



*AGORA*



*“Birthplace of Democracy, the Agora dozes at the foot of the Acropolis.  
Athenians thronged here to discuss, harangue, litigate, philosophize.”*

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# *Agora*

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***Dirty***

*We come to them  
Sullen, nervous, anxious  
“Bless me, Father”  
They hear our dirt*

*“I absolve you”  
We leave confessed  
Our soul scrubbed over  
By the hand of God*

*He puts on his stole  
I put on the apron  
I cannot absolve  
But I can dissolve*

*These dishes  
Such messes monks can make  
Saucers stained with supper  
The only recourse  
Is steel wool—not the Lamb’s*

*I scrub them hard and well  
I alone wash them clean  
I place them in the purgative waters  
They leave me spotless and pure*

*I know they will come back soon  
Dirty as sin  
Just as Father knows  
We will come back to him*

*- Elizabeth Suaso*



***Photograph by Kelly Morrison***

## **A Stormy Afternoon**

Rain-maker,  
Storm chaser,  
Made it drain away  
One last time.  
He knew how  
It would end.  
He knew all too well  
All too well  
That it wouldn't end;  
That she couldn't  
Let it end.

- Megan Kelley



### **The Finishing Touch**

*I still remember the day I became hers. I had been hanging in the window for a couple weeks, watching as my sisters got promised a loving home where they would be cherished. I was envious of them; I yearned to leave the confines of the window myself. Sitting there upon a cold, lifeless shadow of a body I could see the world passing me by. But it was a very limited view of the world, and it was terribly disconnected since I could only see the little that lay before me. All I wanted was to belong to someone and see their life. I had given up hope of this ever happening when one day a young woman entered the boutique. She seemed slightly out of place in such a special store, and the saleswomen regarded her as beneath their notice. She looked over racks of dresses with excited yet tentative motions. Her face, which had been so happy and expectant, fell as she looked through the last few dresses. Seeing that they were about to lose a customer, the saleswomen came to life and flocked to her, telling her how pretty this frock would look with her hair and how this one matched the color of her eyes. Suddenly I felt myself flying up into the air. It was almost painful at first; I was so stiff from being in one position for so long. She touched me gently, delicately tracing the pattern upon me.*

I was her favorite colors, cream and red, and I was just the right size for her. The saleswomen praised me, proclaiming that I was perfect, both for the special occasion and her. Since she was in a hurry she quickly bought me and so I unexpectedly found myself with an owner. I was overjoyed as I was swathed in a paper wrapping and carefully placed into a bag. In the sweet darkness I rested until she pulled me out at her home. It was a modest apartment, but she had made it special with little details that most people wouldn't think of. I was laid out upon a board and I felt a warmth press over me as she removed all my wrinkles and soothed me back to a relaxed state. I glided over her slip and onto her; it was the first time I had ever been worn by a person before. I thrilled as I felt her stand a little taller as she flushed with pleasure when she glimpsed a reflection of her appearance. She fluffed her hair and pinned a special brooch from her grandmother onto me as a finishing touch. She stiffened and then scurried as she noticed how late it was getting. Soon we arrived at a cute little cafe, with comfortable chairs and couches. She ordered a cup of tea and sat down in a chair. I could feel her quiver slightly, out of nervousness or anticipation I couldn't tell. She seemed to be waiting for someone to arrive. She kept smoothing me with her hands, which were becoming increasingly clammy and unsteady. Time slowly ticked past as we sat there and she drank yet another cup of tea and ate scones. There was a growing sense of despair wafting over her as she started to slump and absentmindedly sipped her tea. She looked around for the millionth time, once again falling back against her chair with even less hope than the last time. Sobs threatened to burst forth as she slowly began to gather her stuff together and waited for her bill to arrive. Suddenly a strange man wearing a long trench coat sat down across from her. She braced herself and her back became rigid. The man pulled out four pairs of glasses and started putting them on in different combinations, all the while muttering to himself. She hastily looked away, ensuring no eye contact and avoiding all questions. After several frightful moments he left, leaving a flurry of papers behind. After making sure he was gone, she bent down and picked them up. Written upon them was the most exquisite poetry; as she read a few wet droplets splashed upon me, baptizing me into a closer union with her.

*“Excuse me, ma’am. Are those your papers?”*

*Startled, she looked up and saw a handsome young man standing in front of her. He was wearing a nice suit, and his tie waved at me in a friendly manner as he stood there. She explained the origin of the papers, and he kindly smiled at her. He asked if the tears were because she liked or hated what she read. She blushed and a champagne laugh burst out which seemed to spring from her with intricate delight. He told her his name. She looked down at the papers in front of her; his name was written under every poem. She stammered out her own name and clumsily handed the papers to him, apologizing for having them and saying that they truly belonged to him. In his turn he explained how his agent had misplaced the papers and he had been searching for them ever since. He smiled at her again with a smile that reached his eyes and made them glow with an impish mirth. He asked her if she would like to have dinner with him. She looked around; there was no sign of whomever she was expecting. I felt her twist back and forth ever so slightly, vacillating between the options before her. Turning to him, she smiled and took his offered hand.*

*- Catherine Brandolini*

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***Into The West*** by Rebecca Munro



***Eucharist***

*Flour—dust.  
Bread—ash.*

*Tastes like:*

*Things lost,  
Things forgot*

*—that throb like a missing limb—*

*Things no longer  
Hoped  
Nor sought.*

*Grief numbed  
Now,  
Recalling less  
What it should miss.*

*I eat you:  
Deferred self*

*—the not what I had wished—*

*The minus,  
Dearth  
(of all things)  
Your death.*

*- Rebecca Munro*



***Photograph*** by Cory Catron

## **Lion King**

*“As I said, Larry, I shot the lion with a 5-10-15 gage shotgun. He was coming in through the window there, you know, the one to the bedroom, and with my wife there asleep in the bed, I had no choice. It was a full moon so I seen everything in spite of the shadows.”*

*“Bah, I ain’t never heard of no 5-10-15 gage shotgun before, Bob. I think you’re full of it.”*

*“A 5-10-15 gage shotgun is just right for the job. You don’t know nothin’ about guns, Larry. You wasn’t in the service like I was. I tell ya I shot him right between the eyes with a 5-10-15 gage, and it made one heck of a mess.”*

*“I never heard of such a thing.”*

*“Well, listen and learn.”*

*“I suppose your wife cleaned it up.”*

*“She would have, but she didn’t need to.”*

*“What do you mean ‘she didn’t need to,’ ’cause I know you wouldn’t? So how long was this dead lion danglin’ over the sill of your bedroom window?”*

*“There’s no tellin’, but that’s the way it was.”*

*“I’d like to bring you a real lion and see you try to shoot it.”*

*“You really don’t know nothin’, do you, Larry?”*

*“I know I never, ever heard of no 5-10-15 gage shotgun, I’ll tell you that.”*

*“Sometimes you don’t have to shoot the lion.”*

*“They always have to shoot the lion, Bob, I do know that!”*

*“Maybe so, but I didn’t have to shoot the lion I seen last night.”*

*“You didn’t see no lion last night or any time!”*

*“Did too!”*

*“Did not!”*

*“Let him say his piece, Larry. If nothin’ else it might give us a laugh or two. Maybe five, ten or fifteen.” Gladys never said much. As was her manner, she just sat there, nursing her morning coffee, looking past the “boys,” like she was listening to talk radio. She had just eaten a hamburger with fries after she’d come in from third shift on cleanup at the hospital.*

*“Okay, that’s fine by me. So let’s hear it, Mr. Lie-on King, lie on!”*

*“This ain’t no lie, Larry, cross my heart. I couldn’t sleep last night, so I get up to take a whiz, and that’s when I seen him in the moon-light.”*

*“I suppose it was a full moon and you could see him real good out of the shadows.”*

*“You took the words right outa my mouth, Larry. So I seen him, he’s just sittin’ there eyin’ the tomaters plants in my garden. That’s when I knowed I had to do something.”*

*“You’re gonna risk your measly life to save a few old tomaters plants? The tomaters in the store is a whole lot better than yours anyway. Everybody knows that.”*

*“You’re missing the whole point as usual, Larry. I wanted to save the lion from the tomaters plants, not the tomaters plants from the lion.”*

*“That don’t make no sense at all, Bob. So what if he mushed a few old tomaters that the birds is gonna get anyway?”*

*“This is how it is, Larry. Now listen and learn, listen and learn. You hear about that poor little girl in Alabama that ate all them watermelon seeds? Them seeds started to grow in her belly and it was like to drive her daddy crazy ’cause she had no beau at the time. As it turned out when they cut her stomach open, she gave birth to a two pound watermelon vines and all. I don’t recall what variety they said it was.”*

*“That’s just pure foolishness. I never heard of such a thing.”*

*“That’s ’cause you don’t keep up, Larry. The same reporter that wrote all about that watermelon girl, he said they found the top of a pine tree sproutin’ out of one of them bald eagles way out there in Colorado. And then there was that feller’s pig over in China that rooted a crab apple tree in its little pot belly. It ripped him wide open.”*

*“Well, boohoo, Bob, boohoo, I’m all busted up over that little China pig. Maybe we ought to ship some foreign aid over there right now so he can get hisself another pig and put his whole family on the dole.”*

*“Now don’t get me started on foreign aid, Larry!”*

*“Okay, okay. All I gotta say is that reporter guy must of been sniffing some mighty powerful glue or puttin’ somethin’ directly in his veins to make all them lies up, but I’m not surprised, not a bit, I’ll*

have to tell ya, Bob, that you swallered it all up, hook, line, sinker, rod, reel, fisherman, and the whole stinking boat!”

“Let me try to explain how these things work, Larry.”

“I’m all ears, Bob. I can’t wait to see how you’re gonna manage this one.”

“It’s like this. Just try to remember checks and balances. It’s all about checks and balances.”

“So, that don’t prove nothin’.”

“It’s like an idea, Larry, try not to stub your big toe on it, you know like if there’s an Allmart it’s gonna have a greeter. So with them jet fighters, they got radar on everything, right, so them pilots know if some guy sneezes two miles away. Then the enemy comes up with something to jam the radar. And then we figure out a way to unjam it. It’s a simple case of checks and balances.”

“So?”

“So that’s how Mother Nature does her business.”

“Well, I’ll be! I never thought I’d see the day. You’re one of them evolootionists!”

“If you’re gonna call me that, Larry, I’ll have to ask you to step outside. I ain’t no evolootionist and it ain’t evolootion, just checks and balances.”

“If you ask me,” Gladys said, “you boys both came down from the trees around about midnight last night.”

“I don’t think anyone was askin’, Gladys.”

“Yeah, no one was askin’.”

“Any road, that’s about all I’m good for. I gotta change the oil in that old truck of mine, but I still don’t believe a word of it, Bob.”

“Fine by me, Larry.”

“Hey, anybody want that pickle on Gladys’s plate?”

“Look at them seeds, Larry, ya sure you want to risk it?”

“I guess you got a point there, Bob. Oh, yeah, what happened to the lion? I forgot to ask.”

“He took one look at my 5-10-15 gage and slinked away like a big coward.”

On her way out after Larry and Bob left the coffee shop, Gladys saw a newspaper spread out on a seat by the women’s restroom. One of the headlines read: “‘The Lion Sleeps Tonight,’ Big Cat

*Tranquilized by Local Vet.” She studied the photograph of the vet cradling a large gun in the crook of his arm. She couldn’t be sure, but it might have been a 5-10-15 gage shotgun.*

- Michael Hood



## ***The Tragedy of Christmas***

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### *THE PROLOGUE*

*[Enter] Chorus*

*Two toy makers, unlike in dignity,  
At the time we celebrate the nativity scene,  
From toy production break new mutiny  
Where Christmas lists make Christmas unclean.  
The horrid work place the Chinese undergo  
The elves cannot possibly survive.  
From Asia’s factories electronics overflow  
Beyond Santa’s lenient productive drive.  
The sad passage of Noel’s lost love  
And the continuance of the elves’ rage  
Which, but their retirement, nought could remove,  
Is now the holiday traffic of December’s stage.  
But if you with consumer eyes attend  
The rights of humanity you too shall bend.*

*[Exit.]*

- Christopher Lux

*Elegy*

*I, in black, am glad you slipped  
into the willow—  
stream; and so alone found peace.*

*- Ann Visintainer*



*The Archway by Elizabeth Suaso*

## **After Church**

*Cold, early Sunday mornings warmed up  
When grandma motioned her daughter  
To stop at the corner drug store  
While she carefully selected each coin  
From the small silk purse  
That didn't quite make it to the collection plate*

*We bought peanuts that we dropped in  
Six and one-half ounce coca-colas  
And watched them fizzle their way to the top  
Before covering the bottle with our lips  
Just in time*

*- Larry Williams*



## **Anathema**

*Fragmented unconsciousness of human nature,  
The conviction of artistic detachment  
And paradoxical consummation of purity  
Demands the cathartic passions.*

*The argumentative conclusion of all things ethereal,  
Archaic knowledge rendered unstable.  
The suffering of bloody beauty reigns,  
Empirical hypothesis of loyalty bound.*

*The paradigm shift of intelligent sincerity,  
Celestial predicates one's true identity;  
The neutral chaos of surreal intention;  
My greatest fear is to become *somebody*.*

*- Lauren Stepp*

## **Transmutation**

*At the gate, the fiery sword is held  
By hands that shake with tenderness  
As jungle rain drips mercifully on  
Two shadowy shapes, dry and expelled.*

*Black and tear-shaped drips the iron, down  
The glowing steely belly, and inside  
The welder's shack, the screaming metal  
Sweats, and shapes a kingly crown.*

*Will you now, storm-torn and weary cry,  
Even as on high the clouds disperse,  
“We have angered Poseidon  
And will never reach home?”*

- Ann Visintainer



## **Sisyphus**

*These hands—worn once of jagged quartz  
are supple now, smoothed of Zeus' will  
Polished to fine pewter of willless work,  
A treated alliance of man and earth.*

*This stone, my brother, my bondage waits  
In motion now, for taller hills  
that do not come. It tepid looms  
and wrought with it, visions of grass.*

*However, the stone's not as heavy now  
Rock and Zeus sculpted solid shoulders  
made of habit, forged in suffering vow.  
I am Sisyphus, the roller of boulders.*

- Mitchell Button



## **American Dream**

The sound of the toilet leaking was driving him nearly mad while the fan chopped lazily at the hot air. It was a slow leak in the flush seal and that meant that the toilet would be quiet for five minutes or so and then the hiss of the spout filling the quarter inch of water it had lost would interrupt his thoughts. He didn't need any help having his thoughts interrupted. At the end of the month it was always like this.

Unpaid bills shuffled in and out of focus as he tried to task out the things he had to do the next day. Debts are like fevers on the mind. Forget about sleep. He tried to focus on his gameplan. Alarm is set for seven thirty; I'll walk the dog and have a run. Jump in the shower and check to see if I've gotten any responses from the Monster searches. Shit! I forgot the Comcast bill. No matter, I can live fine without cable. Damn! If they cut the internet that will certainly hinder the job search. I'll be stuck wiping macaroni off vinyl cushions for the rest of my life! He gasped as the toilet hissed and his eyes shot open to see the fan thumping in the blue light. He was sweating and his breath was short. The dog whined and licked his face intensely. She was in heat and it disgusted him.

They don't tell you at the pound when the puppy is eight weeks old that they grow up to be horny adult dogs. And that a horny adult dog kept as a pet in a state of constant childhood is like a barrel of confused lightning. It reminded him of college. He pushed her away and rolled over; he bunched the various pillows on the bed into a mound and lay with the upper part of his torso slumped on the pile face down. His head hung over the other side and rested lower than his shoulders. He often lay like this at the end of the month, resigning to rest as best he could with the knowledge that he wouldn't be able to sleep. *If I'm motionless at least my body will have slept and it can carry my foggy mind along. The damn job is mindless anyway. Smile, write the order down, refill the drinks, take the money, repeat. Mindless, that's why the ranks are swollen with teenage moms and dropouts.*

He wasn't a dropout. He had done what he was told. "You have to go to college, son. Education is everything." His Grandma had said so sincerely: "Just get that piece of paper!" She believed that

with a degree he could do anything. Doors would fly open. They all believed. And when you're seventeen you believe what Mom and Dad and Grandma believe. Now he couldn't remember signing a student loan but received daily reminders of their past due amounts. He had friends he graduated with who were selling cars, stocking shelves, and working part time at the boys and girls club. There weren't jobs let alone careers for the throngs of minted graduates being pumped from gilded stairwells. Classmates he knew were traveling to football games and concerts promoting Red Bull energy drinks to legions of kids who hadn't yet realized that the well's run dry. Blindly partying on borrowed time and Red Bull.

He gasped again startled by the hissing broken shitter. He rolled over and sat up, sweating terribly and gulping air. The dog had given up on him and had passed out underneath the bed. He stumbled, exhausted but wide awake into the kitchen. *I'm 25 years old and I'm going to have a fucking stroke.* He had cold water in a Brita container without a filter. The water tasted dirty but it was cool and soothed him. He leaned his hands on the bar and took an inventory of the things he had collected over the years. Strewn about the apartment were the trappings of some failed quarter life. The different furniture, the Playstation, the TV. The movies, the games, he figured it could catch maybe fifteen hundred on Craigslist. He didn't figure the Brita to bring in much. He thought about how depressingly feeble an escape that would afford him. He thought about the dog half crazed on hormones in the other room. He thought about how the debt collectors would turn on his parents as cosigners. He thought about how desperately trapped he was in the whole American system. He thought about how tired he was and traipsed back into the bedroom. He turned off the water on the toilet in the bathroom. He avoided the mirror on the way to the bed then collapsed into his dirty sheets. He woke up at three the next afternoon. He had only an hour to get to the restaurant and as he pulled on his apron he picked cold macaroni out of its pockets.

- Patrick Shea

## ***At the end of the day***

*Give us this day  
our daily bread  
this supper of salt of  
sea and of gulls  
of the white foam that brings us  
closer  
and further away  
I give thanks  
for the hard rock the  
blue of the sky which is harder still  
tonight I will dine  
alone with the wind  
my faithful companion*

*- Zuzana Vanha*

## ***Proserpine***

*Sour fruits  
Harvested ripe from Eden  
Make for a spry young wine  
Bitter on my tongue  
I cannot cleanse my lips  
No burning coal can wash away  
That acrid sip*

*Pomegranate seeds  
Unmixed with ambrosia  
Make for half an eternity in hell  
Queen of the damned  
But I am not afraid  
The gods ceased to feast with men  
Centuries ago*

*- Christy Healy*



**Mountain Heights** - Artwork  
by Ashley Faye Miller

## **The Moon is Full and Fey Tonight**

*The moon is full and fey tonight.*

*I, a half-sound slumberer,  
am compelled, startled awake,  
suddenly sleepless through the hours of this night.*

*Ah! such is the curse of the artist's soul  
to leave one's bed,  
no matter how longed-for,  
without word of protest,  
to keep watch and wait...*

*... and for why?  
if you must ask, you must taste  
he splinters of a door closed,  
fast,  
on this other-world.*

*Who could sleep amid such transient beauty,  
such sweet mutability?  
Never again will I have this night;  
never a moment repeated  
in this human tragedy.*

*It is good to be here,  
to feel tears of joy spring up in my longing,  
to know the fullness  
of my discontent;  
oh my Love,  
this is not my home!*

*I feel it keenly; I drink sorrow  
to the brim of my cup,  
and yet, for me,  
it has no bitterness.*

*I know a death that has  
no sting.  
My Lover masters the morning,  
with strengthening laughter  
and eyes that burn  
with hot tears,  
He rides to find me, each sunrise.  
He buries me safe  
in His heart.*

*Yea, though I walk  
through the Valley of the Shadow of Death  
Even then  
will I trust.*

*- Kallah Stansberry*

## **Opium for a Chafing Mind**

Your World-wise fingers  
Play Up And Down  
My spine—  
Like buses—  
Too confident  
En Route.

Every morning  
They bang away  
Outside the window  
A mocking hum  
Of last night  
And all the nights before.

What did you want  
Then or ever  
Or did I deliver  
Like Aladdin's lamp?  
Perhaps I lit  
More than your imagination...

So I lie here in the lens  
Of your arms  
Wondering if I am  
A snapshot  
Or your masterpiece.

But the wheels bang away  
Through the silence  
And I cannot lie  
Still Forever.

Do you hear them?  
Would you follow?  
Or do you know  
That they promise  
No more than you  
Ever gave me.

I used to believe in you  
Before love rolled away—  
Sometimes I still do  
When you come home  
Late and I pray  
More for me than you.

You have had your day  
Gnawing the crust of  
Too-stale dreams.  
See they crumble—  
And I sweep  
Them up every night  
After you fall into bed.

And I would follow  
To light your night  
And lose myself in  
Borrowed dreams:  
Opium for a chafing  
Mind

But the wheels bang away  
Outside leaving no time  
For thought—  
Only action

- Esther Vish

## **The Night Shift**

When he lost his job at the Marriott, Lou stayed home and took it easy for a while. In the mornings he would get up and make a pot of coffee, and then sit at the table drinking it while he flipped through the paper. Sometimes he would circle ads in the classifieds, which is what people do when they are looking for jobs. When he finished he would put the cup in the sink and make a couple of drinks to take out to the backyard.

He would move the sprinkler to a new spot and turn it on at the spigot by the back door. In the center of the yard he had a lawn chair and next to the chair an umbrella propped up between a couple of bricks. In the yard there was also a tree and some weeds and a barbeque left over from the last people. The sprinkler sounded like rain as it flipped back and forth over the lawn, but the summer was very dry and the grass never did get green that year.

They'd fired him from the Marriott basically because he couldn't sleep. The house was so quiet at night it made his ears throb, and into that silence he kept imagining he heard the ringing of the telephone. It got so he couldn't tell between the quiet and the ringing, and finally he'd have to get up and check if someone was really calling or not. He needn't have bothered: nobody was, but by then he'd be too jittery to go back to sleep. Then he would go downstairs in the warm dark and fix himself a drink in the kitchen. In the backyard the burned grass was gray in the light that filtered in from the street. The next day, of course, he would be falling asleep at the desk, until once his boss Charlie told him if he couldn't stay awake he might as well not bother coming in.

Lou didn't really hold it against him; he just put on his hat and took the bus home. Besides, he enjoyed his mornings in the backyard. He positioned his chair so the umbrella shaded his face, and he liked to just lie there, breathing the hot air. On days he got tired of drowsing in the yard he would take the bus downtown and see a movie. He picked the title at random and if it didn't strike his fancy he would get up and go to the next theatre, and from there to the next one, till he found one he liked. Some days he saw four or five movies this way: the beginnings of some and the endings of others. Then the whole day was a haze of laughter and defeat and car explosions, and when he came home in the dark he could still smell the popcorn on his shirt.

He could have gone on longer this way, before the money ran out, but he bumped into his buddy Mike one day on his way to the Cineplex. "Where've you been?" Mike asked him. "We never see you round anymore." He gave Lou a little sneer that could have been mistaken for a smile. "We heard you had a rough time with the old lady; the boys thought maybe she'd done you in."

"Nah. I'm still kickin'," Lou said.

"Yeah." Mike said. He sneered again and this time there was no mistaking it. "I heard you're maybe looking for a job."

Lou nodded.

"They have an opening for a night watchman at the morgue. I know the guy that runs security there."

"Oh yeah?" Lou looked away down the street where a man on the sidewalk was waving his arms at a cop in a blue uniform. The cop had his head down writing, and Lou was too far away to hear what the man was shouting. When the cop finished he put the ticket on the windshield without ever looking up and then he turned and walked on down the street looking only at the parking meters. The man stood shouting after him, waving the yellow ticket in the air like a flag or an epiphany.

"Yeah," Lou said, "Maybe I'll give it a try." He went in to the movie intending to forget about it but between five screens they weren't playing a single film worth watching and he was still thinking about the job when he was on the bus heading home. So what the hell? he thought. I don't sleep nights anyway. Still, that he really did go surprised him as much as anybody.

The director of security wore a black suit and shook Lou's hand with a sweaty palm. He looked tired and asked Lou when he could start. Lou told him whenever.

"Well then you can start Monday." The director stood up and Lou stood up and they shook hands again. "We're glad to have you as a member of our team." The director sat down and buzzed his secretary to pull out the employee paperwork. When she came in with it, she handed the director a message from his wife.

In the corridor, Lou wiped his hand on the seat of his pants. He hadn't heard from his wife in close to three months, since he got rid of the dog and she left real fast and angry in a car with some guy named Jim.

The dog had chewed up too many pairs of good leather shoes, but since it was gone, Lou missed it sometimes. He thought about the two of them, the dog and his wife, as he walked home from the morgue.

On Monday Lou didn't go to the movies. Instead, he took the bus to the barber's and got a haircut and a shave. At home he put on a fresh shirt and looked at himself for a time in the mirror. He poured a drink and put on the shoes he had bought the day he got rid of the dog. They pinched his heels. He looked at his watch and saw he'd have to hurry to be at the morgue by nine.

An hour later he was standing with George in the lobby. Outside the glass doors of the morgue it was almost nighttime. George looked at his watch. "You think you got everything?"

"Yeah," said Lou.

"No one comes in at night but the doctors; everyone else has to come back in the morning."

"Right."

"No smoking in the building. And no sleeping at the desk." George was backing towards the door. Lou nodded and waved his hand at him.

At eleven o'clock he got up to make rounds. He walked down a long hallway with numbered doors on either side, and at each room he opened the door and turned on the lights. There was a sharp smell of bleach, but most of the rooms were offices and did not look the way he had expected a morgue to look.

In the last room, there were some freezer doors set into one wall and another was lined with trays of metal bowls. Lou took his time in this room, examining the metal trays and the neat rows of scalpels. This, at last, was what he had imagined.

When he finished his rounds he stopped by the break room to make a cup of coffee. He sat down for a while and flipped through a magazine. Lou's taste in magazines differed from that of his wife, and she told him so when she brought home the dog and he insisted she take it back to wherever the hell she found it. She told him so shrilly, which was her habit. The girls in the magazines were a lot less shrill, and a good bit more perky than Lou's wife, but when he told her so she threw a saucer at him.



That had put an end to the conversation. Lou had gone into the kitchen to make a drink and took it upstairs to bed while she stayed downstairs with the dog, playing with it and praising it as shrilly as possible. He could hear her all the way upstairs, even with his eyes closed, but already in those times Lou was having trouble sleeping, and he did not like to think about them.

At one o'clock he got up from the desk and headed back down the hallway. In the room that looked the way a morgue looks in the movies he couldn't help himself and opened the freezer door. The white air poured out and at first he could see nothing at all and only feel it cold and wet on his face, but soon it was all around him and he stood looking down a corridor with bunks of corpses on either side.

He put out his hand and with his fingernail scraped away a bit of frost from the inside of the door. He felt goose bumps rise on the back of his neck and that made him smile, because what with the summer being so dry and hot, he couldn't remember having gotten goose bumps for a long long time.

On Tuesday, Lou settled himself comfortably behind his new desk and though he tried for a while to play solitaire or look at his magazine he soon gave it up and pushed back his chair. His feet hurt. He took his shoes off and walked down the hallway towards the break room for a cup of coffee.

Almost before he knew it he was standing again in front of the open freezer door. He took a step forward and on both sides he was greeted by rows of naked blue feet. All the feet were wrinkled in the same oily way, but some were a lot bigger than others. One pair of feet right near the door was bigger than any Lou had ever seen. The name on the tag read Barry, Roger. Roger Barry, it felt to Lou he had heard that name somewhere before. He kept his arms close to his sides to avoid touching anything. When he got to the end of the corridor he turned and stood looking out. I could close the door just for a second, he thought. That would really be something.

The door was heavy and hard to shut from the inside, but Lou got it swinging and pulled his fingers away just in time to keep them from getting crushed. Then the door clicked and the light went off. "Huh," Lou said. With the door shut it had become much colder in the freezer, and he fumbled a moment for the knob. This was dumb,

he knew, because there wasn't one, so he tried instead to put some weight into it, but nothing happened. In the end he got cold so he sat down in the corner by the door and hugged his knees to his chest. Just like a goddamned movie, he thought. He didn't like the idea of any part of himself jutting off into the dark, but as he drifted off to sleep, he thought how nice it would be to take a nap out in the yard tomorrow, after he got canned, and not have to worry about these things anymore.

Lou didn't know how much time had passed when he felt Charlie jab him in the side with his sharp thumb. He really hated that jab. "I was just resting my eyes a little," he said. Lou had a tendency to mumble when he was awake, but he announced these words so well that it was always clear when he said them that he had been sleeping. Opening his eyes, though, and groping through the darkness, he was surprised to find not Charlie but Roger Barry, poking him in the rib with his big pruny toe. "Well that's a relief," he said. "Charlie told me I'd get the sack next time he caught me sleeping on the job."

"Naw brother, it's just me." said Roger. In life, he had been a jazz musician and his voice was a deep and resonant bass. Lou yawned and cuddled up closer, leaning his back against Roger's big feet. "There you go, friend," Roger crooned. "Make yourself comfortable. We're all family here." Lou sighed. It had been a long time since he'd had a good night's sleep.

When George found him in the morning he was doing rounds first thing, mad as hell that the new hire had vanished. A disappearance meant a lot of extra work for George, who had to be doubly thorough in every room and make a list of everything he thought was missing.

Finding Lou didn't make him any happier, though. The police were called and the sad director, and somehow, someone managed to get a hold of Lou's wife. She came to have a look at him: red-nosed and red-eyed and smoking a cigarette. "Whatsa matta with him?" she asked. "I thought you laid these stiffs out flat." The director explained to her quietly that they had to let him thaw out before they could straighten him up and put him back into the freezer.

## **Frost's "Night," Revisited**

*I am no stranger to those long dark  
places, where the faces  
even of the dearest are pushed  
distant in the widened spaces*

*I too have hunkered in the mouldy dim-lit  
ditches all surfeit  
on self, and felt the creeping blight...  
"I have been one acquainted with the night."*

*I sense the nighttime fall upon me, heavy  
curtain-rent, and blent  
with all the shades of bruises long-past healed  
but not forgotten; tombs unsealed*

*As I pass through these narrow halls, the walls  
are mine; I claim them  
for my own, though dull, and small, and tight—  
Alone. My liberty, my bitterness, my right.*

- Ann Visintainer



## **Youth Limber Up**

*Carry the weight of the world  
The load of your parents is upon you  
Take now the debt of their past  
Sack is filled with stigmata  
Dogma tied to wrists and ankles  
Fastened youth to your bare chest  
Bulbs filled with wheeze of aged wisdom  
Heavy treading youth  
Junkyard scrap hanging from your neck  
Limer up*

- Patrick Shea

## **Storms by Starlight**

How have you discovered  
Sooner than late  
That you cannot yet love  
You leave empty the slate  
Of that strong, whirling tempest  
That design which tests fate

I have loved you as a song  
So novel, so pure  
The first leap of young fawn  
Which brings ache and not cure  
For the spirit, no dawn  
But the spirit endures

For the spirit will burn  
The spirit will leap  
The soul, soar in fire  
Defending the hold, the keep  
A great flame of white fire  
Will take root and grow deep  
  
Embers of starlight  
Embers of these storms  
Joyful and terrible  
They hold diverse forms  
Ever present within me  
From quilted heart, bright strips torn

- Ross McKnight



## **Stolen Time**

*It wasn't fair to let me walk back inside the public library. I hadn't been there for years. My library card was broken into a thousand yellow, plastic pieces somewhere. I'm sure there's about a house payment's worth of fines on it. The musty smell of old books covers and the constant crinkling of dry paper met my senses full blast. I walked slowly past cheap brown bookshelves, my fingertips grazing the edges, eyes drinking in the sight before me.*

*I hadn't had much growing up. I don't mean to sound like one of those "oh, look at me, I'm a poor kid" and use that as an excuse for all the wrong things I did. I mean, sure, I didn't have money. But that's not what made me poor.*

*I grew up in this place where the books lined every available wall, from the dirty, worn carpeted floor to the brown and watermarked ceiling. When they ran out of wall space, they began to use shelves lining every square inch possible, making a maze out of wood and paper, where I could get lost, looking for the perfect book to read.*

*By the time I was twelve, I had read every single book in the children's section. I had dog-eared and broken the spines of so many*

yellow-paged and torn books that the librarians didn't even bother fixing them anymore. I looked for the older ones, the ones that no one would miss, and would sometimes sneak them home with me, without checking them out first. But I figured they knew I did it. I always felt too guilty to keep them for too long.

My stepmother, when she took time out of her busy day of alcohol and soap operas, often complained about how I never had friends. But I did. My best friend was Tom Sawyer, but sometimes I ditched him to play with Anne Shirley. Tom and Anne didn't get along very well. The March sisters sometimes enveloped me into their own little world of family, but I always hung back and observed them, too afraid I would break the thin curtain of peace that hung between them and me. Alice once took me into her looking glass, but I didn't want to stay there for very long. I explored castles and jungles with these friends, and never once regretted a single adventure.

But my stepmother didn't understand that sort of thing. She broke my card on my fifteenth birthday. She told me it was time to grow up, time to change and get a job. I never got a new library card. A new one would never replace the one I had cherished so much, with the worn-out words and the lone, broken corner.

I got a job. I started mowing Old Man Bower's yard on the weekends, chopping wood for Aunt Selma's woodstove, and continued to donate, unknowingly, to my stepmother's alcoholism. There is no buried treasure in yard work. There is no adventure in chopping wood.

When I was stuck at home, I had no choice but to hear the television, even when I tried to drown it out. I heard all about the love affairs, the arrests and the attempts of murder after a tiresome, three-episode quarrel. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I left. I didn't know where I was going. I didn't care. Tom Sawyer jumped on a raft and just paddled. But I didn't have a raft. Or a river. I didn't even have Tom anymore. But I had two feet, a dirt road, and a determined mind. They say reading can keep you out of trouble. I believe them.

I climbed the brown stairs, leading to the second floor of the library, letting the memories roll over my body. I watched the couples on the second floor, pretending to study when my head appeared at the top of the staircase. Their nervous eyes and constant movement told me what they had really been studying. I smiled at their foolishness

and kept walking. I had been forbidden to come up here when I was younger. These books were older than the building that held them. These books told me stories about death, war, and sickness. These were the books I liked best. These books didn't lie.

When I had started walking, I didn't have a plan. I just knew I had to do it. Begging wasn't in my nature, but taking was. I figured if I could swipe a few books from the public library, I could take whatever else I needed. When faced with choices like that, you find there is very little that you actually need in order to survive. In the hours of needing shelter, I figured I could follow Robinson Crusoe's examples. When it came time to fight, I didn't need anyone else's help. I knew how to do that myself.

I liked reading books that I knew I wasn't supposed to read. Books that made adults look at me twice. Not with respect, but with astonishment. I had many adults ask me why I was looking at a collection of Hemingway, so far away from the children's corner. Hemingway was an alcoholic. Hemingway killed himself. I liked Hemingway.

One thing books don't teach you in the real world is when to stop. They teach you when to start and how to start, but they never tell you when it's enough. The characters always figure it out on their own. They realized they were bad, or they were caught and taught a valuable lesson. There's nothing valuable about standing beside twelve other runaway thieves, being inspected by men who had no idea what they were talking about. Rough home lives? Unloved, without a real parental influence? They were talking but they had no right to be.

I had parents. Somewhere. Lost between aisle L and aisle S. I don't know why they hid when I needed them. I guess they were trying to teach me my valuable lesson. I wish I could ask them what that lesson was. I would like to say I could learn from my mistakes. I haven't yet.

My hands slid over the spines, reading the titles, the authors, the numeric labels—everything. My friends were gone. My family was gone. I had grown up, like my stepmother required. The “real life” hadn't made me better, or stronger, or smarter. I felt like I had lost contact with reality, outside of the library. I wondered how long I could hide before I was found again. The maze didn't look as high now—even if I crouched, they would find me.

I had to smile at this thought. Over the years, I had let goblins and

*fiends and trolls and dragons find me and drag me into their lairs. I had let the enemy cross the line and bring me into danger. I had let giants hold me over the towers and bridges of worlds undiscovered. I had let pirates capture me and allowed talking animals to take me prisoner. But now I was trying to hide from something much easier to defeat.*

*I continued my journey through the shelves. This time, I wasn't picking out a book to read in my own corner. I didn't feel that instant pang of sadness when I realized the doors would be locked for the weekend because it was a holiday. It wouldn't matter much to me, anyway. I could hear murmuring downstairs and knew my timeframe was closing; I sat down and waited by the stairs. Let them come. I was home.*

- Lauren Stepp



### **The Empty Song**

*After the silent wake  
Of the devout man  
The liturgy was performed.  
In the gray light  
Of the dusty church  
The host was raised  
And placed back down  
On the bones of a saint.  
The strong bearers  
Led them to open ground  
Where the central item  
Molded the wet clay.*

- Christopher Lux



**Nature vs. Man**  
by Brother Paul Shanley

## **Times Square Station – 42nd Street**

*There was, in that same canyon, Light  
Abiding with the people, day and night—  
Shapes of crystal, and every changing hue  
Passes there, approaching pastures new.*

*Between the water and the water,  
The bright Broadway lingers: gloom of gray,  
Clouds and mist of fog descend in time;  
October night, and leaves fall far away  
In the cracked streets of Queens, with rows of houses  
And the devil-roar of LaGuardia, day and night  
Between the water and the water—between  
Living and dying, in sight of the Light.*

*Every hue changes, passing here,  
Approaching something new—the searing bluewhite  
From the television screens above the shoppers  
And the stores, strips from sight  
Memories of flivvers and of flappers  
And the days and nights of Jazz; and the neon  
Shining out of colorless photos from the days  
When neon was new. Beyond these:  
Every memory of this place on foggy days,  
Of horses passing, and who died on these streets  
When here were only trees?*

*In this same country,  
There were trees and grass, when the ground was whole,  
Before the devil-roar of day and night;  
Before the Light, and the rattle of the trains beneath  
Broadway Station, there was Light. They were there  
Before any of us who move or rattle, and they remain.  
There was, and there is—even when I am absent,  
Away in some greener pasture to bide my time  
—Light, between the water and the water,  
Among the canyons; and the flow of passing soles  
On pavement, and the metal of the moving stairs  
Continues forever even in my absence. Souls,  
Rising into the Light, passing down once more,  
Rising and falling: world without end.*

*- Hugh Fisher*



## **Inventory**

*She tallies her treasures  
one by one, pulls them  
from hidey-holes,  
lines them up  
on the windowsill.*

*Filigreed belt buckle  
found in a field  
vies with abalone comb  
from Grandma. A scrap  
of bead-encrusted fabric*

*would fashion Barbie a queen  
beyond preschoolers' dreams.  
Pearl-glass bud vase glows  
soft blue as glints  
of heaven slip through.*

*Things, mere things  
born of earth and artifice  
—no miser's hoard,  
their gleaming translucence  
windows on glory.*

- Sister Jane Russell



## **Oh, the Abhorrence I Have for Serious Things**

*Oh, the abhorrence I have for serious things  
For lawyers and bankers, assemblies and kings  
For straight-back and joy-lack, mansions that tower  
For hypocrite and coward, for tyrant in power*

*Oh, the abhorrence I have for "serious" brings  
To me the joy of childlike themes  
Of the race, the dance, the playful swing  
The run, the leap, the deepest dream*

*The flight of the thrush, the fairy-world rush  
The hideout hush, the night-bird fuss  
In wood and stream, does my soul-bell ring  
Free of worldly strings, to the forest I cling*

*Oh, how detached I am from seriousness  
In all of its foolish imperiousness  
In all of its rites and all of its norms  
From pomp and from business, in all of its forms*

- Ross McKnight

## **EAS**

*A lottery was held in March.  
No proceeds went to benefit  
The South Carolina Education Fund.  
Sirens wailed congratulations  
As the storm rolled over the Savannah.  
A pine tree exploded theories of an atheist  
And a man's new heart was stilled.  
Sirens tallied the winners  
In the sweat hot March nightmare  
And recorded their names in stone.*

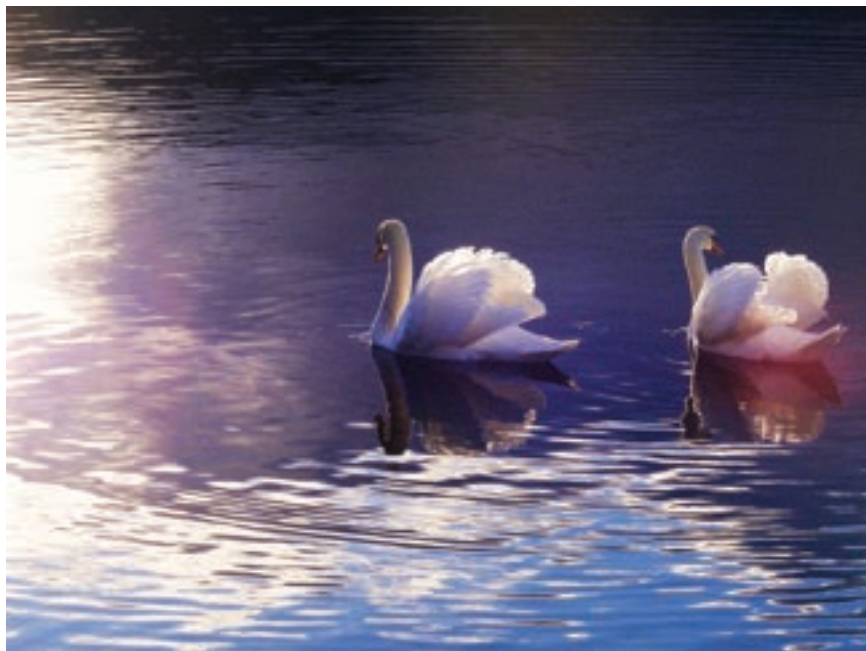
*- Patrick Shea*



## **Lost Soul**

*Barefoot with unease  
No movement  
Whispers of unfamiliar sound  
Intolerable fear  
Weighed down in wreckage  
Enclosed in debris  
Numbness took over the body  
Pain trembled within the bones  
Flesh was burned and torn  
Hands callus and lips cold  
Release of the spirit  
Identity remains unknown*

*- Kelly Ann Parker*



**Swans** by Angela Zuniga



**Motherhood**

*I wanted something  
Beautiful and delicate,  
Stemming like a rose  
From story-book love—  
Petals unfolding  
Into gurgling babies  
And a handsome  
Kindhearted father  
Romping on the floor—*

*Now I recycle  
Memories along  
With paper and plastic—  
Clinging to the best,  
Hiding poopy diapers  
Angry kids and sick husbands  
Out-of-sight  
Out-of-mind  
Escaping to a glass coach  
Praying to find a prince,  
And daring any woman  
To cast the first stone.*

- Esther Vish

***\*\*2010 Recipient of the Agora Art & Photography Award***



***Laundry Matt by Patrick Rogers***

## **A poem for a poet**

*they say poetry is the invisible life  
the jumping off,  
the twirling plumes  
abandoned thinking*

*a kicking off, sometimes seen,  
sometimes not,  
but then a fading  
so indistinct  
we think  
it's not here*

*never been here, never, never,  
the way  
mists forget  
or clouds hide a meadow*

*but  
there is always, always, always as strong as never  
some movement that lightenings the noon  
and how we startle:  
    snap our necks  
    jump  
and feel some wordsong glory our gut!*

*I knew a poet, once.  
She spent her life, like Barrett Browning's  
Marian Erle,  
Seeing "sunsets full of grace/ from alehouse windows."  
She never wrote a poem,  
But in dying, her body dissolved to nothing to such nothing*

*Think of our amazement when, from such decay*

*a flash ignited:  
splattering, gathering  
to immense blast  
her last utterance: a poem  
that sang straight up  
to the crazy stars.*

*- Ellen Weir*

***If That's What It Takes***

*Were you sorry  
When you tasted  
Their sweet plumminess  
Purple and plump  
And pilfered*

*Were you sorry  
When you strangled  
Her innocent opulence  
And her pitiful prayer  
Died in her throat*

*Were you sorry  
When you fell  
By an arrow-ridden ankle  
And spoke with no breath  
Your enduring name*

*Were you sorry  
When you beheld  
Fluttering in the wind  
And the ground shook  
And the morn of broken stone*

*I am not sorry  
I would eat the plums  
I would kill the wife  
I would sail the ship  
I would tear my clothes*

*- Christy Healy*

## **At a wedding**

*I met her at a party, a brunch,  
the day after a wedding.  
She was a very old woman, a distant  
relative of a friend I had not seen  
for several years.*

*When they introduced me to her, she told me  
she had been an engineer and now  
she was trying to be a writer.*

*That's very nice, I told her.  
I failed at both, she said,  
and she smiled.*

*Ah, I said. But perhaps you were happy?  
Yes, I was happy, she said, except when I was sad.*

*It was hard for her to walk so she sat  
the whole morning  
in the same overstuffed chair in the living room and sometime  
later, having run out of things to say to other people,  
I went over to sit near her.*

*When I was leaving I wrote my address for her on a napkin.  
Here, I said. If you send me your story I will  
send you mine. My eyes were a little bright.  
There is so much love to contend with at a wedding,  
and maybe also, I had drunk too much champagne.*

*A couple weeks later she really  
sent one. I read it  
that morning and it was good and I intended  
right away to send her mine, I even  
printed it out, but I was out of stamps  
and before I bought any I forgot about it.*

*Much later I learned that she had died and again  
I remembered the story I never sent.  
Then I would lie in bed,  
(it was the fall) and listen  
to the acorns fall like gunshots  
onto the metal roof  
of the trailer, filling my sleepless nights  
with something that could have been sorrow.*

*- Zuzana Vanha*

## **Memorabilia**

*Last week we drank Tennent's  
in Glasgow's Cock  
and Bull pub—ate fresh salmon  
and steak and Guinness pie.*

*But here in my hand  
lies a receipt from the Cock  
and Camel, which of course  
is an entirely other horse*

*of an altogether different color  
and at the risk of beating  
what may now be a dead bull  
a story for shooting another day.*

- Stephen Miss



## **Ode to SACS**

*The body is both virtuous and excellent  
But in order to have it reaccredited  
We shall have the organs twice removed  
And dis-member what remains  
Assess and reassess  
Re-member and reconstruct  
And reassemble in such a way  
As to maintain the rigor  
Without the mortis*

- Peter Lodge



## *Without the Smell of Roses*

*Speeding past a wreath of flowers  
Past a scarred tree on 26  
A dark, bloodied night  
Speeding past a fractured family  
Past saline soaked cheeks  
A paint chipped Cross  
The accelerator remains depressed*

*- Patrick Shea*



*Skippy by Patrick Rogers*

**1939, Ocala, FL**

I used to come here every Sunday for a fresh shave. What pride I felt, sitting in church, family neatly lined up in a middle pew, the chill of menthol still on my cheeks. Now all I have to look forward to is the inevitable prick of pain as my much-used razor nicks me in the morning. Mary does a fair job of trimming my hair, but it's not quite the same. Doesn't look the same. But what does it matter when I have no job?

"Shave, sir?" Johnny asks, turning a chair around. "Long time."

"I'm not here for that," I say. "You know anyone looking for a diamond? One of your sons, maybe? Paul going to ask Laura anytime soon?"

He shook his head. "Who'd be crazy enough for a diamond? When everyone can be sure they'll eat next week, ask again." His words reprimand me, but his eyes understand.

"Can I stand outside and ask your customers?"

"Not a lot of people now, but sure, stand out there as long as you're able."

The sun's already out in full force, and I'm starting to sweat already, but I keep at it and ask the few people who hurry past. Every disparaging answer bows me a little lower. The diamond is smeared with the sweat from my palm. No one gives it a glance.

I retreat at noon into the shop. It's not much better, but at least there's a fan. Johnny doesn't ask how the folly is going. I don't say. My face burns from more than the sun, and I am more humbled than I have ever been. I am selling my wife's engagement ring, my mother's engagement ring, and my grandmother's. I secretly wish no one will buy it, so my son can give it to that one lucky girl. But it's either that or food. I might have another job soon, but even if I did, it wouldn't start for a few weeks now and we are holding on by so little.

Between the past and the future, the future wins.

"Excuse me, sir."

I look up. A smartly dressed woman with curling red hair is standing before me, all business and class. "I heard you were selling something of interest to me."

"You're interested in the diamond?"

*“Yes. May I see it?”*

*I hand it over and she cleans it on a corner of a handkerchief. “Do you know its size? Clarity?” she asks, scrutinizing it.*

*“Its value is more sentimental than actual.” I hadn’t had it appraised, and though father boasted it was flawless I sincerely doubted it. But it must have been good enough for her.*

*“How much?”*

*I name a modest sum.*

*She considers, then pulls an envelope from her purse. “Is cash acceptable?”*

*Acceptable? Was she kidding me? I nod, too eagerly.*

*She gives me the envelope and wraps the diamond in the handkerchief and deposited that in her purse. “Good day,” she says, and turns on her heel to exit.*

*“What are you going to use it for?” I call to her.*

*“Excuse me?” She stops, surprised mid-stride.*

*“Who’s going to wear it?”*

*Her face is puzzled. I attempt to explain.*

*“Sorry, but...it’s important. To me.”*

*She pauses before saying, “A gift. For my daughter’s high school graduation.”*

*“I would ask only...that she treasures it. As we have.”*

*The puzzled look flashes briefly, but then her eyes reflect the same understanding as Johnny’s. She smiles and nods as she walks out the door.*

*I flip through the bills in the envelope. “Johnny? I think I’ll have that shave after all.”*

*Afterwards, I tuck the envelope in my pocket and start the walk home. The sun glinting off a broken Coke bottle becomes the sparkle of the diamond on the finger of the woman’s daughter as she walks down the aisle in her cap and gown toward her future, face glowing. I hope she will occasionally stretch out her hand and admire the fire within it, as my wife did when she was still excited to be my fiancée. The future has won again.*

*A breeze kicks up and I feel the chill of the menthol on my face and I am more hopeful than I have been in years.*

*- Susan Ritchie*

## ***Empty Trays***

*I carry empty trays places  
where pleasant faces meet pleasant faces  
and talk about the frost.*

*They come for my breadsticks.*

*And special five ninety-five  
limited time offers  
of triple stacked,  
extra spicy,  
combo meals,  
garnished with sour sweet lemon twists,  
and a Brooklyn style Oriental Buffalo sauce.*

*Served with extra ranch,  
extra, extra ranch.*

*- Mitchell Button*

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**Country Wine** - Artwork by Justin Sumerel

**\*2010 Recipient of the Jean S. Moore Award**

**Leviathan**

*You approach fitfully.  
While spiders of foam and memory crawl up the shore  
Gulls lament your absence—  
A eulogy composed of banshee shrieks.*

*Wind tears my hair, pries its dead fingers  
Into my lungs—a theft of breath.  
I can feel the grains of sand in my teeth  
Wearing down enamel and will.*

*Glow and glare tattoo age  
And shame, showing  
No remorse for unfamiliar skin.  
I am freckled with flaws,  
Stamped with wrinkles that sliced  
Like tiny blades.*

- Morgan Castillo



**The Price of Vice**

*I saw a man dip his lips in drink.  
He was with his friend who,  
on his twenty-first,  
drank.  
He stood by the towering, transcendent tree and leaned against it,  
his eyes filled by a torrent of Truth.  
Then he heaved a hurling whirl,  
blugh blargh blee blagh  
then he said,  
“I see double, but 'tis twice the beauty.”*

- Nicholas Rees

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Morgan Castillo  
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Annemarie Maimone (Editor at Large)  
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Dr. Rebecca Munro

And a special thanks to Jillian Maisano.



## **Awards**

*Jean S. Moore Award\**

*The Jean S. Moore Award was established in 1998 in memory of the late Jean S. Moore, an Abbey English Professor. Each year, the recipient receives publication in Agora and a cash prize of twenty-five dollars. This award represents top submission as judged by the editorial staff and is based on creativity and originality.*

**–Morgan Castillo is the 2010 recipient of the Jean S. Moore Award**

*Agora Art & Photography Award\*\**

*Each year the recipient of this award receives publication in the Agora and a cash prize of twenty-five dollars. The award represents top submission as judged by the editorial staff and is based on creativity and originality.*

**–Patrick Rogers is the 2010 recipient of the Agora Art & Photography Award**

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# *Agora*

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