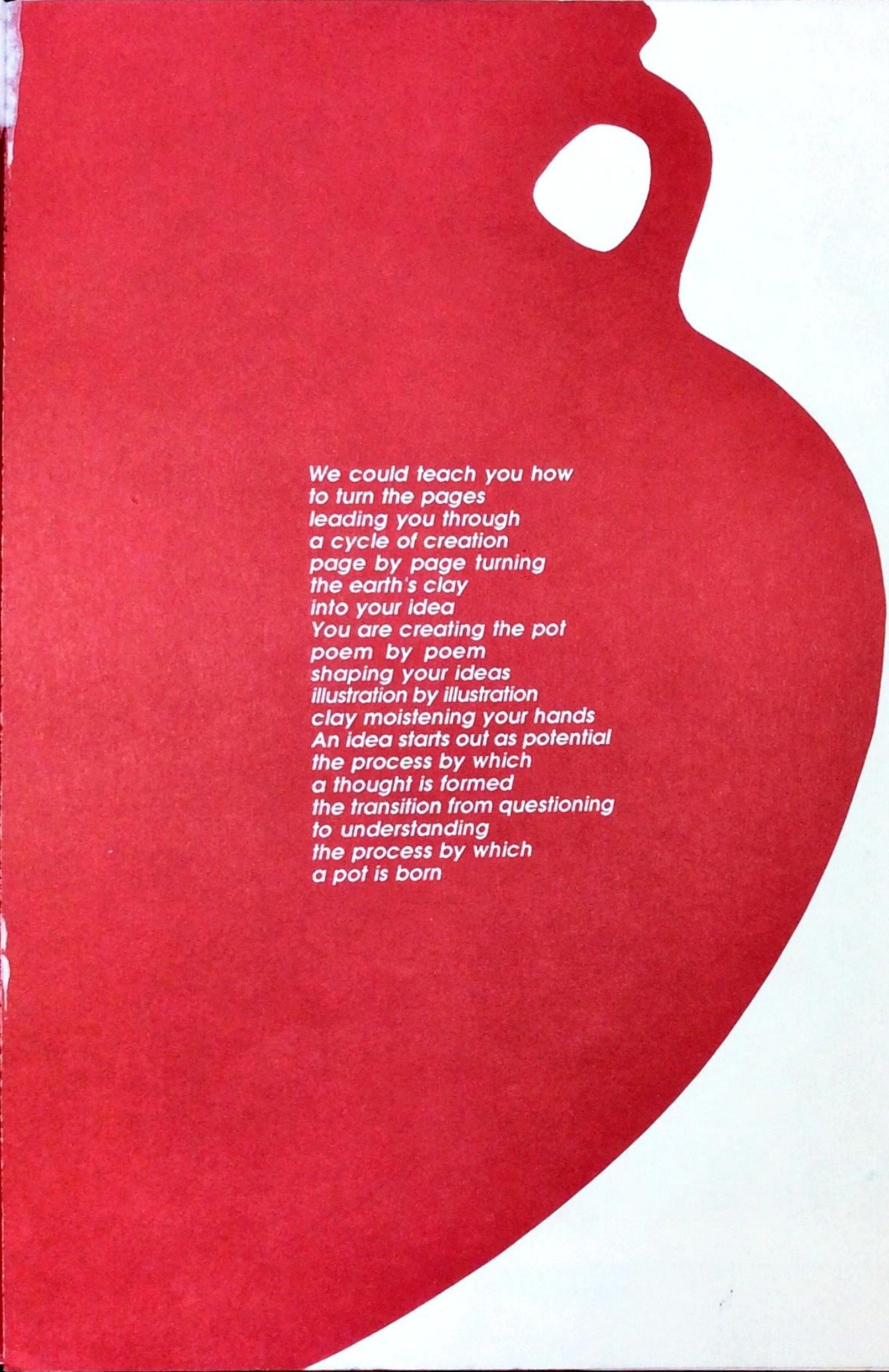


BU L L S E Y E 1991





We could teach you how
to turn the pages
leading you through
a cycle of creation
page by page turning
the earth's clay
into your idea
You are creating the pot
poem by poem
shaping your ideas
illustration by illustration
clay moistening your hands
An idea starts out as potential
the process by which
a thought is formed
the transition from questioning
to understanding
the process by which
a pot is born

CBULLSBYE 1991

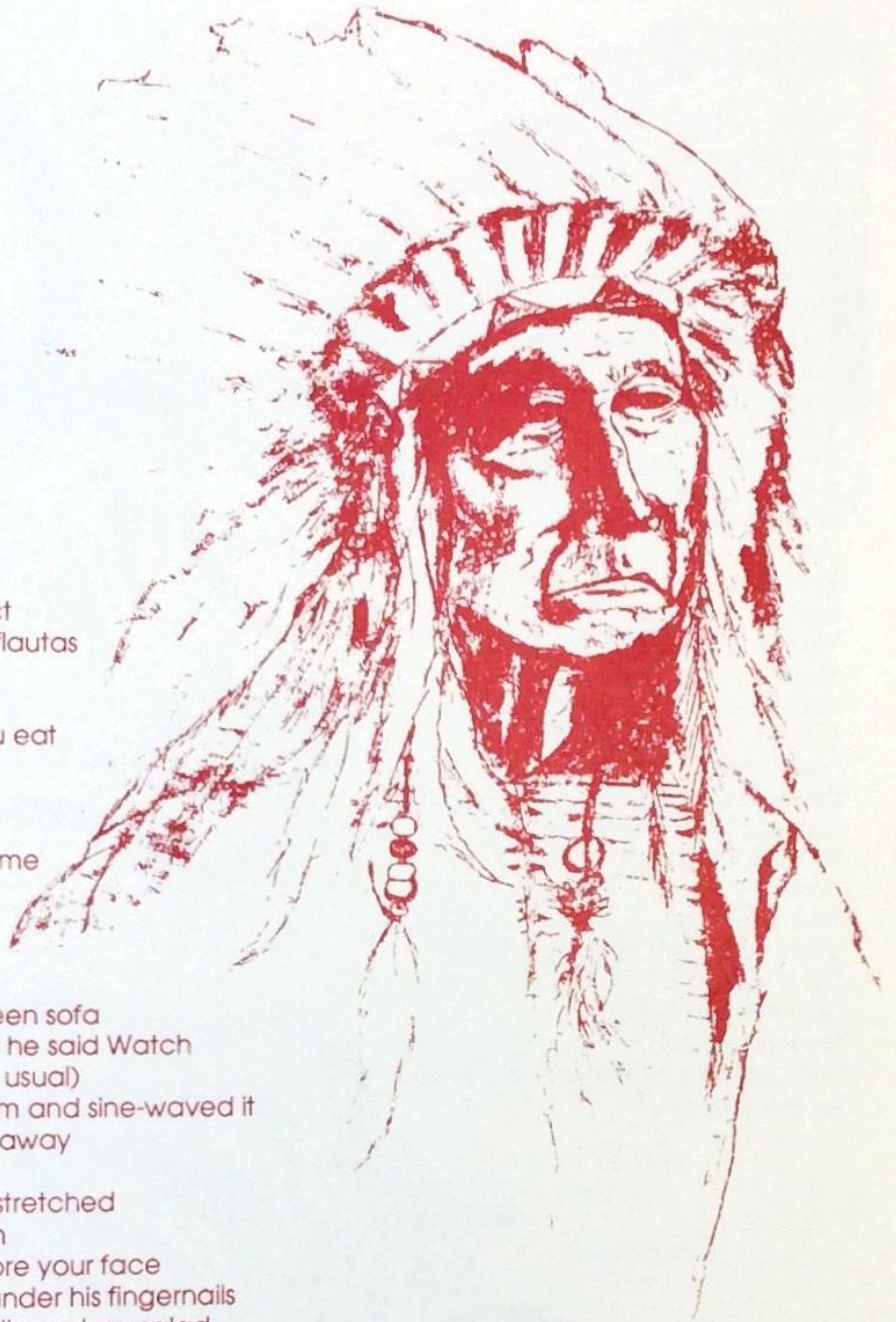
*He is watching in far corners
under eyelashes into earthen eyes
that don't respond
the sweet and solemn pull between virgin clay
and man
inspiration without consummation
the clay is everything
it can be everything
the clay is infinite*



by Karin Riley

**But Man Has Aged and
Moved From Heart to Mind**
by Karin Riley

you began to speak in a Taoist dialect
and I leaned forward over my flautas
almost regretting I hadn't
bought you lunch
but had mercilessly watched you eat
that flat
sandwich out of a
Butter Krust Bread sack
and your words breathed strong into me
your eyes terrible blue suns
grappling
with beautiful belief-
in the Austin attic room
while you sat on the too-green sofa
this friend ten feet away he said Watch
(you expected the usual)
and instead he bent his arm and sine-waved it
his feet stood ten feet away
but the arm
it waved and stretched
and then
the hand was right before your face
and you could read the dirt under his fingernails
I would have swallowed my salad
and forgotten
but your eye-suns were so fierce
and blazed into me
with the force of secrecy-
afternoons spent over ceremonial drum
concentrating chakras
until it shook
with your energy
and rose so slowly
Do I believe in magic?
how can I answer those celestial eyes but
with yes
and I think I did



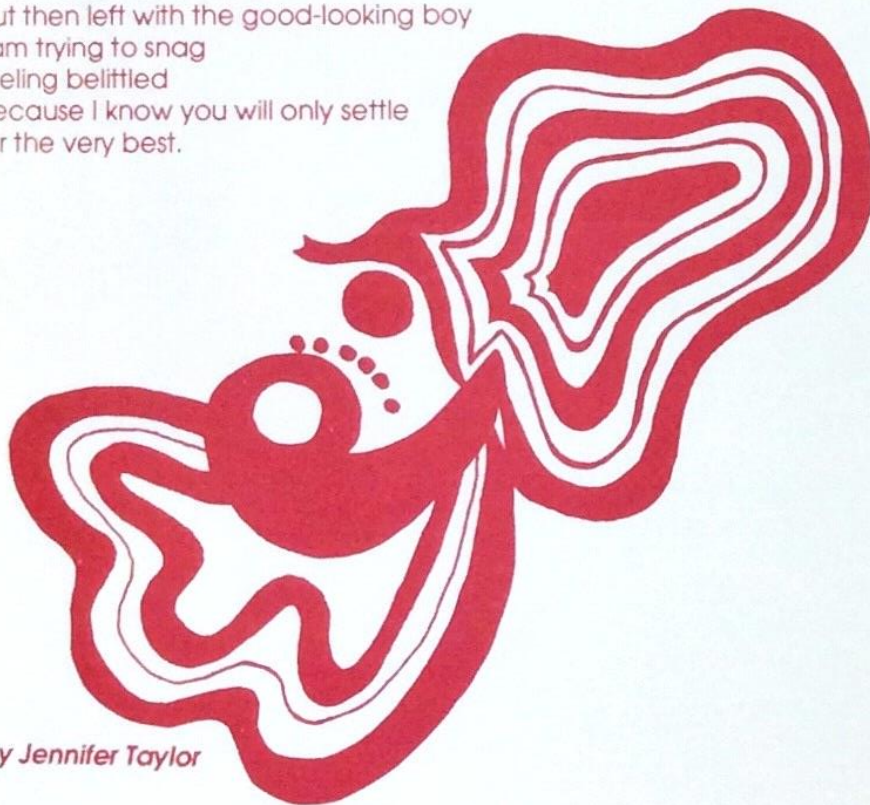
by Kris Andrews

I'm Not Jealous
by *Lauren Donohue*

I write of you
in my geometry notebook
but I turn to the back
because the exactness and
definiteness of the
geometrical figures
deface you in my eyes.
You spoke to me of love today
your words were uncertainty
and your eyes were deep
my answers were suitable
those coming from experience
though I have none.
You are amazing in
your face and intuitions
Your words spin webs
around me
Your questions and stories
show you are remarkable
and I see that I, myself, am
dull and unexperienced.
I can't tell whether it is
me or you who is the exception
but you are definitely deep
for that is the only word
I know

You asked me again of love today
and I instructed you once more
but then left with the good-looking boy
I am trying to snag
feeling belittled
because I know you will only settle
for the very best.

by *Jennifer Taylor*



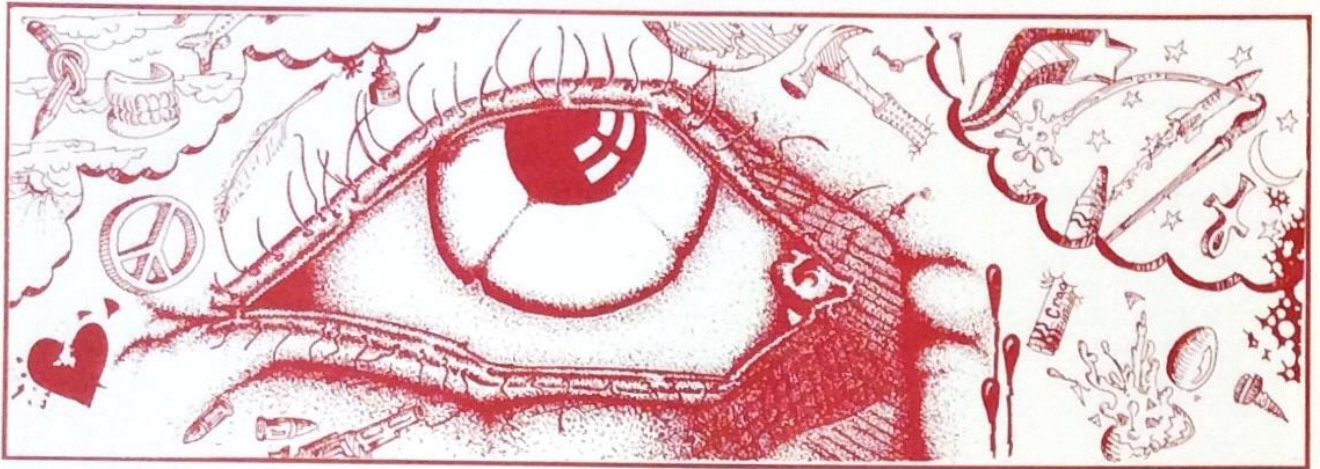
Corners
by *Kathy Archuleta*

Sitting in this corner
almost alone,
I feel left out
of a crowd I fit in with.

My blood is ice
though I am engulfed
in a swarm of blankets...
or maybe they are people.

"Friends" wave
as they saunter by,
lifting my hand
now seems like a chore
and feeble smiles
aren't even worth it.

They seem to be having fun,
But I know that they're in a
corner of their own.



by Stefan Ruff

Collision
by Leigh Labbo

I stand in your presence
and my last string
of hope
is
that maybe
our toes could collide.
If only
I didn't have to
shield my
expressions
from my emotions.
Then my eyes
could seduce you
and you would be
fully aware
of the fact
that I am
no longer
the girl next door.

To You
by Lauren Donohue

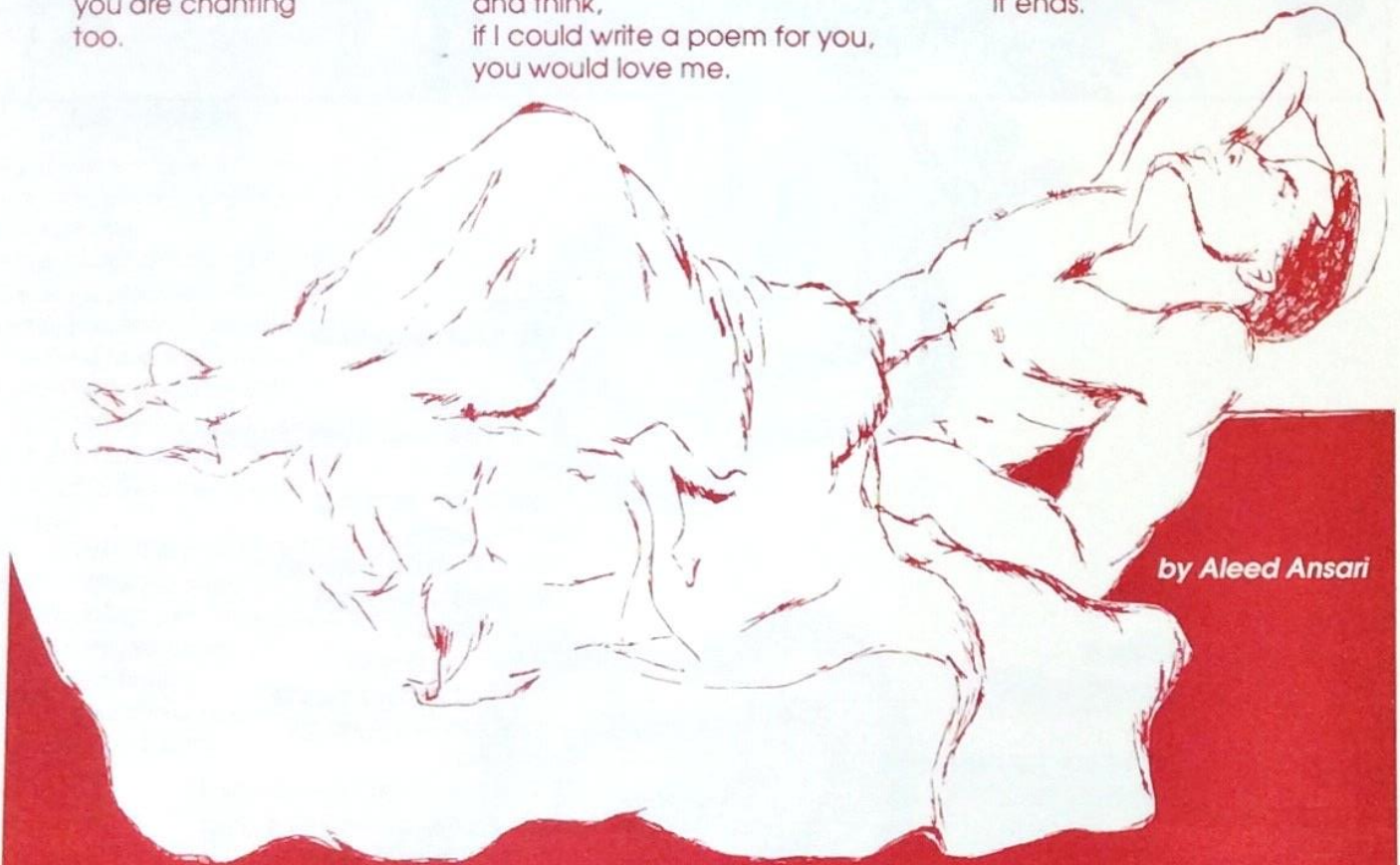
I sit and think
and I feel your eyes pounding
into mine
I feel them listening
for my brain.
You think you have won
because you have
my feelings
written on paper
and you know you can
make my own words
stab me.
But I know that I am still here
and you are there standing
tall and proud,
But my vulnerability and love
are your legs and without
them you would fall
to the ground
and I could step
on you
if I were that
malicious.

The Eleventh Muse
by Elizabeth Roen

I.
during presentations of
Sappho and Iliad
we touch eyes and
I chant your name
behind the screen of lids
and wonder if
you are chanting
too.

II.
you sit with
legs drawn-in,
tortoise with soft shell,
and your head leans
against the wall as
I would lean on you.
do you know I watch
and think,
if I could write a poem for you,
you would love me.

III.
I write
of you and love,
but love is not a word
to throw into poems
because you can't
throw it into life.
my knowledge spans
a hand and
at the tips of fingers
it ends.



by Aleed Ansari

Dark Serenities
by Abu Ansari

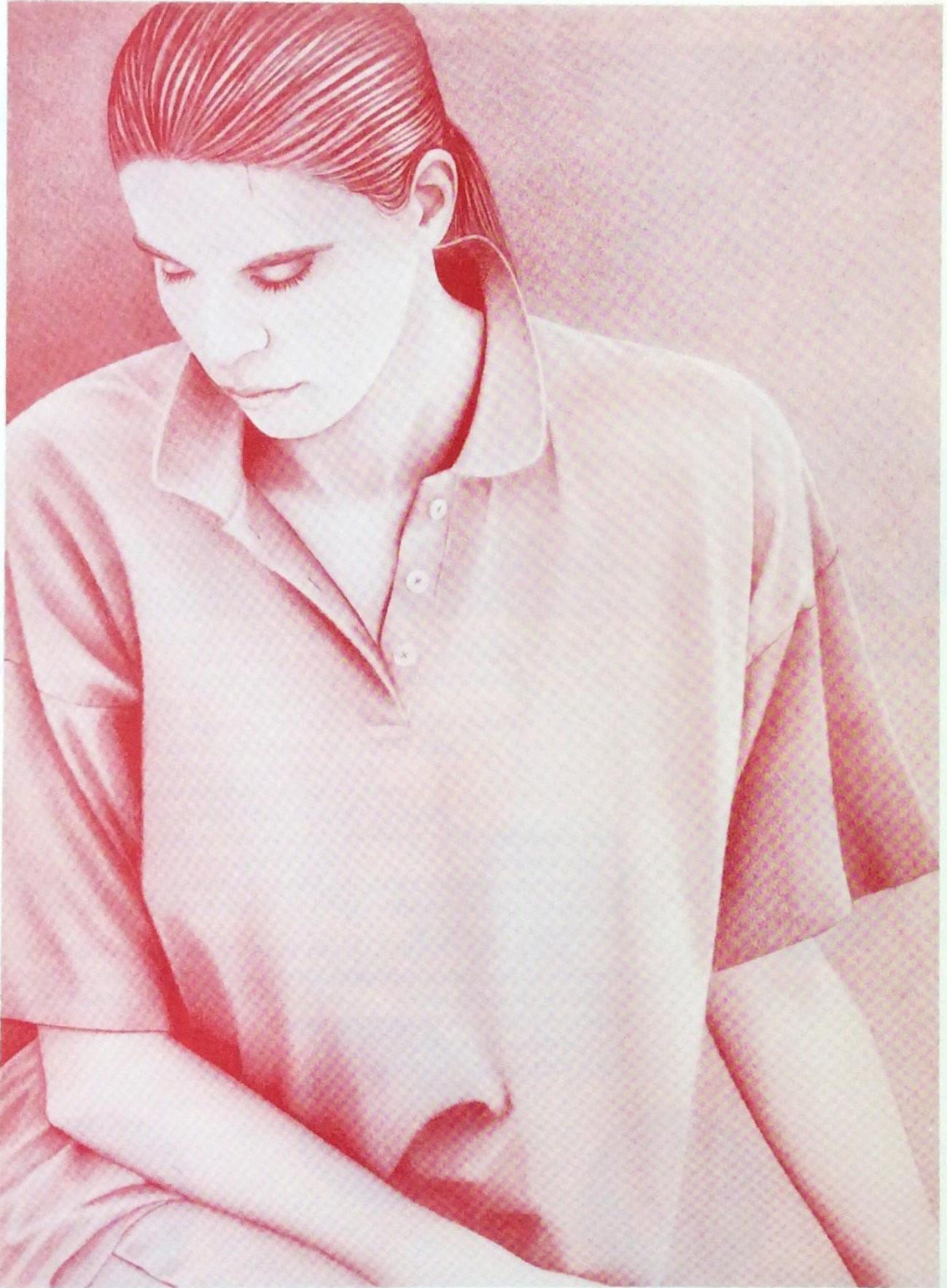
Nightly, I reserve a place
for you
in my bed
should you want to sleep
with my peace.

-You are with me when you are
not with me-
(In a way)

Soon, I hope, you will take
your place
beside me

But I'm afraid to send you
the invitation
Still, maybe it's better that
I kept it.

I would hate to discover that
you wish to sleep
alone.



Pensive Woman by Robert Cervantes

Bullseye '91



by Karin Riley

*Give it breath
pound it breath
to argue idea into shape
to argue shape into idea
underneath the surface
* pulse *
the tides of my hands' waves pull
and ever push the clay
seeing my touch echoed in the clay
I could close my eyes and do this
I don't have eyes when I do this*



**A Dribble Verse
or Poem for Leaving (Number One)
by Emily Forland**

"It's like you're already gone,"
she told me. "Write a poem about leaving."
which is kind of like how i imagine myself playing basketball.
in a skirt, tripping over folds of fabric
and thought,
grasping blindly to chase after ideas,
struggling to bounce around heavy thoughts,
with no real knowledge of the rules.
i would play one-on-one in poetry
(if there were a moon)
but in real life independence and direction are required.
basketball is creativity, quick thought, reliability, modern day heroics.
we'd all be david robinson,
(swishing through alley oops)
if we could find a way to set each other up for glory
and share the warmth of applause.
but real life is basketball, without the Nike commercials.
maybe if you spend too long in high school,
hallways grow crowds and become basketball courts.
people are obstacles and there are some days
when everyone's trying to draw a foul.
then there is a moment of connection
(a successful pass, maybe a basket)
and just as you leave, you get elbowed a goodbye
before a voice calls TIME OUT.
Leaving is just a perpetual question mark,
no set-ups, but sadness and an empty court.

You can only play keep-away with your emotions for so long
before someone tosses you a program
and tells you to write them all down.



by Robert Cervantes



Death by Kathryn Woody

Boston Sax
by Karin Riley

never in my life had I heard
saxophone crying like this
floating dancer-like between buildings
(trailing burgundy silk scarves)
wrapping tangling me in music fabric
grabbing
me by the soul
and dragging me into the street
(red and orange stars swirling around me
and exploding everywhere everywhere)

I tranced down the Boston street
pilgrimaging
praying toward this Mecca sound
until I stood before
The man
(coal-skinned
brown-bereted
and old silver sax)
Jack Kerouac
would have been wild-dancing
in the street
screaming
because this man had
IT
every note was apple-like
sweet red full
pounding inside my walls
soothing the Real Human Thing
so rarely touched
and now rocked and cradled
by this sound this sound

and afterwards everything I saw was gold
and my eyes were open with the song
everywhere everywhere
was the music
of the great huge universe
the twisting and turning
of the world
music
music

Caribbean Morning
by Stephanie Block

I had this friend called Nightpanic
Who always used to say
-This world's my moon and me its wrist-
And creeping side of the churchyard
(Our Lady of Sad Pretenses)
In the early twilight
He'd light candles (orange) for the sun
(He was a Leo)
And play hoops and drink with Zanus
From the islands till the sun came up
(It always rose when the flames went out)
And it risen he'd fall to sleep
And Zanus to a shadow to his world
(gone)

We'd find Nightpanic passed out on the
beach
Clinging around newsun to a bottle and
That dream with Starr swirled in red ink and
willingness
(Low tide)
And he faded in and out all morning
all groggy
Transient as his wet wiggling toes
Lapping tide
Changing stride
Till finally he'd rouse himself
and we'd go d

i
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g

The Cave

by Jason German

There is a cave in the backyard of this house. A secret cave. A dangerous cave. A horrible, terrible, frightening cave. Only those who are very brave or very stupid or who don't know better go into that cave. Of all who have gone in there, only three have come out and only one of them came out sane. No one but him remembers this terrible cave. He comes once a year to this cave on the very day he went in and stands in front of it and looks into its dark depths and remembers...

Taking first one cautious step and then another, he took one more and stepped into total darkness. He whirled around, his breath quickening. He saw no glimmer of light that might mark the cave entrance. There was only total darkness. He could feel the darkness pressing down on him, but he was thirteen years old and didn't fear the dark. Then he heard them.

The voices. Dark, chilling voices. Murmuring dark things and laughter. High-pitched and low-pitched. There were thousands of different voices gibbering, and they were filled with fear, loathing, hate, despair, greed, avarice, insanity, destruction, and doom. All the voices had one thing in common. All bore the taint of evil in their every syllable! But he was thirteen and did not fear mere voices. Then he saw them.

The eyes seemed to pop into existence all around him. The eyes were like the voices, hate-filled and evil, evil, EVIL!

"You're nothing but voices and eyes!" He shouted at them.

Then a voice that slid like oil into one ear said, "Oh really?"


Light flooded the cavern. The

cavern stretched out into eternity. There were volcanoes, streams of lava and acid, howling acid ice storms and every horror of nature all over. Creatures of evil were everywhere. They were in every shape and size. They gleefully danced through acts of torture and horror for the one presiding over them all. HE had no true shape or form, and in one comparison, the other things looked like angels of the highest form.

Then he felt the things in his mind. He clutched desperately to his memories of home, family, friends and yearned to be away from this ghastly place and to be among those he cherished.

He collapsed onto the grass, exhausted from his mental battle. Much later, he got up and walked to the back door of his house. He turned around to look once more at the cave. He thought he saw deep in the shadows two gleams of light, and the distant echoes of chilling laughter rang upon the air.





**The Butcher, the Baker,
the Candlestick Maker?**
by Ethan Whitlock

Stan the Magic Man reached into his bag of goodies and brought three visions forth.

The Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick Maker.

He asked me to choose one.
I chose the Butcher.

I saw the knight, his two-sided, razor sharp broadsword held high. With sunlight glimmering dully off his steel armor, he slashed into the unprotected side of a peasant. I heard his sadist battle cry. I saw brightly colored ships--oranges, golds, greens, and yellow--sailing gracefully through the open sea. I heard their booming cannon fire striking against the enemy's flank, splintering wood, littering deep blue with blood red. I saw blue on one side and gray on the other, two separate flags of the same, hating. I heard the crackling gunfire intruding into their masses seeking Death, brother killing brother. I felt the slimy mud and drenching rain of the trenches. I saw the lines waver and then hold firm again. I heard the ambient buzzing of new warfare and of the whistling of bombs. I was choked with gas and smelled my flesh burn. High in the heavens, I saw a flash of brilliant white light which blinded me. I heard the screaming cries of a million people in anguish. I was in a dense, green overgrowth, trying to kill an enemy I could not see, knowing all along that he could see me.

I screamed.

I threw the Butcher back into the bag of goodies and chose the Baker instead.

Stan the Magic Man smiled.
"Wise choice," he said.

by Stefan Ruff

Buddha the pinsetter
by Gabrielle Marcus

I was born Jewish
and I was told I was Jewish
but it was all very offhand and I
never knew what to do at Seder,
though I read very well:
at 7 I was told there
was no God by Mother at a
Motel 6 after her god had been
dethroned at our former residence;
still we meditated, Mother and I,
on a towel on the cement balcony over
Denny's; Mother wanted Jonathan to too;
he refused and read sci-fi in the bedroom—
still I said yes because
I'd always been into pleasing her;

at 8 I took TM in
White Plains. We learned our mantras upstairs
and brought our teachers fruit;
one student said he'd seen
rows of Campbell soup cans rushing before his
eyes and did anybody know what that meant?
the teacher said you could keep your
eyes open until you were 10, so I
read:
after 10 I meditated less.

at 12 Mother said there was
a God I yelled and she
yelled back that how could I be angry over
her confusion? I felt
very young

and then we attended
spiritualist churches and read
Shirley MacLaine books and
in them was my excuse for not
crying after my uncle's death
there is no death
and we tied crystals to
copper bands to our foreheads
and we prayed for the good of the world
on Thursdays,
then every second Wednesday,
then when no one was busy;

at 16 I read Emerson in class
and determined my Transcendentalism;
I prayed to Thoreau for my semester exam,
bowling his transparent eyeball into an
endless flow of gods.



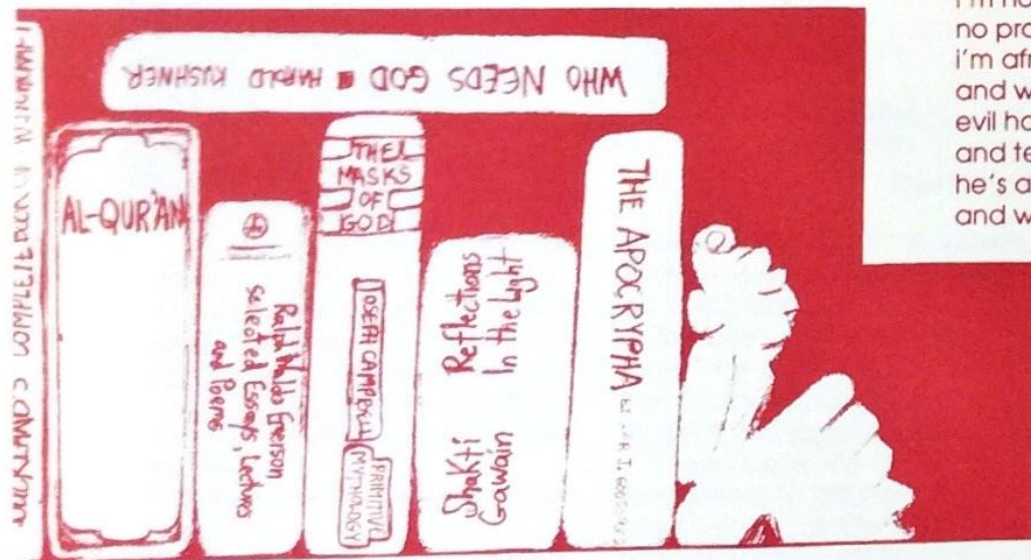
by Eve Lyons

god does not work on commission
by Eve Lyons

the sign said -
 "Christians aren't perfect
 Just forgiven"
 and i whizzed past not thinking
 about it until saturday when i
 dressed in my finest black
 went yom kippuring i
 prayed for forgiveness
 not knowing
 what to be forgiven for
 and the sanctuary was full
 like churches on sunday
 everyone wants to be forgiven
 so they can go on
 and live life guiltlessly
 as they please
 no Buddha here, no Holden
 Caulfield, no Japhy Ryder
 to scream the irony to deaf ears
 hoping a few will turn
 and
 take notice
 just me
 humble in my insecurity
 wondering
 if maybe
 god's shaking his head.

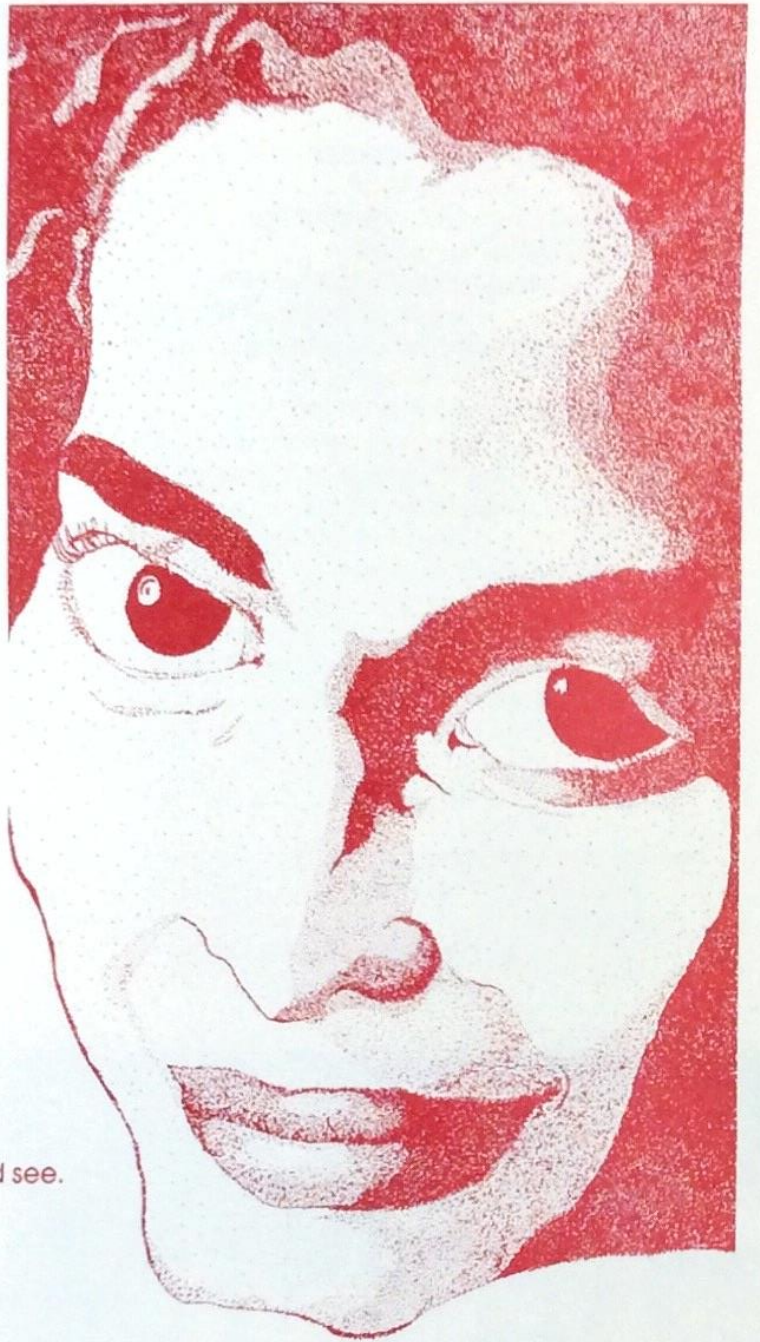
Christians
by Iva Burmeister

very nice very nice
 and tonight and maybe tomorrow
 starlight and rosebushes
 i know none
 oh and GOD there is a misfit inside me
 there was a mistake
 i am a black ram with red eyes
 and the villagers are afraid
 the child is dead and eaten in gluttony
 we shall feast
 and the children of the Lord are not afraid
 and
 Lord how i fear and cower
 darkness is evil and i a creature of night
 give me lamb's blood and a tall white
 doorway
 let me make confession
 walk between the pews upon the floors
 humming and thinking how she cried
 beneath her father
 and maybe if he died
 what a Christian she would be
 stay strong and don't weep
 he's passed on to better heaven
 she's not weeping
 and Buddha and Van Gogh's asylum
 have no place
 in the house of the Lord
 and give me up GOD
 i'm not worth so many grapes
 no prayer can rid me of all my obsessions
 i'm afraid Lord
 and we'll never meet again
 evil has no place
 and tell father
 he's all the better
 and what a Christian he will be.



The Music of Life
by Erin Hanna

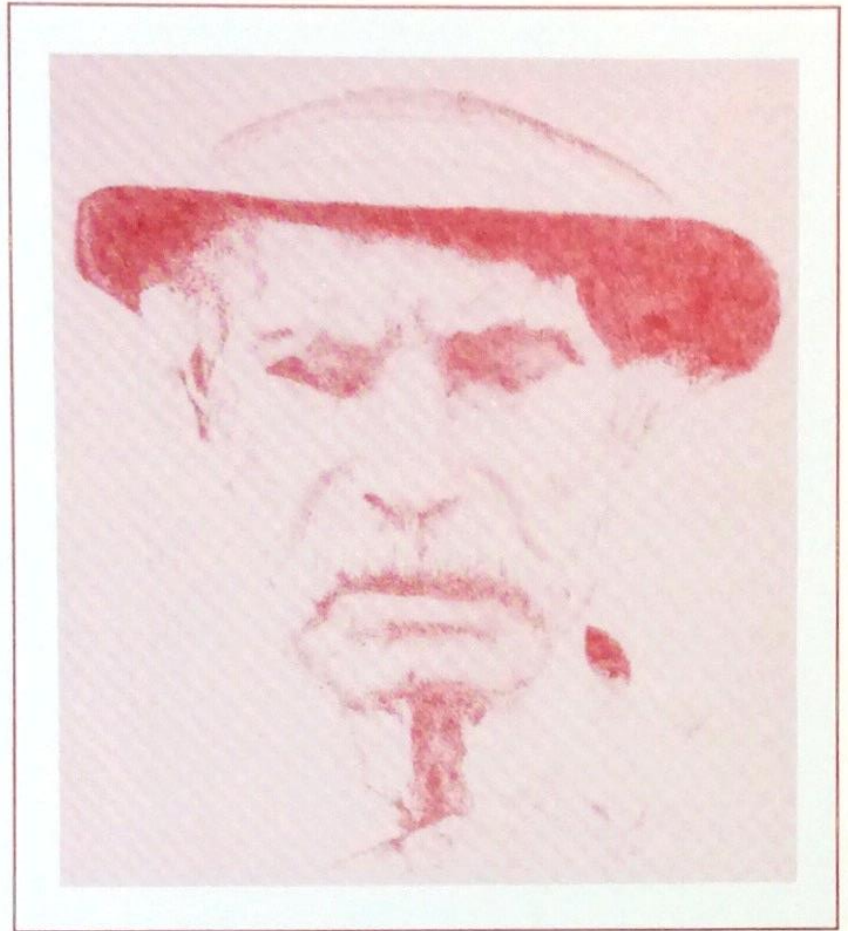
All of my life is a dance.
When I was young and feeling the earth
My steps were quick and easy.
The beat of the earth was so loud
That my drum was silent beside it.
All of my life rolled out from my feet
Like my land which had no end as far as I could see.
The rhythm of my life was pure and free.
As I grew older my feet kept dancing so hard
That I wore a spot in the earth
At the same time I made a hole in the sky.
I danced to the sun and the rain
And the moon lifted me up
So that I could dance to the stars.
My head touched the clouds sometimes
And my feet danced deep in the earth
So that I became the music I danced to everywhere.
It was the the music of life.
Now my steps are slow and hard
And my body fails my spirit.
Yet my dance is still within me and
My song is the air I breathe.
My song insists that I keep dancing forever.
My song insists that I keep rhythm
With all the earth and the sky.
My song insists that I will never die.



by Aleed Ansari

just a little jim's poem
by Nicole Pollentier

yeah babe
i'm a saint mary's woman
sitting at jim's
scribbling worn out truths that
that man at the counter
learned years ago
he lifts his spoon
to his mouth
and he's so tired
of wednesday's soup
that tastes so much
like tuesday's soup
time just slurs together
when experience isn't new
anymore
and even though i'm grabbing
all this adventure
with quick and eager hands
i'm going slow enough to realize
that life is grand
and poetry's a gem
and lord,
i never want to grow old



by Alison Newton

What is Love?
by Jason Garcia

"What is love?" asked the five-year-old boy.

"Love is when you like someone too much for your own good," said the thirteen-year-old girl. And she proceeded to throw herself at the feet of a high school senior.

"What is love?" asked the boy again.

"Love is like a train you wait for all day only to find out it's been delayed," answered the old man

at the train station. And with that, he walked over to the nearest complaint box.

The boy walked on. "What is love?" he asked the tired-looking, middle-aged woman with six kids following behind her.

"Love is only the time it takes for mistakes to happen," she replied wearily, as she ripped the parking violation off her car.

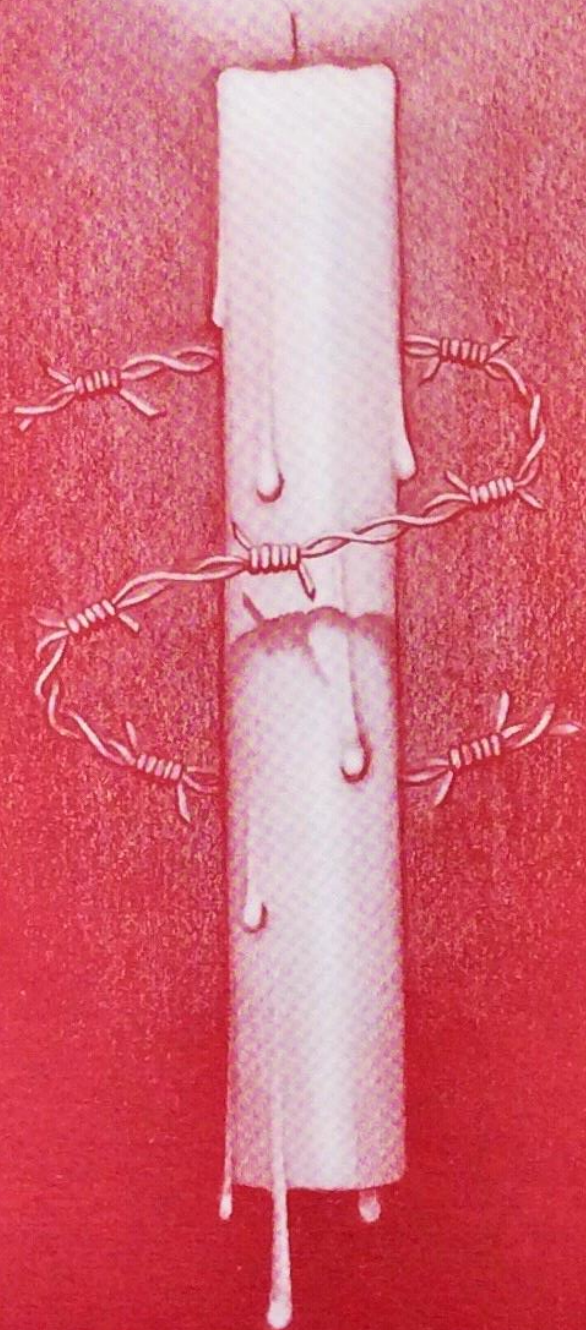
Suddenly the boy happened upon a most strange man. He

wore little round glasses, had long waist-length hair, which was parted in the middle, and a thick, bushy beard. The boy cautiously approached him and whispered, "What is love?"

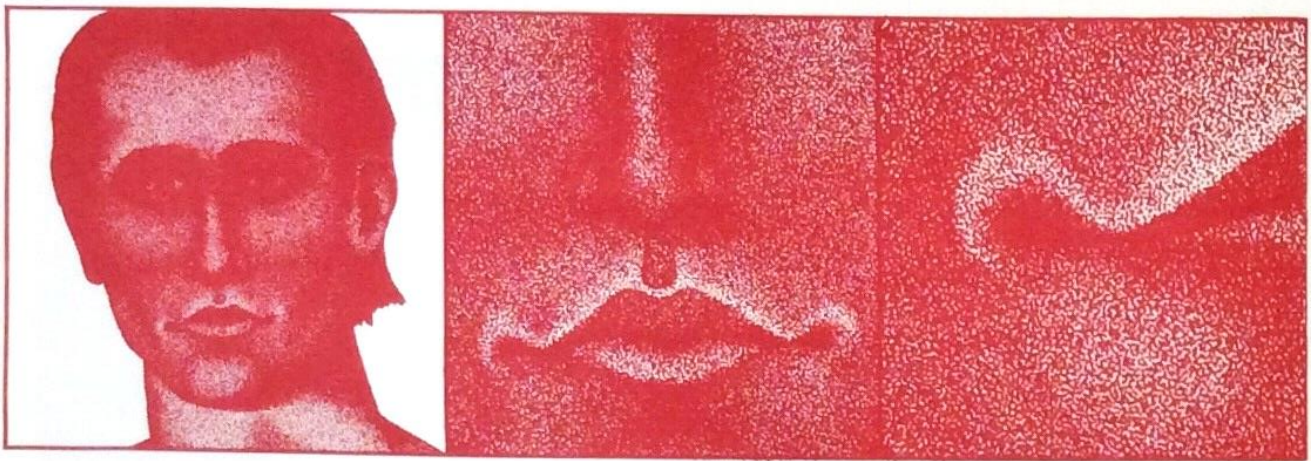
The man slowly turned, took off his glasses, and stared at the boy with intensely penetrating eyes. Finally he said in a low, mellow voice, "Love is me and you and a dog named 'Boo', man."

Blindness
by Brenda Anderson

I can't remember the color of a rose,
Or my hair-
Is it darker than it was?
I don't know.
Blindness isn't not seeing-
It's the memory-
The heat of a color,
The sound of a picture,
And the glow of a sable flame.
Remembering is the hard part-
Colors and shapes,
Recalled subconsciously,
Cannot often be projected
Onto a black screen of a world.
Touching and feeling are intimate and
reliable-
But, smothered with a murky blanket,
They are the only choice,
And become cold and less intimate.
It is an approach to knowledge-
Sharpening dulled senses.
Navigating through empty corridors of
eternity
By a ticking clock,
Or the heat of a sunray,
Falling through a tall window at midday,
To caress a sleek hand.
Unreliable noise
Faceless and cold-
You wake me.
For I cannot see the truth,
But only feel the color
Of fear,
And your face,
In the dark corners of my eyes.
Watching,
I cannot.
The darkness and space-
Like black satin against my fingertips,
Soft and true.
And I wait to hear the tick of the clock,
And I wait to grasp it,
And guide me through another night,
Like a torch in a cave of wind.
But there is no ticking-
Only the realization of the glow,
The ebony sensation of the night,
The sable emptiness of the void,
And the onyx velvet of your silence.



by Robert Cervantes



by Robert Cervantes

God I hate that song
by Brian Santos

I've never loved anyone-I swear.
Then her face, her arms around mine or
mine around hers; no one could have resisted her.
I've always been a hard man - circumstances from my
past created that.
But the moment I kissed her all hate,
pain, and resentment - for those bastardly couples
who had found love -
passed.
It - soft, gentle, loving - the way a kiss
was meant to be.
A caring had grown inside - I was shocked to hell-
I had no idea what to do.
So I FELL - as all men will one day
(even though they tell their conquest
stones for the boys at the Bar),
All men will FALL - and all men FALL hard.
It's tough, you see - to understand it myself.
Because
I've never loved anyone - I swear
and
I've always been a hard man - my past
had created that.

Well, I had once been...

In Stereo Where Available
by Suzanne Dobrowolski

I begin alone
with you behind
Casually you sneak up
beside me
I resist my sarcastic urge to ask
"Do I know you?"
and we continue to walk side-by-side
with only the air
and our inconsistent past
separating us
Mindless chatter fills the void
as we concentrate
on walking and being indifferent
at the same time

Suddenly
the wind whispers in hushed voices
the surrounding crowds disappear
Time sputters and freezes a moment
We come to a stand-still
with the excruciating Silence
embracing us

The pause button is released
and the volume fades back in
The ambiguity of Our shaded path
is dissolved
with the painful realization
that we can't Rewind
while we're still Playing

Zoo Soup
by Chris Vaughan

I drink my soup like other
Good American boys,
As the animal-pasta-figures swim
And converse on oneness.
I scoop up the stragglers
With my swan-spoon, alone
And help them along, to join.
The fluid drunk, sea of chaos,
All collect at the bottom.



by Jererry Harris



by James Wedding

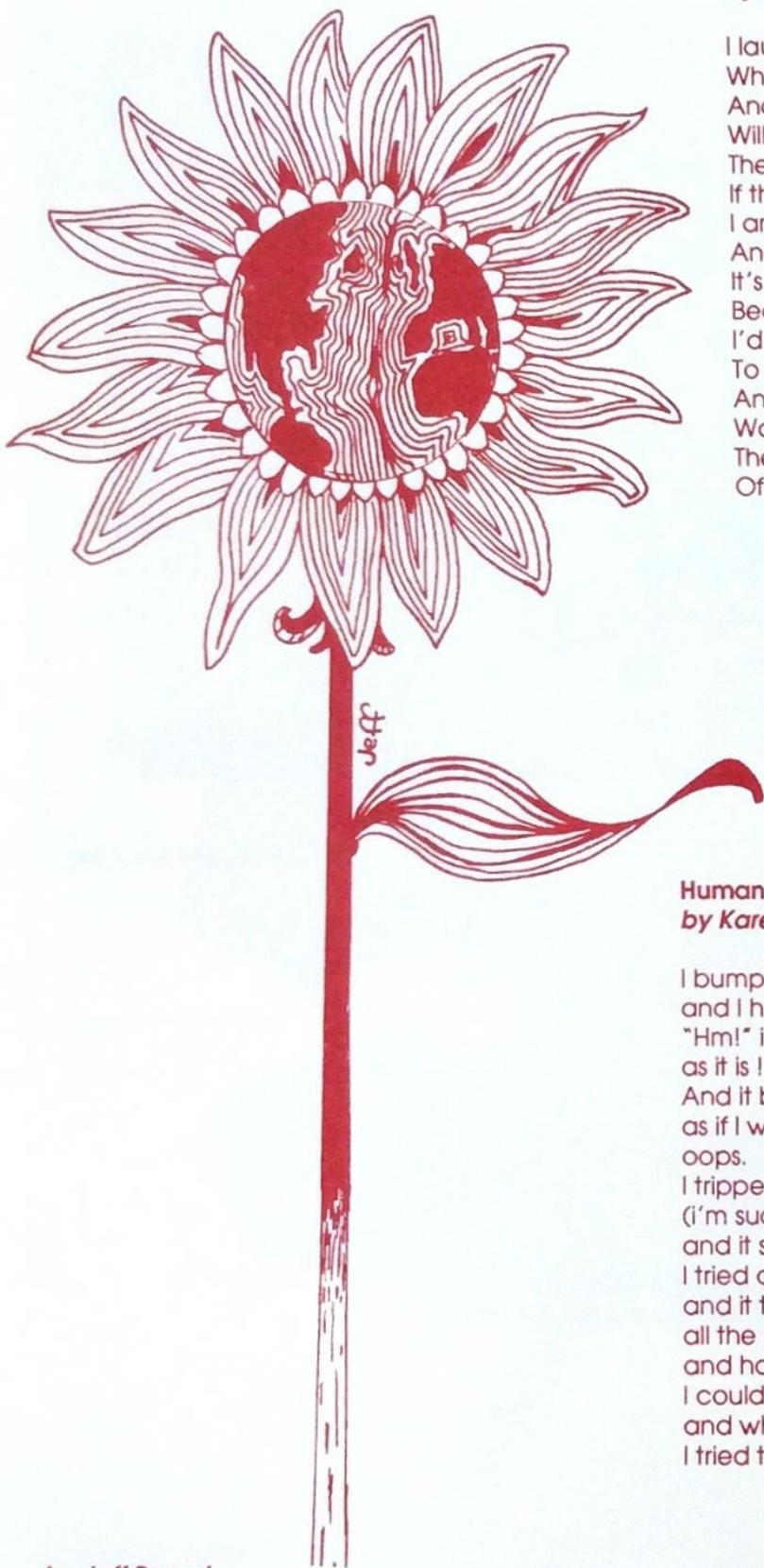
*Earthen birth
clay yields to fingers
glistening earthen birth
fingers teasing clay
fingers pressing clay
on the wheel
tension between clay and hands
the fragile birth of mud thoughts in motion*

Leisure
by Leigh Labbo

I laugh uncontrollably
When something strikes me as funny.
And if sitting in the grass
Will give me pleasure,
Then I'm going to do it.
If this confuses you,
I am not sorry.
And if my qualities chase you away,
It's probably best that we aren't acquainted.
Because if I ever loved you,
I'd probably skip and sing
To show I cared for you.
And if a cartwheel in your honor
Wouldn't mean much to you,
Then you're not worthy
Of my acrobatics anyway.

Human Error
by Karen Hooper

I bumped into the air today
and I hastily apologized.
"Hm!" it said. "As if I don't have enough problems
as it is!"
And it blew away, leaving me standing there
as if I were human.
oops.
I tripped over the ground today
(i'm such a klutz)
and it said, "ouch!"
I tried again to apologize
and it told me about the pain it had from
all the operations
and how I should be blamed.
I couldn't deny it
and when it ignored my excuses
I tried to step away lightly.
I really need to be more careful -
the earth is so sensitive!



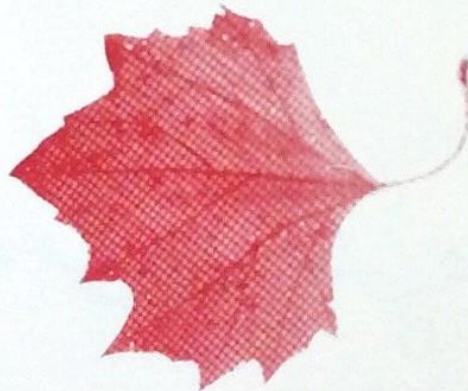
by Jeff Bernal



by *Prentiss Lashure*

Winter's Gray
by *Kathryn Woody*

And I lift my head, heavy though it is,
to blood-soaked Dawn
remembering the shivering flowers
of Winter's heartless arctic days,
when grass died painfully,
emerald replaced with burnt umber,
a dead shade at that,
and I
wonder if the yellow fireball
will show his splendor
to all who have forgotten his lambent flame,
burning away memories of cold gray afternoons
when we huddled,
like the flowers,
dreaming, as we, of Summer Star,
whose rays accented turquoise waves,
washing ashore on sandy beaches
adorned with rococo castles,
built so dutifully,
lovingly,
by pig-tailed girls and freckled boys.
But charcoal Clouds shrouded
the Savior we awaited,
and I lowered my head
and sank to the ground,
shivering with the flowers.





Sacred Floors
by Erin Amendola

The old preacher looked down upon
the young child,
who was excited to take the
big test.
"This is your test of communion,
young one,
answer with thought and
great respect."
The young child looked up at
the man
who sat at his desk like a lord.
"Tell me young one,
who was Jesus Christ and
what was he put on earth for?"
"Jesus was a nice man,"
the little child said.
"He came to make things kind and
He gave us sweet and thoughtful
things to flow forever and ever
through our minds."
The preacher looked back at the girl
as if she had
committed a sin.
"You're wrong! You're wrong
little girl!"
Screamed the ugly
lord-like man.
"You're supposed to say He is
Son of God, and is Savior
of the earth.
Memorize the phrase from
beginning to end,
and come back
when
you have learned."

The young child looked
in tears
at the preacher upon
his desk.
"You mean Jesus isn't a nice man?
My mommy told me this.
She said if I believed this then
I was truly a child blessed."
The girl looked at the old man
who shook his head
and said,
"Wrong,
learn the lines
and learn them well,
and maybe you'll belong."
She looked to the preacher
who pointed wickedly
to the door.
Filled with tears, she
grabbed her doll and
dragged it across
the supposedly sacred floors.
She stopped in her tracks
as she headed out
and laid her eyes
in shame
at the large cross
engraved upon the
exit door
and wondered to herself
was mommy right,
or do I really know
what the
cross
is
for?





Child in Chair by Veronica Venegas



In Scorpio's Gaze by Juanita Mize

Between the Lines
by Allison Newton

She said, "hi";
Will you be my friend
If I don't tell your secrets
If I'm a decent human being
And don't laugh at your fears?

I said, "hello";
Maybe I'll give you a chance
If you don't steal my boyfriend
Or talk behind my back
Or ruin my clothes
Or tell me I'm fat.

She said, "my name's Anne";
What's your name
Will you like me
If I lend you a sympathetic ear
A shoulder to cry on
And my new suede mini?

I said, "my name's Samantha";
Sam, to my friends
Then I smiled.

Harvest of Time
by Kim Beal

Just in case you die, I want you to know that the three most powerful words in the world, often associated with French fries, cars, and bikini-girls on posters, are still real and not a cliché in my heart. So when I say I love you, and I cannot make it alone, I mean it. You are my sunshine, forever smiling warmly upon a face that is not always upturned, a rainbow sent even though my sins were many and I don't deserve the happiness and joy you bring to my life. Stand firm in love because I need you to hold me up, for my arms are weary from this world and its absence of the very beautiful, ever precious thing you share so selflessly, your love.

I learned myself
by Elizabeth Roen

I learned my self
from my mother
and from her mother
and then I
found others to
learn from,
and Aristotle must
have known
no one is themselves
without being someone else first,
like the woman who slid
a cigarette into her mouth,
a move her fingers learned
from t.v. ads.
As I meet
more people,
I take pieces of them
to use on
occasion,
and if I ever
walk towards you
smiling with your mouth,
gaze back with
my eyes.



by Lauren Donohue

Songs of Bleu
by Abu Ansari

I.
You sit alone in your corner
And I watch you play with death
And I want to be your life
Because it seems that life
Is something you never plan on having.

II.
Did you mean to trick me?
Or are you unaware that
singly-hooked pinkies
mean more than a handshake,
a sly, confirming smile
is deeper than sprite-ful laughter,
And your whirlpooling eyes that
pull me helplessly to you
are stronger than a stare...

I think it was a trick!
But if this confuses you,
Imagine how confused you've made me.
III.

Do a disco-dance
to the boombidy-boom
of a reggae-rhythm
And maybe it won't
look so strange if you then
rest your head
on my shoulder.

IV.
Man, you are beautiful,
Woman no cry,
Man, do cry a little
and maybe it will
open new roads
And the kiss that I dream of placing
On your lips will someday become reality.
V.

If you can't see that
I want to make love to you,
Just know...
That when I place my hand in yours
—a simple greeting—
I would prefer to keep it there.

VI.
Play a cool whisper
in my ear
and let your breath
dance
lightly
down my neck.
Oh, how I wish for such a heaven.

VII.
Enough of this bombastic mutual bonding
Let's get down to the
real stuff.
We know what we want!
Whoops!
I just made a
fool of myself!
Now you see why I never say this.
I'm not sure you want it to be said.



by Kathryn Woody

The Bath
on viewing Edgar Degas' The Tub
by Valerie Turella

Rigid piece where I lie
Overflowing, nevertheless remaining day upon day
to wait patiently, the moment
let a sensuous silhouette become my environment.
Long-suffering, I stay. For each dawn's
light lures an anticipation for
A golden reflection of locks in my eyes
Graceful movement counteracting
Rough edges of an anvil's pounding
Her vision, merely a blacksmith's creation
Three full moons, standing stagnant
Preserved by a desire constant.
Autumn's aroma arises in the air

Closer, closer, her shape appears.
Oh! I cannot abide any longer
My limbs, steady as an earthquake
Surging beats of canvas, my heart pulsates
My veins convulse in heat
Only a smooth bronze contoured profile, visible.
Caress my warmth, I am screaming
Escape into soothing arms of pure, cleansing love
I feel wading fingertips, are they of approval?
The arrival of your stroke upon my
breast seems illusory.
Maiden, let me bathe you.



by Jeremy Harris

She
by Allison Newton

She peered around the corner
Smiled as her eyes knew his form
Glancing to the door
He saw only fleeting shadows

She swam up with the water
Through the mist beheld him dive
Passing a mossy rock
He heard the giggling current

She tiptoed behind in the snow
Kissed the scarf lost from his neck
Stopping to retrieve it
A silent dove glided past his fingers

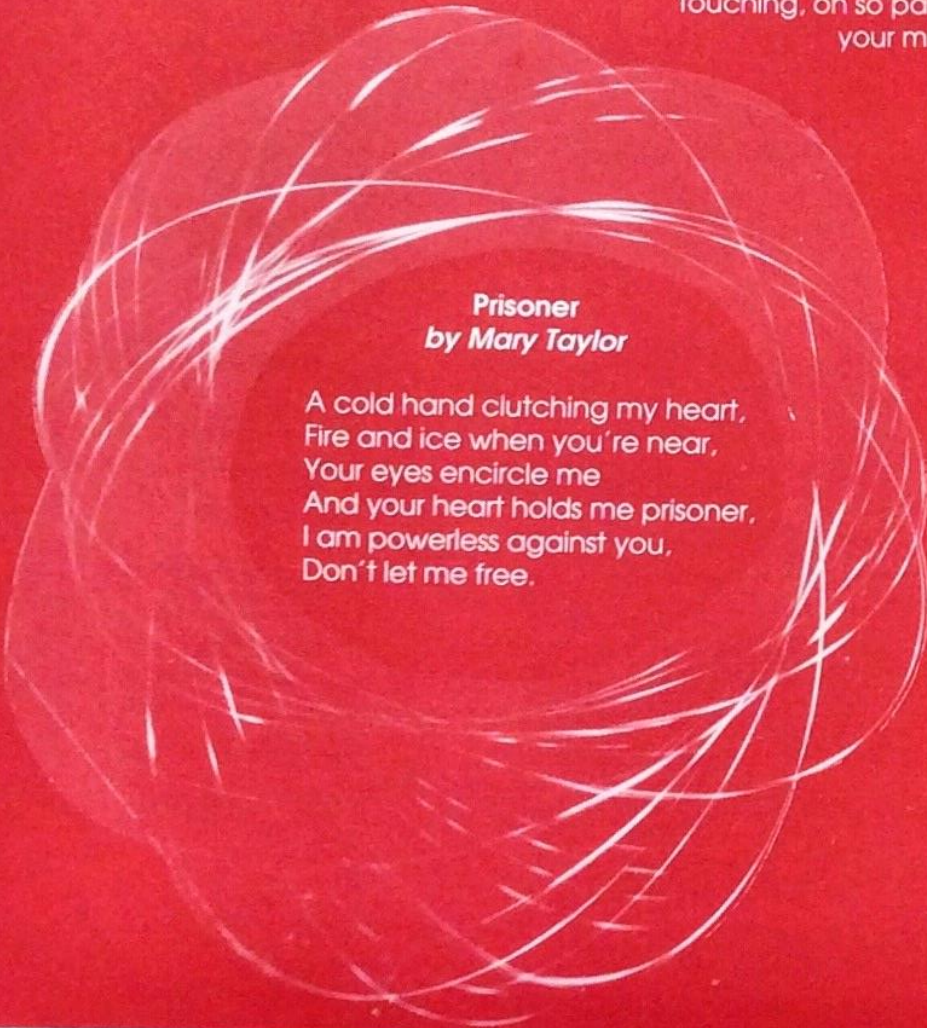
She lay beside him while he slept
And whispered secrets in his ear
Awaking from inside a dream
Only pine boughs sighed in the wind

She touched softly his empty hand
Drew his eyes to her face
Seeing her for the first time
Close beside where she had always been

The Greek Bust
by Juanita Mize

Your brilliance bleached (dry-
white) like bone
and what a violation of trust
it must've been
to have that uninvited
hand reach in and buff away
the suppleness that should be flesh.
Trembling fingers trace
the contour of your face-
it is moon-like in its
beauty
and chilling in its touch.
Across the sky I cry your name-
though you have none-
and the tears on my palms
can't erase your permanence
nor can they soften your rigid existence.
Yet-still,
they shiver on your cool skin
trying to absorb the loneliness,
touching, oh so painfully,
your marble mind

by Franklin Rubinstein



Prisoner
by Mary Taylor

A cold hand clutching my heart,
Fire and ice when you're near,
Your eyes encircle me
And your heart holds me prisoner,
I am powerless against you,
Don't let me free.

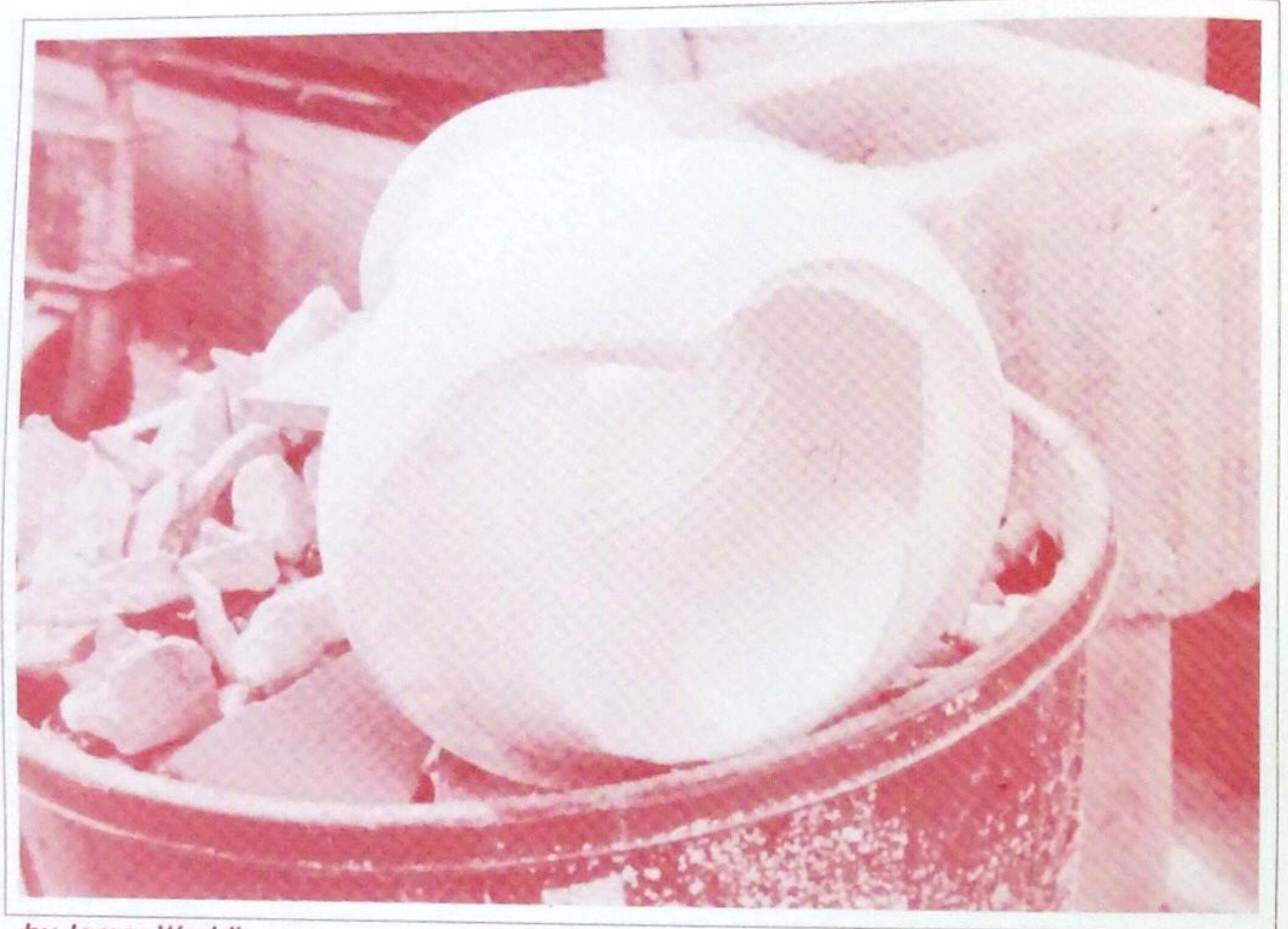
by Juanita Mize



C.
a metaphor
by Taryn Nasis

into you
i am
like small
sweet
abrasive
coins
pressed into
machinery
rubbing against
the inside
steel
rubbing
against
the
inside
to
d
r
o
p
like water
into soulful
soul
full

Juanita Mize



by James Wedding

*Drop to one total ; almost holy perfect tear
and it's no wonder that the clay collapsed today
an idea splintered
did you push it too hard
wish too intensely
should you have left it dancing to itself?*

Responsible Reporting: Long Term Effect on Children by Denise White

The miracle of modern technology has made it possible for the events that are taking place in the Middle East to be brought directly into our living rooms as they happen, often even before the knowledge of the people they impact directly.

Our preoccupation with information and the constant need to know and to be informed, coupled with our consciousness of the right to a freedom of press have created a fertile market for information agencies to sell us their product in a variety of forms. We are being constantly and continuously bombarded with the realities of the Middle East conflict from all its perspectives. The net effect is that the reporting of events in the Middle East has become an end unto itself. This has had the effect of dehumanizing this terrible situation. It has become more important to know the quantity, magnitude, and probability than the fact itself.

"An impersonal presentation of war does not prepare children for the realities of war."

Children are usually television's greatest audience, and many children watch television without parental supervision. Constant news coverage of the war may create many anxieties in children. If not handled properly, these anxieties may cause long term negative effects on their lives.

The high technology employed in this war tends to depersonalize destruction. Newscasts show videos of bombs hitting their targets with incredible accuracy. However, commentators seldom mention the human element in the targets or their surrounding areas. They minimize the probable loss of life that accompa-

nies the destruction of a building. There is a tendency to think in terms of units, tanks, missiles, etc., forgetting that all these terms are expressions of humanity. Even the word "Iraqi" somehow does not represent a human being. We have been programmed to quantify everything. This may give children the impression that war is a giant Nintendo game. The problem is aggravated by incidents such as one in which a local video arcade owner promoted a video game that encouraged the player to see how many Iraqis he could kill.

An impersonal presentation of war does not prepare children for the realities of war. Children's misconceptions of war can cause them to have a corrupt attitude towards violence, the value of people's lives and property, and to believe that war is an easy game. When our troops engage in a ground battle, as experts predict, Americans will begin to suffer a great number of casualties. It is important that all Americans, especially children, be prepared to face the reality that some of our troops will come home wounded or dead.

Today's media is guilty of sensationalism and exploitation. They have gone from reporting events

to making the war a great entertainment show. We, as consumers, must pressure the media into changing their form of reporting to a more responsible format. Parents should make every effort to be with their children when they are watching news of the war. They should talk to their children and encourage them to express their feelings, to share their fears, and to ask questions about their uncertainties. School teachers and counselors should take a more active roll in encouraging children to communicate their fears and anxieties. Adults can help children sort out what is a real threat from an imagined or exaggerated one. They can help children understand the issues that are at stake, and, most importantly, they can help children form convictions about the morality of war. Children are the future, and the moral values that are instilled in them today are the foundations of tomorrow.

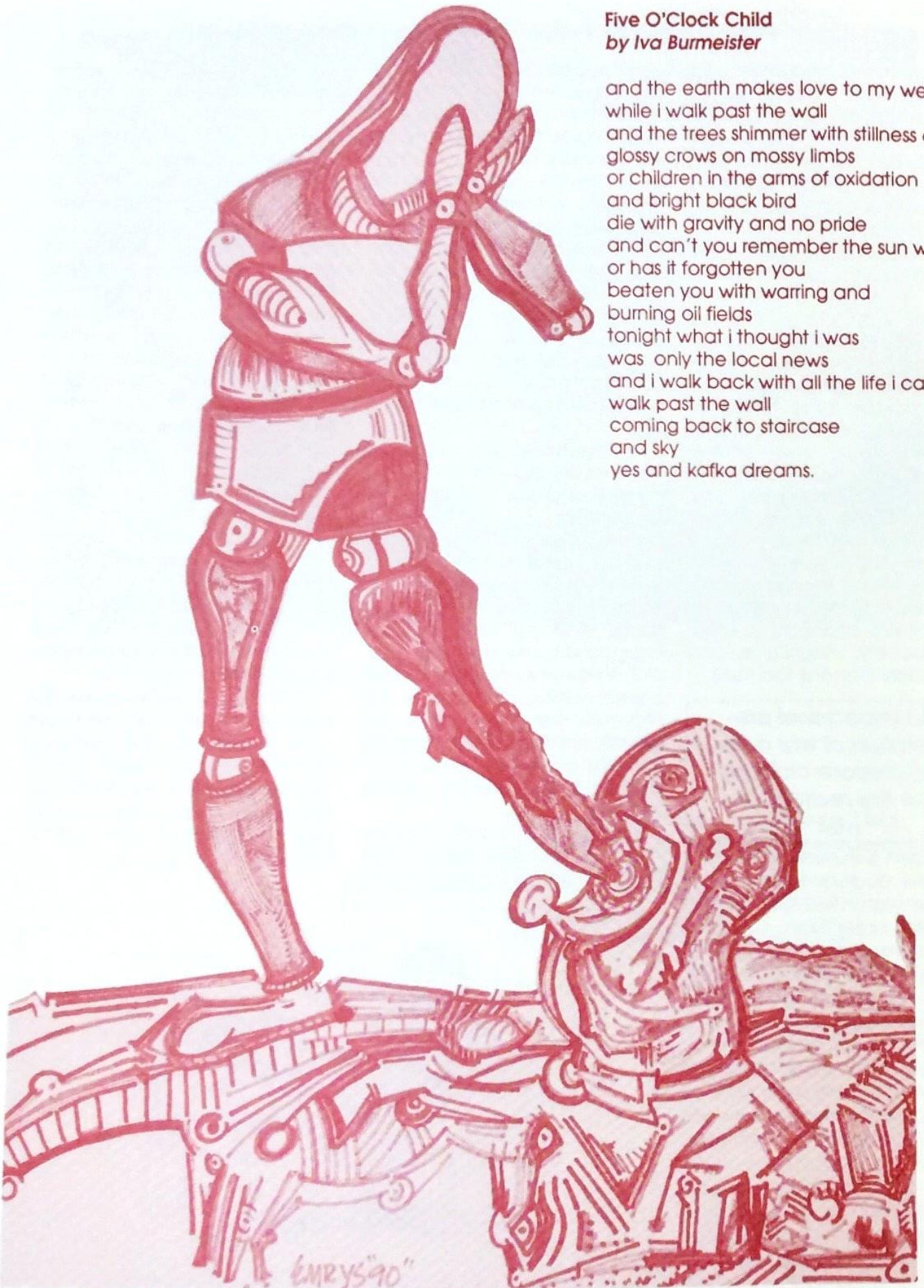
If children's anxieties are not handled properly, they can cause serious future disorders that may affect the children's perceptions of how problems should be resolved. This may further encourage the belief that violence is the only solution to a conflict.



by Blake Sandberg

Five O'Clock Child
by Iva Burmeister

and the earth makes love to my weight
while i walk past the wall
and the trees shimmer with stillness and
glossy crows on mossy limbs
or children in the arms of oxidation
and bright black bird
die with gravity and no pride
and can't you remember the sun warmth
or has it forgotten you
beaten you with warring and
burning oil fields
tonight what i thought i was
was only the local news
and i walk back with all the life i can
walk past the wall
coming back to staircase
and sky
yes and kafka dreams.



by Emrys Berkower

The Children Decorate Their Gas Masks
(poem for the allies)
by Nicole Pollentier

I.
in Israel the children
lit their candles and
said their blessings
it was the Sabbath
and their god was watching

and later the children
would ask their parents
"was God watching when
Sad-dam

Hoo-sain
dropped bombs on us?"

and in school their teachers
would trade math
for gas mask drills
and the children would see themselves
transformed
into giant insects
with sweaty breath
and they'd cry

II.
in the United States the people
did their work and
watched their news
and Tom Brokaw told them
"the children in Israel
are decorating their gas masks
to make them look less scary"

and later the people
would eat their dinners
and talk about things like
tom-a-hawk
mis-suls
and they'd see fireworks
and think of Christmas trees

and on TV their president
would tell them this is a good war
and the people would smile grateful smiles
and wave flags
like hundred dollar bills
they'd watch as their bodies
transformed
into fighting machines
and they'd be proud



by Kajsa Bjorling

Sara's War by Robert Cervantes

With Tim among the Allied troops in the Pacific, the Riley family was struck down by a cruel and ruthless fear. Silent and flaming, this fear could never be extinguished. Scorching the heart and igniting the soul ablaze, this fear left no outside trace.

After her favorite soap opera, Mrs. Riley always made herself a seat out on the front porch and waited quietly for her eight-year-old daughter, Sara, to come home from school. This afternoon the wind blew with strong, quick gusts that picked soft petals from the delicate blooms nestled in the clay pots and scattered them wildly in the air, dabbing the fertile ground with pink and white. From a distance, Mrs. Riley spotted Sara holding tightly in her small grip a few drawings she had brought home from school. Drawn with big, bright crayons, all these pictures were of her oldest brother, Tim. In one, Tim was mowing the lawn; in another, Tim was playing baseball; in yet another, Tim slept peacefully on a hammock. Before Sara placed a first step on the porch, her mother inquired curiously about the drawings. Sara neatly spread out her portraits on the porch floor and described Tim's role in each. Mrs. Riley smiled, knelt down to Sara's eye level, and said affectionately, "You really miss your brother, don't you?"

Sara nodded and asked, "When's Tim comin' back?"

"Well, he'll be home soon. You just have to have patience," Mrs. Riley said reassuringly.

"Do you think Tim found a girlfriend?"

"Well, Sara," Mrs. Riley said, "That's a funny thing to ask."

"I just wondered."

"You must be hungry. Go on inside and I'll fix you something to snack on."

Sara gathered up her drawings and went inside with a rhythmic skip in her step. Mrs. Riley followed her daughter in and took out two slices of bread from the pantry to make a sandwich. Sara hopped up on a chair and innocently asked, "Has Tim killed anyone yet?"

Almost dropping the jar of grape jelly, Sara's mother asked, "What, dear?"

"Has Tim killed anyone yet?"

Mrs. Riley quickly replied, "You sure are asking a whole lot of questions today."

"I just wondered if Tim had killed any. . ."

"Sara, please."

"What if someone kills Tim?"

"Why in the world are you asking these questions? Is something the matter, dear? Has someone in school scared you?" Mrs. Riley asked with an intensely troubled look upon her face.

"No, I just miss 'im."

Holding her child in a caressing lock, Mrs. Riley said, "Oh Sara, we all do."

Not a moment later, Sara asked, "Where's the tape?"

"Tape? In your father's desk drawer. Why?"

"I wanna hang up my drawings of Tim in my room."

"Honey, are you sure nothing is the matter?"

Sara nodded and broke from her mother's arms to go to her father's desk where she found the roll of tape. After taping her drawings to her bedroom walls, Sara began to draw another picture of her missed brother until her mother called her for dinner.

Within a few quiet days, Sara's

bedroom walls became adorned with a crayola spectrum of dancing lines and forms. Her brilliant colors and simple shapes reflected the love and admiration that she felt so deeply toward her brother. With free and natural motions of color, Sara portrayed her brother doing every activity he had ever loved. Styled with a hint of sadness, Tim's expressions seemed to yearn for something lost--for something left behind.

Pretending that Tim had escaped the Navy to be with her, Sara fashioned a bed out of blankets and pillows for him to sleep on. Occasionally, she carried on a conversation with her beloved brother. She pleaded for his final homecoming, but her urging was in vain.

One night, Sara's imaginary conversations woke her mother from her sleep. Fearful of her daughter's disturbance, Mrs. Riley tugged at her husband's pajama sleeve but failed to get his attention. Sara's discourse continued without any sign of ceasing. Mrs. Riley hesitantly followed Sara's innocent voice to her bedroom door where she stopped and listened to the imagination of her disheartened child.

"I've spent so much time on them, which is your favorite?"

A short pause.

"Yeah, that's my favorite too." She pauses again.

"Do you have to go back? Can't you stay a little longer?"

Another brief pause.

"But we've all missed you so much. Could you just stay a little longer?"

Unsure of what to say or what to do, Mrs. Riley stood alone and cried silently in the dark and somber shadows of the hallway. Tears rolled gently down her face, leaving glistening streaks behind. She didn't bother to wipe

them; she let them dry untouched and unharmed. The light from Sara's room went out and the Riley home was extinguished of any flicker of light, of any flicker of hope.

Sara's obsession brutally ripped and tore at Mrs. Riley's already frail nerves. At a loss for reason and in a state of near-collapse, Mrs. Riley was filled with fears which multiplied within her like a cancer spreads and conquers life.

On an ominous and muted day, the Riley house stood as silent as a grave. The sky was painted gray and smeared with a thick gloom. Mrs. Riley had just finished sorting out ration stamps when a thunderous crash followed by an ear-piercing scream sent her flying in a startled blur of panic. With a sudden injection of uncaged insanity, she ran upstairs to Sara's bedroom. In a dream of blinding light and machine gun fire, she reached out and pulled the doorknob. The lock refused to open and Mrs. Riley's dread-bolted emotions screeched to a dead stop. With an explosive thrust, Mrs. Riley slammed her fist against the door and commanded, "Sara, open the door!" The choking and crying from inside continued. "Open the damn door!" The crying stopped and not a pulse came from the room. "Sara, for God's sake, open the door!" Mrs. Riley pleaded in utter despair. Several moments later, the door unlocked with a quick click. Mrs. Riley opened the door slowly and found her daughter in a tight ball surrounded by fallen toys and an overturned dresser that had collapsed into splintered pieces when it fell. "My God, what have you done?" Mrs. Riley angrily asked.

"Run, Tim, run! Don't let them get you!" Sara said exhaustedly to an invisible figure.

"My God, what's the matter?"

"Mommy, Tim didn't want to kill anyone, but they made him," Sara said, coming out of her trance.

At the brink of emotional ruin, Mrs. Riley fell to her knees and grabbed Sara by her arm and yelled, "Tim's not here! Stop acting like this!" Without hesitation, Mrs. Riley then tore down Sara's drawings and abusively ripped them into multicolored shreds.

"But, Mommy, they wanted him to kill me next. Tim wouldn't, and now he's in trouble," Sara explained to her mother in one continuous sob.

"Honey, Tim is not here and he's not in trouble. He's fighting for our country. He's defending the United States. Sara, please try to understand," Mrs. Riley said.

"He said he didn't want to kill anyone," Sara said in one last, hopeless attempt.

Then with her last release of energy, Mrs. Riley said, "Sara, I truly

don't know. All we can do is pray."

The youthful spring exited and summer entered with brilliant rays of sun. An early gust of Autumn's bitter air disrupted the distinctive warmth of August. The fragile blooms quickly faded and their fine petals withered, falling to the base of weather-stained pots. Underneath the shriveled petals lay a newspaper screaming "America Victorious Over Japan!" The war had ended; the troops would be home soon, and the Riley home would be whole again. The savage fears and oppressive nightmares were soon to depart with Tim's long awaited arrival.

Two cities and its people were set aflame by a murderous fire that echoed the mass cries of innocent children. The U.S. was celebrating, and Sara, not quite sure of the reasons and justifications, viewed our world in a horrible new light.



by Kajsa Bjorling

Changing Seasons
by Elizabeth Cook

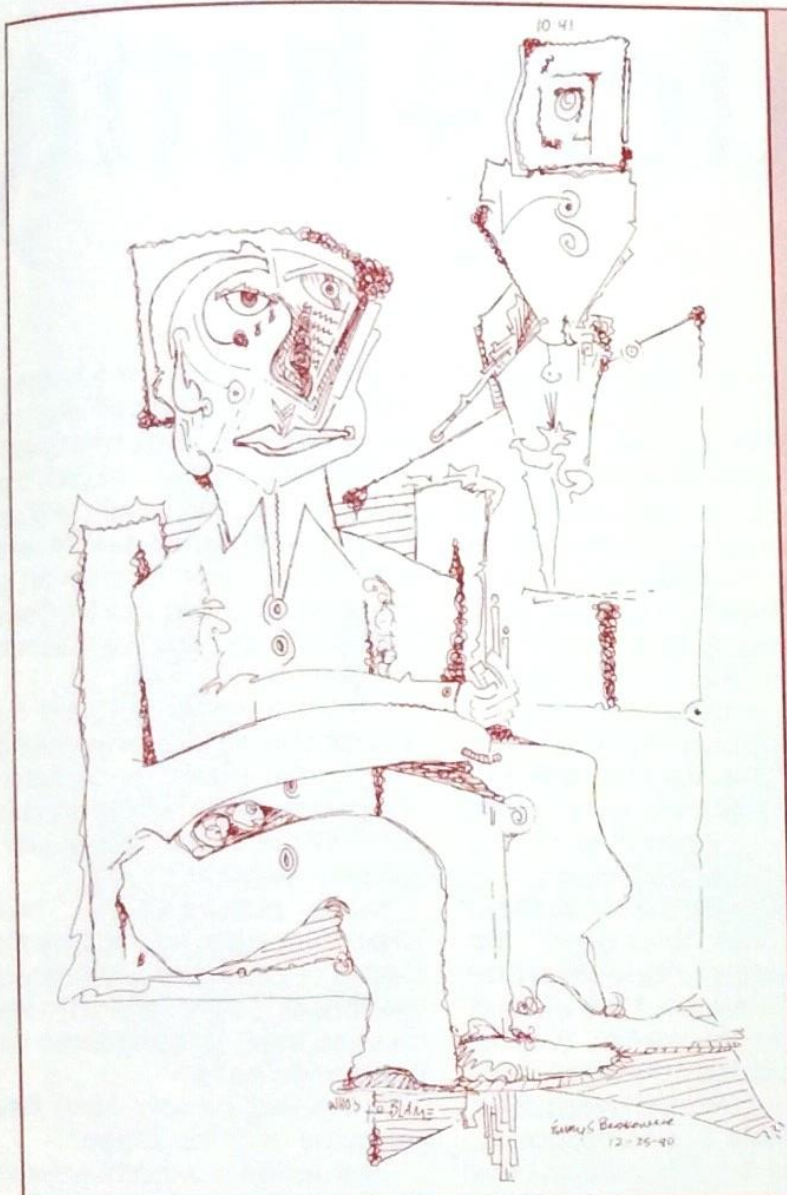
You came first as a gentle breeze
Whistling softly as you strained
to have me beckon you
I peeked through my long-drawn shutters
And there your sunlight
first caressed my face
I cautiously opened the blinds
And allowed your golden light
to hold me and penetrate my very soul
Your rays sustained me
And your fire renewed me
For a season you warmth surrounded me
And clung to my depths
Making my room bright again
Then you moved in like a whirlwind
And I was breathless
to fight against the power of your gales
But as quickly as you'd come
the storm had gone
And I was left with my heart shattered
all around me
No longer able to pull the shutters tight
Now all I feel is your rain
pelting against my pane
And I'm searching desperately
Hoping someday
to catch a glimpse of the rainbow
your season may have left behind



by Amanda Furr

Twilight
by Angie Gregory

In the tenderness of twilight,
fear is unpeeled,
liberating our spirits from the cloaks of hesitancy
we wear in our provincial lives.
Openly, we can talk,
sharing dreams and whims,
making plans and promises,
letting hearts unclench in expectation.
In sheltering darkness all things seem possible
and shoots of joy stretch up,
embracing the moonlight,
fostered by the trusting air.
But in the harsh light of morning,
regret howls like the voices in a damned choir,
shattering our circle of whispers,
and I reach for a cape of leaves
to protect my bared soul.



And I Love You Anyway
by Emily Okaty

A silver moon spins circles
in the darkness.
I miss you.
Don't know why
Don't know how
but my heart aches.
Not a touch of your hand
Or a look through those
sultry eyes,
Just a voice.
The voice of salvation
drawing me deeper
Into you
into me.
Music pounds rattling the folds
of my heart.
Feeling dizzy
I smile weakly
The way I used to welcome you.
But now you're gone
and I've forgotten
That I used to like
this song.

by Emrys Berkower

Fire On Ice
by Suzanne Dobrowolski

I noticed you silhouetted against my window
Cautiously I opened the door and motioned you
inside
A blast of bone-chilling air swept through me
upsetting my warm atmosphere

You tried to smile as your teeth chattered
I extended my hand into your icicle world
You grasped it urgently

So I helped you build a fire
that warmed your bitter disposition
with its security and tenderness
And turned your heart of ice
into a wading pool of emotions

Quietly you walked away one day
taking our fire along

You left me banging on your door
with the Arctic wind blasting around my heart
and freezing the tears on my cheeks
aching to be a part of you again

Finally the door squeaks open
You avoided my eyes as you handed me a note
and for those few seconds
I could feel the heat of our fire on your fingertips

My whole body became numb with pain
as you abruptly slammed the door
and I read the blurry words
NEXT TIME, USE THE DOORBELL

the Alder-king

A Tale of Britain During the Saxon Invasion

by Sean T. O'Sullivan

The ritual bonfires burned on widely separated hilltops stretching away into the night's horizon. It was the Kalan-Mai, the beginning of the long Welsh summer, when the cattle and swine were driven through the fires to ensure that they would be bountiful in the year to come -- and young couples leaped through the flames together in hopes of the same. The bonfires were beacons to the old Celtic gods -- Math map Mathonwy, Gwydion, Amaethon, Govannon, Morrigan, and Arianrhod among others -- guiding their blessings to their worshippers, showing the gods where those that sought their favour waited.

But that night one of the fires had become a beacon to other, unwanted visitors.

The dark-haired Saxon laughed as his war-axe split an old man's skull. "Another of the foreigner pigs goes to rot in Hela's dark realm!" he boasted to a comrade.

"Ha! You speak well for one who slays children and grandfathers, Cedric!" The dark one's fair-headed, pale companion's words were mocking, but his tone was friendly. The blood of a baby darkened his dagger, and on his hand he wore a ring he had taken from a girl less than a dozen years old, as he had taken her maidenhead in rape and her life with his sword. To slay the *wealas*, the Britons they

had invaded, in any way was an honour.

"Well said yourself, Aelfwine!" Cedric laughed back. He tore a silver brooch from the dead man's cloak and a gold ring from his finger and placed it on his own. "Great will be the spoils from this adventure."

"Woden the All-father will be pleased," remarked Aelfwine.

In a few hours the Saxon raiding party departed the scene of death and ruin they had wrought. All of the inhabitants of the nearby village had been murdered, save a score of captured young women and boys. The boys would be lucky to serve only as thralls, slaves, but the women would find themselves praying for death as they became wives to the murderers of their parents and brothers. . . and husbands. The Saxon warships had not the space to carry the animals or they would have been taken as well.

"Poor are the spoils we have taken from these filth," remarked the Saxon leader, a huge grizzled warrior named Cynewulf. "We shall go to these corpses' village and find us some true plunder!" His men cheered and began to chant a song of Woden and his son, Thunor the Thunderer, as they marched from the hill.

The path back to the village took the Saxons through a dense forest of alders and oak, but they numbered less than fifty -- not counting their captives -- and made good time. Even the unseasonable fog did not deter

them. They sang of the deeds of their gods, and of the elf-king in his woodland hall, and of the beauty of the daughters of Woden that served the warriors taken to Waelheall. Cedric heard a wolf howl in the distance, and he cheered for the sound, thinking that the beast had found the corpses they had left behind.

From the village came the sounds of song and merrymaking. The Saxons halted in confusion. The songs were in their own tongue.

"What is this, Cynewulf?" gasped Aelfwine.

"Fellow raiders perhaps..." muttered the leader. He beckoned to Cedric, and instructed him to scout the village. Cedric returned a few minutes later, a bewildered expression on his face.

"It is elves," he said, "and they welcome us to the village."

The Saxon war-party entered the village quietly, cautiously. Their weapons were drawn, and they shot furtive glances around them, wondering what deception or magic was at hand. The captives were dragged along behind, even more fearful than their captors. As the Saxons reached the center of the village they finally spotted the source of the voices. A roaring fire-pit blazed in there, and about danced several score of noble-looking people. They were clad in the fashion of the Saxon nobility, save the women wore no cloths over their hair as honourable Saxon women would. They were clad in furs and silks and linens of high quality, the men in long-sleeved shirts and trousers



Knight by Matt Norris

and the women in one-piece gowns of translucent material. Forty women and men danced around the central fire, while more looked on or listened to the songs of minstrels. On the far side of the fire grew two great alder trees, their branches and roots intertwining, and between them was a gilded throne on which a horned figure sat.

"Wassail!" called the horned figure in greeting. "I am Herne, the Hunter, though you may know me as Ellerkonig -- the Alderking! Come and join us! We have prepared a feast in your honour." He rose, and the Saxons breathed a sigh of relief as they realized the horns -- great fifteen-point stag's antlers -- were merely part of the elaborate crown the elf-king wore.

The feast lasted hours, and the merrymaking far longer. As Aelfwine gulped down his tenth horn of heady, sweet wine, he was approached by an elfish maiden. She was fair -- like he, and young -- the rounded cheeks of childhood were not yet faded from her face. She placed a hand on his arm and leaned in close as she spoke to him. "I am named Rowena, noble warrior. What is your name?" she asked in a high, child-sweet voice.

"Aelfwine!" the Saxon declared loudly, after he had recovered enough of his sense to understand what the elf-maid had asked. He looked at the girl through wine-bleary eyes and found her most fair. His calloused hand felt her face, moving down her neck to fondle the soft skin above the low-cut neckline of her dress.

The girl placed her hand on Aelfwine's, holding it in place "Aelfwine?" she asked, most delighted with her new-found playmate. "That means 'elf-friend'... Will you be my friend?" she purred.

The Saxon could hardly believe his luck.

As his warriors departed with a

lady of their choice, or to challenge the elvish men in contests of arms, Cynewulf found himself in conversation with Herne.

"Such a noble warrior as yourself, reduced to leading raids?" the elf-king gasped in astonishment. He patted the Saxon leader on the shoulder in sympathy.

"It be a hard world out there, noble lord!" Cynewulf bellowed. Though normally a wise enough man to take his drink in moderation, the raider-captain had found the elvish wine as hard to resist as any of his men. "Would that I had the might to make myself a king! I could rule the world better than any man!"

"What do you think you would need?" asked Herne, a sly expression on his face.

"Oh... A good sword is all! I'm a great man!" replied the Saxon with a belch.

"Weyland!" called Herne. A short, heavily muscled man approached bearing an item wrapped in red silk. The elf-king took the bundle from the blacksmith and unwrapped it. The sword inside had a five-foot blade of shining steel, with mysterious runes of silver engraved on its surface. The hilt was worked in gold, and gem-encrusted, with a pommel that was a single ruby of gigantic size. The jewel blazed with its own light, shifting like a fire.

"Is this good enough?" asked the elf-king. Cynewulf chortled in glee.

"To put this sword to the test..." murmured the Saxon.

"Why not take one of those miserable Britons you captured into the wood and test the blade on him?" suggested Herne. Cynewulf leaped up, grabbed a thin youth from the waiting line of thralls, and loped into the forest.

Cedric lay face down in a plate of venison at the table, drunken snores bubbling from his lips.

Aelfwine and Rowena were play-

ing tag, and the Saxon was "it". He had been it since the beginning of the game, chasing the elf-maiden through oak and alder. Never did he question where she led; he knew only that he must capture her.

Eventually he caught her in a leafy clearing. The sounds of the village had long faded by then. She stood there, waiting, not resisting as he tore the green gown off her pale body. Her child's hand caught the inside of his thigh, moving slowly upwards.

Only then did the Saxon notice the change.

A statuesque woman lay beneath him. Her hair was the colour of raven feathers, her eyes were blood-red. She was frightening, and godlike. Though the gown of green no longer covered her, she was clad in a leather tunic studded with cold bronze... bronze that froze Aelfwine's bare flesh. She smiled with crimson lips, and her hand began to move again.

No one else heard Aelfwine shriek as the Morrigan's steel-hard nails ripped him open from groin to throat, and the Celtic battle goddess laughed.

In another part of the forest, Cynewulf smiled as he hefted the elvish sword. The British boy cowered before him on his knees.

"You shall not have to be a slave after all, brat," laughed the drunken Saxon. He brought the bejeweled sword back for a two-handed swing to cleave the boy's head from his shoulders. Cynewulf knew that the magic blade would have no trouble cutting through the iron thrall ring on the Briton's neck. He laughed again. "Be honoured, boy. You are the first to fall before King Cynewulf and his elf-wrought sword!"

Cynewulf swung the sword. There was a flash and sparks flew as steel crashed against iron and the thrall-ring split in twain. The heavy iron fell to the earth with a thud, but was not followed by the British

boy's head. Cynewulf cursed in surprise, then howled as the sword turned in his hand and sliced off his left leg. The Saxon fell to the ground, dropping the sword.

He looked up to see the boy lift the huge sword as easily as a stick. The Briton smiled as he approached his would-be slayer. "The gods seek vengeance for the wrongs done to their people on a holy day," he said proudly as he lifted the blade to strike off Cynewulf's head.

Cedric felt himself being poked and woke up. A genial, bearded old man was staring him in the face.

"Hello," said the old man, "I'm named Math map Mathonwy and I am a god of the people you slew and murdered tonight, as well as a harmless old man." His voice had changed from genial to murderously cold. "You are the last one left of your band. I thought you might want to know that."

A bronze Celtic knife flashed in the moonlight, and the Saxon fell bleeding onto his plate.

THE END



Fortune
by Michael Lewis

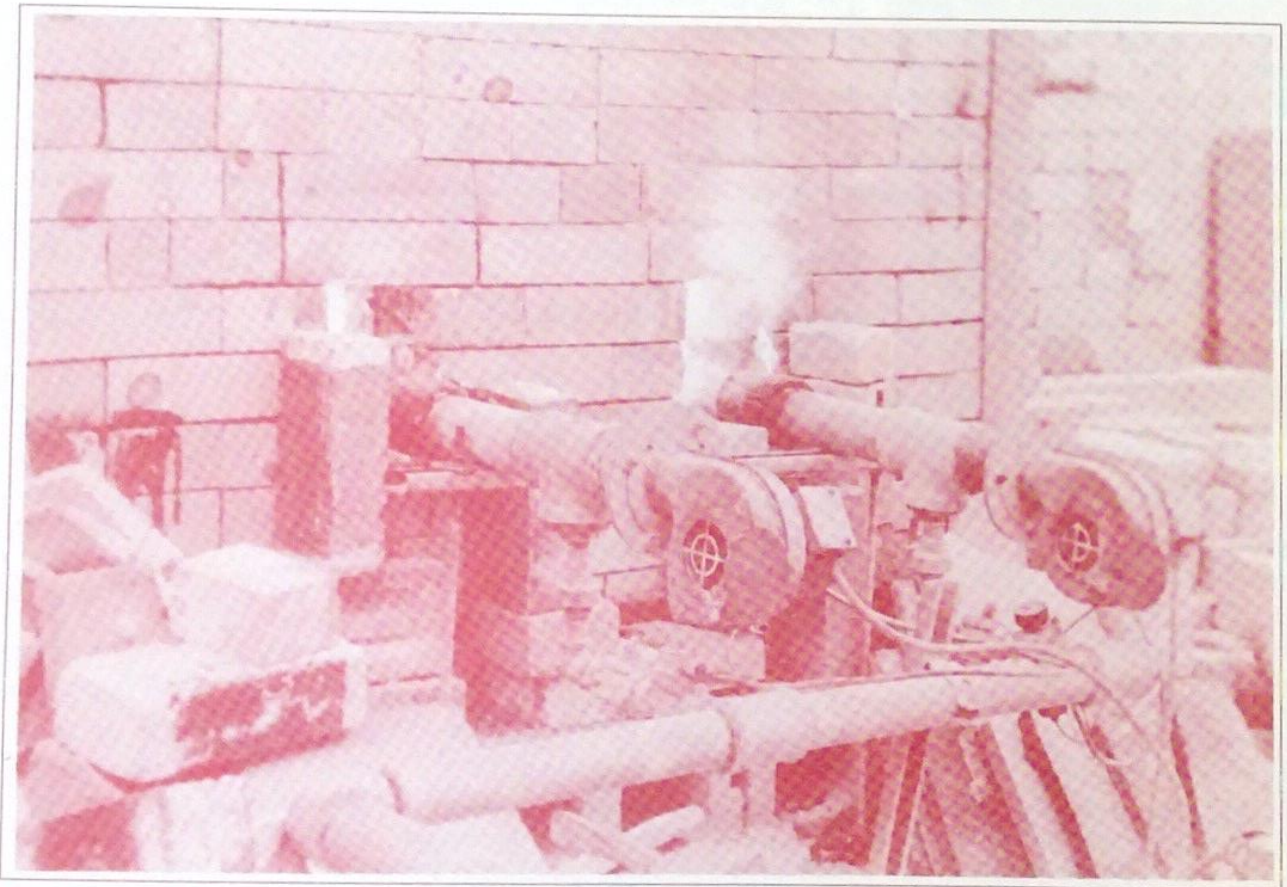
Her name meant Fortune,
Though good or bad I knew not.

Her hair was long and black as the night,
And her skin dark as the dust
Of the faraway lands she came from,
Lands of Alexander and Genghis Khan.
She is beautiful.

Her eyes told me of even more distant places,
Of vast, blazing deserts and tall, snow-capped mountains,
Of deep, fertile valleys and wide, crystal rivers,
Of steamy, dense jungles and icy polar regions,
Of lost cities and untold treasures,
Of high adventure,
Of places I would rather be.

Long ago she was promised to another,
And many months have passed since she has left for her homeland,
I believe never to see her again,
Yet I wait with hope.

Letting go of the sun
free from the fingers that shaped us
like making bones,
old, old bones in ancient oven
art of the desert
the desert is a kiln
smoke intensity as if in a volcano and fire
reckless heat to strengthen us
i have been in the fire
i am away from the hands
yes, ovens are ancient tombs



by James Wedding



by Robbie Melendez

Beautiful
by Amy Carter

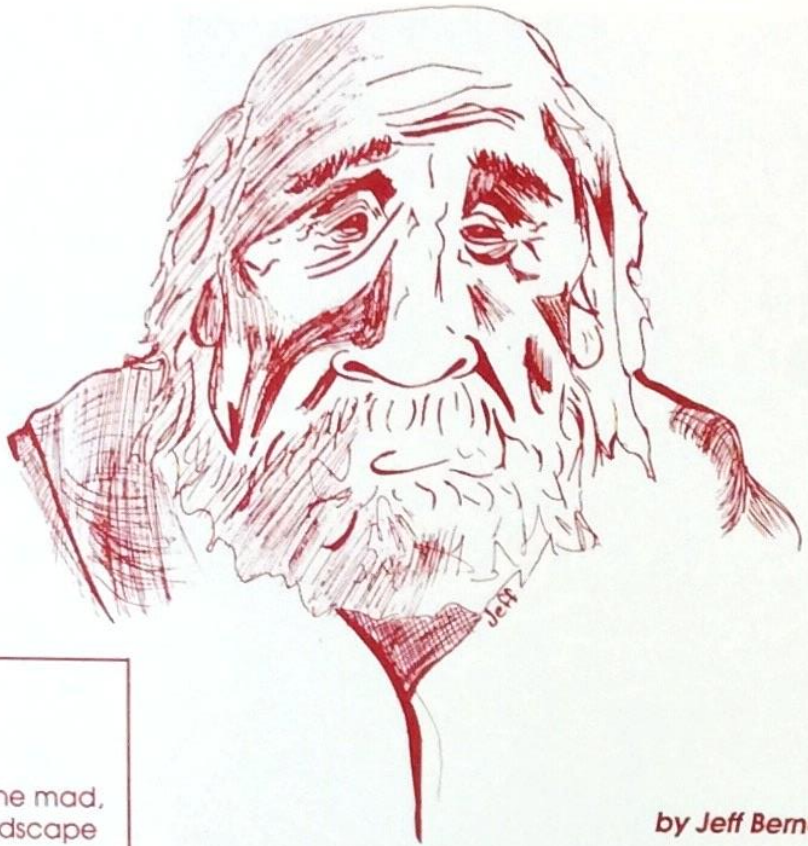
The elderly woman in yellow rubber gloves
took hold and yanked
the dainty dandelion from the earth
as if pulling a wrinkled,
brown baby from its mother's warmth

The next day,
The Woman of the Yellow Gloves
cursed in frustration
as again
the dandelion appeared in
the earth's warm dust.

Tiny lashes wash away
the first tears of infant life
as one universe crumbles
and another begins
in the blink of two, perfect eyes.

The woman hides in terror.
The man hides also,
behind a brightly colored mask.
Cold, steel cylinders
Take fragile life
from her pleading eyes
and sobbing lips,
with casual resignation
for the lust of a lifeless stone
that someone once called,
"beautiful"

The caterpillar trudged
through a dank summer night
up the tree
on a thousand legs.
In the morning,
he had not yet reached the sky.



En Route
by David Woody

Tree and hill fly by as if gone mad,
yet amidst the hurtling landscape
I remain motionless.

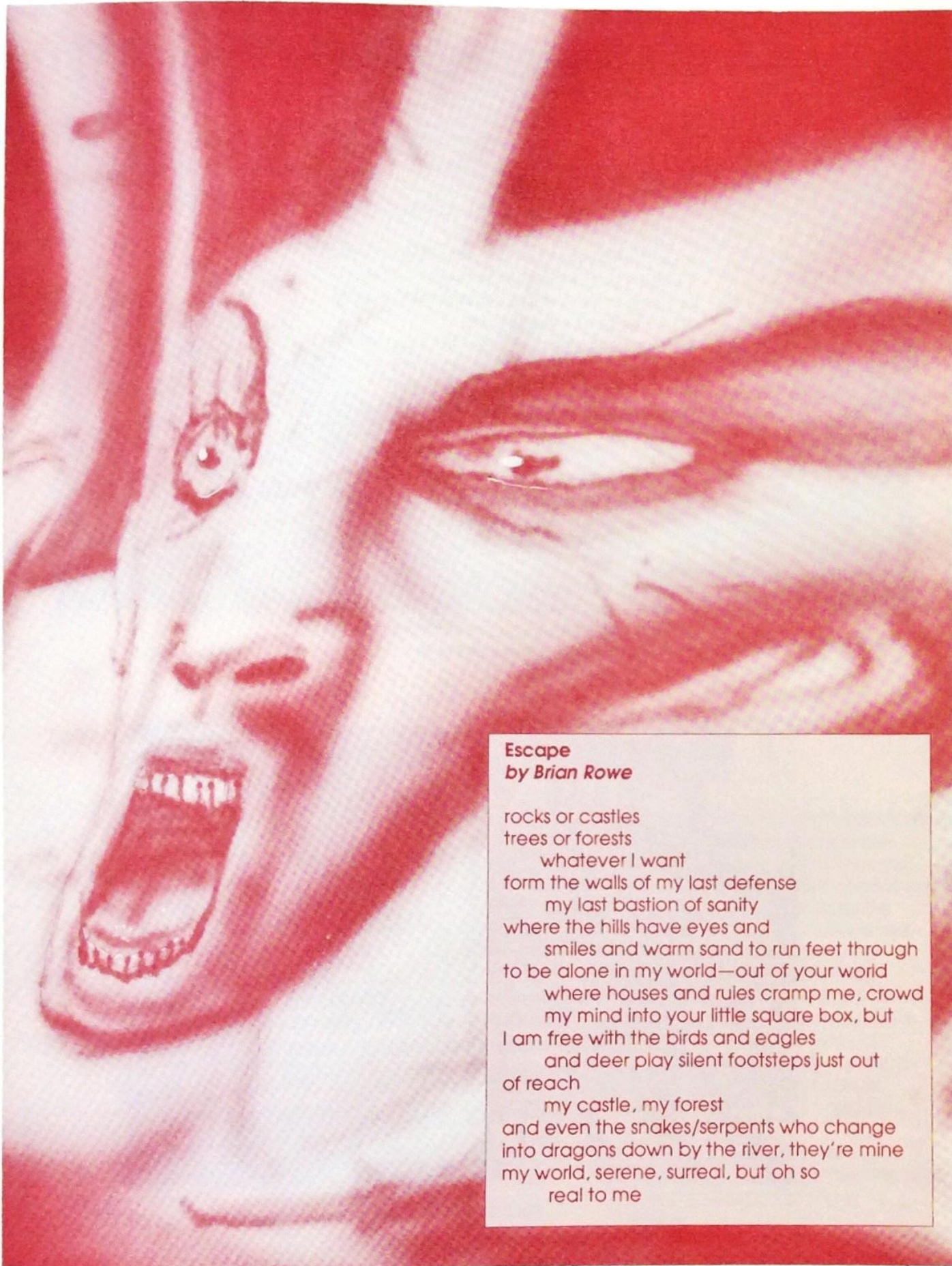
by Jeff Bernal

The indifferent Earth ambles beneath,
ceaselessly revolving radials weary
as the engine races to match pace.

Impersonal, the stretch of macadam endures,
continuing infinitely onward, and
I yearn for the movement outside.



by Kathryn Woody



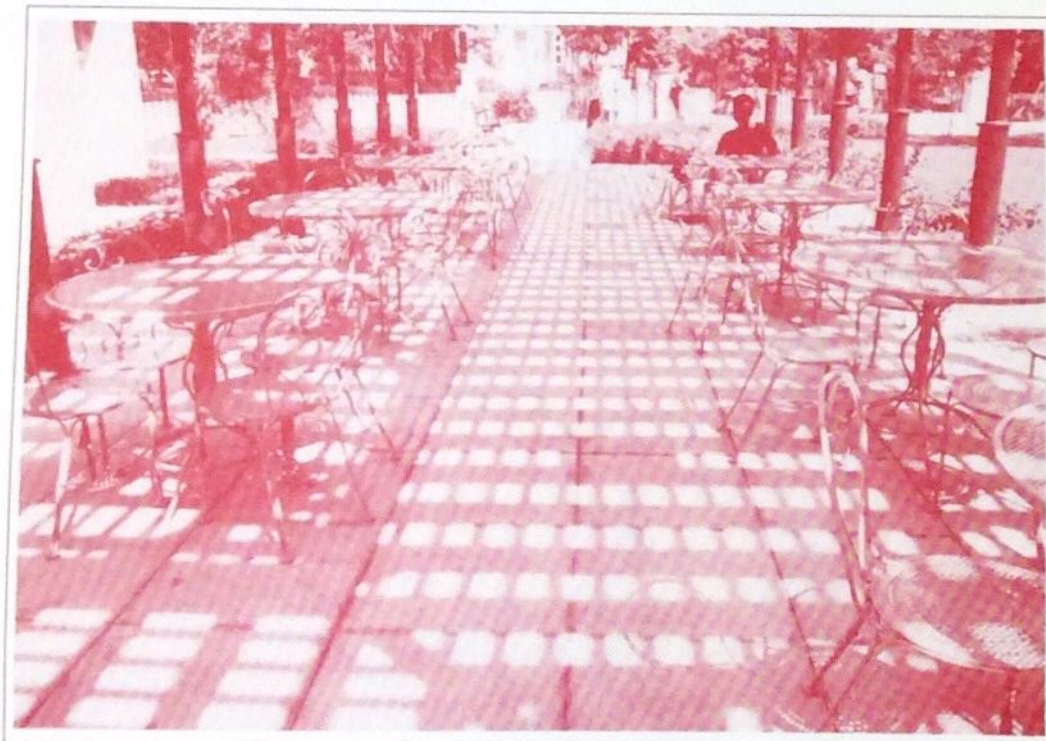
Escape
by Brian Rowe

rocks or castles
trees or forests
 whatever I want
form the walls of my last defense
 my last bastion of sanity
where the hills have eyes and
 smiles and warm sand to run feet through
to be alone in my world—out of your world
 where houses and rules cramp me, crowd
 my mind into your little square box, but
I am free with the birds and eagles
 and deer play silent footsteps just out
of reach
 my castle, my forest
and even the snakes/serpents who change
into dragons down by the river, they're mine
my world, serene, surreal, but oh so
 real to me

Screaming Face by Matt Norris

I took a train
by Stephanie Block

I took a train from here to there
the redevye (all night long)
And many stops in between
I boarded at the begin
(wanting to go all the way)
Or at least as far as Toulouse
Took off heavily but with powerful potential
A weary wave of energy to the caboose
And the front or the idea did all the work
(You could see the steam)
And an ordinary man next to me punched
my arm and told me that we were traveling like
the wind
And no I told him we have tracks and
destinations
And an old man next to me said he was
on a train once it was in the war
And I wanted to know who a train's enemies were
But the miles passed between us
The steel wheels burned hard on the tracks
And rhythmic
But the moon kept up with me and
ephemeral passengers
(I seemed to be going the farthest)
And I settled back to wait for my
destination



by Prentiss Lashure



by Franklin Rubinstein

Low Tide
by Emily Okaty

When the tide was out,
A brilliant beam of sunlight seduced me,
 captivated and lured me
To the fringes of the sea.
I stood in amazement
 as the tumbling waves
Crashed wildly around me.
I laughed,
With a toss of my emotions
 I turned my back on the sea;
Hoping you would be with me
 before the tide came in.

I waited.
My soul shivered by the touch of a cold wind.
Twisting and turning sand between my toes,
 I could feel my courage fall.
My far away waves
 began to surround me.

Dancing around fallen moonbeams.
I cried out for you to help me
 to protect and love me,
Dancing around fallen moonbeams.
I cried out for you to help me
 to protect and love me,
But all I could hear were my
 uncontrollable tears
Falling against the rolling tide.
I saw you standing on the shore.
Your silhouette reached out,
 but just when my heart
 could almost
 touch

A wave of fear
 sprang from you
Hurling me backward into the sea,
Leaving you on the shore
Alone.



Nordic Goddess by Kajsa Bjorling



by James Wedding

*to finish the finger work
and conclude with brush
shine earth with color
polish earth with texture
skin of pot*

& shine of pot

*skin of clay
touched by brush
& shined like rock
in the mouth of river
ethereal wrap for a clay pot
again we cover the earth
aesthetic alterations*

He, reading poetry like a dance
by Gabrielle Marcus

The eyes are deep within his
brain and his lids are
heavy with word and
still
he tries to make
eye contact,
and the girl in the corner peace-eared
is
closed as his eyes,
as she pictures his closet of
frayed denim,
and walls lined with
beads and free love and
wall-papered Mao Tse Tung,
Mona Lisa in the eyes
 in the smile,
Mona Lisa policies;

as he finishes the poem, and
the hymn never rises from his lids,
he calls himself a
political
poet

it is a naming

he creaks on the words,
and I deny that he is inspired by
Chernobyl
and Dukakis
and Mao Tse Tung only;

he isn't dressed in peace but in the
brown polyester pants of a New England
cowboy; I forget
that he is Texan, and the tweed jacket
glued to his back and
in May making him look cold and
his hat
his HAT
wonderful and with a feather,
he is too primed to be criticized;
and the glasses,
wire-rimmed growing from his ears and
beard wanting gray and
when he is gray he'll be
wise and if he is senile
no one
will notice;

he tells us
there are problems with Frost;
the girl in the corner already
know the problems,
yawning,
as he asks us for a new vocabulary,
for nature,
for ecology,
for the issue of the time,
as if Webster weren't good enough—
funny he's a
commercial poet,
complaining that his poems are outdated;
struggling to be in style,
he repels the far gone jargon,
we
blinking at him,
reviser of dictionaries,
him who means to be a
fashionable
poet
(with that HAT)
and worrying because
his hair
is finally
in
style.



Gauguin by Emrys Berkower

Geneva

by Rebekah Peebles

It was a hot summer afternoon, as most Texas afternoons are, and as usual I was moping around the house, sluggish from the heat, looking for an exhilarating activity that would end my boredom. Thinking there were no such possibilities at my house, I wandered toward the television. I caught sight of our cleaning lady, Geneva. She was working quietly and humming softly to herself. I looked at the TV Guide in my hands and changing my mind, set it down beside me on the couch. I got up and walked over to where she was, and stood while her eyes rose to meet mine.

"Why hello, Ma'm! What are you up to?" Geneva spoke through her thick southern accent. I remembered that my mother had once told me that Geneva, having been born and raised in Alabama, had been able to meet Martin Luther King. With renewed interest I asked her about it, watching her eyes as they glazed over with a memory. "Why sure! I got to shake his hand, too!" I smiled. This was more exciting than any account of the Civil Rights movement that I had read in any history books. Leaning against the door frame, I asked her to tell me about it. Geneva straightened up and looked at me. "Well, it was a long time ago—back when the colored folks had to sit at the back of the buses. Sure I might have gotten on before some white people, and paid my money just the same as they did, but if it weren't enough seats for the whites, the coloreds had to move to the back." At that moment I realized I had never rid-

den a city bus, but I commented anyway about hard it was for me to imagine anyone being that heartless. I asked her to tell me more, and she willingly went on.

She talked about how she had heard Dr. King speak, and how she was part of a peace march. Then she told me some stories about some other cleaning jobs she had worked, and the reaction of some of the kids to her dark skin. "One little boy used to rub my arm and ask me why the brown wasn't coming off!" She chuckled and I couldn't help but smile. Then she looked down, and her thoughts turned to her home in Alabama. "Sometimes people can be so cruel," she said slowly. "I just don't understand how people can act that way. I guess they just didn't know any better."

Suddenly I felt numbed by her simple, forgiving attitude. There was no contempt in her voice, and no anger in her expression. But something in her kind, aged face had changed, perhaps resembling that it had been 50 years ago as a little girl growing up in Alabama, or as a young mother who realized her children were attending segregated schools. Perhaps part of it was the face of someone who worked week after week at the home of a rich white family who didn't halfway appreciate what they were fortunate enough to have.

The silence between us was uncomfortable. Feeling obligated to say something, yet having no clue as to what I should say, I smiled and said, "Well, it's a good thing

things have changed, isn't it?" Geneva looked at the ground and then to me and smiled. "Yes, it is. But there's still a ways to go."

And at that moment I wanted more than anything to put my arms around her and tell her that we were no different, and that I loved her because she loved me, but I was too ashamed. At that moment I was wished more than anything that I wasn't part of this hateful race, that I had nothing to do with what my kind had done to her ancestors a century before. I was so ashamed to know that Geneva probably only had three pairs of shoes that she had been wearing for the past five years, while I had more shoes than I could possibly wear, and I don't even take the time to keep them straight and orderly on my closet. I was mortified at the way I dressed, while Geneva wore the same clothes over and over again. I was ashamed to be white that I wanted to weep for the years of injustice that occurred before me, and for the wrongs that I commit every day. I vowed silently never to look at a person through prejudiced eyes again, or to categorize people without really giving each individual a chance. And right then, I prayed that the world could see each other with eyes of love and compassion, not derision and scorn.

But at that moment, all I could do was stand in deference, paying silent reverence to one who stood humbly before me, one who was much wiser than I.

Where Yesterday Meets Tomorrow
by Monica Oberkoller

Yesterday, a chariot rode
Across the breaking dawn,
Laughter pealed from
Hills and caverns
In the glow of a rising sun.

Vast green meadows awakened
Afresh with morning dew,
In anticipation
Of the child's whisper
That would start the world anew.

And the child, he awoke
Bearing a grin from ear to ear,
With dreams
To build a sandcastle
That stretched from far to near.

But on this day was something different
A strange event was taking place,
As the sun climbed to its
Midday peak
A yawn escaped the child's face.

"Tomorrow," he said

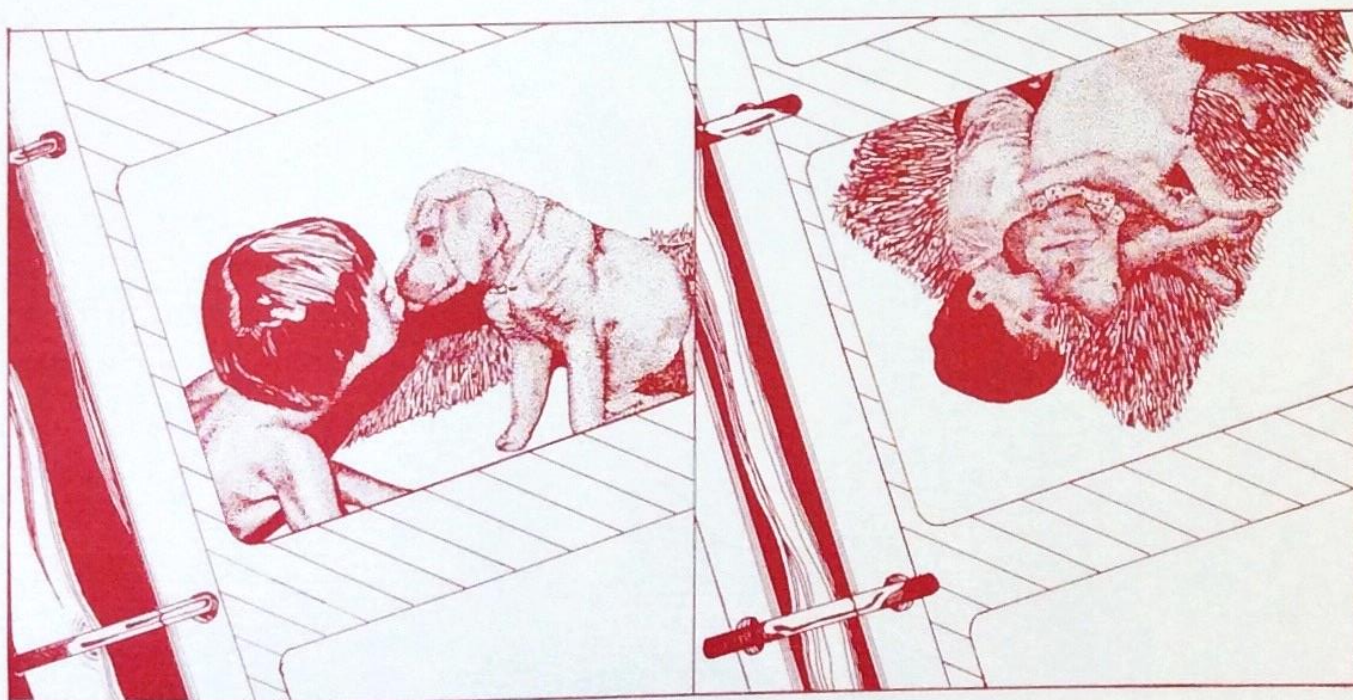
With a sudden bored, complacent stance,
"Tomorrow I'll go
And build my castle."
And he turned without a glance.

Across the golden fields, this child ran
His laughter echoing through the grain,
Across months and years
He chased the wind
And the unborn castle melted in the rain.

But then one day, the child grew old
To run was no more a game,
So he sat down and remembered
The long-lost castle
And wondered why tomorrow never came.

But the answer is clear, my fine young friend
As clear as the setting sun
From your castle did
You yourself walk away
From your dreams did you surely run.

And when the sun's scarlet rays
Streaked tomorrow's sky
The laughter that sparkled
At once so clearly
Faded within a sigh



by John Jarrett



Clothespin Man by James Wedding

People I Have Known
by Juanita Mize

I

I met her on the train-
silver cold steel
shooting across the landscape like
a zipper.
She introduced me to intrigue.
She stained my flesh with love
I knew her like a drug-
I wanted more
and more.
I exposed my soul to her like
carved bas-relief against a bloody sky.
She kissed me without
ever knowing my lips

II

Those 3 women - I clump them.
together like granite - but they
were softer. Individuals -
perhaps - knowing nothing but
the moon and the sun (stylishly
of course)
and how names and handwriting
can shape a person.
I know this now - and I love them

III

My mother fell in love -
It reminded me of a flower -
bowing under the weight
till finally her sleepy head
touched the earth and she cried -
lifting her face
and throwing the
heavy seeds away
whispering,
"Never again. . .
Never again. . .

IV

Big smile, big spirit
Everything about you is big -

Big hands cupped together
to hold movement & eccentricity - Me
and in the spring we can sit
under trees - talking
about life and sex and people
because we have known
each other forever

V

Dive into silky water of you -
the trees lace above
like a canopy -
Deep Dark Green
-cool-
I'll float with you and you'll
hush the
Big Bang Rush
of cities - you'll
ease the search-
You'll be the lake and
the jungle I escape to
I'll swim in your calm
pools and Be -
remember?

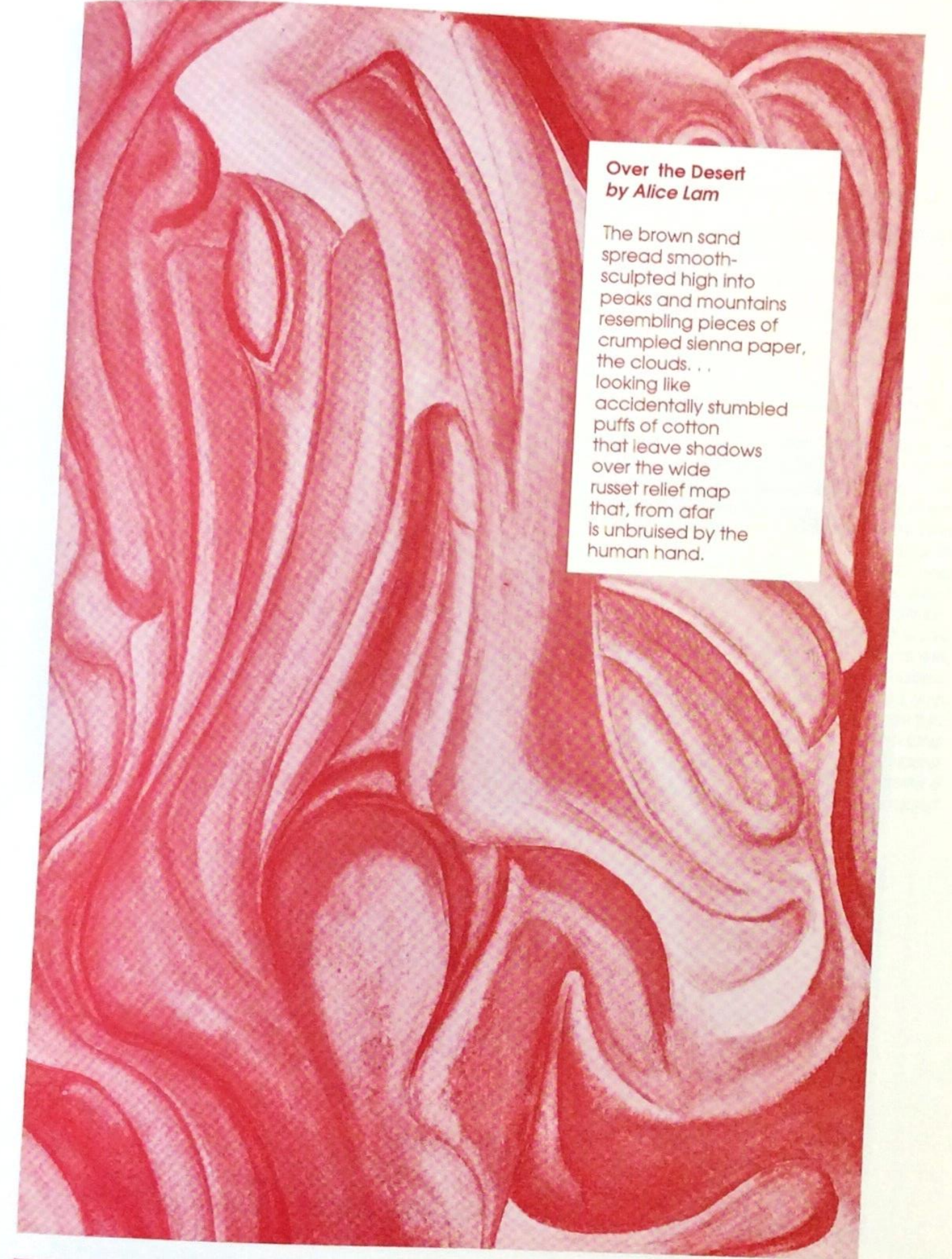
VI

Hush Hush - the days pass
and settle like dust on a
marble bust locked away in
a grey room.
My mind wants the simplicity
of a house with furniture
sheathed in white sheets
Oh, to simply be -
Gabrielle -
how beautiful, how longed for -
how hoped
To be able to wash
away each encounter
feeling
moment
with a giant damp cloth of
knowing.
Wouldn't it be Great?

Touch me I am your idea
I exist by myself
out of fire
out of touch
the final, fingertipped word
I am no longer soft and
you can't mold me
i am clay pot
My father was your fingers
my mother your mind
I am their unity
A cycle of endings
that touch back to the beginnings
the balance of completion
is a circle of initiations

by James Wedding



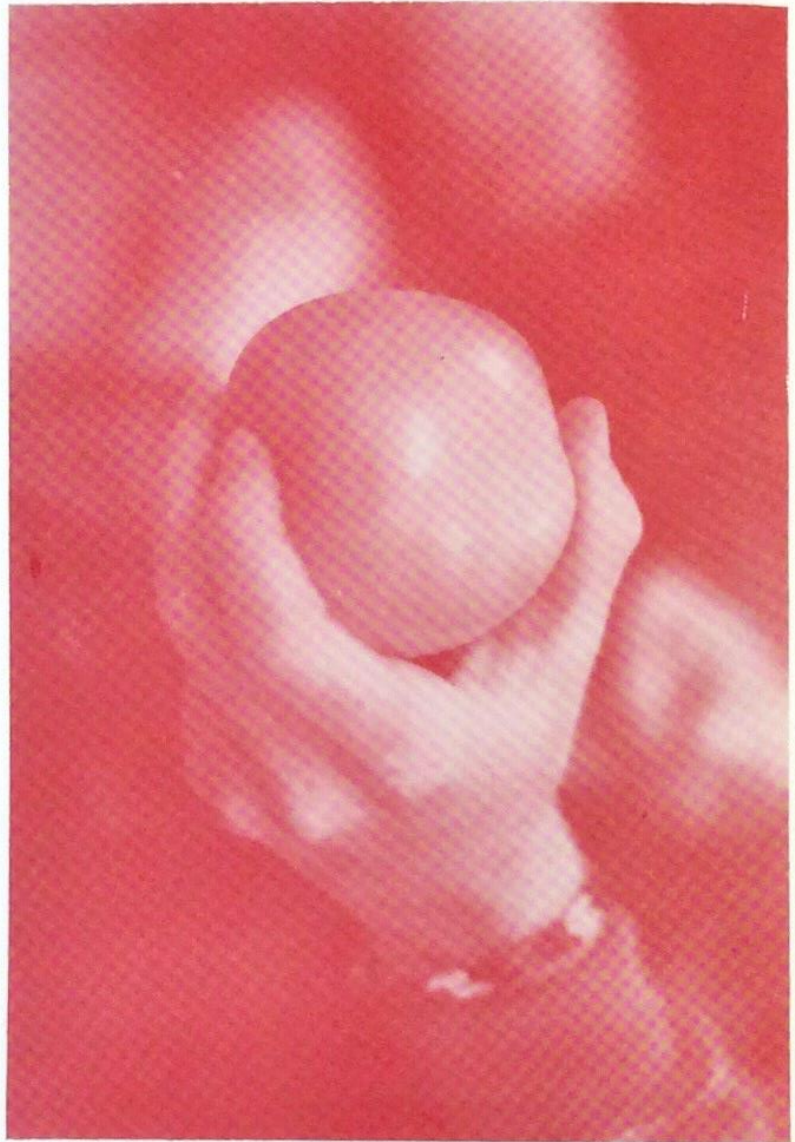


Over the Desert
by Alice Lam

The brown sand
spread smooth-
sculpted high into
peaks and mountains
resembling pieces of
crumpled sienna paper,
the clouds. . .
looking like
accidentally stumbled
puffs of cotton
that leave shadows
over the wide
russet relief map
that, from afar
is unbruised by the
human hand.

I.
by Taryn Nasis

you make smile
like words
when your mouth
closes on an action
and you laugh
a laugh
of one ha
but lots of hey
and i am reminded
of damn good tea
because it makes
me happy
and warm and full
of soul
and i like to
have you
'round me
since it's almost
like an age regression
because children
can be so young
but know so much
and the most important
lesson that they'll ever learn
is what makes them
happy



by Karin Riley

I Look Around Me
by Heather Neville

I look around me, as the sky
encircles me in its perfect
sphere and owns me. Our
gentle creator holds our
sphere and cradles it in his
gentle hands. I sit silently
and await the rising of the
sun, the change of our bright
moon, the winter around me.

And I step out into the sun-
light, which is so bright I
must shield my mortal eyes,
which can only see and know
what they are meant to. A
song of silent whispers and
soft eyelashes is carried to
me, and I sleep on the white,
perfect clouds.

Summer Storm
by Heather Neville

We watched the storm as it came toward us
with anticipation in our eyes.
The wind blew against our faces as we turned away
and let it hit our cheeks with forceful strength.
We felt its power, its size, and we knew it overcame
our mere presence on this vast sky.
The gray ominous clouds rose over the horizon,
the lightning within them glowed in the night sky.
The white tips of the giants cascaded higher than
eyes could see.
Then suddenly, they were right above us.
Heavy with rain, they traveled low.
The before peaceful sky raged and swirled.
The wind was cold, wild,
streaming through our hair.
Rumbling thunder filled our ears,
and our eyes watched
with awe as the black outlines of trees

bent and were tossed in the whirling air.
We waited.
And there, on the horizon, a sliver of clear sky
could be seen.
The storm clouds rolled past us, and one by one
the night stars were uncovered in the summer sky.
Gray clouds blew past a bright moon.
The wind died.
Now only a slight breeze played in the tree tops.
We walked along,
and we watched the storm,
running, rolling, sailing, across our huge sky.
Traveling to lands we'd never seen
or maybe never would.
to bring them the needed, life-giving rain.
Which it decided our land did not need,
and we both knew, and we smiled,
and the sound of distant thunder
was carried to our ears.

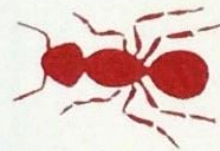


by Franklin Rubinstein



Falling Flower Man
by Chris Vaughan

I was one
sentient mushroom
but a man came a l o n g
in the forest
He stole my ESSENCE
since now I'm a s-p-i-r-i-t
He drank my P-ower
and sipped...my wisdom
all I could do was float
away...
into the night sky,
as smoke
whispy
(whisper)
whirling
and away
flying into his dreams
on a dreamy eve
poking Mind-Maulers
into his sunlit gardens
and PsYcHeDeLiC colors bled
into the black and white
pictures on the wall.
it was funny;
and yet it was strong.



by Emrys Berkhower



Ant(s)
by Julie Knippa



I. body segmented
six legs
two antennae
wiggle, scamper
thusly the ant lives

II. the lawn mower can't handle this anymore
it really can't - the motor quits running
the blade - it's getting all
clogged and cruddy
your multiple metropolises
adhere to its underside



III. what bravery, courage, fortitude
a purple heart to you
lion tamer

IV. a brand new day
step into the sun
bathe in warm rays
--sudden thunder,
pounding in the distance
closer
closer
a dark shadow-cloud
the sky falls!
fragile candle
smothered upon combustion



VI. activated neurons in the convolutions
of a dirt brain

VII. the endless trek for survival:
march, march, march, march
(LEFT, LEFT, LEFT right LEFT)
target in sights!
(the unspoken declaration of war
hangs heavy now)

company, ATTACK!*

*sadly, unbeknownst to the troops,
this battle was over before
it began. although the casualties
were far from as numerous
as expected, the company
was eventually able to regroup,
these picknickers had possessed
a secret weapon - what the
insect world compared to the
Manhattan Project - RAID.

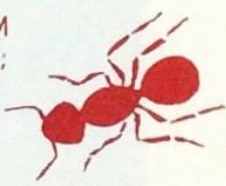


VIII. nothing less than summa cum laude at
Mortuary U
those efficient little decomposers!
they really should consider going into
business for themselves-
I hear the market's great right now

V. born to serve
live to serve
society
infinite labors
God save the Queen
born to obey
born to die
--this survived evolution?
maybe we ARE justified...



IX. Meanwhile...back at the FARM
the natives are getting restless;
two centimeters just isn't
what it used to be
the soil's been denutrientated
(would've rotated
the crops, but no place to rotate 'em to)
and that same nose (the snotty one)
keeps smearing the glass
talk about a CONCENTRATION camp...



by Robert Cervantes

The Adventures of Fellgrim the Dread - Part One

by Sean T. O'Sullivan

The little man who ran the House of the Gulping Dragon, a highly respected inn in Julkasfjord in Scutasland, answered the door to find a very tall man with a great black beard and a bejewelled sword blocking his view.

"I am Fellgrim the Dread, son of Grimfell the Brave, son of Boldgrim the Strong, son of Boldfell the

Courageous, son of Dreadfell the Grim, son of Dreadgrim the Bold, son of Strongbrave the Fell, son of Waycul (slayer of the dread dragon Hungerworm) who was conceived upon the woman Ethreda the White-Breasted (daughter of Airk the Fair) by the great god Thor the Thunderer, son of Odin!" called the warrior in greetings.

"I don't believe you," said the innkeeper. Fellgrim the Dread tapped the man's head quietly against a wall for a few moments and then set him down again.

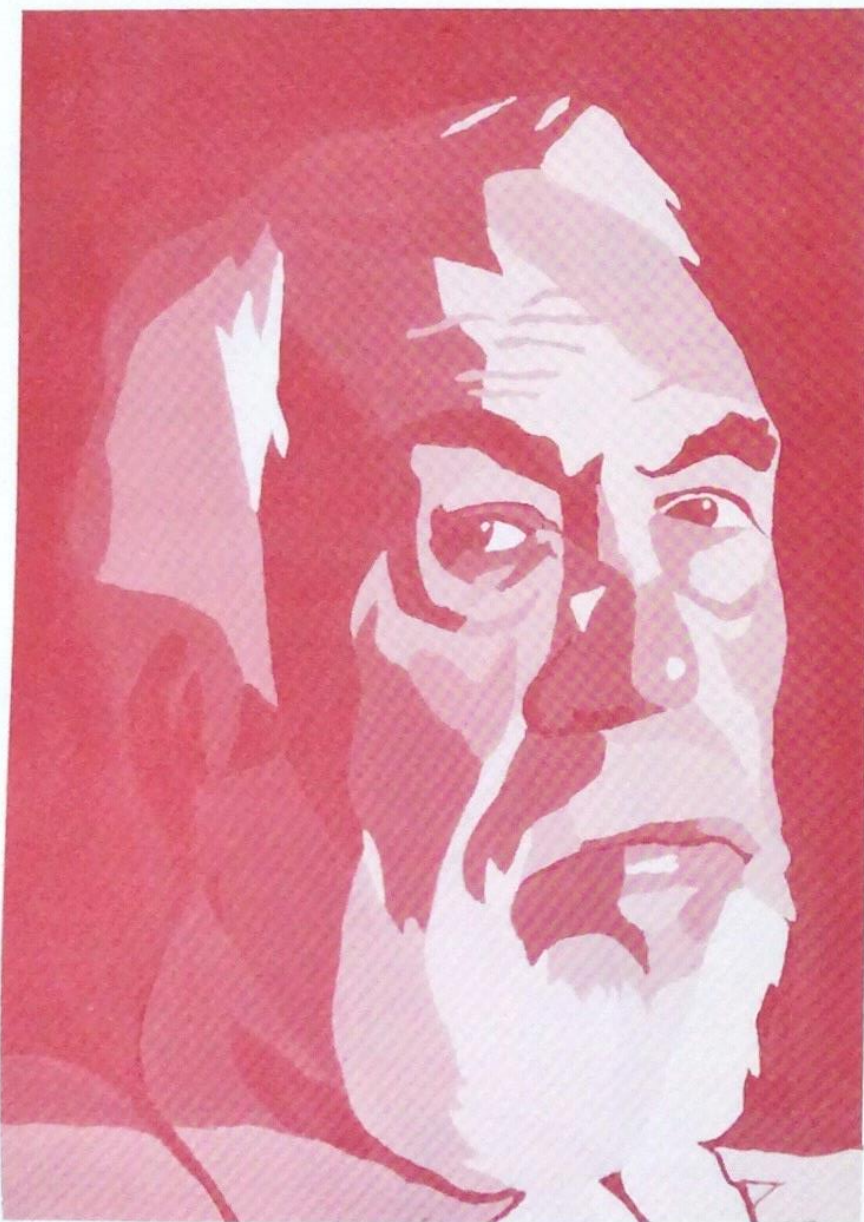
"Would you like a seat by the fire, sir? I've got a special place there that I reserve especially for berserkers like yourself."

"I am not a berserker," were his words, then he asked, "Whom do I address?"

"Imlig the Short, son of Nioig the Meek, son of Niad the Pudgy, son of Niroht the Cranky," gasped the innkeeper in a tiny voice.

"Urgh . . ." replied Fellgrim. He dropped the smaller man to the floor and walked into the common room. A core or so of people were gathered there—several villagers and local farmers, a few wandering warriors, a traveling scop, a wise woman, a mad wizard, and a pair of bustling serving-maidens. "Urgh . . ." he commented.

"May the peace of Balder and the Strength of Odin be with you!" cried Fellgrim to the gathered throng. He walked up to the great roof tree, a huge oak, and thrust his sword through it. "This is the sword Foe-maimer, that was forged by Wayland Smith and called the Dragon-cleaver when it was carried by Waycul, Thor's son, and with it he slew the dragon Hungerworm. He perished in battle at the Struggle of Two Armies in the frozen land of Ulsia, and it was lost from my family for many generations. At length, it was recovered by my grandfather, Boldgrim the Strong, when he battled and slew Narkenbrad, the king of Kenmark, for the lost honour of his wife, Edwing Jansdotter the Lucid. Then he (Boldgrim the Strong) battled the house-carles of the king's household, and named it Foe-maimer when he . . . maimed many of those men."



by Jessica Allen

Fellgrim let the implications of his words speak for themselves, and several of the fighters cast raised eyebrows and pained expressions toward him. "Any man who would challenge me must draw my sword from this tree, else I'll deem him too puny to fight!"

"Who, by Hell, are you?" asked a warrior, a man as big as Fellgrim with a mane of yellow hair and shaven face.

"I am Fellgrim the Dread, son of Grimfell the Brave, son of Boldgrim the Strong, son of Boldfell the Courageous, son of Dreadfell the Grim, son of Dreadgrim the Bold, son of Stongbrave the Fell, son of Waycul (slayer of dread dragon Hungerworm) who was conceived upon the woman Ethreda the White-breasted (daughter of Airk the Fair) by the great god Thor the Thunderer, son of Odin!"

"Ha!" laughed the other, "I am Wulfhelm the grey (for I wear grey wolfskin), son of Bearhelm the black, son of Boarhelm the Brown, son of Beararm the Grizzled (who slew the sea-snake Wuvergun), son of Boargut the Ever-ready, who was conceived upon the woman Fairwhite the Pleasant (daughter of Broadman the Generous) by Odin the One-Eyed!" A murmur of excitement passed through the room. None had missed the insult to Fellgrim--that he was only descended of a son of Odin, no matter how great a son, and not Odin himself.

"Ha!" laughed back Fellgrim, "Great, you may think to yourself, but I do not doubt that you will fail the test of the sword Foe-maimer!" He crossed his arms haughtily and waited for his foe to free the sword.

Wulfhelm gave a heavy yank on the sword's jewelled hilt and the roof-tree cracked and collapsed in upon the inn.

"Ha!" cried Fellgrim, coming

upon the crushed form of Wulfhelm. The sword Foe-maimer was still stuck firmly in a chunk of oak-trunk. "You have failed, beardless one! Ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!" Fellgrim pulled the ancient blade easily from the wood and slipped it back in its sheath. "Would anyone else challenge Fellgrim the Dread?"

Several warriors groaned that they would not. Another one cried out heartily that he would accept any challenge, but expired because of a large branch stuck in his head before he could make good his threat. The mad wizard gibbered a little, but everyone else kept silent.

"It is good," said Fellgrim, and he seated himself at a small table just inside the room. This way he had a good view of the wreckage the tree had caused. "Wassail, maiden!" he called to the serving girl standing close by. She was still staring dumbly at the corpse of the other girl and angrily thinking that now she would have to do double-duty. "Bring me a skin of ale, a mug of mead, and a bowl of stew or two!"

She looked at him with wonder for a moment and departed. When she returned, he asked her name and gave her his. "My name," she started after Fellgrim had finished, "Is Inga of the Fair Form, daughter of Hans-Jurgen the Orphan by Ute the skilled, daughter of Ermengild the Pretty (and was fathered by an unknown Saxon raider), daughter of Boarhelm the Brown--and you know the rest of his heritage."

"Urgh . . ." Fellgrim replied, and pondered for a moment how Inga and her women ancestors had come by their names. "'Of the Fair Form' hardly does you justice," he said, recovering his manners.

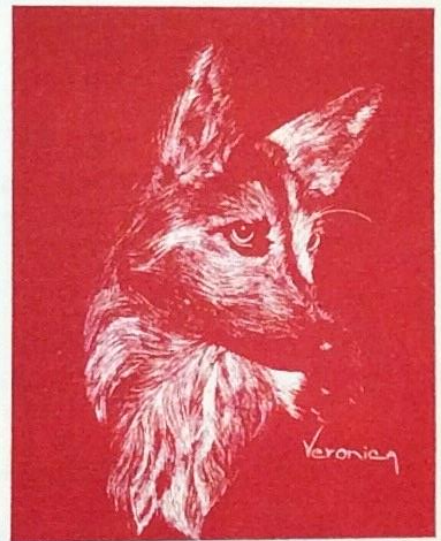
"Hmph . . ." was her reply, "don't

get any ideas, warrior. I'm engaged to Cynewulf son of Ethelred, champion to Gothhrar the King!" She stared down at Fellgrim haughtily but he was eating his stew.

Suddenly, there came a sound like the howling of a hundred wolves. The door of the House of the Gulping Dragon was broken and thrown aside. A great shadow blocked the entry and Imlig was thrown aside as the great hulking form entered the common room. Those who had survived the fall of the tree ran in terror of the lumbering troll who entered. Fellgrim caught Inga to his side and drew his sword Foe-maimer to defend them both. The monster stopped before the warrior and the serving-maid and gave them both a baleful glance.

Blood and saliva dripped from the man-wolf's jaw as it growled, "That's my seat."

So ends the first part of the Adventures of Fellgrim the Dread



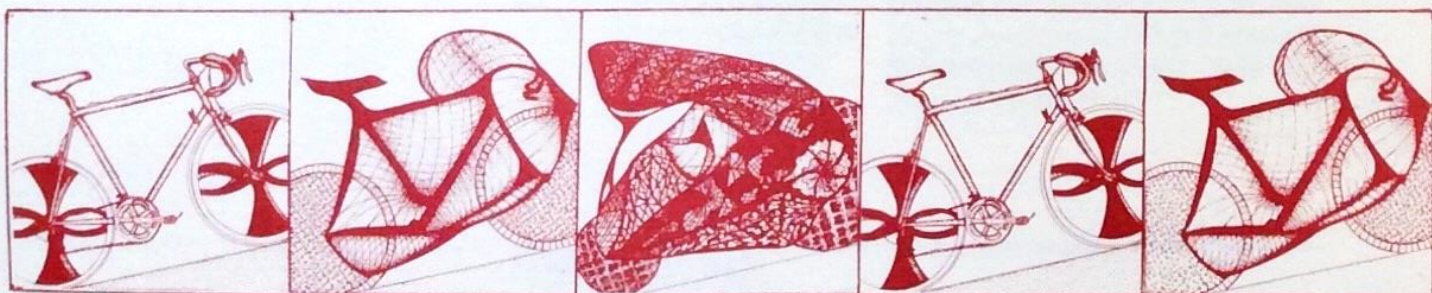
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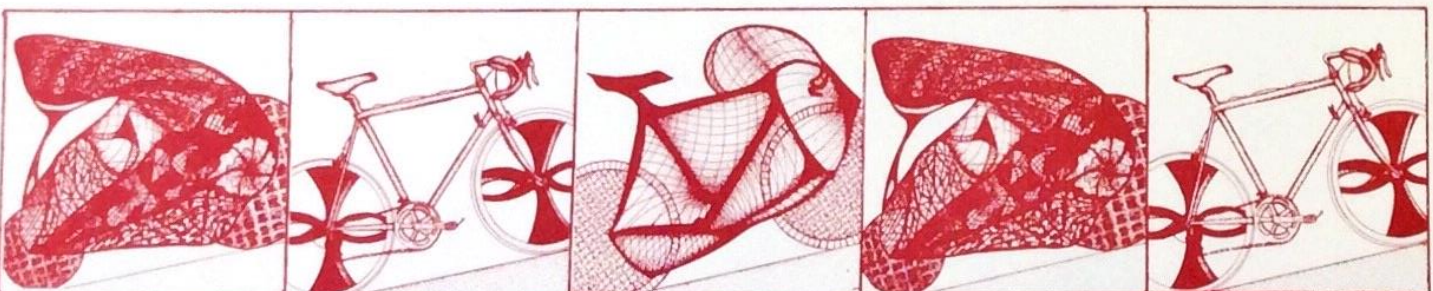
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Bullseye '91 is a collaborative effort of writers and artists. Staff selection and submissions for publication were open to the entire student body. Text entries were selected by the staff and sponsors. Original artwork was selected from entries or was produced by students in art classes. Bullseye '91 layouts and text were set on Macintosh SE computers and submitted to the printer camera ready. Bullseye '91 was printed in Pantone PMS187 ink, by Burke Publishing Company of San Antonio, Texas, on an 80 pound ivory stock. The cover was produced in full color on 88 pound cover stock. Subscriptions were sold to students, faculty, and administrators for \$3 per copy. Approximately 900 copies were distributed.



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