



THE LION'S EYE



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WE REACH
AMY CHEN

The Lion's Eye



Spring 2013

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*“What are the words you do not yet have? What do you need to say?
I am myself, a...warrior poet doing my work, come to ask you,
are you doing yours?”*

—Audre Lorde

CONTENTS



POETRY AND PROSE

SAAGAR TRIVEDI	6	<i>The First Look</i>
LEAH COHEN	8	<i>Beyond Bodies</i>
FRANK SUNG	9	<i>Phaith</i>
SAMANTHA NADER	10	<i>The Face</i>
VINCENT ALDAZABAL	11	<i>She is Dying Now</i>
KEVIN ELLIS	12	<i>The Fireman</i>
SAMANTHA ROSE ZIMBLER	14	<i>Miss Monticello</i>
DYLAN LLOYD	16	<i>Prophet</i>
DIANA SEIFRITZ	17	<i>Ode to B-Movies</i>
CARLY DASILVA	18	<i>Cleito</i>
SAMANTHA NADER	19	<i>The Bones of November</i>
AARON PINKARD	20	<i>Jesus in Hell</i>
ALEXA LOGUSH	21	<i>Untitled</i>
CARLY DASILVA	24	<i>Honesty</i>
DIANA SEIFRITZ	27	<i>An Ode to William Shakespeare's Grave Engraving and Two Ouija Boards</i>
KEVIN ELLIS	28	<i>#We're #Better #Than #You!</i>
DYLAN LLOYD	29	<i>Peanut Butter</i>
ERIN ELIZABETH SMITH	30	<i>The Speaking Skull 12/11</i>
ERIC SPECIAN	32	<i>Full Moon</i>
FRANK SUNG	32	<i>A Power Unknown</i>
CARLY DASILVA	33	<i>Deceiver</i>
ALEXA LOGUSH	34	<i>When Your Teeth Begin to Fall Out</i>
SARAH LEWIS	34	<i>Touch</i>
JORDAN GAUTHIER KOHN	35	<i>Juvenescence</i>
TOM HOESLY	36	<i>Just a Cactus</i>
DYLAN LLOYD	37	<i>Garlic</i>

CONTENTS



HEBA JAHAMA	39	<i>Home</i>
ERIN ELIZABETH SMITH	40	<i>Headless Bowling</i>
MEGAN FINE	41	<i>Adieu</i>
SAMANTHA ROSE ZIMBLER	42	<i>The (Last) Last Look</i>



ART

SAMANTHA ROSE ZIMBLER	(COVER)	<i>Dharma</i>
MICHELLE HARRISON	(COVER)	<i>Untitled</i>
AMY CHEN	2	<i>We Reach</i>
AMY CHEN	7	<i>From</i>
KLARA BLAZEK	15	<i>Notre Dame</i>
JOANNE KLIMAK	22	<i>Polka Dot Sun Tanner A.K.A. Freckle Maker</i>
MICHELLE HARRISON	23	<i>Lotus</i>
FRANK SUNG	26	<i>Sup Bro</i>
CHRISTINE AUSTIN	31	<i>Taste & See</i>
KLARA BLAZEK	38	<i>Octopus</i>
FRANK SUNG	43	<i>Caught My Tongue</i>
MEGAN WHALEN	(BACK COVER)	<i>Untitled</i>

THE FIRST LOOK



A NOTE FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

Here, in your hands, you hold a thing.

This thing is filled with words and images—words and images that deceive, expose truths, and tell personal stories. Each word, each picture is a piece of the person who submitted it to the magazine. Like worn clothing, the real meanings they refer to are cobbled together, sculpted, and painted by their authors' experiences. Memories, ideas, art: they travel with you, here, there, and take part in each moment of your life. Each thing you say, do, think, and create is laden with your history.

Just like that, each piece on the following pages is a piece of each person who worked on this magazine. Each item appealed to us in some spectacular way, reached out and touched some hidden mist of history within each of us. Everything you'll see in this book reflects some shapeless, intangible ache of humanity in the *Lion's Eye* staff.

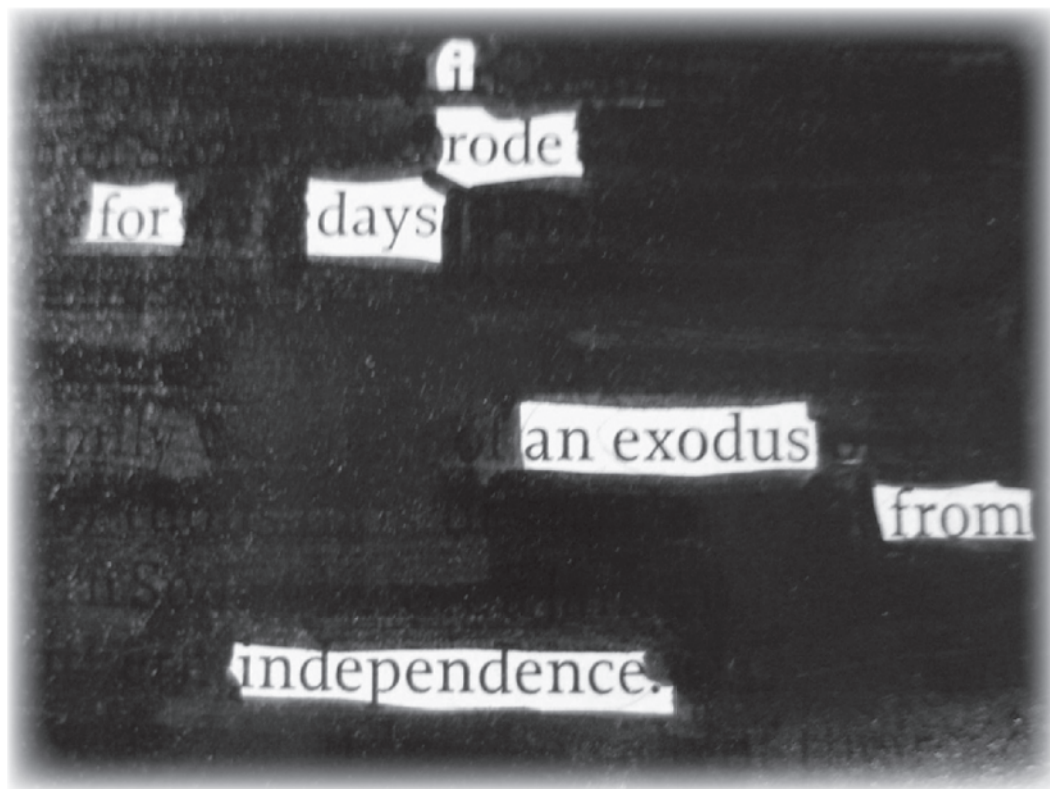
If you choose to read or look at anything in this printed and bound collection of papers, the art on the pages will become a piece of you, too. You'll absorb it, and you'll find it in the dew covered fields of your brain, like emotional, ideological ruins, made, inhabited, and inspected by ghosts, but dripping with your own phantom past. Without knowing one another, without speaking, we will have connected as human beings. Author, publisher, reader.

Out of the three of us, it is the author that stands most exposed, their humanity borne for us to see. And out of the three of us, it is you, the reader, that stands in the most powerful position. It is your prerogative to listen, to see, or to move on. It's up to you whether you want to bear your humanity in return and continue what we have started or to let it go. You control the conversation now, the next point in our search for ourselves. I love my staff, and I love the executive board. But it is the authors and you, the readers, whom I respect most, who make our whole work possible.

So I'm asking you for a favor. Bear yourself. Churn up your insides and wear them on your outsides. Read on. But, more importantly, be an artist in your own right, and keep connecting your humanity with others. Speak up, and listen, because the conversation is always happening.



Saagar Trivedi
(Departing) Executive Editor



FROM
AMY CHEN

Leah Cohen

BEYOND BODIES

“A long, long time ago, you didn’t need a body. You played amongst the stars, happy and free; long before bodies were ever invented.”

—D. Alan Holmes

When I am alone
if I turn my attention to myself,
the chasm—
between gender and identity,
female and male, body and mind
—opens up like a deep wound
from a dull knife.

I need to be whole, not a collection of parts:
a moniker, a chest I have to wrangle
into submission, soft skin, delicate
legs.

Trans
meaning *beyond*, transgendered
is to transcend the confines
of this shell.
It means *across* and so I am trans
bodied, for my gender, the maleness
of my mind has never changed.
How to traverse the echoing fault
line of these fragments?

I want the angles instead of curves;
to be alone with the body
in which I live my life
and feel it is akin to the one in my mind.

Frank Sung

PHAITH

there are the wick wacks of sacred blasphemy
a twitch in your serious eye (wink wink)
and reciting scraptions of the bible,
He who did this and so i do it too like he did
saying the said over and over again

life is full of holes and that's
why i don't believe in myself

i always keep my hands up
hailing heeding horrified by the
empty ceiling i hold up
to stay as close to the ground as possible

my body is just as heavy as the body of christ, right?

Samantha Nader

THE FACE

After Robert Henry's "Harlequin Self-Portrait"

It was a worn leather bag
cinched tight at the teeth,
collapsing at the eyes,
sagging woefully at the nose.
Its insides were dark with thought
and memory,
with emotions long held
and opinions long formed,
fossilized.
An amber block
with a dark blotch
of a once-quivering creature inside.

The bag rested heavily at its base,
a wide, broad jaw,
and a thick-necked bottom,
speckled with liver spots
and bits of spaghetti from a sloppy meal,
its wrinkled mouth still littered with sauce,
its watery eyes encased by the lines
of a wicker basket.

Its addled mind resembled a Lite-Brite,
a board with more black spots than bulbs,
and its power seemed to be wavering,
as though each burst of energy
was more than it could handle.

The lights continued to flicker and fade
until they ceased to brighten.
Their base was dark and dull,
and the leather bag tensed,
but just for a moment
before the wrinkles and cavities
loosened and grew
and a cold, empty peace
entered its unseeing marble eyes.

SHE IS DYING NOW

There's a girl as innocent as a doe.
Unwanted, only for her body as she waits on the streets.
Crestfallen she howls at the moon.
Every night is Halloween,
and she is a walking skeleton.

A saint—a sinner singing and sinning in the night,
her deafening screams scratch her insides.
The razor blade tattoos on her wrists match the scars of her mind.
Abused her rage is inside, and inside—they all ride inside her.

And she is dying now, but not rapidly enough.
Infested by scum scurrying in the brothels like rats rabid,
she's just a girl yet the drugs paint a different picture.
They line up for her waiting while she does lines in the bathroom,
and then she blows the bartender from around the corner.

She walks the streets patrolled by cops dirty as her.
One night she got in his car but he didn't turn the engine on—
He told her that she had the right to remain silent.
Nobody cared as he howled out of key.

She reaches for the moon.
The stars twinkle with indifference.

Kevin Ellis

THE FIREMAN

Blaze! Blaze!

The smoke grew stronger as the seconds ticked off.
The very same seconds that he had waited
to join this ladder and become a brother.
Those seconds he fought through
were now sacred gold on pedestals.
Now the seconds of his life
counted down to his death,
and there was no empathy.
All around were the same as he,
locked in the cell of apartment 6
high above the world.

His mentor died when the floor collapsed.
That guy he barely knew just burned through his suit.
His friend, Henry (Hank), sweet Henry, fell onto his own ax.
Countless faces he never memorized
but barely recognized through the smoke and the black
and the red and orange and the heat of light.
This light was bright and burning
but it was the darkest he'd ever seen.

Survivor's guilt is pure bullshit, his words.
He believed in it sure, but not in naming it.
It was a pain beyond the concept of words.
To him, anyway.
He was now Ladder 21, in its entirety.

He did not want to be Ladder 21 any longer.
The suit went up on the rack, God knows what happened to that ax.
No title brought no pain; the hope of a new name
Inspired him to move, to live.
It was enlightening.

It took a few months for the money to wear off,
but it did.

House, home, sanctuary gone.
Fine, fine by him.
A field nearby, just outside the city
near the daunting neck of the suburbia
but far enough away that he wasn't
"one of them."
Green, verdant green, enough to take the greatest environmentalist
and torture them to a life without recycling.
He didn't call it home.
Again, it was above the limits of language.
To him, anyway.

He lived by the forest and near a lake.
Food was found, some days more than others.
That was fine, fine by him.
Relaxation.
One day a bird crept nearer and nearer
and he let it, not afraid of its closeness.
Another day the grass tickled him as he slept
and he awoke, not angered, but pleased to have met its acquaintance.
Ah, life.
To him, anyway.

Then one day there was a forest fire.
It happened when he was asleep.
He was woken by the burning light,
but it was too late.
Already surrounded by the natural element of death
he made no effort to escape,
no not again.
Survivor's guilt can not affect a victim.
Let's see, anyway, his words.

Later, his absence was noticed more than he ever was.
His epitaph read:
Harold, the Fireman.

Nobody knew he'd changed, so he hadn't.

Samantha Zimbler

MISS MONTICELLO

We will go to Monticello
and sip lukewarm coffee at the Blue Horizon diner
and take the old lollipops from the checkout counter,
bare feet and smoke rings suspended
out the car window as we pass the
Chinese buffets, the abandoned Broadway picture house;
and you will tell me you love me
through the thin walls of my
grandmother's bungalow,
where we will sleep in separate woodpanelled rooms.

And in the morning we will go to the
flea markets down the road;
the sun hanging lazily like a drunken mongrel,
steaming from above as we sift through
C-grade electronics,
comic books in their thin plastic coatings,
old literature suffering from mold and water damage,
fivepacks of high-rise underpants with elastic that
makes a crackling noise when stretched—
small town gifts from small gods somewhere.

And you will crown me Miss Monticello,
placing a warped plastic ring on
my plastic finger.



NOTRE DAME
KLARA BLAZEK

Dylan Lloyd

PROPHET

After Emil Nolde's Prophet

His eyes,
the weary eyes of a soldier
digesting the final say.

The weight of his brow
the weight that cracks the earth's back,
quivering under still bodies.

His hair grows
to the ground
that stores red and bones.

Sound cannot propagate
where no air lies,
He is silent.

Diana Seifritz

ODE TO B-MOVIES

Everything's better in Technicolor.

The heroine,
hands clasped, proclaims her undying devotion
just before the genetically mutated beetle
springs up behind her and drags her off camera.

And the hero,
made of grit and machismo,
manicured stubble and straight white teeth,
learns that his girlfriend has been kidnapped
by big-headed aliens reminiscent of crabs,
claws and side-shuffling walks included.

A giant pterosaur
opens its prehistoric beak,
spurring the hero into one last reckless
charge up the mountain path,
armed only with a bicycle chain
and his own inflated sense of heroism.

A mild mannered scientist
stares, horrified as the inevitable countdown,
triggered remotely, begins
and somewhere in a far off wasteland,
massive robots wake from their uneasy slumber
and shake the sand from their gears.

A lonely spaceman
stares at a pale blue monolith
and dream of conquest.
And with a sound like thunder,
the moon-base lair implodes.

CLEITO

I watched you build it, lover,
saw the mountain crumble
in your palm to sparkling dust,
saw your broad thumb smooth
rough edges into sleek pale walls,
saw the rings your fingers traced
deep into this island, home to me, to
ten tall sons with your thick dark
hair; tell me why, lover, why men
seek lands they cannot see, beyond our
shining walls, the Pillars of Hercules;
tell me why men build castles,
gilded islands in the circles of their arms
only to let them crumble, only to taste
wilted roses on their
wet salt tongues.

Samantha Nader

THE BONES OF NOVEMBER

After Stanley Kunitz's "The Snakes of September"

All through the autumn months,
I heard the crunching of leaves,
the crisp smell of decaying flora filled the brisk air,
and the brittle bones of each stem
littered the ground like a graveyard.
A stray crow rests on the gaunt skeleton
of an oak tree;
a dark blot against the splotchy gray sky,
a screeching caw ripped away
by an unforgiving wind.
Now that summer has passed
and the blossoms have lost their luster,
I thought all of the birds long gone,
yet here is my ominous companion,
resting his inky wings in the harsh embrace
of a trunk stripped of its polished emeralds,
left bare to another winter's chill.
Despite our distance,
The winged creature appeared to have spotted me,
and as if disgusted by my presence,
took flight,
his hollow bones supporting his slight frame.
The decomposing body of a dying season
lies all around me,
and with a twisted fascination,
I watch its slow, brutal death.

JESUS IN HELL

The cross was hauled down
on Good Friday and His followers
laid him to rest
in the hole of the tomb.

The lacuna between Good Friday
and Easter Sunday is a sketchiness
on the Bible's part, but it does say
that for three days Jesus partied
in Hell.

Not partied per say
but the wine at Canaan
can attest to Christ's fill of zest
and love of festivals and Mary
Magdalene can speak of His love for women
as can Veronica, and Peter can speak
for His love of men.

Between the fires and the worms
and the gnashing of teeth, Jesus
must have met some amiable citizens
of Hell. Adam and Eve and Abraham
and Isaac and Cain and Abel and the new
people of the Old Testament.
There were beggars and lepers
and tax collectors and for three days
the gates of Hell heralded
the Messiah's presence.

And there was no weeping or mourning
and even the prince
of the chasm shared a glass of wine
with Christ.

And after the third day
when Jesus had defeated sin and death
he postponed his ascension into Heaven.

A letter to His father
stated that the son would vacation
on Earth for forty days
before he would let the light
take Him to his princely duties.



Alexa Logush

UNTITLED

In the morning, I watch your hands as they cut a peach into eight slices. I like to watch your hands cut peaches into slices, retrieve mail from the mailbox, tug a sweater on over your head. I pass you a napkin. I heard about your father the other day. Wiping your nose and eyes, you place the slices onto a plate. I watch shaky fingers dial your sister's number on the telephone. You must have known and I already know what you'll say. You place a hand on your hip, flipping through week-old mail, wiping your nose and eyes again. Your hands are so soft and the peaches are so cold.



POLKA DOT SUN TANNER AKA FRECKLE MAKER
JOANNE KLIMAK



LOTUS
MICHELLE HARRISON

HONESTY

I.

For almost a year they'd known each other,
 shared their parallel interests, been firm friends.
She'd admired his courage the night he'd
 admitted his harboring deepened
desires for her, and his honesty above
 all, the way his words fell like ripe
fruit in her lap. Her heart, already, was
 large for this boy who had held her through days
an artist would shade with charcoal.
 She had seen him at his most beautiful –
hair upswept, eyes intent on empty pages,
 a pen perched in his lips, his fingertips
touched to his fingertips – yet even now,
 her hand in his, compelling him, she sees
no flaming arrow, hears no sound of drums,
 no heady crash of lightning in the field.
She pulls him to her in the empty lot,
 tries to be as brave as he, cannot,
tastes him, moves her lips on his, desperate for
 what quickens him, what brings his eyes to shine
so brightly after. How he feels so much,
 how she feels so empty, she can't say.
For all her attempts at affection, she knows they are
 actually secret apologies, every finishing kiss,
on his nose, on his cheek, on his lips,
 I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

II.

This is what happened.

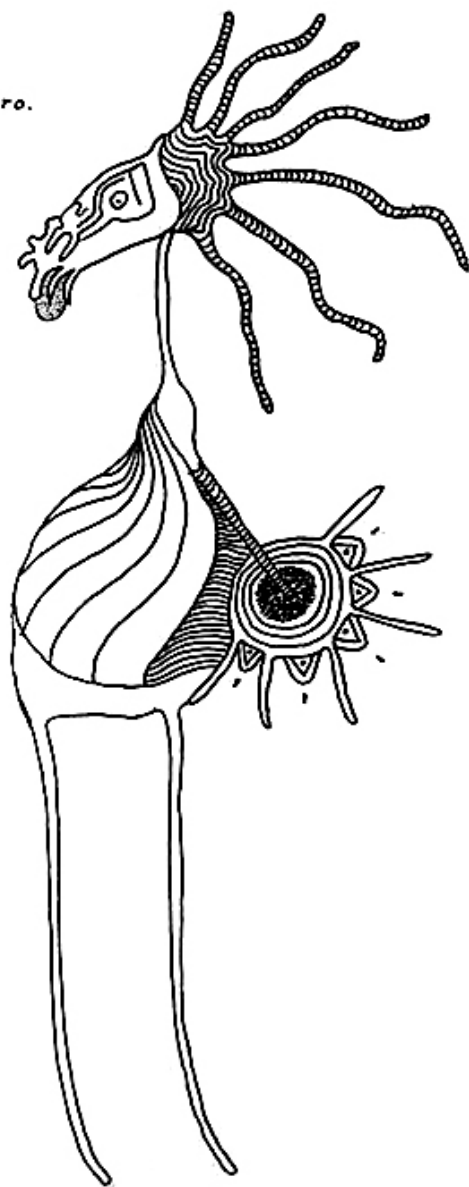
He walked away
smiling.

She watched him go half the way
smiling.

She bit into her pizza,
chewed,
stared at the empty wall,
swallowed,
sipped her water,
bit into her pizza,
chewed,
stared,
swallowed,
glanced out the window,
sipped her water,
fumbled with her scarf,
swallowed,
placed her hand on her
nose and mouth,
rubbed her eye,
swallowed,
sipped her water,
pulled her fingers down
her cheek,
swallowed,
coughed,
rubbed her eyes,
bit her lip,
took a deep breath in,
swallowed,
took a deep breath in,
and when she let it out
her shoulders shook

like slabs of stone
unsettled
by an earthquake, or
the meteor
she always knew would end it all,
a fist into her
chest.

sup. bro.



SUP BRO
FRANK SUNG

Diana Seifritz

AN ODE TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE
ENGRAVING AND TWO OUIJA BOARDS

You really lost it near the end, Will.
Not exactly tactful, an ominous warning from beyond the grave,
Good friend, for Jesus' sake forebear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.
A Do Not Disturb sign six feet over your dusty bones,
asking for a little peace and quiet from beyond the great beyond.
A warning to future generations of hooligans.
Get off my lawn, in epigraph,
yelled across the ages,
startling some semi-teens into dropping their
ill-gained prize of vaguely alcoholic lemonade.

You could do better, we both know it.
Except now, that marvelous mind, those busy hands,
succumbed to the inevitability of decay.
Worm food can't soliloquize.
But if, perchance, you dream,
I leave you an open line,
courtesy of the brothers Parker.

#WE'RE #BETTER #THAN #YOU!

Hitler wore shoes that were made of geese,
and McDonald's is the only thing that makes you obese,
and Tic Tac Toe is just one giant hashtag,
and we are the only country with stars on their flag,
and its cool and its hip to just love Obama,
and its an obvious rhyme to now mention Osama,
and if others think you're hot and you're cool,
that means you are, so forget about school,
and movies are only good if they're funny or scary,
and now we're too old for gumdrops and fairies,
but its cool to like old stuff once in a while,
because outdated stuff is always in style,
and how you look in the mirror determines everything,
and there's only two leaders, president or king,
and The Beatles sing the song Good Vibrations,
and updating your status is quite the fixation,
and community college is a great education,
and the Jews were sent to camps to improve concentration,
and making money is the sole purpose of occupation
and the best way to live is to dispose of regulation,
and being at a party deserves congratulation,
as long as there's evidence on intoxication,
and America is number one of the world's nations,
and poverty is bad and so is starvation,
and the less we do, the less inclination,
and Ipad technology is the only innovation,
and they're also the source of all life's information,
and despite of all of this lack of imagination,
still we stand: America's Best Generation.

Dylan Loyd

PEANUT BUTTER

When did peanut butter hijack my life with women?
I opened its mouth and no sound came out,
only arousing aromas that intoxicated my senses,
sweet as white jasmine.

I opened its mouth and no sound came out
No complaints, no drama,
sweet as white jasmine,
I would never look back.

No complaints, no drama,
An anechoic chamber where only peace is stored.
I would never look back.
But it might get lonely in

an anechoic chamber where only peace is stored,
not a frequency to keep me company,
nothing reminiscent of what could have been,
like her white jasmine perfume.

Not a single frequency to keep me company,
only arousing aromas that intoxicated my senses,
like her white jasmine perfume.
When did peanut butter hijack my life with women?

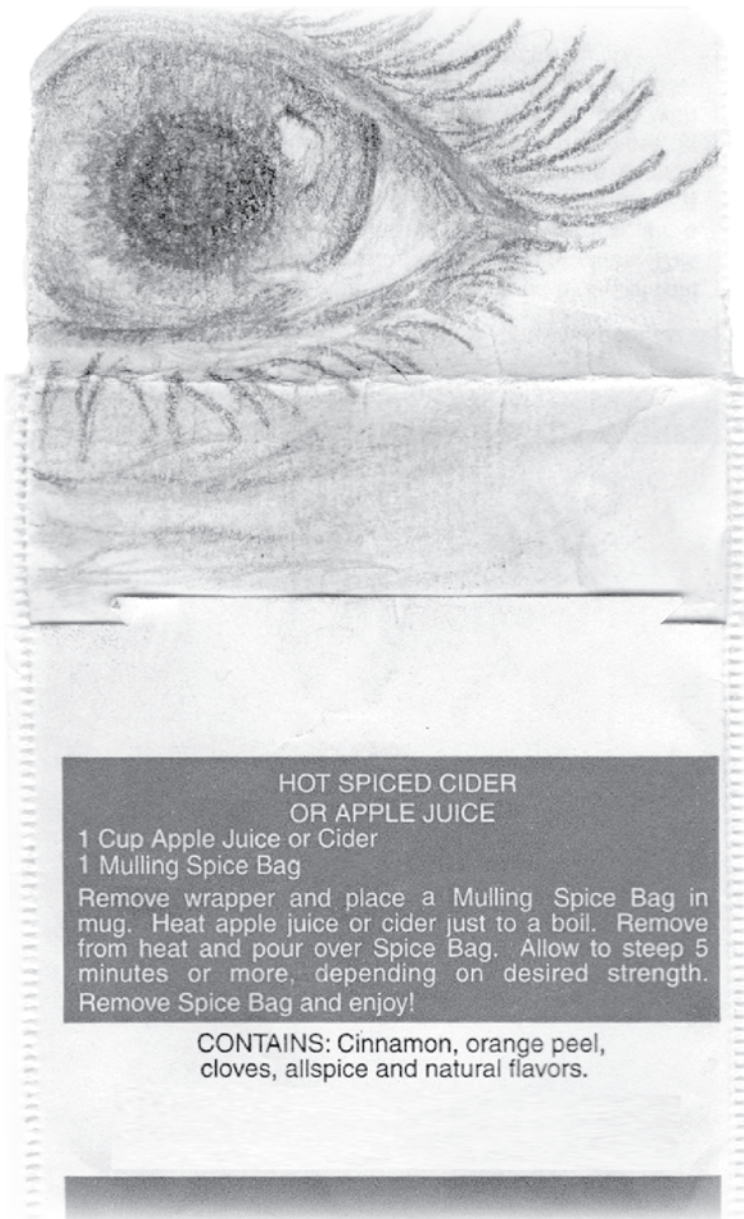
Erin Elizabeth Smith

THE SPEAKING SKULL 12/11

My eyes dark pits of despair
In my little bald-dead coffin-head
Memento Mori is my Latin mantra
Even though I no longer speak
I cannot tell a lie
Study bones to learn my secrets
I have nothing to hide

With others I make a macabre masterpiece
Adorning the walls of the Capuchin Crypt
A bone-built fresco, designed of death
Fleshless faces eye the passerby
A holy reminder of mortality's imminence

In this den
The living come to a dead-end
Light a candle and pay your respects
In the end we all rest in peace



HOT SPICED CIDER
OR APPLE JUICE

1 Cup Apple Juice or Cider
1 Mulling Spice Bag

Remove wrapper and place a Mulling Spice Bag in mug. Heat apple juice or cider just to a boil. Remove from heat and pour over Spice Bag. Allow to steep 5 minutes or more, depending on desired strength. Remove Spice Bag and enjoy!

CONTAINS: Cinnamon, orange peel,
cloves, allspice and natural flavors.

**TASTE & SEE
CHRISTINE AUSTIN**

Eric Specian

FULL MOON

Her face is wrinkled, cratered, scarred;
It's far from flawless; aged; hard.
But when the night is right, she'll overflow,
For about her is an indelible glow-
A glorious white that lights the sky
As I kiss her surface with my distant eye,
And stretch out my fingers for a feel
But she steps an inch back, arousing appeal.
I wish the nights would bleed over the days
So I could bathe in her luminous ivory rays.
Cursed be the sun for when comes the dawn
With an opalescent yellow yawn.



Frank Sung

A POWER UNKNOWN

I inhale time
to transcend
future. ha!

Carly DaSilva

DECEIVER

The corners
of your smile
draw blood.

My eyes,
they sting
just looking.

Teeth flashing like
heat lightning, at
least you give
fair warning.

I don't give
a damn.

Your face is a maze, all
trick nets and trap doors.

You kill what you catch.

My face is a wide,
windswept precipice.

I watch what I catch

take one too many

steps.

Alexa Logush

WHEN YOUR TEETH BEGIN TO FALL OUT

I attempted to describe you once but failed to scrape the words from my tongue with my fingernails. Instead I swallowed and there, in my stomach, you stayed.



Sarah Lewis

TOUCH

Drag your fingers through my hair.
Feel the
knotted strands that
catch your fingers like nets catch
dead fish.

Jordan Gauthier Kohn

JUVENESCENCE

I was born into the *generation disatisfacto*
that grew up into the peek-a-boo root,
pirate nation of stealing your years
before you knew they were there,
and now I've got a collection.

Oh children, what a drag it is,
growing old. Each night's moon up, sparks
some lush mutinous craving in me—
a desire to pound my chest, raise a stolen street-pole
as a spear, and scream "MURDER!"—
just a shout away from any adult who'd care to hear.

And oh how I wish the sign of my delusion
would no longer read: *Memory Lane*

Tom Hoesly

JUST A CACTUS

I stared at the cactus, and it seemed like it was staring back at me.
It was taller than I was.
It was even taller than my father, who had always been the tower of my childhood.
Like him, the cactus said nothing.
Its obsidian spines were nearly as long and as thick as one of my fingers.
The petals of its red flowers
were fat and pregnant with juice, and they overflowed with a sickly sweet nectar.
My siblings had at this point
noticed I was not with them.
They slowed and turned,
biting the insides of their cheeks
and scuffing the dry Arizona
ground like impatient cattle.
“Hurry up,” they said. “Hurry up,
we’re going to be late,” they said.
It’s just a cactus,” they said.
Blue butterflies with rice paper wings fluttered around red flowers.
I raised my hand to the tip
of the longest and sharpest needle. “Go on,” urged the cactus.
My fingertip made contact,
and when I withdrew I saw that the spine had punctured my skin.
A bead of blood was swelling,
growing, expanding, until the tension broke, and it surged down my fingers
and started to pool in the palm
of my hand. “Very good,” whispered the cactus.

Dylan Lloyd

GARLIC

At first glance it appears to resemble
a withered old woman:
haggard body,
fishing-line hair
holding on for dear life.

It is the most anti-social
of all the herbs,
buried deep in the earth,
hiding behind endless layers.

Garlic is selfish,
it will interrupt your sentences
and drive people away.

It disappoints babies:
mistaken for a rattle,
it does not produce sound.

It is a weapon
of mass destruction
for the superstitious.

At the bottom,
it sprouts many fingers,
desperately searching for mother earth.



OCTUPUS
KLARA BLAZEK

HOME

I was born:
my mother loosened her fists
and out fell a single
anise seed: dry
yellow-brown
and small.

Sometimes, the desert still scratches
its sandpaper stubble on the balls of my feet,
and I remember my heels might be marble,
cold as the queen's turquoise floor. Breeze
slinking through her sleeves,
she whispered, 'Now come,'
slow and smooth dripping sin
dripping I-dare-you
stepping in time to a beat
neither he nor his god could fathom.
She jingled her anklets in step
and her arms became
wider than the sun.

I dance like her. I dance her dance.
I flicker like the flame in a fortune teller's candle.
Let me tell you how one day, the world
and I will give birth to twin fire-alarms.

Let me show you
at the bottom of your turkish coffee
one thumbprint in the shape
of Sheba's throne
uplifted.

Sometimes, I suppose
that the desert still calls to me,
moaning come back, come back.

But when I fell from my mother's
tissue paper-palms, I fell straight
into the sand and I have only
been falling
deeper.

Erin Elizabeth Smith

HEADLESS BOWLING

My steed left tethered
No need to ride
cloak swishes, boots echo
I am not chasing the schoolmaster tonight

Meeting my challenger
a lanky fellow of meek nature
He's no contest in my game
This fool will surely skitter

Clutching my vegetable head
orange globe glowing in my hand
fingers in my eyes and mouth
I stalk towards the alley

Eyes at the ceiling
bracing my body
swinging my arm back
I thrust my head forward

Rolling along the surface
floor and ceiling alternating in my sight
my trip is swift, a flaming blur
a Jack' O Lantern ball aims for a strike

Bright lights blind as I get dizzy
the lane lacks a cover of a bridge
I spy at the end many quarry
white beings who scatter when I smash!

Boom! My head cannoned a strike
Turning, I see the Crane has taken flight.

Megan Fine

ADIEU

after Sherman Alexie's Valediction

I see, I see, I see, I see, I see
That I wasn't able to persuade you,

But *these* blissful moments are much like *those* blissful moments
Unrecognizable from the other blissful moments

Indeed, my contented companion, *every* blissful moment is
is as invariable as the next.

There is no consolation to be discovered in this,
"Happiness depends upon ourselves."

Aristotle wrote that. He suggested it as a solace
And I suggest it as a solace, too, but how

Could I convince you? I *couldn't* convince you.
You left me because your first blissful moment

Was the best, I suppose, of many blissful moments,
None of my reasons would have kept you here.

You were my confidant. A shooting star, blazing but abbreviated.
And the volume of your elation confounds me.

THE (LAST) LAST LOOK



A NOTE FROM THE ISSUE EDITOR

Reader,

This semester, I learned that, sometimes, there *are* no words. So, to begin my fourth and final letter as your Issue Editor, I will leave you with a few lines from Joy Harjo’s “Eagle Poem,” which *does* have the words—words that have vocalized the magic and darkness throughout my life this semester, and hopefully will for yours, too:

*To pray you open your whole self
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon
To one whole voice that is you.
And know there is more
That you can't see, can't hear;
...Like eagle that Sunday morning
Over Salt River. Circled in blue sky
In wind, swept our hearts clean
With sacred wings.
We see you, see ourselves and know
That we must take the utmost care
And kindness in all things.
Breathe in, knowing we are made of
All this, and breathe, knowing ...we
Were born, and die soon within a
True circle of motion,
... We pray that it will be done
In beauty.
In beauty.*

I want to thank Saagar for being such an open-minded, encouraging leader this year. As a friend and co-editor, I will miss working with you and wish you the best of luck for the future. Thank you to Christine, Alicia, Megan, Mariko, and the rest of the staff; for those who I have known through the magazine for these past four weird years, it’s been an honor to work with you all—I know you will go on to do great things. Thank you, as well, to Ron, Courtney, and Michele, for your love, support, and inspiration in the making of this issue.

The end of the semester has been filled with grief—on campus, across the country, and, sadly, in my own life. And yet, it has also been filled with miraculous moments of strength. As you read this issue, don’t forget to acknowledge those voices of the lost—the buried, the suppressed, the *silenced*. Teaching creative writing in a maximum-security prison this semester, I learned that these stories are often the most raw and honest, the most painfully gorgeous accounts of the human struggle through darkness.

There are no goodbyes in the prison. We only say “see you later.” Whether or not this has, for you, too, been a semester of goodbyes, I will let those three departing words speak for us all.

Yours,



Samantha Rose Zimble
(Departing) Issue Editor



CAUGHT MY TONGUE
FRANK SUNG

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.

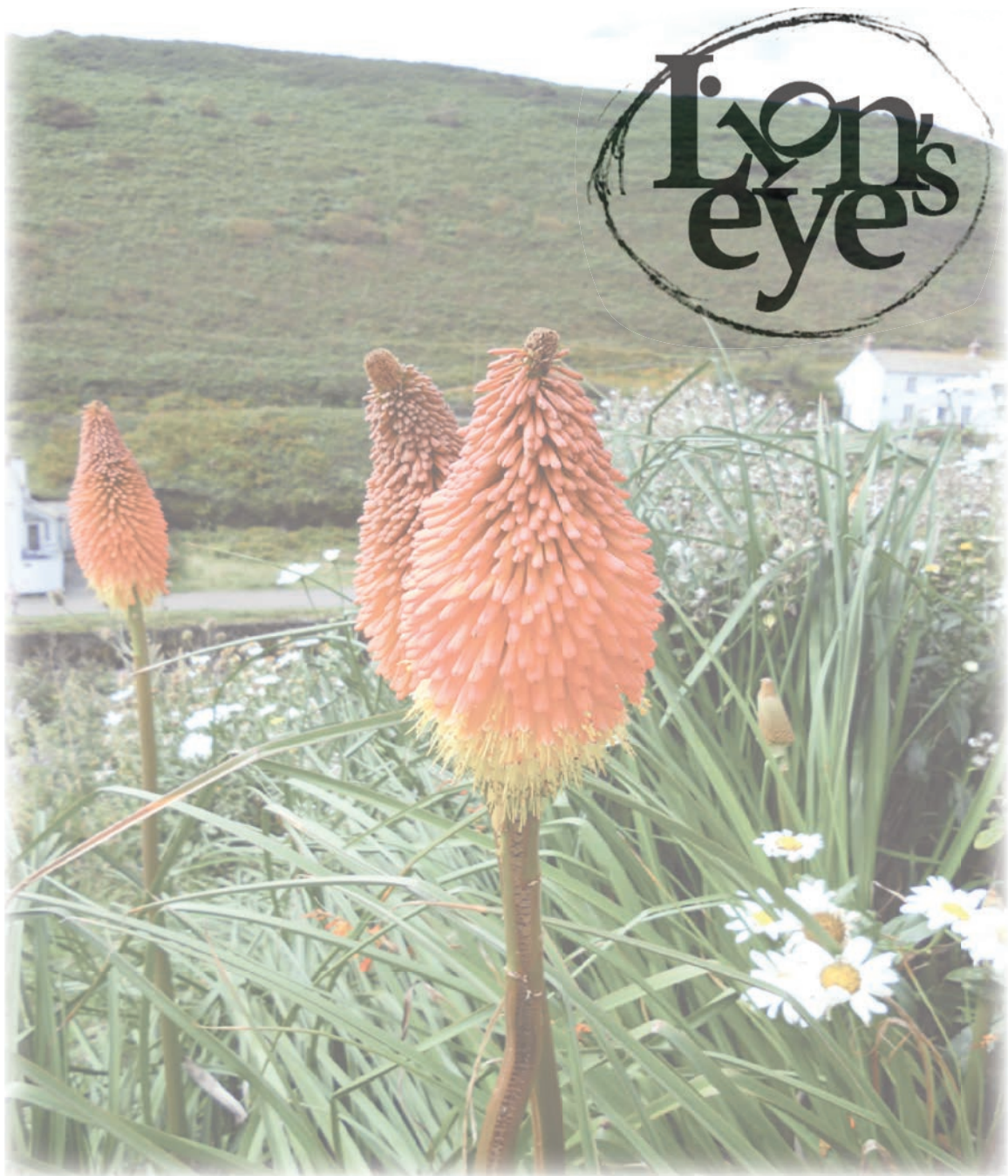
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SUBMISSIONS ::

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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