

the lion's eye



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FOR ARIKHA
GABRIELLA BOTTONI

The Lion's Eye



SPRING 2012

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THE FIRST LOOK



A NOTE FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Dear reader,

This place is more dark than light, and even then it's mostly computer light — fuzzy in the shadows, like an over-caffeinated brain. One may feel that these are less than ideal working conditions, but ask many writers and they'll tell you that this is where the magic happens.

I would have liked to begin with a witty quote or line, perhaps even a rhetorical question, as I have been taught to do. I would have liked to do so, but that would undermine the whole basis of this letter from the outset. Things do not “begin” when we are all in media res; we can only start from where we are, through what we know and what we do not. Instead, I will be begin (having already begun) with one word in mind: moist.

I picture it — the amorphous thing which is language, this language, these words — as over-saturated; dripping, in fact. Of course, the words on this page are dry (unless you've dropped your magazine in a puddle (shame on you)). Yet, to say that literature is just dry words is to liken the art of the Sistine Chapel to whitewashing a wall. Words are drenched in complexities: their origins, their denotations, connotations, personal associations, figurative meanings from their contexts.

The word is the ideal dynamic. Between writer and reader, the value of a text is created. Without both parties, the symbolic meaning of a character on a page, standing in place of a sound-formation, is meaningless. Therefore, I would like to thank you, the reader, for reading, and the writers for writing.

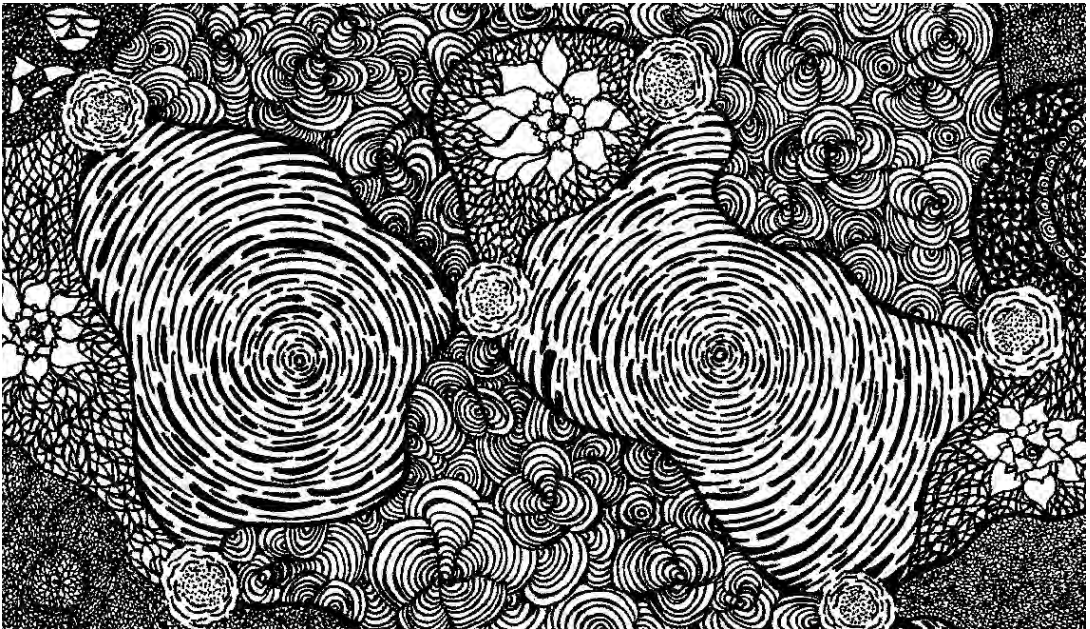
I would also like to thank the staff of *Lion's Eye*: Samantha, you are the magic in the literary fabric of the College and I know you will remain so going forward. Cynthia, you embody the hard work necessary to make the *Lion's Eye* a success; that will get you everywhere you want to go. Mariko, without your level-headed guidance, we would have no basis for when things are seriously out of hand; be well next year and going forward. Jess, your passion, creative energy, and attention to detail have done wonders for the magazine in the tightest of spots; it has been wonderful working with you and I wish you the best in your future endeavors. Jeff, your countless submissions and dedication to the writing community of the College continue to impress; regardless of where your pursuits take you, I know you'll give it your all (and thanks for the cake). Saagar, we missed you this semester, but I know you'll return to the College with your tireless passion and email wonders; be well. To the rest of the staff (Christine, Mylin, Matthew, Alicia, Eric, Amy, Dan, Samantha, and Janet), thank you for your many hours of critical insight and discussion. I wish you well and hope that you will continue to raise *Lion's Eye* to new levels of literary, artistic, and organizational excellence.

Now, immerse yourself in the literary and artistic creations of this edition and be moist; let the words be what they will.

Yours,

Corey Drake

Corey Drake
Executive Editor



UNTITLED
JAY ROSEN

Samantha Nader

CHARITY CASE

Saints or sinners,
We're robbing the blind,
Funding Technicolor glasses for the Deaf community.

Let me light up your world.

Flashlights and baubles of tin,
Broken bottles and kaleidoscope guns,
Constructed solely for your enjoyment.

I'm picking pockets like daisies in a field,
A modern day robin hood, tights and all,
'Borrowing' from a spoiled community of mouth breathers,
To feed my fellow working class:

Can I take your order?
Can I take your wallet?

TAPAS

There is a tiny mouse living under the fridge named Frank.
Frank works nine to five and brings cheese home to the wife and kids.
He married Martha when they were teens.
Martha likes to wear sweat suits. Frank wears argyle ties.
Frank runs from the fridge to the sofa
Every day. Under the sofa
He does taxes. Number crunching.
Frank has a secretary. She is a whore.
They screw before lunch, but does that matter?
At home, he laps heavily from drops of wine
That dripped onto the floor. Martha has cheese waiting on the table.
Sometimes he beats his wife, but that's only when times are tough,
And there isn't enough Cheddar or Chardonnay.
Is there ever enough?
At least I'm wined and dined before I'm fucked,
Says Martha.
She will soon die from social suicide.
Frank will die eventually from too much
Of a good thing.

Samantha Zimble

UNTITLED

my maylover. flowerheaded honeysuckle of a child. dried-up dollarsigns and paint chips in her hair. africa in hot coals. august under the ceiling fan and high time to replace the crystal. august and i'm all salty wetness and they'll take me out to sea. a precious little bearchild of twenty.

white russians and a bruchah to a lovely girl's hallowed backside. naked girls on the walls, on the floors. beerscented cold vibrating basement staircases. always a boy and darkness, dimness. a feeling of displacement and cool, coppery humanity. numbness of the humans. a circle of boys baked in the winterwarmth of the upstairs. baking and mute. lifeless. the jazz gets faster, pounds against the ice cubes in the white liquid windowsill. a blessing to all unconsciousness.

book-swapping under the stars smoke the miracle of the union of our senses chopsticks and waistbands talk of eggs of making love of the warm chill of fall shifting to winter.

and reaching academic nirvana, we, the american spirits, shielded in caffeine overdoses, and the prayers of soup messiahs.

wanting to be high up, to be — transported to another consciousness where all the treetrunks are inscribed with french prose poems. wanting the body to be of air, all things pink to be of marshmallow or lemon-scented marmalade.

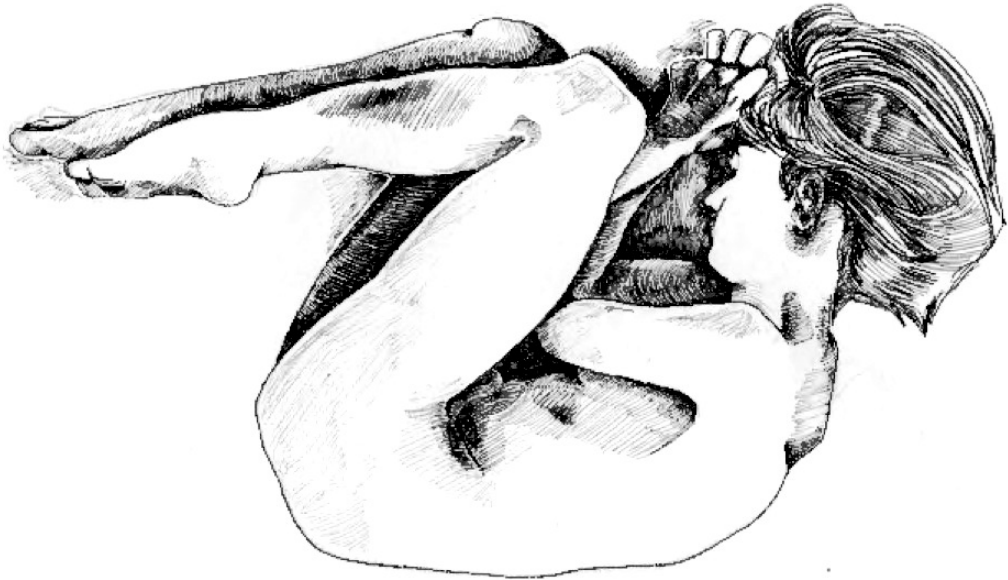
some thick, gooey heartstrings and toothaches and sex fills a sudden thingless room — so new to us like a toy that's still being invented. little do we know it is the most ancient secret of the soil. to life — huffing & moaning & rubber-scented-meshing-of-souls-life. and then we go buy ourselves ice cream to congratulate the body well spent, the heart well economized.

and there's a girl who chops up her thoughts into neat little half-inch lines, filling up pages of months, and hands him the bound and ribboned prize as he open-eye meditates out the glass door. it won't open anymore. a two-month-old worn-out book of her everyday and he sits on it like a mother

bird, transports it in his canvas bag, stops to smell her perfume in the ink now
and then, but is ultimately illiterate to the thing, refuses it.

she bleeds citrus juice for his lime meringue tart that evening, reading him
the directions off the backs of her eyelids.

and he? he's seen elephants walk through his skull — elephants under fire,
bearing words like — be still, the avalanche is coming; be still, the peace is
yet to be.



Alicia Cuomo

WHEN HONEST WOMEN LOVE

When honest women love, it is often times beautiful,
filled with the aromas of freshly laundered date clothes,
lotion, flowers
the heat of hot rollers, of tan lines
as men put on music to dance to;
the sun dampens the curls along their hairlines
and the earth gives under their bodies.
And later they will pin a blouse or dress to the clothesline
wash the blush from their cheeks
and go to bed alone.
But, if they knew how many of them did,
would they choose to sleep in each other's arms instead?

Lou Klein

FOR KURT

LI
(F)E
IS
(TR)
ASH
GO
A
WAY
THE
WHIRLED
SUCKS
“GOD
IS GA”
Y



UNTITLED
ANDY GALLAGHER

Ashley Vogt

TO MY CONTEMPORARIES

I am a singer of forgotten songs,
whose notes, once music all the world admired,
have faded now into the mystic throngs
of all our bygone art-forms, since retired.

I am a guardian of an orphaned verse,
whose rhyme and meter danced off poets' tongues
and which was so beloved, as one born first,
that all men praised it when that verse was young.

I tell you, poets craved another child,
though not intending to forswear the first,
but as that grew, those poets left old styles,
and so cast off what they now viewed as worse.

But I will fight for these neglected forms,
these verses, made wallflowers for so long.
I beg you, do not bow to modern norms,
though newer verse is neither bad nor wrong,

but lift your pens, and with them take a chance.
Do not disdain with Older Verse to dance.

MY FAMILY

Involuntary Bodily Fusion (IBF) is not a very well-understood condition, with barely a hundred cases known to occur every year. *Wikipedia* defines it as “the sudden grafting together of two separate human beings into a single body as caused by intimate physical contact. The fused body has been compared as to be similar in appearance to conjoined twins [citation needed].” As of this writing, modern science has been unable to explain what causes these phenomena.

I guess you could call what we have “an arranged marriage.” That’s not to offend people who really are married. I’m not trying to make a sick joke or anything — I admire married people — but how else can you describe the life we are now living? Yeah, we never got a priest or rabbi, but it appears our wedding vows are truly going to last until death. Like any marriage there are problems, a few nasty arguments here and there. Some days I resent her, some days I’m glad to be so close to somebody as much as that might shock you. The IRS, to make the paperwork easier, has even made us common-law husband and wife. “Marriage” is certainly a nicer phrase than “Involuntary Bodily Fusion” as the doctors call it. And “marriage” is much easier to say than that other term with so many syllables and that hateful “B” sound that I could never spit out.

Let me explain: it’s hard for me to talk these days because my mouth is currently some six inches away from my head sticking out the side of my wife’s left shoulder. I can just barely suck baby food down the twisted tube of flesh and ruined teeth that leads to the cavity where my jaws and tongue used to be. My face is almost completely buried within her arm, including my nostrils. If it weren’t for her lungs and a shared bloodstream, I would have suffocated like a few other IBF cases I read about. You never get used to not breathing. Only my right eye is still on the outside, giving me a strange slanted view of the universe. As you can guess, talking is a lot more difficult. I mostly use my free hand to text on a phone, and my “wife” (if we can call her that) helps to communicate with those few remaining people who can look me in the eye.

I was never all that interested in biology before the fusion, but now I’m endlessly amazed by our non-humanoid form. She got the better part of this union, I think. I’m the back and she is the front. My entire torso and head has turned into a large hump on my wife’s body, making us into a hobbling Richard III of a human. We kept our legs separate. The meant months of frustrating physical therapy as you learned to walk with four legs, two of which are not even in your control. As for my poor manhood? All lost somewhere in the soup of mixed up organs and bones that is our shared body. In the last two years I might have had only three

orgasms, and they were some of the most frightening moments of our shared life. I have only one arm that I can control. My right arm is stuck deep within her stomach. Somehow our

digestive systems got twisted, the doctors say, so I shit her food and she shits mine. If I wiggle what remains of my fingers, I can feel a few of her organs. She screamed with terror the first time I did that. Since her head was left completely unfused and intact, she gets to wear the pants in our relationship. She's the only one who can still work her job, the only one that can talk. Her kids can still stand to look at her.

When the fusion happened, I didn't even know her name. We met at a bar one night and we were both too drunk for names. The sex wasn't even all that good. However, when we woke up, we found ourselves linked together, unable to detach. The more romantic doctors like to say that we loved each other too much and that's what caused the fusion. I guess now we could say we have a strange sort of love now. At least she stopped trying to kill us with sleeping pills.

Last night, something changed. My wife does not even know the good news yet, but I think she'll start to feel it soon. I could feel a small thumping on the tips of my fingers. For years I've been used to our double heartbeat, but now there was a third beat. Yes, she — we are pregnant. The baby must be mine, as she's had no other suitor. What man could get close to her when my eye would be watching from the top of her shoulder?

I think I'll keep the happy news to myself for a bit. For now I'll stay here and sleep happily, listening to the sound of my family's heartbeats.

Jeff Harrison

STELLAR

You once spoke to me of amazing worlds outside my body
I listened to you like a child listens to a bedtime story
I believed there was hope for me
I imagined a universe in which I could exist
You held my hand and told me to open my eyes
I fell so far so fast that God couldn't even catch me
The milky-way faded to cancer and my soul dropped from the sky
But there is still hope, isn't there?
Where I come from they still talk of amazing lives
There are still some who understand possibilities
When my brother died, he gave me his love, but he said it wasn't time
For his courage
That I wasn't ready yet
When I die, I want to become starlight
I want to float eternal and become one with darkness
I want to exist as if I never died at all
When you close your eyes at night, you will be able to save me
But you won't need to

Andy Gallagher

LATENCY

Shoes were invented to protect the foot.
Feet were invented to sell the shoe.

What's that made of? It's so
soft.

Loose change has spent centuries trying
to erase its reputation
as a whore.

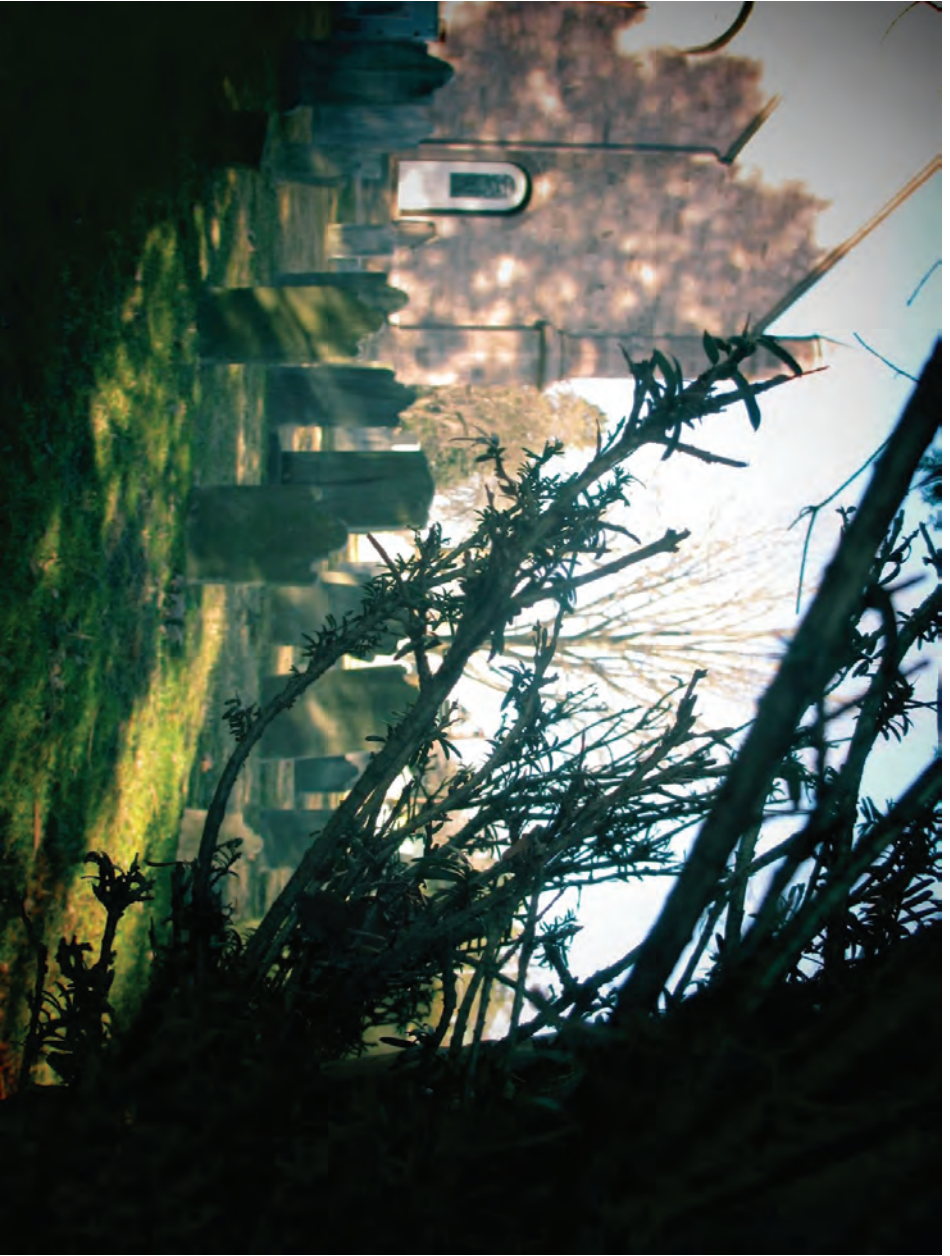
Debunking rumors is dangerous,
like debunking beds.

To glean what's left of innocence
from smog.

The filament is shredding:
tickle, tickle, fray.



EXODUS
AMY CHEN



THE SMALL DEATH
JESSICA BAKER

Matt Huston

SIDE B: IMPRESSIONS/ AFTER THE RAIN

“Impressions” The sky is giving in; the sax is pouring harder. Escaping from the doors, into the automobile, driving up the right side of the road. The reed is wet and the saxophone sheets are flowing harder than the rain. The drizzle of the darkness of the day. The black caravan. A loose train of soft-blinking lights. Crawling down the road, a silent chorus of hazards. The source has long passed by. The saxophone sings to the procession from behind a barrier. It, too, fades. It returns. It fades. A noble trained snake. An animal returned to life. A blinking light. **“After the Rain”** There is: Something so contrived as to be natural. Something so natural as to be contrived. Something so honest as to be beautiful. Something so beautiful as to be dishonest. A real moment. A fake moment. Art. Fancy. Nonsense. The cymbals echo the rain. The rain has ended and the shivering piano figures make good company after the darkness is gone.

Gabriella Bottoni

A LASCIVIOUS POEM, AT BEST

Since I find it is too dull to love
from bed to bed in silk I shall move
past the blame and shame Jesus tried to teach me,
where the branded stigmas that I've since cooled
work nicely with my porcelain skin toward carnal appeal
a target for the peeks they're looking to steal
and tuck away in their briefs. And what they say
is irrelevant to matters of the day
but imperative to the night version of us:
indulgence and selfishness,
an orgiastic story of indulgence and selfishness,
the story that begins
I'm sober and you bore me.
And ends *I'm drunk and you bore me.*

DANGER, SMALL TALK

I like it
when
they look at you and see
a tiger
wild and loose and free.
I like it
when
they leave you chunks of steak
and fish
and rotting flesh
to eat,
laughing as you smack your lips
with your long pink tongue.
Laughing.
I like it
when
you leap lithely through loops
and stand on your hind legs
and roar
expecting more
but they never deliver.
I like it
when
your eyes roll back
and you fall on your side
from a needle
the length of a whore's stiletto
stabbed in the curve of your back.
They paid good money for that monster;
you fall like a fur coat
into a heap.
I like it
when
while you're asleep

they yank out your claws
and your teeth,
and when they cut off your tail,
tear open your soft, white belly
and consume
(with not a thing wasted)
the fleshy pink bulbs
that somehow give life to you.
They have nails like demons
and eyes like angels;
I guess I don't blame you for never looking
Silly cat
with your bones all washed
and your luscious striped coat
stripped off
and whatever's left goes to the next sorry soul
(rotting flesh
in a golden bowl).

I like it
and by that I mean
pass me a pitchfork.

They'll pay
(in rubies,
in rivers).

They'll pay.



Eneda Xhambazi

PREMATURE

“And too soon marr’ed are those so early made”

Cinderella was a rumor,
but Juliet sprang up before me, alive.
And there we were, two dizzy babies
confusing our mouths with our hearts
and our hands with our eyes

Juliet broke her kneecaps
for Romeo, Romeo in red
as I drank the Draught that lowered my lids.
We sighed together as
whispers burglarized our suckling skulls,
babies reaching, but grasping only air.

Eventually, Romeo gave Juliet back to Shakespeare
Eventually, I threw in the towel
But ten years later, the whispers still echo, pale and wild

Ten years later, Juliet would be at home
cooking a turkey for Romeo.
He would be too tired
to notice the flush of her cheek,
too hungry to long
to be that hand upon that cheek.

The first time I read Shakespeare,
something was scratching at my throat.

Samantha Zimbler

OUR HANDMADE DAYS

I remember what it was like to be bare —
coated in something like amber or crushed petals you called skin.
The drooping May mornings when you
painted my body in dew;
An ocean of dew — the holy water from which
the fishes swam up and tickled our feet,
crowned in dandelions and seaweed.

I remember the way we floated down,
down to hug the surface of the noiseless water,
down to meet the melancholy
sea of winter.
Our bare peach skin,
bright bare hands cupping carrot flowers, we floated
under a sky of red berries and dragonflies.
We — the new messiahs —
drifting naked to our holy land.

EXCERPT FROM “BOTTOMLESS BOTTOMS”

(Homage to Joe Wenderoth's *Letters to Wendy's*)

IV.

The coffee beans grind loudly, whirring and chomping and smelling like sexy verbs in their metal cup. They don't grind themselves of course. There is a blur of pudgy pallor standing before the great machine. I know he is a slave to the aroma and the day. I like to think of him smearing the cremated grinds on his face, weeping over the murder. "I only wanted to smell you," he'd say. He's sorry. I know he dreams repeatedly of himself grinding with a giant, intact coffee bean, a bean just as dickless as I am. The bean dresses as Liberace, feathered pink to mask his loinlessness, and Pudgy Pallor coats his dick in gingerbread syrup before rubbing it in his companion's slight crease. "I love your earthy Arabica boldness", he says, "it makes me crazy." But the bean is always jealous. He knows he's not the only one. And when Pudgy Pallor wakes, cloaked in black uniform, the grinder is empty, the metal still whirs, and I must request that he, my frappuccino servant, make me a Grande Soy No-Foam /No-Water /Extra-Shit/ Extra-Hot Chai.

V

I covered my bed with popcorn (which gets staler by the day) so that I may sleep comfortably. I like the way it digs into my ass and leaves marks. Sometimes it even sticks, so that when I wake I can walk around with it in my pants, and if I'm lucky and wearing leggings, it might even visibly protrude a bit. To eat a piece of popcorn off of someone's ass—it is not such an outlandish thought, and yet I don't think anyone I know would ever suggest it. If I weren't so conservative, I'd suggest going further. I think popcorn should be involved in all sexual encounters for a fuller sensory experience. There isn't enough *crisp* in fucking, really. A mouth full of popcorn would offer the perfect *pinch* to every bj. I like to think of Cary Grant captured on film, immersed in and full of popcorn. Bits of Movie Theater Butter spewing from his mouth and into Sophia Loren's face as he cries, "Oh, fucksacks!" while she rides his corncob until each kernel is popped by her moist heat and there is nothing left but his inedible core.

VI.

Fucksacks! If ever there were a fusion of words too perfect to define, this is it. I use it, nonetheless, liberally. "It's a lovely day for a fucksack!" "Oh, fucksacks. I've swallowed ink." "Princess Wallatassa was one of the indigenous peoples of the Fucksackie tribe of lower Indiana."

The public library doesn't appreciate fucksacks. "Ma'am", they say, "could you watch your language and lower your voice please?" To which I reply, "I know it's difficult, but would you like to talk about how the Man has fucksacked you into killing all the books and raping their women?"

VII.

Surgery today. As Nurse Ratched penetrated me with her needle, she asked if I knew why I was there. (This struck me as odd. Imagine, letting someone cut you open and not knowing why. Perhaps there's something admirable in that.) "So the doctor can squeeze my tits with prongs and you can pull at your eyelids in pleasure," I wanted to say. Instead I said, "Excision of a possible phylloides tumor in my right breast." I think I even could've said "To watch koala bears fuck each other and listen to James Taylor." It didn't matter really. (Though she may've been confused as to who exactly would've been listening to James Taylor—me, or the koala bears.

I'm not even sure I know. Maybe both.) I knew she wanted to slide in and out with that needle, over and over again, but it seems that she trained herself so that one slick entrance would be enough. She came a solid stream of clear fluid into my arm and I cried. She looked at me as if I'd told her that there were no hospitals in the promised land. Then she wheeled me off.

Jeff Harrison

GAY CLUB

The first time I went to a gay club I didn't know what to expect.
For some reason though, I felt calm.
As a straight man, I didn't mind if guys hit on me.
In fact, I knew that it would make me feel better about myself if they did.
I feel like gay guys are more discerning than straight women when it comes to who they will fuck or even freak dance with.
I ended up getting asked to dance by a Jude Law-look-a-like.
My ego adequately stroked, I made my way over to a blonde who was wearing a dress about an inch too short.
"I'm a little drunk," she slurred into my ear with cigarette breath, as she nearly knocked me down,
grinding her ass into my crotch.
After a while, I stopped dancing and just stood there, looking around for my friend and doing my best not to let this girl wear down my dick to a nub.
"I could have sex with this girl if I really wanted to," I thought.
I started looking around for the Jude Law guy once more.



FEEDING DEATH
CHRISTINE AUSTIN

Eneda Xhambazi

IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

Molly stole the lights from the street lamps
and strung them into a glowing bracelet to wear around her wrist

She strummed the wires of telephone poles, head bobbing
to the beat
She stacked skyscrapers like Legos
She plucked helicopters from the sky
metal fireflies to save in her jelly jar

Molly picked a tree from the dirt,
made a wish and blew
its branches bare, sending leaves
scattering through the air
like dandelion dust

When she was thirsty she lowered in her whole head
and took big gulps from the lakes
When she was tired she raised her palms to the sky,
and put the sun away, letting the fireworks behind her eyelids
guide her to sleep

Next morning, Molly was hungry-the clouds
looked like cotton candy
(vanilla)
She tried to take a bite but they were moist in her mouth
and Molly cried truck-sized tears

She lifted off to her favorite place in the sky, found a rainbow
dipped and bathed her fingers in it
and painted a picture
to put up on the world's refrigerator
swirls of gator-green, lilac luster, rusty red, she meant
to come back down to earth

slowly and carefully
soon, eventually
but was having too much fun
waltzing with the wind

As Molly spun and spun
She thought she felt someone knocking on her head,
but couldn't decide whether to let them in
She could spin forever and ever, stop if she wanted



SCHIELE SESSIONS 2
GABRIELLA BOTTONI

WOMB OF THE ATLANTIC

He rows her out to the Atlantic.
He makes love to her —
salt and semen and holy water
stain the thick oars,
their tongues alive with spices.
She gives birth on his dusty floor,
her womb all seawater and
smoldering waves,
dark wet curls plastered
on her aching shoulders.
A babe walks out into the sunlight
and honeydew air,
branded with charcoal,
thirsting for fire.
His mother's gaping palms wipe the
caked dirt and sweat from his brow
with a paisley headscarf. She feeds him;
Fried fish, pale rice, saltwater —
the holy trinity.
He is born in the rainy season
but the sunlight scorches his fingertips.
He will soon be forgotten,
swept away by a high tide.

Alicia Cuomo

STONES

You wanted to be free-spirited
to experience a release.
You escaped behind a cluster of trees
and bent close to the ground
clumsily held a root with both hands
and urinated on the earth
letting go a sound unlike the sound inside a toilet
creating dark, wet stones
that were not as extraordinary dry.
I watched you pause before getting dressed
letting the sun heat you
until you came to me
warm and laughing
a little damp still between the legs.

Jeff Harrison

CONDEMNATION

Lead me to Hell you tight-bodied demon-child
They piled the corpses so high that
I was able to climb all the way to the top
And when I jumped off,
I didn't land for six years
And here I am with my decaying crown
Lobbed off my ear so that I could hide it near you to hear you better
And my hand is an epileptic sycophant that desires a warm embrace
The taste of blood in my mouth after I've been punched by a man
Who is angry that I've slept with his girlfriend is like a Hawaiian punch
Fruity, fresh, and artificial
And I've wasted so many life-long years on terms of endearment and
Expressing my distaste for fears that I cannot deal with
But you were always there, weren't you?
Like a buzzard circling above my dried-up flesh-mass
Waiting for the torment to end so that you could feast like a diabetic on Thanksgiving
As the sun roasts my corpse to a honey-sweet golden brown
You swoop down intent on pulling gizzards from my anal cavity like beef jerky
You always were a piece of shit.

THE LAST LOOK



A NOTE FROM THE ISSUE EDITOR

Reader,

In this issue, you have entered gay bars and brothels, fields of purple magnolias, the backyard where your daughter is urinating on the soft grass, and the world of Frank the mouse. You have sailed across the Atlantic, stared in wonder at the winding vines of tree trunks, the hardened lines of a distant man's face, entered cemeteries, bedrooms, and night clubs. You have held raw emotion in your hands, felt the pulse of open veins and squinted at the flood of light perhaps too bright at times for your own eyes.

Walt Whitman, poet of the body and soul, once wrote, “read these leaves in the open air every season of every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school . . . or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem.” So I dare you not only to read the work in these pages, but to respond. Do something you have never done before, and document it. Document the gritty rawness of it, every image that it concocts in your mind. Go further. Share it with the artists around you.

The College has a burgeoning artistic community that is waiting for your work — your ideas, experience, words, thoughts, emotions, photographs. Art does not have to be a private matter; it is meant to subvert norms, to shed new light, to heal. And it is a communal process. This magazine, I hope, has lifted your spirits or taken them somewhere else, and has inspired you to create and contribute.

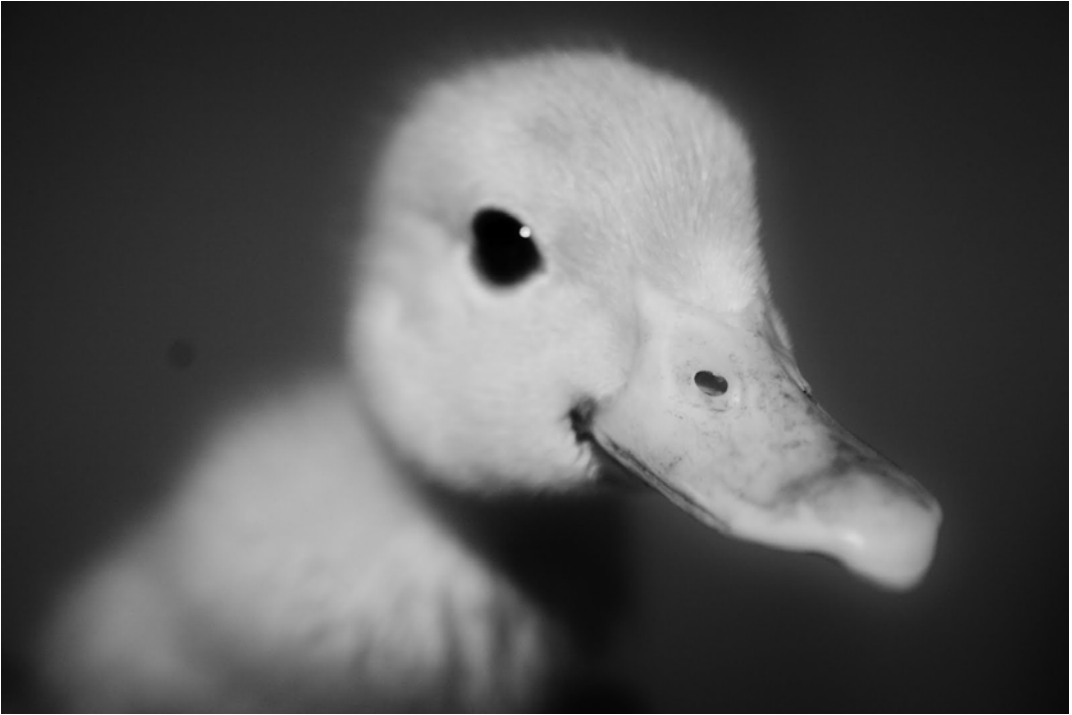
I would like to thank everyone who has shared work with us this year, and everyone who has made this issue possible. Corey, your dedication and passion has taken us far, and I wish you well going forward in your graduate program. Cynthia, your leadership and direction is the foundation of everything we have accomplished this year, and I wish you all the best for the future after graduation. Jess, you never stop inspiring us with your passion and creative edge, and I know you will keep inspiring others after graduation. Mariko, you have constantly held up the group's morale with kind words and level-headedness, and I look forward to working with you again next year. Jeff, your support for the literary arts is truly remarkable and I know your passion will take you far after graduation. Ron, I would also like to thank you for your helpful contributions to the magazine's artistic direction. Thank you, as well, to the rest of the staff of the Lion's Eye — Saagar, Christine, Mylin, Matthew, Alicia, Eric, Amy, Dan, Samantha, and Janet — for creating such a supportive and thoughtful environment, and for helping out whenever possible.

Thank you, lastly, to all of our readers. May you all have a fantastic summer, filled with warm weather, sea breezes, stargazing, learning, reading, and creating. Remember to challenge yourself — it is possible you will learn plenty about the world around you, and perhaps a thing or two about yourself.

Yours,



Samantha Zimble
Issue Editor



DUCKLING

STEPHANIE COUGHLAN

ABOUT US ::

The Lion's Eye is published by the students of The College of New Jersey with funding from the Student Finance Board. The magazine provides an outlet for creative expression, publishing student short fiction, poetry, prose, photography, illustrations, graphic art, and more. To learn more about *The Lion's Eye* visit: lionseye.pbworks.com.

SUBMISSIONS ::

Although the deadline for our next issue has not yet been decided, submissions are currently being accepted. Please send all submissions via e-mail to lionseye@tcnj.edu.

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“I’m picking pockets like daisies in a field...”
samantha nader, pg. 8

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