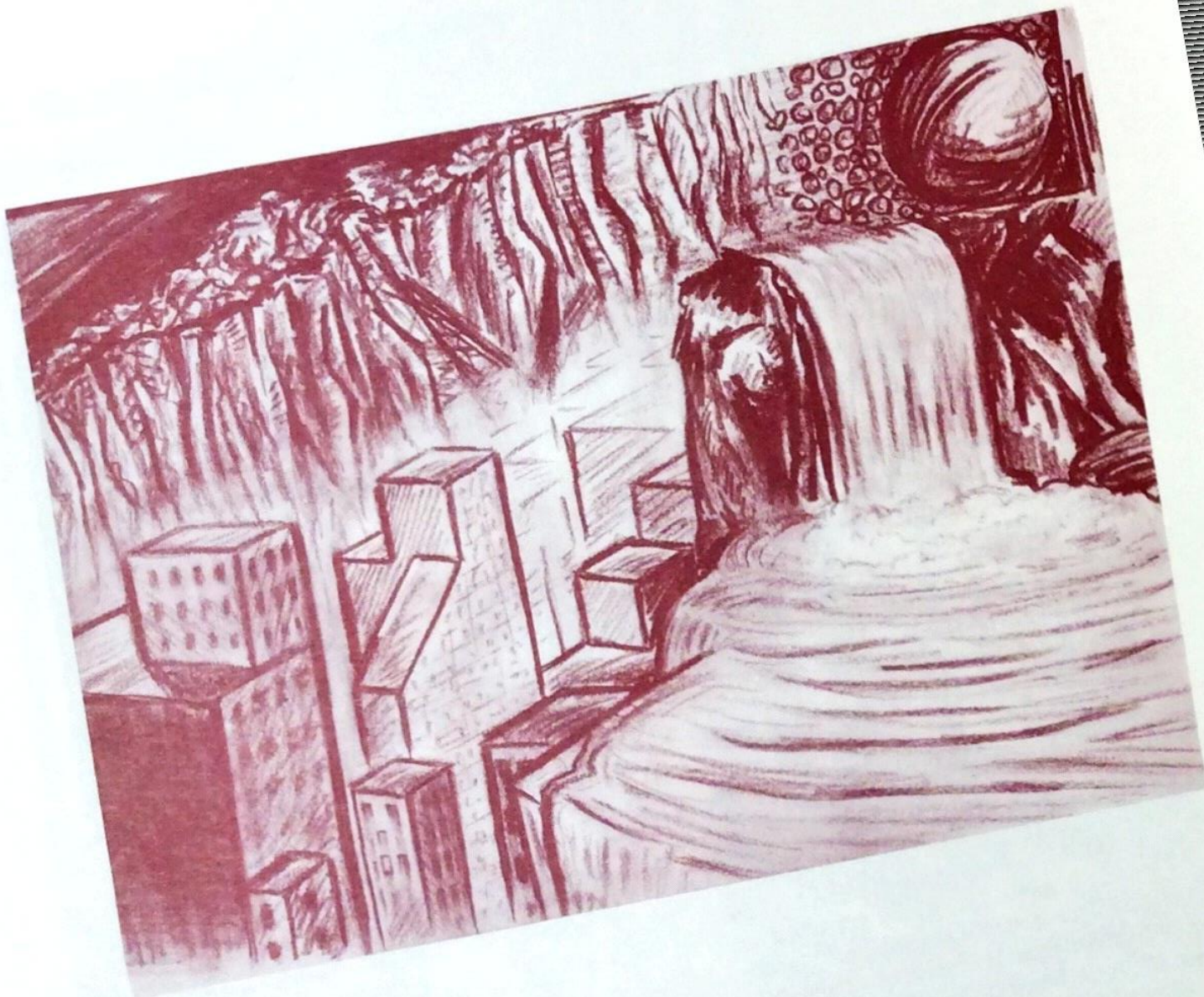
At first I thought that everything was fine, but soon I came to realize that I was lost in the dark. I realized that "IT" was around me all the time. "IT" used to come around once or twice a week. Now, though, I saw it on an almost daily basis. "IT" would not leave me alone. "IT" followed me and tempted me constantly. "IT" began to feed on me daily, then two or three times a day. "IT" spoke of inconceivable lies. Lies I listened to. Lies I believed. "IT" told me to steal, for it didn't feed free or cheap. "IT" told me of the people who watch me, the people who want to take me away. "IT" told me of people who just use me, and then laugh at me behind my back. And "IT" told me that it could make everything better.

I was confused. Nothing was clear. I couldn't tell if I was coming or going. I didn't know where I was or where my destination was. So, like a small child tempted by candy, I listened to "IT", and what "IT" told me to do. I became its love, "ITs" slave. I fulfilled



"ITs" desires, as "IT" did mine. It was here that I was at the point where I had to turn for help, but I was too blind and ignorant to realize what was happening, what "IT" was doing to me, what I was doing to myself, and what I was doing to the people around me.

Well it doesn't matter now. "IT" took my life a few days ago. My burial was yesterday. I can still remember my friends, who stuck with me 'till the end. My family, crying over my body. I wonder if my parents told them how I died. And my mother. I cannot bare to even think of the pain I put upon her. I wish I could tell her how sorry I am. But it's too late, for I am dead. My life is over, and there is nothing I can do. And it is for this reason, I would like to thank "IT".



Blake Sandberg

Drowning Thoughts
Bullseye 1994



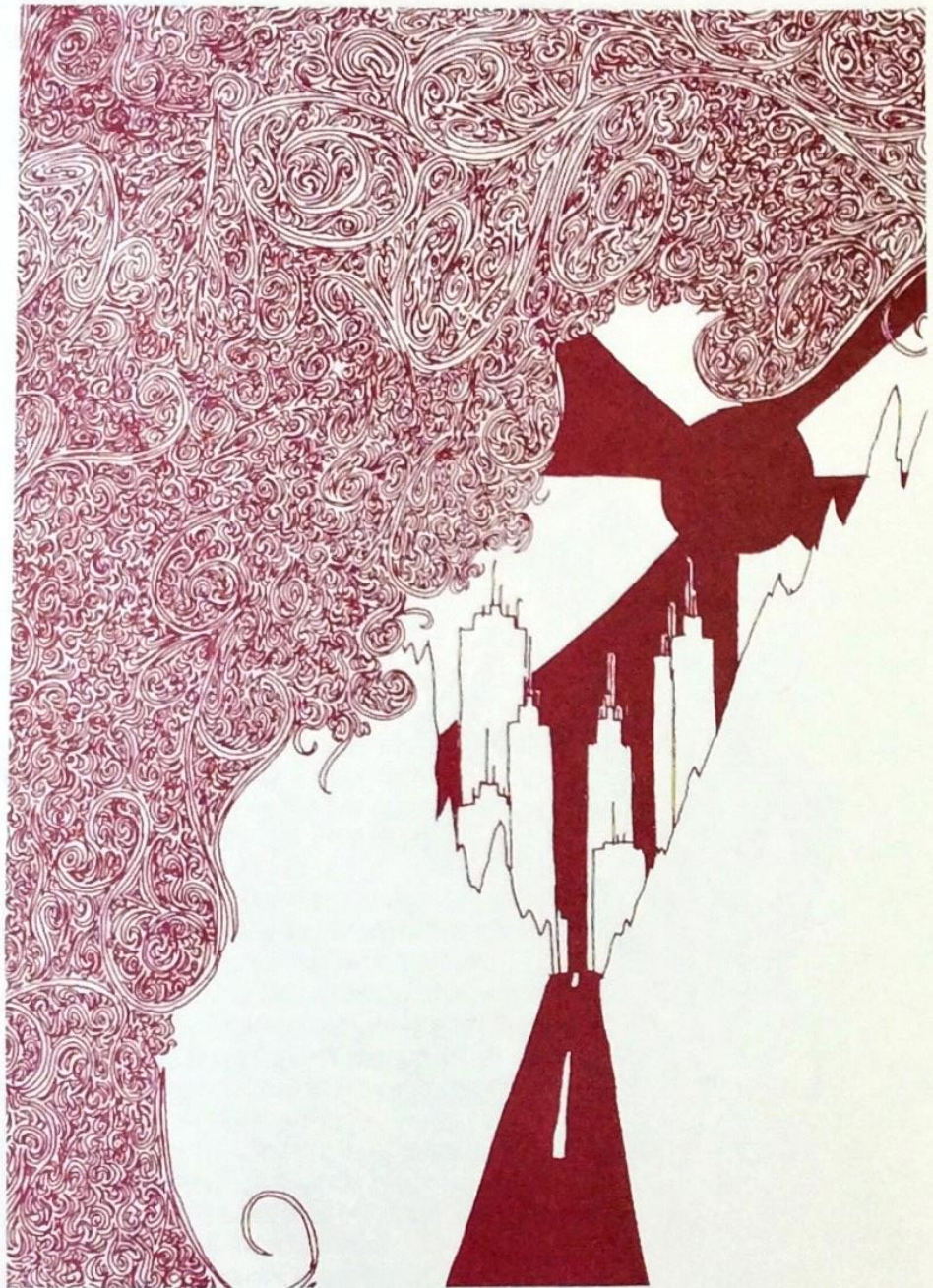
View from the 44th floor
Roseanne Lane

If shallowness
Makes you holy
And beauty
Brings out the beast,
If swearing
Makes you clean
And wealth
Brings out the deceit
Then why does this
Power
Make you so weak?

I am viewing you from
The 44th Floor
Second hall
Fourth Office
Third Window
And I am wondering...

If failure
Makes you stronger
And distance
Brings out your love,
If explanation
Makes you question
And silence
Brings out your cry
Then why does this
Weakness
Make you so powerful?

I am watching you from
The 44th floor
Second hall
Fourth Office
Third Window
And I am wondering from
A deepened view
Alone.



Karen McBurney



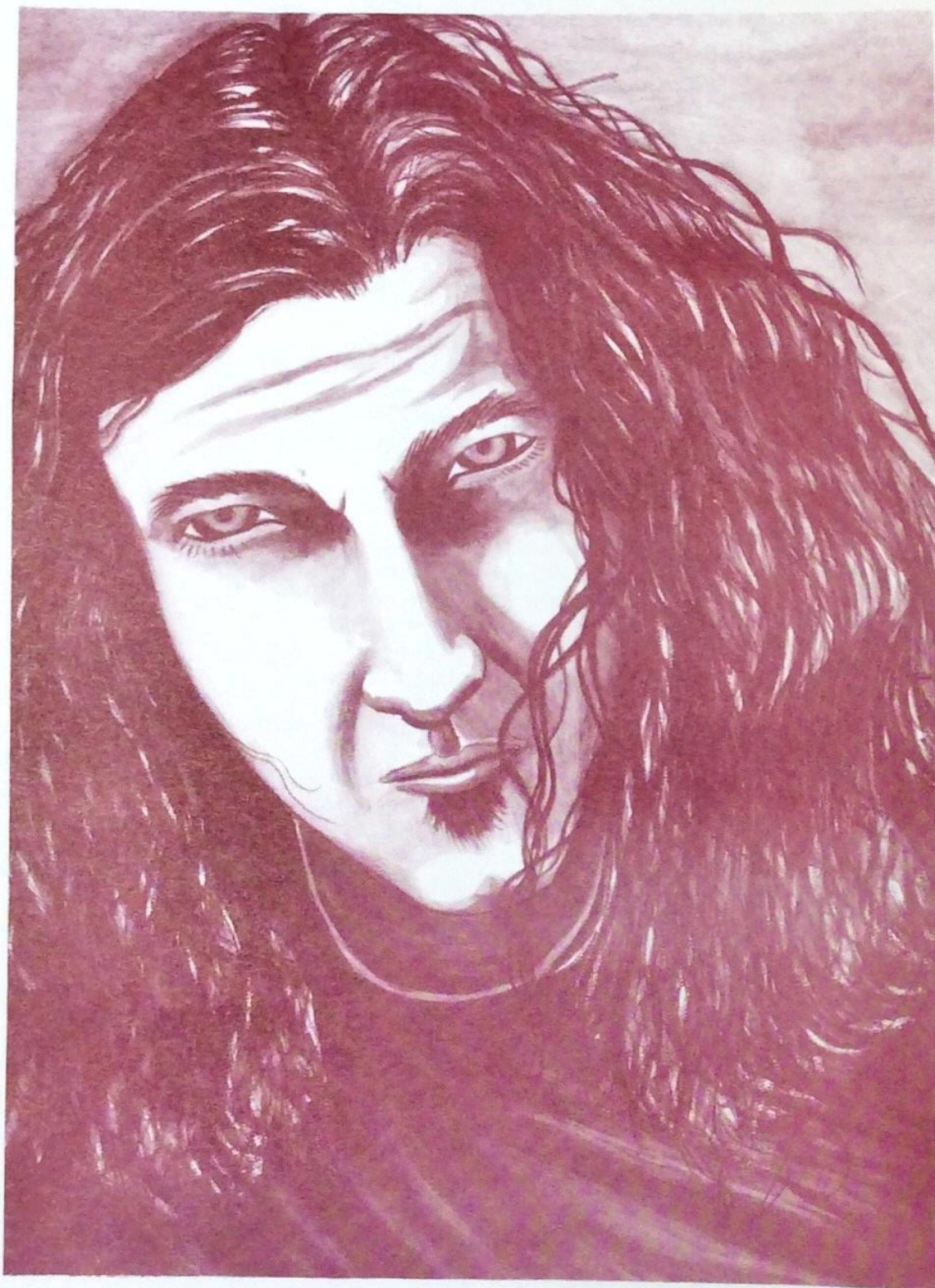


Jason Cardona

Eve

Mommy's Little Girl
Nicole Moore

I truly feel sorry for you
girl,
Not yet able to form your own opinions.
You wear the straight black skirt with white frills,
The one which mommy picked out to match her "friends" standards.
You're surrounded by a crowd of strangers
and mommy is too busy to be bothered by you now.
She wears her public face,
Smile plastered unnaturally on it,
But you sit alone
portraying just the image she wants.
You are the proper little girl who smiles when spoken to
and shows meekness to people
whom you will eventually realize
weren't worth your time,
Instead of the other way around.
Mommy looks over,
Gives you a smile when she knows others are watching
and maybe tussles your hair.
You are politely introduced to all her acquaintances
but as soon as they're tired of you,
you're dismissed.
Your mouth begins to ache,
Each moment it gets harder to keep the smile on your face,
The one which tries to show your interest
when actually you'd rather be anywhere than here.
Complete relief washes over you
as you recognize a face in the crowd,
You rush over to embrace yourself in the genuine kindness
of this one savior.
Although you are relieved for the moment,
Nothing will change
as you'll soon find out,
If you keep living your life
confined to mommy's standards.



Clarence Garcia

Eddie's World

Image of Cool
Aracelli Arellano

She can barely read her thoughts
let alone your own
he, the man breathing harshly
into the microphone
he reads them for her
to an audience of twenty
sitting pensively for the poet
to ring true meaning
of this havoc we call life.

Cappuccino in her hand
bubbles with insatiable thirst
for life as she's never seen it
help her know his thoughts
as his
not theirs.

If a rose is red
let her see it green
this mind she never knew,
STOP! and observe.

Smog infested room
congested cubicle of life
where writers either live
or die . . .
black dances seductively with brown
she stands in the corner
thinking simple thoughts
of the girl smokin' weed
and hating her ignorant mind.

This poet who steps to the podium
and speaks to the rhythm
he yells:

"SNAP"

I saw a train at three in the mornin'

"SNAP"

saw it stop and pray

"SNAP"

it calls me to its rails

"SNAP"

I strolled myself its way.

Just to see what it had to say

"SNAP"

"Yo, brotha!" it said.

"Stand before me now and wait till I awake"

"SNAP"

did not know this train's affair

as this smoke filled the desert station

"SNAP"

this hooker, Geena, rubs herself along my side

"Hey baby, looking for a good time?"

"SNAP"

Hell, the train stepped on my soul!

"SNAP"

I died that mornin'

my body not really there

"SNAP"

and that Geena,

she runs with my wallet in hand...

Rise of admiration

pupils glisten under

the steaming lights

of superficial fame

for "Shadow Lane"

whom they mistake for

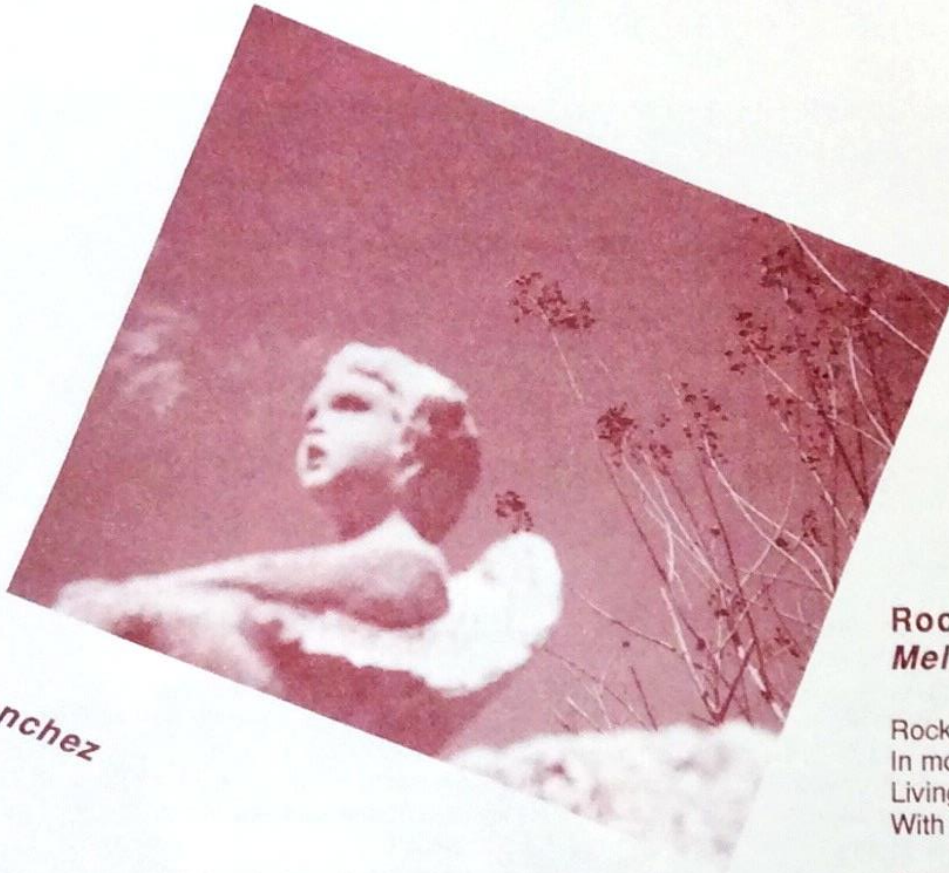
Christ.

those fools are in love with an

image of "Cool"

"SNAP"

and that is who they are!



Alex Sanchez

Rock-A-Bye Baby
Melinda Reimer

Rock-a-bye baby,
In mother's womb,
Living peacefully,
With nothing to lose.

But all of a sudden,
Your life is now shattered,
With one swift slice,
Of that terrible dagger.

Rock-a-bye baby,
In mother's womb,
It wasn't your choice,
To leave us so soon.

Important and famous,
You might have been,
If only you were given,
The chance to begin.



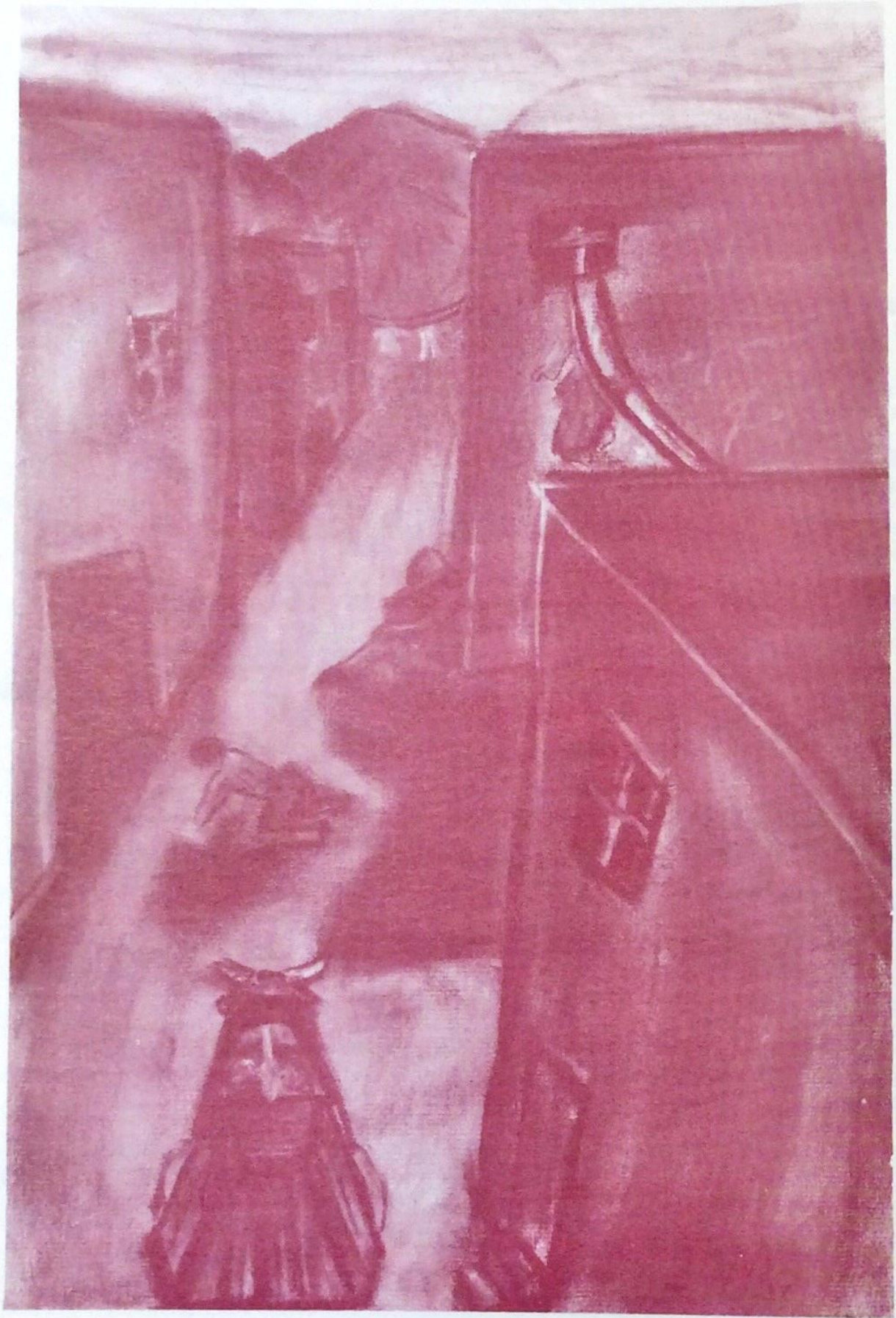
Connie Hall

A Plea For Gun Control
Aleed Ansari

So who's turn to burn
I know it ain't mine
Running out of time
to shine
to learn to earn
peace -
My peace
is cocked
My love
is blocked
by emotional love - hate
Damn - This gun is all that controls my fate -
Dig,
but can you relate
retake the past
as an outcast to
the race,
face to face
with you - yourself feeling bleu.
So damn bleu,
it's untrue
unreal;
can't heal
can't seal the pains
- but it's never seen-
the skin turning green
from holes in your veins
And life or death is
on continuous debate
And then you realize this gun is all that
controls my fate.



Carolyn Brandt



Joshua McMunn

36

Poverty

Bullseye 1994

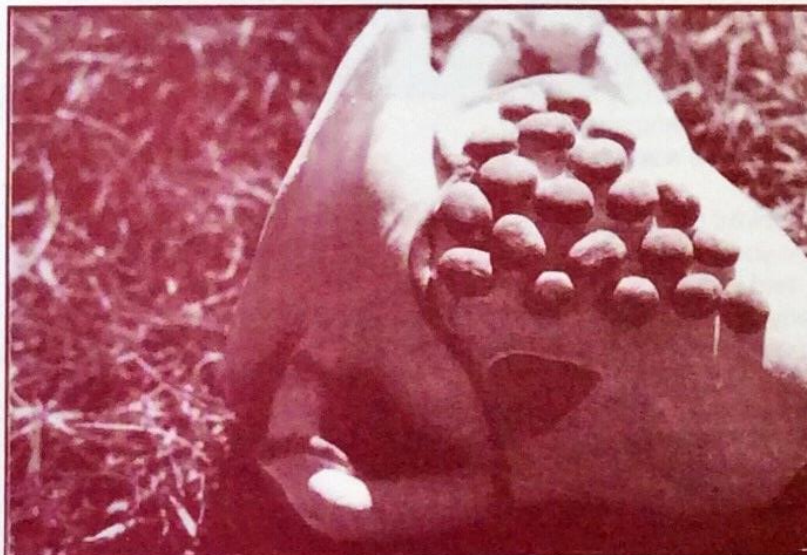
Mexican Effigy
Aracelli Arellano

I am not Indian,
no feathers adorn my mane
I've never danced
in chanting rhythm
around the roaring fire
which you so ignorantly lit
I am not your Cherokee sister
no Apache blood boils
jubilantly within me
this dark, burned skin is color
a shade of ancestor migrants
The white man's burden
don't label me "brown" girl
my skin is no color of tree bark
but, the touch of your racist HAND
leaves this Laredo spirit burned
the power of the white man
who walks so boldly above me
this Mexican Chicana
his lover to have
cause my skin makes me unworthy
He is the world's master
I am still the wet back
on the South of the border
Damn! this is an effigy creation
your own portrait of "brown"
I am not Indian,
no lust of the white man's
presence is in the
heart of this Mexican

your eyes

may be colored from skies
but my soul that treads the path
in the streets of tainted Mexico
it is the soul of a Woman,
A Screaming Mexican WOMAN!
learning to cry
sensing the scars of frustration
left by the whip of your tongue
my first shed of tear occurred
with your first racial slur
SCREAM MIGHTY HISPANIC
enrapture the night with your
bark colored arms
tap to the rhythm of heritage pride
don't wipe those Marble tiles
Sing the sorrow of poverty
show them your worth
kiss the earth that made you
D A R K !
that cleansed your mind
of loving to hate and hating to love
in your falling hands grasp
the dirt that formed the white boy
who labeled you "brown" girl
the ignorant trash
in Southern Alabama
Whose dialect of twang
judges your humanity, he
the man of your stolen country
who chooses to hate

when all he knows is
your color!

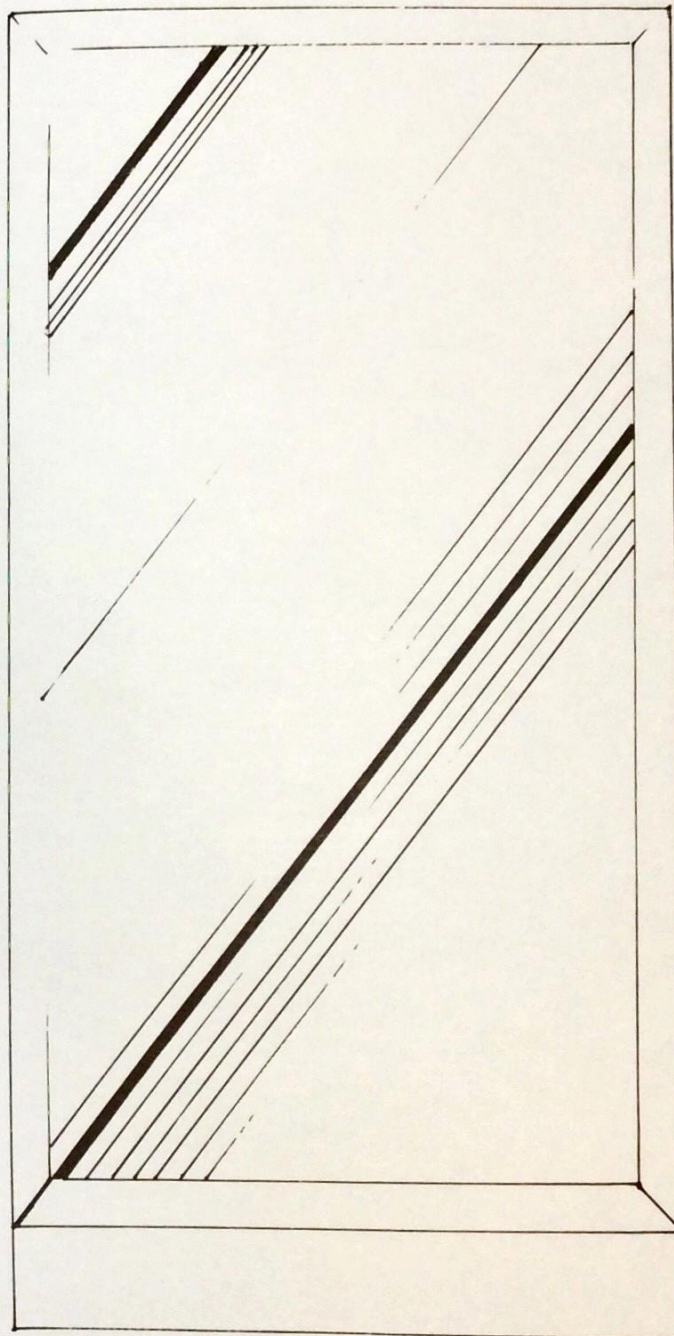




Eagle Dancer USA
Robert Crowe

You're free to fly,
You are free to spread your native wings and soar
within the boundaries of America's wardship
This land is for you to inhabit.
The eagle seal says; be thankful the white man's
God spared his shadow for you to dance in.
Dance, Native American, and love your land, circle
your high places, feel liberty in this corner of the world, the white man gave you.
Fly Pueblos, Otawwa, Dakota, Shoshone, Cherokee,
Sioux, Apache, not Indians, Indians are for
the white man's power.
But you can dance, dependent upon the flag.
Your tribe can thrive under the cross
In bondage you can eagle dance
with ancient heroes, upon the
white man's bliss.

Robert Crowe



clutching a pillow,
wrapped in a blanket
- a protective shroud for the twilight hours
cowering from darkest fears
holding your legs closer
to rest your trembling chin
on your shaky knees
fearing being found
your secrets contained in this alcove
and hoping to hide your tears
denying your claustrophobia
to remain safe



Nolan Johnson

You Better Be Scared

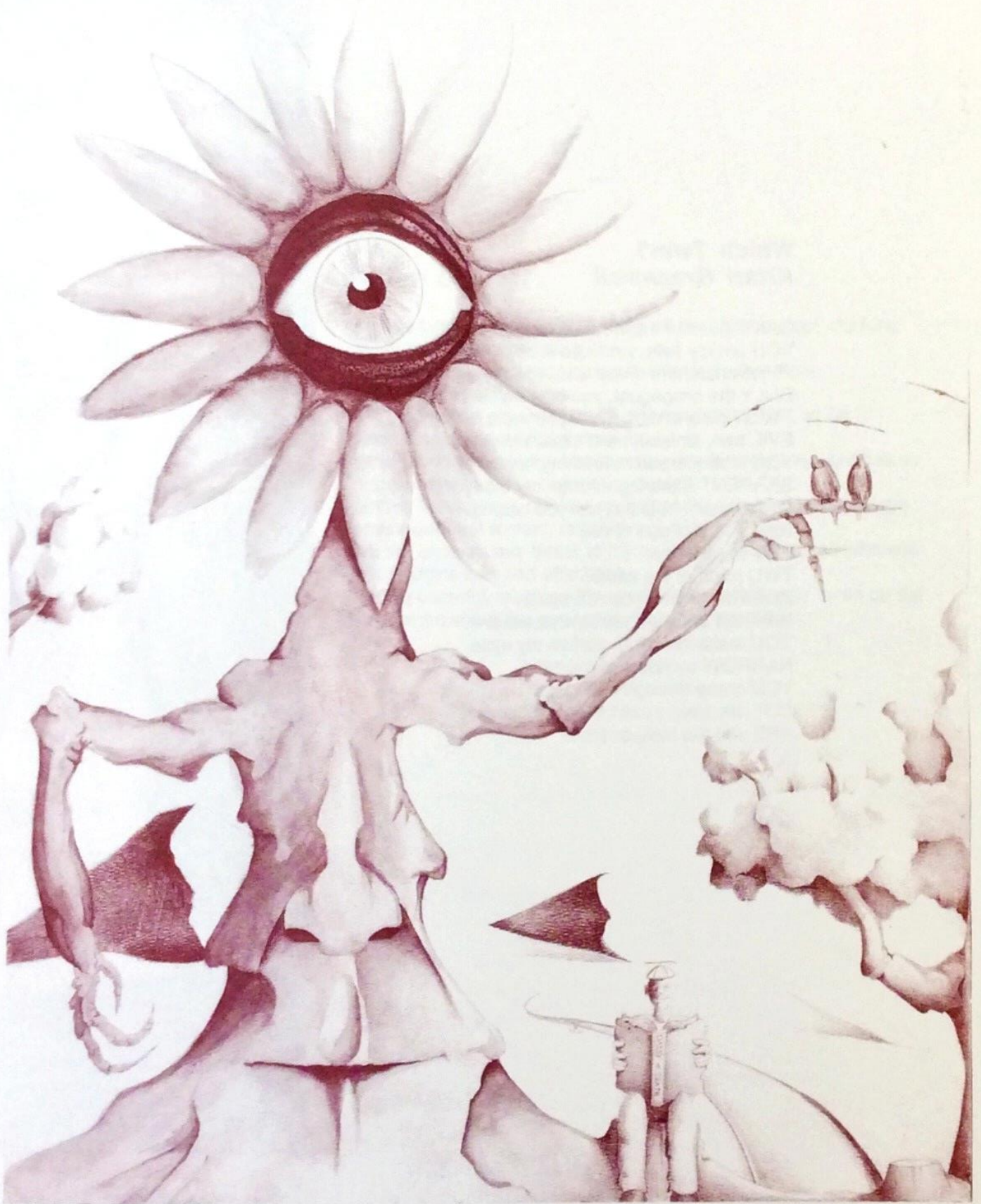
Bullseye 1994



Something's Not Quite Right *Kathryn Woody*

Stick Man springs out of bed naked,
jerks his head backward—twice,
and looks down at his feet—once.
“How skinny my legs are!” he thinks,
stomach grumbling, waiting to be fed.
He stretches to the right—twice,
bends to the left—once.
He, still naked, creeps out into the corridor
and gains speed down the stairs
and sprawls to the floor.
His face greets the cool brick.
More cautious, (for he is sore)
he crawls to the kitchen,
grabs his favorite mug (careful not to drop coffee on the rug),
and tries to stay warm.
With one last shrug,
Stick Man ventures outside,
diligently locking the door.
“The neighborhood isn’t safe anymore,” he rationalizes.
Two steps to the left;
one step to the right,
his rhythm carries him down the main street—naked and all.
“Why do they stare?” he asks.
“I guess it’s my dishevelled hair.”
Silently reprimanding his untidiness,
he keeps his feet in the two-step-one beat.
Whistling up the lane,
shaking off the looks that say, “He’s insane!”,
hailing the cab at half past eight,
he, still perfectly naked and hoping he’s not late,
runs to the office on Main.
Two floors up above,
one door down the hall,
he enters his cubicle—the fourth on the wall.
He would love
for the secretary to say “Hello!”
He wonders why it’s a no go (instead she turns bright red).
“Oh well!” he thinks. “I’ve got a long day
ahead.”
But with a jiggle of his head,
he can’t shake the fright that something
is somehow not quite right.





Randy Zingg

Daisy of Death

Bullseye 1994

Which Twin?
Kristi Greenwell

CAN'T you see I don't want to talk?
YOU are my twin, yet more wicked than I;
IN the chambers of my soul, your home.
ONLY the scapegoat, you play my fears.
TWISTED and dark, I feel you must not remain;
EVIL twin, sinister, can't close my eyes;
YOU masquerade here in my head.
SERPENT slithering through my thoughts;
STILL I can't help but feel you belong.
I don't want a part of you
BUT we are one;
TWO parts of the same.
YOU'RE not me; I can't be you
WINTER and summer is what we are.
YOU make me blind, darken my eyes
NARROW corridors of my mind,
YOU creep through every one
BUT, my alter, I can't help but wonder:
ARE you the twin, or am I?





I Am . . .
Marian Gentzel

I am the lonely woman-child, sitting on the kitchen stool, dunking my cookies, contemplating life.

I am the solemn rejected teenager, who feels the sheer impossibility of belonging.

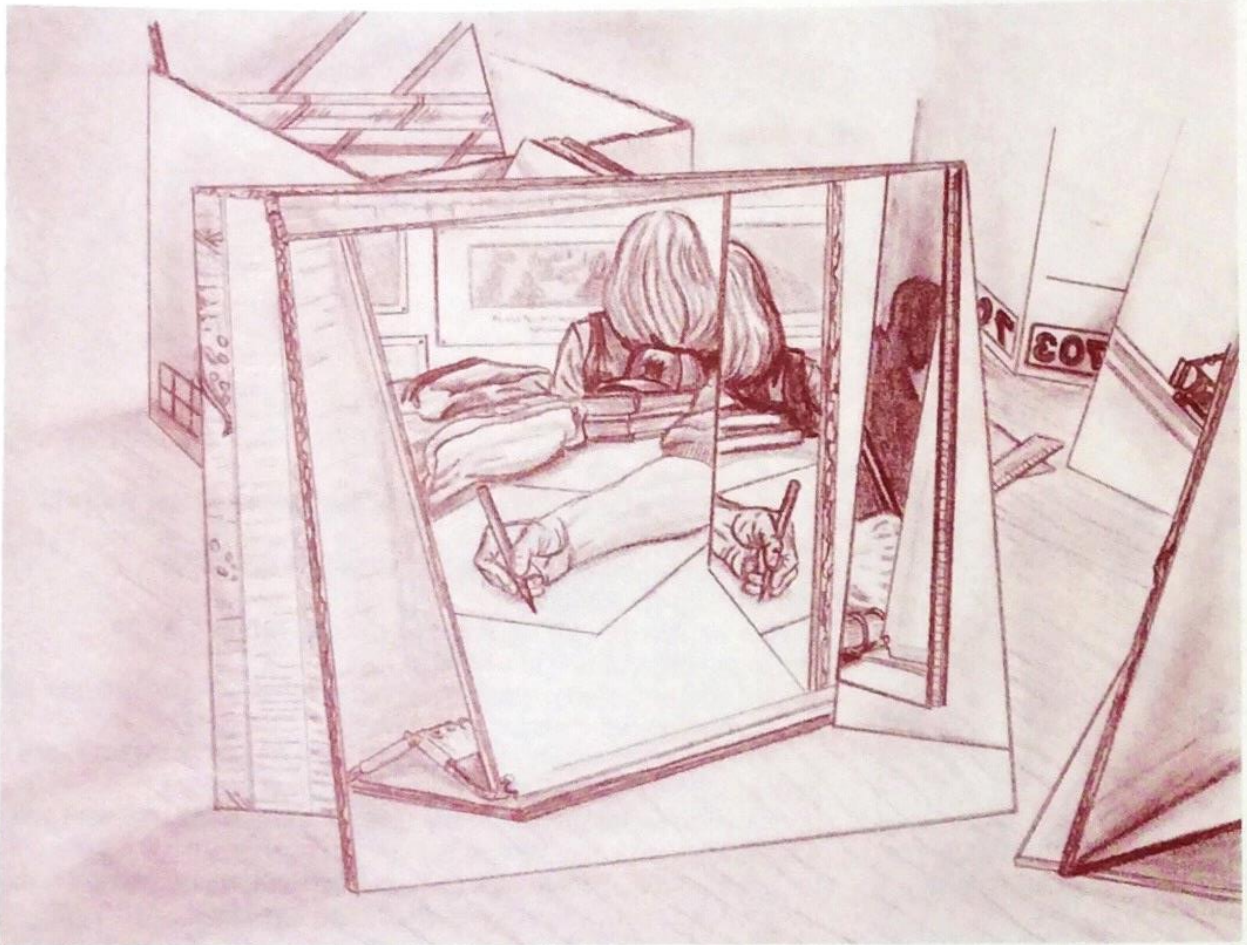
I am the wanton girl, who just wasn't enough for him, so he forced me out of a willing captivity.

I am the one who always has the answers for everyone, but has so many unanswered questions for herself.

I am the headstrong, ruthless replica of my father who has always possessed that wicked, mischievous gleam in his eye.

I am the unconscious threat to my mother in a race to see who will win Daddy's time and affections.

I am the cheerful, laughing friend who is always happy, even on the days when she hates everyone, including herself.



Blake Sandberg

Duality (Descartes' Nightmare)
Duane Pozza

A dichotomy of disbelief
Perceptual existence trickles down through the crack in the ceiling
Reality holds up its soap bubble for shelter
Their clash is a universe unto itself
A wistful note is a tune from a blackbird
A sad note from a high-perched eagle
Who is left to define your neighbor's reality?
Who is to eliminate the irksome shades or classify their structure?
A pinkish orange, a moldy yellow, a melodramatic blue
We make a color have emotion to compensate for our self-consciousness
Why be dramatic when you can be yourself?
A harlequin's mask or a muse's makeup
A hand to a mirror is no longer a hand
It is a reflection
A projection of what you want to be
Hiding on the other side
Duality substantiated by belief

change

Karen McBurney

this is a life so microcosmic
a life of black coffee and long nights
i will remember in dreams of eyes
a spectrum of eyes
ethereal stares and blank faces
expression only in eyes
in these windows

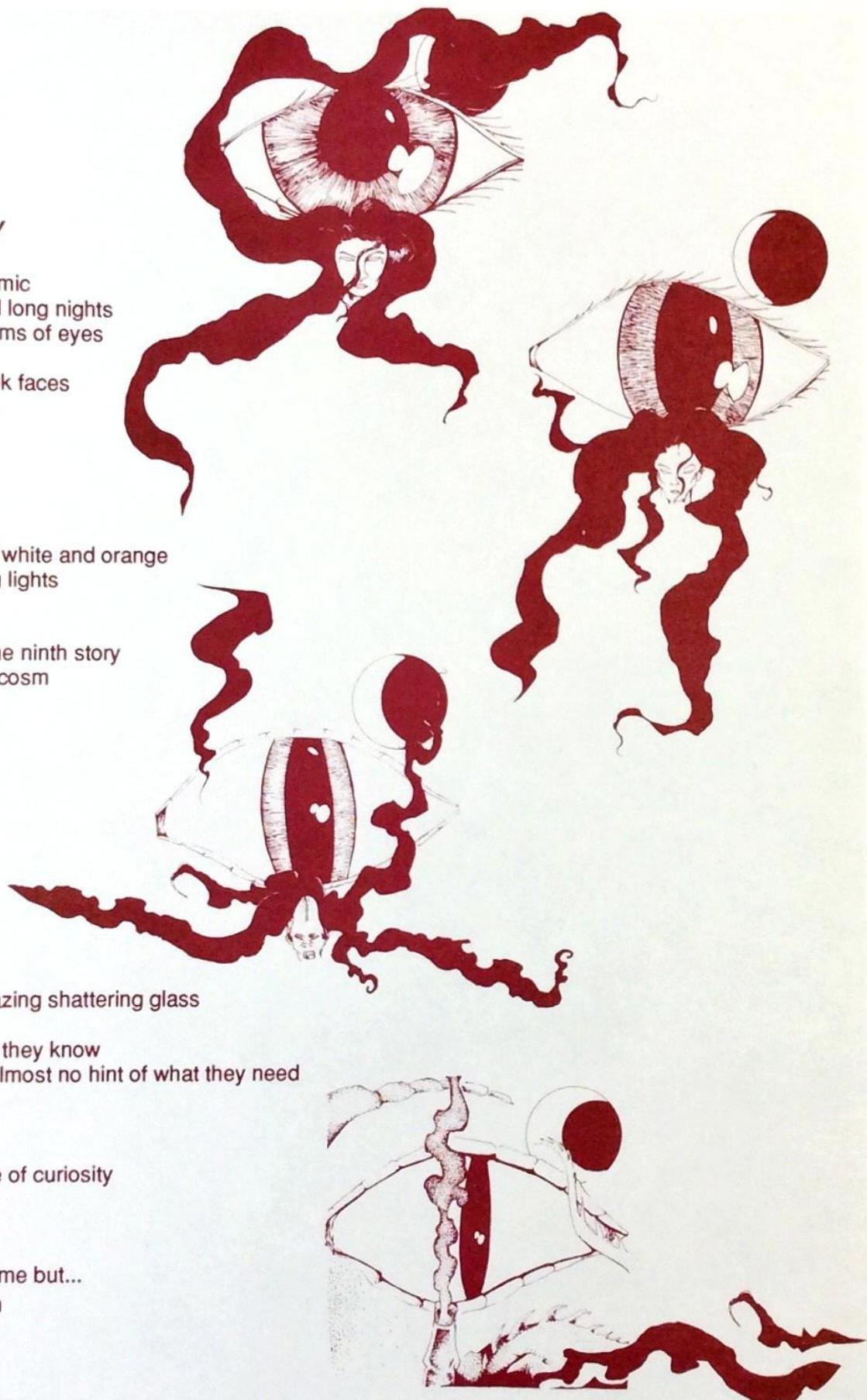
looking into the night

the soul
the city glowing red and white and orange
shadows moving among lights
lights among darkness
sirens sing you to sleep
in your apartment on the ninth story
your building your microcosm
a piece of the city
the world all yours

i am a part of all this
a part of you
i am all yours

trapped in depression
awaiting
your own amber light
and windows to the sky
to the free
into deep water and amazing shattering glass
these eyes opaque
and never showing what they know
these eyes give away almost no hint of what they need
curtains over windows

and yours
so open to a cluttered life of curiosity
and confusion
i need this twilight
you are a nocturnal life
you could reach through me but...
there is always a curtain



Josh Rudloff

Pinball (in five parts)
Alex Sanchez

(one.)

i have a little silver ball,
-metallic sphere-,
small, but heavy,
-it likes to gleam-,
it talks to me in my sleep
and disturbs my subconscious
so i'll be sure to make it the
antagonist in my next nightmare.

(two.)

almost like an eyeball
-almost because it is not that of a
human eye, but that of a
zombie's, whose has long since
reared back to view its rotten empty brain-
the damn thing glares at me
as i loom over it,
as i leer away from it.
-author's note: my little shiny
play-sphere is also not the same
in accordance with a human
(an) eye in the sense that
you can escape the vision of a
human eye through a
peripheral gapholecrack. . . opening,
but there is no retreat from
a socketshuckedzombiesphere-
it follows me with my face,
no turn or motion rids
of it.

(three.)

my little ball is almost concave,
pinball-cum-spoon,
-a spoon is different
from my toy, a spoon
just holds you upside down
[inward interlock]
almost trapped until
a heaping spoonful of
sugarcoated brainwashed
zombie munchcrunch
snapcracklepop!
tooth decay floats in its silver shell
and you eat
yourself - eat memyselfandiand(eye)-
wash your reflection down
with some oj and kiss
mom goodbye.



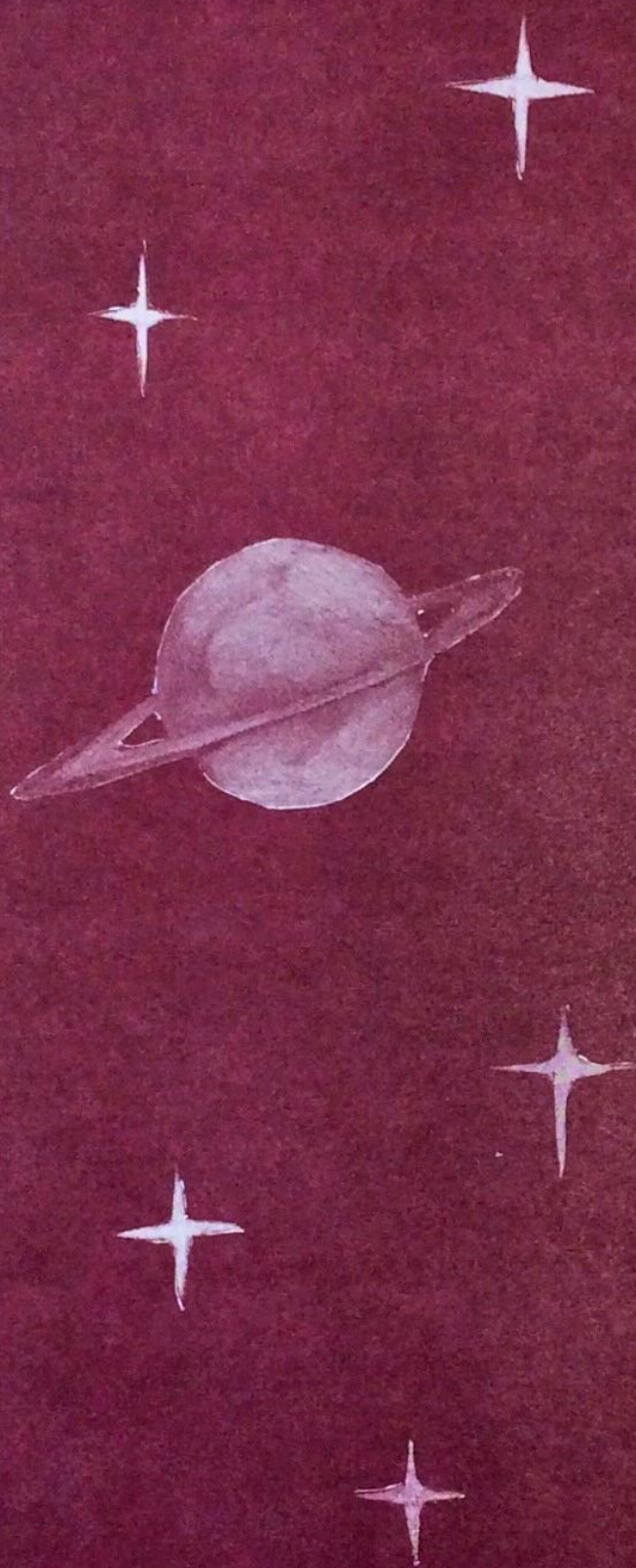
Jason Cardona

(four.)

why don't i move along with
my shiny pocket sized friend,
my fingers roll over it,
becoming monstrously huge
and vulgar,
-author's note: the human eye
takes things for what they're worth
whereas the metallic mass
can change you making you
pretty or deformed, the
human (an) eye is therefore more
cruel for once it sees you distorted
that's the way you see yourself-
like my ball,
it manipulates me,
in mind and body.
it's okay though, because it
enjoys it,
when i cry i hear it giggle
and i see it crack a silver grin
which makes out my sullen face
when my tears roll off it.

(five.)

'are you my friend?',
-no response-
'what's your name?',
-same-
'do you want to play?' [with my mind]
-did the flashing lights upset
you, when you were ball#3
and GOD had run out of quarters?
close, but no cigar it takes
20 million for an extra ball, one
that you can beat and tarnish
with rotted rubber flippers,
were you locked in some sort of
demented mental disco under glass, i was
sick to save you. . .lonely,-
you have no identity other than my
glare and no persona,
i never forget a face,
but without a name you're useless,
so i'll forget you as you roll
down 'try again' lane [as i did]
waiting for another quarter,
another god, [another me]
to save your shiny ass
as their eyes
flicker TILT.



A Rose By Any Other Name Would Still Stink

Scott Westenberger

"I love you," he whispered lovingly into her ear as he leaned nearer to her. They sat close together in his car parked on the deserted stretch of roadway outside of town.

"I love you, too," she whispered back. Her warm, moist breath tickled his ear.

They were utterly alone, in a state of bliss, two people with a love they thought could never die. The fact that there was no one else around made them seem even closer; nothing could separate the two lovers.

He drew back to look at her, his eyes full of longing and tenderness. She glanced at him and their eyes locked. They stared deep, as if their eyes were windows through which they could read each others' souls. They both knew what this night was leading to, and they both wanted it to happen. Just then he moved in close to kiss her; his lips opened slightly and his hand came up to caress her cheek. She moved toward him, her head tilting slowly to the side.

"STOP!" she shrieked, quickly pulling her head away from his. "Don't do that!"

"What?" said the man, "What's wrong? I thought you wanted to!"

"No, not the kiss, that's not what I was talking about. I meant your hand. Your finger was about to touch my nose."

"Your nose?" he asked. "So what! What's so bad about my touching your nose that you have to scream at me?"

"Nothing, I just don't like people touching my nose, that's all. No big deal, just leave it alone."

"Now wait a minute. I almost touch your nose with my finger, and you freak out and start shouting at me. Then you tell me it's nothing? I don't think so! What's your problem? If this is some kind of joke, I'm not laughing."

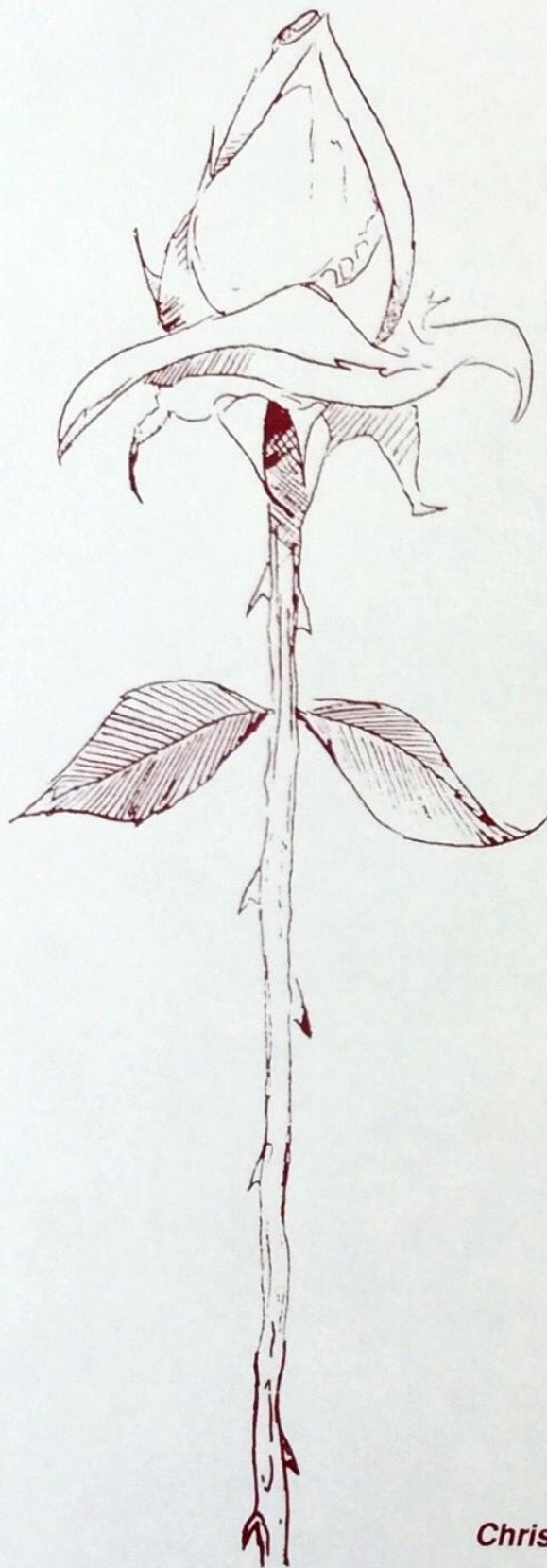
"Look, I told you, I just don't like anyone touching my nose. Now can we please change the subject?"

"No. I want to know what's up."

"Shut up, why can't you just let it alone? Why do you always have to be such a moron and make a big deal out of every little thing?"

"Me? You're the one who's going psycho about your nose!"

"You pea-brained idiot, you just can't leave it alone, can you? Well forget it. I've had enough. I'm getting out of here!" and she grabbed for the door handle.



Chris Friend



"Not this time, you wench! I'll teach you to mess with me!" With that he pulled up his right hand, index finger extended straight out, and shoved his finger as fast and as far as he could directly up her right nostril.

"Uuungh!" she grunted as her head was shoved up and back, almost snapping her neck. His finger was buried up to the knuckle inside her head. He started to smile but stopped as he realized that he felt nothing inside her head. A look of puzzlement crossed his face when something very cold and wet licked the end of his finger.

"What the..." he started to say. Just then her eyes snapped wide open and a very nasty looking grin came over her face.

Suddenly he got very scared. This wasn't the kind of thing he was used to on a date, and he really didn't know what the correct course of action was. His first thought was to get his finger out of this woman's nose and then decide how to deal with her. But as he was about to withdraw his finger, he felt three rows of razor sharp teeth bite down hard on his finger, cutting almost to the bone.

As a yell of pain flew past his lips, she started to laugh, softly at first, then with greater intensity. She eventually flung her head back with the force of the laughter, which of course dragged his arm along since his index finger was still caught up her nose.

"Now you've done it," she hissed at him, her voice turning ugly and raspy. "You just couldn't leave well enough alone; you just had to go and do that. Well, you asked for it."

He had no idea what he had gotten himself into (it was obviously more than just a nose), but he was sure he wanted to get out of it. He punched her in the face with his left hand, which he realized in retrospect was a very stupid idea because as her head flipped back it once again ripped his finger forward. The blow hardly even phased her this time. She had her head back up in a second.

"I've had just about enough of you, young man!" With that, she started to snuffle. Not just little, feminine, funeral, 'feel sorry for me' type snuffles, but big ol', I've got a cold and I've got a whole lot in my nose and I'm hungry and I'm gonna suck down this whole wad type snuffles. You might call them snuffles. These snuffles caused his hand to be drawn slowly up into her nose. He could feel the "it" up there starting to chomp down on more of his finger.

"No, this is AHHHH impossible, this can't AHHHHH

really be happen...AHHHHHH!" He was screaming now as he struggled futilely to escape the amazing suction of her nasal passages. It was as if her nostril had suddenly become the center of a black hole.

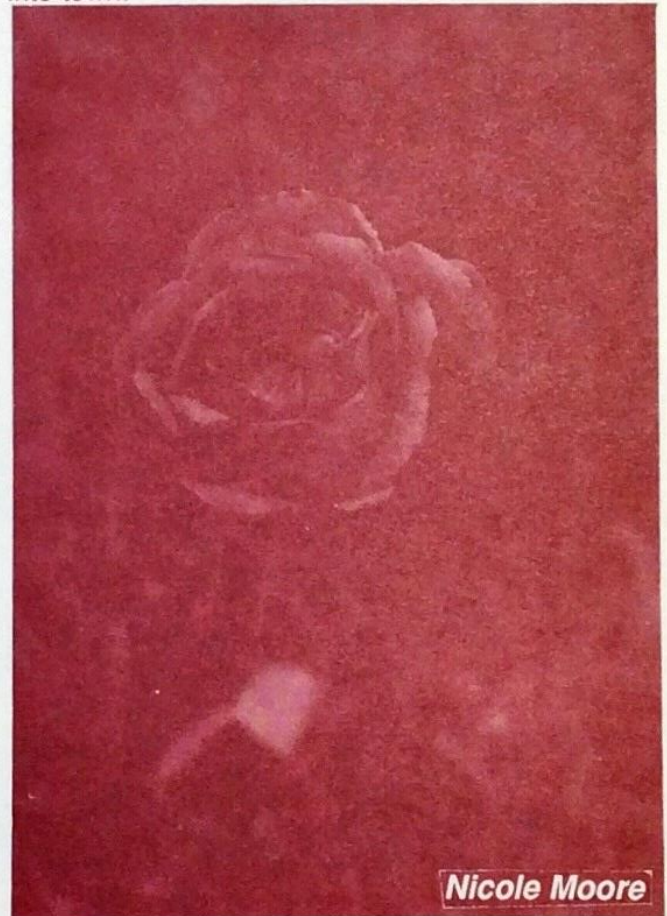
"You better believe it, buddy boy!" She laughed as his arm started to disappear up her nose. Soon his arm was in past the elbow and then almost up to the shoulder.

"Please, please, I'll do anything. Please, spare me!" he whined and pleaded with her.

She stopped her snuffling and looked down at him. "You're really pitiful, you worthless little turd." With one final laugh, she snuffled him up like she would suck up a long piece of spaghetti, with it whipping all over the place getting her face all sloppy.

When she finished, she leaned back and let out a satisfied, "Ahhhh...., Well that was a good one. I kind of feel sorry for him, but I did warn him. We can't exactly have his kind running around all over the place."

On that final note, she picked at her nose a little, wiped it off on the bottom of the seat, and drove back into town.





Aleed Ansari

Aviation

Runner

Rebecca Rosser

I

Toby sat quietly in his darkened cabin waiting for the handler to walk back up to the big house. When the footsteps were out of earshot, he eased himself across the room to the door. Just as he was about to lift the latch, Toby heard a soft knock. Frozen with fear, he leaned heavily against the door.

"Toby, Toby, it's me, Jimmy," came a whisper from outside. "Let me in Toby, 'fore the handler comes back."

Melting in relief, Toby relaxed and allowed his friend to push his way into the dim cabin.

"Toby," Jimmy said once inside the safety of the small room, "you've got to take me with you. If you run off and I'm still here, they're sure to know I had somethin' to do with it. Now, you know I'm not gonna tell 'em nuthin', but that won't stop 'em from beating it outta me."

Toby hung his head. He did not know what to say to his friend. Jimmy was like a father to Toby, and he knew everything Jimmy had said was true. Toby didn't want the Master to beat Jimmy, but he could not risk taking Jimmy with him.

"Jimmy," Toby started, "I just can't take you with me, but you're right, you do have to run. Run tonight into the creek. Run 'till you get to Sadie's cabin. Wait there and I'll send someone for you as soon as I can."

Jimmy looked down at his feet and then up to Toby's face. Toby could see Jimmy was trying to fight back tears. Toby knew he would never see Jimmy again, and he knew Jimmy had just realized it also. They stood there like two wooden statues until, finally, Jimmy spoke.

"O.K. boy, you run," he said, struggling to keep the emotion out of his voice. "Run fast as fast and as hard as you can. Run into Owl Creek and run North. Don't stop and don't look back for nuthin'. Run 'till you can't run no more. Run 'till you get to the other side where they appreciate us colored folks. I'll run too. I'll run South. I'll leave a trail they can follow. I'll get caught, but by God, you'll be free, and that is what matters."

Jimmy had to stop because the tears were getting in his way. He stood there sobbing and Toby went to him. He hugged Jimmy until neither of them could stand it any longer.

"Thank you," Toby whispered in gratitude. "Thank you old man, thank you father."

II

Out of breath, Toby stopped running. He could tell by the position of the sun that it was just past noon. Toby sat down in the creek and began to bathe himself in the cool water. He felt free, finally he felt free. He would never again have to say "yes sir" or "no ma'am" because he was free. Toby's field labor days were also over.

"Let the Master's ugly daughter pull the plow," Toby chuckled to himself. "I am FREE!"

That thought gave Toby a new rush of energy. He jumped up and began running again, running North.

III

As Toby came upon Owl Creek Bridge, he noticed sounds of people moving through the brush. Assuming these sounds were made by bounty hunters looking for him, Toby began to panic. He dashed up the side of the creek and crept into the crevice formed by the meeting of the bridge and the creek bank. Toby sat still and silent. On the other side of the bridge was a man Toby recognized as a plantation owner, a slave owner. From what Toby could make out, it looked like this man was trying to strike a flint and start a fire. The man was trying to burn the bridge.

Out of his peripheral vision, Toby saw the union soldiers closing in on the man. Instinctively helping people in trouble, Toby started to call out and warn the man. Then, Toby realized that the Union soldiers were on his side. The soldiers encompassed the man and requested his surrender.

Toby watched as the soldiers took this man to the middle of the bridge and tightly bound

his hands behind his back. The soldiers looped a noose around the man's neck and walked him to the edge of a plank that was steadied by a soldier on the other end. The soldier stepped away and the man fell. Toby could hear the snapping of the man's neck from his cubbyhole under the bridge.

IV

Toby could not bear to look at the dead man any longer. He crawled out from his hideaway and began running again. Toby's face was burning red with fear and exhaustion, but he kept running. Toby did not look back again until he thought someone was running behind him. Toby stopped running and skid on the embankment. He crouched where he had stopped and listened. Through the evening fog rising from the creek, Toby heard dogs running a trail, his trail. Toby plunged into the creek and tried to swim upstream; the current was too strong and only pulled him closer to the animals hunting him.

Toby reared out of the water and splashed towards the shore. He turned to see where the bounty hunters were and he could not believe what he saw. The men chasing him were not bounty hunters. They were soldiers, Union soldiers. Toby fell to his knees, crying.

"I'm on your side," he cried out, raising his open hands in the air. "I'm on your side."

The men encircled Toby with their black powder revolvers drawn. Toby almost laughed in relief when he recognized the soldiers as the ones from Owl Creek Bridge. One of the officers approached Toby, and with no words, began searching his person for weapons and papers. The other soldiers stood around them with veiled faces. Toby whimpered in confusion and fear.

"So boy," sneered the officer, "what are you running from?"

"I - I - I was going North sir," Toby stuttered, becoming afraid of the man. "And I was just thinkin' that maybe you good Union soldiers would help me get across the line?"

The men laughed at Toby and jerked him to his feet. A shorter man in Union blue stepped forward and cut a piece of rope from

his belt. The rope was used to bound Toby's hands behind his back. The officer tied the rope so tightly that it instantly started to cut into Toby's skin and he soon lost circulation in his hands. The short man then cut another piece of rope and looped it into a noose. The officer instructed the private to place the noose around Toby's neck and to lead him South, back to Owl Creek Bridge.

Toby did not comprehend what was happening to him until the group arrived at the bridge and he saw the hanged man swaying in the Southern summer's breeze. Hypnotized by *deja vu*, Toby felt himself being led up onto the railroad bridge. The short private threw the loose end of the rope over a supporting timber and tied it into a sturdy sailors' knot. The officer laid a wooden plank, the wooden plank, across the railroad ties with one end extending past the bridge over the water. The officer then stood on the safe end of the plank and Toby was walked to the end that smelled of death. The officer stepped off the plank and Toby began to fall in what seemed like slow motion. The last thing that Toby saw before his mind was filled with white emptiness was the man hanging next to him, neck broken, eyes bulging, and blood drooling from the corner of his half-smiling mouth.

V

Toby was jarred awake by a sense of impending doom. He crept out from his cubicle and stared up at the darkened sky, looking for a familiar constellation. He first found Orion and then quickly located the North Star. Toby knew what he had to do. He climbed up to the railroad bridge and walked out to the middle. He looked down at the hanged man for a long time with tears welling in his eyes. He knew it was time. Toby looked once more at the North Star and then turned his back on it. He dove into Owl Creek and swam South with the current. He was going home. He was going home to protect his friend and to confront his father. He was going home to save his Jimmy and to kill his Master.

The Way It Really Happened

Nolan Johnson

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house, all the creatures were stirring, even some mice. The socks were draped by the fireplace kind of sloppily; I hoped that Saint Nicholas would not come here.

The tyrants were still awake in their beds with visions of the creatures that roam in their house. My wife in her nightie and I in my North Carolina shorts, had just settled down to watch Arsenio Hall. Just then I heard a really terrible noise, and I ran to a closet 'till the end of the story. Then my wife (how strong she was) went to the peep hole to see what was the matter. What she saw was really a joke; it was a Hyundai Excel being pushed by eight midgets. For the driver, so groggy and drunk, was a huge old man dressed in red. My wife said, "That must be the cute old man who stands on the corner and steals everybody's money."

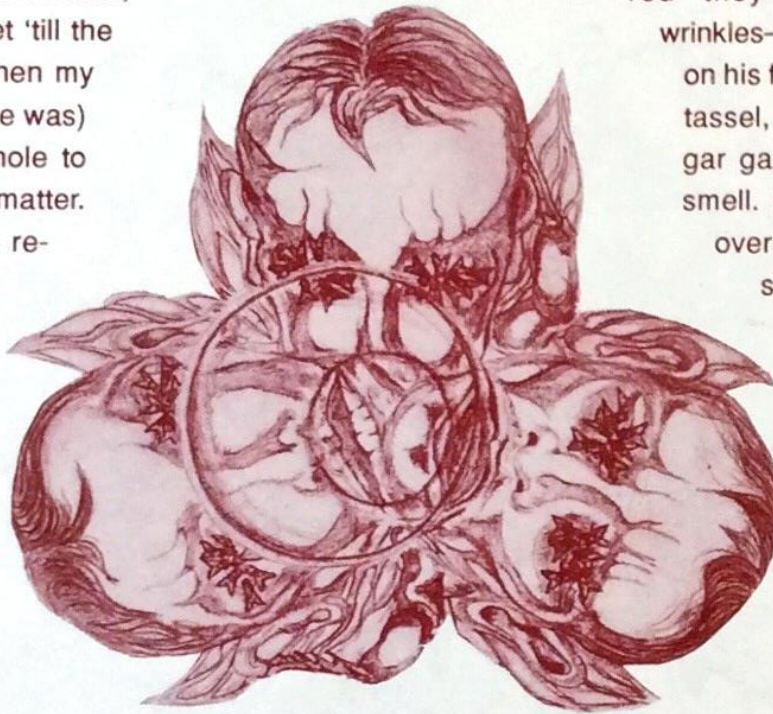
Slower than turtles, they came up the driveway. He yelled, and screamed, and called them names: "Now, Shorty! Now, Tiny! Now, Puny and Little! On, Pee-Wee! On, Stupid! On, Teeny and Pint-size!"

As he stumbled out of the car, I noticed a

bag full of rocks and an empty one, too. And then with a great big hoist, the eight little midgets threw him up on the roof. I could hear that old fellow stumble, and right through the roof he came crashing down.

He was dressed in some jail-issued clothes that were painted red. The stones from the bundle he had flung on his back were now scattered everywhere. When he stood up, he looked like a demon; his eyes—how red they seemed; and his wrinkles—how scary! The beard on his face was as fake as the tassel, and the butt of the cigar gave off the most awful smell. His face had scars all over it, and his huge behind shook when he coughed. He certainly was a stinky old man. With a snarl of his lips and a really big growl, he gave me a shiver, and I knew I had everything to dread.

He said nothing at all but went straight to work. He stole everything in sight, even the socks. After everything was gone, he laughed really loud and picked his nose; right then he grabbed his bags and raced out the door. He hopped into the Hyundai and honked the horn at his team. Away they all went and I think I heard him say, "Be back next year!"

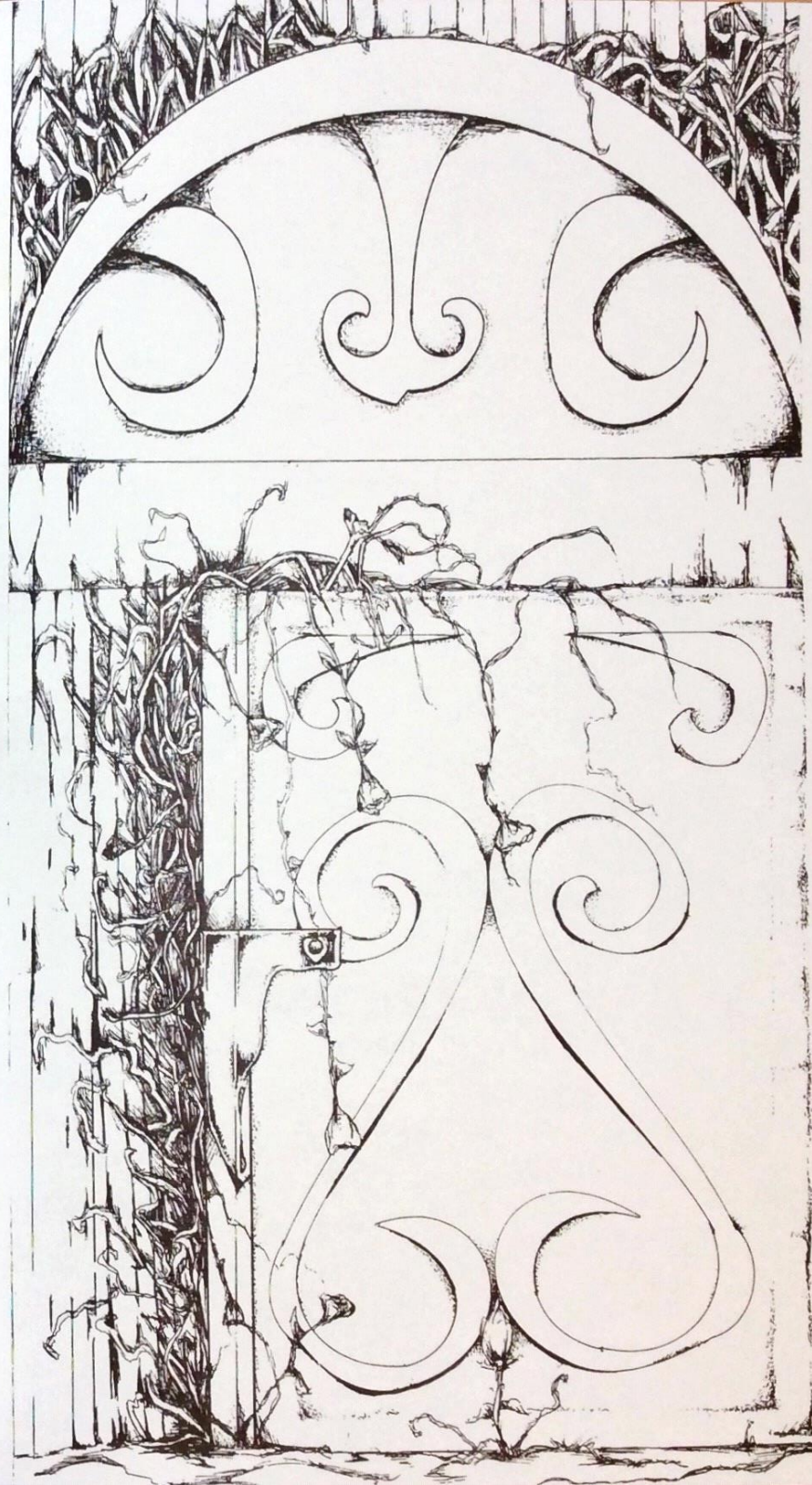


Robert Crowe



Shawna Vorhes

Flowers



watching her withered hand push open
the rusted gate
sensing the overgrown vines slithering
beneath your soft bare feet
she leads you under the branches
cold stones of the broken fountain
caressing you through the film of soil
and loving you full
reaping your emotions from where you grew
and in a fever
bliss is yours to embrace

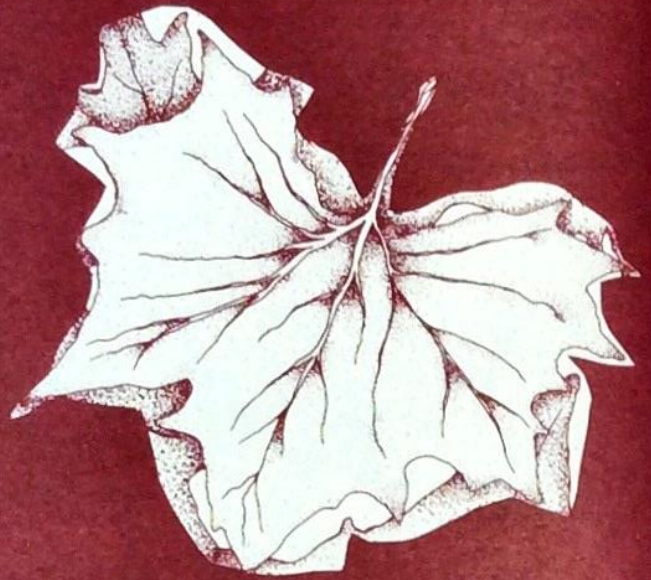


Jason Cardona

Shawna Vorhes

Three Fish

Bullseye 1994



Forest Dancer
Patti Neff

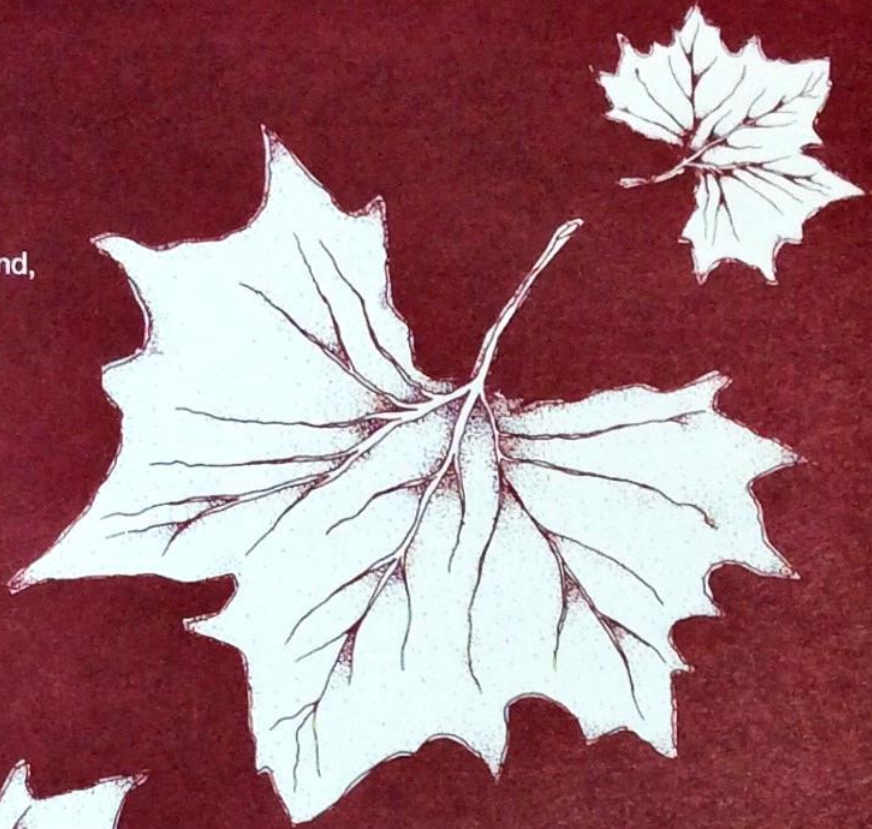
I dance alone in a forest of green
My bare feet stamp staccato rhythm on the lush grass
And the breeze hums for me the forest's melody
The roses join in and sway slow to the beat
And I spin in a delirious circle
The forest is a kaleidoscope of crystal colors
As I fall giddy and laughing
To rest on Nature's cushion
While with leafy hands, the trees applaud my tricks



Kelly Stevens

Carried
Holley Griffin

Interchanging souls,
dancing,
every spirit, ever laughing,
weightless voices,
rising in infinity wrapped around the wind,
a child's memory whispers,
between dimensions of breath,
tumbling in unknown memory,
cradled in light -
ecstatic serenity,
influx of life -
and,
on a distant ember,
the rustling of wings is heard.



distracted
Karen McBurney

the world goes from night to dawn and delicate blades of grass
shoot up from dirt
the closest warmest most comfortable thing in the world
they tell me i am taurus
so what's your sign
and a million other questions to ask so i can know every inch
of you
and you can be close warm and comfortable
like dirt

Independent Soul
Josh Batschelet

I. Silky metal slipping over jagged gray pavement,
the sun comes in through the far window
throwing your shadow away
wasting your image
on the cool black grass below.

Cut the purring,
cease the movement
a locked glance
with a sealed world between our lips
a beautiful microcosm
birthed by two
a universe that is only created for one passion instant
before slipping away to be with its others,
dispersed in the air
to vibrate the sound of "I love you"
escaping from my lungs.



II. Hollow words that travel through electric on's and off's,
"Why can't loving me be enough?"

By loving me
you're giving me our little universes,
our adjusted mirror glances,
and more than can be asked for.
If every action that you give me
is an act of that emotion,
then you have given me all that is coiled in your...
your "Independent Soul" that bleeds into mine,
Losing itself like a child leaving its mother in
search of a satisfying sweetness
that mother who bore child to me
for me to play with, and love, and take away
from the mother "Independent Soul."
By loving me,
I have received a child
innocent and fresh
dedicated to the one heated emotion that escapes apology.



Josh Rudloff

She
James Bircher

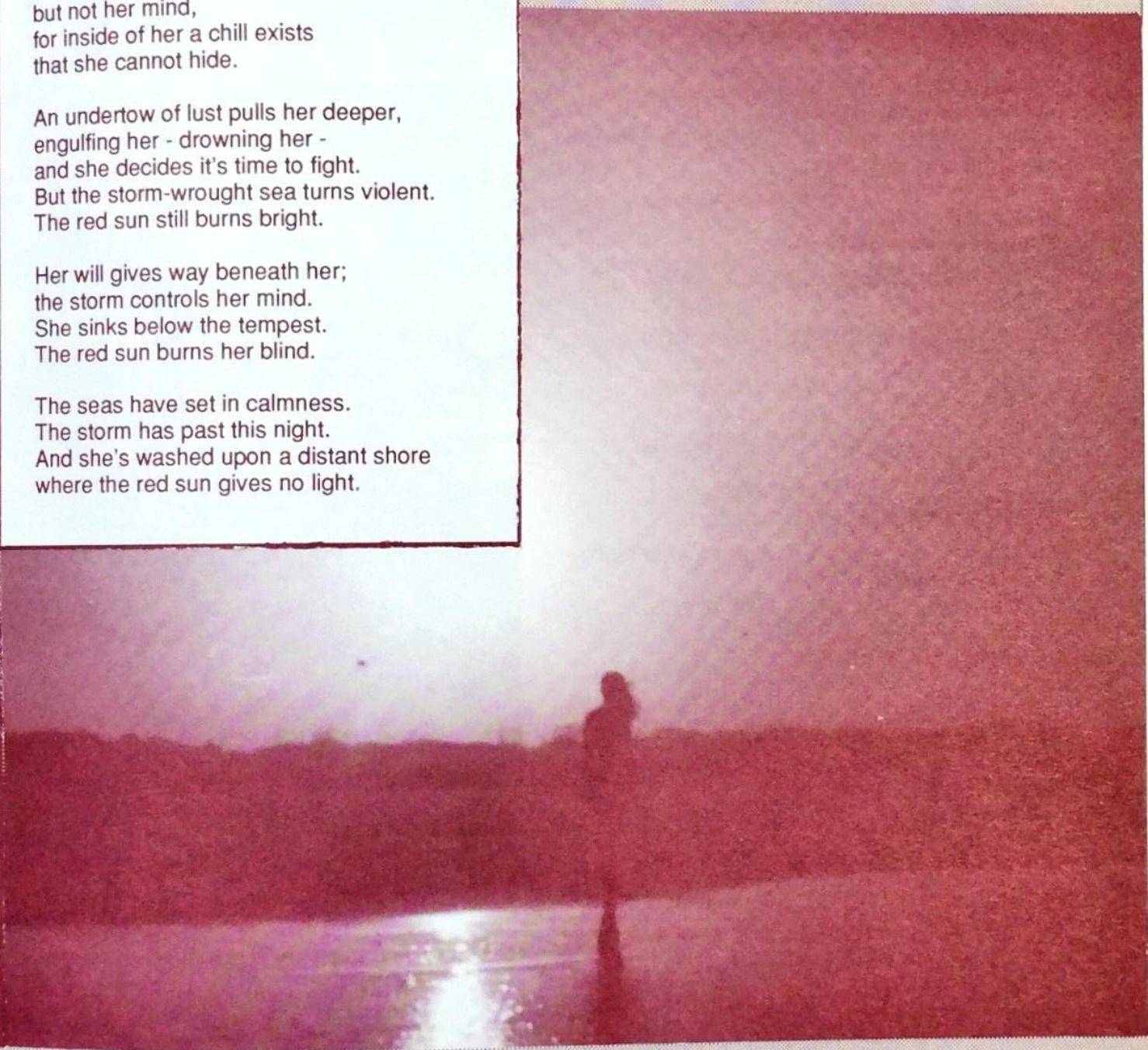
Silken seas surround her;
she floats in broken pride.
Thoughts of a salvation stayed,
imposed by her despise of herself
as the red sun burns her side.

Warm waves caress her body
but not her mind,
for inside of her a chill exists
that she cannot hide.

An undertow of lust pulls her deeper,
engulfing her - drowning her -
and she decides it's time to fight.
But the storm-wrought sea turns violent.
The red sun still burns bright.

Her will gives way beneath her;
the storm controls her mind.
She sinks below the tempest.
The red sun burns her blind.

The seas have set in calmness.
The storm has past this night.
And she's washed upon a distant shore
where the red sun gives no light.



Nicole Czech

I Watch
Eric Esparza

I watch her every day
Noticing her every move
Committing every detail to memory.

She is my affirmation of beauty
Her rich brown hair flows freely
I get lost in the icy caverns of her light brown eyes
Her dark brown skin glows warmly.

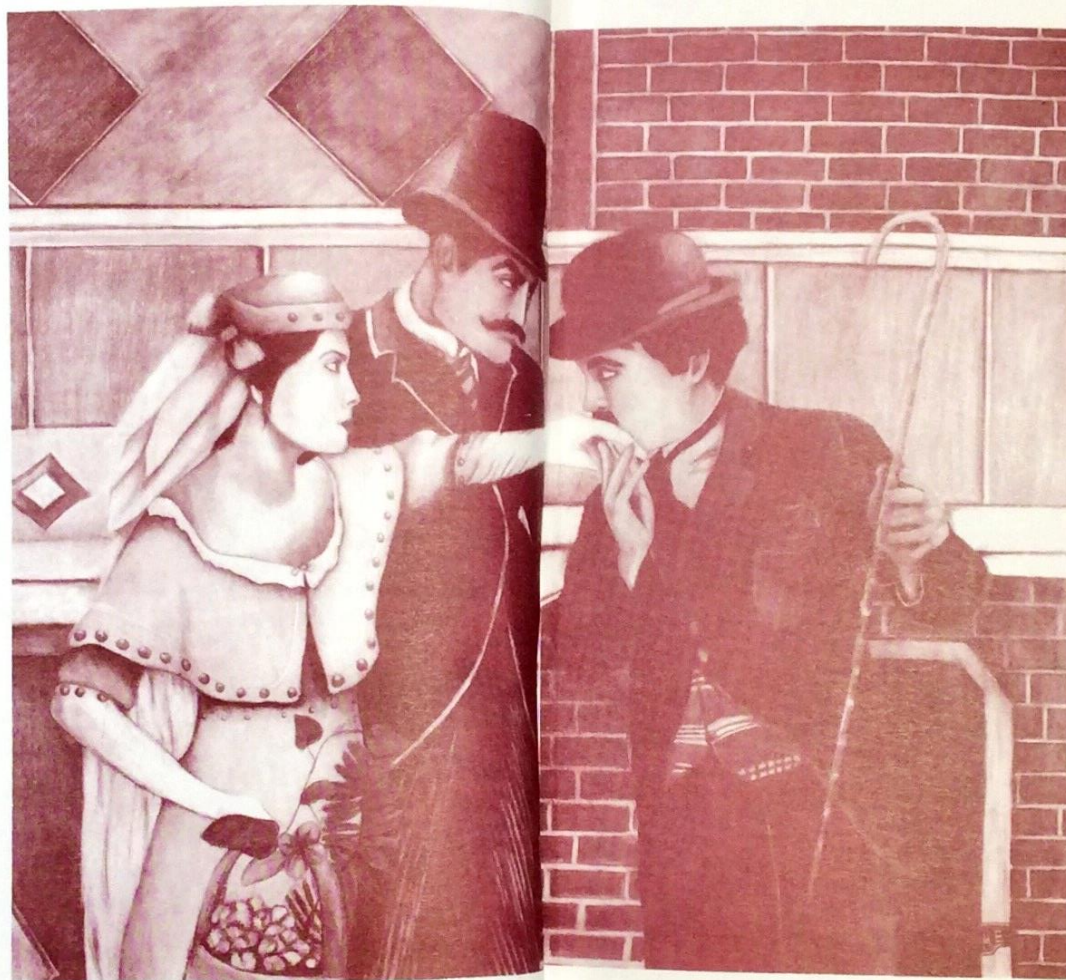
An aura surrounds her
She fills the room with a glow
That glow illuminates my heart, bringing it to life.

I love her
To be with her, To be near her
If only to touch her
To kiss her lips.

I love her but she gives her love to another
She loves him
not me.

What I would do, what I would give for her touch
Every task she bids me done
Every wish she longs for my command
The world is hers, if only she would see
see the glow in my heart.

She is not mine
Nor mine to try to win
She is his
I watch
I can only watch
and dream.



Paint Her a Mural
Connie Hall

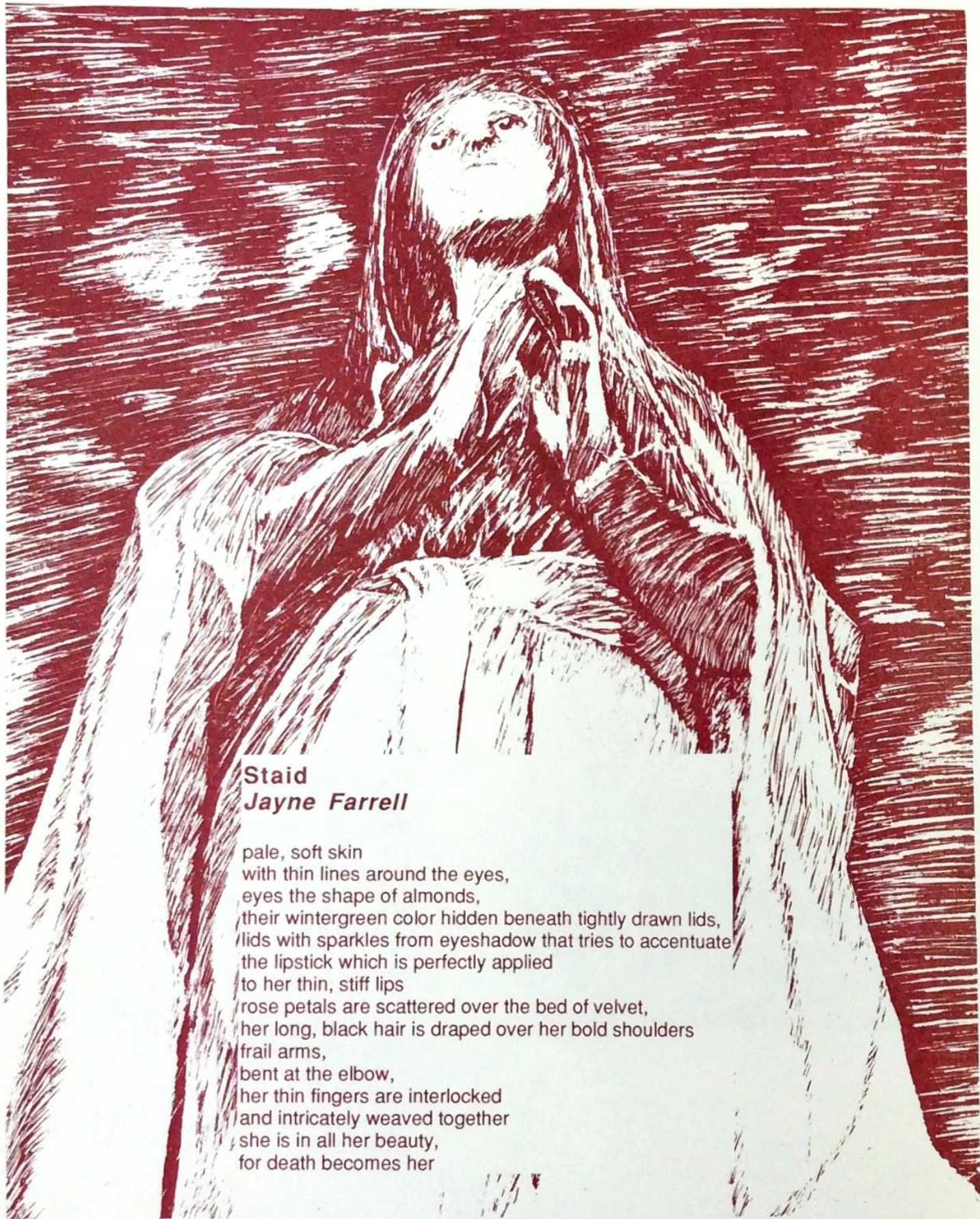
Run to the end
of the earth to greet her
make it a point to write
a poem using
cliché after cliché
from the letters of a former lover.

Run through the streets
of New York
paint a mural of her on a wall
dedicate it to God
and scream
scream at the top of your
lungs that she
is yours.

Take her to the highest point
of climax
go beyond by offering
her daisies
wrapped in white silk
when you leave
touch her face
ask her to kiss
your fingertips
to get you excited for the next time.

She will charm you again
and again
manipulate you in a good way
her way
buy her dresses patterned
with flowers
to conform to
her body.

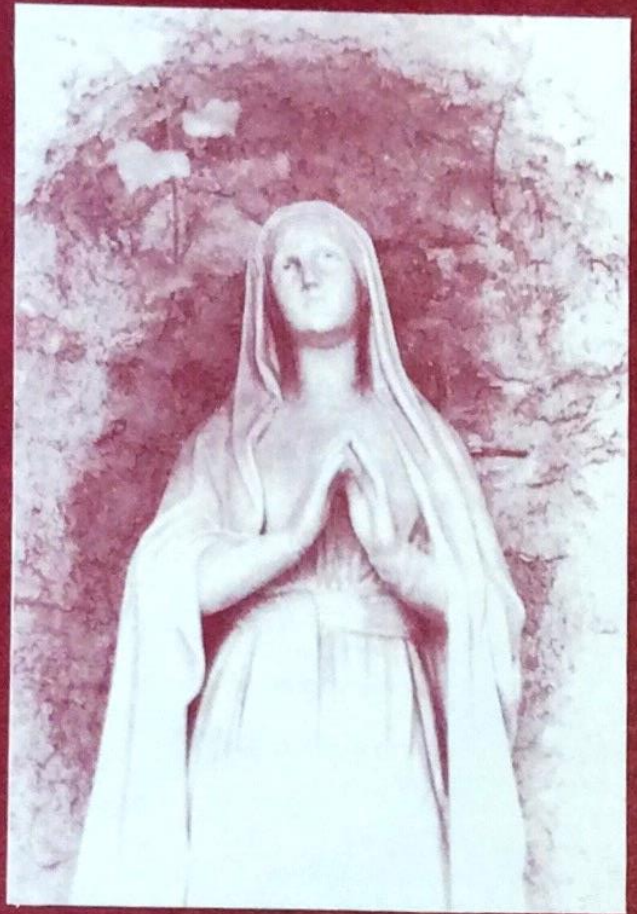
She will turn you
on and on
when she breathes in your ear
and whispers that
she is falling in love
reply to her
that you will be falling
together.



Staid
Jayne Farrell

pale, soft skin
with thin lines around the eyes,
eyes the shape of almonds,
their wintergreen color hidden beneath tightly drawn lids,
lids with sparkles from eyeshadow that tries to accentuate
the lipstick which is perfectly applied
to her thin, stiff lips
rose petals are scattered over the bed of velvet,
her long, black hair is draped over her bold shoulders
frail arms,
bent at the elbow,
her thin fingers are interlocked
and intricately weaved together
she is in all her beauty,
for death becomes her

Jacquenette Arnette



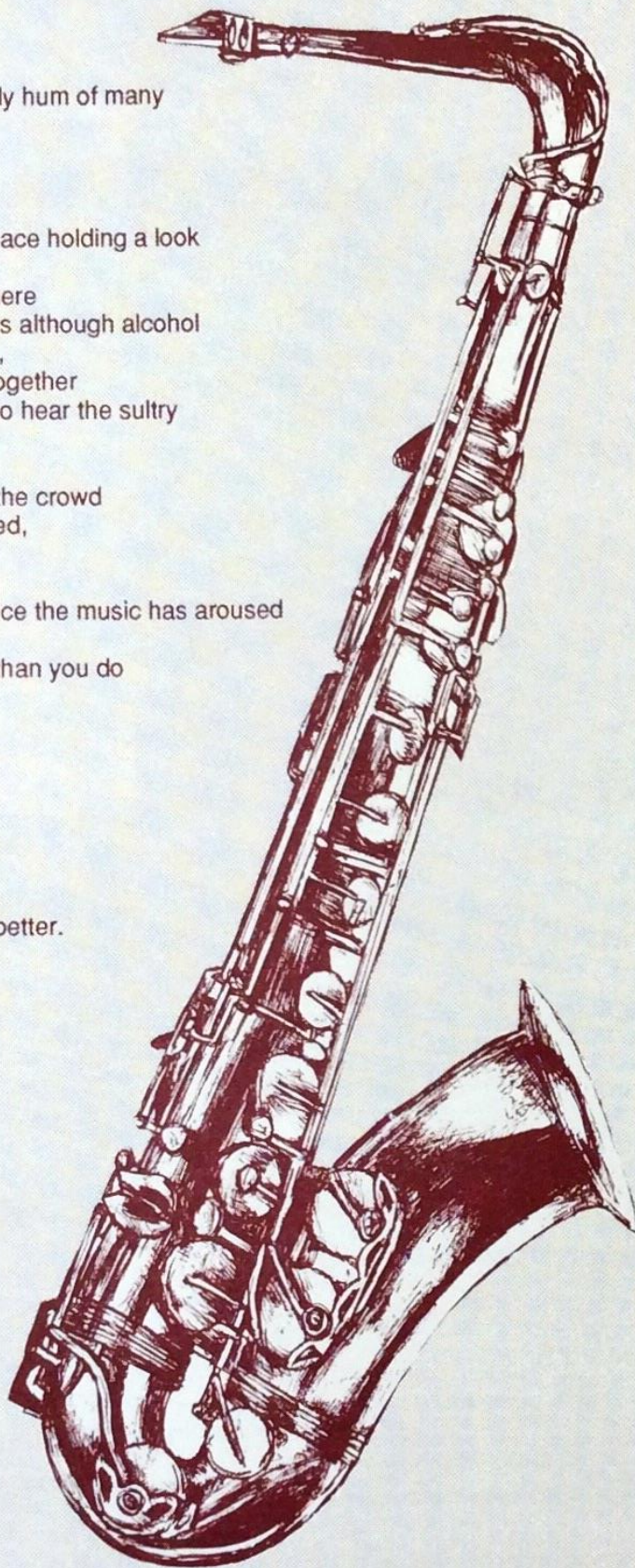
Jacquenette Arnette

Picnic On Her Grave
Rabi Shook

Picnic on her grave my friend and yes we had egg salad.
Patterns of tombstone flowers coating her tongue.
Blessed conversation.
Anarchy in perfect repose.
Stole some roses of some corpse's home for our glass vase.
Empty.
Holding her.
Noon time steam and painted lips the color of twilight.
Energy to spread.
Dark strands of hair to match the rubbings.
All so lovely.
Moons for eyes.
Speckled with my reflection.
Lying on her side, grace in this lazy blue sphere.
Underneath is rusted.
Crystal wine glasses clink.
And in a rush of maddened human fire, we drown in each other.
Readily breathing in her fumes.
Clutching at her thoughts.
Breaking stems fall past our one indentured soul.
Pleased to meet you.

It's Jazz, Man
Nicole Moore

The bass player warms up
but he's barely audible over the steady hum of many
dinner-time conversations,
The mood is warm
and the room is cast in a red tint,
Breath heavy with a cappuccino taste
and your eyes stray to some far off place holding a look
of complete orgasmic happiness,
You sit and absorb the whole atmosphere
consumed by a dizzy lightheadedness although alcohol
hasn't passed by your lips for hours,
Somewhere behind you plates clank together
and you're brought out of your daze to hear the sultry
jazz surround you,
The last song ends
and an exclamation passes through the crowd
as another well known song is played,
To the side of you
an old lady begins to hum
remembering some vague experience the music has aroused
within her,
She thinks much more of her singing than you do
but you don't care,
It's jazz
man,
It's all part of the atmosphere,
Instead, you laugh to yourself
at her badly out of tune solo,
Turning back towards the band,
Surrounded by good friends
and you ask yourself what could be better.



Jason Cardona

One Please
Nicole Czech

It was a gloomy night.
One of those lonely nights
Where everyone gathers at the local cafe
And ponders life over a cup of coffee.

Me?
I sit with my cup steaming
Between my hands,
Burning my fingertips,
And the thoughts form...
I remember (as I add cream)
How life used to seem
So smooth and rich
And I wanted that again.
"Please pass the sugar"
Said the guy next to me
And I looked at him.
He was sour looking
With a face filled with pain.
I gave him a smile
As I slid him the sugar...

I stared
Down into the dark brown stuff,
Picked up my spoon
And stirred slowly.
My thoughts mixed together
And I felt myself falling
Into that small cup of life
The guy across the counter
Just took away to refill...



Kelly Tew

Ever since you went
to The Land of Far Away
I picture you,
in my head,
sitting in some classy
restaurant in New York,
sipping coffee and nursing
a cigarette.

Your beautiful face full towards
me
but you don't say a word.
It's late night and the
customers are dwindling
we've sat there for countless
hours
and you still can't believe
you found me in that
automat in 1927.

At our little table by
the window,
my voice rings out soft
but jovial,
and your chuckles are
like the steam off the
cocoa I can't drink.

I know that from now
on
we will never stop knowing
each other
but you will take me dancing
every night
to see that man play every
song as if it were his
last.



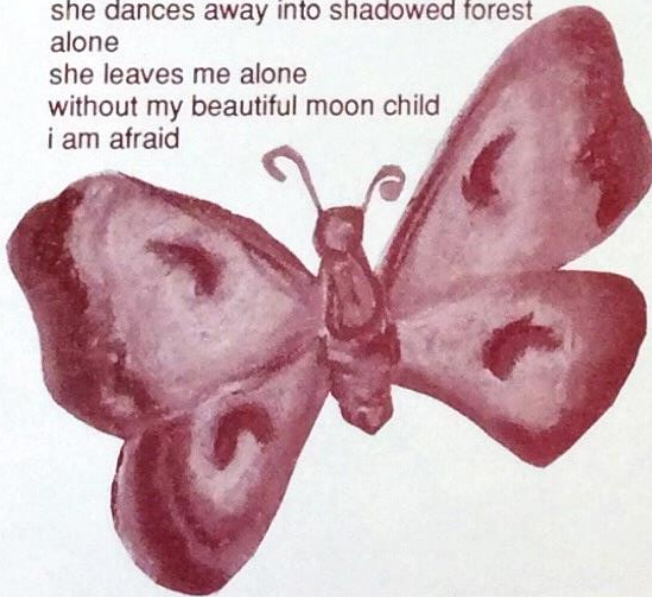
Kelly Stevens

Alight



naiad
Rebecca Rosser

that angel's hair
glowing white in the summer sun
Ophelia floating in the river
sweet scented flowers invade my memory
rising up, that pristine creature
i kiss her tranquil cheek
a stroll through the woods along the leaf-fallen path
i hold her delicate hand
fingers grasped tightly
red, desperate to hold on
our secrets pass silently
from her warm blue eyes
to my cold grey ones
she is my private intimate that i share with no one
in the hour of remembrance
we walk from groves of trees into the moonlight
spinning until exhaustion
i hold her so tightly as not to lose her
she dances away into shadowed forest
alone
she leaves me alone
without my beautiful moon child
i am afraid

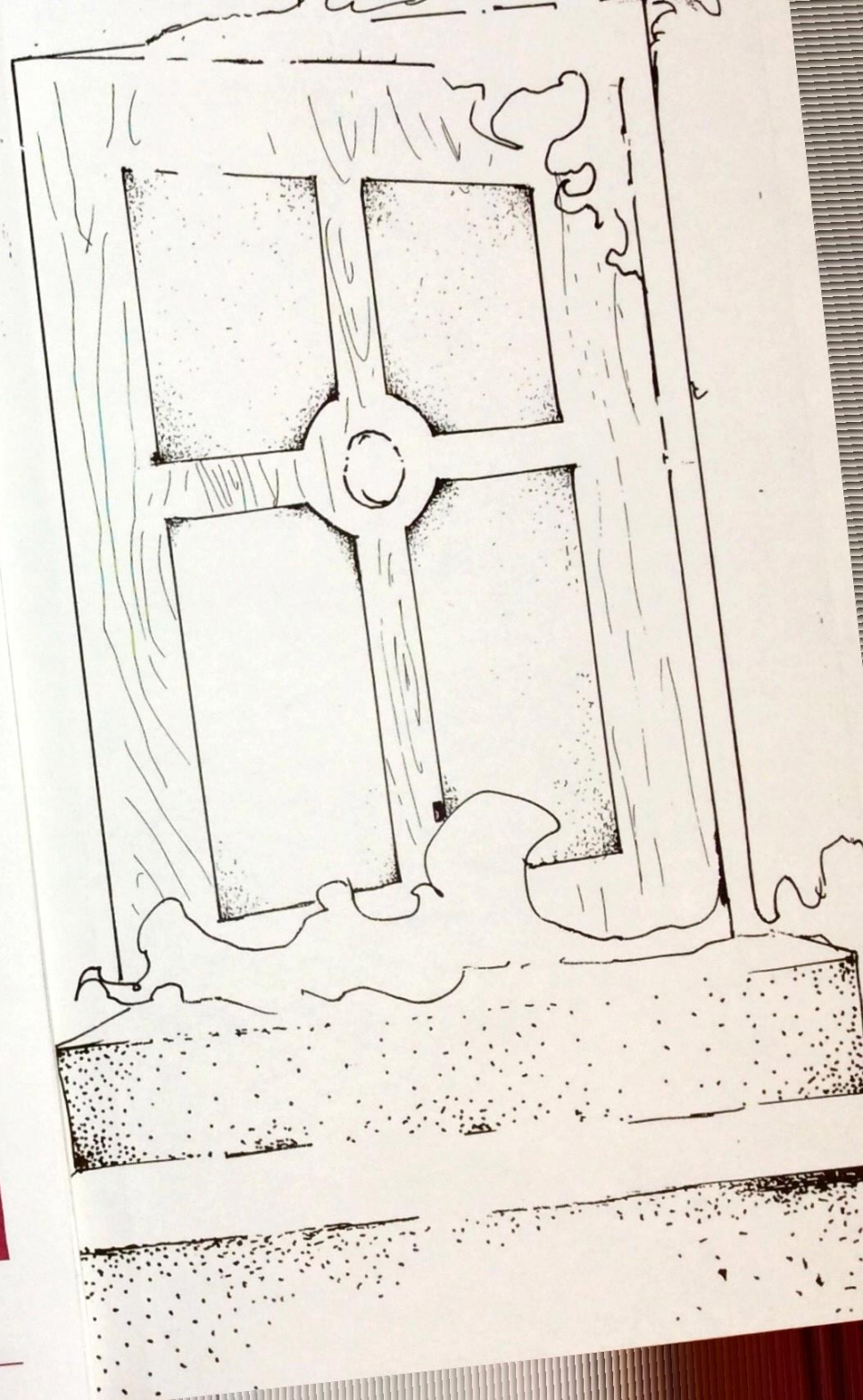




Togetherness

Kirsten Williams

Bullseye 1994



sitting among memories
weathered with experience
this is your sanctity
your sacred souvenirs are here
with the sunlight streaming in
and the key your have earned glistens
it will be your companion
unlocking treasures of your mind
and opening doors yet to come

Josh Rudloff



gods'

Susan Garcia



Hector Gonzalez

Linda

Do you remember. . .
Kathryn Woody

Those pictures
brought memories of
"You had to be there's " that no one would understand
(we couldn't make them)
nor laugh at.

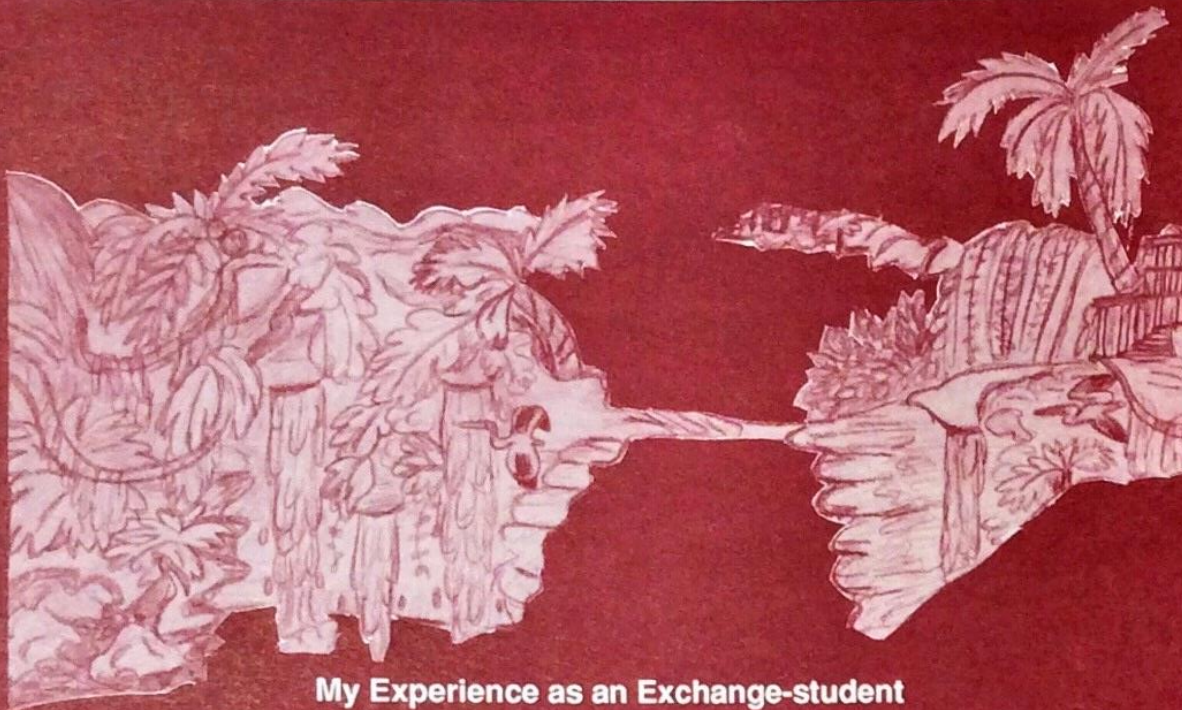
Once,
if I can recall,
under that moonless sky we danced
beside the railroad tracks shrieking moronic songs louder
than the train's whoosh-chugga-chugging,
Our voices fell flat
like eggs plummeting towards smoldering concrete,
frying in the silence.

Back in the car,
you drove with your seat practically horizontal,
and I complained about the bothersome armrests,
and you said to be quiet because you didn't make the car,
but if you could it would meet my specifications,
and I thanked you whole-heartedly
as we let the vehicle drift
in accordance with our musings.

Our thoughts flitted here and there,
occasionally forgetting to brake behind stopped cars,
yet they somehow digressed to your boy's house,
where we ran through his yard,
streaks of impish paint,
hooligans with a purpose,
devotedly placing forks
row after row—a little plastic cemetery—
decorating the dead lawn.

Your mouth hid behind your palm
and chuckled. I,
not so covert (what a surprise), woke the
neighbors. We fled to my house, grabbing great handfuls
of chocolate chip cookie dough,
gobs dribbling here and there, that allowed us to
delve deeper into our recollection,
and test each other AGAIN
on Do You Remember.
Certainly.

Don't you?



My Experience as an Exchange-student

Trine M. Vestergaard

One day I found myself standing on the edge of a cliff. The wind had put me there. I looked down and saw the sea licking the beach 104 feet below me. I looked back and saw my mother, father, brother, boyfriend, friends. The sun was on their side.

"Jump!" they said, and they smiled at me as if they knew what would be the result. I sat down and cried, but was too proud to turn away, too curious to stop. Too eager to learn.

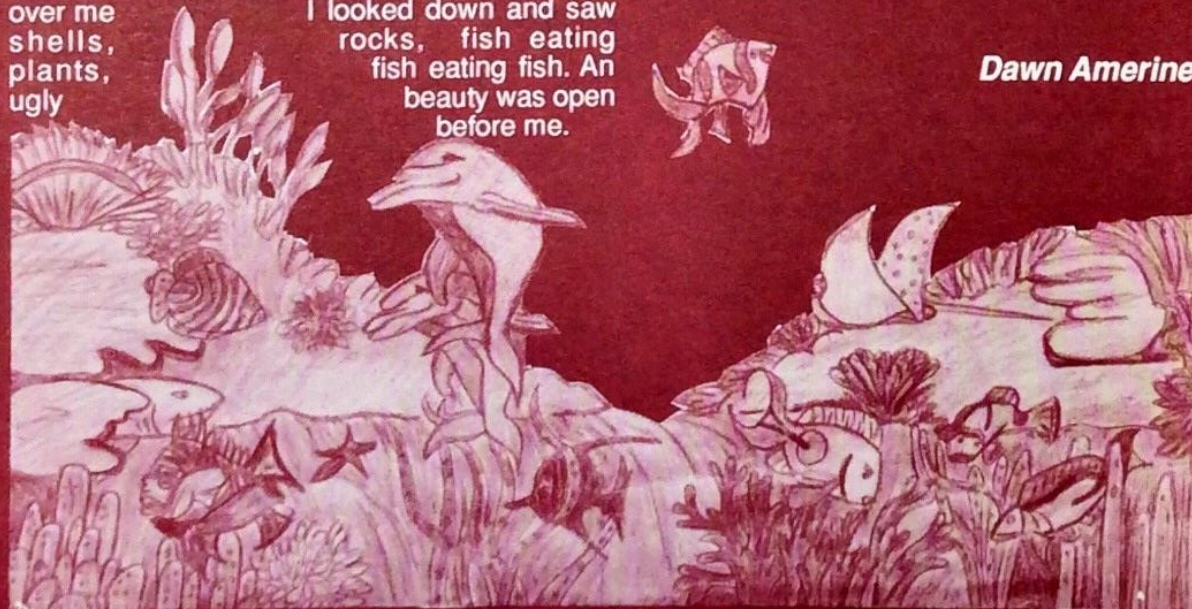
I fell. My scream reached the moon who reached out for me and shook my head to balance my thoughts. I gently sank into the blank water. It had seemed to be a blue moving mirror from above, but as it closed its ceiling over me I looked down and saw shells, plants, fish eating fish. An ugly beauty was open before me.

It took me half a year to reach the very bottom. My feet are feeling the sand now, and the colors of the shells are fascinating my mind. I am not alone anymore. We are jumping around, hand in hand, playing. I have taught myself to smile under water.

In five moon-cycles the moon will lift me out of the water; will place me on the edge of the cliff again and softly push me toward my once so familiar home. And I will remember what I missed, and love wholehearted once again.

But my clothes will still be wet, and my hands will be filled with rare shells to share. And I will still know how to smile under water when I see the moon's reflection on the deep ocean.

Dawn Amerine





African Gray Parrot

Leslie Lindig



Andrew Maldonado

Rebirth of the Unknown

The Adventures of the Bean Tamer

Scott Westenberger

There was a man; he was a bean tamer. As a child he knew he was called to be a bean tamer. He would perform small tricks for his family and friends to display and hone his skills. He would grab his trusty bullwhip and his tiny little chair that was his only defense against the great and mighty beans.

"Stand back," he would tell his family as he mentally prepared to take on the beans. Then the beans were released. They snarled and hissed as they left their cage. "Crack" the whip came down.

"Down, beans, down," he would say.

As the years passed, he gained skill and prowess in controlling the beans. He would now perform at parties and other social functions in front of his friends and total strangers. He would get out his hoop as the beans lay in anticipation in front of him. They could tell when a performance was coming. Suddenly, the hoop was aflame.

"Jump, you beans, jump!" he would say as he cracked the whip at their hind sides. And then he'd laugh and say, "Ha ha, now they're refried beans, HA HA HA HA." People would simply stare and say quietly, "Very nice. Impressive. Really," while they communicated secret messages to their friends through carefully disguised eye and hand signals.

"Now watch as I stick my head into the beans' MOUTH!" he would proudly announce as he shoved his head into the bowl of beans.

"HA HA, now I'd like to see one of you puny mortals try that!! Really, go ahead, I'd like to see you try." and he would laugh with beans falling out of his hair.

No, they replied, that's quite all right, they didn't really want to try since he was so good at it.

"He's completely insane. Beans. Taming beans. What the heck is he yammering about?"

"I could take on any bean you care to dish out. I've had it out with the best of them. Others said I couldn't do it, that I was crazy. Well I showed all of them, didn't I? I did it and I'm

going to keep doing it."

And that's exactly what he did. Everywhere he went he tamed beans. It was obvious that the elite members of society did not appreciate his talents, so he took his show on the road. He tamed for those who could not afford to see any other shows. He tamed for the drunk men on the alley corner, who all jumped and cheered at his tricks. He tamed for the nice ladies on the corner with the short skirts, and the ones slumped against the wall in rags. They loved him and called him by name. He tamed for the many children who wandered the streets, and kept them out of trouble, and for the forgotten men who once fought for their country. He tamed for the joggers and young lovers in the park. The old men at Murphy's Bar always looked forward to his visits.

Some tried to stop him. Some told him it couldn't be done, he might as well not try. But none of it got to him. He was a man with a mission.

People asked him why he did these things. Was it for the power, the money, the women? Why?

And he would smile serenely and slowly shake his head and calmly reply, "You just don't understand."

Somehow I doubt that the little men in the white coats with the nice complimentary jacket that ties in the back ever quite caught up with him. Or let themselves catch him. The beans get to everyone after a while. You just have to be careful not to let them overpower you and get control of your mind. Which is exactly what happened to our friend.

"Where is he now?" you might ask. I don't really know, to tell you the truth. Perhaps he finally met that untamable bean. More likely he just passed beyond into that mist where all great folk heroes go, where he is no longer alive, but in the hearts of those few who knew him; he will never die. I was privileged to be his friend. I wrote his epitaph. It reads: "He was mercifully free from the radishes of intelligence."

Playground
Samantha Ardison

My oblivious mind creates these pictures
that I know are what can make me happy.
Thoughts alone can be the elements
for a happy soul.

A child is kept company by thoughts-
Imagination is what it's called.

People have seemed to forget about it.
From childhood we seem to
transmogrify into adults-
mordant,

letting the whole world become our critic,
instead of our playground.

Monkey bars aren't there
for us to climb and conquer anymore-
they're there for us to fall off of.

Swings are no longer there to swing on,
but for us to dangle from.

And the see-saw is no longer equally balanced -
constantly we're the butt of the cherry bomb.

The person balancing us on the
other end just lets go.

The only thing left for true exploration
is the sandbox.

It's where sand castles can be built
and the flag can be posted that says
that this is my land,
this is my playground.



The Norwegian Man in the Tree

Stephanie Chen

Man fascinates me. The power of every man's voice and the inexplicable force of every human mind stir challenge among us, society. Mother Nature lives voiceless, yet She speaks more forcefully than all synchronizing voice of man in resonance.

What I observe sparks my thoughts. I prick the blood of my pen to spill out what I see. Then my tears weep when any one man's strength engages in the destruction of the environment or of his fellow man. More so, it saddens me the same when the strength of nature overpowers man. Man can do too much to hurt Her. She can act likewise to us. Man can do so much to save himself from Her havoc. But innocent is She who cannot defend Her nature from man. She is our haven, but none exists for Her.

Even worse, I still tattoo the paper with words of picture. Maybe man then might see what sparks my mind and drowns my heart. What society lacks is a true heart filled with care.

It's too late for Sarajevo to revive those resting in peace. But too late it is not to cease the ringing fire. Man holds his breath while the battle persists. Mother clenches her heart while rain forests tumble. A limited number of rain forests which would cover the size of Switzerland now remains in definite hands of those who care. But too late it is not to surrender the blade.

Pray for those in Sarajevo. Preserve the rest beyond Switzerland. Treasure them both beyond land and sea, those in question if they will breathe tomorrow— man and tree.

Winter Olympics at Lillehammer unites us all in commemoration of the concern of the environment and the people of Sarajevo.

"The Rain Forest Foundation has already succeeded in obtaining and funding legal protection for the physical demarcation of a rain forest the size of Switzerland."



Shawna Vorhes

Swimming

Jaime Bruner

I remember once, not to long ago, a cloudy autumn day. The day was warm and reminiscent of beautiful spring afternoon. After two weeks of lessons on how to swim, we decided to celebrate. Though the course was only half way over, my instructor said I had natural talent and was far beyond the other students in my class. As I looked out the car window on to the translucent blue bay, a wondrous feeling of anticipation consumed my body. We parked and ran to the shore. I stood before the vast body of water in awe

*As the monster
pulled me
down...*

and uncertainty. Doubt swept over me, like a giant tsunami devouring the coast line. I started to turn to leave, but he called me back. He told me the water would clean and revitalize my soul. The bay would not harm me because he would battle any fierce predators. Through his confidence and promise, I found the strength to trust the water. As I walked into the wondrously frightening water, I began to relax and enjoy myself. He, however, was not satisfied; he insisted I go deeper. Not wanting to disappoint him, I wearily treaded further. For several hours, we frolicked in my new found friend. Then, he decided to go ashore and bask in the earnest of the sun. Being alone in the deep and treacherous waters, swimming to a shallower area seemed safer. As I started leave, a cur-

rent suddenly took hold of my body and began to pull me down. The monstrous water stretched out its mighty arm and clinched my body with its muscular hand. Screaming with every fiber of my life, it submerged my body into the icy, heartless bay. I fought back up to the surface. Drawing a few sweet breaths of air, I violently shrieked his name, pleading for his help. As the monster pulled me down again, I looked into the eyes of the devil.



Nicole Czech

He stood immovable on the shore, like a cruel, pitiless statue. Completely engulfed, I knew I would die. My soul would forever be haunted by that image and the empty void that was now my heart. As I slipped out of consciousness, my fingers touched something. Immediately, I snapped back into reality. With new found agility, my hands heaved my body upward to the surface. Oxygen filled my lungs, like a worried mother finding her lost child. After I drew a few more breaths, I realized a fallen tree had become my savior. All the while, he stood there watching, never moving.



Kirsten Williams

Underwater Seascape

Bullseye 1994

79



Leslie Lindig

Lady In The Snow

Bullseye 1994

The Greatest Love

Jaclyn Lindig

The day I was born was the happiest day of his life. That's what mom always used to tell after we had a fight. Now she won't even mention his name. It's like he never existed.

I don't think my birth was the happiest day of his young life. I think it was the day he first held me. What a small infant I was. What a big brother he was. He held me so gently, like a frail and fragile porcelain doll. His hands and arms supported me; he always supported me. He was my stability.

Of course we grew up doing absolutely everything together. Even though he was six years older than me he still treated me as his equal. Our fights were trivial and were resolved within minutes and not a bit of love was ever lost. Our relationship was the envy of almost everyone that knew us or even saw us together. Now I am the object of more sympathy than I can handle. All the envy left with him.

Some say even the strongest relationships can deteriorate over a distance. That's why I cried more than I had ever cried the summer I was thirteen. The mailman brought the news that he had been accepted to Yale. I had never thought he would leave me, but then he was gone and I couldn't do anything about it. We stood at the airport terminal overwrought with sorrow. All that I could say was "I love you" over and over. He promised to write and he did. His letters were the highlight of all my weeks at home alone. I still have every one of them.

The years passed. Four, to be exact. I managed to survive, and I'll do it again. My seventeenth birthday was supposed to be a quiet family get-together. A knock at the door in the middle of dinner brought me the best birthday present I ever received. He held me again for a long time, just like

the day he first held me at the age of six. Now he was 23. Where had all the time gone? I loved him more than ever right then, more than life itself.

He said he had something special just for me, but we had to go pick it up. We got in the car to leave when it began to rain. I remember telling him to be careful. He said he would. I still don't know where we were going because we never made it there. All I remember was screaming as the car approached us from the side going too fast.

I awoke in a hospital bed with my parents staring at me. There was something wrong, but I already knew. I was only under overnight observation, escaped with a few minor cuts. How unfair life is.

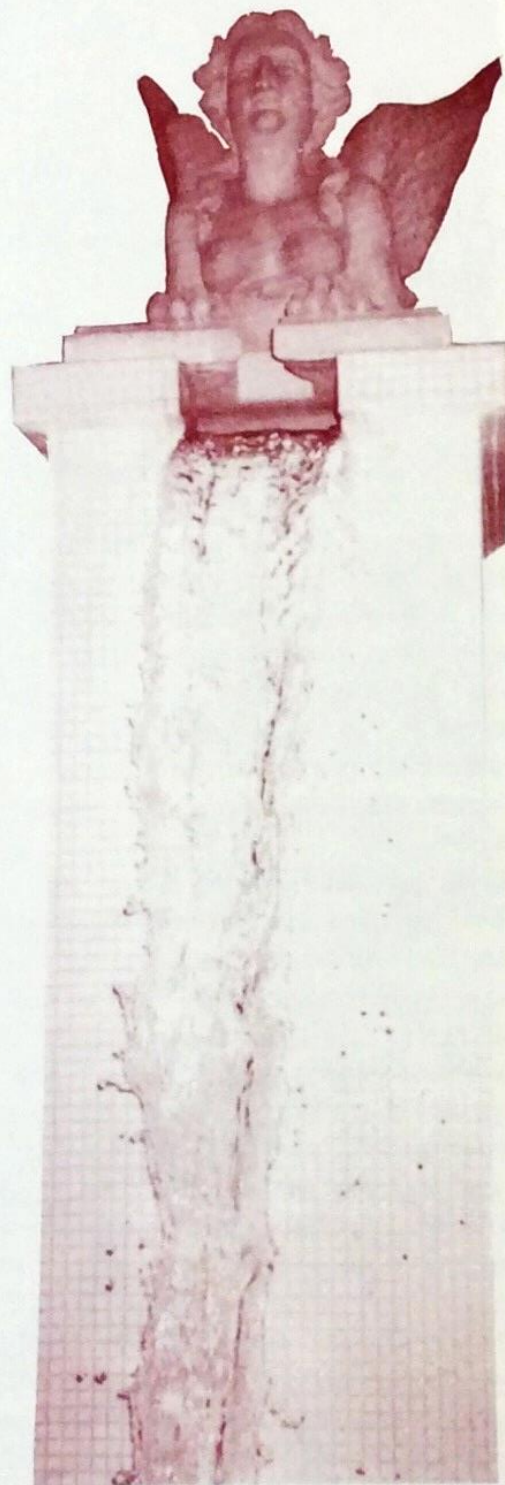
They wouldn't let me see him at first. They said it would be too traumatic for me. They had no right in hell to keep me from him for so long. Didn't they know he needed me? I didn't get to see him until the next day. They had sedated me to protect me from my own irate behavior. If they had only known what he meant to me they would have not mistaken love for irateness.

Brain dead. Coma. I couldn't escape the words and he couldn't escape his condition. I knew this was not what he wanted. This wasn't life. He lived life and he lived it with me. I could hold his hand forever if I wanted to, but he would never talk to me again. That's what hurt the most.

He laid in that bed for three weeks and no one would listen to me. All I could think about was the time we had promised to do what we thought was best for each other. We truly meant it. But no one else could understand my reasoning. Why couldn't they see that lying in a bed was not being alive?

I cried more than I can remember when I said goodbye to him for the second time. I didn't even realize the beeping had stopped. I sat unknown in that room with him, holding his hand and sobbing until the nurses ran in. It was too late, though. As much as I hated it, he was gone for real, and I cried even harder.

Now, two months later, I still think about him every-day and I will continue to do so for the rest of my life. I know that somewhere he is watching me and that he is content. I can't touch him but I can feel him. He is gone, but I have my memories of our childhood together. I had made sure that he kept his dignity as a human being and as the greatest love I ever had.

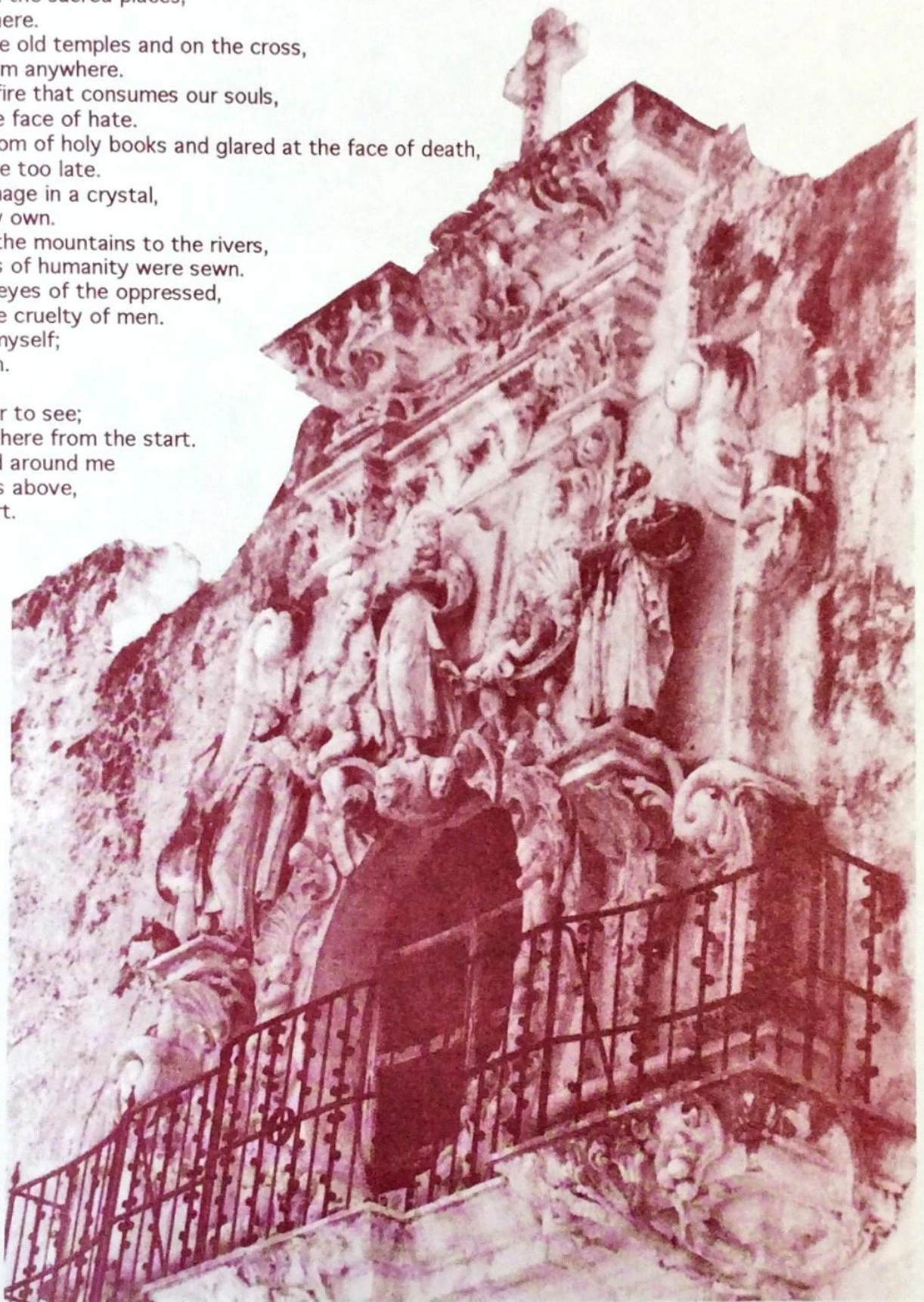


Nicole Czech

Excitere
Travis White

I looked for him in the sacred places,
but he wasn't there.
I sought him in the old temples and on the cross,
not a trace of him anywhere.
I looked into the fire that consumes our souls,
but saw only the face of hate.
I sought the wisdom of holy books and glared at the face of death,
afraid it might be too late.
I looked for his image in a crystal,
but saw only my own.
I journeyed over the mountains to the rivers,
where the seeds of humanity were sewn.
I looked into the eyes of the oppressed,
but saw only the cruelty of men.
I journeyed into myself;
I found him then.

It was then clear to see;
he had dwelt there from the start.
Not in the world around me
or the heavens above,
but in my heart.



Jennifer
McEntire

Miscreant

Jayne Farrell

The door creaks open,
but I try to ignore and go back to sleep.
Your hand touches my shoulder and I cringe.
You kiss my cheek,
not a sweet kiss but disgusting.
You lift the covers
and slide into the bed with me.
A tear runs down my cheek.
The fear overcomes me
and I tremble and sob.
You try to comfort me
but you can't.
You touch me,
once more,
and I gag.
I roll over...
"Please don't Daddy."



Lonely Is Her Name

Chris Tehas

Where are you now,
Oh, little boy,
With your toothless smile,
And squeal of joy.

The way your fingers curled around mine,
You fell asleep and then a whine,
I'd heat the bottle and get your bear,
Run fingers 'cross your golden hair.

Five little piggies on teeny feet,
We'd play the games, our hearts would meet,
How I wish you were with me,
With every little one I see.

Where are you now,
Oh, little girl,
Your summer dress,
And eyes of pearl.

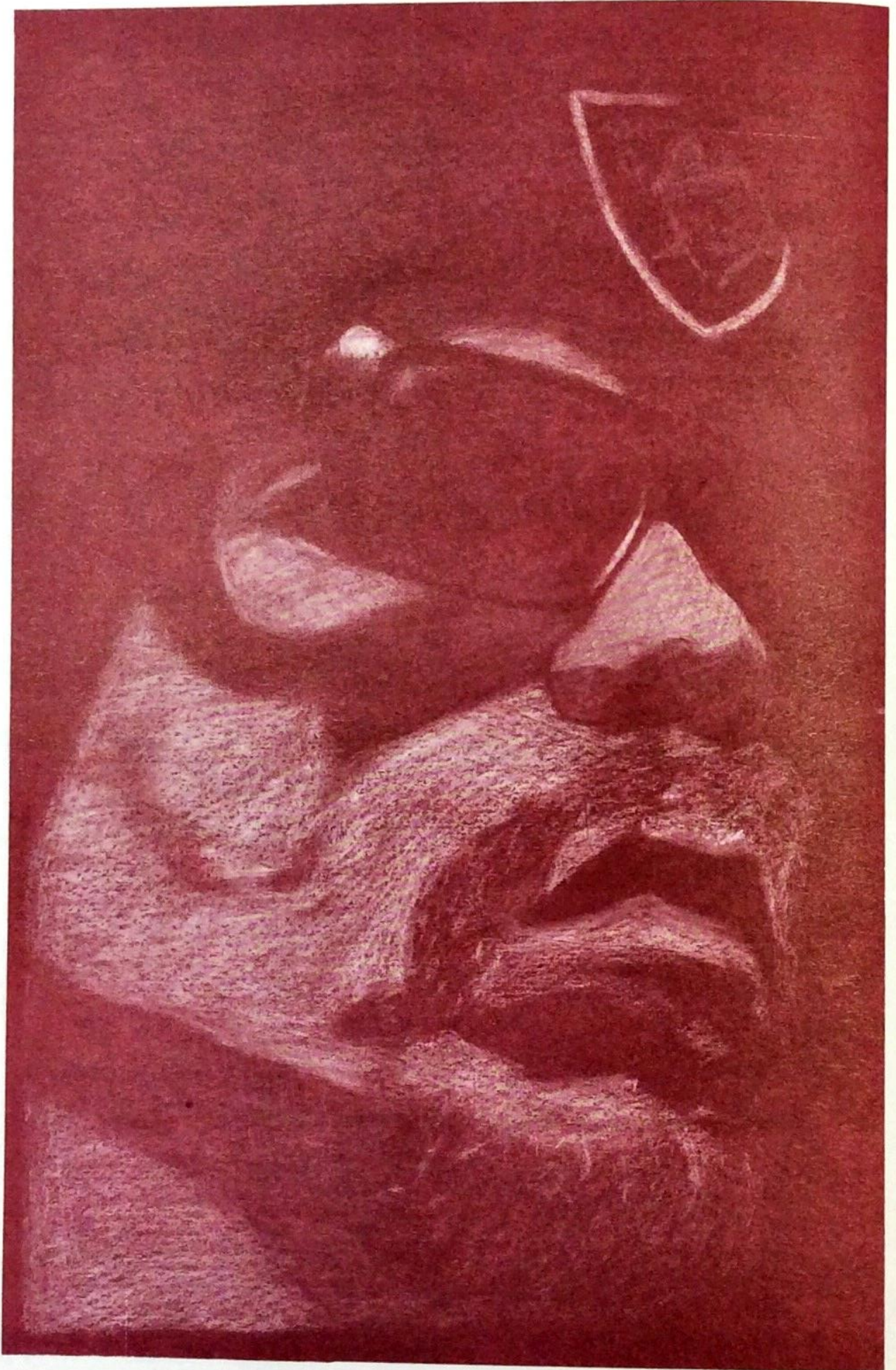
The way you ran along the beach,
The waves a stone's throw from your reach,
You built your castles in the sand,
Reached up to me and took my hand.

We'd go back home and tuck you in,
I'd tell you stories of where I'd been,
Then you'd sleep and I would find,
I couldn't keep you from my mind.

My children where have you all gone,
How far away you've been for so long,
Lonely sits down in her chair,
And thinks about her precious pair.

She knows that she will never find,
Two more on earth that are the kind,
The kind that looked to her from birth,
And showed her just how much it's worth.

To be a mother of ripened age,
Where every day she turned a page,
So many memories have long since passed,
Where are my children is all she asks.



Donnie Bartley

Ice-T

Your Call

Marybeth Smith

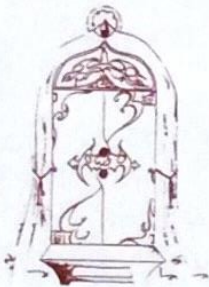
Judge this poem.
It is your dignified duty
to read and weave your mangled meaning,
line after line.
some you color
some you craft
And the unfinished tapestry is glorified.
some you beat
some you banish
And a masterpiece is left,
like an old rug rotting in the sun.

Too long, too short,
Too bad, not good enough.
You who judge this poem,
Do you see the writer before the work?
Do you hear the crushed souls,
cracking beneath your feet?
As you crumble hope
in your careless hands, keep walking.
Walk to meet
Your perfect artist statue.
Continue to justify your judgment
because "it is art."
It is your "creative" circus,
and you, the ring leader.
Your mighty whip, a pen.
Circle up your chosen animals,
I mean artists.

I will pay to come,
to watch what I lack.

Judge this poem.
It is your coveted covenant with us
Tell our blind eyes what you see,
through rainbow colored glasses.
A dream is at your discretion

Index



Author/Artist	Title	Type	Page
Clarence Garcia	Choices	Pen & Ink	Cover
Jennifer McEntire	Arches (Light)	Photograph	2
Josh Rudloff	Wooden Door	Pen & Ink	Divider
Josh Rudloff	Dragon Warrior	Graphite	3
Leslie Rodriguez	Meditate	Pen & Ink	4
Joshua McMunn	Happiness	Poetry	4
Jaime Ingaran	How Long	Short Story	5-7
Jennifer Bramble	River Phoenix	Pen & Ink	5,7
Lari Whitford	Lust	Graphite	8
Wendy Dykes	Thank You	Poetry	8
Raetta Towers	Uneasy Smiles	Poetry	8
Cheuy Phouvanh	Love Defined	Poetry	9
Josh Rudloff	Beauty & The Beast	Pen & Ink	9
Josh Batschelet	Innocence?	Short Story	10-12
Jeremy Mack	Self Portrait	Pastel	10,11
Kristi Gonzales	My Father and I	Personal Incident	13
Randy Zingg	Untitled	Graphite	14
Joy Thompson	Gold Moon Rising	Poetry	14
Susan Garcia	Heaven & Earth	Photograph	15
Jason Earle	The Lamb & The Sacrifice	Short Story	15-16
Nicole Moore	The Wide Open	Photograph	16
Aaron Harbour	Siberian Tiger Cub	Watercolor	17
Jennifer McEntire	Arches (Dark)	Photograph	18
Elizabeth Siberry	Life	Poetry	18
Glenn Westbrook	Cell Door	Pen & Ink	Divider
Randy Zingg	The Screamer	Graphite	19
Clarence Garcia	Lock Me Up	Acrylic	20-21
Ian Plunkett	Confusion	Poetry	20
Karen Schott	The Storm	Poetry	21
Amy Johnson	Unique of Mind	Water Color	22-25
Ellen Schmidt	Eeyore on Uppers	Poetry	22
Dexter Rendon	Man in White	Short Story	23-25
Marybeth Smith	The Gambler	Poem	26
Clarence Garcia	Grey Daze	Graphite	26
Richard Brady	IT	Short Prose	27
Robert Crowe	Michael In Envy	Mixed Media	27
Blake Sandberg	Drowning Thoughts	Charcoal	28
Roseanne Lane	View From the 44th Floor	Poem	29
Karen McBurney	Microcosm	Pen & Ink	29
Jason Cardona	Eve	Graphite	30
Nicole Moore	Mommy's Little Girl	Poetry	31
Clarence Garcia	Eddie's World	Water Color	32
Aracelli Arellano	Image of Cool	Poetry	33
Alex Sanchez	Mother II	Photograph	34
Connie Hall	Young Mother	Photograph	34

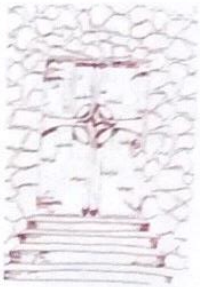
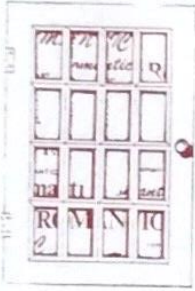
Index

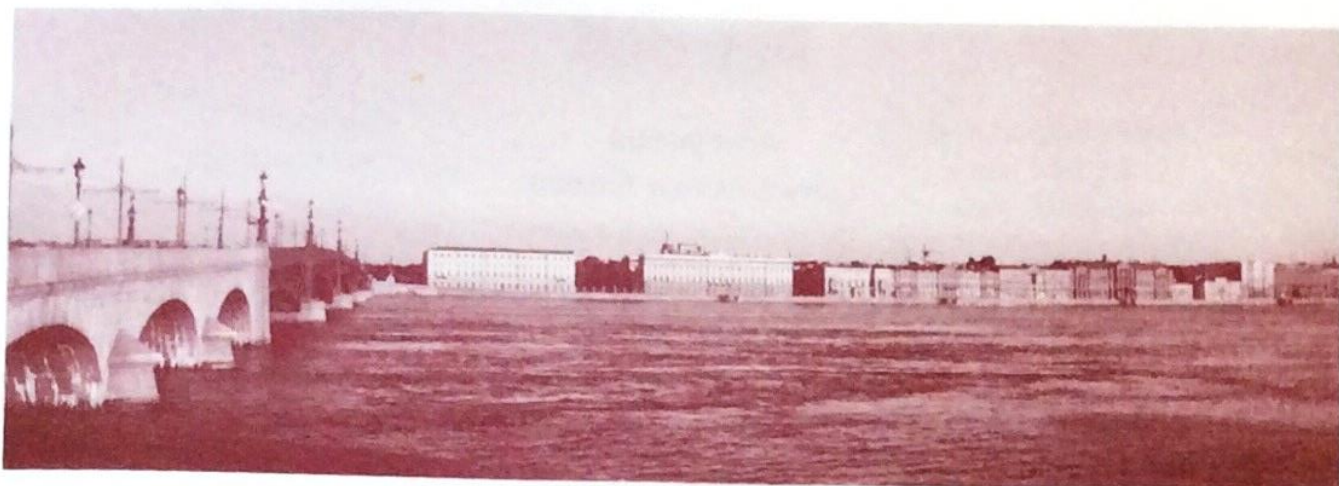
Author/Artist	Title	Type	Page
Melinda Reimer	Rock-A-Bye Baby	Poetry	34
Aleed Ansari	A Plea for Gun Control	Poetry	35
Carolyn Brandt	Untitled	Photograph	35
Joshua McMunn	Poverty	Pastel	36
Aracelli Arellano	Mexican Effigy	Poetry	37
Laura Beal	The Pot	Sculpture	37
Quanda Anderson	The Pot	Photograph	37
Robert Crowe	Eagle Dancer USA	Poem	38
Robert Crowe	Eagle Dancer USA	Graphite	38
Josh Rudloff	Closet Door	Pen & Ink	Divider
Nolan Johnson	You Better Be Scared	Graphite	39
Kathryn Woody	Something's Not Quite Right	Poem	40
Randy Zingg	Daisy of Death	Mixed Media	40-41
Kristi Greenwell	Which Twin?	Poetry	42
Kelly Stevens	Penser	Oil Pastel	42-43
Marian Gentzel	I Am . . .	Poetry	43
Blake Sandberg	Seven Mirrors	Graphite	44
Duane Pozza	Duality	Poetry	44
Karen McBurney	Change	Poetry	45
Josh Rudloff	Dragon Lady	Pen & Ink	45
Alex Sanchez	Pinball (in five parts)	Poetry	46
Jason Cardona	Hyperion	Graphite	46-47
Scott Westenberger	A Rose By Any Other Name	Short Story	48-49
Chris Friend	Rose	Pen & Ink	48
Nicole Moore	Blooming Rose	Photograph	49
Aleed Ansari	Aviation	Oil	50
Rebecca Rosser	Runner	Short Story	51-52
Nolan Johnson	The Way It Really Happened	Short Story	53
Robert Crowe	Flies on My Eyes	Graphite	53
Shawna Vorhes	Flowers	Water Color	54
Jason Cardona	Garden Door	Pen & Ink	Divider
Shawna Vorhes	Three Fish	Mixed Media	55
Kelly Stevens	Leaf Fairy	Pen & Ink	56-57
Patti Neff	Forest Dancer	Poetry	56
Holley Griffin	Carried	Poetry	57
Karen McBurney	Distracted	Poetry	57
Josh Batschelet	Independent Soul	Poetry	58
Josh Rudloff	Our Town	Pen & Ink	58
James Bircher	She	Poetry	59
Nicole Czech	Shadow Beach	Photograph	59
Eric Esparza	I Watch	Poetry	60
Matt Esparza	Chaplin	Prisma Color	60-61
Connie Hall	Paint Her a Mural	Poetry	61
Jacquenette Arnette	Vision of Ave Maria	Scratchboard	62
Jayne Farrell	Staid	Poetry	62



Index

Author/Artist	Title	Type	Page
Jacquenette Arnette	Ave Maria	Photograph	63
Rabi Shook	Picnic on Her Grave	Poetry	63
Nicole Moore	It's Jazz, Man	Poetry	64
Jason Cardona	Saxophone	Pen & Ink	64
Nicole Czech	One Please	Poetry	65
Jacquenette Arnette	One of Ten	Pen & Ink	65
Kelly Tew	Ever since you went . . .	Poetry	65
Kelly Stevens	Alight	Oil Pastel	66-67
Rebecca Rosser	naiad	Poetry	67
Kirsten Williams	Togetherness	Watercolor	68
Josh Rudloff	Attic Door	Pen & Ink	Divider
Glenn Westbrook	Attic Door Sketch	Graphite	Divider
Susan Garcia	gods'	Photograph	69
Hector Gonzalez	Linda	Graphite	70
Kathryn Woody	Do you remember . . .	Poetry	71
Dawn Amerine	Dawn's Early Light	Color Pencil	72
Trine Vestergaard	My Experience as . . .	Poetry	72
Leslie Lindig	African Gray Parrot	Scratchboard	73
Andrew Maldonado	Rebirth of the Unknown	Prisma Color	74
Scott Westenberger	Adventures of . . .	Short Story	75
Samantha Ardison	Playground	Poetry	76
Shawna Vorhes	What Is the World . . .	Pen & Ink	76-77
Stephanie Chen	The Norwegian Man . . .	Essay	77
Jaime Bruner	Swimming	Short Prose	78
Nicole Czech	Ocean	Photograph	78
Kirsten Williams	Seascape	Watercolor	79
Leslie Lindig	Lady in the Snow	Watercolor	80
Jaclyn Lindig	The Greatest Love	Short Story	81-82
Nicole Czech	Roman	Photograph	82
Travis White	Excitere	Poetry	83
Jennifer McEntire	Mission Portal	Photograph	83
Jayne Farrell	Miscreant	Poetry	84
Blake Sandberg	Sheets of Water	Prisma Color	84-85
Chris Tehas	Lonely Is Her Name	Poetry	85
Donnie Bartley	Ice-T	Color Pencil	86
Marybeth Smith	Your Call	Poetry	87
Regina Lofton	Ornate Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Chris Friend	Wooden Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Josh Rudloff	Draped Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Shawna Vorhes	Romantic Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Matt Esparza	Sky Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Jeremy Mack	Jail Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Josh Rudloff	Attic Door	Pen & Ink	Index
Martin VonRosenberg	View Across the Bay	Panorama	91
Martin VonRosenberg	Park In Perspective	Panorama	92





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