

ONION RIVER REVIEW

2013

river run by

Alex Dugas

Sarah Fraser

Bryan Hickey

Nick Lemon

Diana Marchessault

Mickey O'Neill

Amy Wilson

Editors' Note

For this edition of the *Onion River Review*, we, the editors, feel it most important to commemorate the auspiciousness of a date: it is the 40th anniversary edition of the *Onion*, marking four decades of written and graphic submissions, hours of hard work, countless knife fights, and immeasurable amounts of silliness. As some of our readers may know, 40 is a very important number: Jesus wandered the desert for 40 days and 40 nights, resisting the temptation of the devil; Russian folklore states that the dead linger at their death site for 40 days; and, of course, malt liquor is conveniently bottled in 40 ounces. Though these editors may not have resisted the devil for 40 days, we can happily say that we came out of the process alive and well; instead of lingering for 40 days on St. Michael's campus (knives still in our ghostly hands and our favorite submissions still in mind), we are able to present to you this 40th edition of the *Onion*. And as for the 40 ounces of malt liquor? We'll leave that to the imaginations of our readers.

And who are we, these knife-holding, malt-liquor-drinking editors? We consist of a large bunch, starting at the beginning of this important year as six people: Bryan Hickey, Diana Marchessault, Sarah Fraser, Alex Dugas, Mickey O'Neill, and Amy Wilson. We were a bright and hopeful crew, able to take on anything the *Onion* threw our way. However, due to Mickey being kidnapped by a Samoan tribe, Amy nearly drowning in a vat of strong Turkish tea, and Alex abandoning civilization for loincloths and warmer weather, we added one more to our crew: Nick Lemon, turning six into seven. Despite missing our globe-trotting crew members, however, we prevailed—and after enduring countless baby pictures, ping pong tournaments, and jokes about Bryan's (lack of) chest hair, we are finally able to present to you this year's edition of the *Onion River Review*: our love child, our shining beacon, and, of course, the 40th of its kind.

This edition is not merely due to the hard work of the core editors—for we could not have possibly done this alone. We would first like to thank our auxiliary editors: Shannon McQueen, Lexi Goyette, Tucker Watson, Cory Warren, Briana Brady, Russell Hammond, Shawna Norton, Sarah Doughty, Tommy Friedman, Joanna Aliano, Isabelle Carter, Allie Moloney, Carley Nolan, Nate Gabel, and Megan Durocher. Along with us, they dedicated hours of time and took part in their own knife fights in the Great Hall of Pontigny—this year on three separate days, one for art, one for poetry, and another for prose. Like alcoholics, we all met anonymously and reviewed the submissions anonymously. For our auxes we are eternally grateful; without them this process would be an empty one. We would also like to thank the wonderful Summer Drexel and George Goldsworthy of Printing Services, the Student Association, and the English Department, for they make this entire process possible. And to you, our readers, we extend our special thanks: for what would the review be if there was no one to read it?

Last of all—but most certainly not least of all—we would like to dedicate this 40th edition of the *Onion River Review* to Will Marquess: our humble leader, our voice of reason, the man who has been rightfully christened “the hidden heart of the Onion.” Without his devotion, we would truly be lost in the desert, our knives lost and our 40 ounces of malt liquor all drunk up. He is the man who fearlessly leads us away from the temptation of the devil, while stealing our hearts at the same time. Thank you, Will, and we hope that you continue to lead us from the desert and to the watering hole (with bagels in hand, of course), for many years to come. Because of you, nothing but pure onionhood fills these devout onionists.

~ Alex Dugas, Sarah Fraser, Bryan Hickey, Nick Lemon, Diana Marchessault,
Mickey O’Neill, and Amy Wilson
Core Editors 2013

ONION RIVER REVIEW
2013

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Back Cover: Bryan Hickey, *Thanks Tom Hanks for Being Such a Nice Fellow*

the onion, now that's something else
its innards don't exist
nothing but pure onionhood
fills this devout onionist
oniony on the inside
onionesque it appears
it follows its own daimonion
without our human tears

~ Wislawa Szymborska

The Lion's Preyer

Alex Dugas

Our hunter
who stalks in silence,
unsheathed be thy teeth.
As preordained,
we will be slain
the moment that we bow to drink.
Give us this night
our nightly graze,
and forsake your own hunger,
as we forsake our blood
to the very ground that bore us.
And lead us not into the sky,
but deliver us to soil,
where we will make acacias,
and sprout leaflets,
and cast cool shade for her cubs,

again.

Equine Flesh Dance

Vincent Benoit



oil on canvas
16 x 20"

The Saint Michael's Priests

Jordan Wallace

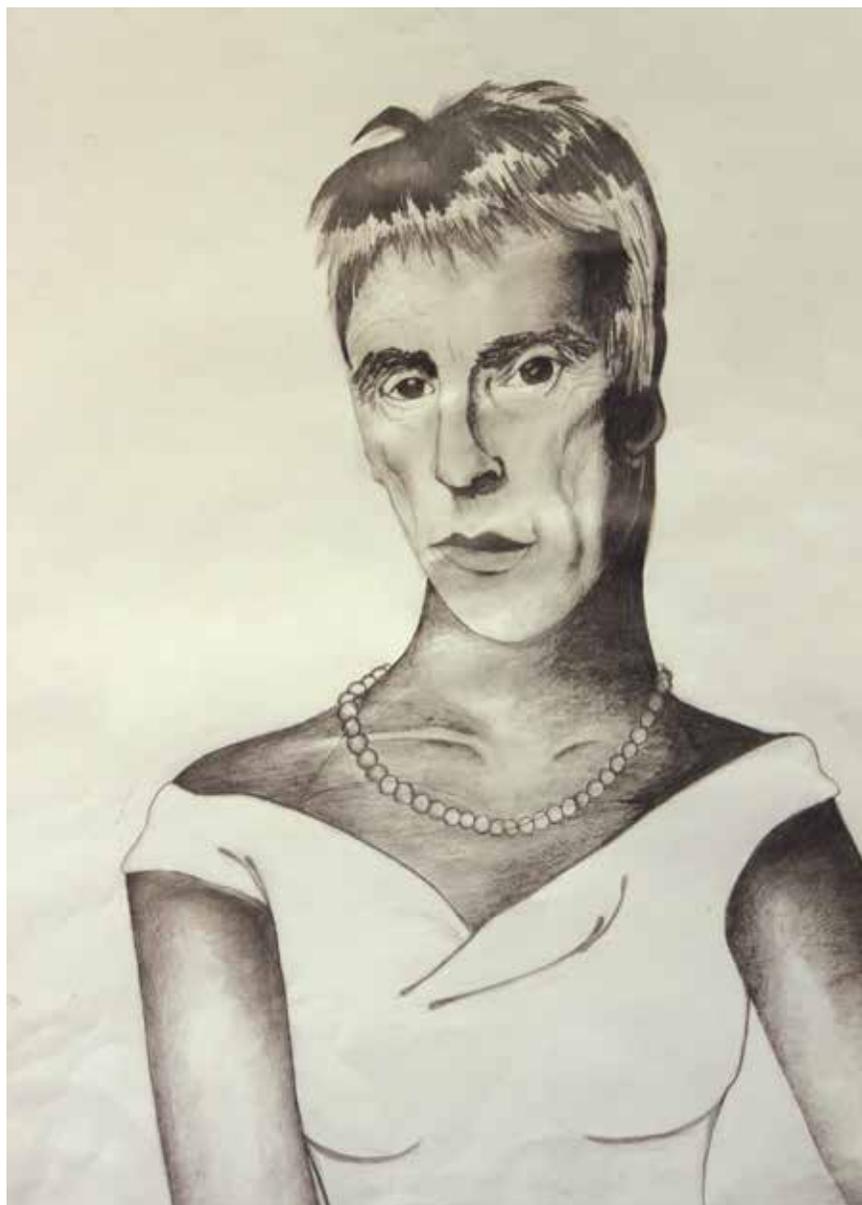
At Saint Michael's invisible bells
play at random throughout the day.
The priests don't swing the ropes anymore.
Good, it would ruin their hands, they shouldn't.
We see them walking into Alliot,
wearing Nikes and
clutching their hearts against miniskirts and the word "fuck."
Bless them.

In 1450 I might have been a Catholic, a priest even.
Those glorious coarse robes! Pulling those bells!
Ah, I would have been giddy.
I would have wanted to earn the tithes.
It's hard work redeeming people,
and confessions, Christ! (Excuse me father.)

Amazing irony, my ending up at a Catholic school.
Roaming restless, unsatisfied bastard that I am.
I'm not fit to walk the halls with priests,
and study in rooms
with God's cross over the doors.
But Jesus, I love it.

The Midlife Crisis

Mary Miller



pencil on paper
18 x 24"

Spit-Shine Stamp

Emily Houle

Shine, sparkle, sex in leather and wigs
Biceps like boa constrictors under fishnet ribs, fake nails, crimson
Watching down side-streets, boardwalks, false chests heaving with fragile
 hearts pounding waiting for someone to see the birds trapped in a
 snake skin.

Women of plastic, women of glue, women of cotton stuffed bras, of caked
cosmetics and mascara and a trail of tears built on broken stiletto heels.

I, a foreigner, watch as these monuments to broken pieces strut
their stuff talking sass with the bitch air and the *'fuck you'* eyes. I watch
them and wonder if they would take my skin if I could unzip it. They did
not get theirs—

 they made it.

Applaud the drag queens who flare sleaze and jazz in the side streets,
taking a Goodwill body—

 given but unwanted—

and making it a leviathan of expression and writhing prayer faith that
pounds down the boardwalks to drown out
fear.

The Hmm Hymn

Bryan Hickey

I tap, tip, tippity-tap
my fingers to the desk.
Scratch-scratch the acquisitive quiz
till I hmm, hmmm, ummm

What I know, know what I had known
just the night before.
Gone, git, swooped away.
Hm, Hmmm, Umm

Don't knows what, what I knows no more
it's sumthing thumping, knocking-tapping,
tongue-tipping,
till I'm almost there.

Data, seared, grazed and grilled
seasoned spice of study,
all that night before.
Hm, umm, hmmm

Learnin', knowin', realizin'
I didn't do none of that,
so skip, hop, hibbity-hop
over that question just for now.

Gah . . . God, help me now,
I prayed this all before,
promises made in pinches,
prays, pleading to the Lord.

Just help, help me out this jam,
ohhhhly once more
and I'll build,
erect,
assemble,
construct,
a church in Your name.
mhmm, I swear.

The Music Man

Lilia Taggersell



digital photograph

Lake Champlain Ballerina

Jessica Campbell



digital photograph

Do You Know?

Tucker Watson

We stormed
the bedroom like a blizzard. Or was it the Alamo?

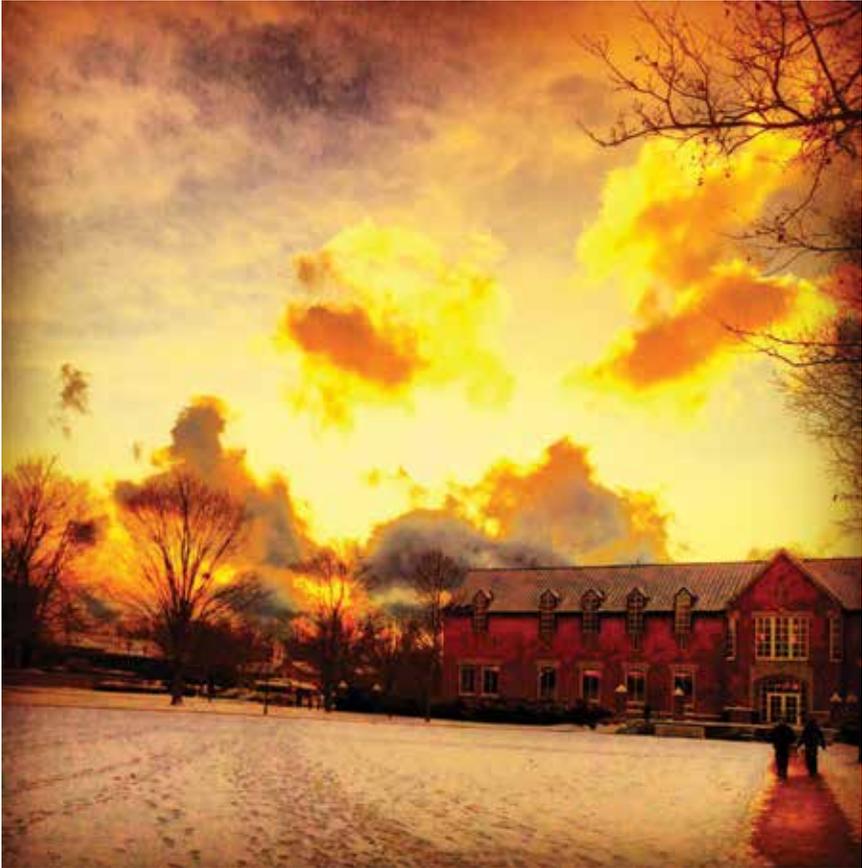
Either way, there was chaos:
blinding and whirling, twirling even, in all directions.
so fast we were going sideways a million miles an hour.

you my dar-ling, were a sex pistol.

I'm quite sure I heard gunfire.

You were as cold as the snow on my doorstep
until I picked you up with some bad line,
"Do you know what great sex is?"

SMC Library
Carter Denton



digital photograph

Encomiums

Chris Canfield

One of the books I plan to write (there's no plan, I assure you) is loosely titled *Encomiums*. Like James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, my tributes will be about little known men (or women, I assume)—the ones who've made the difference in my life. Encomiums, the *Oxford Shorter* tells me, are “formal or high flown expressions of praise.” Encomium comes from the Greek *egkomion*, which is a eulogy that includes *komos*—revel. Indeed, I want to revel in eulogies. But not just for the dead. And not just for people. When we were first married, my wife and I had a bathroom book called *Delights* by J. B. Priestly. Each delight was a couple of pages long. I don't remember a damn one of them, but they were so simple, and they were such a delight—the smell of his grandmother's perfume, maybe, or of his dog's paws; the play of light in a cup of tea, the voices of children at play in self-concocted games? My wife reminds me of two: “Not Going”—not going to the party or the meeting or name the less-than-enticing event. In the other, he praises gin and tonics as a brief tonic from the horrors of the war as bombs rain down on London and her suburbs. Or this: remember how in *The Catcher in the Rye* Holden and Phoebe adore the timpani player at the Radio City Christmas show? His part was so small, but he reveled in every note that preceded his few notes and every note that followed, eager with anticipation for his part, delighting in all that came next. That's the delight I want to capture and revel in.

Billy was my best man. We spent a decade together before my marriage—so much time and travel and work together that we actually had a joint checking account for a while. We're seldom together now—life's current has propelled us on far different courses—but when we are, the years peel away, and despite the gray and thinning hairs, the thickness and softness of our middles, and the crows' feet spreading from our eyes, we're ten or twenty years back, in the thick and quick of it. Every other time I see him, I'm overcome by life's mutability. Occasionally, I become as compelled as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner; “the heart within me burns,” and I urge him, “If I die I want you to play ‘One of These Days.’”

Neil Young wrote the soundtrack to *Chris and Billy*. When he sang us, “One of these days, I’m gonna sit down and write a long letter to all the good friends I’ve known,” his wistfulness became ours as we thought of our high school pack or the random assemblage of individuals we both knew in college. Little did we imagine that marriage and career and family and geography would put each of us on the other’s list of those to whom we’d long to sit down and write a long letter, let alone that there’d be dozens of dozens we’d love to write.

I’m a bridge burner. When the job’s over or I’ve moved or my kids’ activities bring them east and I’m no longer driving west, you’re a memory. A very fond one, trust me, but you’re gone. Skip, who is the sage of my life, informs me that I should be grateful for ends of chapters; they bring new stories. Okay, *bodi satva*, but it doesn’t mean I don’t want to reconnect with everyone. Bridge burners don’t write. Or, occasionally, bridge burners do write out of the blue but then discontinue the correspondence after a letter or two. I think Doris has hung on the longest. I blew off her wedding almost a quarter-century ago now, yet every Christmas since, Mrs. Timothy Hanley has wished me well. I did let her know I was getting married, and I did announce the births of my daughters, but I’ve come up short in the response department just about every time. Still, I revel in our junior and high school camaraderie: Dave Bagley’s social studies class which left the indelible impression that all Californians are flakes; Ms. Wassall’s English class in which Doris asserted that “life has its hills and its valleys”; Doris’s first day in her white Datsun, driving the 12 miles to school in first gear because she didn’t know how to shift; Doris’s surprise, year in, year out, when her parents threw her the surprise party. I imagine a spectacular mother when I imagine Doris with her three boys—kind but firm; welcoming to friends; adoring of girlfriends; determined to convey the biggies: God gave you brains, use them; do not be fooled that a speedy metabolism today will be as speedy tomorrow; with ejaculation begins responsibility.

In this book, I’ll sing the praises of Doris. And of Dave and Christian and Rick and Kelley and Tim and Marty—hey, fucko. Of friends I taught with and the lessons they taught me. Joe Harrison’s

two study hall rules will make it in: no talking and no questions. That inevitable hand on day one. “Yes?” “When you say no questi—” “You have detention.” Sixty students so silent the man made copies down the hall each day. I’ll have to mention Kenny Krebs and the amazing neighbor modification plan: When the music is too loud in the apartment below, place one one-inch augur bit in electric drill. Drill through the floor. Turn off cold water to washing machine. Remove cold hose from the back of washing machine. Insert hose in newly drilled hole in floor. Turn on cold water. Answer banging on door. To neighbor’s insistent query, reply, “Do you think the water pouring into your apartment could have anything to do with how loud your music is?”

I will, too, of course, have to revel in Peggy—Peggy who appointed herself our lay midwife; Peggy, to whose panting the surgeon pointed when Juno called out, “I don’t know what to do,” and urged, “Do what she’s doing”; Peggy, who came to New Hampshire expecting the New Hampshire farmhouse she and her young husband had seen in the realtor’s photo but found herself instead the mistress of “Seven Hearths,” a knockoff of an Italian villa complete with verandas, tile roof, elevator, and, yes, seven fireplaces; Peggy, who despite the grandness of her home and the legitimacy of her Virginia pedigree, has been the poorest person in town here and there over the past 40 years; Peggy, who is still poor, but who leads our community in song, who volunteers at the library, who protests war and unconscionable businesses, who gave a roof and meals to the beloved village odd-jobber when he fell, insuranceless, 28 feet from his ladder; Peggy, who gives more than she gets and asks for little in return; Peggy, who puts the noblesse in noblesse oblige.

I’ll tell, too, of the washer-woman who anonymously gave an organ to a poor church in New Orleans and the poor pensioner whose five dollar tip made me feel as if he’d given me jewels. Those are the living. There will be eulogies, too, for those who have gone. When John Adams crashed into the bridge abutment, I began to see life anew. And though I don’t go to his grave anymore, bridge burner and all, John’s death made me believe I had to give more and be more than I was. I will celebrate my dad, of course, beyond the eulogy I gave at his funeral. I think peccadilloes will be

given short shrift in these encomiums: I'm going to take a leaf from Walt's grass and sing these bodies electric. And while a vice may peek through, I don't think it will be in anger or resentment but in sympathy and empathy. I remember the phase of my life when I realized my dad was just another guy—that his story wasn't so remarkable. I was appalled and displeased and betrayed and embarrassed and, well, yes, I was an ass. I never wanted for a thing growing up—through recessions, even when the owner of my dad's company nearly bankrupted the whole scene. Six or seven years after his death, my mom told me that every new year my father couldn't sleep; how he would sit at the end of the bed and mutter that he just didn't see how he was going to be able to drum up the business to make it through another year. Not only did I want for nothing, he never hinted through word or deed that there was a thing to worry about. And I who whine at the drip of a faucet and the thought of the plumber's fee, thought he was not worthy of remark. I will praise him . . . And them: I will praise them.

Two Girls in Trafalgar Square

Luis Lázaro Tijerina



digital photograph

Joy

Briana Brady

I can only imagine what we must have looked like from an outsider's perspective: dancing and screaming in the middle of Hubbard Street while a summer thunderstorm raged above our heads, sheets of warm heavy rain pouring down. Our clothing hung on us like elephant skin and our hair stuck to our faces in thick strands as if it were glued there. We must have looked wild as we splashed barefoot through the large pools forming on the pavement and let bursts of laughter escape our chests and disappear into the booms of thunder. One smaller, one larger, and yet the same. Sisters standing together under the yellow glow of the street light. It must have been strange to peer out through a window from the dry warmth of their houses and watch as the smaller of the two extended her arms out, spinning in circles, looking to the sky, as if she could hug the world. But I hope they saw it. I hope they saw our foolish bliss. I hope they felt what I felt as they looked down on us racing through the rain and watched me raise my face to the inky-black sky: the expansive quality of my joy, as if it could wrap around every fiber of my being and every inch of the universe.

Yawp
Alex Dugas



digital photograph

Dirty Beaches

Brian Rooney

Seagulls are flying,
babies are dripping,
and a blond chick is going down on me.

Waves are uncurling,
hula skirts are twirling,
and a blond boy is having a teen dream.

Tide pools are ovulating,
sun tan oil is ejaculating,
and a brunette is swallowing whipped cream.

The stars are sparkling,
cruise ships are parking,
and I'm taking Blondie out for sushi.

The Ray

Alexander Leonard



acrylic paint on canvas
3 x 4'

Suck My Color

Ellia Héroux

It turned to grey, the way they loved. She held on tight while he smeared her color on the floor of the bedroom, every night, and ate her color, sucked at it like a tick. Red-rimmed eyes that dropped tears, no mouth, erased, her fears realized by long cool hands. Saturated sheets like rainbow stamps for little children. Toby, she squeals, Toby, Toby, Toby. Toby never says her name; she is nothing but color to him, no face or voice.

She tangles herself up one day in her long hair, like a prism—a prison in herself. He tries to get in but she spits sunset red at him and he cries. The color eats at her and she, in turn, doesn't touch the stuff again.

Her hair is brittle and Toby comes away dry, with nothing in his mouth. Toby peers inside her ribs, there is no liver, stomach or anything. She drips like melted crayons.

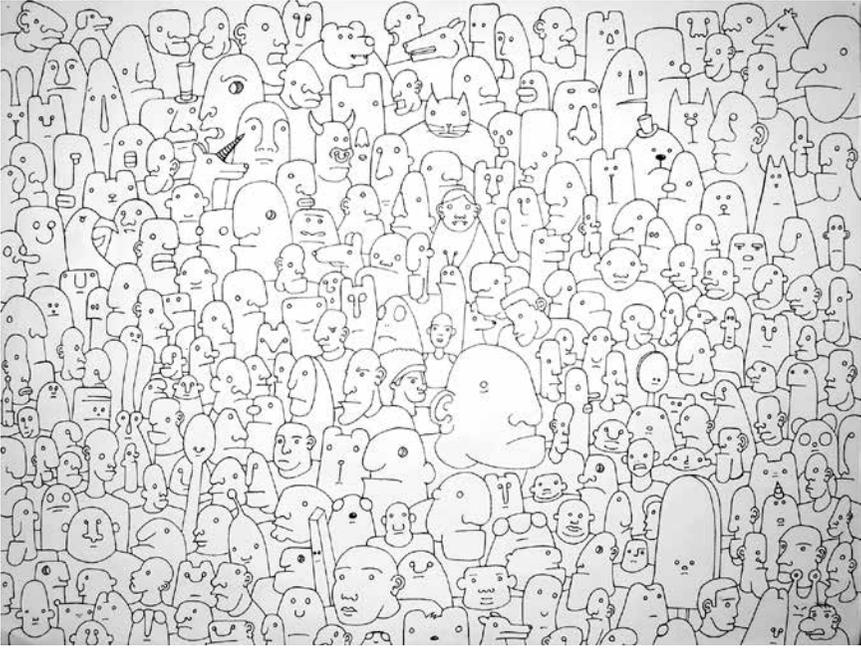
Toby reaches in, for the color. She stops his hand. Toby knows she will kiss it. Instead she stabs him with the blue, the purple, the pink. Her hands come away stained with black ink. His blood. She stands over him and waits. He dies.

“Suck my color now, you bastard.”

She bathes; the water shimmers like gasoline on the ocean, light refracted from every angle, color with grey from the ink. She looks at Toby. Again, again, again. And then she turns and leaves.

Who Dealt It?

Brian Tan



pen on paper
18 x 24"

Marginalia

Catherine Woodard



There are lines on the page
but it might as well be blank.

There are words too but they
Only Act As Fences. They are

borders to keep in
the wild creatures
growing the margins
from the
safe
boring
practical world.

Some slide, glide, float gently.

They are born of longggg,
sweeping strokes, start **blackbold** and fade to
grey.

Others are- sharpsided-
pointy, and—!
abrupt.

These are born in
quick! vicious! *stabs*—
the paper tears
LOUDLY!
and the creatures

still.

This Sale
Jordan Douglas



silver gelatin lith photograph
9 x 9"

Untitled

Annie Wyndham

Too late, too long
ago for the unsaid, the
undone.

Trapped in the chokeholds of regret,
anchored in remorse, we try re-editing the reel
so unsaids can reveal, or
undones enact.

As if one could resuscitate unwordings,
or resurrect unbeing.

Our Mutation

A. M. Nicolai

Lonely
like my mother was,
home with all five of her children,
but no one
to talk to,
like my father
at his desk at 4 am
with three hundred
and seventeen e-mails
waiting for his response.

They made love
with lonely,
made me with it too.
And together
all of their children
grew up
with loneliness crowding their lungs
making them cough at night.

It is our mutation,
some kind of recessive gene,
like blue eyes
only ugly,
that has pooled up in our bloodstreams—
my brother's and sisters' and mine.
In crowded rooms,
bathing in the honeyed company of our beloved,
shuddering with mirth,
that unholy modification
keeps our innards captive
someplace
where voices cannot breach.

Like we're all back
in our lonely mother's womb,
pushed up against one another,
quarantined into our own amniotic sacks,
unable to trace one another's raisin skin.

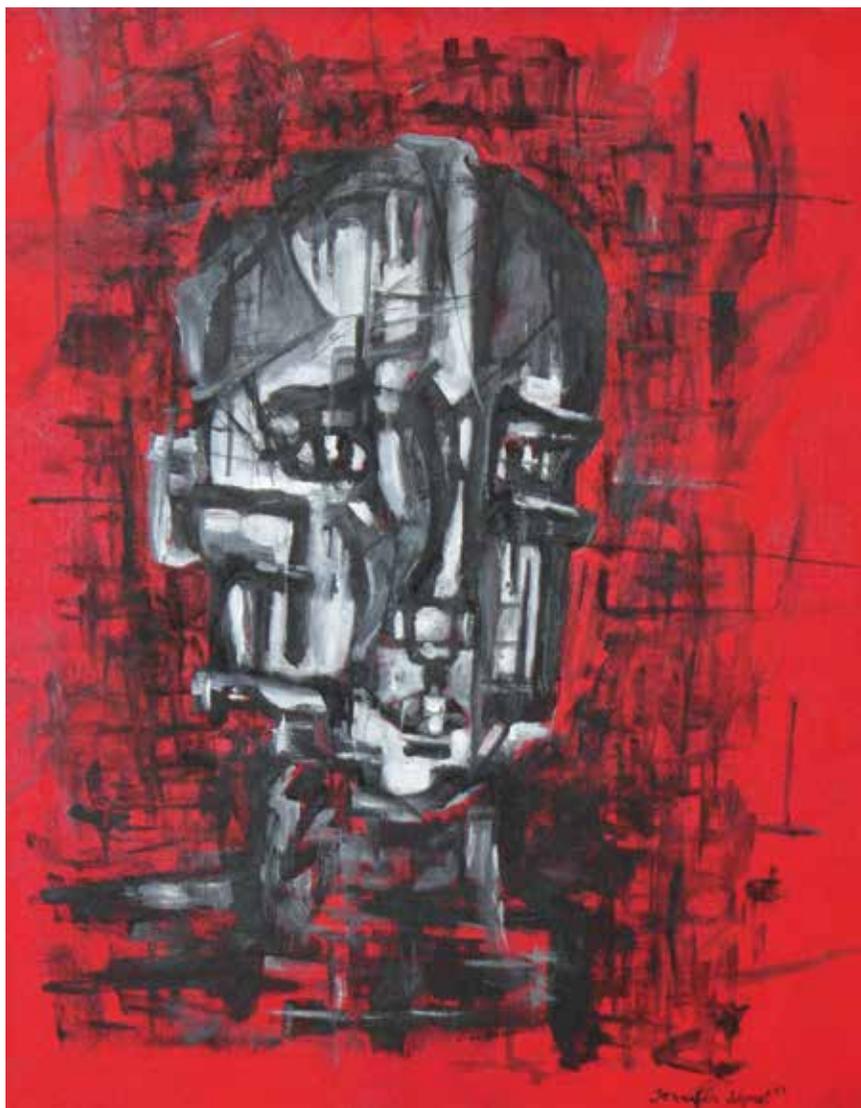
Study us,
I beg.
Needles and sensors,
whatever you like.
Only, when you're done,
cut out the bad cells
like cancer and
leave us whole
for the first time.

Darwin never meant for this,
for we are more
wretched than his flightless birds but
doomed to a faster fate.
Not even a hundred years left of our species.

Until lonely
meets lonely
once more
and breeds our mutation
back into the earth.

God forbid.

Light Black
Jennifer Signet



acrylic and charcoal on canvas
16 x 20"

Megan's Eyes

Evian Davies



pencil on paper
2 x 7"

Renunciation

Luis Lázaro Tijerina

*“... the righteous man has nothing to fear, neither in life, nor
in death,
and the gods will not forsake him.”*

Socrates

I

It was a cold December morning.
The gods came to this place once known as *Quanneapague*
before the town bells could ring out their joy to the world.
In the forest surrounding the Sandy Hook Elementary,
the hoarfrost hung like Christmas icicles.
Homes along the quiet streets of Newtown
were brimming with pine cones and poinsettias,
with Christmas wreaths and Himalayan green roses.
The gods saw the longing for immortality
in these rolling hills with their winter apple orchards.
This was the same place where the French General Rochambeau
encamped on the way to the siege of Yorktown with his troops.
It was not a massacre then, but a revolutionary war.
These ancient gods who dimmed the hopes
of every schoolchild in Connecticut
were the same gods who sealed the pact
between a great democracy and an even greater anarchy,
proclaiming its right to bear arms.

II

Here we are again, moved to insidious silence
as we witness men and women of high rank,
along with the somber faces of journalists and TV anchors,
lowering the flag to mourn another mass killing.
The people have gathered outside the Newtown meeting house
not far from Ram's Pasture
as they have since the Revolution, standing
beneath the Rooster weathervane, its proud tail
spinning at the center of this unending vigil.
Everybody knows what this country is about.
The cathedrals and churches are lit with candles
while gun shops across America are jammed with new customers.
As members of the 'Commission on Morality and Massacres'
we go on talking about safety
while gawking at children's coffins on TV.
The chatter on the internet is all about mental illness
and the impossibility of gun control,
as if death was the perpetual star of our nativity.

III

They fell at Sandy Hook: twelve schoolgirls, eight boys, six adults,
warriors as great as those at Lexington and Gettysburg
but they were no match for two automatic pistols
and the smooth steel of a Bushmaster assault rifle.
Thinking of America's firing ranges and the carnage
unleashed by one gunman,
the gods came to me this morning.
Before the rooster crowed,
I took my AK-47 and smashed its wood stock,
gutting the firing chamber and breaking its trigger

with a sledge hammer.

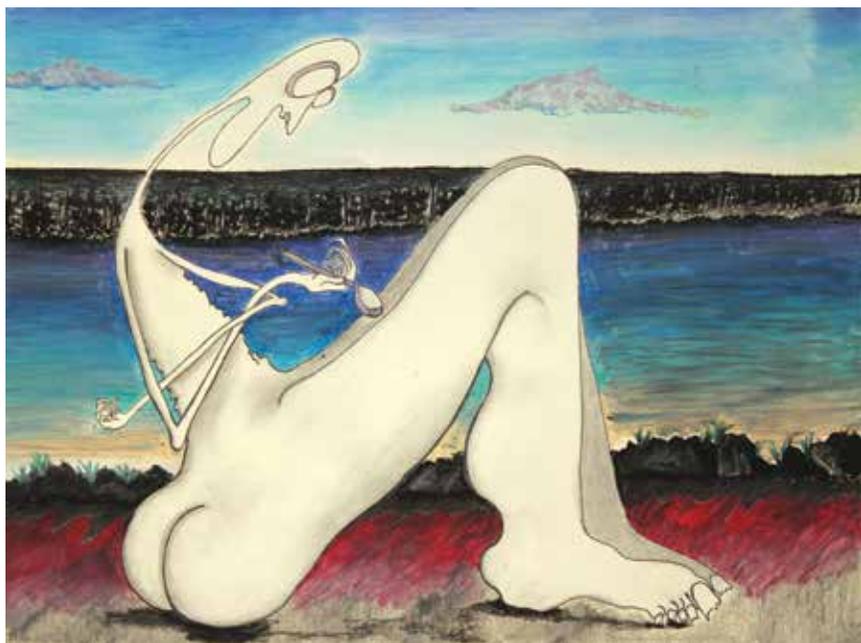
I marveled at the precision of this weapon,
at all the beauty and craftsmanship
now lying in ruins.

The gods did not promise me any safe passage.

*For those who died heroically at Newtown, Connecticut,
and William Dane Dodge, un rédacteur sans égal.*

Licking the Silver Spoon

Mary Miller



oil, pastel, colored pencil, and charcoal on paper
18 x 24"

Vessels of Touch

Buff Lindau

Handsome, brainy, private,
he's well known to me, he's mine.
I watched the growing up,
the steadfast curiosity
that led to paint and plants, math and art.
But now on the phone
I can't unlock the words.
I parse each phrase, each monosyllable.
I replay and rehear words, tone, the few facts.
Was it flat, inflected, fraught?
I muddle along wondering
what was hidden there.
I imagine catastrophe,
then decide to shake off
this tiresome mothering

and embrace the known.
A runner, skier, scientist,
who likes best to shape shapes,
form vases and vessels and bowls,
ramekins, casseroles, coffee cups,
pots for oatmeal, Seder plates.
I envision his hands
throwing a ceramic shape,
forming the porcelain,
pulling and molding it just so.

These vessels of touch
on the sill above the kitchen sink
speak to me in a language
direct and eloquent, if soundless,
every time I wash a dish or peel a potato.

They grace the dining table,
kitchen table, bureau—
vases, pitchers, teapots—
articulate and clear.

I marvel at the celadon green, ocean blue,
hints of turquoise, swirls painted in,
lines drawn to match the shapes,
a mountain range etched around.
I handle the forms, their smoothness
a connection to his hands at work—
his words captured in clay,
bodied forth whole.

Skin

Diana Marchessault

I had a moment today when I looked down and my hands and my skin looked gray. I took a second to examine my hands—they actually looked grayish-green, as if I had been drained of blood, or as if my veins no longer existed. I wanted to believe that my eyes were somehow wrong. They weren't. For a few seconds, I just sat there and grasped my hands in each other, trying to feel the skin upon skin. Instead, I felt nothing—it was as if my skin was useless; it was as if there was nothing pulsing beneath. Then, suddenly, I had a mental image of peeling off my skin. In my mind, it seemed so easy to do—I started at my cuticles, slowly peeling the skin from my knuckles, up my arms, off my collar bones, and then down my breasts, stomach, and legs. I was just muscles, tendons, and nerves. I could feel everything. I couldn't shake this image of myself, standing completely skinned, my heart beating openly. I could feel each beat resonate throughout my entire body; I could see the blood move through my veins. I almost felt myself wanting this, as if my skin wasn't enough; it didn't allow me to feel everything I wanted to feel. It became a useless organ.

After a few minutes, I shook myself awake from this image. I looked around the room, and almost immediately I saw you. Again I was drawn into myself, this time having an image of you and me. In this image, I had my skin again. I was standing before you completely naked, yet completely unexposed. Suddenly, you took me by the hips, looked me in the eye, and started peeling off my skin. You peeled me open from my navel, kissing the skin as you peeled, as if you were marking your trail before treading upon it. Then, after a few minutes, all of my skin was gone again, laid upon the ground next to us in one large pile. I looked at you for a moment, and then you started taking off your clothes. You were looking at me the whole time. After your clothes were off, I took a step toward you. I grasped your hair within my hands, and began to run my fingers through it. I could feel it in a way I wasn't able to before. You

simply closed your eyes while I did so—until you suddenly took my hands in yours and placed them upon your ribs. I then started peeling off your skin, too—slowly at first, until you looked at me urgently and started to help me peel. After your skin was gone, we just stood there, staring at one another.

Finally, I brought myself back to reality—but as I looked at you, I couldn't shake this image from my mind. I still can't. It wasn't a fantasy, but it nearly felt like one. Even now, all I want is to feel bare, touched, and naked in a way I never have before. I have the urge to be ripped apart in the most literal sense, so deeply that I can see my own heart beating in my chest. I want my lips to feel raw; I want my skin to feel like a wound. I want my muscles to ache. I no longer want this brain; I just want bodies, fingers, lips, and stomachs. I want every part of me to feel touched, and for my skin to feel as if it has purpose again—because now, even a few days later, I can still see that grayness when I look down at my hands. And when I see you, I can picture you ripping me open again, tearing apart my limbs and putting me back together again.

Vincent Benoit
Self-Portrait



oil on canvas
16 x 20"

Reykjavik Morning

Lisa Ritter



digital photograph

The Island

Christopher Ricker

It was either a chicken shack
or farmhouse in Puerto Rico
where mother was raised.
If I hadn't visited the island,
I might not have believed her
stories of sugar cane and bicycles.
My uncle allegedly wrestled,
mother harassed bulls,
and a sister was misplaced.
A father died, replaced
by something sinister.
A brittle portrait, but no
doubt legitimate.

The Little Boy
Sabrina Li



pen on paper
4 x 6"

The Race to Love: A Journey to an Unimaginable Family

(Excerpt from a memoir in progress)

Shelley Vermilya

I stand in the kitchen at the top of the stairs yelling at Mom. She irons downstairs in the cool of the den; her Pall Mall cigarette smoke and the iron's steam make the air even heavier than the Delaware humidity outside. My big sister, Susan, is sitting on the couch. I usually have the place to myself but Sue is home for a while before she starts back to college, after working at a summer camp.

“Damn-it-all, I am done with naps!” The fury and frustration in my voice match the rapid twirling cap guns in my hands. I am almost forty inches tall in my navy blue Keds, plaid shorts, and holsters. I like the feel of my silver metal guns and I soon get distracted, concentrating on twirling. Sue is aghast. I sort of hear her tell Mom she shouldn't let me talk that way. Mom continues quietly ironing, glances over at Sue and says, “I'll handle it.”

Then there is silence. I stand glued in place. Mom finishes ironing the cotton sheet and folds it into a tidy rectangle. She sprinkles water on one of Pop's white button-down shirts that he wears to work. He also wears them everywhere else. He never hangs around in a tee shirt like the other Dads. Sometimes he doesn't wear a tie, but most of the time he does. Mom rolls the shirt up after sprinkling and puts it on the ironing board. My cap guns bump my knees and suddenly I come back to the moment. What had I just said to my mother to get such a glare from Sue? Uh-oh.

Here comes Mom, cigarette smoke trailing as she leaves her post by the ironing board. She moves with swift efficiency across the den to the bottom of the stairs. She's calculating whether she can actually streak up the steps to catch me. My attention snaps back to the stairway and I can see what is coming, so I take off like a comet, my sneakers hardly touching the ground. I blast through the back porch door and hear it slam shut. My goal is the hedge in the back of the yard behind my swing set. When I get there, I slip into the cool shade of the honeysuckle that climbs over the

fence. The smell of a nearby cedar and humid earth is strong. I catch my breath and listen. I don't hear any footsteps or Mom calling. I wait until I'm sure the coast is clear and emerge from my hiding place, then wander along the fence and into neighbors' yards. It isn't a fence so much as a tangle of shrubs and vines, so I feel invisible. I think about how dinner will be more fun because Sue is home and I won't be the only one at the table with my parents. When I am alone with them the silence sometimes gets very heavy. I chew the ice from my water glass just to make noise. I'd rather eat dinner watching *The Mickey Mouse Club* but they won't let me. I love that show, and my Mickey Mouse doll. But I couldn't bear those huge hard plastic ears bumping into me when I held him, so I cut off the ears. I am in some additional trouble for that.

After dinner Pop puts me right into the filled bathtub with my shoes and clothes still on. He is mad, the quiet and furious kind of mad. Apparently I've been obdurate all ding dang day and both of my parents have "had it." That is what they each declare, "I have HAD it," in their stony calm voices. I know I'm in trouble when they say that, but I never know what "it" is that they have "had." I don't really know how to stop being in trouble because no one explains what I am doing so that they have "had enough of it."

I was wide-eyed surprised for a moment there seeing my shoes get wet, but even after being plunged into the tub fully dressed by my frustrated father, I still insist on having a book read to me, my back rubbed, apple slices, and another book before I can go to sleep. Pop obliges, reading calmly, saying little but wrapping me in patience with the palm of his soothing hand on my back.

A few weeks later Sue is home again from college, baby-sitting me. Her dorm is just across town, and she got strapped into this job because my forty-four-year-old mother wants to get out and party. We are watching a movie (I know now it was *A Night To Remember*) on the TV. There is a big beautiful ship and very fancy people are eating a very fancy dinner. It's dark all around the ship, and there are icebergs. Sue is snoring rhythmically on the den couch.

I am agitated; something is happening in the movie that I don't understand. The fancy dinner is suddenly all askew. The large hooded silver-serving tray on wheels slides down the dining room floor. Everything is tipping, everyone is frantic and running around. It is dark, cold and very scary. I am up way past my bedtime. My sister is still snoring. I don't understand what is going on. The Titanic is sinking and I have to go to Kindergarten in the morning.

* * *

The house I lived in with my parents then was a split-level with brand-new trees. For the first time in their lives my parents could afford to own their own home. It was only nine years after World War II, and suburbs were being built as fast as the carpenters could raise them up. My mother was among the legion of housewives claustrophobic in the isolation of the recent phenomenon of the nuclear family and suburbs. She was unique in that she had one daughter in college and one skinning her knees on the new sidewalks. She was forty when she had me, her hair already grey, which really made her stand out among the other mothers. We kids ran around the yards connected behind the houses that faced the street. We knew every single inch of our side of the neighborhood because our games took us up and down the block. Each walkway to each front door was immaculate, mown grass and the shrubs were trimmed to be welcoming. Inside the houses women were smoking Pall Mall or Kent cigarettes and drinking Carling's Black Label beer while the next load of laundry spun in the basement.

I ran into friends' houses, through the garage to the same door to the same den in the same downstairs design as our house, to see other mothers smoking and ironing. The soap operas on the televisions filled in some of the gaps of these women's own lives. They were so damn lonely all day waiting for their husbands to come home, waiting for happy hour, waiting for happiness. Beyond our neighborhood, further south where my Smith relations lived, people were staging sit-ins at lunch counters. U. S. soldiers were quietly being sent to Vietnam, 8,874 miles away.

We were right smack on the Mason Dixon line and it was the very end of the Fifties. I look back and see a little skinny white middle-class tomboy caught between two countries, the North and the South, between tolerance and acceptance and intolerance and fear. I was a tiny tomboy defiant about dresses and other things “girl.” How could I be so different from the people I was raised by? My parents were teens during the Depression, married in 1938, young adults during the war. They knew security to be such a fragile thing because they experienced such financial devastation growing up. I was at constant odds, my security rested in their insecure hands. And my sister was leaving the nest when the egg of me cracked open. All of this meant that my parents never worried about the small stuff. I think they just prayed they and I would survive.

All these years later I can only imagine how exhausted they were. I have learned from experience how a parent has to go from steaming mad to calm sweet in the time it takes to soap, rinse and wrap a little kid in a big towel. Neither of my parents knew how to handle me. They were too darned tired after a full day of work, being older and having raised a kid already once fifteen years before. They knew the routine. I was too obdurate/obstinate/adamant and kind of smart in an equally exhausting way. Instead of doing everything they asked and being compliant, as my sister—of another generation, really, had been—I asked, “Why?”

Sue tells the story of the Christmas when we went to Florida for the holiday. It was freezing, the palm trees distressed-looking in the cold, and the outdoor pool anything but alluring after two days of driving. Under the teeny fake Christmas tree my mother brought from home there was a present for me, a doll the same height I was. My reaction was a scream of terror. I was not amused to have the hard plastic, eyelash-fluttering Thing; a truck would have been just fine. Mom thought it was cute that the doll could wear my skirts, but Sue kindly suggested we toss it out the car window on the highway as we headed home. I can practically see my father now behind the wheel, looking in the rear-view mirror at the three of us: Sue, Thing, and me in the backseat. With a twinkle in his eye and trying to suppress a smile, he put a halt to that idea, warning us of a traffic catastrophe. Santa must have been out of his mind.

Later that same year during Pop's spring break from teaching at the university, we went south again, this time to Greensboro, North Carolina. We drove down to visit his family. At Aunt Robin's I had to be especially polite and sit extra still even though we had been riding in the blue Volkswagen Beetle for two days to get there. Mom stayed home. She told me Pop's sister was odd because she wouldn't use the washing machines in the building and did the family's laundry by hand in the tub. She said Aunt Robin didn't trust who else used the machines. When I went to the bathroom, sure enough there were clothes hanging everywhere.

Aunt Robin's somber dining room sparkled with light bounding off the tall tea glasses and cut-glass bowls. The grown-ups talked about how people were "stirring things up" a couple of months ago when the colored people sat down at the Woolworth's lunch counter. I was so busy stirring the sugar into my towering tea glass that I missed hearing what the problem was they were talking about. I found myself thinking, I know Woolworth's. I go to Woolworth's at home with Mom for coloring books and it is a stinky place smelling of tired popcorn and metallic hairspray. My Aunt Robin was insisting that people knew their place and that folks around here didn't want the changes that young people were talking about. She passed the mashed potatoes and slapped a piece of ham on my plate. Pop nodded his head and agreed, "Yes, people like knowing their place."

Aunt Robin gave Uncle Bill the bowl of beans and buttered a roll before she handed it to me with a smile that didn't sparkle. I tugged on my dress and sat up a little before I murmured, "Thank you." Grandma Smith kept glancing at me. I'd heard she was mad at my parents for not naming me Louise, after her, but I was mighty glad. The grown-ups kept up the talk about lunch counters, and I thought, well, here we are having lunch too. I don't see the fuss. My attention wandered. I loved the way the sugar sprinkles floated down around the ice cubes to the bottom of the glass and piled up. My long teaspoon just touched the bottom and I swirled it but I had to stop because one of the grownups told me I was making a racket. Aunt Robin seemed to be blaming Pop for the way the

college kids acted up even though his students were way up North at the University of Delaware. I munched on my ice until I got that huge eyebrow glare from Pop. He didn't actually growl, but I could feel it.

Later that week we visited an old friend of my father's. It was strange to think he had friends I didn't know. At six, I was the world, the one and only world. My father's life beyond mine wasn't possible for me to imagine, or his as a child growing up in this deep South we were in. I only knew him painting the house, mowing the lawn, going off to work and talking to friends when Mom made parties at our house in the North.

This next memory is in black and white, clear and crisp as the square photographs from my father's Rolleiflex box camera: I was just the size to sit on my knees in the back seat of the big Cadillac to see out the windows. I had finally figured out how to arrange my darn dress so it wouldn't strangle me. I had to wear dresses—I called them dang dresses—when visiting all these people and I did not like it. The long car moved quite slowly down Main Street. Now I think it must have been Rock Hill, North Carolina. It was Saturday. The store windows were decorated to the hilt for Easter. The movie theater, department store, cigar shop, drugstore, and the architecture of the buildings captured my attention. The sidewalks were bustling and people were smiling.

I heard a disembodied voice from the front seat, my father's friend. He explained that it was the Negroes' shopping day. I squinted harder, pressed my nose to the glass. I had been oblivious to the shades of the shoppers. Why did the Negroes have a shopping day all to themselves? Couldn't they go any day to the store? I did not ask my questions. I already knew to be silent in these matters. I knew this was dangerous adult stuff, like at lunch yesterday when all the big people got tongue-tied talking about the problem of folks eating lunch at Woolworth's, or whenever I hid behind Mom's floral-covered wingback chair at home while Mom disagreed with things Pop was saying about Colored People. I had been listening in all my life. I knew to keep quiet; it was a knowing I had without understanding the reason.

Mom probably read James Baldwin's *Go Tell It On the Mountain* while she was pregnant with me. The Supreme Court ruled against

“separate but equal” with Brown vs. Board of Education a few months before I was born. I was just nine months old in 1955 when Emmett Louis Till’s mother opened the casket in Chicago for the world to see what the Money, Mississippi white men did to her fourteen-year-old son. His alleged whistle to the white woman at the little corner store was seen as an affront to her womanhood. Or was it his lisp that caught a high note when he said “Thank you” as he walked out the door that August afternoon? For one of these things he was brutally murdered. Rosa Parks, “the first lady of civil rights,” held her seat on the bus in December of that same year in Montgomery, Alabama. In 1957, President Eisenhower signed a Civil Rights Act. Each year I had heard about things getting “stirred up.” I was a little kid, but these events were in the very air I was breathing, and I could hear the tension.

Later that summer, after the trip with my father to visit the southern family, I was back in my Delaware backyard. The mulberry was loaded with berries, and this meant a purple mess every time I wanted to swing because the swing set was right under the tree.

The sky was a blue, that last light of evening pale blue, with clouds catching spotlights of sunset. I liked swinging. I kept swinging. I sang while I swung, kind of how I sang into the fan at the top of the second floor of our house on sweltering nights. Something from “Babes in Toyland,” the record my father blasted from the hi-fi system down in the living room way up to my bedroom sometimes, to get me to sleep.

Swinging under that mulberry tree, I tried to touch the sky. My feet were pumping and I threw my head back. I wished I could be a boy. It would be so much more fun. I could play baseball, spit, get dusty, climb trees, run around the neighborhood all day, learn to build things. I wouldn’t have to nap. I could wear my plaid shorts all the time and not ever put on a stupid dress or shoes that pinch. I could drink milk and leave the mustache. Mostly I could run, my legs pumping, sort of like swinging on the ground, the wind on my face, the colors flashing by my eyes as I pumped, as I ran, heard the way sound got clipped and then quieted as I flew by. I wanted to be a boy so I could feel the power

in my body. I loved the strength in my arms while swinging and my legs in running. I could just go. If I were a boy I wouldn't have to fake that I didn't understand. I wouldn't have to pretend all the time to be dainty or tender. I hated being a girl.

I could be any super hero I wanted to be playing down by the creek. I could also be invisible, my mother's silence told me so. Once I ran in from a hard fall to tell her about it—how the air had been knocked out of me, how I could hardly breathe. But she never looked up, just turned the page of the newspaper she was reading. I walked away more deflated than I'd been on my back, not breathing. I learned to figure things out for myself, including making toast before getting the school bus and negotiating all the kids on the playground. I didn't always catch the social cues; once when I raced to the door as recess ended I was berated by a girl, "Barney was crying because he cut his knee and you didn't stop to help him!" I wasn't totally heartless, but I didn't know all the levels of kindness a kid should know. I tumbled, made my own mistakes. I never read the book Mom loved, *The Road Less Travelled*. I just took that road, risked the different path. That's how I would come to make my family.

Fire Dance at Solar Fest 2011

Chris Magyar



digital photograph

American Spirits

Amy Wilson

Thank god

you suggested that we step outside.

My heels could not stand on that carpet, sodden
with the sympathy of well-wishers come before;
better to toss their pennies here in this pool of light,
where only the moths feel obligated to mingle.

So sorry for your loss, the drizzle mumbles
at your lit cigarette;
you promptly shake it off.

Damp settles heavily into my hair
and I feel the curls crawl free.

Here on the back stair,

I have fallen under your breath, so easily, again.

I want to catch the smoke off your nicotine lips
and drift weightless through the rain,
loose from the gravity that holds us in his wake.

Eloise
Megan Durocher



fine line on paper
8.5 x 11"

Tearing down the Rabbit Hole

Catherine Woodard

The grass is neatly trimmed,
each blade a uniform length.
Hedge branches are beat back
and the mulch is undisturbed.
A white picket fence shows a
mirror image—one side is like
the next—indistinguishable,
in accordance to the rules of
the Homeowners Association.
But there—through the hedge—!
If you look very closely and peek
though the gap. There's an entire world
made of gnarled branches and a swishswinging rope growing an old tire at
the end.

There are toys strewn over the yard hiding in the white puff of weeds
and it seems unexplored—untouched and wild.
You could try to claw your way through the branches
and suffer the cuts on your face and the dirt on your cheeks and the tears
on your clothes. But then,
if you did, the hedge would be
ruined.

Winter

Lindsey Goudreau

New stick of gum, December,
flavor fading, January,
stale and stiff, February,
spat it out, March,
into April

Aoraki
Dane Weister



digital photograph

Chapstick

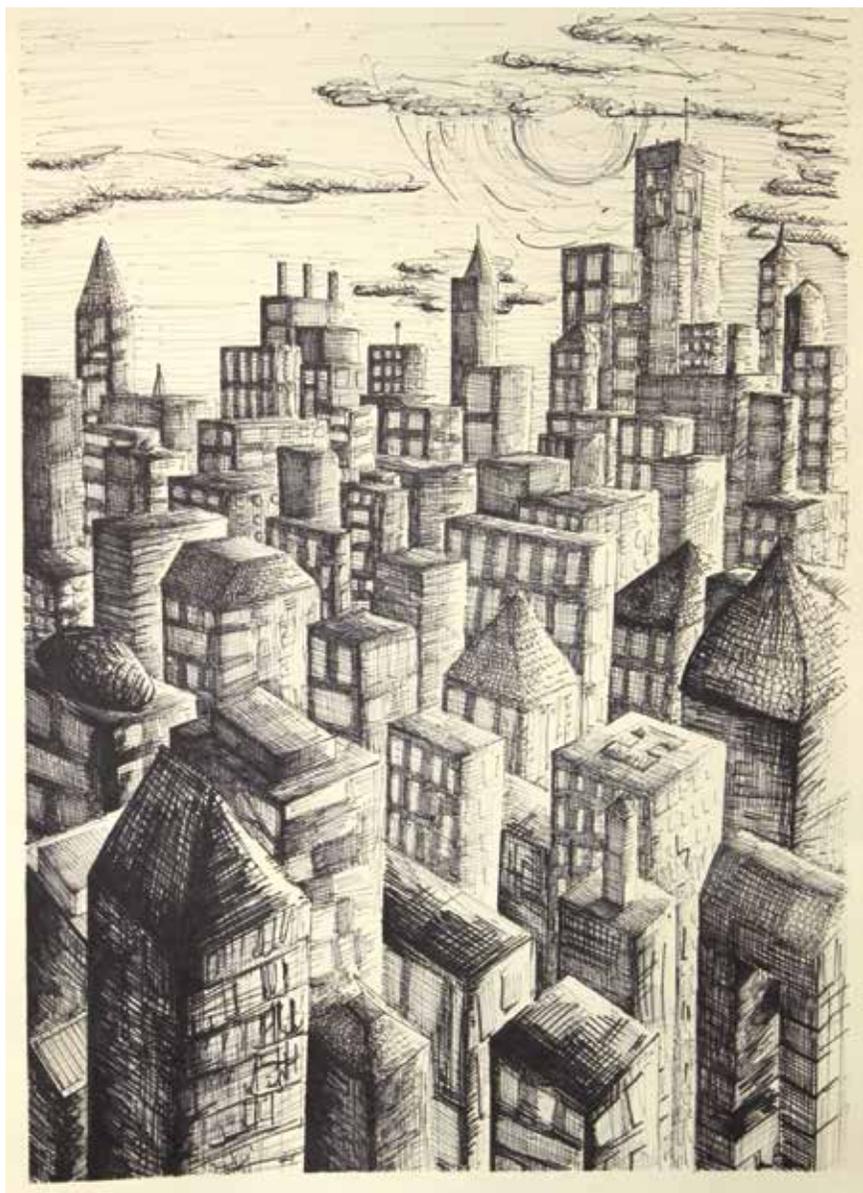
Brian Rooney

Chapstick. Classic. Cherry.
Skin Protectant/Sunscreen. SPF 4.

Apply to lips, avoid contact with eyes,
do not swallow.

If swelling does not go down,
or if a rash appears,
contact your doctor,
or call this number.
For the most recent
product information
on how much I miss you,
visit www.chapstick.com.

Cityscape
Victoria Barnum



ink on paper
21 x 29"

American Cheese

Nick Lemon

America, I used to think you were something spectacular,
full of opportunity, chances
to make it big around
every gold-paved street.
America, I thought you had it,
with your checks and balances
and democratic republic
but you're really no better
than a package of Kraft Singles,
made up of scraps that no one else
wanted, dyed and processed for cheap.
America, I wanted you
to melt in my mouth,
until I realized that
you weren't really the big cheese
at all.

Unbeknown to Her

Brian Tan



pencil and ink on paper
18 x 24"

The Maiden Aunts

Jordan DeKett

Darling!

Dearest!

Looking lovely!

Looking thin.

You look divine!

But your hair—

A bit too short?

Like a boy's.

But sister look!

At what pray tell?

Her neck! Her neck!

Of course! Such grace—

Our little swan!

My dear, Très Belle!

C'est Magnifique!

Have a seat!

Have a bite!

A bit to eat—

Not much I'm sure,

(She's looking thin)

A cup of tea?

Lemon?

Cream?

So Dearest, now—

Oh yes! Please do!

Have you a man?

Short or tall?

Fit or fat?

You'd never care . . .
 For certain, no!
. . . about just looks.
 But mind the cat!
For God's sake, Boots!
 There goes the tea.
Your poor new dress!
 Perhaps you'd fit—
I have a robe!
 Now Dearest, change!
We'll save your chair,
 A bite to eat,
And clean the tea
 The rug is fine!
But Darling, please—
 Oh yes! Please do!

When you return,
Tell us everything.

Question

Kristin Hanko

I want a book to fall into.
I want to be a part of someone else's torment
A head congested with negativity and a distracting certainty of that which I
 cannot know for sure
Is in itself a truth
I want to tumble into pages
Fall between the words and hang on to a question by the tip of Q's tail
Conquer U, E, S, T, I, like monkey bars
And slide myself through O down the rabbit hole
Taking me far away to a land unlike this one
Where a distressed and questioning mind is put at ease
Where rabbits have pocket watches, cats grin, teacakes make you taller and
 smaller
And boys still want you
Forget the N because that would mean we've reached the end of an
 unanswerable question
One I'm tired of asking.

Trains

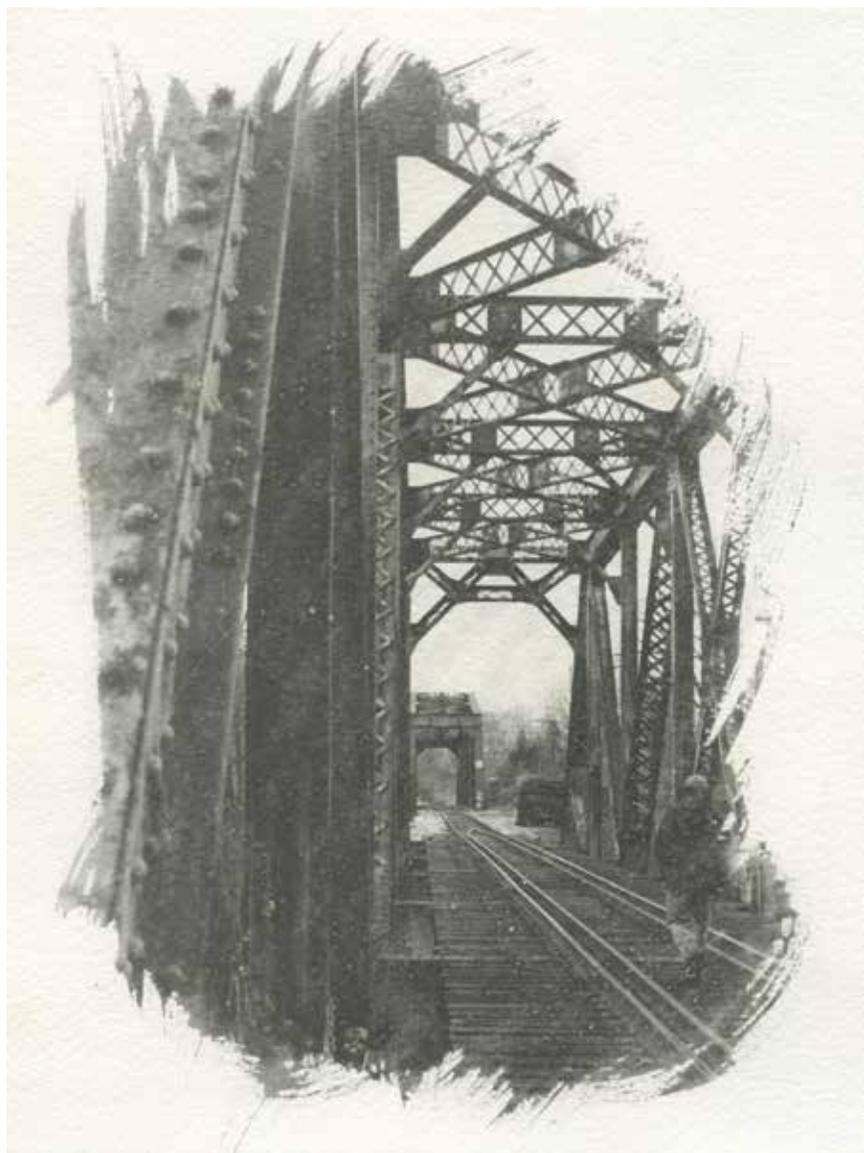
Brian MacDonald



digital photograph

Never Ending

Kerry Ramsden



black and white film on fiber paper
8 x 10"

The Cornfield Smelled Like an Old Woman

Mark Joyce

wrote an anonymous third grade girl.
Now I wish to slip inside her simile, to lean-in
and discreetly sniff an elderly guest then with held scent
rush to inhale the nearest stalk of dewy corn,
to nose inside the rasp of a shucking husk.
Not that I don't trust her young words,
plied from long naps nested in the folds of Mima's dress,
wrested from countless hours threading the soaring corn walls
bracing her shortcut home. I do.
Scored earth composting in standing rain.
Silk, pollen, the floral notes of uncapped honey
fluffing a sheepish breeze. I understand.
This Rubicon, this tightrope of ripening life.
These ticklers dispatched to attract
are simultaneously tasked to mask decay.
A huff of hairspray. Old diluted perfume.
The mothballed musk of attic fabric.
Medicine loitering on the steps of every breath.
And then a spring window,
finally cracked to free the bookish dust.
Nine year old! Matchmaker to this unsuspecting couple:
As the rest of us scratch n' sniff at our dwindling ability
to corral the scattered kernels of childhood wisdom,
please, continue, pop.

Queequeg
Mary Miller



sharpie on paper
18 x 24"

The Cabin
Emily Houle

(*Moby-Dick*, chapter 129)

“There is that in thee, poor lad, which I feel too curing to my malady. Like cures like; and for this hunt, my malady becomes my most desired health.”

Pip is Gone, Pip is Gone

grand master of the cabin and the dark men crowd my eye with
hunting I play the master here I serve the brandy to them he would
he is still a man beneath what we have become he keeps the
sickness to him so I must stay

Ahab is here, Ahab is gone

Where is Pip?
not here not here i lost him he was lost up on deck below the sea
running away from jumping out running away with the ivory leg
ivory man you are broken too you put me away put it away

Where is Pip?
Where is Pip?
he jumped the coward he jumped the brave one and drowned
and was chewed and we are spit up again spit up with pieces
missing broken we still are we are we we we

Where is Pip?
Where is Ahab?
Gods eye in the sea swallows us up swallows in a gulp you
cannot fight the sea in rage cannot fight water with fire for
the water swallows cold cold throats

Where is Pip?
Where is Ahab?
we are in the belly of the whale jonah jonah jonah we will
be as lost as we have become

Where is Ahab?

above he paces above he waits waits for the whale for Gods
eye he will not be swallowed now for he craves his sickness

Where is Pip?

below as he commands here i stay and i am master here
share liquor to the dark ghosts who come

i jumped before i stay now
we stay we rest
and
wait for the time
 where what is lost
 shall
 be
 found
 whole

*“ . . . have a care, for Ahab too is mad. Listen, and thou wilt
hear my ivory foot upon the deck, and still know I am there.”*

Paris
Jordan Douglas



silver gelatin photograph
7 x 7"

We Wake Like Wild Horses

Alex Dugas

Like a shook-up jar
of honeybees
was how your spirit sounded,
those five months
gone unfathomed.

Even as they
waned away,
those daylight-dripping
hours swayed
this way and that,
in echo of the
uncut grass

that grows to die
then rot
then rise.

The minutes moved
inside my head
like hip-high tides
of hot molasses,

with you, my Jane,
you on top,

hopping day to day,
as from mossy rock,
to rock,
to rock, to rock.

We dream the way
dead leaves must dream.
We hibernate,
haul sunlight,
sleep, and, when we wake,

we wake like wild horses;
no slumber,
only stampedes now.

You are feral.
I'm fearless.
We un-tame
each other.

Pomegranate

Jordan DeKett

Round, red, Persephone's bane
Sends her back to Hades again.
Three seeds, three months of winter's death.
Three months, no hint of summer's breath.
O Vengeful fruit! Accursed Spawn!
The place where all the dead have gone.
O Punisher of kidnapped bride,
Why do you leave me satisfied?
Between my teeth your seeds I break;
All winter this revenge I take.
You give us snow, I give you fear
That through your flesh my hands will tear
To find the ruby jewels inside;
To save, restore her broken pride.

Round, red, Persephone's bane
Lingers on my lips again.
Is there a wonder she caved in,
Indulged in this delicious sin?

Saudade
Joanna Aliano



ebony pencil and india ink on paper
18 x 24"

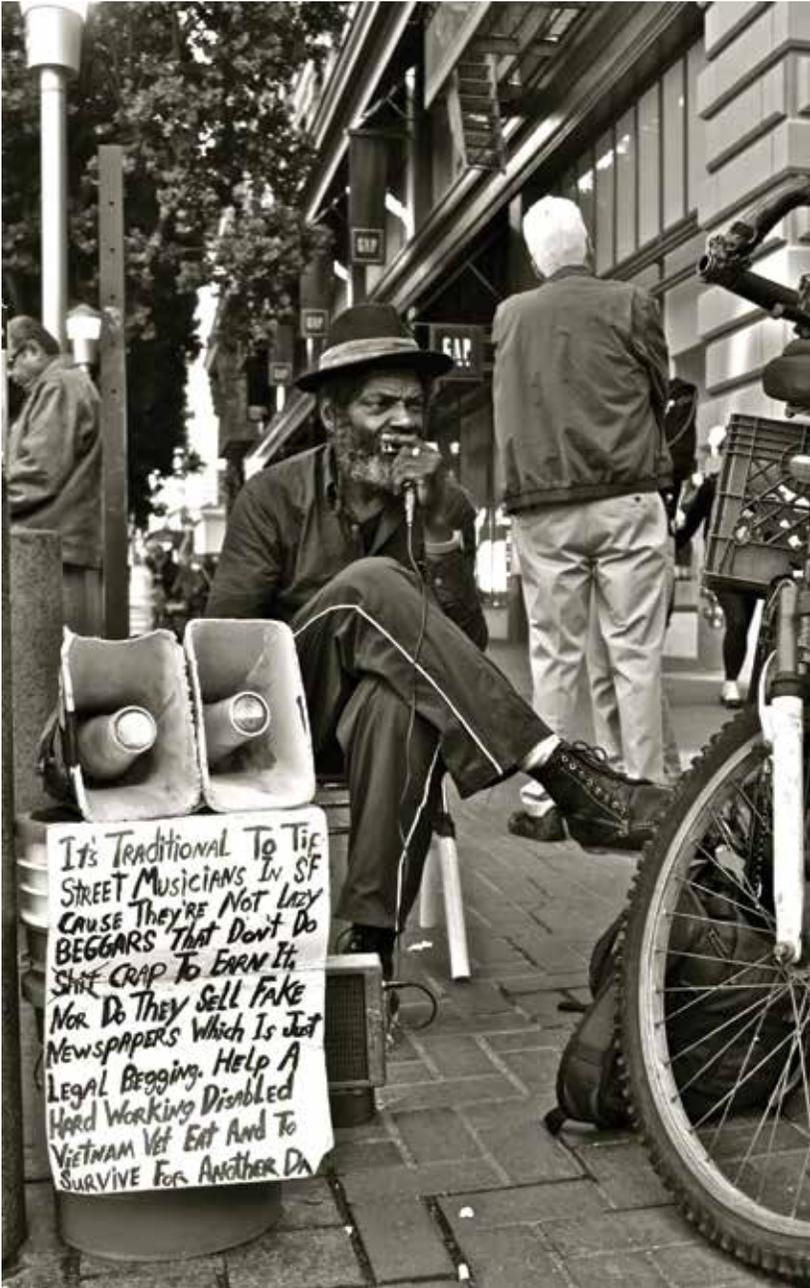
Talk to Me

Miles Code

When we converse,
I pant and I moan as if it was my thirst
Calling for your body as if you were my first because you part my tension
as if you were my curse
I
Open my ears to you
Verbally abusing my walls you speak in vibrato
Sending signals to my body to relax but tomorrow
I wanna continue this talk that we started
Lying next to you staring into your thoughts wondering how intense this
could get
Better yet, how I'd want it to be
How easily I could take the reins on this one because you always steer
Breaking me down as you creep up to my ear I get weakened
Let's skip the introductions this time
The small talk, the foreplay
Every time I see you is enough to anticipate the responses from your lips to
the doorway
I'm an open book, read me slowly until the plot thickens
And then finish me gently with a kiss goodbye

The Traditional Street Musician

Maria Weber



digital photograph

Contradictions

Sam Burns

America, I love the roughness of you—
You're like a man who's gone three days without shaving,
You have just the right amount of stubble and
I love that when you sit down at the table
you just eat with your hands because you wouldn't know what fork to use
anyway.

I love your brashness,
your unapologetic salesman's smile,
but America maybe you should apologize,
because when a middle-eastern man sits next to me on a plane you tell me
that
I should be afraid.

Oh no, you say, I never told you that.
But you did, you
whispered it to me in the Patriot Act
and when you singled my father out of the security line
at JFK airport because he has tan skin and a black beard.

America, I love your shivering bass and rock and roll,
I love your country twang and spiky guitar riffs,
I love that your voice can be described as richly gravelly because your blues
is like a chocolate chip cookie that
tastes all the sweeter thanks to the grains of salt buried in the center.
You love to hear your people dissent through their music
because it transforms it from ugly opposition into art,
but America you annoy me because if I really were to release
Whitman's barbaric yawp from my lungs I think you would just
turn your stereo up louder because some Princeton educated white man
who writes for
the New Yorker said the song that's playing on the alternative rock station
you're
listening to is kitschy
so you blast it because you need to prove that

your kitsch is tackier than mine (isn't it funny? Aren't we all so ironic?)
because that's how you rebel against yourself,
by creating a counter culture you can buy on iTunes for 99 cents.

America, I love the absurdity of you.

I love Graceland, and the Cadillac Ranch, and Dolly Parton,
whoopee pies and Las Vegas,
and how dreadlocked skiers share the Wasatch mountains with stern-faced
Mormons.

I love that Plymouth Rock is just a sad stone sitting in the sand next to a
soda bottle.

I love your culture of no culture.

But why when I see the news do you tell me a black man shot someone?

Isn't it enough to tell me he is just a man?

Aren't we supposed to be equal here?

Why is Rush Limbaugh's voice louder than mine?

And why is the word slut still being used to describe a bad woman?

Isn't there something worse she could do than have sex with a lot of
people and not be

sorry for it?

America, I want to hug you and hit you,

I want to strangle you and then sleep against the curve of your back,

I want to stop asking so much of you and then change my mind and
double my price.

Maybe everyone is right, maybe Americans really are

as stupid as they say, because we keep believing in your empty promises.

We know what we want, we're just not sure how to get it, so

maybe we should stop telling the world we already have it

because it's plain to everyone except us that our arms are empty.

UpSideDownSideUp

Chris Magyar



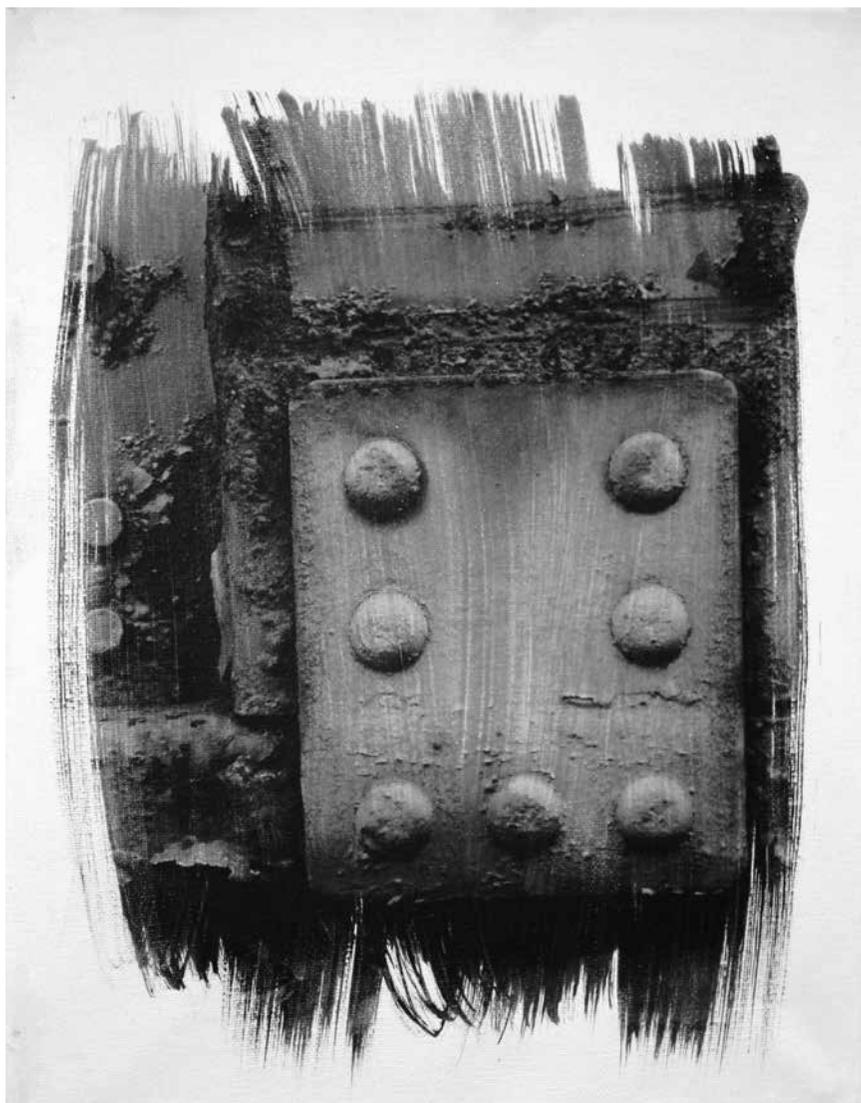
digital photograph

I Close My Eyes on the Anniversary of a Friend's Suicide

John Sibley Williams

Our tongues forked in adolescence.
Infinitesimal
this one sky we tried
but could not share.
Too few clouds above us
to bear the weight of our contrasted
dream-shapes,
and far too many clouds
below our feet.
And so we argued ourselves
into and out of existence.
We argued the proper names for things
and how to share their meanings.
We argued our nightmares into the world,
and only then argued their significance.
We unbarred all the doors of youth
that don't later close on their own.
We sealed all the windows
and painted unfamiliar birds on our ceilings.
We shared lovers and hopes
and misunderstood what that betrayed.
All these decades later, still
the same birds peck holes
in our overpopulated sky.
Our nightmares are one and the same,
are the realization of life.
Let's open our eyes together,
at the same time,
up at our different ceilings
that still speak
of a blindness to light.

Untitled
Rob Hammond



liquid emulsion on canvas
11 x 14"

Uppercuts and Method Acting

Dave Patterson

My mother bought me the video camera hoping I would produce some of the screenplays I wrote in middle school, but its main use was to shoot Jacob, Ethan, and me fighting in Jacob's basement. His mother worked nights at the hospital, and his older brother didn't much give a shit what we did in the basement as long as we didn't come upstairs and bother him and his girlfriend.

We'd been boxing in his basement since seventh grade, but the camera took the fights to a new level. Suddenly, we weren't freshmen at Little River High School. We were actors.

After the first fight I filmed, Ethan sat on the couch holding a bag of frozen corn over his eye, steam rising off the bag, smiling as we rewound Jacob's knockdown punch. The VCR had a slow motion feature, and we watched Jacob's hockey glove give off a puff of dust as it met Ethan's eye socket. We let out a collective *whoa* as Ethan's face retracted from the punch on the television. His scraggly black hair billowed from inertia. A body in motion right before our eyes. His circle of shadows from the eight lamps I set up around the room came together as he collapsed to the green shag carpet. An ash-like dust rose as his head met the ground, bouncing twice before settling. On the screen, Jacob's smile withered as he stared down at Ethan in horror. Later he told us, "I thought I'd killed him." I captured that look on video.

Right before I stopped filming, Ethan shook his head quickly—small beads of sweat flying off his matted hair, his eyes opening and closing rapidly. He looked at the camera, smiled, and said, "Let's watch the video."

From that moment, we were actors. The best kind. We were method actors. I'd learned the term from James Lipton. My mother and I watched *Inside the Actor's Studio* every week. She'd quiz me, asking the best advice I'd heard during the interview. I'd tell her, and she'd elaborate on any new terminology. She told me she'd been an actress when she and my

father were first married, but that fate didn't want her to be an actress, it wanted her to be my mother. We watched *The Last of the Mohicans* half a dozen times. She told me, "Daniel Day Lewis is not acting like Hawkeye. He is Hawkeye. What he's not is Daniel Day Lewis." Alone, I'd rewatch the final scene of the movie and wonder at the full implications of what it meant to inhabit another person and not be who you are.

Method acting was by far my mother's favorite theatrical term. And it became mine too.

At school, we didn't break character from the fighters we were on camera. In algebra class I watched Ethan give Mr. Harris a puzzled look when asked for the value of the variable y . Ethan shrugged his shoulders and, in a voice close to Drago's from *Rocky IV*, said, "I do not know your y ."

Mr. Harris shook his head and tapped the chalk against the black slate chalkboard. I watched the frustration work over his face. I wished I was filming. The camera was in my locker. The classroom would need a lot more lighting, and we'd probably want someone else to play Mr. Harris, but the scene would have been so important for our film.

Mr. Harris's frustration was understandable. Ethan was the smartest kid in the class, but things were different while we were making our movie.

The three of us were never apart in those winter months, and I amassed hours of film. We took turns going to the Walgreens on Main Street to steal VHS tapes to be sure we never ran out. Stealing videotapes became an important part of our characters' lives, though I'm not convinced that any of us truly took on the persona of anyone other than our fourteen-year-old selves.

Jacob loved to do interviews before and after matches, but I had to put an end to this habit. He was the best looking out of the three of us—his blond hair reminiscent of an extra on *90210*, his brown eyes almost glowing like De Niro's in *Raging Bull*. This was reason enough for me to want to beat his face in. Also, he was the best fighter, and by most accounts the protagonist of the film. But every time we sat down to do an interview, he'd do something to make me yell *cut*.

“What? That was good,” he said, spitting on the shag carpet.

“You’re trying too hard,” I explained. “The point is that you’re living the character’s life, not pretending to live it.”

“That’s what I’m doing.”

“Come on, let’s just fight,” I said.

He nodded his head slowly, slipping back into character.

“See, that’s it,” I said, wishing I’d gotten that nod on camera. The lamp I placed next to him illuminated the dusty basement air and the wood panelling along the walls.

That was the interaction we had before the final scene in the film. The fight between Jacob and me. It was April. The characters were losing their magic. And truthfully, we were getting sick of each other.

Whenever it was my turn to fight, I screwed the camera on the tripod and told either Ethan or Jacob to think like a director as they filmed. I warned against extreme close-ups. I cautioned Jacob that if he kept shaking the camera to create an earthquake effect, I’d leave it at one angle on the tripod for my fights with Ethan. “The only time you’re not acting,” I told them, “is when you’re filming.”

“Action,” you hear Ethan say as he points a finger at us in the ring.

“All right, Johnny, it’s time,” Jacob says to me, bouncing around on his tiptoes and smacking together the cracked leather of his hockey gloves. All his shadows dance beneath him.

“This is my fight. My fight,” I say to him. Though none of us ever wrote a script, each of our characters had story lines that were similar to the histories of our real lives—it helped us get into character without too much work.

“Gonna try to win this one for your father?” Jacob says. He looks at the camera and smiles.

Part of my story line was that my father died when I was a kid, and all my fights were for him. Which was partially true, because my father

left my mother when I was two. All I knew of him was from a video on reel-to-reel from my first birthday. In the movie, he has long wavy brown hair and mutton chops. He's drinking a Michelob. My favorite moment is when he picks my mother up at the waist and twirls her through the air. Her blond hair moves out behind her like she's on an amusement park ride. Her smile, a smile I only see on rare occasions, is so real that it still haunts me. I studied that film so many times it might as well be my *Citizen Kane*.

"Don't talk about my father," I say to Jacob in a low husky voice on the video. I bounce on the balls of my feet. I smack my chest with one of my hockey gloves.

Jacob looks at the camera to make sure it's pointing at him, then says, "Your old man was a loser, that's why he left you and your mom."

At this moment something inside me cracks. More than feel it, I see it crack—it's a worn two-by-four and it splits in the middle, breaks at the fault line that's been developing my entire life. The comment didn't piss my character off. It pissed me off. My character's father hadn't left him. His father died in a car accident. On the video, you see my head turn to the right, my eyes widen—this movement is slight, but if you're paying attention, you know that what comes next is inevitable.

I watched this scene for the first time in twenty years last night after calling my mother in the hospital.

"Do you remember that camera?" she asked me.

"Of course," I laughed. "I haven't thought about it for a long time."

"I always expected that you'd become a movie director," she said. "Maybe a screenwriter out in Los Angeles." She started coughing. I waited for her to stop.

"Didn't work out that way, I guess," I said.

"What's my favorite type of acting?" She worked to calm another coughing fit.

“Method acting,” I said.

“Method acting, that’s right,” she laughed.

When I hung up the phone, I thought of getting out the reel-to-reel and watching the scene between her and my father. She’d given me the machine when the house sold a year after I left Little River for college and, though I didn’t know it at the time, for good.

Instead of watching that scene between my parents, I went to the basement and found the box labelled *Uppercuts and Method Acting*. I pushed around the VHS tapes until I saw the one I’d titled *Surprise Ending*. In the living room of our small apartment, I put the tape in the machine and hit play.

The tape was cued up to the moment when you hear Jacob’s adolescent voice say, “Your old man was a loser, that’s why he left you and your mom.”

You see his head whip back as I come at him. There’s a look of terror in his eyes, but the look flattens as he invokes an inner courage, most likely from the muscle memory of every time he kicked my ass. He places his right leg behind him and steadies his right fist, positioning himself in a true fighting stance. My mouth is in a tight O shape. My nostrils move with each heavy breath. My t-shirt waves over my skinny body. I’m coming at him without any plan, my body too wild as it nears his perfect stance.

Only steps away, Jacob cocks back his right arm and lets go a jab towards my face. I stop, lean back, and he misses. He’s astonished—the wide eyes, the contorted lips, the hair shifting out of place. He’s left himself open. I let go a left hook that forces his eyes shut. Next, I give him an uppercut with my right. I remember in that moment feeling his nose loosen, the bone shifting unnaturally, hearing the light popping noise I can almost hear as I turn the volume up on my television, careful not to wake my daughter in the next room or Denise upstairs in our bed.

What sticks out when I watch this half a lifetime later is the smile that comes across my face; it’s barely a smile, more the recognition of having opened a door that had always been closed. Or maybe the smile is

because I'm closing a door that was pushed open long ago. Either way, I'm not method acting. I'm simply standing there as my naked self—someone I've only been a small number of times in my life.

The smile stays on my face as Jacob rolls on the carpet, hockey gloves over his nose, blood streaming down his cheeks. He's crying. It's a new development in the film. I realize in that moment that the film we all thought was about Jacob was actually about me. It was misdirection, and I remember thinking how brilliant a move it was.

The last image in the scene is Ethan running over and kneeling beside Jacob. The camera is still filming on the tripod.

“Holy shit!” Ethan says.

On the screen I don't respond. I slowly walk to the camera, unscrew it from the tripod, and hold it over Jacob. Ethan's t-shirt is pressed against Jacob's face to slow the bleeding, though in the film you can see the redness spreading over the white shirt. Jacob's still crying, pleading for me to shut the camera off. Right before the video goes black, you hear me whisper, “That's it. That's how it ends.”

My Thoughts Exactly

Shannon Conroy



pen and ink on paper
7 x 11"

Don't Fail Me Now

William Marquess

The problem, like most problems in life, probably had to do with his footwork.

~ Chad Harbach, *The Art of Fielding*

There, underfoot: a frog flattened on the driveway, splayed so thin you could scrape it up with a spatula. Only you wouldn't do that, because it's dead, and it used to be alive, it used to ribbit and hop. You step around it with care when your father walks you to the car, just as, soon, you will leapfrog every crack in the sidewalk, eyes scanning a few yards ahead as you fear for your mother's back.

Who made the step to the schoolbus so high? You don't want Kitty Reilly to witness the briefest of stumbles. It's a question of timing, making that last step look smooth. Why, in the hallway at school, can't anyone master the concept of single file? You establish a distance from the person ahead and you watch step by step, matching your pace to his. In gym class, with the trampolette and the padded sawhorse, you have to hit the right stride for the take-off, one final leap and a reach for the pommels, a hip-swing left or right or the splits and then feet back together for landing. You hope Kitty's watching.

On the basketball court at recess, your body calculates the number of steps to the basket; for a right-handed layup you launch from your left foot, and vice versa. You learn that rebounding has more to do with position than with jumping: establish yourself between your man and the hoop, and he has no chance no matter how high he skies. And on defense, you hear the voice of Coach McKibben: move your feet *move your feet* MOVE YOUR FEET!

At dances, in the same gym, the same rules apply, but somehow you cannot apply them. There's Kitty Reilly across the way, dancing with her girlfriends, so cool and so lithe, and here are you, in a desolate little clutch of hamstrung guys, head bobbing to the beat, arms crossed on your concave chest, your proud new Adidas immersed in fast-setting concrete.

You gaze across the unbreachable distance like a Bedouin at a mirage. A mirage it may not be; it may be a real girl who would dance with you if only you'd ask. Your feet will not take you there.

And then there's the dance with your father, the dosey-do when he makes a rare appearance at your bedroom door, just to check in with his son. You stand at the desk where you were writing; he stands just outside the door, his large veiny hand on the knob, ready to be invited in if his son wants to make such a gesture. Your feet, in the slippers he paid for, already too small, don't know what to do.

Once he has turned back to the hall, you sit and contemplate the steps that will lead out of this house, this suburb, into a different life. It's the dance you've been rehearsing for years, and you will take it wrongfooted again and again.

And now, with fallen arches and clotted ankles, with wincing tendons and soles grown soft from too many years in dark socks and unsensible shoes, you just want to put your feet up, take a load off, rest your dogs. But still there are steps to be taken. No foot is the wrong foot.

Contributors' Notes

Joanna Aliano is a Media Studies, Journalism and Digital Arts student from Brazil. The word “Saudade” has been often described as “the love that remains” after someone is gone. This word is not found in any other language.

Vincent Benoit is an Art major from Vermont. He draws inspiration from the world around him in his everyday life.

Briana Brady is a first-year student from Connecticut who often finds joy in the comfort of large sweaters, hot cups of tea, and the fuzziest of socks.

Victoria Barnum is a first-year American Studies major from Beverly, Massachusetts. Continuing her love of art since childhood, she was pleased to find an outlet for it here at St. Mike’s. She is overjoyed to share her work with the community. Besides art, she enjoys participating in the Residence Hall Association, Student Association, Little Brother Little Sister, Campus Ministry, Founders Society, intramurals, and POW.

Sam Burns is an English major from North Creek, New York who really likes potatoes. Her biggest regret in life so far is not purchasing a velvet Elvis t-shirt when she had the chance.

Jessica Campbell is a Media Studies, Journalism, and Digital Arts major with an Applied Linguistics minor from Canastota, New York. She took “Lake Champlain Ballerina” with a Canon EOS Digital Rebel XS.

Chris Canfield has mostly taught high school English since graduating from St. Mike's in 1988. He fell in love with Tamworth, New Hampshire during Columbus Day weekend his sophomore year, fell in love with Juno, who would become his wife, seven years later at the same Tamworth farmhouse. They are raising twin thirteen-year-old daughters one quarter-mile east of the girls' great-great-great-great-great grandparents' cellar hole and a quarter-mile west of their final resting place. Canfield grades papers, writes models for his students, and perpetually renovates his house instead of writing. He dreams that maybe he'll do it like McCourt did and finally write when he retires—though present fiscal projections peg that to begin in 2056.

Miles Code is a Business major from Baltimore, Maryland. Influenced and taught by his older brother, Miles has been writing poems and short stories since he was 17. He enjoys listening to music and writing in his free time, and he has performed only one of his poems since he began writing.

Shannon Conroy is inclined to take on more than necessary, and is now a Physics and Chemistry double major. She (perhaps not surprisingly) doesn't always have time to draw, but when she does, she prefers pen and ink. After college, she looks forward to catching up on her sleep.

Evian Davies is a British student of product design at Falmouth University in Cornwall, UK. Other than drawing and sketching, his creative outlets include playing the guitar and designing sustainable concept solutions. He and his girlfriend Megan spend time in both England and America, where they take part in many art escapades together, usually of the photographic kind.

Jordan DeKett is a first-year student from Lyndonville, Vermont. Poetry is a hobby, mostly inspired by her family and their shenanigans.

Carter Denton is an Environmental Studies major from Marshfield, Massachusetts. He took “SMC Library” with his iPhone, and edited it with Filterstorm and Instagram.

Jordan Douglas teaches photography at St. Mike’s and at Champlain College. Most of his work involves various darkroom techniques, although he has just begun teaching digital photography, in addition to analog. “This Sale” represents the juxtaposition of our need for gasoline with an old pump, where the dirty and rusted price windows have no numbers: the gasoline cannot be pumped! “Paris” was photographed with a \$25 plastic camera through the iconic clock of the Musée d’Orsay, with the Louvre in the distance.

Alex Dugas is a dog from New Hampshire, unless the moon is full.

Megan Durocher graduated from Saint Michael’s last spring and is currently a student in the graduate Clinical Psychology program. She comes from a small town in Vermont where there are more moose than people, enjoys all things British, and has a healthy obsession with strawberries. She would like to thank her boyfriend, Evian, for always inspiring her artwork.

Lindsey Goudreau is an Art major from Huntington, Vermont.

Rob Hammond is a Math major and Art minor whose photographic interests lie in the extension of layering, a Photoshop-based concept, to a multi-medium format created to perceive the world differently than previously done. Rob’s inspiration has stemmed from the works of Jerry Uelsmann and Aaron Siskind. In “Untitled” there is an emphasis on familiarity although the subject cannot be explicitly known where the brushed-on emulsion suggests a connection between painting and photography.

Kristin Hanko is a part-time auror, part-time crack spirit guide, and a full-time devourer of both food and knowledge. Her favorite words are loquacious, epileptic, and pancakes, and she is ashamed of what she has done for a Klondike Bar.

Ellia Héroux is a sophomore from Thunder Bay, Ontario majoring in Art with a minor in East Asian Studies. Her primary interests lie in using art to create characters and depict narratives as well as writing short prose, short stories, and multi-chapter work. She has a deep passion for animation and hopes to someday combine storytelling with art in order to create animated films.

Bryan Hickey says: “How do I say—umm . . . well, let me begin. My favorite . . . uh hob . . . by is (you know, that one where you, you—well, never mind). About me . . . let’s see. I grew up in Connecticut. Or was it Rhode Island? No—it was definitely . . . well . . . that’s not important. What is important, though, is my love for . . . shit! . . . damn, I don’t love shit! I, I, I got to go.

Emily Houle is a sophomore English and Secondary Education major with a penchant for knitting, cats, and unhealthy amounts of coffee. She believes that writing is like any other craft—some days it works, some days you go insane from simply thinking of it, and some days it simply takes off.

Mark Joyce, a 1987 SMC grad, lives and works in the hills of Richmond, Vermont with his wife and two young sons.

Nick Lemon—an English major, Creative Writing and Classics minor, and native Vermonter—is excited to see his work published in the *Onion River Review* for the first time. His only regret is that he’s not (yet) an Elvish-speaking blacksmith.

Alexander Leonard is a senior Art major with a minor in psychology. He was born in Burlington, and plans on sticking around the area after graduating. He enjoys painting but also loves using india ink and charcoal. In his free time he hikes, plays guitar, and goes to shows with friends.

Sabrina Li is an Art major. She says, “Drawing is my lifelong happiness. It never becomes work, but enjoyment.”

Buff Lindau, Saint Michael’s marketing director, has been writing poetry in the early mornings for almost a decade, usually about her family. “Vessels of Touch” is how her son speaks most eloquently through his pottery.

Brian MacDonald is the Director of Online Content Development in the SMC Marketing Office. He likes to take pictures of water in all its states, especially ice.

Chris Magyar likes to go places and take pictures, is a Media Studies major from Norwood, Massachusetts, and is lucky to have such loving family and friends. He took these pictures with a Nikon D5100 camera, and edited “Firedance” with Photoshop.

Diana Marchessault is a townie, a junior with a double major in English and History. She has a deep love for onions any which way—in a soup, on a stoop, in a box, or with a fox. But mostly, she likes them with her writing.

William Marquess wrote two pages about feet without once mentioning Chuck Taylors. He trips it as he goes on his light fantastick toes, usually on the third floor of St. Edmund’s Hall.

Mary Margaret Miller prefers Gouda to Brie.

A. M. Nicolai is a happy person despite what her slightly depressing poem may suggest. She is currently a sophomore at St. Michael's College majoring in Religious Studies, which is just way cool. Miss Nicolai enjoys eating apples, braiding hair, driving aimlessly, writing poetry, and spending time with her family. She would like to dedicate this poem to Dragon the shuttle driver because he is, in fact, THE Man.

Dave Patterson ('02) lives in Cape Elizabeth, Maine with his wife Anna ('05). He holds an MA from the Bread Loaf School of English and recently finished his MFA in Creative Writing from the Stonecoast MFA Program.

Kerry Ramsden, a junior from Charlotte, Vermont, is a double major in Art and Environmental Studies. She has helped run the Photography Club on campus.

Christopher Ricker is a Burlington area writer who grew up in Staten Island, New York. Art, he says, held little value to the working class community of the fifth borough. It was something he needed to seek out on his own—and he did. Most recently, he is the author of *Lunch at Noonmark*, a collection of short stories and poems.

Lisa Ritter, originally from Westford, Massachusetts, is a junior majoring in Media Studies and the Digital Arts. She took “Reykjavik Morning” in December of 2012, during a semester studying in Copenhagen. The view is from a hostel window in Iceland.

Brian Rooney is a senior from Monmouth County, New Jersey.

Jennifer Signet has bestowed her artistic talents on those around her for two decades. She is an accomplished painter whose style includes the magical interpretation of the natural world, as well as the beauty of the emotive face. The latter is on full display in her piece “Light Black.” Jennifer is a graduate student in Clinical Psychology at St. Michael’s College.

Lilia Taggersell is a first-year student majoring in Environmental Studies and is from Kennebunk, Maine. She took “The Music Man” with a Nikon D3000 camera.

Brian Tan is a stranger with good intentions. He has a lot of potential but suffers from sporadic apathy. He is glad you’re alive and hopes you have a blessed day.

Luis Lázaro Tijerina was born in Salina, Kansas. He currently resides in Burlington, Vermont. Mr. Tijerina has a Master of Arts in History; his concentration is in military history and diplomacy. When he is not coaching fútbol (soccer) he spends his time in Québec City. The camera he used to take the photo of the girls in Trafalgar Square in London was a Leica minilux zoom, using 400 b & w film.

Shelley Vermilya is a progressive educator who adores creating new knowledge with students. She has many interests, including flamingos, extreme gardening, reading voraciously, and walking her friendly labradoodle, Izze. She lives in Plainfield, Vermont with her partner and two children. This is a section from her memoir in progress, *A Race to Love*. How did she create this transracial lesbian family in Carhart country?

Jordan Wallace cites Sartre: “If I became a philosopher, if I have so keenly sought this fame for which I’m still waiting, it’s all been to seduce women, basically.”

Tucker Watson is an up and coming New York Times best-selling writer, with a highly anticipated multi-million-dollar book deal pending the signing of a few legal documents. Meaning, he runs a personal blog and his most prized manuscript has been rejected by every literary agent on the East Coast.

Maria Weber is a Media Studies major with a minor in Anthropology from South Windsor, Connecticut. She took “The Traditional Street Musician” with a Canon EOS Rebel T1i.

Dane Weister is pursuing a degree in Mechanical Engineering. In his spare time, he can be found exploring the mountains. This particular scene is a digital photograph of Mt. Cook, New Zealand’s tallest peak.

John Sibley Williams is the author of *Controlled Hallucinations* (forthcoming, FutureCycle Press) and six poetry chapbooks. He is the winner of the HEART Poetry Award, and finalist for the Pushcart, Rumi, and The Pinch Poetry Prizes. John serves as editor of *The Inflectionist Review*, co-director of the Walt Whitman 150 project, and Marketing Director of Inkwater Press.

From her study abroad post in Istanbul, **Amy Wilson** wishes a joyous fortieth to the Onion! She also sends love to all her American spirits, especially one who waits beyond the rising smoke.

Catherine Woodard is a junior and a lifelong Vermonter who grew up with parents who encouraged these sorts of things.

Annie Wyndham, formerly of Burlington, VT and Cambridge, MA, is a writer living in Trois-Rivières, Québec.

The *Onion River Review* would like to thank:

Will Marquess for bagels and for being Tucker.

Summer Drexel and George Goldsworthy of Printing Services for generous, expert help.

The English Department for creative and fiscal support.

The Student Association.

Joanna Aliano, Briana Brady, Isabelle Carter, Sarah Doughty, Tommy Friedman, Nate Gabel, Lexi Goyette, Russell Hammond, Shannon McQueen, Allie Moloney, Carley Nolan, Shawna Norton, Cory Warren, and Tucker Watson for their brilliant assistance.

The students, faculty, staff, alumni and members of the community who contributed to the *Onion* this year; it is because of you that the review exists.



turtle UNDERGROUND

Music, Art, and Performance

The open forum for
Saint Michael's students to
perform and showcase their art in
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