



Traveling Light

Moving through still time, its opposite,
it creates no friction. They are both gifts,
one the infinite eye of the needle
the other threads. Occupies.
Emptiness is full of itself,
a never air, the lens for being.
In the long way of this place,
the afterthought of gasses becomes
what we tune in, its tickless
preoccupation and amaze our present.
If such light made a sound
it would be as if the wide spacewind
formed a bell of itself,
and a smaller wind within, and rang.

[Dabney Stuart](#)

A Sonnet of the Moon

*LOOK how the pale queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he, as long as she is in his sight,
With her full tide is ready her to honor.
But when the silver waggon of the moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.
So you that are the sovereign of my heart
Have all my joys attending on your will;
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart,
When you return their tide my heart doth fill.
So as you come and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.*

Charles Best

The Gulf

by Katherine Mansfield

A Gulf of silence separates us from each other.
I stand at one side of the gulf, you at the other.
I cannot see you or hear you, yet know that you
are there.
Often I call you by your childish name
And pretend that the echo to my crying is your
voice.
How can we bridge the gulf? Never by speech or
touch.
Once I thought we might fill it quite up with tears.
Now I want to shatter it with our laughter.

My life's in a million pieces
but the cravings control me.
My life's in a million pieces
but there's no one to console me, you see.
My life's in a million pieces
I've hurt everyone I know.
My life's in a million pieces
but I don't know where to go.
My life's in a million pieces.

In Response to Stevie Smith's "Not Waving But Drowning"

Anthony S.

I was much father out
Than you thought
I remember drowning and
No one coming to help
I remember screaming but
No one hearing
I remember kicking and
Punching but no one feeling
I remember telling you
But you not listening

Shadows In The Light - cont'd

Gregory Maddock, Sophomore

The next morning, I twisted my hair up into a bun and hid it under my navy blue derby hat. I looked at "Today's the day, Molly Malloy," I said to myself. I looked past my figure and out the window. It was a wonderful day. The sky was as blue as the sea and filled with clouds as fluffy as marshmallows. My lace curtains rustled from a warm breeze.

"It's now or never, kid," I thought.

I stepped out into the bright sunlight wearing my crisp new suit. When I finally got to the train station, it was 11:30 in the morning. I was going to be late. I just made the train to the city. The whistle blew and the train departed from the station. I found an empty compartment and sat down on the red velvet seat. I stared out the window, a million thoughts racing through my mind. Everyone that the train passed looked so happy, but how were they to know about the stock market crash?

"Thank goodness I have Nolan," I thought. "He is getting me out of here with money before the crash."

I slipped into a daydream with the hum of the train passing over the train tracks. A few minutes later, the train whistle blew, announcing our arrival into the station. The train lulled to a stop, and I joined the crowded platform. Before leaving the station, I bought a cup of coffee at the station's café.

Once again, like the previous evening, I found myself at the end of Fifth Avenue. This time, however, it was in the safety of daylight. I walked down the sidewalk searching for the office. I looked across the busy street and found "Detective Manhattan" printed on the window of a three-story building. This was the place.

I crossed the street and entered the building. There were file cabinets everywhere. After all, Detective Manhattan was the most well known detective in the entire city. He had more clients and crime-busts than the president's secret service. I managed to locate a desk in the corner, and behind a pile of mail, Nancy Brice, the detective's secretary.

"Excuse me," I said. "I have a meeting with Detective Manhattan." I must have startled the secretary because she slid off of her seat and onto the floor. She disappeared behind her desk for a moment.

"Are you all right, Miss Brice," I asked.

"Oh yes, I'm fine. You just startled me." She stood up, using the desk for support. "I'm just so nervous. A CIA agent is here."

"That must be Nolan," I thought.

"Detective Manhattan's office is on the second floor. Go right up the flight of stairs, and it's the door at the end of the hallway," said Miss Brice.

"Thank you." I nodded and ascended the stairs. Indeed, Detective Manhattan's office was was

"He Used to Beat my Brother But Not Me"

Anthony S.

I lay in my bed
At night
Hoping and wishing
That the monster won't come in
But then the door swings open and
I close me eyes
I squint my eyes
I know what is going to happen
But I don't want to accept it
HE RIPS the sweet innocent
Boy off the top bunk
Kaplump! His body falls to
The ground the sweet innocent
Boy yells while the monster
Hits him
And
Hits him
And
Hits him
I run to the sweet innocent
Boy
When the monster leaves the
Room
And we sit there and
Cry
And
Rock
Back and forth and tell
Each other that is it okay
Because in the morning
We will have a
NEW LIFE

instantly opened for me.

"We've been waiting for you, Miss Malloy," said Detective Manhattan. the end of the hallway. I knocked on the door, and it at

A large round man in his early sixty's stood before me. He had short stout legs, which looked like they would collapse at any minute from the weight they were carrying. His brown tweed jacket did nothing to hide his bulging figure; in fact, it made him look like a great big sac of potatoes. Two black eyes sat behind round spectacles and a cigar protruded from between two rows of false teeth. All together, detective Manhattan was not a very attractive man.

"Yes, well, I'm here now, aren't I?" I took my place in a chair beside Nolan.

"Now what was so important that you had to disrupt my latest case for," said a rather disgruntled detective. "I am a very busy man, Nolan Brown!"

"As a member of the CIA, I have been selected to inform you of our latest research that concerns yourself, Detective Manhattan." Nolan paused for a dramatic effect. "Your life is in danger."

There is no confidence
They seem to be scared
So much potential
but fear handcuffs them.
Most are motivated and
strive to succeed.

Some take the easy way out
"I can't do it," they'll say.
Others just don't try.
They really don't care.
How sad!

There are many things worse than failing.
You could be dead.
Trying to do your best won't kill anyone.
To not try is to kill your spirit.