



Mandala

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Mandala:
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I dream of painting and then, I paint my dream.

Vincent van Gogh

Persevere

One can write for days,
One can write for nights,
But why write at all,
If what's written ain't right.
One can try so hard
With all of their might,
And with the smallest spark,
Massive flames can ignite.

Follow your dreams
And set your goals ahead;
Keep in memory the moments
Where any tears were shed.
They made you stronger,
Yet it's all in your head,
And when you get there, remember
That it was your dreams that led.

GC



excerpt from *LETTER TO MY SON*

As you may know, Ben, it was Charles Dickens who wrote *"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness."* Dickens was referring to the late 18th century and the French Revolution. I think I knew this when I first encountered the passage in some long ago English class. I don't remember anything else about that class. But I do recall thinking at the time that Dickens' words seemed to offer a pretty good description of my life as a teenager - and quite probably the lives of most teenagers.

With the much-touted clarity of hindsight, I have come to realize how lucky I was to be a teenager growing up in the halcyon days of the 1950s. At the time, however, my feelings were somewhat more mixed. And I certainly had no clue that one of my worst experiences would, in fact, become one of my best and most important.

Back then, southwestern Connecticut still retained a rural beauty and simplicity largely unmarred by the Janus-like agents of urban blight and conspicuous wealth, strip malls and McMansions. Long Ridge, the village where we lived a scant 50 miles from Times Square, had only recently said good-bye to unpaved roads. A few of our more remote neighbors still struggled along with outdoor plumbing, a less-than-accurate euphemism that usually meant a hand-pump in the kitchen and an outhouse out back. Our home, midway along the village street, was a 200-year-old cape that Mom and Dad had originally rented and eventually bought for the modest sum of \$1000 down with a \$6000 mortgage. Nothing fancy, but at least all the plumbing was indoors.

Some of my best memories from the early '50s are of exploring the countryside around Long Ridge. Across the street from our home was Bill Miller's farm. Behind his barns, pastures rose gently to a plateau of stubbly fields, which saw frequent pick-up baseball games and the annual much-anticipated Firemen's Carnival with its promise of fireworks. Beyond these fields, the land fell abruptly away to a woodsy valley with a stream running through it. There were steep granite cliffs where one could mine vast quantities of useless quartz. There were pools of various sizes brimming with feisty sunfish. On hot days, it required only a whim and a moment to stop fishing, strip, and - foe turning friend - join these same sunfish in the dark, cool water. On the far side of the stream, a wilderness of marsh, thick brush and second-growth forest went on forever. Or more accurately, as I was to discover one memorable afternoon, went on for perhaps two miles until reaching old Wes Sawyer's chicken farm on Rockrimmon Road.

If the hours I spent out-of-doors provided some of my best memories, some of the worst had to do with my school situation. Dad's income as a freelance artist fluctuated wildly from year to year. A good mural commission might keep us solvent for many months. During those years, I was packed off to the local Country Day school to consort with future doctors, lawyers and stock manipulators, most of whom regarded me with a certain understandable degree of skepticism. The next year might only bring income from the sale of a few watercolors and a portrait or two. Back I would go to the local public school, waiting for the bus down by the firehouse with Buzzy and Charlie, smoking and spitting and doing my unconvincing best to sound like one of the guys. Over the years, I switched schools nine times before quitting at 16. While my brother Jere gets the credit for casting me in my first play, I suspect my interest in drama has its roots in the role-playing I undertook during those long, unsettling years of school. I would have been perfectly happy just being myself. Unfortunately, like many teens, I

wasn't all that sure who this "I" person actually was. As it turns out, I was to be given a significant clue, and just in the nick of time.

While Dad painted, Mom was doing her best to grow the school - now Long Ridge School - which she had started on our back porch in 1938. Until leaving for college, my older brother Jim earned extra money running a trap line for mink and muskrat. My other brother, Jere, two years younger than Jim and ten years older than me, had a long list of lawn-mowing clients in Greenwich, North Stamford and New Canaan. By the time I entered my teenage years, I was doing my part to contribute to family finances. We got eggs from our own chickens and vegetables from our own garden. Having spent time in France during the '20s, our parents appreciated (if I did not) the fine line between leftovers and *casseroles*. In short, like many of our neighbors, we got by.

Family economics aside, the '50s were in many ways a wonderful time to be a teenager. Artists like Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry, Little Richard and Bill Haley, were creating a new music that DJ Alan Freed christened '*Rock and roll*.' Raised on the thin gruel of parish hall square dances and painful forays into ballroom dancing, I was more than ready for this raucous, in-your-face alternative. A new medium called *television* was catching on, offering everything from the Army-McCarthy hearings (interesting only to my parents and invalid grandmother) to Ed Sullivan (alas, way before the Beatles) to the Lucky Strike-sponsored *Your Hit Parade* (Dorothy Collins and Snooky Lanson smiling inanely while they removed the sharp edges and angry rhythms from each week's popular tunes). And - especially appealing to me and most other teenage males - America was reaching new heights in its long love affair with high-powered automobiles. The fact that this love affair was to end 50+ years later in a bitter divorce and a gaggle of butt-ugly hybrid cars should not diminish the simple-minded excitement that attended its inception.

The first car I actually owned was a gorgeous (to me) if already ancient 1936 Mercury convertible with a rumble seat. Alas, the gentleman who sold the car to an eager 14-year-old (\$10 up front, another \$10 to follow) failed to mention that it did not run, that he had gotten a push as far as the top of our driveway, and that the impressive speed the car achieved coming down the driveway was a function of gravity rather than internal combustion. I just thought the engine was very quiet. Parked between apple trees, the Mercury slowly lost its luster as I labored unsuccessfully to bring it back to life. My first efforts as a shade-tree mechanic were a dismal failure. Finally, months later, I realized that the only life the Mercury would ever support was the virulent green mold sprouting from the upholstered rumble seat. I made the call to the local junk dealer and watched my first car depart backwards, nose down and rear end high, at the business end of a tow truck. My marvelous road machine had turned out to be nothing more than a large plant stand with wheels.

I turned 16 in 1957, eligible at last for that most revered of documents, the official driver's license. Now I could participate fully in my generation's birthright, the *weekend date*. In addition to a driver's license and access to a car, the date required an attractive and fun-loving female companion, perhaps another couple or two, and enough cash to finance the operation. Money was a problem but not a huge one. Gas cost around 25¢ a gallon. Movies were \$1 at most, and cheaper at the drive-in where a whole carload could get in for that price on "Buck night." Hamburgers were 20¢ at the White Tower, although our dates tended to hold out for the up-scale 35¢ burger and vastly improved ambience at the Country Diner. The best of rock and roll and doo wop music was available (three for 25¢) on every jukebox around. In short, one could take a girl out to the movies, drive around for awhile, stop for food, do a little dancing, and bring her home again, all for under \$5. Admittedly,

this still represented a fair bit of lawn mowing or snow shoveling or pin setting in the firehouse bowling alley. But the effort seemed more than worthwhile given the social pleasures of a fine Saturday night.

Following the loss of the decorative-if-useless Mercury, I had to content myself with lusting afar after other cars while feigning contentment with whatever vehicles my parents owned at the time. This was not easy. At no time before or since the 1950s has there been a clearer, a more determinative hierarchy of automobile *coolness*. Fords were cool, especially 1955 and 1956 models and most especially the early Ford Thunderbirds. (I tend to agree with those scholars who trace the decline of American culture to 1958 - the year the Dodgers left Brooklyn for L.A. and Ford put a back seat in the Thunderbird.) Chevrolets were cool, too, with chief honors going to the classic 1957 models as well as to the Corvette, later immortalized in television's *Route 66*. With Mercury, you looked for the older models - 1949 - 1954 - preferably nosed, decked and lowered. Power-wise, you wanted a V-8 with standard shift - nothing low powered, none of those mushy new automatic transmissions. Uncool cars, of course, were legion: Plymouths and Dodges (this was the pre-Mopar muscle car era) , Hudsons, DeSotos, Henry J's, Nash Ramblers, anything with only 6 cylinders, anything foreign except the rare sports car, any station wagon.

My parents, alas - like all parents in every time period - turned out to be massively uncool in their choice of vehicles. There had been a 1949 Kaiser sedan whose natural burgundy paint scheme seemed designed to blend perfectly with the voracious rust consuming its rocker panels and fenders. There was a green 1952 Plymouth station wagon in which my father transported his painting gear as well as tomato poles, occasional firewood and the odd half-bushel of fresh-picked mushrooms. And there was a (gulp) 1954 Studebaker, christened by its maker as the Silver Hawk but widely recognized as so monstrously uncool that it drew sneers from toddlers and snarls from the stray dogs that lined up to urinate on its tires.

Then, with no warning, everything changed. Dad got a huge commission - six murals for a bank in New Jersey - and we got a new car. And not just any car, but THE car: a gorgeous powder blue two-door 1957 Chevrolet complete with V-8 engine and standard transmission! At the time, there was probably no other car that evoked such a spontaneous and profound "All *right!*" from America's teenage drivers. The week we brought the new car home from the dealer, I think I washed and waxed it three times.

We had a '57 Chevy! And my parents, demonstrating the innate brilliance I had always known they possessed, chose to keep the old Plymouth wagon as a second car. We were a two car family, which meant that I might have more opportunities to drive. And I already knew exactly what I wanted to do.

Auto racing was one activity that seemed to excite both my private and public school peers. The former preferred the sports car races at places like Thompson and Lime Rock while the latter flocked to the stock car races in Danbury. None, however, had ever actually *driven* in any kind of race. I had a different plan. An hour north and west of us, across the Hudson River in New York State, was an accredited NHRA drag strip. I knew from past visits with friends that all manner of exotic professionals raced there, first and foremost among them Don Garlits, already known to all as "*Big Daddy*" and credited with having pioneered the entire sport of drag racing. More to the point, I also knew that on Sundays there were amateur races that anyone with a car and valid license could enter. I had a license. And now, thanks to my parents, I had access to a viable car. All that remained was to arrange to borrow the car on Sunday and head for the races!

It really was that easy. The following Sunday, I got permission to take the Chevy out for a drive - plans and destination unspecified - and headed north for the strip with my girlfriend Daphne beside me and Buzzy and his girl Maureen in the back seat. Entering to race required nothing more than showing my license, paying a modest fee and signing a waiver. (Safety was

still a near-negligible concern, and the country had not yet surrendered itself to the litigious quicksands of the American Bar Association.) Every entry was placed in a class based on engine displacement. I raced the Chevy in C-Stock, a large C/S white-washed onto my rear window. I won my first heat that Sunday and lost the second. No matter - the difference between “Big Daddy” and yours truly had been reduced to a mere matter of miles per hour. (100+ mph, true, since I seem to recall finishing the quarter-mile around 70 mph while “Big Daddy” and his real competitors were running their top fuel dragsters in the low 180s over the same distance.) Gas fumes and the smell of burning rubber were a heady mix for any 16-year-old boy. Stopping on the way home to wipe the evidentiary C/S from the Chevy’s rear windshield, I could think of nothing but returning to the races the next Sunday.

Return I did, racing most weekends for much of that summer. Mom and Dad, of course, had no idea of how I was spending those Sundays, and I saw no need to disturb the bliss of their particular ignorance. A few minor tweaks to the Chevy’s power plant helped boost the horsepower enough to let me keep winning my share of heats. Daphne and our friends who made the trip seemed to take as much pleasure in serving as unofficial pit crew as I did in driving. Life was good and getting better. Until, during my third heat on a Sunday in late July, the gods of racing abruptly flipped me the bird in the form of a blown transmission.

The Chevy had a column-shift manual transmission with three forward speeds plus reverse (the proverbial “three-on-the-tree”). In my effort to get off the line quickly, I managed to drop 1st and reverse gears. Having arrived at the track with a fully functioning car, I now had to figure out how to drive that same car an hour home using only 2nd and 3rd gears. But the real problem, of course, was how to explain what had happened to my parents. They thought I had been spending my Sundays driving around the peaceful back roads of rural Fairfield County. How would they feel when they learned I had been racing their precious new car at the drag strip? I didn’t have to be the Amazing Kreskin to see some dark clouds forming on the familial horizon. I needed a plan that dealt with the transmission yet kept the lid on my Sunday activities.

And I came up with one - a perfect plan. My father intended to take the Chevy into town the next morning. I knew I could make it home and put the car into the garage. If I acted normally, my parents would be none the wiser. Then in the morning, Dad would climb into the Chevy and try to back it out of the garage. The inevitable result would be a loud *bang!* and a distinct lack of rearward movement. At that point I would appear, innocent and incredulous, and offer something like “*Gee, Dad, what did you do to the car??*” And my father, who knew as much about transmissions as I knew about pre-Raphaelite art, would shake his head and look puzzled and - most importantly - assume all the responsibility was his.

Who says 16-year-olds aren’t smart? Who says they can’t solve complex problems? My plan was fool-proof. Right on schedule, I watched through the open kitchen window the next morning, ready to play my part, as my father headed for the garage. He reached for the knob on the garage door. He started to open it. And suddenly, amazed, I heard a voice yelling “*Dad! Dad, wait a minute! I have to talk to you!*” The voice turned out to be my own. The next moment I was flying out the back door and across the lawn. “*Uh - Dad - there’s something I have to tell you -*”

I confessed the whole thing on the spot: the drag strip, the Sunday races, the C/S designation and, of course, the preceding day’s disaster involving the transmission. Even as the words tumbled from my mouth, I kept wondering why I was throwing away my perfect plan. But the truth was, I had discovered that I could not let my father take the blame for something I had done. The fault was mine, not his, and I had to accept it. Responsibility and the attendant consequences - who knew? - turned out to weigh less than guilt. My supposedly *fool-proof plan* succumbed to the first fool who came along - me.

In the weeks that followed, I mowed lawns, cleared brush, set pins at the firehouse bowling alley and stocked shelves at our little village grocery to pay my parents back for a rebuilt transmission. I had a lot of time to think about my abrupt confession. Gradually, the feeling that came to suffuse the whole experience for me was one of *relief*. Until that critical moment at the kitchen window, I had honestly assumed I was one particular sort of person - someone clever, resourceful and amoral who could pull off a casual bit of blame-shifting with no more conscience than a fox in a hen house. I knew now with absolute certainty that I was not, had never been, that person. And this knowledge made me incredibly, overwhelmingly grateful.

I know this has been a long story, Ben. But it is an important one for me. That Sunday afternoon and evening in 1957 were some of the darkest hours I can remember experiencing as a teenager. But I emerged from them clinging to what may have been my first real sense of who I could be, who I needed to be as a person. Few days have brought me greater reward.

David Rowland



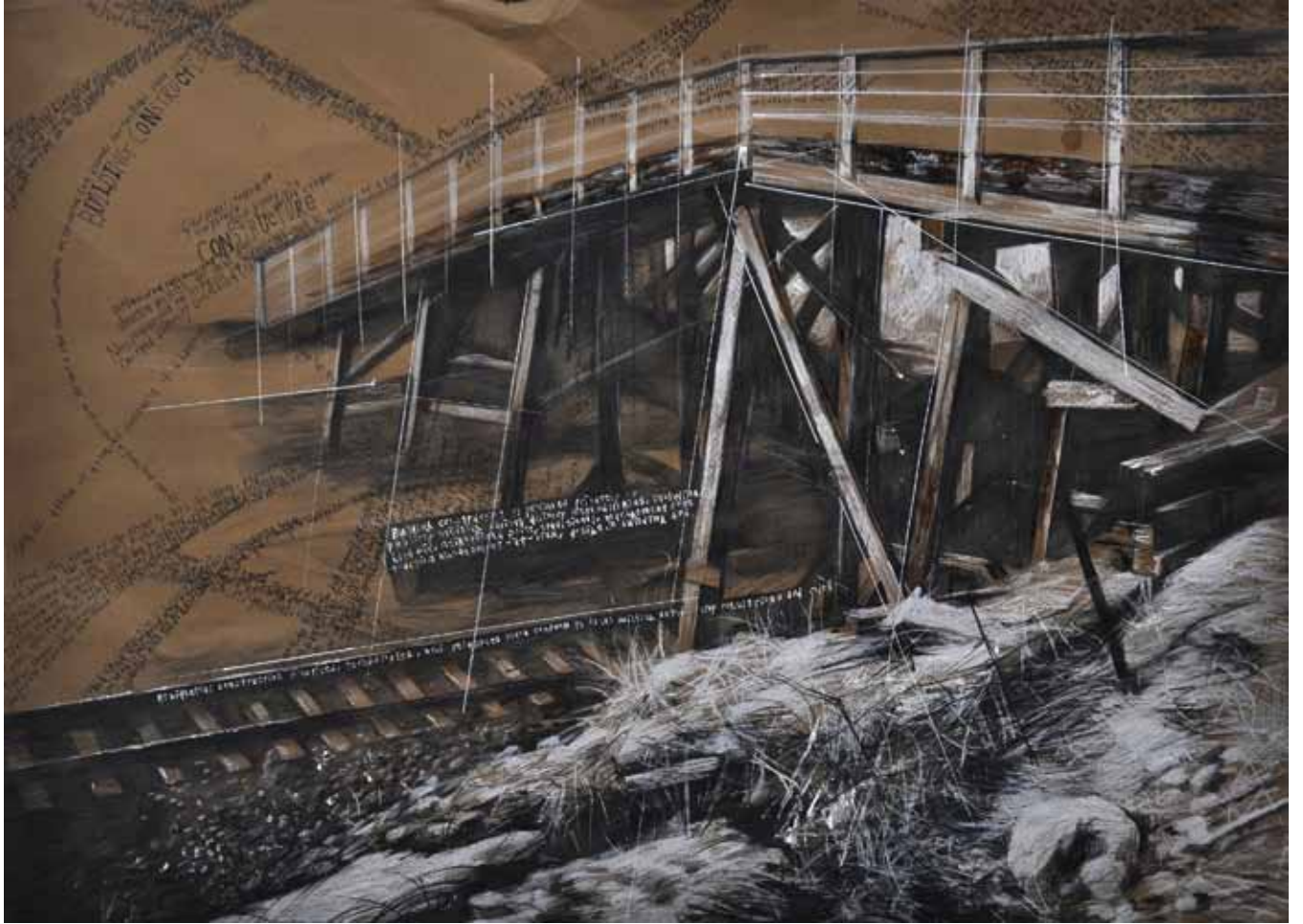
a cold front

as your eyes run 'cross the horizon,
you can't help but wonder.
clouds of thought let way
for the freezing rain;
ideas that sting, ideas that flood your morality.
mountain peaks covered with snow.
you feel the cold even from where you sit.
you're so far away.

the breeze doesn't help;
it's only carrying Her voice to your ears.
She's reminding you about the promises you made.
you're lost and confused, yet you aren't ready to say good night.
you want to stay out 'til daybreak
staring at the horizon,
whether you keep shivering or not.

let it go;
once the sun sets,
the skyline will disappear.
sleep, and when the ice melts,
it will all become clear.

GC



Footsteps of Autumn

A freckling of wet birch leaves -
small pools of warm silver
shining, sparkling, in the misty ray
of the flashlight -
piercing through the black, whispering night
like tiny, white eyes
wide open, staring
from beyond my dampened shoes -
Silent, breathless,
Waiting for an answer.

August Rulewich



I Am the Legend

Me and My life aren't lies or stories,
they are one, and they are a legend.

Legends are often disagreed upon by everyone but the witness.

My witness is my room.

No longer having my witness, I lose sight of the reality.

My security blanket whipped of my shoulders, leaving them
cold and bare,
awaiting the punishment.

None comes, but human nature stifles me from taking back the security blanket

I won't miss it that much.

I Can Live without it.

But yet I lose sight of self.

I finally got to travel
to Massachusetts

and be with people from inspiring places.

Instead no longer do I wish to travel, I wish
to stay in one place for eternity.

No longer are there bright colors.

I have to blend in be one of the people.

The stars lose their glimmer.

My dreams aren't that achievable.

They transform into somebody's dream:

A legend's dream.

If only I could wake up and
be able to Live.

No more games of
will he love me
will he love me not.

I want people too be fooled and see
this outgoing
happy girl, who is smart but not too smart
pretty but not, too pretty.
Living but not too alive is more like it.

The slavery
of peer
pressure
is torture,
I fall into line.

I need my stars, my goals, my legend back.
I am the legend living someone else's life.
In the masquerade of humankind.

I am only wearing a mask
because every one else is.

I take off my mask and reveal myself; the sunflowers, tangerines, Chilean mountains, music boxes, dead loved ones, posters,
books, compilations, and myself.

No more mask
no more order,
no more society.

But plenty more of me, and my legend.

Molly Hogsett



R.I.P.

they Rest down their heads

hoping It will go away

Pain

they Rewind their memory

drowning In their own tears

Past

they Released the kite

letting It to fly far, far away

Peace

2S-hadow



The Heat Wave II

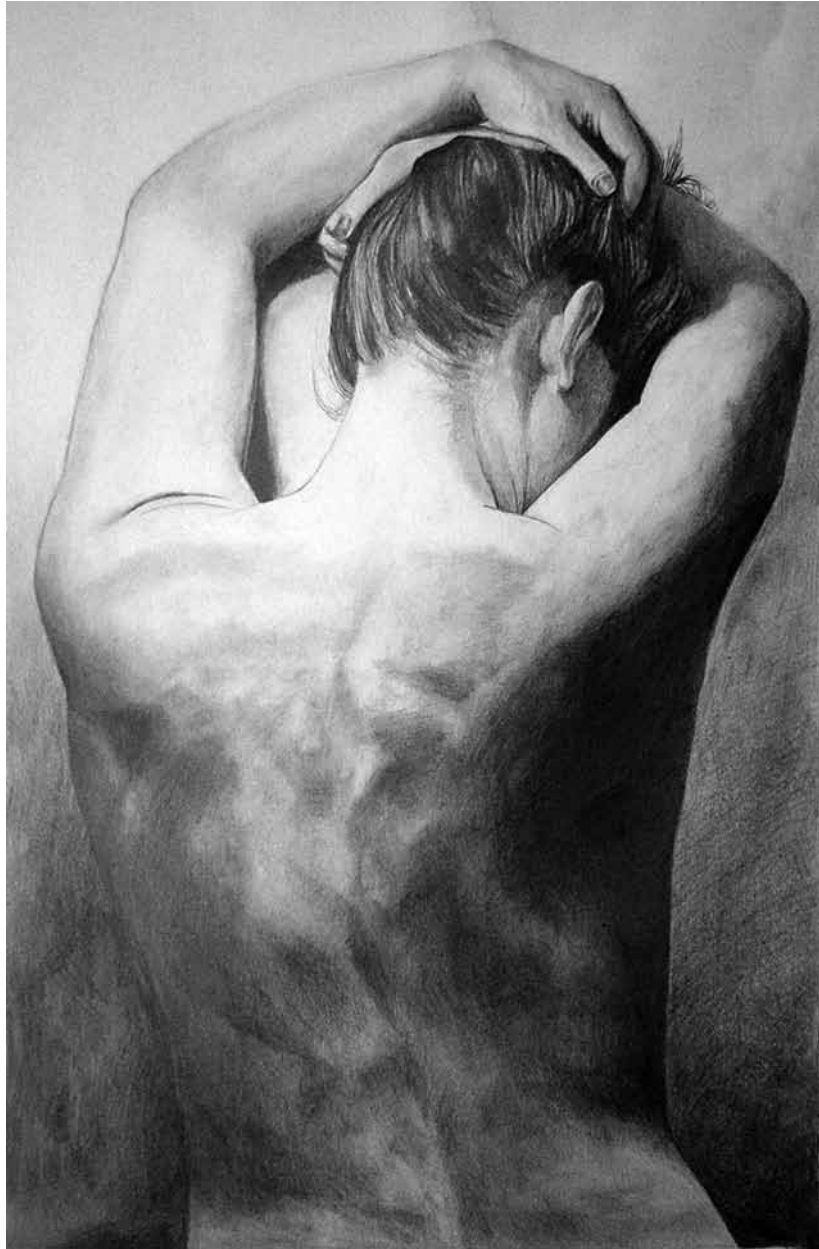
Like sand she disappeared beneath the water,
All quiet, save the rustling of the hare
In yellow leaves. She was her mother's daughter;
Her hair it floated out, toes in the air.

All quiet, save the rustling of a hare,
Blue dress rested over low boughs.
Her long hair floated out, her toes came up for air.
The black dog sighed in mud as cool as dawn.

The blue dress gently billowed over a cottonwood bough.
From hollow reeds, a call rose from the frog
deepdown in mud as cool as dawn. The black dog
sighed, muddy-bellied, his dark eyes blink-blinked.

No call rose from the frog in hollow reeds
All was quiet, save the rustling of the hare.
Dark-eyed, he rested muddy-bellied
In yellow leaves. Deepdown she was her mother's daughter.

Megan Buchanan Cherry





The West

The absence of noise was calming, soothing; the perpetual quiet erased the concept of time and forced me to live by the sun, in tune with nature. In the past days, I had spent hours hiking trails through the forest, hearing only the sounds I myself made, with the exception of trickling streams, rustling leaves, and chirping birds. I had become adjusted to the near silence of the natural world and now, the silence surrounding me was not unlike that which I had come to love. Perched upon that peak, the only foreign sound was the occasional passing of a car, speeding through the mountain pass several miles east of where I had come to. My own breath was the only sound to which I was acutely aware, as well as the labored breathing and forceful exhalations of my horse.

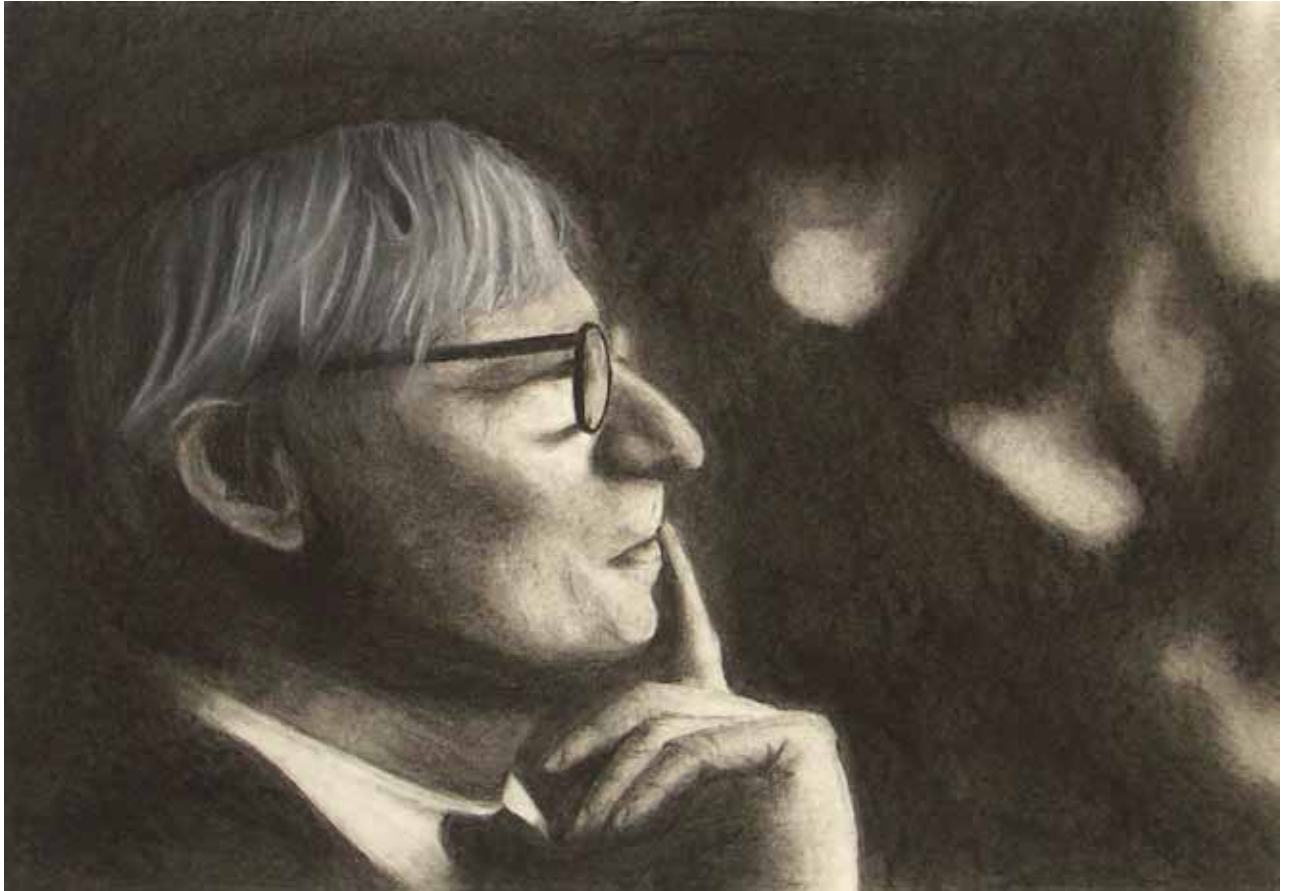
Under his saddle, between where my calves gripped his sides, his lungs expanded and contracted rhythmically, he was slowly, but surely, recovering from our climb. I turned my head to study from where we had come; the path, loose dirt and rocks, was a steep, winding ascent, a difficult trail for two legs, let alone four. I turned back and leaned down towards his head, reaching to stroke the side of his neck as a sign of affection, gratitude, and camaraderie. His chestnut coat felt smooth and warm under my hand, and I could feel the strength of the muscles that lay beneath. I shifted my weight, taking strain off of my aching feet and bruised legs and settling back in the hot, leather saddle. My ripped flannel shirt, my dirty jeans, my newly broken in boots, each soaked in the sun's rays, felt hot against my skin. I wiped the sweat off of my brow, streaking my forehead with dirt, a badge of the Old West. Loosening the reins to let my companion graze, I finally looked out at the valley around me.

From above the tree line I could see for miles. To the west, the forest was dense and healthy, endless pines covered the peaks and valleys of the mountain range. Clouds above painted a darker shade of green upon the canvas of the lighter treetops, haphazard patterns from the heavens thrown upon the ground. Towards the south, the forest had thinned, the result of near endless beetle-kill. Gaping holes were being poked in the canopy; the wild and untamed nature of the West was slowly deteriorating. Along the winding river, a frigid thread frayed from the mighty Snake, the pines had receded and left land for abundant willows, thick bushes through which horses, wild and tamed, had carved narrow paths. True freedom was galloping through these paths, whipping around blind turns and charging through the running river, adrenaline pumping through your veins.

To the east, across the river and the road, the mountains rose higher and higher, terrain traded forest for meadow and deer were replaced with pronghorn sheep. I gazed out at the world surrounding me, at the unrivaled majesty of nature and the peaceful harmony that it had created, and I was in awe. Thoughts did not cloud my head; for once, like nature, I was silent, I was at peace.

This is my West, a peace found in nature. The Old West is dying; cowboy culture is struggling to hold on, just as the land in which it was born is being eaten away. When I return to this same peak, the world around it won't be the same, and my awe may not be as childlike. But for as long as I can remember it, my West will live, just as vividly as it has before my eyes. The sun will shine just as brightly, the water will feel just as cool in my hands, and the intrinsic sense of home, of belonging, will never diminish.

Dylan Freehauf



Tea Bag

When a tea bag is used too many times,
The flavor gets
washed away
by
the hot water.

2S-hadow

The road is
infinite
in the electric still,
an expanse lending
silence
for
solitude.

Things pass wordlessly here
as dormant prospect goes
unnoticed
by its begetters.

Below us
there is a gathering
calm
before an abysmal rumbling
heaves us forward

Jordan Daniel Shabazz Kreyling



A Kiss Good-bye

As Her kiss lingers on my lips,
The feeling remains for a time,
As though Her love softly drips
Sending shivers down my spine.

I can taste Her gentle breath
As Her kiss lingers on my lips,
A smooth sense of Aphrodite's breadth,
Along my mouth Her essence slips.

She raises a finger to Her lips;
Makes me promise to never tell.
As Her kiss lingers on my lips,
Deeply in love with Her I fell.

I still feel Her beautiful touch,
'Twas often as an eclipse.
It seems I won't forget the such
As Her kiss lingers on my lips.

GC



My Rocker

I want to watch some football
American football
The pigskin kind
How kind are pigs
and what is the kin of skin?
Answer: the ball of my foot
The fall of my boot
“Futbol” -- the world’s game. Soccer.
Sock her. Rock her world.
Rockabye baby, in the treetop
Baby I’m too tired
Retire to my rocker
Rocker, rocket.
Rocket fire. Rapid fire. Viagra. Rocket’s red glare.
War.
War and football, American football.
The bomb. The blitz. The trenches.
Man the line, the Maginot Line
I want to watch some football
or a war. An American war, on TV.
From my rocker.
Off my rocker.

Daniel Cohan



Rain

Billowing pillow clouds, clouds
with skin, holding
in, breathing out:
walking rain.

Megan Buchanan Cherry



Musing on the campus from the east Byrne's Euclid in antistrophe*

Twenty degrees of frost
blinding blue
as Power Plant's plume
perpendiculars
an adolescent middle
finger
against the pointless
yellow rising
over my shoulder
only just now
tangent
Northfield's hills.

Above
glass-covered valley
semicircular
pine grove crowns
terraced hillside
below red
in similarly situated
frozen parallels.
Nard withers as
powerless pride's
cylinders stop nothing
at the gates.

Underlying
all off
point-determined
plane ironic
ripe
vapor rising
from fertilized
black promises
fecund spring.
Winter barely begun
beaten by its own
chill equals beauty.

Q.E.D.

*In 1847 Oliver Byrne produced a unique version of the first six books of Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Instead of using letters to help demonstrate geometrical propositions it used four colors. It has long been considered a masterwork of early color plate printing.

Peter Weis



Messy Money, Honey

Money honey,
Makes the world go 'round
Money honey,
Makes morals go down.

It's not funny,
Honey.
It's sad,
Having all that money

Loosing your desire to work
With you hands
Won't let you can't keep up with society's
Demands!

When cushy desk jobs and household primping
Can no longer help,
Grab a broom and clean a room
And give the working Joe a yelp

Designer brands and moisturized hands
Keep you in the dark.
Though you can read the creed
If you haven't felt the feel, your sympathy is stark.

So enjoy your smoothie and have a nice stay.
We'll be sweeping and we'll be serving
For money, honey
And we'll treat you like you're oh so deserving.

So sleep well with your silks and such
We'll be sore with stress.
You don't need to worry 'bout a thing
Because we'll always be there to clean your mess.

Eddie Yankow



The Far Western Shore

I will cross the storm-tossed sea for the far western shore
With sails unfurled my ship will chase the endless, turquoise sky
And though I long to see your face, I know I will no more.

Go stand upon the craggy cliffs, beyond the tangled moor
Whisper, "Farewell," in the breeze, and heave for me a sigh
For I will cross the storm-tossed sea for the far western shore.

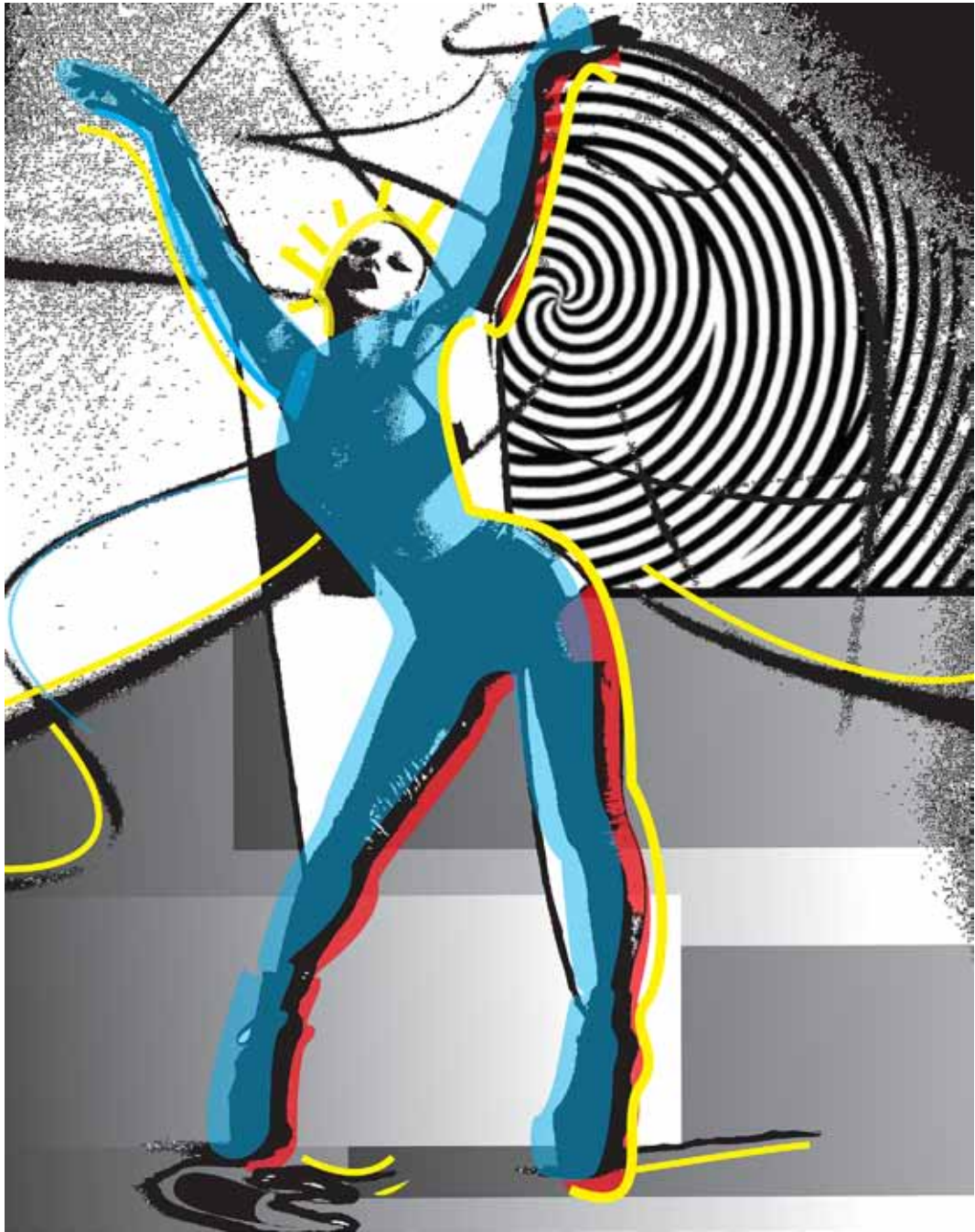
None but seabirds follow me, as in the clouds they soar,
Only I can voyage on, while I may weep and cry,
And though I long to see your face, I know I will no more.

I see the land in golden mist, I hear the breakers roar.
This will be my resting place, this island where I lie,
For I have crossed the storm-tossed sea for the far western shore.

Someday they'll wind you in a shroud and bring you through the door
When autumn's breath sings through the fields of flax, and wheat, and rye
And you know I long to see your face, though I will no more.

This day will come, you know it will, and you will take the oar
To row your ship across the sea, as all do when they die
You will cross the storm-tossed sea for the far western shore
And till then, I long to see your face, though I will no more.

Charlotte Gross



Elegy

Martha never complained.
She floated softly through the air unfettered by gravity.
Still,
She fell, crushed by the weight of her own shadowed desire.
Martha always loved
unspoken.

L. Jorgensen

The essence of all beautiful art, all great art, is gratitude.

Friedrich Nietzsche

Acknowledgment

The staff of *Mandala* extends its heartfelt thanks & best wishes for the future to those faculty & staff members who will be leaving the School at the end of this year.

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