

ARCHIVES

PS

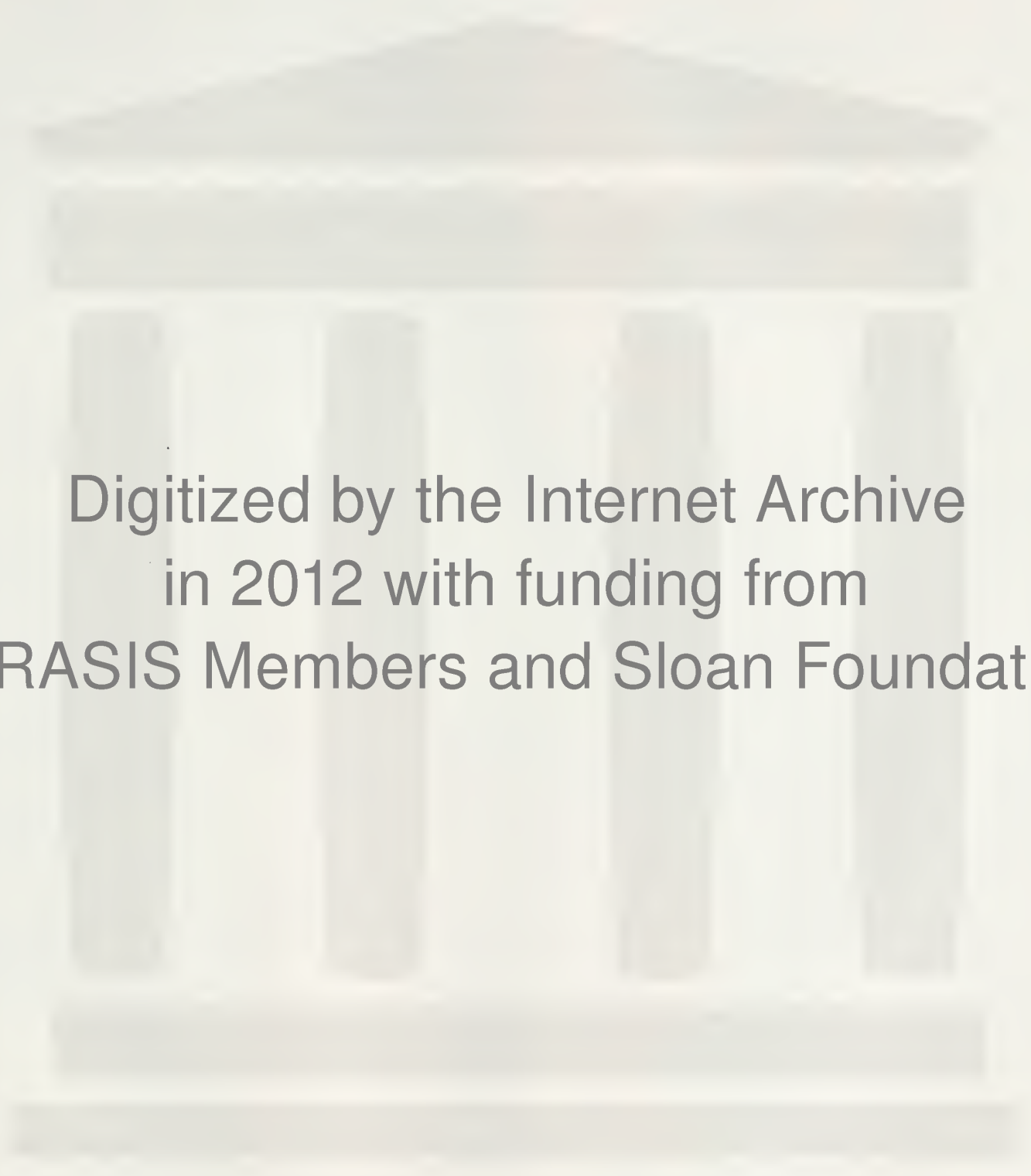
501

P35

BROWARD COMMUNITY COLLEGE LIBRARY



3 3301 01093767 3

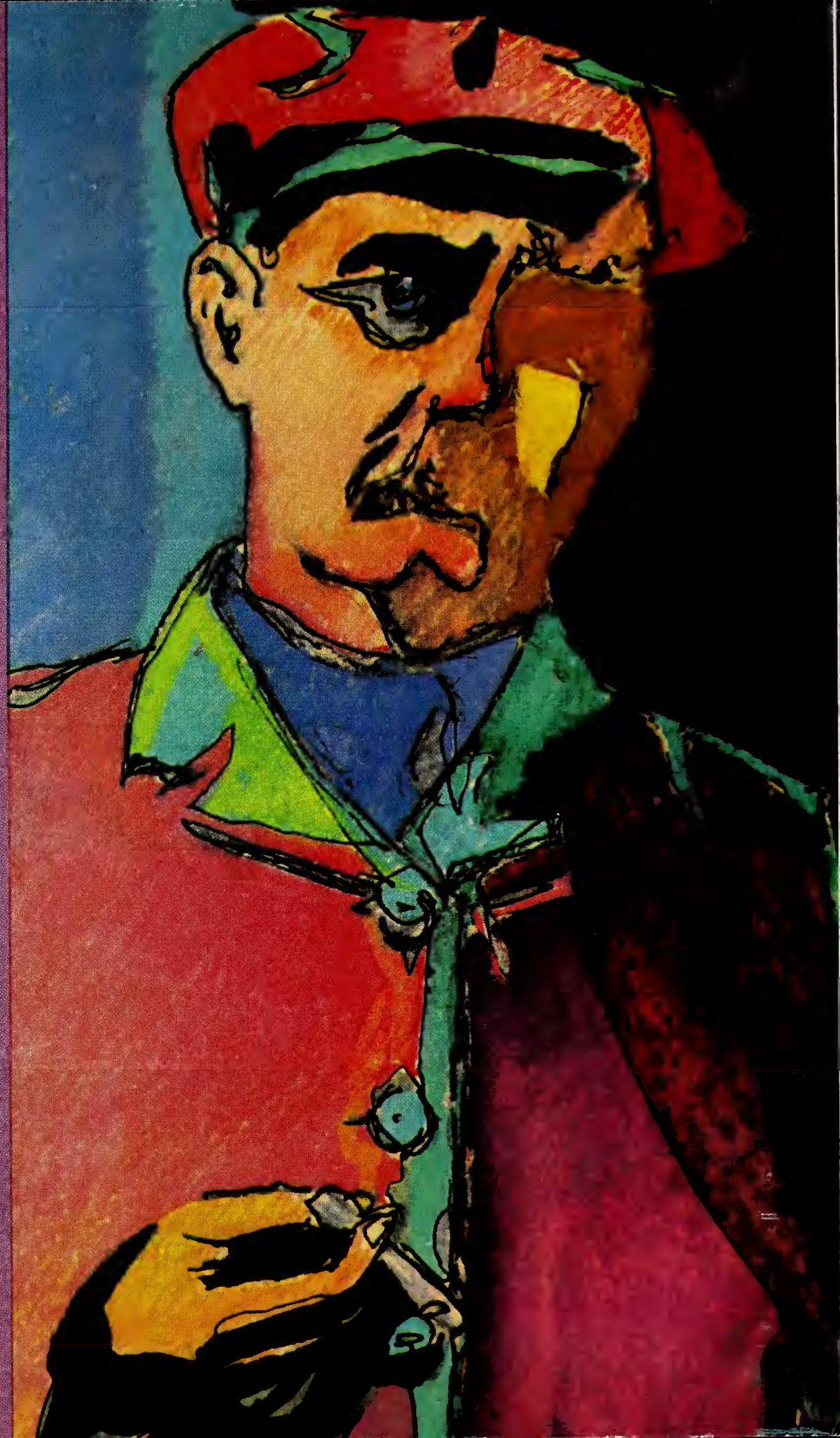


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://archive.org/details/panku1992brow>

PRONG

The Broward Community College Student Literary/Art Magazine





P'an Ku Staff

Editor Marie Jennings

Assistant Editor / Creative Director Mark Jette'

Business Manager Gary Kessler

Advertising William Gomez

Photographic Consultant James Diloreto

Editorial Assistant Kim Reynolds

Advisor Patrick M. Ellingham

Special Thanks to:

Betty Owen

Greg Eisman

Vicki Hendricks

Kyra

Bambi

P'an Ku congratulates Linda Ellis for her story *Wildlife* and Pamela Smith for *Scarlett Fever* as the winners of the short story contest sponsored by the South Campus Creative Writing Enhancement Grant through the Otto Burkhardt Fund. *Scarlett Fever* appeared in the last issue of P'an Ku, and *Wildlife* is featured in this issue.

P'an Ku Volume twenty-two, number two was printed by CM Graphics, Inc.

P'an Ku is designed, produced, and edited camera-ready solely by students at Broward Community College. All contributions in this issue are by students at BCC. This magazine is funded by the Student Activities Board and through advertising. The opinions expressed are those of our contributors and do not necessarily represent those of the editors, faculty, staff, administration, or trustees of the college. Typed contributions with name, social security number, and telephone number are welcomed from students attending BCC.

Copyright 1992 by Broward Community College, 225 East Las Olas Boulevard, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301. All communications with the editors and all inquiries concerning advertising rates should be addressed to: Editor of P'an Ku, BCC South Campus, 7200 Pines Boulevard, Pembroke Pines, Florida 33024. Telephone: (305) 963-8877.

All copyrights revert back to the original artists and authors after publication.

Table of Contents

Preface

3 *Editor's Commentary*

Prose

6 *Father of the Osterizer* Sidney Brown
 22 *Wildlife* Linda Ellis
 38 *The Trunk in the Attic* Marlene Vizcara
 48 *The Bookkeeper* James Fender
 56 *Originals* Kenneth Connor

Poetry

5 *Words* A. L. Perry
 8 *Forever the Sun* Kishore R. Puppala
 10 *Time* Kenneth Geringer
 11 *Yesterdays* Jan Parker
 13 *State of the Union: Redressed* Johnny Henegar
 14 *Bio: Homeless Man* Johnny Henegar
 15 *Fratricide* Lois Schiman
 19 *Nostalgia* Jedidiah K. Rydell Blake
 21 *Cycles* Lisa Joy Huriash
 32 *Fireworks* Jamie Michalak
 33 *I Am* Jennifer Melvin
 34 *The Crucified Christ* Norma Forbes
 35 *To Hell with the Easter Bunny* Lois Schiman
 36 *Me, Myself and I* Lois Schiman
 44 *Everybody Loves My Mother* Jan Parker
 45 *A Sight In White* Buzz B.
 46 *Why* Evelson Saintos
 52 *The Fall* Marie Jennings
 53 *Reflections of Twilight* Glenda A. Bodniza
 55 *Windmill* Emily Cole
 57 *Wake Up World* Neil A. Ebanks

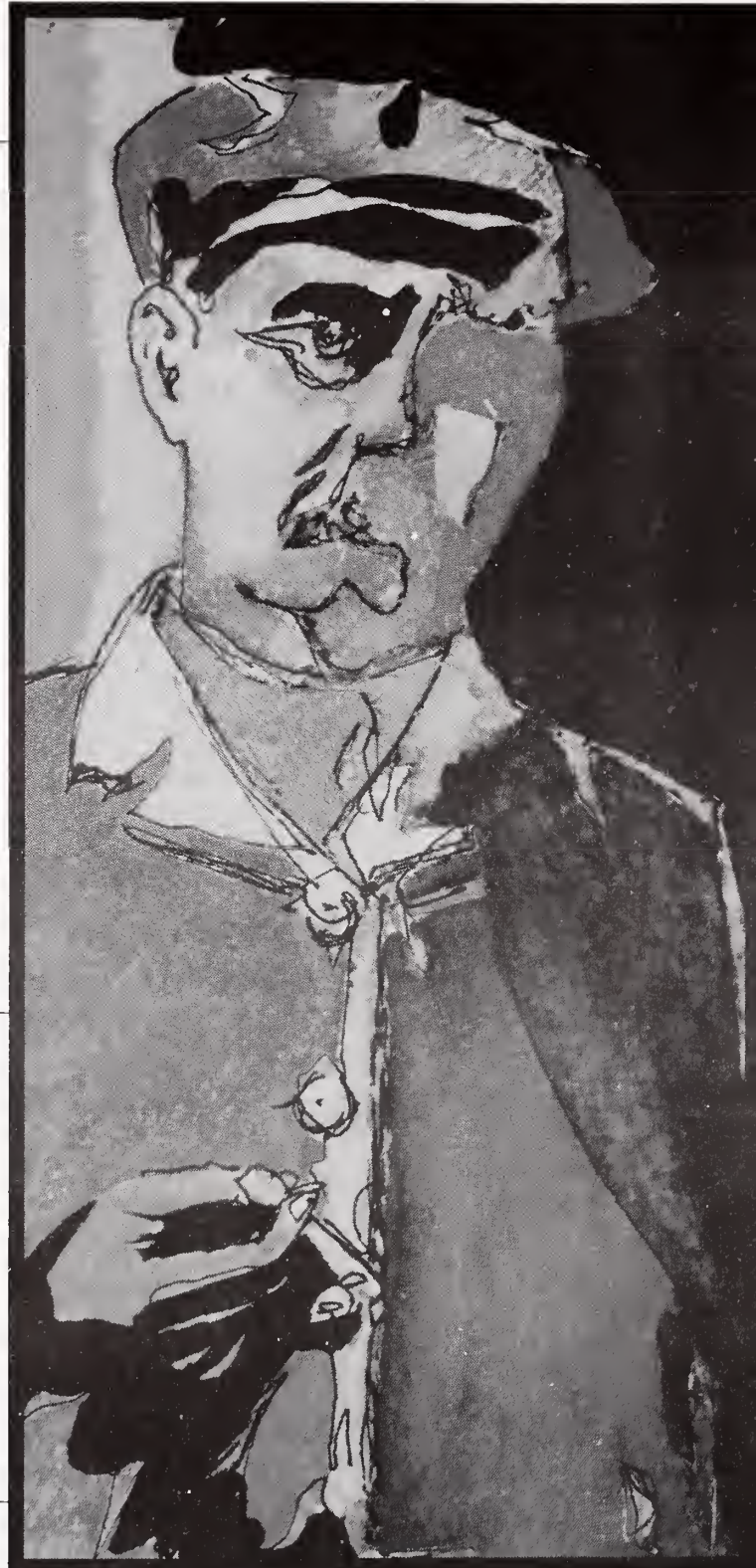
AUG 1 0 2005

Artwork

4 *Crying Child* Shirley Carmona
 12 *Childhood Memories* Hector Ampuero
 17 *The Dreaming I* Jamie Adams & Dina Swiderski
 18 *untitled* Mark Jette'
 20 *Twins* Joseph Nieves
 30 *Life II* Otneil Marin
 31 *Vesselism #13* Susan L. Feldman
 37 *Somber* Travis C. Wright
 43 *Abner* Shirley Carmona
 47 *untitled* Carol DeNunzio
 51 *Pain* Joseph N. Peves

Photography

9 *untitled* Andrea Pleibaniak
 29 *Awaiting Prey* James DiLoreto



Cover:: *untitled* Computer Art by Carol DeNunzio

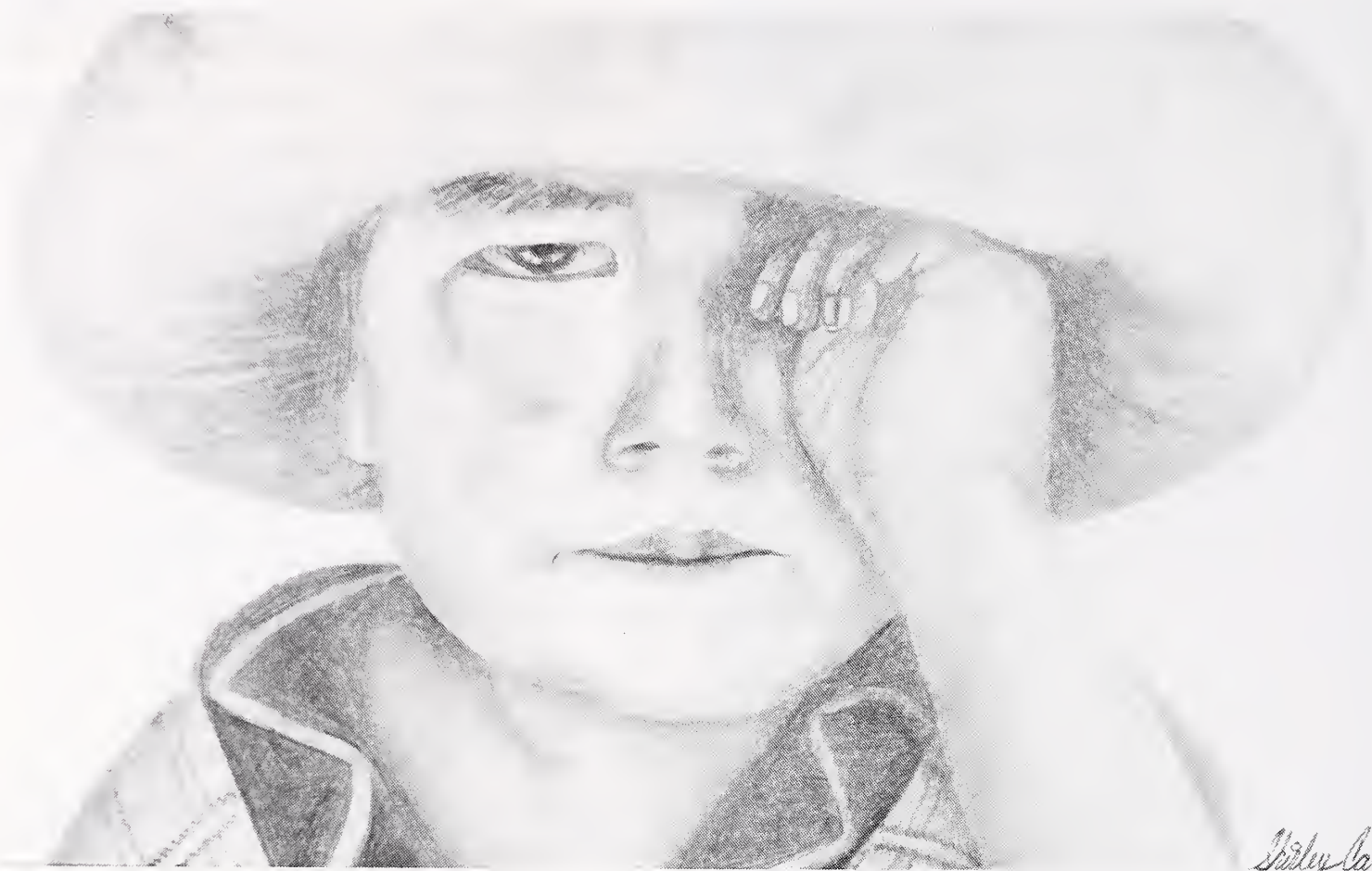
Preface

If you took the time to look back into the P'an Kus of the sixties and the seventies, you would notice a severe difference between those of yesterday and these of today. It seems as though we have traveled through the concept of imagination and found a destination of humdrum. It's almost as though we have settled for the T.V. version of our world and shut ourselves out from anything better. Does this 90's generation stand for anything? 85% of the submissions I received says it only knows sex and violence and little of anything else. Why? Are we that programmed that we forgot how to branch into deeper and stronger subjects? Have we become drained of our imagination? Don't mistake this. I'm not commenting on what you should be allowed to write about. As a writer I do not believe in any form of censorship. Rather I am commenting on what we should be capable of writing about. There is a vast world out there, not only on the surface but also within our own minds. Dig yourself out of the hole society has put you in and explore! I'm sure every one of us would be surprised at what we found. Remember, the unexplored land offers the greatest crop of creativity. We hold the future in our hands. Is it in the right hands?

Thank you to all those that did submit to this issue of P'an Ku. Although I am sad to say that P'an Ku decreased in size because of the small number of submissions we received. I urge all of you to submit. Keep an eye out for information regarding our upcoming Everglades issue. This magazine can only be what you choose to make it. The staffs' job is simply to pick the best of what we received. So again even the magazine is in your hands.

COLLEGE / UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3501 Southwest Davie Road
Davie, FL 33314-1604

Marie C. Jennings



'Crying Child' Pencil and Prisma by Shirley Carmona

Words



Words
written
in the sand
are often
washed away
by careless waves.
Just like words
never spoken
are meaningless
and usually
forgotten
in the silence.

- *A. L. Perry*

The Father of the Osterizer

by Sidney Brown

Her parents watched as she hammered the mushrooms into the board with all 13 inches of the edgeless knife. They had arrived for the day to administer the yearly visit to their daughter. The day would involve only the morning, mid-day, early afternoon, and 3:00 p.m. dinner. This schedule was equal to the length of their tolerance. In menus past they would watch her prepare dinner and huddle over Jack Daniels and a makeshift ashtray, puffing away their discomfort with necessary movement. Smoking calls for stretching, conversation, walks outside. Not this year however. This was the year of his lung biopsy and its cancerous claim of his left lung. They don't smoke anymore and have not quite replaced its functions in their lives. This year they feel exceptionally trapped. Sitting side by side at the kitchen table, their only comments are weather related.

"The sun is beginning to warm and dry the dew," her mother reports.

He asks, "Does it look like rain today or might it be safe to take my walk after dinner?"

Her mother keeps the options open and replies, "Well maybe, the wind is picking up a bit, let's wait and see."

Since they are meat eaters, their daughter continues with this year's vegetarian selection and puts the finishing touches on a spinach lasagna and a 21 vegetable salad. The salad vegetables could have been chopped and combined in 10 minutes with the help of an electric grate. She doesn't use the grater and the salad

takes one full hour of their silent attention as the knife beats into the board.

It is always the same, her parents oblige her with one annual visit. Because of the operation, they were not able to travel south last winter. They waited for Spring and tied it in with her birthday. In years past her mother and 'the father of the osterizer' had handled all her birthdays with one of his latest small appliance. First it was the osterizer blender, then the can opener, next the knife sharpener. It was the ice crusher that took him to Chicago for three months to set up an assembly line during her fourth grade year. The ultimate mixmaster, the revolutionary appliance that allowed women to change the bedsheets while her father's idea kneaded their bread, also needed six months of his advice and direction in Pittsburgh.

It was given that her counters were appliance void; it was given that she was angry. Mid-winter she had even capped the electrical receptacles.

"Why don't you use the appliances that will make your life easier?" her mother would always ask.

"The father of the osterizer' would supply the answer in the same way each year, "Leave her alone dear, you know she's into the environment."

Performance was important and this year's script called for opening the can of tomatoes. Last year the daughter had asked her father to sharpen her paring knife on a piece of flint. It turned out to be both a visual and auditory experience. Now as she approached the table, one

could still hear the screeching of that knife on the flint. It was worse than chalk on blackboard.

As the daughter moved in full view of their weather window, her eyes squinted in the bright light. Standing next to her parents, surrounded by the area's restfulness, she handed her father one of those one inch square collapsible can openers and asked him to do the honors. The cool steel of the new instrument transferred from her grip into her father's trembling fingers.

He seemed shorter this year. The surgery had rendered him a slight stoop when standing, a slight lean when sitting. His hair was whiter than the gray black stranding his upper body held with such defied dignity over the years. His head seemed weighted as he bowed forward looking at the abstract \$2.00 utensil. His brows were heavy and when he looked up, confused and dismayed by the complicated mechanics of the can opener, the slant of his eyes held that same gentle sky blue shading, color that could never be found in the crayon box. All the answers were supposed to be found in those eyes.

The heat of the sun from the window on the daughter's back penetrated her black wool sweater. Her arms limp, she felt the warm curl of her hair on her cheeks and a flush of sadness paralyzed the performance.

"I'm sorry," her father said as he walked into the kitchen and placed the small can opener on the kitchen's counter. "I can't seem to figure it out."

For all of his brilliance in method engineering, for all of the thousands of employees he had trained and supervised, for all of the trade journal articles and papers he had delivered, the many years now found him passive, quiet,

searching for both words and direction. He looked helplessly at her mother for some sort of regulating to take care of the awkwardness of the moment. Her mother's eyes darted toward her daughter.

"I want some real coffee!" she demanded. "And not that drip from the basket kind of crap you fix where the water and the coffee grounds flow through and meet only once! I want perked, steamed, anticipated coffee. I want to smell its brew, I want to see its steam, I want to tell its readiness by the pot's red light overture! I want the coffee hot and I want it now! I want you to show your father where that 10 cup brewer is that we gave you. I know it's in one of those damn cabinets where you stuff everything! Your father will reach it for you. I want it washed, placed, plugged, filled and working," her voice commanded.

Her sharp words, inserted into a moment which everyone was ready to relinquish, redirected the two of them into a cooperative fury to make real coffee.

Obediently, she filled the brewer. He leaned into the counter and watched the dark brown water rise to the ten cup level. She then covered a large oval wicker tray with white linen placing three china cups and saucers, each with a white eyelet napkin, upon it. In continued silence she then filled a crystal bowl with sugar and its mate with cream. Finishing off the tray with silver spoons, she handed the tray to her mother, motioning her toward the terrace.

The daughter held the french door open for her mother, the coffee tray, her father, and the coffee. In the sunlight of that rainless midday, they drank delicious coffee for hours, forgetting about the lasagna and transgressions. They all agreed, it was the best coffee they had ever tasted.

Forever the Sun

Widows cry and Children play,
There is the sun
Dead men say in the orphan's day,
There is the sun
Nazis fade in the Russian blockade,
There will be none.

Across the Seine, in Crimean rain,
There is the sun
The little girl stares at the galloping mares,
Into the sun
The old man's eyes now face the skies,
Where is my son?

- *Kishore R. Puppala*



untitled Black and White Photograph by Andrea Plebaniak

Time

TIME
 Life's past, beyond
 Past Eternities
 And forever futures
 Taking the past
 and bringing the future
 Onto the past
 And throwing it all into Space
 Never to be seen
 Until the next

TIME
 A recurring action
 An experience
 Found and lost through

TIME
 A certain day
 A new way
 A special place
 Evolved
 Coming at you
 No time to stop
 Except in

TIME
 A war
 A day, a lifetime
 Today, yesterday, tomorrow
 A smile, a frown
 An era
 Your own way
 And time to live
 And time to die
 But no time to stop

TODAY
 A meaningless word
 What and where is today
 A thing lost in
 TIME

Floating on a memory
 Thrown into space
 Endless Today's
 Turning into
 Forever yesterdays

- Kenneth Geringer

Yesterdays

Yesterday
every mirror was her friend.
She smiled
into her cat's water dish
her reflection
rippled back joyously.
The mirror in her bedroom
reflected her,
like the eyes
of her lover.
She stretched,
and arched,
glistened,
and glowed.
She gazed at the
image
of herself
with desire.
That was yesterday
so many yesterdays.
Today,
all the mirrors
cover themselves
when she passes.

- Jan Parker



'Childhood Memories' Pencil Drawing by Hector Ampuero

State of the Union: Redressed

Under that coal charred sky
in flat Midwest towns
honest men with balding smiles
shuffle swollen purple feet.

Wander weeping over futile playgrounds
where twisted children clash for shiny
toys, while their pinch-faced mothers
converse with wooden grins and thickening
joints.

The middle class shifts.

And those cool southern women
with mellowed eyes and rolling tongues
quake as sailors first at sea
upon seeing the fury clad tempest.

The throbbing veins of this country
sputteringly begin to clot: Damn,
looks like we're gonna need
another triple-bypass.

- Johnny Henegar

Bio: Homeless Man

Born with a polished gaze
he now lives in broken streets
and wears flat black buttons for eyes.

- Johnny Henegar

Fratricide

A cardboard box lay on its side
 Just six feet-long and half as wide —
 An emblem, big as life, implied
 ONE Frigidaire was housed inside....the emblem lied.

A desperate man had staked his claim
 Upon this refuge from the rain,
 To nurse his pride and hide his shame—
 Midst others who had done the same...before he came.

Two younger men had caused his strife.
 One took his job. One took his wife.
 Which cut as deep as any knife—
 And totally destroyed his life...his "Perfect " life.

He beat his head against the wall,
 Then eased his pain with alcohol,
 Exhausting all his wherewithal
 With endless sprees, beyond recall...he lost it all.

This tortured soul, now filled with gloom,
 Trudged city streets that forcast doom,
 Then curled inside his makeshift room—
 A filthy babe. A flimsy womb...a likely tomb.

One dawn when rain had turned to sleet,
 Too proud to beg. To sick to eat.
 No heat to thaw his frozen feet—
 He died. A victim of the street....his pain complete.

The tag they tied around his toe
 read: Male—Caucasian. Name: John Doe.

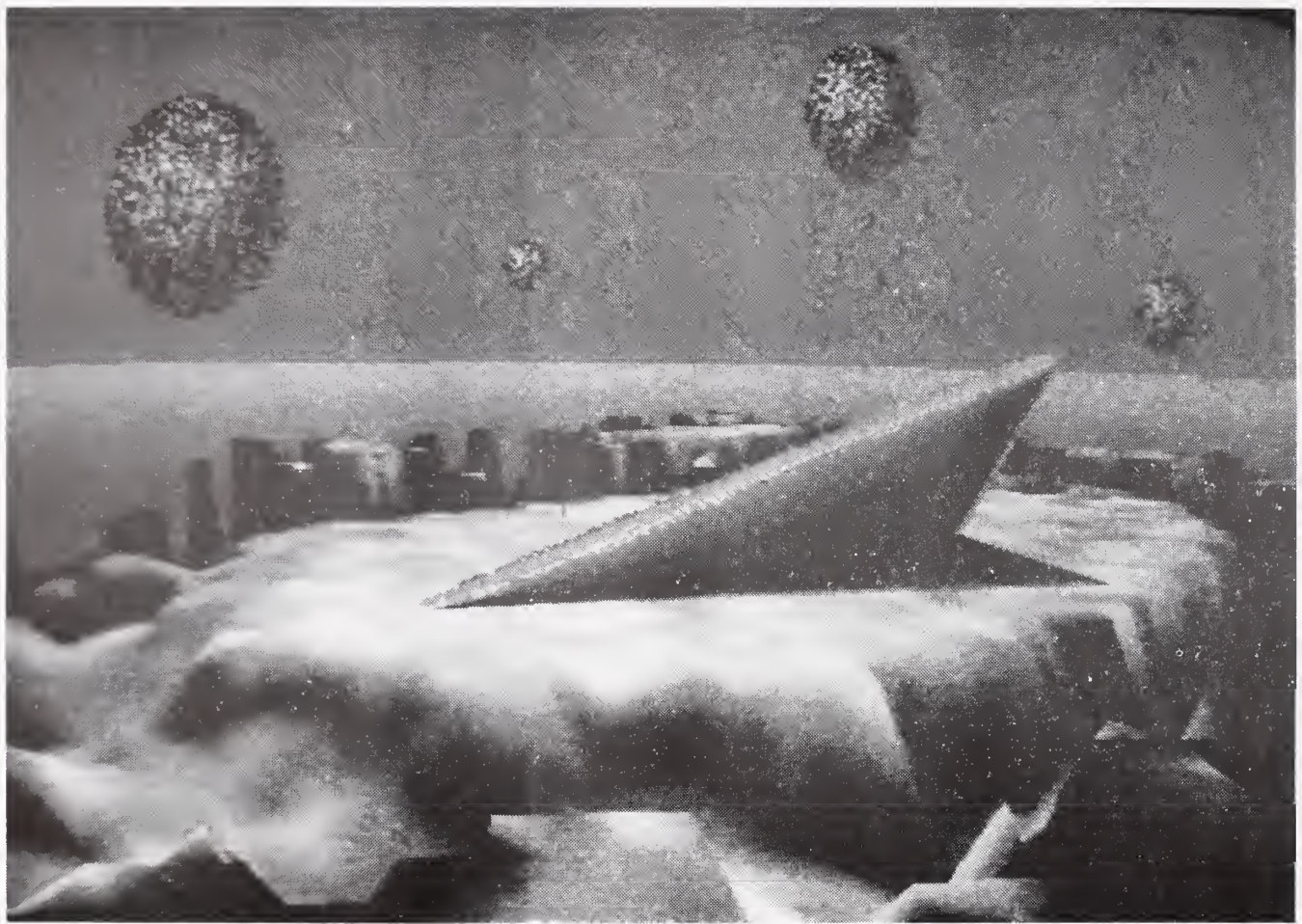
Not "Daddy's Boy," nor "Darling Joe" —
Not First Lieutenant Devereaux....who'd sufferd so.

No prayers were read. No tears were shed.
No sign a person's Soul had fled.
No satin pillow for his head—
"SOME BUM WAS DEAD" that's all was said....instead.

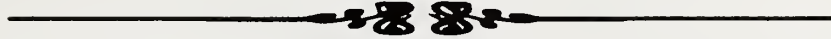
- *Lois Schiman*



'The Dreaming I' Pencil Drawing by Jamie Adams and Dina Swiderski

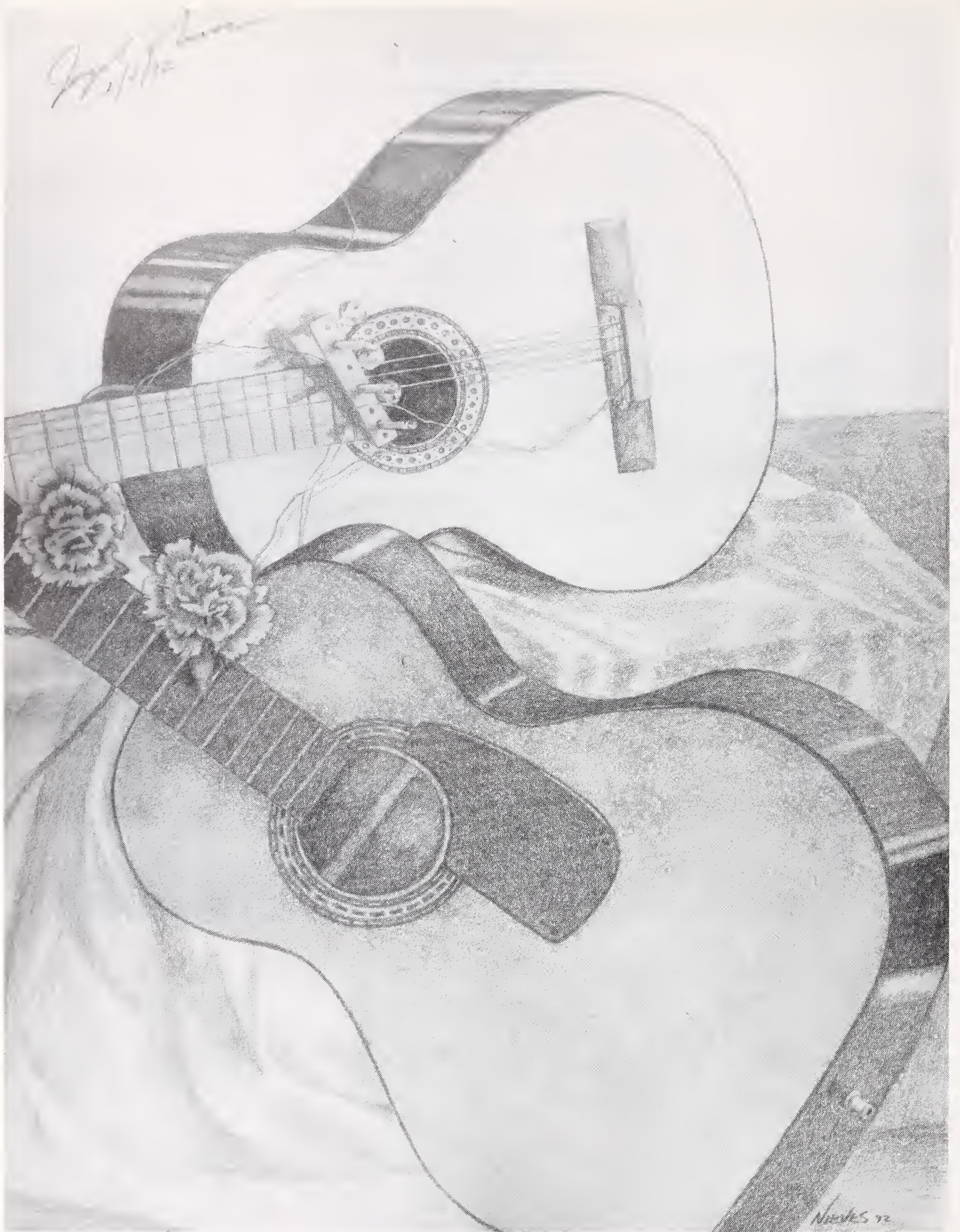


Nostalgia



i in this denuded city
with its smell of detachment
and its veil of smog
mere government statistic
lost in urban reverie
floundering in the miasma
of sordid sex, Columbian coke
degenerating under despair
that hangs heavy over my bald head
like the sword of Damocles
dreaming, dreaming of home.

- *Jedidiah K. Rydell Blake*



'Twins' Pencil Drawing by Joseph Nieves

Cycles

All things that make a people
constitute a country:
the music in the streets,
the laughter of the children,
the tears of the soldiers,
the pride of the victors.
After the rain
the sun will shine,
to start all over again: life

- *Lisa Joy Huriash*

Wildlife

by Linda Ellis

David pushed open the squeaky wire-mesh door and squeezed through it, pulling a hose behind him into the cage. Three days' accumulation of food pellets and raccoon droppings crunched beneath his sneakers.

He wrinkled his nose. "Phew!" he said. Looking up, he saw a raccoon staring down from a shelf, high in the corner.

"Hi Bandit. Would you like a nice clean cage? Sorry I left you till last."

He adjusted the nozzle at the end of the hose, releasing a jet of water, and gazed at the dirty brown tide that washed across the concrete floor and through the wire mesh, soaking into the scrubby grass outside.

A sudden crash startled him — he looked up. It was Steve, banging a stick on the cage as he strode by, his long blonde curls lifting at each step.

"Hey, you missed a turd, man!" Steve called out as he disappeared around the corner of the ramshackle building. David sighed. He wished Steve wouldn't bang on the cages like that.

Ever since the pre-veterinary med student had begun volunteering at the center, about six weeks ago, David had felt upset. The guy's attitude was all wrong. Steve had actually admitted he was only there because his biology teacher required it. He could have put in his hours at a veterinarian's office, but he figured he'd do less work at the sleepy Maysville Wildlife Rescue Center. Lazy Devil.

What made it worse, David

thought as he washed droppings from the perches, was that the director, Murray Spike, had inexplicably taken a liking to Steve, letting him assist when the local vet came to do surgery. He'd given him a door key. Until then, only staff members had gotten keys — Maggie the secretary, Hal the biologist, and David himself, the "Wildlife Assistant." Volunteers just didn't have keys — not even Naomi, and she was truly dedicated to the animals.

Listen, David told himself for the tenth or twentieth time, the semester will be over soon, then Steve'll be gone. He shut off the hose.

"Nice and clean," he told the raccoon. "Now I've got a treat for you." He fished in his pocket, withdrew a carrot and held it up. The animal reached out and gently closed a black paw around the carrot, took it and began nibbling.

"There, I knew you'd like it. See you later." David dragged the hose out of the cage, unscrewed it from the faucet and wound it into a coil. Breathing hard, he splashed some water over his face and neck and sat down heavily beneath a live oak. It was so hot. He closed his eyes and listened to the breeze in the pine trees.

This morning he'd fed all the birds, taped the leg of a woodpecker that someone had brought in, and mended the cage that Billy the weasel had chewed through. Then he'd recorded the week's donations in the big red book for Murray, who was on vacation. He'd been so busy, he realized guiltily, that when he fed

Alice he hadn't stopped to talk to her.

He glanced at his watch. Naomi was probably here by now, feeding the baby rabbits inside. He smiled, and wondered what she would be wearing today. He hoped it was the little blue dress, the one with the big armholes that he could see into. Ashamed of his thoughts, he heaved himself up off the ground. Time to get back to work.

But first, he'd go see Alice. The Great Blue Heron had been brought in with a broken wing, six months ago. Since then she had occupied one of the largest outside cages, nestled between two towering pines. Her wing had refused to set properly, and she probably would never fly again.

"Hello, Alice," David said. "Hello, my love." He gazed at her long blue feathers, her wispy crest, and the wing that was bent at a strange angle. Hunched on her branch, she didn't turn to look at him in her usual way. The fish he'd left on her plate that morning were still there.

"What's wrong, baby?" he asked, worried. "Aren't you feeling well?" He rubbed his sleeve over his thick lenses and peered at her again. "Please don't get sick. Tell you what, I'll bring you some nice fresh fish this evening. How does that sound?"

Suddenly there was a frantic flapping in the Muscovy ducks' enclosure. The five ducks had been brought in last week, half dead from fertilizer poisoning, but they were much better now — were they fighting again? David hurried to look.

A large duck, a male, was holding down a struggling female, biting her neck again and again as he worked his body over hers. David's face grew pinker as he stared, transfixed. Webbed feet scraped and stepped on her back and

legs as the drake positioned himself, then slipped sideways. He's falling off, David thought, but no, he'd found the place. David held his breath as he stared at the quivering tail. Then the drake slid off his mate, his pale corkscrew penis dangling.

David let out his breath, turning quickly away as Steve stepped over the low fence with a bucket of feed.

"Nothing wrong with those ducks," Steve said, as he dumped feed into the aluminum trough. "That's what I'll be doing tonight — fuckin' my brains out!"

David coughed.

"You too, huh?" Steve said. "Give her one for me, OK?" He walked away, swinging the bucket.

He knows, thought David, his face hot. He can tell I've never done it. As he walked toward the building, he repeated: the semester will be over soon. The semester will be over soon.

Coming in from the bright sunshine, David stood still while his eyes adjusted to the dim room. He could hear birds twittering and small wild creatures scraping, and after a moment he made out the shapes of their cages, rows and rows of them. Dark columns became twenty-pound bags of feed piled high against the walls. He saw the makeshift fence of the rabbit run in the corner. Then he saw Naomi. She was seated at the table, bottle-feeding a baby rabbit, her long dark hair falling around her bent head. David pulled up a chair near her — not too close, in case he smelled of sweat.

She gave him a sweet smile.

"Hello, David."

"Hello, N-naomi," he replied. Her eyes were so blue, so beautiful. He could

think of nothing else to say; they sat in silence. He watched her pale, freckled fingers gently caressing the animal's fur.

One day, he would like to ask her out. He hadn't yet, for he was sure she'd say no. She was young and pretty — what would she see in this pear-shaped stutterer? But if not Naomi, then who? Who would ever go out with him if he never asked? He took a deep breath.

"N-naomi?"

She looked up and smiled again. Such lovely eyes.

"I was w-wondering. . .if —"

The screen door crashed open and Steve strode in. He reached into the refrigerator for a Coke, then turned a chair around and straddled it.

"How goes it?" he asked Naomi. He popped the top of the can and took a long swallow.

"Great," she said, and turned back to David. "What were you saying?"

He thought quickly. "Oh, um. . . I was w-wondering if you'd like me to feed a rabbit?"

"Oh, please. There's only one left to do. The tiny one in the corner. The bottle's right here."

David lifted the shivering rabbit from the run, settled it into the crook of his arm and offered the bottle; it drank hungrily.

Steve took a comb from the back pocket of his jeans and tugged it through his curls. "So, you got a big weekend planned?"

David looked up. Sarcasm, again. "Not much."

"Nothing, as usual?"

"I'm going to the m-movies."

"The movies? Mom taking you, is she?"

David said nothing. He wished he'd never told Steve he lived with his

mother. Steve thought it a great joke: almost 30 years old and still tied to Mommy's apron strings.

David caught Naomi's sympathetic glance. She held up the rabbit. "Look how fat they're getting," she said. "We'll have to wean them so they can go back in the wild. I'll miss them, though."

David nodded. "Alice could probably go, too, but I'd w-worry about her, with her not being able to f-fly. She's safer here w-with us."

"Alice is lucky she has you to care about her," Naomi said.

"Oh. Well. . ." David faltered, embarrassed but pleased.

Steve sighed, looked at his watch and stood up. "I'm outta here. Don't forget to lock up," he said, and was gone.

David shook his head. Who did he think he was? Maybe he was Murray's favorite, but Murray had asked David to take charge this week, not Steve.

He turned back to Naomi, but she was leaving, too.

"See you tomorrow!" she called, and swung out the door.

He placed the rabbit back in the run, then picked up an armful of old towels and sheets and began to cover the cages for the night.

*

*

*

As David pedaled back along the dark street toward the center, a bag of fresh catfish damp in his pants pocket, he realized that someone was already there. Through the trees he could see light spilling from the windows, illuminating the sprawling rows of wire cages outside.

Who would it be, at this time of night? he wondered, pedaling a little

slower. It wouldn't be Murray; he wasn't due back for another week. It could be Hal. Or Steve — but on a Friday night? Hardly. Steve always bragged about his hot dates. Unless it was an emergency and he'd been called to assist in the surgery, David thought, pumping his feet harder again.

He turned his bike into the open gate and saw Steve's black Camaro parked beneath a pine tree. So it was him. David eased himself off the bike, leaned it against the tree, and stood listening. He could hear a radio playing inside — heavy — and periodic shrieks from the parrots. Then he thought he heard a human shriek — there was another, and a giggle. He frowned. There was another sound, too, one he knew well; the rattling of claws and wings on metal cages.

They should all be asleep, he thought, as he walked slowly to the surgery window and peered in. The steel operating table gleamed under the bright lights, but no-one was in there. He crept along the wall to the next window, stepping carefully over tree roots and rolls of wire netting. Once, his arm bumped a cage and a group of pigeons rose, flapping, from their perches.

"Shh!" David whispered. "It's me."

On the other side of the window, sacks of birdseed were stacked shoulder-high, so he dragged a crate beneath the window and stepped up on it, gripping the window sill.

Steve was in there, with his date, by the looks of it. Two dates! A chubby blonde in a tight white dress and a pale, skinny girl with short red hair, wandering amongst the cages and tapping on the metal bars. Someone had scattered all the cloths David had draped over the

cages for the night. He took a deep breath and blew it out.

Steve himself was sprawled on a table watching the women, a half-empty bottle of tequila beside him.

Then David saw the blonde step over the wire fence of the rabbit run and crouch, hands in front of her chest like paws. Half a dozen baby wild rabbits rushed into the far corner, where they huddled.

"I'm a bunny wabbit, Steve! I'm a bunny wabbit!" she said, and attempted a hop. She fell over sideways, upsetting a bowl of feed, and lay there giggling. Terrified rabbits dashed around the perimeter of the cage.

Steve threw back his head and laughed. "Some rabbit! Can't even hop!"

David gripped the window sill harder, as a squirrel dashed out from one of the rows, pursed by the squealing redhead. "I'll catch you, you little monster!" she yelled, but it disappeared under a cage and she soon gave up, flopping onto the table beside Steve, who leaned over and nuzzled her neck.

David felt dizzy, and stepped down from the crate. He leaned against the wall and closed his eyes. They had no right, coming here and upsetting the animals, he thought. If Naomi were here, if she'd seen her baby rabbits scared like that, she'd have marched in there and told them off. David tried to imagine himself doing that, but he couldn't think of the words. Steve would only laugh, anyway, and then the girls would, too. He just didn't have the guts, he thought, his mouth twisting. He'd just have to wait till they'd left and then calm down the animals and put everything back.

He moved around to the next window, beside the door; through it he could see more of the room.

"You know, I feel sorry for all those poor little birds, penned up like that," the redhead said. "It's like they're in jail. They should be flying, flying, flying in the treetops."

"They will be, soon as our director says they're old enough. Or well enough," said Steve. He took a slug of tequila and wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"Those are ready now, I reckon. Look at them! They look just fine!" She was pointing to a cage filled with fuzzy young grackle.

"I dunno," Steve said. "Here, have a drink."

"Oh, come on! Please? Pleeeeeease?" She wrapped her arms around Steve's neck, and Steve slid his hand up beneath her sweater. David averted his eyes.

"Freedom!" he heard her cry. "Freedom for all mankind and birds!" He looked up to see her pull away from Steve. She began fiddling with the latch of the grackles' cage. David felt a creeping in his stomach as she reached inside with both hands and closed them around two birds. They're too young, he thought. He opened his mouth to say it aloud, but his throat constricted and he took a half step backward instead. Suddenly the door beside him swung open and the woman stepped out and flung up her arms. The birds fluttered into the black sky.

"Fly away, little birdies," she said, and kicked a crate toward the open door to hold it open.

Hidden in the dark behind the door, David watched, paralyzed, as she returned with two more birds, and again with the last one. Would they know how to find food? he worried. Were their wings strong enough? Why couldn't he stop her?

"now, who's next?" he heard her say, and he groaned.

"How about the rest of the squirrels?" she said, as one streaked out of the door and into the undergrowth.

"Okay by me," said Steve, as he stood by the table, swaying slightly. "Dunno why this place bothers with 'em. There's too many of 'em anyway. Rodents."

"Why does widdle Steve work here then?" asked the blonde, leaning against him.

"Credits. I put in a couple of hours a week here and by Christmas I'll be six credits closer to graduation. Yeah!" He tipped the bottle into his mouth and swallowed. "And believe me, you won't find this vet doin' triple bypass surgery on rodents, that's for damn sure! No, racehorses is where I'm going. That's where the money is. Here, have some."

He handed her the bottle.

"Where we goin' next, Stevie? Is Tina coming too?"

"I dunno. What do you care?" He bit her neck and she squealed.

"Hey, guys, help me out here!" called the redhead. She rattled the open squirrel cages and stamped her cowboy boots. "Shoo! Get outta here!" she urged. One by one, hesitant squirrels nosed their way out and made a dash for the door.

There goes Smoky, thought David. He should be okay. But there's Honey, and she's still not eating. Oh, God. Tears filled his eyes.

The blonde wandered outside, and strolled over to the big cages, nearby. "Wow. Vultures," she said. "Let's not free them!" David peered around the door, and saw her move to the next cage. He clenched his fists. Not Alice!

"Poor birdy!" she crooned. "Does

Birdy want out of his nasty old cage?" She turned around, and David stepped behind the door. "Tina? There's a great, big blue bird out here, and he told me he wants out."

"Where?" said the redhead, coming outside. "Oh, yeah!" She began unwinding the wire that secured the door of Alice's cage.

"No!" David said, and before he could stop to think, he was inside the room, facing Steve. "Stop them!" His voice was high and tremulous.

"Where the hell did you come from?" Steve said, wide-eyed again. "Here, have a drink."

"You musn't do this!" David said. "Please stop them!"

Steve looked out at the women, who were still struggling with the wire. "Oh, hell, man, what's the difference? They'll all be set free soon, anyway. Come on, have a drink. It'll do you good."

"You know Alice can't fly!"

"Alice!" Steve repeated, scornfully. "That's your problem, naming them all. They're wild animals, for God's sake. They should be out there livin' and dyin' like they were meant to. It's the law of nature."

"They have feelings, too," David said. He was shaking. "They feel things. Just because they can't talk, it doesn't mean they don't matter."

Steve poked a finger into David's shoulder. "You, my friend, are too sensitive. A wild animal's a wild animal. It's wild, get it? When I graduate, you won't see me doing brain surgery on lizards."

"Well we wouldn't have you here, if you were the last vet on earth!" His eyes filled with tears, and he grabbed onto a cage for support. "I'll. . . I'll tell your teacher what you did and you won't get your credits."

"Oh yeah?" Steve said. "And why should he listen to you — the janitor. The man who cleans up the raccoon shit."

"I'm not a j-janitor, I'm a w-wild-life assistant. And I'm in ch-charge here." He turned abruptly and hurried outside to Alice's cage, where the redhead was tugging at the rusty catch with both hands.

David grabbed her wrists and held them.

"Look," he began, breathlessly, "I don't know who you are, but you have no right to do this. Alice. . . she can't fly. If you let her out she'll die." He dropped the woman's wrists. "Sorry," he mumbled.

"Steve, do you know this person?" she demanded, rubbing her wrists and staring at David.

Steve leaned on the door post. "Don't mind him, he's a mommy's boy. He wouldn't say boo to a goose."

David clenched his fists. He lurched over to Steve and gave him a shove. "You. . . You. . . You're a. . . I don't know. J-just get out. Just get out."

"Oh dear, we've upset the p-p-p-poor boy," Steve sneered. He stepped back into the room. "We'd better leave him to his wild animals."

"Yes, you'd better go," David said, standing his ground.

"Come on, girls. We have better places to go."

David stood still until Steve's car had roared away. Then he slowly walked over to Alice's cage and rested his forehead against the wire mesh.

"Hi Alice," he whispered. The bird turned her head to one side and regarded him with a shiny black eye. "Oh! Here's your fish." He pulled out the wet packet and with trembling hands unwrapped three pieces of fish and poked

them through the mesh. Alice promptly scooped up each one and swallowed it.

David pressed his hands together to stop the trembling, and closed his eyes. After a moment, he opened them suddenly.

"Wow!" he whispered. "Wow! I threw them out!" He clapped his hands together. "I threw them out! Ha!" he cried, flinging up his arms. He picked up a stick and threw it high into a tree. "Hey, Alice, guess what? I threw the bums out!" He paused. "But what did they expect? I'm in charge here."

Kicking the crate away from the door, he marched inside to restore order.

* * *

Late on Monday afternoon, David took a fish out of the refrigerator and gave it to Alice. He watched her throat bulge as she swallowed it whole.

"Alice? Maybe you would rather be free? Would you like me to talk to Murray? It's risky, but we could let you go, way out in the Everglades where there's no traffic."

Picking up a broom, he began sweeping pine needles from the pathway. For once, the place was peaceful. All he could hear was doves' soft crooning — until it was lost in the roar of Steve's car pulling through the gate. Turning his back to it, David began sweeping the path to the front door a second time.

"Hey, man."

David turned. There he was, leaning against a tree.

"Listen," Steve said. "I'm real sorry about the other night. We were just having a little fun. You know how it is." He glanced away, then back at David.

"Hey, you didn't mean it about telling my professor, did you?"

David slowly pushed the broom back and forth across the step. "Well. . . No, I didn't say anything." He looked up. "But I might."

"Oh, geez." Steve tossed his curls. "You know I didn't mean any harm."

David shrugged. "Maybe I'll tell and maybe I won't. It depends."

"On what?"

"If you don't do anything else like that, and you work specially hard from now on. . . then I won't."

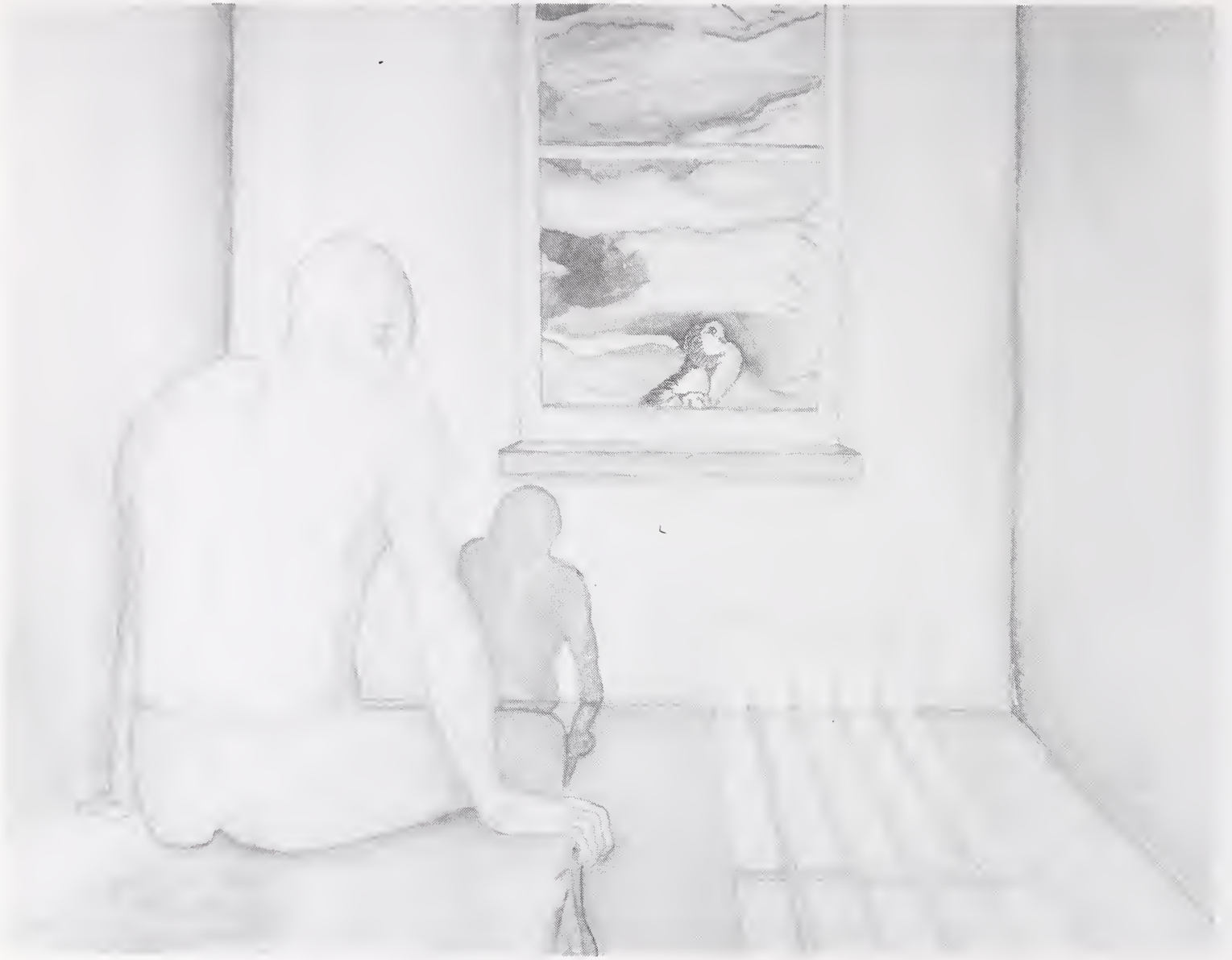
Steve sighed. "OK, if that's what it takes." He turned to walk away.

David leaned on the broom. "You can start by w-washing out the raccoon cages."

Without replying, Steve changed direction, and in a moment David heard the familiar sound of the hose dragging on concrete. He smiled to himself, and leaned the broom against the wall. He had to go inside and wash up. Naomi would be arriving soon, and he had something to tell her, too.



'Awaiting Prey' Black and White Photograph by James DiLoreto



'Life II' Watercolor by Otneil Marin



'Vesselism #13' Clay Pottery by Susan L. Feldman

Fireworks

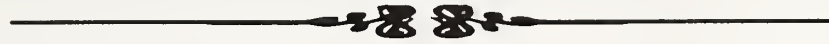
An earful of bang propel feet
Pupils dilate to neon shoots
A fast surge and graceful sprinkling
To a fizzled death in the air
So easy to catch the human eye

An eyeful of blonde and bosom,
Teased yellow, painted features, second skins,
A rehearsed drawl, tinkling giggle,
Sashaying, blinking sticky lashes
Empty fools are easy to please

Unseen eyes did spot full moon
Steady substance forever fixed
The glowing backdrop for entertainment
Two unsung beauties
Blinded by the smoke

- *Jamie Michalak*

I Am...



I am...

I am a leaf whisked into a corner

I am a star

I am a sunset beyond the horizon.

I am silence

I am a scream in the dark

I am the blackness of the night.

I am the strength a soul carries

I am a hidden treasure chest

I am a struggle pushed aside

I am peace.

I am love

I am truth

I am a diary, unknown

I am all myself.

- Jennifer Melvin

The Crucified Christ

Hanging high, helplessly on Calvary's Cross,
Is the Christ who died for you and me.
Painfully and obediently he suffered his loss,
In order to set us free.

Looking on the weakening Christ with boastful eyes,
Were his enemies gazing with contempt and pride.
Still filled with compassion and pleading cries,
Is the same Christ who hung his head and died.

His pierced side we no longer can deny,
For his precious hands and feet he cannot hide.
A triumphant mark of victory which is eternally high,
To Him all honor and glory we offer at Eastertide.

It was a sad, dark, gloomy and awful strife,
As they watched the Christ give up his life.
Today He lives and reigns - no more to be crucified,
So sing we His Praise and in Him confide.

- Norma Forbes

To Hell With The Easter Bunny

Why should that RABBIT get all of the praise?
 for accomplishing feats that amaze,
 while the poor little hens
 have to strain their rear-ends
 to keep up with the Easter-egg craze.

* * *

It's not fair, for that hare, to get more than his share
 of the credit-when credit ain't due.
 He just laughs up his sleeve
 at you folks who believe
 he brings baskets and hides them for you.

* * *

And, he claims he makes beans out of jelly!
 Plus chocolates to fill every belly.
 But you know he's too randy
 to stay home and make candy.
 His claim's not just fishy....it's smelly!

* * *

Why not honor those CHICKENS, who work like the dickens-
 to give the job all that they've got!
 While that Hare's got the gall
 to hang out at the Mall....
 selling pictures at five bucks a shot!

I say, "Here's to those Biddies, who strain for our kiddies,
 while that bunny does less than he should.
 That darned Hare doesn't care
 if your basket is bare...
 It's the CHICKEN that's misunderstood!"

So,... WRITE TO ANN LANDERS! REFUTE COLONEL SANDERS!....
 A CHICKEN IS MORE THAN JUST FINGER-LICKEN' GOOD!

HOORAY FOR THE EASTER CHICKEN

- Lois Schiman

P'an Ku

Me, Myself and I

To find "One's Self" was all the rage
 when my life reached the humdrum stage.
 With secret yearnings to assuage
 and frequent hints to "act my age"
 --I left, to find myself.

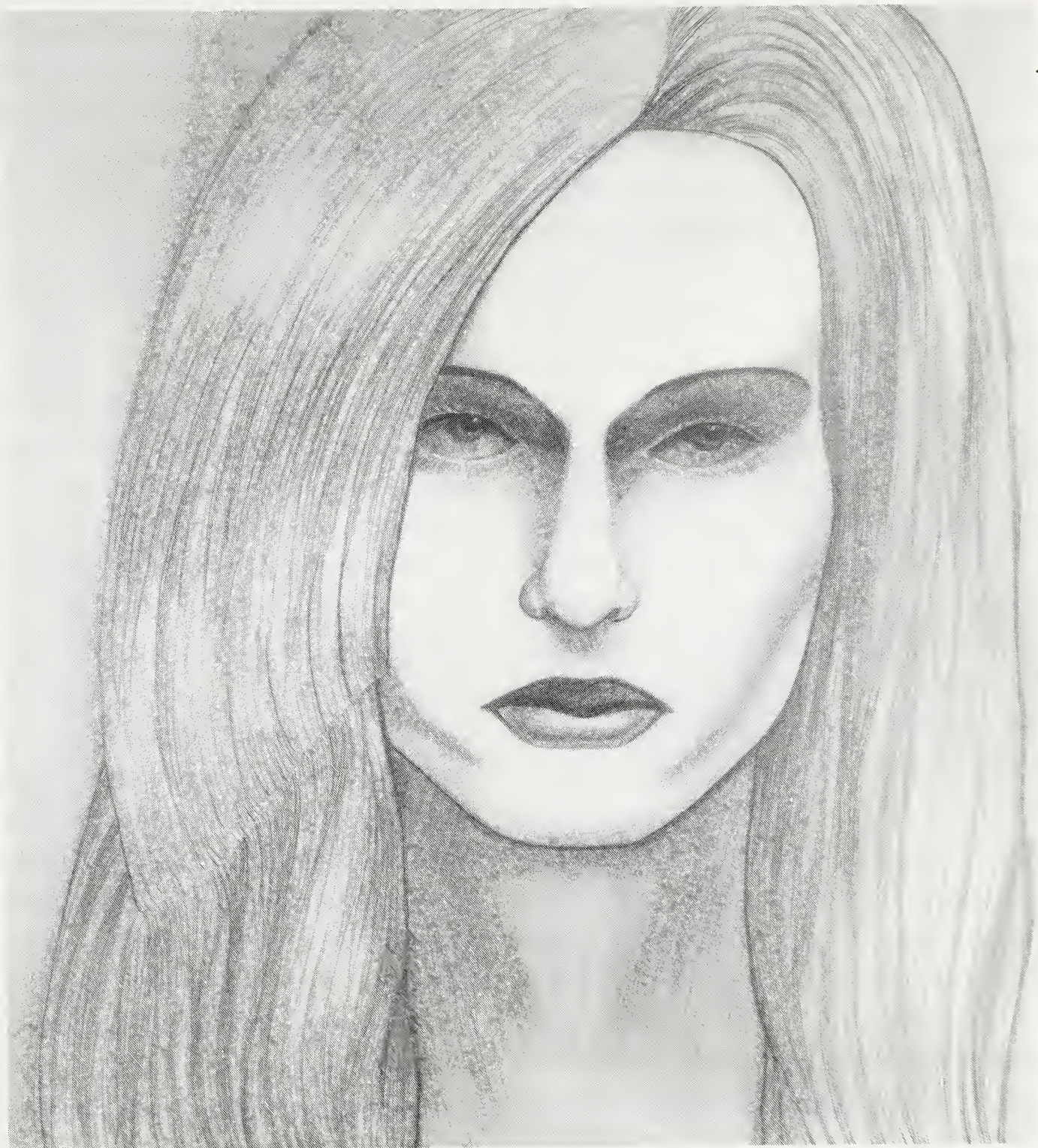
I drove to where "myself" was born
 to renew friendships long outworn,
 while dingy streets and shops forlorn
 begged equal time from me to mourn
 --I never met myself.

Suppose I had become a star
 who dined on wine and caviar,
 with sables and a fancy car...
 from Ratso, with a fat cigar?
 --I'd never know myself.

Or had I wound up in some house
 with dirty jeans and wrinkled blouse,
 plus thirteen kids and one old souse
 who claimed to be my loving spouse?
 --Oh!....Who would save me from myself?

I woke to find "myself" in bed,
 with, Fluffy, and my husband Fred.
 Acceptance speeches left unread--
 I'd be a wife and Mom, instead,
 --content with life, despite myself.

- *Lois Schiman*



'Somber' Pencil Drawing by Travis C. Wright

The Trunk In The Attic

by Marlene Vizcarra

Marge Holan sat on one of her broken down blue couches, smoking her fifth cigarette. There was a half bottle of Meyer's Rum next to her on the coffee table. It was Monday afternoon, and a typical day for Marge. Every day around two she sat on her favorite couch, drank rum, and smoked cigarettes until her husband came home. At the moment, she enjoyed taking deep puffs of her generic cigarettes and thinking about her life. She thought about the "old days" when she lived in California, the days when she thought the world would never offer her anything but mischief. That was ten years ago, and she had been right, her life now wasn't any different. She fell in love, got married at twenty, and gave birth to two children she despised. She hated children, and the thought of being a mother disgusted her. She had no patience for them, no compassion for their cries, and needs. She only had them because she couldn't afford abortions, and it had been her husband's idea to keep them. To her, his children (she didn't refer to them as hers) were the cause of her constant depression, frazzled nerves, and worthless, useless life. She thought of how easy it would be to get rid of them, but shook her head as if to disperse the thought.

"I hate this!" she cried, as if she were a little girl that didn't like the way her "Barbie playtime" was going, and extinguished her cigarette in a full ashtray. Just then her husband Dick came in.

"Hi babe" he said closing the front door.

Dick was a tall, handsome man who had been elected "the handsomest" in his senior year in high school, but his looks didn't complement his personality. He was a short-tempered man who was very possessive of his wife. He didn't exactly love her, but he was old-fashioned, and believed that a man had to have a woman to be with until old age. He often had affairs with women, and Marge was aware of this, but knew the Dick would always stay with her. Their contempt for their children was something they had in common, and that seemed to be enough. At first, Dick figured he wouldn't be around much to see them, but whenever he was, he was cruel and violent. Looking at them uncovered painful memories of his own childhood. They reminded him of the child he used to be, and didn't like to remember that. Whatever else they stirred up in his mind was a reason to beat the children. To him,

it was a way to relieve his frustrations and anger.

While Dick and Marge talked in the living room, the two little Holan sisters played in the backyard of their suburban home. The oldest one, Paula, was helping her younger sister, Carla, build towers out of used paper cups she had found in their garbage. Paula was three years old, but advanced for her age.

She spoke many words and understood what she heard from the tone of her parents' voices and what she saw from their actions. She had dark brown hair and pale skin that showed signs of child abuse. Her face had the recent imprints of a brutal slap. There were also recent cuts and bruises on her arms and legs that proved the reality of her beatings. Her sad, hazel eyes reflected the innocence of a child, but one who had gone through her short life not treated as one. Little Carla, on the other hand, was a two year old with dark red hair and caramel colored eyes. Unlike her sister, she was a happy child, despite the beatings she also took. She was a vibrant and adventurous as any child playing outside in the glowing sun with no mean parents around. She was very fearful of her parents who would abuse her soft and fragile body. Instead of asking for "mommy" when she cried and needed to be held and loved, it was Paula she would turn to. These children were left alone most of the time, so they basically took care of

each other. They knew their parents cared only for themselves, so they relied on their clumsy, small bodies to do as much as they could by themselves.

Paula had found more paper cups and tin cans to pay with. Their backyard was as neglected as they were, so there were many items to be used as toys. She and Carla were barefoot and dirty from playing in the mud as well. "Look, look!" yelled Paula, showing her sister what she'd found. Carla's eyes widened with happiness, at the thought of building more towers. Her diapers were dripping with mud. Paula noticed this, and remembered her mom's attitude about changing diapers. If either of them fussed over a diaper change, as Carla often did, a slap in their face wasn't enough to make her stop. She would hit them with bare hands until she got tired and left. She would only come back to change them when they stopped crying, but this was hard for the girls to do. Sometimes they wee in so much pain, that it took many hours to quiet down. The thought of this experience led Paula to go inside the house to get diapers for her sister.

"What do you mean I can't go to work!" yelled Marge. "I'm not gonna stay here and take care of these brats one more day, you hear me?" She was furious and Dick intentionally wanted her to be upset. He enjoyed watching her pale face blush with raging color. This gave

him a bigger reason to insult her.

"Look, fat bitch, I don't know what we're gonna do with them!" he yelled. There was a loud crashing sound as he finished his sentence. "What the hell was that?" yelled Marge. Dick quickly ran over to where the sound came from. The kitchen table lay tipped over on the floor, along with broken dishes, glasses and clean diapers. Paula had been trying to reach the clean diapers on top of the kitchen table, by standing on a stool. She had slipped as she tried to get them, taking the table along with her. She was starting to get up when Dick quickly grabbed the dirty, yellow dress she was wearing, and picked her up. "Who the hell told you to come in here, huh?" "Who!" He severely slapped her face and threw her across the room into a pile of broken dishes near the fallen table. "Get up!" He yelled. His eyes turned to her with the fury of a beast. "Get up right now and clean up this mess!" Paula was crying so much, that she couldn't get up or even speak. She wanted to yell "Daddy no! Please no!" but the words she could barely pronounce, wouldn't have made a difference. Dick was even more enraged when she didn't get up, and began to punch her small body with big fists again, and again. He felt so much power surging through him, that doing this gave him pleasure. Marge watched this, and didn't try to stop Dick. He was killing Paula and she knew it. She was

glad in a way, because she wouldn't have to bother with her anymore. She wouldn't have to change her dirty diapers, and feed her clumsy little mouth ever again, but she felt something strange, a notion that what was happening was wrong. She slowly got closer, and closer to where Dick was hitting Paula. "Stop it, you're killing her!" she said, but Dick wouldn't listen. Marge quickly reached out and got a hold of his moving arm to stop him. It was too late. Marge saw the limp and bloody child she had neglected suspended in Dick's left arm. Dick looked at the little girl he was holding, and dropped her on the floor. He suddenly became frantic, and began to hit his head on the wall next to him. Marge tried to hold him, but he pushed her away.

"What are we gonna do Dick?" "We'll go to jail!"

"Shut up, just shut up!" He cried. He grabbed her by the arm, You listen to me... there is no way in this world we're gonna go to jail if you keep your mouth shut!"

Marge could not believe what was happening, and for the first time in her life, she feared the man that stood before her. She was as guilty of murder as Dick was, but she could not bear the thought of going to jail. "I won't say anything Dick, I swear---I want us to be together!"

"Where is the other one?" he asked in a controlled voice.

"She's in the backyard" she said.

"Okay, here's what you do, bring her inside, and lock her in her room. You just take care of the other one, and I'll take care of this one all right." he said. He took Paula's lifeless body, and headed towards the attic.

Carla was playing in the backyard filling paper cups with mud when Marge picked her up. Carla's happy face immediately changed to a fearful one as her mother carried her into the house. She sensed something terrible had happened and started to cry. She called for Paula with an incessant whine, but Paula couldn't hear her. Paula would never comfort her anymore. Carla was still crying when Marge locked her in her room, and went up to the attic.

It was cold in the huge, dark and cluttered attic. A musty smell in the air filled the room. Marge saw that Dick had removed everything that Marge had stuffed into an old steamer trunk six months ago. She remembered that it was a gift from her late grandmother, who had given it to her when Marge got married. It stood in the middle of the dim attic, and blended in the midst of its cluttered surroundings. Marge noticed that Paula's corpse was stuffed into may garbage bags next to the wooden trunk. She realized they were to block the smell that would come days after. Dick proceeded to put the heavy bag into the trunk. He closed it and locked it. Then he

turned towards Marge, running his hands through his dark hair, and said "Nobody will find out, I promise you Marge."

"I'm scared Dick, I really am", she cried. I locked Carla up in her room, and that's all I'm gonna do." Dick was aware that Carla had to die too. A thousand thoughts ran through his mind at once. The veins in his neck and arms bulged with recently worked up blood. "Carla can't stay here, she'll find out about her sister sooner or later; believe me, the cops won't find out, nobody knows us around here." Marge had no choice, she had to let Dick take control. She was sure that he would know what to do to keep them both out jail. She loved Dick, in spite of what he'd done, and would do anything to keep from losing him, except kill.

Carla died two weeks after Paula. Marge had not been there when it happened. She only knew that Dick hid Carla's body int the trunk, next to her sister. They were never mentioned in the next four years. Although Dick went on with his life with no remorse for what he'd done, Marge was plagued by a guilty conscience. She dreaded coming home from work every night in fear of the trunk in the attic. She spent all day out of the house to avoid thinking about it. At night, while she slept, the nightmares took over. They were about her

going to the attic where she discovered that Paula and Carla were alive, and a feeling of relief and happiness to see them came over her. She laughed and played with them until they suddenly disappeared, and she was left alone in the dark, musty attic. She would awaken with an overwhelming grief for her children. This profound, emotional pain never went away. She finally felt the pain of losing someone she loved.

Marge Holan walked into her hometown police station four years after the children's death and approached the nearest policeman. "I killed my children" she sobbed. "I can't take it any longer."



'Abner' Pencil Drawing by Shirley Carmona

Everybody Loves My Mother

I learned the alphabet today
Smiling I rushed home
Clutching the gold star
the teacher gave me
I forgot to wipe my feet and left
dirty prints
On Mother's clean, clean floor

Mother came into the room
She looked so big
All teeth and sharp angles
Her mouth was pinched and her nose
looked so long and thin
She grabbed me and dug her long sharp
nails
into my shoulders

Everybody just loves my Mother
Her hair is black and shiny
and she smells so good
She listens to everyone and she smiles
She has a big warm lap for everyone
but me
Everything changes when we are alone
The door closes in
The laughter is closed out

- Jan Parker

A Sight In White

dawn light through my window streaks
 reaching towards the door
 as morning mist begins to clear
 I see what dark is for

shadows hide the sweetest dreams
 cast from fading night
 bright beams of day to me reveal
 a vision draped in white

wary of this lady's sight
 is she image or soul?
 her deepest inner warmth is felt
 soft skin so white it glows

giving care to those she wakes
 all life blessed to fly
 with saintly beauty beyond belief
 on nursing wings she glides

sparkling eyes of golden brown
 sending love, so much
 recalls my pain of old away
 her voice a whispered touch

sharing love so pure and true
 words seem close but few
 behold my lightest reach for you
 a beautiful sight in white

- *Buzz B*

Why

Why am I brought into this world
 Emerged with pains and heartaches,
 Where my color and nationality
 Are always a barrier to my success,
 And whatever might be an opportunity,
 Always fails due to negative impacts?

Why am I always being treated
 As an illiterate, obnoxious windbag
 With neither personality nor morality?
 My presence is no different from my absence,
 My opinions and suggestions are never accepted
 And my effort is never appreciated.

Why am I always known as a nobody
 Who came from nowhere
 And who is inferior to anybody?
 I am always judged by culture, religion and mentality.
 I am no better than worst itself,
 And misunderstanding along with stupidity are my relatives.

Why am I no man for any man,
 Living within a society, without society;
 Living among human beings, without humanity;
 Living with love, without being loved.
 I am my own society.

WHY

- *Evelson Saintus*



untitled Pencil Drawing by Carol DeNunzio

The Bookkeeper

by James Fender

He stands with a smile on his face. Staring down at his book, checking the names of the people coming by in order. More and more people were coming to join. He didn't care too much, the power was growing. The smile on his face grew as the wars continued. All the blood shed, the killing, the power hungry. They were all growing, growing in numbers and so was the palace. The man stands at the bank of the river. Dead trees surround him, except for a small path that leads back into the woods. A boat waits behind him, waiting with people, it is going to cross the river to the gates. The people begin to emerge from behind the trees. They are greeted by the man who has been there for as long as he can remember.

"Hello, Mr. Harkins. Nice to see you. Enjoy your stay, the boat will be departing soon," the bookkeeper says.

The old man just looked at him and kept walking. A young woman suddenly ran up to his podium.

"Sir, can I ask you a question?"

The man put his hand up, not even noticing that she was nude. "Ms. Turner all your questions will be answered at the gate across the river."

"But sir, where are my clothes?" she asked.

He looked at her glancing up and

down. He then turned and looked at his book, then read out loud, "Nancy Turner, prostitute, died 7:42 p.m. on the night of June 5. Cause of death was a lethal dose of heroin. Chose the Masters path, wished to be nude to please him. It is the way you wanted it to be when you arrived. Now please return to your place among the others." She turned and returned to her place.

He sees the faces of all people young and old. The beautiful and the beasts of all people. The murderers and drug dealers. The models and superstars. All deserve to be here and all are not innocent. The path of people cleared as the last came out of the woods. The river boat blows its horn. The horn is to signal that it is departing for the gate. Break time. The bookkeeper doesn't get many unless times are slow. His thoughts reach back as far as he can remember, but all he recalls is being here all the time. For some reason he felt it wasn't what he thought it would be. Some how different. He checked his watch, he didn't know why it always said the same, "10:12." Was it morning or night? His thoughts shifted, but it really didn't matter.

A horn sounded. The boat was back. The bookkeeper didn't have to look, he knew, just knew. There were no more people, the rest were gone. He would wait until more arrived. He checked his book. As a name appeared in his book, a person would emerge from the woods,

and he knew it was their name. Sometimes a group of people would arrive and a whole page of his book would be filled. So with no people, he began to clean his post. Trying to keep it in tip-top shape for the Master. He never came around here, but the bookkeeper knew he was pleased. Always. He pulled a small brush out from his podium. The bookkeeper began to brush off his three-piece suit. He cleaned out his pocket. There he found a coin. "Not to be used just yet," the bookkeeper thought. His heart jumped when he looked up to see a bloody man in his mid-forties that looked similar to him, standing there with a book in his hand. He looked into his book, "no name," he said.

"Sir, I'm sorry but I do not know your name," the bookkeeper said.

The man stood there for a moment. I don't know either," the man said looking very confused. "But I do know yours," he continued. He opened his book on the first page to the first line.

Jacob Brown, you died at 10:12 p.m. on the night of December the 20th, some years ago. Cause of death was a severe blow to the head that you suffered when you took a nose dive off a ten story building. Your time as the bookkeeper has come to an end. You have served your position well Mr. Brown."

Jacob began to think. He remembered, he had jumped from a building. It was near Christmas, everyone was so joyful, everyone looked so happy. He couldn't take it anymore. He was too miserable to be alive. Jacob had chosen the building he used to work at. He stood out on the roof top feeling the cool breeze of winter. He looked across the city. He was scared. He could see the streets below. Jacob felt his hair on his

neck stand on end. He looked around. Nothing, no one was there, but he could feel someones presence. Jacob turned back. A voice came to him from the other side of the roof.

"Mr. Brown," the voice said.

Jacob turned and saw a man standing there. The man seemed to be burned, yet Jacob could make out his features.

"Mr. Brown are you thinking about jumping?" the man asked.

"Who are you? How did you know my name?" Jacob asked.

As the man approached, Jacob moved closer to the edge.

"Mr. Brown, I know everybody and everything. I am the Devil Mr. Brown, I've come to help you. Jump so you can be with me. I can help you, all your problems will be solved."

Then he was gone. Jacob turned and walked off the edge. He could feel the tension from the freefall flight he had toward the street below. Then he was back. He looked up, the man was in his place. He wore Jacob's three-piece suit. Jacob now wore his bloody clothes from that night. His body began to ache. The split in his head became apparent from his blood covered face. His body became disfigured as he walked by the man, and the man checked off his name. Jacob knew one day he was going to the boat. He always knew.

He could tell he was on the boat (the way it rocked back forth). Jacob knew he was lucky, he had a gold coin. Many times before he had handed out coins to

those that were chosen, it said so in the book. Jacob knew that those without one were put into the river itself by the Reaper. Jacob had his coin, he would go straight to the gate keeper. There at the front of the boat was a black figure. Jacob knew it was the Reaper. The dark figure never moved, never said a word. Jacob seemed surprised that he was not scared of the figure, as though everything was going to be alright. The boat left without a horn. Not uncommon, especially if it was slow. Jacob was still nervous though he knew it was all right. He was promised. He couldn't see much around him. It was dark and foggy. He could see a dim low light in the distance. He looked over the edge of the boat. The water was blood red.

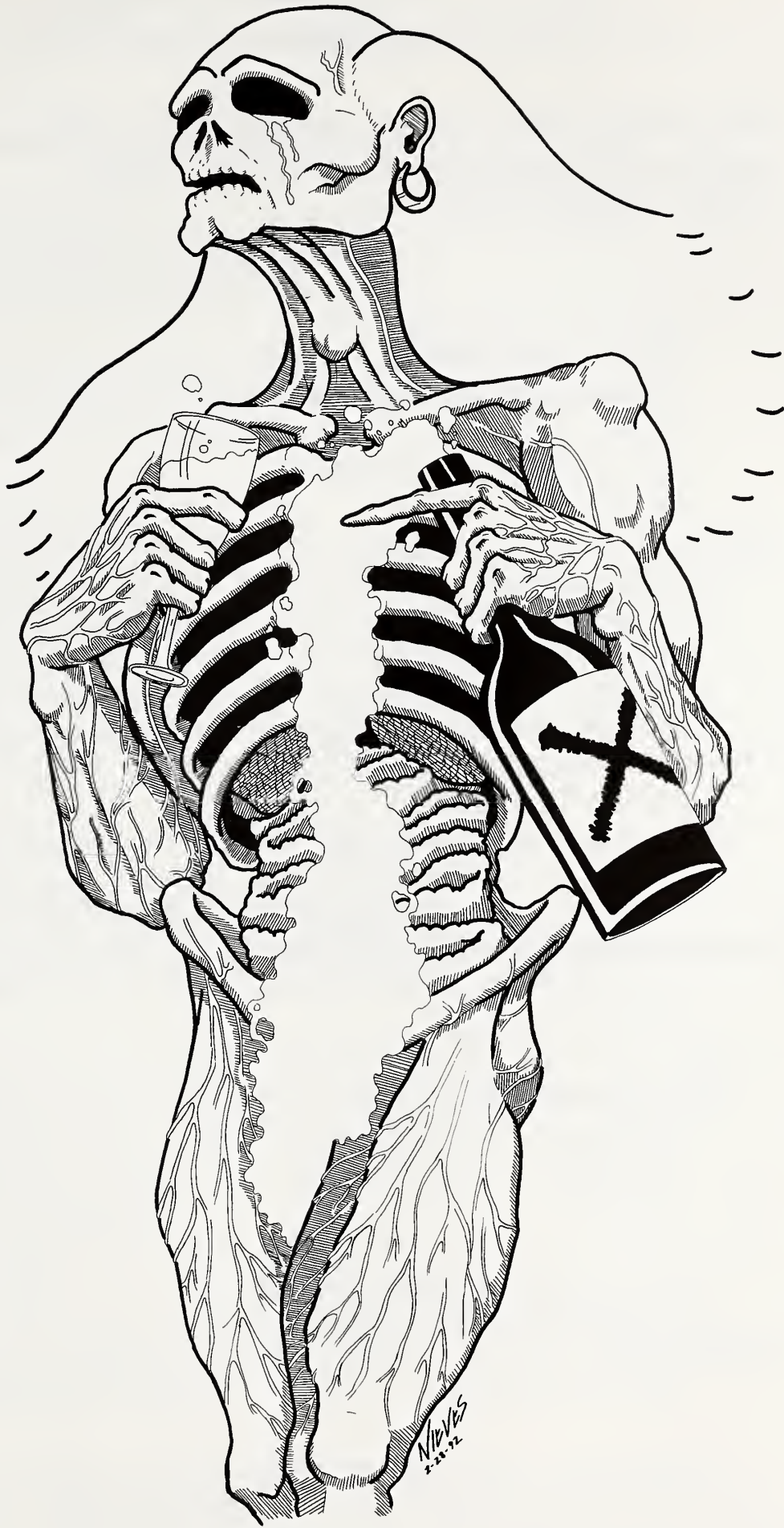
The Reaper looked as though he was moving around. Jacob noticed that there were other people at the front of the boat with him, he saw the Reaper throw those people off the boat. Their bodies floated by Jacob. The skin began to melt off their bones. Jacob felt sick when one lady reached up for him to help her. She reached up, but her strength had already gone. Jacob then noticed that her right eye was sliding out of its socket. Jacob jumped back and covered his mouth. He then looked around and saw the Reaper staring at him. The Reaper had no face, his dark clothes made it that much harder to see. His dark hood covered what seemed to be an empty face. The Reaper's hands were long and boney. The dark figure waved for Jacob to come up front. Jacob went straight up. He stood next to the Reaper. It stood there, never looking down. He then pointed. Jacob looked forward in front of the boat. There stood a giant gate. Jacob was amazed at the size. He stepped forward to get a better look

at the gate. He turned to the boat. It was gone. Jacob walked toward the gate. There was a creature very similar to the Reaper, but not in black, in red. It was the gate keeper (he knew). Jacob handed him the coin. The creature gave him a key.

"Enter Jacob Brown."

He walked through the gate. He started walking down a large highway. Gates were on each side of him. He looked at each one knowing it was not for him. He would keep walking until he found, among the thousands of gates, the one that fit his key. He knew which one. He always knew. This is where he belonged.

Later, Jacob would find his gate. The key fit to perfection. Jacob stepped through the gate. He found himself on the roof of a building, his building. He stood on the edge ready to jump. He walked off the building and headed for the concrete below. Jacob hit the bottom and felt the pain of the impact. He sat up and found himself outside his gate. Jacob had an inner desire to enter the gate again. Jacob walked through and found himself on the edge of the building again. He suddenly realized that his gate was more than just his place to rest, it was a living hell, day in and day out for eternity.



'Pain' Ink Drawing by Joseph N. Peves

The Fall

Two teenage boys, both 16, bound their wrists together and leapt more than 300 ft. to their deaths... *Miami Herald* 3/92

Bound by curiosity,
 Inspired by blinding hope,
 We follow the emptiness
 to the edge,
 and begin the search with
 the fall.

Please don't
 Scream
 Cry
 Regret
 Only when stripped naked
 of its boundaries,
 can any question
 conceive an answer.

We are aware of the consequences,
 but find little alternative.
 Besides,
 we are not alone.

So, please don't
 Worry
 Wonder
 Blame

There must be something worthy
 on the other side of darkness.
 Please,
 just let there be.

- Marie Jennings

Reflections of Twilight

Reflections of Twilight

Prologue:
 become one with the wind...
 beyond the rational state...

...the wind didn't rustle thru the trees
 nor did the sun glisten upon a serene lake
 instead we bonded--

It was a cold room--
 surrounded by many, many, many shreds of dead
 trees. About the corners hung what were at one
 time green ferns which held a bright green hue.
 It was a man made world, lost to the innocent
 romance our ancestors had indulged in...
 The sneaking for a gentle kiss or a tender
 touch lay far behind in the lost place of memories.

Nevertheless, the moment exists somehow alive
 and free like the dove that once was...
 and suddenly it just happened---
 a quiet friendship spanning; days, nights, weekends,
 heartache, and wisdom simply united.

I can't say I know or understand nor can I deny
 the lovely feeling that emanated thru my body---
 almost like when the sun rises in the east and
 slowly warms the land, the flower, and the child
 lying within.
 Somehow for now apparent, my heart yearns to
 write,
 to cry upon paper, to weep over the things that
 seem wrong; and to laugh, to laugh for that single
 moment of peace,

...it was and shall always remain a quiet bond...
 We exchanged no words of undying devotion nor the
 desire to grow old together. We made no promises
 for tomorrow or the day after, or the day after that.

He bled;
and slowly a red substance flowed effortlessly from
his flesh, not saying much he stole a gaze into my
nervous eyes and gave me the pin...
She bled;
and inside a million feelings exploded, cheered, cried,
hoped, and dreamed. Even for a moment things were
OK and two could love if only briefly.
I bled quickly, avoiding his eyes we both touched.

Maybe he felt nothing, I honestly don't know.

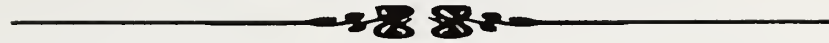
I placed my finger on his and it was done.

Wrong---
he took my hand in his, holding it gently he placed
his finger upon mine.
No words were said, we kind of brushed the whole thing
off, yet we both smiled inside.
Somewhere inside it was okay, inside we hugged, kissed,
and maybe we even lay there engulfed in an emotion
we dared not explain and maybe we didn't need to
simply because we bonded for life---

Bonded; a tiny speck of blood floats thru the veins
that give him life---
a part of me shall he carry forever in his body and
lost somewhere in his heart.

- *Glenda A. Bodniza*

Windmill



I am strong...a rock...a fortress in the the storm;yet
Gentle enough to listen to the cries of the wind.
I respond.

Snow falls ...I feel cold.
Flowers bloom...their joy surrounds me in protection.
Summers come and go...seasons change.
Not I.

The powers of the wind dictate my soul.
I need the warmth of the breeze to move me.
My arms move slowly, then ever so quickly,
Responding as only I can.

I am strong...a rock...a fortress in the storm; I am me.
Nothing is within my reach, only you.

You are what moves me.
You make me strong...a rock,
A fortress in the storm.

- *Emily Cole*

Originals

Can a friend be other than man? Stand by you and protest
not to ill-treatment, but yearn for more to win thy favor.
Can such a friend exist? Yes indeed I must insist.
Look to your closest and you will find the very thing I have
in mind, though never have you thought of them as I.
The lines of faded blue to white, this tattered form, the
holes, rips and sticky zips, all signs of beauty in age for
non mortal appendage. So strong and sure, though snug and
tight securing me with loops and leather swathe, to feel
just right. Through thick and thin I stand within and
proudly show my colors, they are outside of my briskly
taken stride, ready for all comers. They show their ills
from cycle spills, the edges frayed and bent. Stains of
ketchup, bleach and oil, scarring from the toil of being my
cover, and a youth misspent. What a story if they could but
talk, through the day and night that follows. The years of
comfort, support, and fun for less than thirty dollars.

- *Kenneth Connor*

Wake Up World

To All Science Teachers

You, In Your white coat,
 With Your DNA,
 You, with all Your rocks,
 Observing Seismic Waves,
 You, with Your Electron Microscope,
 Chemistrizing the poor fly,
 And You, with high-tech telescopes
 Telling me what's in the sky.

Why don't You come out from under your doubt
 And open Your mind to see,
 With all Your ideas of how it began
 You teach Your own fantasy.

Tell me my friend if we formed from dust storms
 Along with the moon and the sun,
 Where in the world, in a world with no wind,
 Did all this dust come from?

And tell me my friend if life came from no life
 in some scientific way,
 Why in a world so advanced in which we live,
 Can we not accomplish this today.

And if You believe that "Electrical Storms"
 Are the origins of life's degree,
 From where in the world, in a world with no rule,
 Came this life forming electricity.

Darwin the Great, You served us well
 In helping the future take its toll,
 But even You my friend, did not live on Earth
 Without thoughts, feelings and soul.

With all Your facts, which are not facts at all
 But simply theories of doubt,
 You cannot convince me that my feelings and thoughts
 Came from a world without.

So before You scientific geniuses
 Take Your highly respected seats,
 Consider adding one element to Your theories
 Perhaps, then, it will be complete.

- Neil A. Ebanks

The Observer

The BCC Student Newspaper

Journalistic Excellence

The Number One
Community College
Newspaper
in Florida

Campus News State Issues National Views
Reviews Opinions Cartoons Photography

**Be part of the experience.
Students needed from all
campuses.**

For more information, call: 973-2237.

P'an Ku

The BCC Student Literary/Arts Magazine

Is looking for you. Our purpose is to showcase the creative efforts of the students of Broward Community College. We can't do this if you don't contribute. Creativity doesn't have to end in high school or the distant past. Drag out those old portfolios, those old photo albums, those old notebooks--if you did it before, you can do it again! Rekindle the spark. You don't need to be in a creative writing or art class to be a contributor. How many writing courses did Hemingway take? None. All you need to have is the desire to express yourself in whatever medium you choose. We want to see and then share your work with others. Maybe it will inspire those who are like you--the ones that are hesitant to share their work with others. Don't hesitate. The ability is still there; don't let that spark go out. It might be the beginning of something great or it might not--that's not the point. The attempt is what counts.

We are also looking for staff members: for next year and for the final issue of this school year: *P'an Ku Explores The Everglades*. The deadline for this next issue has been extended until May. If you have an interest in the fate of the "River of Grass," work with us on this important project. If your interest is in the environment, ecology, science, as well as art, literature, or photography, we welcome your efforts. You don't need any prior experience with any publication. We provide that!

To find out more, call Marie Jennings, editor, or Mark Jette', assistant editor, at 963-8877

or

Patrick Ellingham, faculty advisor, at 963-8858



Island Water Sports
237 NE 167th Street
North Miami Beach, FL 33162
(305) 652-2573

The
Experience

STREET & WATER WEAR
SURF & SKATE ACCESORIES

1209 E. Las Olas Blvd. • Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301
Phone: (305) 767-8273



AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED SANDWICH

Subs & Salads

Pembroke Commons
612 N University Drive
Pembroke Pines, FL

We Deliver 433-8000

\$3.00 LUNCH

Any 6" Cold Sub

15 oz Drink

Frito Lay Chips

"Bigge-Bites" not included

Century 21. **GRI**



Ouellette Realty Inc.

8387 Pines Blvd.

Pembroke Pines, Florida 33024

Business (305) 432-5999

Business (800) 421-1089

Pager (305) 497-6606

Nancy J. Ouellette

REALTOR/Owner

Certified Residential Specialist



Each Office Is Independently Owned And Operated

X
S
magazine


South Florida's Alternative Weekly.

Available
Throughout Broward.

8370 Pines Blvd. • Pembroke Pines, FL 33024
 (305) 436-8867 • (305) 436-8567
 • (800) 524-0744

BLOSSOMS
florist

LIVE FLOWERS
 SILK FLOWERS
 All Occasions
 BALLOONS & GIFTS
 We Deliver



"We Cater to All Your Gift Giving Needs"

15% Discount With This Ad or Student ID

**Support our
 Advertisers
 with your
 patronage!**

Raya's Capri Pizza

Eat In • Take Out • Deliver

6315 Miramar Parkway
 Miramar, FL. 33023
 (305) 981-4627



**Buy Any Pizza with 2 Toppings,
 Get The Second One for \$2.00.
 Toppings Extra.**

Specials

Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner

10% Off With This Ad

•Eat In Only•

or

2 Slices Pizza & Drink

\$2.00

•Eat In Only•

Toppings Extra

Ad must be presented at time of purchase • Expires January 1, 1993



8
107



COLLEGE / UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3501 Southwest Davis Road
Davie, FL 33314-1604

