



The Lion's Eye

VOLUME 35 :: WINTER 2014



CRYSTALS

JAMIE FONZINO

The Lion's Eye

Winter 2014

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“After all, tomorrow is another day.”

—Margaret Mitchel, *Gone With the Wind*

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THE FIRST LOOK

A NOTE FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

Fall is an odd time. It's getting cooler outside, but some people still insist on wearing shorts and t-shirts, while others are already breaking out the heavy sweaters and winter boots. Regardless, of your wardrobe choices, I think we can all agree that fall is a time for renewal: the new school year has begun, new opportunities are opening up for you, and the leaves are falling to create blank trees in the same way you want a clean slate. There is a crispness to the air and breeze that is fresh and exciting. Fall also means a new volume of *The Lion's Eye*, and new additions our campus's literary community.

By the time you read this, though, fall is nearly over, and winter is beginning to settle in on our New Jersey landscape. If you are reading this as a break from finals preparation, we wish you the best of luck and hope these works give you inspiration or some sense of clarity during these last few days the semester. If you decide to hold off and read this after the stress of finals is over, we hope you are cuddling up with a steaming mug of your favorite hot beverage. Whenever you decide to read *The Lion's Eye* is a good time, though. The writers and artists featured in this issue are that crisp, fresh, and exciting breeze that come with the change of seasons. We hope that as you read this, you feel that as much as we did when reviewing this pieces.

Of course, I would like to thank the entirety of *The Lion's Eye* staff for their dedication to this publication. This fall marked my first semester as Executive Editor of this publication, which was a new experience that I had to pleasure of learning and hope to improve on for next semester. The 2014-2015 Executive Board deserves an extra thanks for helping me navigate my first semester. So thank you Julia, our Secretary; Anna, our Issue Editor; Alena, our Copy Editor; Alyse, our Publicist; and Danielle, our Treasurer for your support and patience during my sometimes confusing and last minute decisions. Without these four, *The Lion's Eye* really does fall apart.

And of course, you dear reader. Without you grabbing a copy every semester, there is no reason for us to be printing. Thanks for being the ultimate support.

Sincerely,



Rachel Friedman
Executive Editor



SPIDER WEB
KLARA BLAZEK

Carly DaSilva

SOME BOYS

“But some boys don’t know how to love.”—Ben Gibbard

Watch the boys hold shovels—watch the boys dig deep holes.

Watch the holes get deeper as they are wont to get deeper.

You take a boy, you scoop the boy out of the boy.

Pulp out of an orange.

Feed the boy to himself.

Tears taste like what—like water? What tears? What taste?

Five senses, what a joke.

It’s getting dark down here, and the sun is an unlidded, untethered eye.

Or an orange.

You take a boy, you beat the boy out of the boy.

Scabs over skin.

Look—such shiny, brittle igneous rocks.

Oh yes, providing a loaded gun has always been optional.

They are, by this time, already adequately dangerous.

MOON GIRLS

All these moon girls are trying to get me down,
They dance around every night with their
Starry-eyed lovers and their two left feet
And I wonder how their light still catches in the puddles
On the street.
All these moon girls jive
Until five in the morning,
On top of ocean waves as
They ebb and flow
With their wicked undertoes
And I crave to have someone to pull me under.
It stings like ocean water eyes,
You know the kind, that are salty stinging
Feelings in disguise.
It's like I am diving into their magically-filled marias
As they watch me from the highlands.
Wishing I would just die and
Fall into the sun.
So I could be a moon girl.
To look so bright by swallowing someone else's light,
I see stars speckling their throats and the cosmos encrust
Their corneas, with inky irises.
They drip starry spittle, screaming how awful it must be to
illuminate on my own.
Better to have someone brighten their path, than exploring
the unknown.
And I'd rather create a light that's mine,
Than need someone else's sun to make me shine.

BLUE SKIES

1. Akil

I hate blue skies,
I remember days when the sky unfurled itself like endless sea.
Days when my brothers and I sat under the liquid blue,
we'd reach our hands to the sky, touching Allah.
But where I live now the men refuse to talk of the weather.
The mothers bury their children in their chests,
lest they bury their children in the womb of the earth.
All because of a blue sky.

1. Teresa

I love cloudy days.
The best are stormy days, when they can't make me work.
It's like a holiday—
a Christmas in July.
Not that I go to church,
or could go.
Not when it is my job to spit in God's eyes.
I'm a pilot I say,
a pilot who sits in front of a video feed.
It's just a job I say,
it'll pay my kids tuition,
pay that debt my douchebag husband left.
So I send my kids to church, school, or band practice
and take the whole day off.
Ah, what a lovely grey sky.

2. Akil

That day was hot,
I sat with my brothers in our white linen dhotis,
three white clouds on a dusty landscape.
We sipped the mango Lassi our mother made.
No one feared blue skies then.
But the sky began to hiss like a snake.
We couldn't see anything wrong,
just a brightly burning sun.

2. Teresa

That day I watched three boys outside the home.
Their father had invited over a terrorist—
I can't ask him why; we've never met face- to- face.
He's a set of pixels on my drone's live feed.
I'm ordered to level the home,
easier than knocking down a house of cards.
The target is locked,
no grey clouds to hide it.
The reticle calculates distance.
I want them to run,
realize the danger rocketing towards them.

3. Akil

The moment happens and ends in a second,
the side of my face is melting.
Fragments of shrapnel burrow into my skin, grinding bone.
I scream for my bothers, but they are howling, too.
I can't see through the carpet of dust,
only one of my eyes can open.
My mother's lassi is blown away,
and I latter learn so is she, and my father.
only torsos in the ruins of my home.
In time, I will be able to walk, but my left eye is gone.
My brothers join the Taliban, and I will watch—one- eyed.
Their drones never come on days of grey skies,
but on clear days we walk with our heads covered low.

3. Teresa

When the dust cleared that day,
I saw one boy, with a gaping eye socket.
He still kept the other eye open,
permanently fixed to the sky,
looking for the thing that killed his parents.
I went home that night,
practically buried my kids in a hug,
and prayed to never see blue skies.



UNTITLED
NICOLE MILLER

MY GRANDMOTHER'S WAKE

My jacket had been wrinkled
from sweaty hands on my shoulder
and handshakes with smiles
“She was a lovely woman.”
But what do they know?
They know nothing of the laughs
or the cooking or the talks
or the way she called us stars
like we were angels in dark nights.
Eulogies and sermons and laughing
of her love, but there is no love
When love is only there when
she is not.
I couldn't recognize her shell.
“What have they done to you?”
Covered in makeup, hair pulled back
Arms crossed. What a peaceful
pile of skin and cosmetics.
Lines of cattle coming in to
view the body, like watching news
of horrid crimes; everyone's guilty
pleasure. Children forced to understand
when all they want to do is
complain- their lives aren't close
to being over. So they complain about it.
Tears so fake, they form
plastic puddles at their feet.
“I'm sorry,” they say. What are you
sorry for? Sorry you couldn't save her?
Or sorry I have to shake a million hands
and fake a million smiles to a million
people I don't care to know about?
What is it of the sweet presence she brought?
Like spring rolling over frozen valleys.
What am I to do with these memories
of her buying me fruit near the ocean?
Store them away. Because no one else
deserves them.

Carly DaSilva

YOU ARE THE MOON

There is a song about the moon
in which the ocean is her looking glass.

Fear of wrinkles
casually forming wrinkles, ripples.

Van Gogh painted her in layers,
mountains, valleys, braille.

Hieroglyphs in clenched fists,
bent wrists, foreheads—who is the cipher?

Someone must have learned this language,
maybe the three blind men who read the elephant.

In one century, there won't be
any of the gentle giants left.

We will have photos.
We will have The Starry Night.

There are only two kinds of beauty
here in this world:

that which we keep suspended,
resplendent, eternal,

&

that which we kiss
to dust.



PHASES OF THE MOON
ANNA MITAROTONDO

MICHELANGELO

Your hands have been carved by Michelangelo, I thought before watching you peel an orange at lunch. The callous on your left middle finger reminded me of how you would press your pens too hard to your paper and how you would support your head with your hand on your forehead and every teacher would ask you if you were okay. You flinched as some juices trickled into the exposed red flesh from pulling off cuticles, lips sucking in before bring your finger to your mouth to relieve the pain.

I wondered if I could find “MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI, FLORENTINE, MADE THIS” carved into your bones, just under the skin, the same color of a healed scar. But that’s silly because you are not *The Pietà* and Michelangelo did not sign his works after that. Instead, I saw the faint blue of your veins and your white knuckles and the creases of your skin. I found your trembling thumb scratching at the surface of a thick-skinned fruit, a small crescent of orange packed under the small white of your nail.

I wonder why he would not take credit for you.



THREE VISAGES
ANNE ZHANG



JEWISH CEMETERY
KLARA BLAZEK

FLOWERS

Give flowers to someone you love.

Give someone you love purple flowers.

Hide purple flowers in clever places.

Use your teeth.

Give clever places purple flowers.

Hide yourself with someone you love.

Hide purple flowers with your teeth.

Use whatever you want.

Give and give and give.

Someone you love has flowers.

Tell someone you love to hide the flowers.

Purple flowers partially obscured or in shade.

Full fluttering bouquets.

Give flowers to someone you love.

Watch what you do with your hands.

WE GREW OUT OUR HAIR

And elastic bands happened to be fairly cheap that year.

I have a friend who used to keep the ends of hers between her teeth—her mother gave her bowl cuts.

And the lady took too much off of mine last time—never again.

A pair of scissors is all it takes to be a “bank teller” or a “new recruit” or a “surfer.”

And after one year my sweat already smells different.

I find traces of blond in the rug, in my pillowcase, longer strands each time I vacuum.

And I’m supposed to be the one who says, “Cut it.”

Does the wind tell the trees when to drop their leaves?

Everyone seems to be looking for a barber now.

And maybe I don’t look “cute” or “edgy.”

Where is the perfect boycut hiding and why is it hiding from me?

I eat chocolate constantly.

And yes, pulled back, it looks almost colonial.

It gets in your face and sticks in your mouth and eyeballs and sticks in my mouth and eyeballs.

It sticks in towels and rugs and shirts and throw-blankets.

This was the sweatiest summer.

Yes, I understand this is, in part, our fault.

And it glistens in the partial light—it sticks and clings to skin like it belongs there.

Sometimes I pull it off because I know it's yours.

And for the same reason, sometimes, I don't.

Alena Woods

MY DAD'S FACE IS A DIARY

My dad's face is a diary
His smile is the same from when he was a baby,
Grabbing chunks of his own hair and pulling tightly
The same way he would at his work desk at twenty-three.

The blonde hair has gone brown like wheat in a summer heat stroke
And gray speckles the burnt fields of your widow's peak as weeds do.
But at least there's some life there, some way to say
That when I called him at two in the morning, swearing that
My heart would never beat the same, I made my mark on him.

We creased his face and folded his cheeks like pieces of loose leaf paper,
Like someone collected all of his memories together with a stapler
And he became a bulletin board of his wedding day and the first time
My twin sister and I realized we were more than just mirror images,
But something tangible to hold onto.

I hope she and I will someday be as much of a diary, with its frayed edges
And bindings held together with nothing but glue.



FEATHER-HAIRED
JAMIE FONZINO



WONDERING EYE
JAMIE FONZINO

OPERATION CRICKET

There was no point in me trying to get to bed early. I was too excited and happy to know that this long-awaited trip was finally happening to get any sleep. It was already eleven thirty at night. We'd be packing up the family car in six hours and heading down the highway or the beaches.

Then I saw *it*. My God, I don't know how Pinocchio ever put up with trusting Jiminy. Crickets do not look so trustworthy to be a conscious. They are hideous sons of bitches and there was one crawling across the wall about our living room's flat screen, right over my face in the family portrait. Running to the kitchen, I grabbed a flyswatter from one of the drawers and rushed back to the living room. The cricket was gone and I was standing in the middle of the room like a complete idiot in my underwear, poised with a flyswatter like I was trying to act like Babe Ruth.

"Where are you, you little bastard?" I uttered.

THERE IT IS! The insect I assumed to be a spider on steroids made its way into the dining room smugly, inching around the corner and out of my sight again. I followed it, my body shaking, and peered around the corner to see what it was planning.

It's just sitting there, I thought to myself. *Is it playing dead?* I could sense its toothy grin somewhere within the vicinity of that contorted, pinched body that somewhat resembled a futuristic spacecraft. I seriously didn't want to get up close to it to swat it. There were a few heavy books laying on my Mother's credenza behind the table, so I chose the heaviest looking hardcover and hurled it at the cricket, knowing it would be crushed immediately and I would be able to go to bed in peace.

No, no, no! That's impossible! It JUMPED! The binding of that book couldn't have been any more than a millimeter away from its legs when the thing catapulted from the carpet to the door of the stereo cabinet, legs gripping to the letters of the Sony logo like they were its savior.

I grabbed the next heaviest book and tossed it. It jumped again, this time on the face of David, the bust of the statue sitting above the phonograph. I couldn't hurl a book at this one, so I used the flyswatter instead, cringing with each jump it made about the room. I was just waiting for the moment it would land on my face and scream. It didn't, though. It just kept jumping! I couldn't believe it. My arms were actually growing tired and this little piece of shit that probably weighed less than a milligram was winning the battle so far. The only thing I managed on hitting was one of the CD racks and this tossed at least two dozen or more jewel cases to the floor. They were alphabetized.

Then a great thought popped into my mind. *What if I trap it? I can get a really large bowl from the kitchen and trap it somewhere so I can go upstairs, pull the covers over me, and rest in peace for the night.* It was the perfect plan.

So proud of myself, I went back to the kitchen and tore through the cabinets and drawers to find the perfect force field orb to imprison the little house invader.

After extensive hunting, I pulled out a bowl the size of a thimble as my last resort and tossed it at the foot of the refrigerator. It kicked on a second later as if to say "Shut up, I was sleeping" and I stood back up again. Now there was a cricket loose in the house, and the kitchen looked like an atom bomb was dropped on it. Then I turned around to spot the largest salad bowl I had ever seen in my life sitting very conveniently next to the stove. Grumbling, I grabbed it, stubbed my toe on the drawer un-

derneath the stove, and returned to the dining room. No sign of cricket. Not even a note had been left by any of my allies to aide me in hunting down and killing the intruder. I would've asked the bust of David above the stereo where he went, but he was already injured and stuttering in a foreign code that was unable to be cracked. I already stepped on one of the sharp metal utensils leftover from the kitchen which had become the ruins of a warzone, so I limped half-naked to the living room in search for the enemy.

The new TV went into sleep mode by that point and the living room was a quiet, abandoned dystopia. No cricket here. I inched into the foyer, our suitcases saluting to me as I nodded to them in passing. It was super dark in there and the entrance to the den just around the corner was absolute black. Clutching the salad bowl force field orb while I panted with anticipation, I reached my hand around the doorway to find the light switch. The switch found me first, though, and I flicked on the light. No sound, just the occasional ticking of the clock in the corner. The computer desk seemed like a good hiding spot for him, but I examined it carefully and discovered nothing. This territory was safe.

The bathroom!

The door to the water closet was wide open, but it was black in there, too. *Shit, I wish I had backup now.* I repeated the same steps in switching on the den's lights for the bathroom and accomplished in turning on the heater, too. The room lit up and a congested groan emanated from the vents overhead. My own reflection stared back at me in the vanity mirror and the lighting made me look like a pale ghost trapped in another dimension.

He wasn't in here. He probably crawled underneath one of the baseboard heaters out n the living room or went underneath the crack of the basement door. I'd probably never see him again. I dropped the salad bowl on the floor and went for the shower. I needed a good cleansing before bed. Long drive in the morning. I pulled the curtain back.

"SHIT!"

Within the trenches of the tub, the enemy jumped at my sudden invasion to his shelter.

"You're going down!" I screamed, and twisted the faucets to let the full force of water thunder from the faucet. Oh, he tried to fight for his life. Trust me. Those wiry little legs were washed right off the porcelain floor of the tub and he went swirling downhill to the open drain ike a terrified kid on a waterslide, gripping onto the edge of the entrance to the abyss of death.

"Drown, you little shit!" I was nearly laughing at this point. I swear he looked up at me with horrid eyes of defeat, cursing at me and using every obscenity in the dictionary of Cricket. Moments later he was gone, crumpled up into a ball, and catapulted down the drain forever. Operation Cricket was over, but Operation Stinkbug began at three in the morning.



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL
KLARA BLAZEK

TOWERS

There are small children carrying small children on their backs
carrying small children on their backs carrying small children etc. etc.

Paths are circular even when they seem erratic always touching
ends on the sphere's surface somehow.

Take notes on the points of overlap in footprints where
circles meet circles linking circles like Olympic rings.

There are children and there are ghost-children and there are
child-shaped voids and all three weigh about the same.

The past and the future are parcels
of the present.

Who is it you carry, child?
Who is it who carries you?

From above all you see are towers
swaying, rippling, making waves.

THE HOUSE FULL OF POISON

Is at the end of the road and has two floors. Four bedrooms. Three bathrooms. What a foyer. What a chandelier.

The poison is thick and purple, like in a cartoon. About the consistency of honey. Lukewarm to the touch. It defies the laws of physics—it is up to your neck no matter where you walk.

Even up the stairs. Even in the attic. In the basement.

Walking is more like swimming—swimming is more like swimming in a slow-motion film—swimming in a slow-motion film is more like grace and beauty than strained attempts to get something from the kitchen.

All I wanted was a honeydew and look at the time. Do I even want it anymore?

None of the poison trickles out when you open the door, when you open any door. Touching it, you are simultaneously captivated and repulsed. It looks like Jell-O. Like it belongs in your mouth.

The house holds four people and one dog. It has been so long that the people have grown gills thick and fleshy in their necks. The people always seem rather lavender in color, gaspy in air, quick to run anywhere but home.

The dog has taken to sleeping outside in the grass. Sometimes the youngest daughter sleeps in the dog house, hyperventilating while she dreams.

People slowly stopped coming by when the poison would become a bit too much. So purple, so thick. Slightly sticky. It has a tendency to leave a thin transparent residue on clothes and skin.

It has a very particular smell.

The older daughter says it tastes like grape-flavored cough syrup—goes down smooth as air, used to burn in the pit of her stomach, but it doesn't do that anymore.

Kelly Noll

IN THE POPPY I SEE

in the poppy i see
the bloodshot eyes of soldiers
on watch all through the starless night
in the poppy i see
clots of coagulated crimson
circled around deep bullet wounds
in the poppy i see
the prideful planet mars
playing with the fate of children
in the poppy i see
the stemlike soldiers' veins
pounding, bursting with adrenaline
in the poppy i see
the hollow hearts of hollow men
hoping for peace and safety
in the poppy i see
the smeared red sunset
the relief that you survived another day
and the terror that you must do it all again
in the poppy i see
in the poppy i see
in the poppy i see

PRICKLING

Limb and lips and hallowed eyes
of candy glass A river divides
Swamped with words and clicks
and slants A fire flicks
in chest and hand
Filling gut – slowly -
beginning to cut
away at fiber and thread,
Brain and matter,
Motions and head.
Fear of the fall,
Fear of the tread,
Fear of the valley between
call and unsaid.
A fray in the string,
a knick in the rope,
a lack of faith equates a loss of hope
Lost to the sing of zeros and ones
Numbers that form,
not quite done
To sew the torn before it snaps
Yet still,
opening a gap
that shapes and colors cannot pass
into those walls of candy glass.
And now you see
that creating a part
is as easy as seeking
A needle in a heart.



MAUTHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP

KLARA BLAZEK



UNTITLED
NICOLE MILLER

STICKY-TACK STARS

I catch glimpses of myself
In shining, mirrored memories
And they burned like melted metal
In crashes of waved lead with shadows
Blanketing shadows,
Under a Melville sky.

My childhood still glows on my bedroom ceiling.
The stars strip down to their million year-old shells
And I become their child of time.
I can shift constellations with my mind's eye,
Like reconstructing time.
The paint on my ceiling is peeling
Like a sunburn, onto my head,
Into my lashes.
And it crashes into my irises so
When I rub my eyes, I see galaxy skies
And not the changes that pollute my city.

My father's eyes are two moons about to wax,
And he says the word gibbous is jibberish, but
I see the tears swell in waves.
He thinks he controls his tides, but I am
The one who moves him.
Because I still see ceiling stars,
But all he sees is the black hole
Underneath them when I leave.

POETIC INJUSTICE

How do I start this thing?
With a rhyme that makes angels sing?
Let me talk about a nebulous topic,
and end in an empty line—
promising sense but giving little.
She made love to my ear with her mouth,
of course she was just stroking my ego.
And in her eyes, I saw an empty void.

Did that make sense, well
of course it didn't. Because poetry is
for sad sacks who think sacks can actually
be little vestibules of sorrow. Have you looked
at the grimy sack, it's just a bag don't make a Haiku.

A sack keels over weary,
drooping mouth spilling outward—
dreams of lighter Spring.

Better yet, gut the form like a pig and toss the innards.
Slice tradition and spread it like deli meat.
A poet can be a butcher of w/o/r/d/s.
I'll take a s/w/o/r/d please
Sorry kid, ya need ta fill a form for that.

OULIPO can close up:
How does ice start this thimble?
With a rhubarb that makes anginas sing?
Let mead talk about a nebulous topaz,
and end in an empty lice—
promising senioritas but giving little.
Sheaf made love to my eagle with her mouse,
of course sheaf was just stroking my eggs.
And in her exuberance, ice saw an empty voice.



DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH
KATHERINE KAHN

Carly DaSilva

ON GETTING A GLASS OF WATER

She wakes.

When there was nothing, the nothing must have looked like this.

Before the bang.

A silence.

As long as you are covered, you are safe.

She is unsafe.

A body in motion, in space.

There is only one path.

There are only two hands.

The universe began in a touch-tunnel.

Bodies in motion in darkness in bodies in motion.

In darkness she creates collisions, encounters.

She pushes off into the deeper dark.

She is uncovered.

She is unafraid.

There is no bang this time.

Only footsteps.

Fingers leaving subtle marks on invisible walls.



VINES
KLARA BLAZEK

Michelle Lesniak

EMPTY STAGES

The world needs more empty stages,
more solitary escapes for the weak,
the ones who can't make homes in crowded rooms
or corridors lined with them,
where behind closed doors the laughter
hides choking signs, hides anguish, hides fury,
erases outward signs of doubt,
settles the mask into place.
The weak need more curtains to hide behind,
softer than the doors that block them out.
Curtains whisper, curtains include, they invite
where solid doors exclude.
The weak need more floorboards, more fly space,
more room to surround themselves
with quiet reveries, the long-forgotten prayers
and monologues of actors before them –
The world needs more empty stages,
because some people need more space to belong
in this world.

PARORNIX MAURA

Struck by a paper cup
you fell, or dropped
—dropped is a better word—
straight down,
hit the carpet,
didn't twitch.

I imagined meteors
crashing into planets,
cars coming around corners,
cyclists without blinkers
at night, children playing in the street.

You remind us that we breathe
in our sleep—we breathe you in
without knowing—you navigate our
bronchioles and tongues-in-cheeks,
crawling or flying, falling or dropping
into our open mouths.

I imagine Noah and Pinnochio,
Cronus's six eldest writhing,
trees in the rainforest falling,
animals crossing highways,
slapping at mosquitoes and ticks.

I took you by the wing to see the ocean.

I imagined space dust glittering,
light traveling, to a distant planet
seeming like a star, people realizing
how much they love other people,
choosing change after taking time
to count up their chances.

I let the waves take you,
wash you back and forth along the beach.
Floating must be something
like flying, I think.

It all still seems
like a crummy way to say,
“I’m sorry.”

THE LAST LOOK

A NOTE FROM THE ISSUE EDITOR

Reader,

Inspiration can be really hard to find, particularly as we approach the end of the semester and the beginning of winter. The work and responsibilities are piling up and are just in time for the temperature to drop. The idea of going outside can be a struggle (at least for me) on top of the work that needs to be completed. When I get into a rut like this, I like to listen to music (very unique stress relief mechanism, I know)

I have decided to present you, reader, with a playlist that I have been working on for you. I have made you this playlist because these songs have either helped me through something at one time or another or have sparked a special energy in me in some way. Oh, and just because I wish making mixed tapes for people was still common (because that was a better time). Maybe if you're feeling bored, lacking inspiration, or are just looking for some new music to listen to you can give my playlist a try. Even if you hate it, hopefully you can use that energy your inspirational advantage. So here's a playlist from me to you.

1. Impossible- Anberlin
2. Stay- SafetySuit
3. Our Deal- Best Coast
4. All At Once- The Fray
5. Everlong- Foo Fighters
6. The Diary of Jane- Breaking Benjamin
7. Closing Time- Semisonic
8. Long Live- Taylor Swift
9. Cough Syrup- Young the Giant
10. Collar Full- Panic! At the Disco
11. Alone Together- Fall Out Boy
12. Feel Good Drag- Anberlin
13. Amsterdam- Imagine Dragons
14. Everybody Wants to Rule the World- Tears for Fears
15. Show Me What I'm Looking For- Carolina Liar
16. Give Me Love- Ed Sheeran
17. Here is Gone- The Goo Goo Dolls
18. Boulevard of Broken Dreams- Green Day
19. Face Down- Red Jumpsuit Apparatus
20. Somewhere Only We Know- Keane

And before I conclude, I would like to thank my fellow eboard members Rachel, Alena, Jula, Alyse and Danielle. Without everyone's collaborative efforts, there would be no magazine. But more importantly, without you, dear reader, we would not have an audience to share our student's work with.

Yours,



Anna Mitarotondo
Issue Editor



TEENAGE CRIMES AT TCNJ
ABIGAIL BURNS

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.

The *Lion's Eye* is co-sponsored by the Alpha Epsilon Alpha chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, the National English Honor Society, at The College of New Jersey.

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.

PRINTER ::

Bill's Printing Service - 2829 South Broad Street - Trenton, NJ - 08610



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