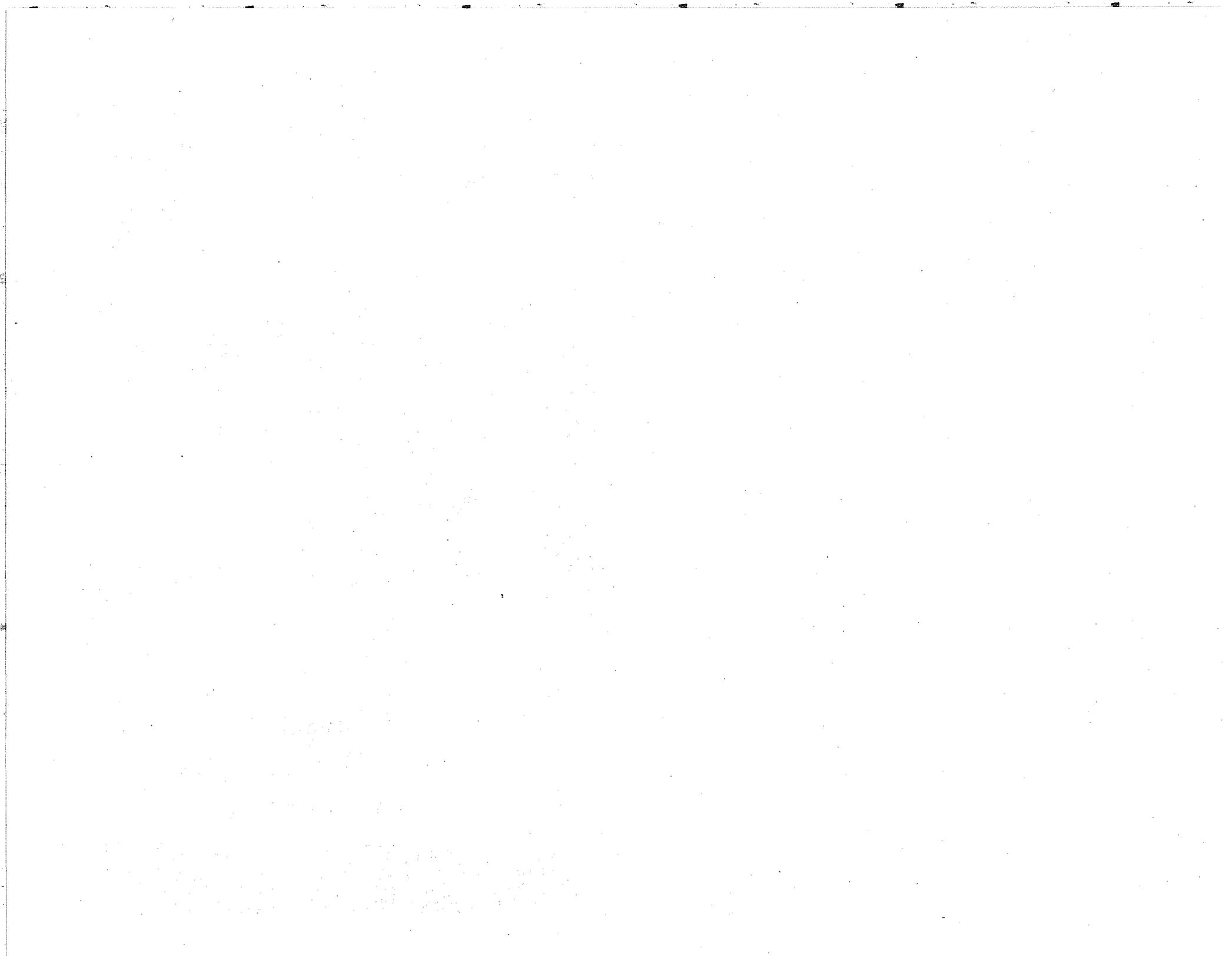
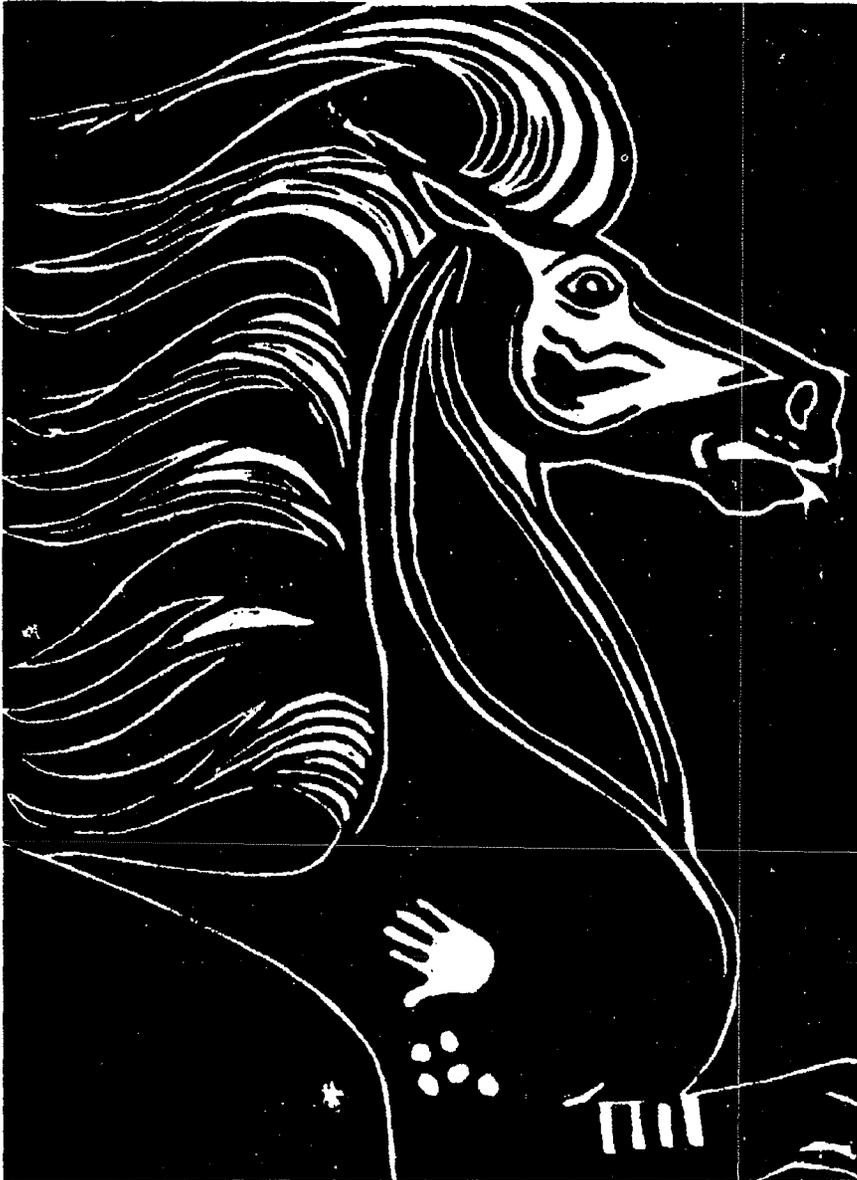


**Northern  
Lights '02**

**University of Wisconsin-Marquette  
Arts Journal**





Faithful Warrior  
by Marina Shindler

# Northern Lights

2002  
Arts Journal  
University of Wisconsin  
Marinette



Lighthouse  
by Jill Ahrndt

Volume 22

Spring, 2002

University of Wisconsin  
Marinette  
750 W. Bay Shore St.  
Marinette, Wisconsin 54143

© 2002  
This publication is printed on recycled paper.

## Contributors

Jill Ahrndt  
Katie Anderson  
Jennie Axtell  
Hilari Bandow  
Troy Brown  
Marina Carlson  
Roman Davis  
Kristina DeFrance  
Lindsi Delano  
Verna DeLeon  
Gina Guarisco  
Shannon Hickey  
Katherine Holman  
Rachel Jarvey  
Melissa Kowalczyk  
James LaMalfa

Wendy Landenberger  
Cheri Leiphart  
Trisha Lemieux  
April Longtine  
Tonya McGee-Bowers  
Deanna Nelson  
Sarah Nicklaus  
Angela Phelps  
Nadia Potapchik  
Michael Radloff  
Jessica Remington  
Elouise Rossler  
Marina Shindler  
Fernando A. Vivanco  
Kristine Weihbrecht

Cover Art: Boat by James LaMalfa

## Acknowledgments

We were not able to publish all the entries submitted this year, but we wish to thank everyone who contributed. Thanks also to Printers Plus for their printing assistance.

Editorial Committee: Katherine Holman, chair; Maureen Molle, Shirley Evans, Jane Oitzinger, James LaMalfa, Elouise Rossler, Jennifer Stolpa, Katie Anderson and Karen Kortbein.

Northern Lights is funded by the UW-Marinette Student Senate.

## Saying Goodnight

by Gina Guarisco

When death whispers a name  
And life slips into a gentle sleep  
At times, we try to push aside  
The message that it speaks

Its message is cruel and full of pain  
It tells a story long and sad  
Of how time and death walk hand in hand  
And together they speak of another place

You try to stop the pain and sorrow  
And search for guidance  
but life just lets go  
In order to carry on

Life just stands aside  
As death takes control  
Life goes on, as it never ends...  
As if nothing is wrong

You watch as the eyes peacefully shut  
And a last sigh escapes the lips  
As death's outstretched hand  
Guides them away

So for now, until you meet again  
You silently tell them good night  
And with one last caring touch  
Tuck them in

Be With Me  
by Rachel Jarvey

Walk with me and let me show you who you are,  
Walk with me and remind me tomorrow who I am today if I should forget along the way.

Be with me as I journey through this life  
Be my friend, be my ears, be my eyes if I should fall, stand with me and wipe away my tears.

Let me call to you if I need someone just to listen  
Let me call for you, and if I should fall from you, call me back and help me to stay near.

Fly with me on a journey that life will take us on  
Fly with me through the night and on into the dawn.

Be with me, and in my heart forevermore  
Be with me, friend, you are as dear as anyone could ever ask for.

Laugh with me and cry with me, smile and sing and shout with me,  
never leave my side.

Friend, you are so dear to me, I will watch as you grow and share with me your love, your joy and pride.

I will share with you all that life has given me to share  
I will give to you all that I can and all that I dare.

I will leave you only when the time comes for Him to call us home  
and in the next life I will wait for you, I will be there to smile and to laugh with too, but just in case you should get there before I do, I ask you to watch over me, and to protect me too, for I will surely miss you, what else can I do?

Winter Morning  
by James LaMalfa

I scattered seed for the winter birds,  
a present easily given from my comfortable room,  
while they struggle in winter's cold embrace.

Brilliant sun and ultramarine sky  
look down on deer tracks crisscrossing  
my yard,  
creating a frozen tattoo  
in white, virginal snow.

Two rivulets formed by the sun  
melting roof snow,  
merge, then diverge,  
seeking earth but finding only  
crusts of white.

My cat and I celebrate this day,  
she, dreaming of stalking birds,  
I, dreaming of summer skies  
and flight.



The Chickadee  
by Verna DeLeon

## April's Tenderness

by Michael Radloff

Soon the tender feminine fingers  
of April will massage the soil  
and her lips will kiss  
the first flowers of spring.  
but now I feel the steely gray eyes  
of a jealous March keeping a close watch  
to make sure she doesn't sneak in too soon  
and ruin the last melancholy days  
of winter's visit.  
But when spring erases  
the frost's final monogram  
from the leaves of grass,  
it's time for the ants to get busy  
and for me to get lazy,  
soaking in the sun like a sponge.  
And songbirds melt away  
the accumulated anxieties;  
the unwelcome in-laws of cabin fever  
while I frolic away  
the expanded days,  
gloriously gluttonous for relaxation.

## Poison

by Katherine Holman



Just looking for a bit of sustenance,  
She ate the wrong thing, that eagle.  
Who knows exactly what?

Grew too weak to fly.  
Earth cared.

People found her, helped her get back on her wings;  
But that eagle had an attitude,  
Shrieked, "Let me be free!"

A tree sheltered her as she took flight from human cages,  
Recaptured her freedom.  
Her mate circled high above, welcoming her back.

Still trapped in their own cages, well-wishers cheered.  
"You go, girl," a woman whispered.

Just looking for a bit of sustenance,  
She did the wrong thing, that woman.  
Who knows exactly what?

Grew too weak to speak.  
Earth cared.

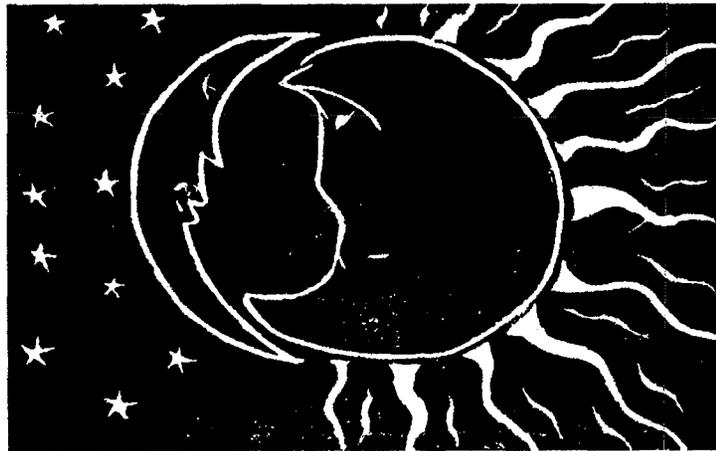
People found her, helped her find her voice.  
Sheltered in a small college campus, she grew strong,  
Developed an attitude.  
She saw that eagle and echoed its cry: "Let me be free!"

"You go, girl," she said to herself.  
"You go, girl."

Untitled  
by James LaMalfa

Lifeboat  
by Jessica Remington

I am sitting in the small wooden boat that is me.  
I stare out at the vast ocean that is the world.  
A hole appears in my boat, I am falling apart.  
The world is swallowing me up as more holes appear.  
Qualities that I am lacking are appearing before my eyes.  
The world is trying to take me, a world where I am nothing anyway.  
It sees me as a body, which is ignored.  
A body and nothing else, just another nameless face.  
I am taken by a world that doesn't want me.  
thrust together with people wo don't care.  
Conformity, individuality, faith, still more holes.  
I am gone now, in the ocean that pulls me down.  
the boat is gone except for one little piece,  
one hole that did not form.  
Death.



Midnight Madness  
by Kristine Weihbrecht

Blowing a Kiss  
by Gina Guarisco

If you were to blow a kiss  
And send it over the miles between us  
I would wait forever to receive its gentle touch  
Knowing that when it arrives  
Your kiss will know the beauty of the mountains  
The bareness of the tundra  
The dryness of the desert  
It will know the coldness of the winter  
and the warmth of the spring  
As it will pass for days all the wonders of the world  
Only then to land on my sweet, waiting lips  
But most of all, this kiss will know true love  
The love we share even though we are miles apart



Nymph  
by Hilari Bindow

## Bad Rap

by Kristina DeFrance  
To my lost friend Nicole G.

My friend had a bad rap sheet that was a mile long  
Witnessing the fall of woman I had to protest  
And bring her back to basic insanity  
In which I choose to live from time to time  
Clairvoyance never meant the truth always  
It's better left unwritten and unsaid  
If it brings out harm to the exterior

BLOW your mind on drugs  
To get lost in a moment that I can't share with you  
We walked alongside each other in our own time  
And now our roads diverge

But,  
She will always be  
MY SISTER

Time cannot erase blood shared with consent



Hydra  
by Melissa Kowalczyk

## Old Things

by Roman Davis

Old things  
Give us questions to ask,  
Old things  
Give us glimpses of our past,  
Old things  
Make us realize that our lives go fast.

They hold our interest,  
Without saying a word.  
They take us to times  
That we have never seen,  
To places  
We have never been.

They make us imagine,  
What it would have been like,  
When they were made.  
They make us think  
About things  
We normally would not think.

Old things  
Give us questions to ask,  
Old things  
Make us think about our past,  
Old things  
Make us think about how  
To make things last.

## The Child

by Tonya McGee-Bowers

A child is someone who can wake you up at 2:00 A.M.

And at the next turn do it all over again.

A child is a smile when no one else cares.

A child is that hand you hold when you are scared.

A child is a rainbow, so bright and so true.

But like a rainbow a child can fade from you.

A child is hope that tomorrow will bring.

A child is the sunshine in the spring.

A child is a dream that only you the parents can fill.

A child is those nightmares when you get the bill.

A child is truly a blessing from God above,

For who else could give us such love.

So to every parent across this great world,

I have but one thing to say,

Love a child for it is a gift to you this day.



Gibson Girl  
by Angela Phelps



Samurai Suicide  
by Nadia Potapchik

## Islanders

by James LaMalfa

There lives,  
across the water,  
a separate race  
of men and women,  
fair  
and uncomplaining.

What binds them to their island?

Perhaps  
a quiet confidence.

Living cleanly,  
they are  
untouched  
by this compromised world.

I would be such an islander,  
though my way  
leads landward.

## Quiet Appreciation

by Katie Anderson

I understand all the hard work it takes

To be a teacher  
You work long hours  
But you're underpaid  
You put up with disrespect  
And angry parents  
You teach much more  
Than the curriculum requires  
You teach life  
You reach those kids  
With hard home lives  
In your own special way  
To those kids you're a hero  
You teach kids  
How to live in the "real" world  
You prepare us for the future  
You share your opinions  
And respect ours  
Not all people realize  
Just how much you do  
Or acknowledge you  
So, sitting here quietly  
I just want to say,  
"Thanks."

Bell Jar  
by Katie Anderson

I look at the world through a bell jar  
No noise, just blurred shapes and colors

Roses die and trees grow old  
But I remain trapped under glass

Voices yell but all is still  
Inside my head is wordless noise

Secrets everyone knows but me  
Whisper all around me

Why can't anyone understand  
I am not what I appear



Thor  
by Angela Phelps



From Sea to Sky  
by Sarah Nicklaus

## Reflection

by Elouise Rossler

The impact of the years  
Isn't felt, or even seen,  
Until there is cause for reflection  
Which brings events of the past close.  
The silly childhood moments  
Are framed in frozen time;  
Their reasons no longer exist,  
Only the moment can be recalled.  
The seasoning of time's ravages  
Has caused the physical to change.  
The strengthening of character  
Shows itself in speech and action  
As events reveal decisions.  
The joys and triumphs of the soul  
Shine through the eyes and speak out.  
The dynamics of life's loves and defeats  
Are measured more slowly now, as time  
Has tempered all the boundaries.  
Where are the dreams of our youth?  
Some have been fulfilled allowing  
New dreams to emerge;  
Others are buried in the destiny  
Of impossibilities, rarely recalled.  
The remaining dreams lead us as a vision,  
Compelling the direction of movement  
Of our thoughts and our actions.  
Reflection is the only true measure  
Of the impact of the years.

## Masked

by James LaMalfa

When the pygmies of power  
have excised themselves  
and a new race replaces them,  
perhaps the survivors  
will agree,  
challenging the gods of old Olympus  
is dangerous business!

Lilliputian machinators,  
pinion the human soul,  
like an African mask entombed in some clinical,  
temperature-controlled museum,  
drained of power and divinity,  
a pathetic, dead thing.

We are all forced to participate  
in America's smarmy derangement.  
staring at the maniacal cyclopien eye  
in our living rooms,  
a creeping bacterial plague of the spirit  
settles in, unnoticed,  
but real, nonetheless.

Out of the Shadows  
by Cheri Leiphart



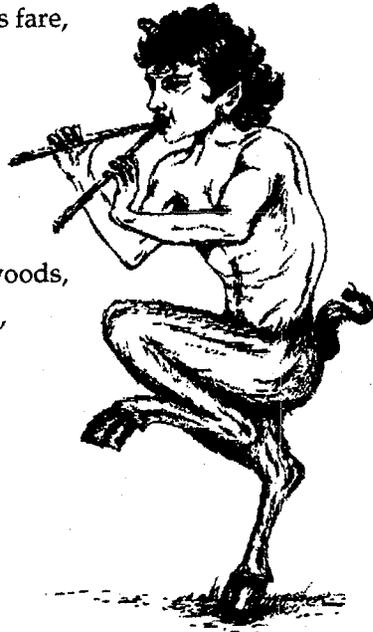
Monet Day  
by James LaMalfa

This is a Seurat morning  
a Monet day.  
People appear  
as figures by Rodin,  
cast in bronze  
by a malevolent sun,  
volcano hot!

Evil black sculptured cars  
driven by self-important  
impotent men,  
trumpet their hubris.

I would be in ancient Arcadia  
and dine on simple shepherd's fare,  
bread, cheese and water  
from some rustic rivulet.

For art, I watch  
as nymphs and fauns  
gambol through leafy green woods,  
while Pan's pipes serenade us,  
on a Monet day.



Pan  
by Angela Phelps

Solitary Man  
by Elouise Rossler

Alone amidst gnarled birch and swaying oak  
Stands the lonely pine, straight and tall.  
Lifting its head to skies above the groveling  
Of the brush and common trees, it stands,  
Like the Solitary Man.

He who acts according to his beliefs in justice  
Must stand a head taller than the common man.  
His, too, will become a solitary life  
Of communion with God, as does the Pine,  
But each shall know peace.

Reasonability  
by Elouise Rossler

He stands at the edge of the Two Hearted River  
And ponders.  
He has crossed the Fox River  
And fished it, too.  
At seventeen he sees no reason  
To debate the alleged logistical error  
Of Hemingway fame,  
The trout are the same.

No Swans  
by James LaMalfa

No swans swim here,  
only great machines  
trailing oil,  
spilling bilge waste  
in their wake.

But  
there is a place,  
suspended twixt sky and sea  
where white swans  
arrow lazily off shore,  
loons navigate  
in a gold and azure sea,  
reflecting  
the lowering sun  
as it slips into the shadowy,  
sable abyss  
of twilight.

I was there  
once,  
my muse sang  
sweet songs,  
while magic birds  
plied their trade  
and we,  
ours.



Gabriella  
by Angela Phelps

Thirteen  
by Jennie Axtell

When my grandmother was sixteen, she would take the public buses to school, work, and shopping. But, when she stepped on the bus on Friday, the thirteenth, she knew her life would change forever. As she took her first step, she noticed the man driving. "Wow," she thought, "was he ever handsome." She paid her bus fee and took a seat directly behind the driver's, and her eyes remained on him. As she continued riding the public bus, she would see this man again and again, and of course her interest in him grew. Once she learned his bus route, she would try to schedule her shopping to meet his bus schedule. Since she always grabbed the seat right behind his, they began to talk. She would also meet him at the bus garage to talk, too. They really hit it off.

As they continued talking, either on the bus or at the bus garage, she learned that not only did they meet on the 13th, but they were 13 years apart in age also. They began dating shortly after they met, when she was 16 and he was 29. They dated for 2 years, and then he proposed. He proposed to her on the 13th of September and she said, "Yes!" Of course she said yes. She quit high school three credits short of getting her diploma, all for the man she loved.

Leonard and Mary were wed on October 13, 1945. Another 13. As I grow up I continue to hear about how happy my grandparents were together. I unfortunately didn't get the chance to see it. My grandfather died in 1973 of complications from malaria that he contracted in WWII. But every Friday the 13th that passes us by, I am reminded by my mother and grandmother of the stories of my grandparents. To many people Friday the 13th scares them, but in our family, we feel lucky on this given day. I know my grandma did every 13th that she spent with my grandpa.

## Coping with Writer's Block

by Katie Andeson

The paper is blank  
No writing there

Normally my mind is reeling  
With thoughts and things to say

But today my mind is empty  
There's nothing but dead air

I need some inspiration  
Just a phrase to start me out

Unexpectedly an idea forms  
As I sit here in this slump

Isn't it ironic  
That I should find  
A poem in the very thing  
Preventing me from writing



Untitled  
by Trisha Lemieux

## Morning Coffee

by James LaMalfa

I stir my coffee and am stirred  
as joggers pass  
sweat painting their bodies  
with sultry soft air.

A cold front is approaching  
making the heat survivable.

We busy ourselves  
acquiring things,  
discarding lovers,  
finding new ones.

Do you think humans  
will continue their antlike

activity  
until the universe is exhausted  
and the cosmic clock runs down  
like a worn mechanical toy?

## A Trip Down Memory Lane

by Katie Anderson

Everybody remembers the thrill of turning sixteen. You finally get a driver's license. You are able to get behind the wheel of a car, to get places fast. You forget about the way of life you had formerly known. Like Legos and Barbie dolls you forget about your first mode of transportation. You know, that thing that once you learn how to ride you never forget, your bike.

I was five. It was a Saturday morning, and my family and I were shopping. We were in K-mart looking at toys when I saw it, my first bike. My parents were busy fussing with my two-year-old brother who was grabbing for everything his little hands could reach from his seat in the cart. The minute I saw it, I knew I had to have it. It was pink, my favorite color at the time, with long pink and white streamers and seashells on the chain guard.

"Mom," I said tugging at her clothes, "I found something I have to show you." She followed me to the bikes where I showed her all the great stuff about this particular bike.

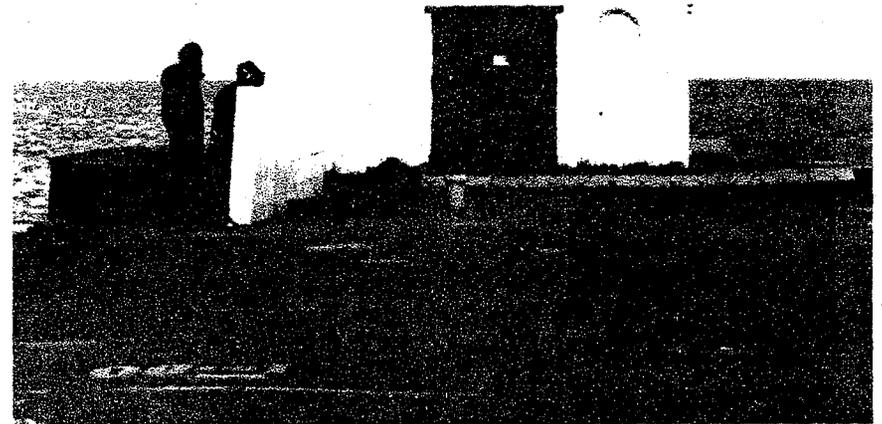
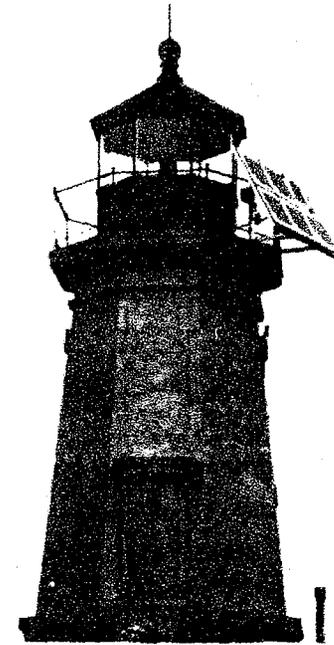
"Not today, Sweetie," Mom answered, "maybe for your birthday." I wasn't about to give up that easily. This was my dream bike, and I was determined to get it.

I begged and begged. All day long I gave them new inventive reasons why they should buy this bike for me. I must have been pretty persuasive, or maybe it was that they were tired of hearing me beg, because they soon gave in. The next afternoon we went back downtown, and they bought me my brand new bike. I was so excited. The only problem was that I didn't know how to ride it. I would just have to ask Dad to teach me.

"Daddy, please teach me how to ride my bike!" I begged.

"Don't you want to wait until we can get you some training wheels?" Dad asked trying to get out of it.

"No, I don't need training wheels," I insisted. His attempts at resting and watching TV were futile. "Pretty, pretty please with a cherry



Lighthouse  
by Wendy Landenberger

## What a Wonderful World

by Jennie Axtell

Louis,

Oh it's such a wonderful world of music,

Ultra loud and raspy.

It's a wonderful world of music,

Scat singing with a kick.

A wonderful world of music,

Ringin' in my ears.

My wonderful world of music,

Solo performances and improvisations.

The wonderful world of music,

Really loud trumpet player.

Oh, the wonderful world of music!

No other music like Louis Armstrong,

God of music, am I wrong?

on top?" I laid on the charm. Now, like most little girls I had my dad wrapped around my little finger and he soon gave in.

We must have ridden around the block for hours. I fell time and time again, but I got back on. I was determined to learn how to ride that bike by myself even if Dad had to run beside me holding the seat to keep the bike balanced the rest of my life. Then all of a sudden I got it. I didn't even realize that Dad had let go. I just kept on going.

"Look at me, Dad, I'm riding all by myself!"

From that day on, I was always on my bike. One day, I decided to show it off to my friends on the other side of the block. I really wanted to impress them. They were so cool and they knew so much stuff. After all, they were a *whole* year older than me.

"We're going to Swings 'N' Things. Do you want to come with us?" my friends asked me. Did I want to go to Swings 'N' Things with them? You bet I did! Swings 'N' Things was only the best park within walking distance of my house. It had everything! Swings, a slide, those cranes that help you dig in the dirt, and a merry-go-round you twirled yourself until you felt like throwing up.

"Sure," I told them. "I just have to ask my mom." I rushed home to ask permission. "No, Katie. You're too young to go that far by yourself," Mom gently but firmly told me. "Besides, you only learned how to ride your bike a few weeks ago."

"But, Mom, you let me go to the library on my bike. That's right next to Swings 'N' Things."

"Yes, but your dad was with you."

"I won't be alone. My friends will be there, too."

"Katie, my answer is no. It's too dangerous. Maybe when you're a little older."

"But Mom..."

"Don't 'But Mom' me, young lady. Now go on and play but stay close to home. I want you to be able to hear me when I call you in for supper."

"Yes, Mom." My mom wasn't as easy to sweet talk as my dad was. When she said no, she meant it.

*It's not fair! Mom never wants me to have any fun. Just because she*

has to stay at home making supper, doesn't mean she has to punish me! 'You're not old enough.' I'll never be old enough. I steamed as I headed back to my friends to tell them I couldn't go. By the time I had gotten back to my friends I had already made up my mind. I was going to go to Swings 'N' Things with or without my mom's consent.

"Are you coming or not?" my friends asked impatiently.

"Yes," I said, feeling guilty, as I started following them to Swings 'N' Things.

What exactly did that rule say? Oh yeah. You have to ask before you go anywhere. She didn't say she had to say yes. Okay, it was a technicality, but it got rid of the queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I was having a blast when Mom showed up, very worried and upset. She stormed up to me with the worst look I've ever seen. You know the look. It's the "I-told-you-no-but-you-did-it-anyway-now-you're-in-trouble" look. I got one of my only spankings ever right there in front of all my friends. Then she left and told me to ride my bike home and not to stall around. Well, my butt really hurt and she still had that really stern look, so I did as I was told. When I got home, my older brother, who usually was the one in trouble, laughed at me and made fun of me.

"Ha ha, you're in trouble!" he said in that taunting, singsong voice.

The ride home must have cooled Mom off because she didn't look so stern; she looked more concerned. We had a long talk to discuss why she was so upset and what the punishment should be. She told me that she was so worried something had happened to me, like I had been kidnapped. She had talked to all the neighbors and was about to call the police when someone said they had seen me go in the direction of Swings 'N' Things. I told her she should have known that's where I was since I had asked her if I could go there before I took off. We decided I should be grounded from going anywhere for a day and grounded from my bike for a week. I learned the hard way to listen when Mom said no.

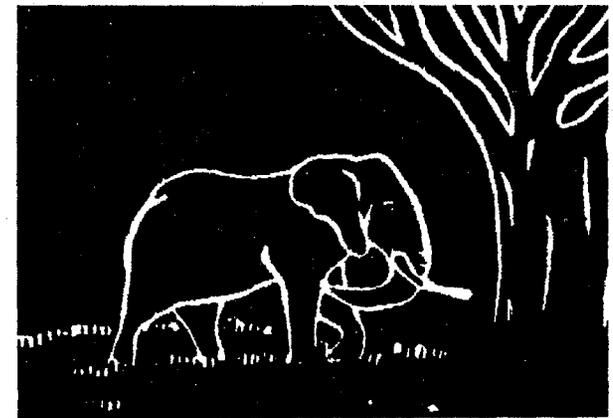
## Inside of Jazz by Marina Carlson

Jazz music is our freedom  
It is expression with a groove,  
It can save us from the trouble  
And can give us the proof

Jazz is a real power  
Which can bring as all in one,  
We would create, improvise, negotiate  
And we would not fall apart

Jazz is dance music  
For that you need the body response  
The more the music is going to swing  
The better it is going to feel

Jazz music is about the human condition  
It helps to survive in this world,  
Jazz is existence music  
And it does not take you out of the world.  
It puts you in the world and it says, "This is."  
It gives you a way to connect  
With everything that has happened on earth.



Roaming Freedom  
by Lindsy Delano

Sweet Music  
by Shannon Hickey

Master, Master,  
Why do you treat me wrong?  
Can't you understand how I feel about this  
Hear my song?

Master, Master,  
Improvise is all I can do.  
I use what I got  
Let me be somewhere else?

I don't owe my life to you.  
I don't owe you anything new.  
Well, that's one life I won't give to you  
What do you want me to do?

So this is the American life?  
You can take away my land.  
You can take my freedom but  
Can't take away my band.

Ha, ha, you think you're so special.  
You laugh until you get high.  
Why can't I speak my own language  
I'll be free when underground you lie.

Freedom, Freedom,  
Evil took away this man!  
He was trying to ruin life  
Reunited with my band!

Sweet music!  
Freedom rings!  
Amen.

Until Time Flies Like I  
by Michael Radloff

I throw a laugh at the hypnotist  
I scoff at the egotist  
Two young eaglets in their nests  
Not yet ready to take life's test  
of leaping and spreading their wings  
Letting the wind across feathers sing  
I unfurl my folded feathers,  
I call, now join me, brethren

If I am found to be a liar  
throw my corpse upon the pyre  
Firstly, bleed me, gash my cheek  
Lastly, throw my ashes in the creek  
that I may flow to the ocean  
and ride its endless motion

I'll let my guide be lunar gravity  
I'll leave behind false vanity  
Join the rising falling waves  
and vanish in the morning haze  
Moving time obscures the past  
only moments ever last

If you ever try to find  
the meaning of time  
you'll find eternity we've segregated  
into minutes and seconds you've imaged  
as you watch clock hands  
or the hourglass sands  
Let the hands and sands flow  
I can't hold on...I let it go

Icarus  
by James LaMalfa

Icarus like,  
I soared over the velvet earth,  
the low sun,  
gilding the gentling curves  
of Gea's wide hiped expanse.

But like Icarus,  
my wings proved temporal,  
and wine drunk  
I plunged into the  
Icarian sea of forgetfulness.



Joy  
by Deanna Nelson

True Color  
by Troy Brown

Smiling, Singing;  
Crying, Bringing;  
The sweet music to others  
that comes from his true color.

Ambition, Courage;  
Power, Rage;  
As the tunes from his trumpet  
make others dance like puppets.

Black, White;  
Day, Night;  
Music came from his heart,  
it doesn't matter where you start.  
His talent would bring blindness,  
and also keep you mindless.

Humor, Sadness;  
Joking, Gladness;  
When he played people knew  
a strong tune that grew and grew.  
Making laughter for many others,  
People finally forget his true colors.

**My Guitar Blues**  
by Fernando A. Vivanco

She is calling for me,

As a woman asks to be touched in desperate loneliness,

Her curves surround my sight with beautiful greenish and black colors,

I feel attraction and repulsion, that feeling of longing to be with someone but not being able to, that feeling of being hungry before going to bed, that feeling of needing someone

to express my feelings to, a feeling of loneliness and a need for completion.

Yeah, that's what playing guitar is all about: expression, affection, rage, connection, commitment, persuasion, and passion.

She keeps on calling and I can't help it, I have to touch her, hold her close and ...evolve;

I'm completed, she is now part of me.

We start a conversation, in our own language, a whole new language,

We tell each other about our deepest, noblest and darkest secrets. Now, life flows and balance sets in.

Screaming with a strong and fearless voice she tells me the true meaning of love:

expression, affection, rage, connection, commitment, persuasion, and passion.

Yeah, playing guitar is all about love.

**Daedalus Hangs Up His Wings**  
by James LaMalfa

Too many sparrows have fallen  
to the green.

The sky gods demand sacrifices,  
indifferent to whom is chosen,  
to lie broken on their altar

So Daedalus has hung up his wings.

But, Oh, oh, oh, I have seen  
spectral beauty that would make you weep.  
Vaulted cloud chasms  
cried out with joy as my frail craft  
was hammered by unseen blows,  
oblivious to all but the sky above,  
God like, immured in my hubris,  
careless of risks.

I have seen things the earthbound  
will never, could never,  
but the air is unforgiving  
and only the keen hounds of heaven can survive  
longer than the plow horse.  
My time was sufficient  
for I have the memories of kings.

## I Would Be In Tuscany...

by James LaMalfa

I would be in Tuscany  
crossing the paving stones  
of Firenze,  
green and white marble  
that witnessed the rebirth  
of art  
five hundred years ago.

I was there in winter  
and felt the earth shake  
when the bells of  
Santa Maria del Fiore  
rang in Christmas.

They pealed  
mightily,  
as if,  
by the sheer force  
of their sound  
they could purge the Florentines  
of all sin.

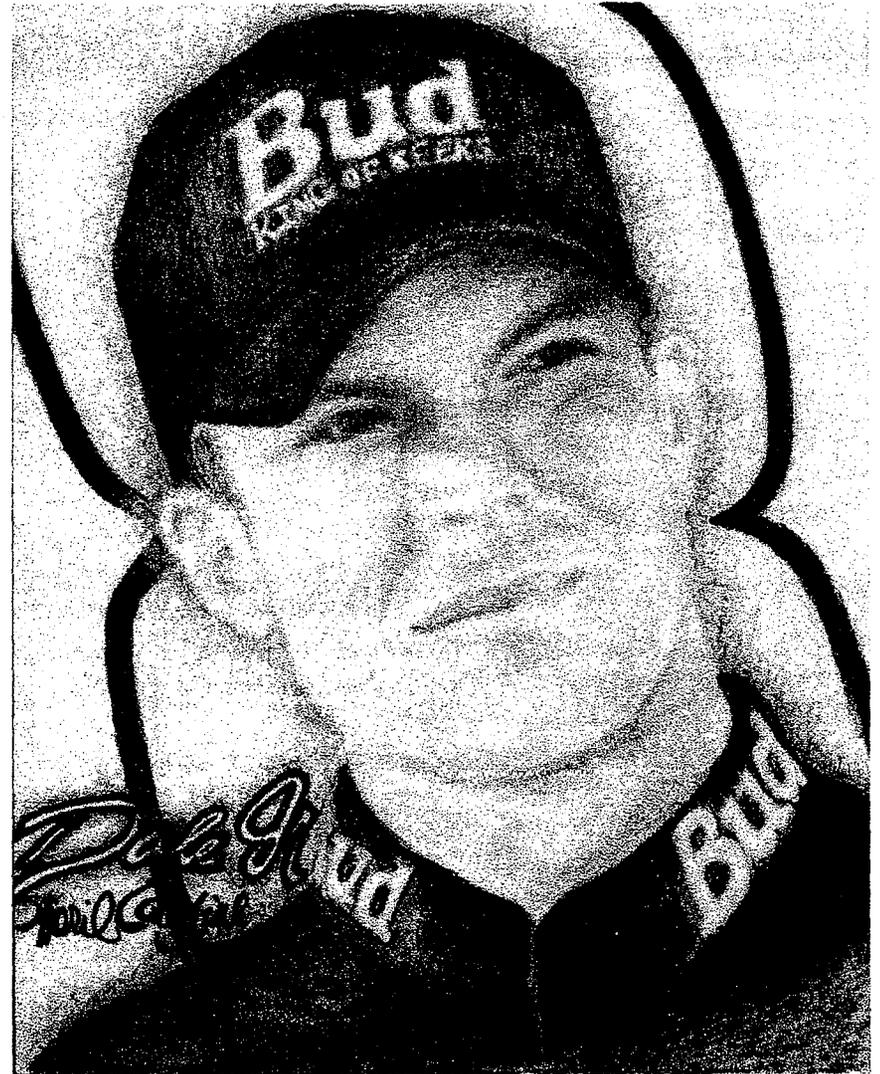
Giants walked the streets  
once.  
Where are they now?

No one has written sonnets  
to a new Laura,  
painted a better image than  
Leonardo's Gioconda.

We must tolerate  
diminished, hollow men  
who cannot make art,  
for there is none in them.

One small graffiti by Michelangelo  
confounds the pretended geniuses  
of this shallow age.  
The tyranny of the masses  
makes it so.

Greatness,  
once found in Italy  
is denied us now  
by social engineers  
and  
political stasis.



Junior  
by April Longtine