

An abstract watercolor painting of a lion's eye. The eye is rendered with vibrant, layered colors including red, orange, yellow, green, and blue, set against a background of soft, blended watercolor washes in shades of blue, pink, and white. The brushstrokes are visible, giving the image a textured, artistic feel.

The
Lion's Eye
Literary Magazine

Volume XXV
Fall 2009

The Lion's Eye Staff

Fall 2009



Standing (from left to right): Amy Middleton, Saagar Trivedi, Samantha Zimbler, Eric Fuchs, Matthew DiMatteo, Jessica Baker, Mellissa Tomanelli, Christine Zalewski, Mary Dwyer
Sitting (from left to right): Tony Rivera, Cynthia Ritter, Caroline Bachmann, Catherine Pucci, Nicole Priestner, Danna Wolf
Kneeling (from left to right) Melia Easaw, Jenna Weitz, Kaitlyn Capelakos, Mariko Curran, Michael Yau, Catherine Murphy
Laying: Victoria Karpman
Not Pictured: Kristen Billy



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Contributing Artists: Victoria Karpman, Catherine Pucci, Lisa Nietzsche, Philip Stevens, Andrea Brunetto, Christine Zalewski, Timothy Honeywell, Amanda Bernhardson, Danna Wolf, Julie Dabour, Nicole Priestner, and CJ Gutch

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 the college community with a medium for creative expression, publishing the best in the submitted fiction, poetry, prose, photography, illustration, graphic art, and any other form that will reproduce with fidelity in the limited format of print. To learn more about The Lion's Eye, visit: www.lionseye.pbworks.com

Submissions!

Although the deadline for our next issue has not yet been decided, submissions are currently being accepted for the next issue of The Lion's Eye. All materials submitted to The Lion's Eye become the property of the magazine until they are printed or the author/artist graduates, or leaves the college community. Submitted work may be held for publication in later editions while the author/artist is still attending the college. The author/artist may, at any time, withdraw a piece from submission.

Submissions may be sent via e-mail to:
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Printed at - Bill's Printing Service - 2989 S. Broad St. Trenton, NJ 08610

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The First Look

A Letter from the Executive Editor

Hiya, Reader!

I'd like to ask you something: What did you decide to major in when you came to TCNJ? This may come as a huge surprise to you, but I entered into this school determined to spend my days reading literary classics and practicing my writing skills. Hence, English was the obvious choice for me. But I'll let you in on a little secret, Reader: I wasn't always so certain. Back in high school, I found that the place where I felt most comfortable was not at a desk staring at a chalkboard but outside, shaded beneath towering trees, surrounded by tall grass, hidden from the bustling crowds of everyday life. And in those quiet moments where I could hear nothing but the rustle of leaves, I wondered if I should have a career enabling me to be enveloped by the great outdoors. Then, I would remember that with a job in biology, I would have to use metallic instruments, take precise measurements, and examine samples of the world around me through artificial lenses. The natural world and the technological realm of man would eternally intertwine for me.

And, Dear Reader, you will notice this theme as you lose yourself in the works of this issue. Technology and nature are two separate spheres, yet they interact constantly in a number of ways. Occasionally the two will contend with one another, where either nature is destroyed by our man-made constructions, or machines refuse to function in the conditions of the wild. Once and a while they will aid each other, allowing us to capture a skittish animal in a digital camera or chip away at fossils which layers of sand have naturally preserved. And sometimes, we even look at one of these distinct realms in the way we view the other, marveling at the incredible feat of our technical creations or imagining a simple critter with complicated thoughts.

At this time, I'd like to thank all of those who have put their complicated thoughts into this magazine. Nicole, you've done a phenomenal job as Copy Editor. It's your first executive position, and you've already shown your dedication by volunteering to cover open office hours when they aren't even obligatory for you. Your proofreading job in itself is very important, and I'm thrilled that you're taking it so seriously.

Caroline, I'm so impressed with your countless publicity ventures, making eye-catching, humorous fliers, grabbing us a spot in the Signal, designing table-tents, and reserving sidewalk for chalking. Your innovation and charm have made us a common name on this campus, and I know the Cyclion will forever remain the club's lovable mascot.

Katie, your ability to handle our precious moolah is an essential skill to our tiny organization. Yet you have further manifested your reliability when you thought ahead and took care of our Mama Flora's fundraiser, setting up the times and driving back and forth to be sure you acquired our profit, which turned out to be more than we could have EVER hoped to receive. Thank you for all your hard work!

Cynthia, although it's your first semester as an officer, you have astounded me with your superb note taking, recording every possible comment mentioned during meetings, and taking the initiative to make up a more official sign-in sheet. I can always count on you to do your job and do it well. Keep it up! And, Matt, what can I say? Your quirky, enthusiastic minutes inform all our members of the necessary happenings, and your entertaining comments add more fun to our short hour. I'd say it's twelve times better...hmmm, why did I pick that number?

Cathy, regardless of how much time has passed, I'm still amazed by your incredible work ethic, helping me decide dates, managing the inbox, locking yourself away for a day or more to put together the magazine, taking and fixing the group picture, all the while remaining your friendly, peppy self. You're always there if I need an errand, a second opinion, or the submission handed back to me for me to make notes. And I know the InDesign gods are just as pleased as the Quark ones!

And to all our members, Danna, Vickie, Eric, Jess, Mike, Jenna, Amy, Kristin, Melisa, Mariko, Saagar, Melissa, Mary, Tony, and Samantha, it's been so great seeing you guys each week and listening to your insightful thoughts on what we read and view. You are all interesting, wonderful people, and I can't wait until next semester when we can all work on another issue together!

Now, Reader, it is time for you to delve into this collection of artistic perfection. Allow the gears in your mind to spin as you ponder the prose and poetry, and let your eyes flutter over the striking images in the photos and artwork. You won't be disappointed.

Enjoy your stay,



Christine Zalewski - Executive Editor



Catherine Pucci

Under a Star

By: Hilary Hannah Neilson

“How can I touch that star up there?”

Asked the pig to the dog
and the dog to the hare.

The hare, unwise,
laughed in surprise;

“You can’t!” he began to declare...

But the mouse cut in
and she said, “to begin,
we must build a ladder tall...”

But the hare cried “No!

This plan’s got to go!

We are MUCH too silly and small.”

The hare and the mouse
marched away in a grouse--
The dog and the pig left to wonder...
And the star in the sky whispered,
“Why don’t you try?”
as the dog and the pig rested under.



Lisa Nitzsche

Chicken Patty

By: Hilary Hannah Neilson

Chicken patty,
Rubbery and fatty,
Thin, round, flat thing
Sitting on my plate.

Molded meat
Processed down the street-
Chewy chunk of chicken gunk
Sitting on my plate.

Chicken patty,
Tasty and fatty,
How I love my chicken patty
Sitting on my plate.



Philip Stevens

Bell

By: Amanda Bernhardson

human hands awaken me: soft, coarse, gloved
No one asks *my* permission to touch

at times my ringing bellows
incessantly

being pushed down
springing back up

I sit
deaf
dull
No kit-kat break
I am no sleigh bell

assist, assist.



Andrea Brunetto

Keep My Head Up?

By: Bridget McManus

His feet pound at the pavement with purpose – to get far, far away. Away from the ghetto, from the guns, from the gutters, from the gasoline air. Is this his home? Not by choice, never by choice, only by circumstance. His home is a war-zone – red on one side, blue on the other, and his home is in the dead center of where it bleeds together to make purple. His street is the Gaza Strip without press coverage. He tries to get educated and tries to stay off the street and tries to be the perfectly pleasant poster child for urban reform, but sometimes the streets just stalk him down like a bird of prey. But now he's praying that those popping sounds he just heard were not as close as they seem; And now he's praying that the pain he feels is not from the popping sounds he wishes were farther away; And now he's praying that the crimson tide pouring onto the sidewalk is not from the pain, which he hopes was not from the popping sounds he wishes were farther away. And now he just prays as he hears feet pounding at the pavement with purpose, but it's too late – he's already far, far away.

Acne

By: Jason Tonic

to tie adolescent acne to the ninja necks of prisoners pacing
the pores of prison doors Imagine a tie hanging itself
from the neck of an eighth grade boy The son still busy forgetting the controls
of the womb What i mean is this Its easy to connect death row to a boy
patrolling his face in a mirror Trying to learn what part of his brain contains the red
blossoming to his skin Whether or not it grows in sunlight The man spurring on the
erythrocytes still swimming laps through his arms Whether the blood will leave by
backstroke butterfly or if it just dies But maybe this isnt clear enough Imagine this
The two are father and son The man has just missed his sons eighth grade graduation
The tie hangs from the boys neck for the first time like a cellmate from the ceiling
The boy returns home and splashes water on his face Meanwhile the days left living
on death row drop like self-esteem Imagine both men crawling inside themselves
searching their cells for some escape And as the man pounds the bars of broken dreams
the boy falls asleep He dreams of his face and his father He dreams of breaking out



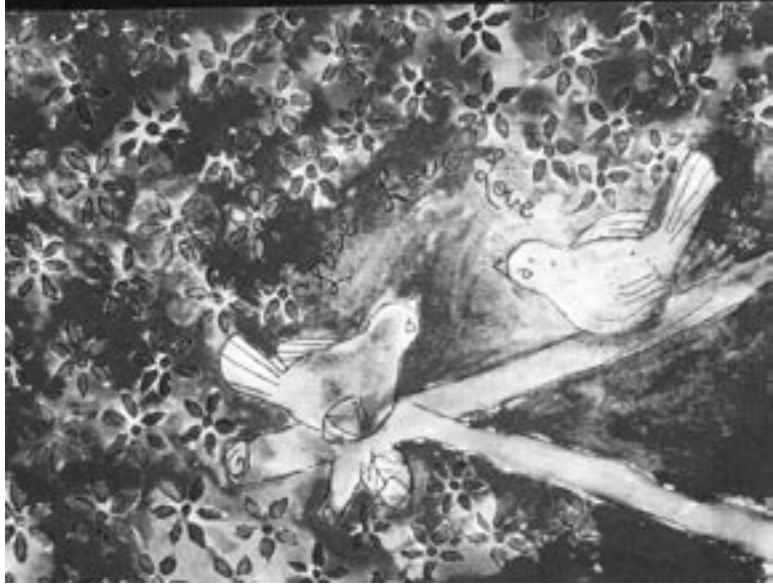
Christine Zalewski

Grace (Your Wine in a Full Moon)
By: Mary Dwyer

There are deer floating around in my fingertips
tender in the soft laying-down of heads,
stroking the pinched nerves of a strap too tight
and a life overwrought with
grief
is the loneliest number that I ever knew

Even worse than five, in a crowded room of desires
and faces I can never dare to reach—
(All the blindness in the world
created glittered nightmares
of things I never thought I'd be)

But all ignorance toboggans into know
And it was your eyes
(flickering beautifully, mercilessly in the
Augustine moonlight)
which taught me anything
(even with a pain so close as this)
About love.



Stop
By: Jason Tonic

Victoria Karpman

i nearly stopped
this poem That is
before a stop light
conspired with a stop sign
and stopped my heart But
maybe theres more Maybe this poem sprung a leak
and you stopped the water
with your tongue The hard way
Maybe it was a stray
thought on the side of the road
and you stopped short
to bring it home Maybe
it was our child Conceived
from a backseat lust
of bilabial stops Maybe
this isnt only a poem But a house
you stopped at in my heart
Maybe this poem is a love song
sent by telegram Listen:
i tell you stop that i love you stop

i tell you that i love you
and i just cant stop

First Softball Game

By: Natalie Nazar

Softball; like baseball but sweeter. Sweeter is the third baseman: hair tied up, squatting real low waiting for that *PING* sound. I watch, watch while specs of clay stick to my wet polish. Watch her, study her, study her curves wrapped in white and purple; sweat dripping from her face down my thighs. She's ready, she's ready and so am I. Here comes the pitch...*WOSH!!* There goes the ball, flying, beating, flying, beating. The ball flies, the heart beats, and while they all look up I see her. And we kiss, there on the mound, we kiss with the clay on my wet polish and the dirt on her pants - Lips to lips so that nothing can break us. **BOOM!** The ball comes back. Caught between leather and skin, caught, like me.



Timothy Honeywell

Endorphoman

By: Matthew Huston

The man had got a cancer,
the doctors called it *doubt*
with every extra mile he ran,
he worked the fucker out.

You Have My Attention

By: Sarah M Reyes

You, in a swirl of colour and sound, inspire me to the point of obsession

Filling my head with bits of phrases

I'm so frightened to forget

it has me scrambling for pens and napkins

Anything to pin the words down to the page

To empty them from my head

These words are left to represent you

or my image of you

And I struggle to spill them out of my head

And keep them from ru

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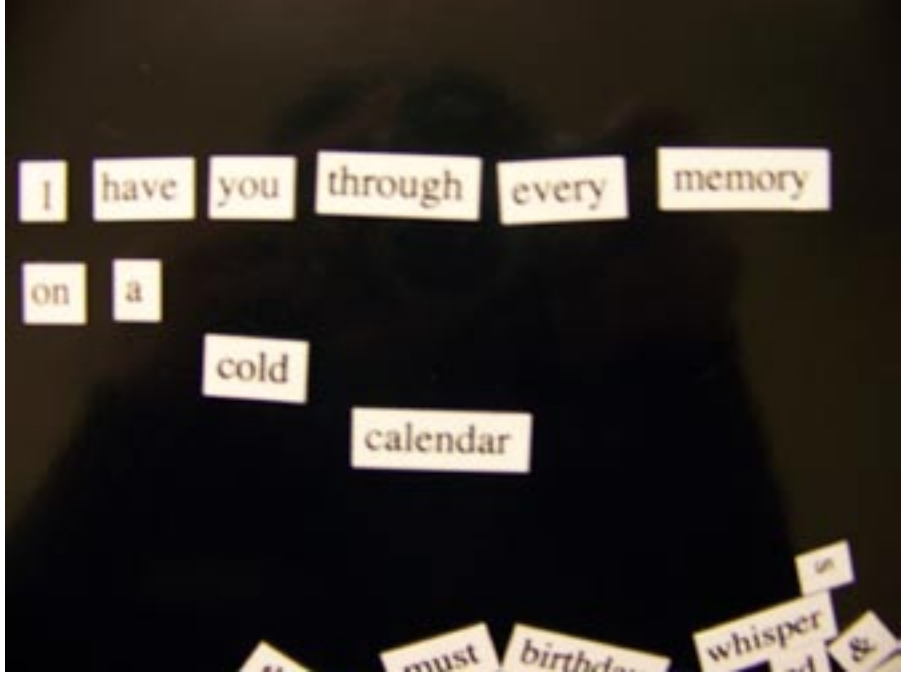
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ing off of the page

In an attempt to both forget and immortalize you.

You Inspire Me





Danna Wolf

don't give it words

By: Caroline Bachmann

don't give it words
those cagey, wingéd words
that give flight to those paper-thin feelings;
those words that clumsily circle meaning, as voraciously as vultures their next prey,
-knowing it's dead long before they reach it
and leaving it maimed and dismantled once they are through.

decisively, they alight on all;
buzzing static-y thoughts into your head
-messages crooked as bats out of the mouths of caves...

--i'd like to exist in a tepid vacuum, deep underground
where words never reach ears, but just drop from our mouths like pennies,
coppery and useless.
where they are crucial for little else but fatuous games and menial exchange
and the rates aren't difficult to discern...

--and where they aren't given the chance to pin me down
like a moth mounted to cardboard,

so they can torture the life from me.



Christine Zalewski

Andrea Brunetto



Skinner Eyes

By: Mary Dwyer

Darkness is only everything
Down on the river banks
and through the streams of sun
in time;
helpless brothers to the death
(a moth and a mother flitting frequently
Through tears)

And a jazzy chord strikes up the conundrums
I've yet to know
What beauties have I not seen
like the moon falling full under dark
occupied stars
on the flowered banks of my childhood

Jesus, what is the name
for all that I've missed
and all that I've seen
and all that I've wondered;
The shimmering coin
dulling in an unlit fountain of glory,
The seed of my grave grass
springing from your eyes
in early fall.

The correct phrase could never come
to my fears, fears only men
can know
The milkman lies on a rooftop,
feeling up the misty evening—
just an apple,
outlined in the lunar drops of moonshine
like Lady's breast, assuring the days
will come with living nights
and the charm of dreambuds,
and sleep.



Andrea Brunetto

Simple trees will spurt
from the spot
(for only I know the true
worth)
I saw the seed
in your eye, growing my grave grass
inked in with time
and all I've ever thought

(oh, all the love
that's bubbled,
can it find me here
on the black waters
of Lethe)

Philip Stevens

Photography

No Longer Bright

By: Matthew DiMatteo

Fantasies bound behind black iron bars, so high up in the sky;
Endless seas and boundless plains where the sun would always shine.

Skies lit aflame by the passion of an unrelenting heart,
and wrath and rage and pain enough to tear this world apart.

*Your eyes no longer shine with light, the way that they once did.
Where in the world, that precious joy, have you so deeply hid?*

The light she seeks has vanished from the world behind his eyes.
This world he mourns as sure as she, his brave façade belies.

His barren dreams betray the truth his aching heart desires;
Too bright and fierce to burn forever, those skies of precious fire.



Philip Stevens

The Glasseater

By: Kristin Letsch

He Took solace in the pain,
Enjoying the sound of
Glass and veneer;
The clash.

This masochist laughed
As the jagged edges
Scraped the darkness,
Longing him to feel something—
Just short of his heart.
Every time.

He never ate the whole,
Only halves or bits.
He liked the satisfaction
Of evidence left behind.
Knowing other things
Can be left broken too.



Julie Dabour

Moving On

By: Caroline Bachmann

stooping to pack my things,
i reached for my nearest memory
but before i realized, another, mucus-y, like fly paper, was stuck to my knee
i shifted to peel it off, steadying myself with my hand, only to discover another
slimy piece was stuck to me;
losing my balance, i stumbled backwards, coating my back in more
-i sprung to tear them off, panicked, and found myself bounding into another
syrupy door
-i bucked and tossed
and pushed and pulled
twisted and turned and
cried
and laughed and
pled.

but now i'm plastered like a moth to wet paint.
my limbs saturated with wall and the wall saturated with me.
...it's impossible to see where i end and wall begins.
-it looks as though i must wait for myself to dry
till i can scrape myself off, top to bottom,
like chalky, old wallpaper
so i can take what is left of me
and leave



Victoria Karpman

A Short Arrest

By: Matthew Huston

I am
trapped rather peacefully
in a moment
(in the past.
That is to say I stand here now,
but the light took so advantageous a position as to
arrest me and take me away).
You speak with a stockholmed survivor
of its artificial grace.
(To which I owe 948 more words).

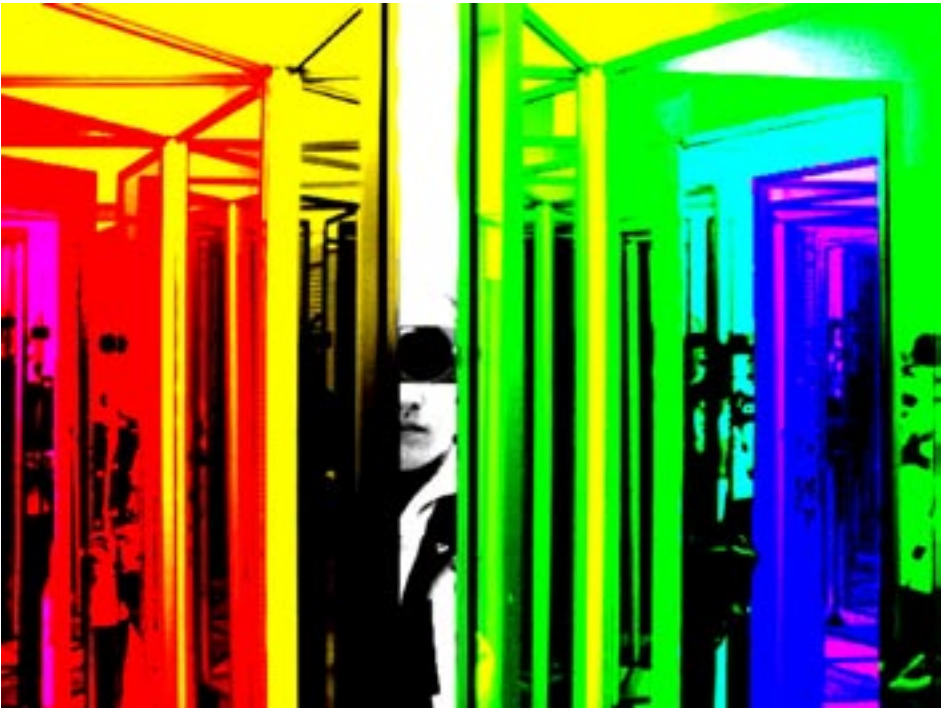


Philip Stevens

Ascenseur

By: Samantha Zimblér

The floor released beneath him, and he was in neither one world nor another. The ground broke and discovered new levels of low. Buttons glowed with purpose at his touch. He was in control and alone, with a few squares of space supporting his being under him. He felt silence and the humming of the machines that came alive for him. His organs trembled and swayed with the motion of downward speed. He placed his hand on his stomach and enjoyed the sensation. He leaned back onto a black bar, completely at leisure with this collapse of time and knowing. He could, at any second, find himself trapped between two places, if the technology failed him. He could never see another human face or hand again, but this danger intrigued him to push his weight heavily against the floor repeatedly. He put his trust in the machines; fate was in their control as well as in his fingers. His insides then became very still and he heard a simple bell. He stepped through the open doors, off the elevator, and into the crowded commons of the first floor.



Lisa Nitzsche

Three Poems of Twelve

By: Hilary Hannah Neilson

AT SUNSET

Twelve times down Main street
I hold a crumpled zero-dollar bill
Tight in my sweaty palm.
What can I buy with it but a pebble to kick?

GAS STATION

It's twelve cents more than I've got.
I kick the pump and maybe it breaks
 Silhouette on the pavement
Pistachio shells spat on the ground
 And a man walking towards me.

ORANGE PEEL

Twelve orange peels
I'm wondering who could possibly eat that much.
Is that the guitar's voice vibrating?
A stiletto heel; a guitar; my lonely soul talking to me.
Pinocchio fibs and a future is made unclear.



Nicole Priestner

Untitled

By: Richard Thorne

Grieving willows hang
Proudly at the morning light-
Decaying Cities
Dropping through brimming Manholes
Choking with Regret.

Slate Quarry Sonnet

By: Michael Polizzo

The clocks' recognizance became the rain,
whose rhythm re-rhythmed the time and time
again, redundant and tired, boredom drained,
from roofs and hours and her face besides.
Determined, we left the house believing
the slate, piled from unpiling its weight
and stress, would chime and rattle by easing
relief: a song redressed from feet to shape.

The quarry, though, was steep and fathoms dark-
surrounded- greenish-black and harshly made
of leaves of slate and trees so stacked, and sharp
enough to make you bleed, and tearing say:
"The quarry? All I ask... just bring me home,"
which meant: "I lost my grip, again alone."

Haiku

By: Matthew Hustom

here we are, locked in
manmade holes, not concerned with
sunrise or sunset

Autumn

By: Kelly Kosch

A tree, stark naked
Except for a single leaf
Amber, abandoned

Haiku

By: Richard Thorne

Stars over the grove
dance down the confined branches,
bruising the ripe Pears



Lisa Nitzsche

The Dunes

By: Elizabeth Seibert

We gathered
every year
to watch the world
disappear
before our feet.

The air
was lighter then,
at night,
and our lights
bounced thinly
through the dark—
our dogs of the hunt.

We cast their beam into
every corner,
every hole,
our lips between our teeth
as we watched
each tiny body
of dappled brown shell
scuttle into the depths.

Blue Drowning

By: Kristin Letsch

I want a blue drowning,
the color of serenity.
I'd want it to be painless,
Numbing.
I'd look up to the sky,
reaching for its air,
Succumbing.
Giving way to its vastness,
letting it suffocate me.
I imagine a blue drowning,
with no struggle.
The waves would take me
whichever way they chose,
I am theirs now.
I am home.



Pale Ontologist
By: Jason Tonic

Julie Dabour

apparently even i am an ancestor of apatosaurus Scientists
say we stem from the same stegosaurus that learned to laugh
But now i wish i was another pale ontologist
in grandpas cancer ward excavating for life What
did you think when the legacy of years buying leather
jackets became extinct What
will you explode
or will you starve into silence as clouds blot out the rays
of your grandson But im beginning to think you evolved
from the last living dinosaur today Thesaurus
can we remember all the times you told me to be different
but always remain the same Grandpa has the cancer migrated
through your old fossils And is this poem a footprint calcified
in the flaky crust of someones mind I wonder
if your last lesson about dinosaurs will be an autobiography
Or will this hospital become your final museum Youre on display
Here lies the last dinosaur
Grandpa i will be there when you die

no

soar

October 11th

By: Sarah Reyes

Infinity must be beautiful
Uncurling towards an endless horizon
Like a wave whose fingers stretch out for more
Grabbing blindly through the blackness
In search of some dark secret
It never finds a shore.



Amanda Bernhardson

A Final Thought

A Letter from the Issue Editor

Dear Noble Reader,

Is it that part of the magazine already? Do I have to leave a letter telling the thrilling tales of this semester? Are people even going to want to read about the mystery, suspense, and drama that took place when twenty-two staff members work together? Will people enjoy finding out what happens when people stop being shy and are real about art? Well, judging by the fact that you haven't closed your magazine yet, I guess I will give you an insight into what brought this magazine in your hands.

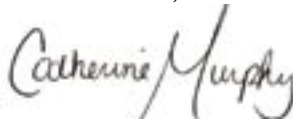
I'd like to tell you a tale of the first meeting of the semester. Our lovely executive editor, Christine, and I were setting up a round table room for the meeting, expecting about 18 people to show up. We were happily mistaken when the room was full to near capacity with perspective members. We had laughs over our ice-breaker, giggled at Matt sitting awkwardly in the center of the round table, and accidentally started the weekly food fact with Doritos: it had all the makings of a great semester. It was a thrill to see nearly everyone show up for the next meeting, and all of those there after. This ride only got better with the implementation of new procedures, new traditions, and a brand new mascot that we have all grown to know and love.

At this point I would like to thank the wonderful staff for this year- Amy, Saagar, Samantha, Eric, Jessica, Melisa, Kristen, Mary, Tony, Danna, Melissa, Jenna, Kaitlyn, Mariko, Mike, and Vickie, your dedication and hard work are what keep Lion's Eye alive. Without you guys, there would not be a magazine and you should all be so proud of yourselves for the work you have done this semester.

I would also like to thank the spectacular executive board. Nicole, thank you for stepping up and taking the job of Copy Editor. You have a wonderful technical eye and it has been amazing working with you this semester. Caroline, what can I say about your dedication to our publicity? You have gone above and beyond the call of duty and created our adorable Cyclion, and kept our name more than alive this semester than ever! Katie, it takes a very brave person to step in and control the finances, but you do it with style and ease. You took great initiative in setting up and organizing the Mama Flora's fundraiser and you are responsible for bringing in the biggest profit for a fundraiser in years! Cynthia, I cannot even begin to tell you how good of a job you do. Your take wonderfully accurate notes, came up with a better way to keep track of member involvement, and keep us well organized, which is no small feat. Matt, you know exactly how I feel about your exceptionally witty emails. You keep everyone well informed and laughing with each new email that you send. You are leaving quite a legacy for the world of corresponding secretaries. And, finally, to our amazing executive editor, Christine: you are truly the best leader we could have ever hoped for. You keep meetings running smoothly and effectively, organize the massive piles of submission, and, most of all, you keep us all inspired. Your love and dedication of Lion's Eye is part of our drive to work so hard.

Now that I have been sentimental, I guess you are dying to know the secrets to the creation of this magazine. I guess I could tell you, but some things are more fun left unsaid. But keep in mind, to create a magazine as great as this you will need a kick-ass staff, a newly created alter to the InDesign gods, Photoshop ninja skills, and sacrifices to both Laertes and the Cyclion. To better understand our madness, I guess you will just have to join us next semester!

Your humble servant,



Catherine Murphy - Issue Editor



Lions
eyes