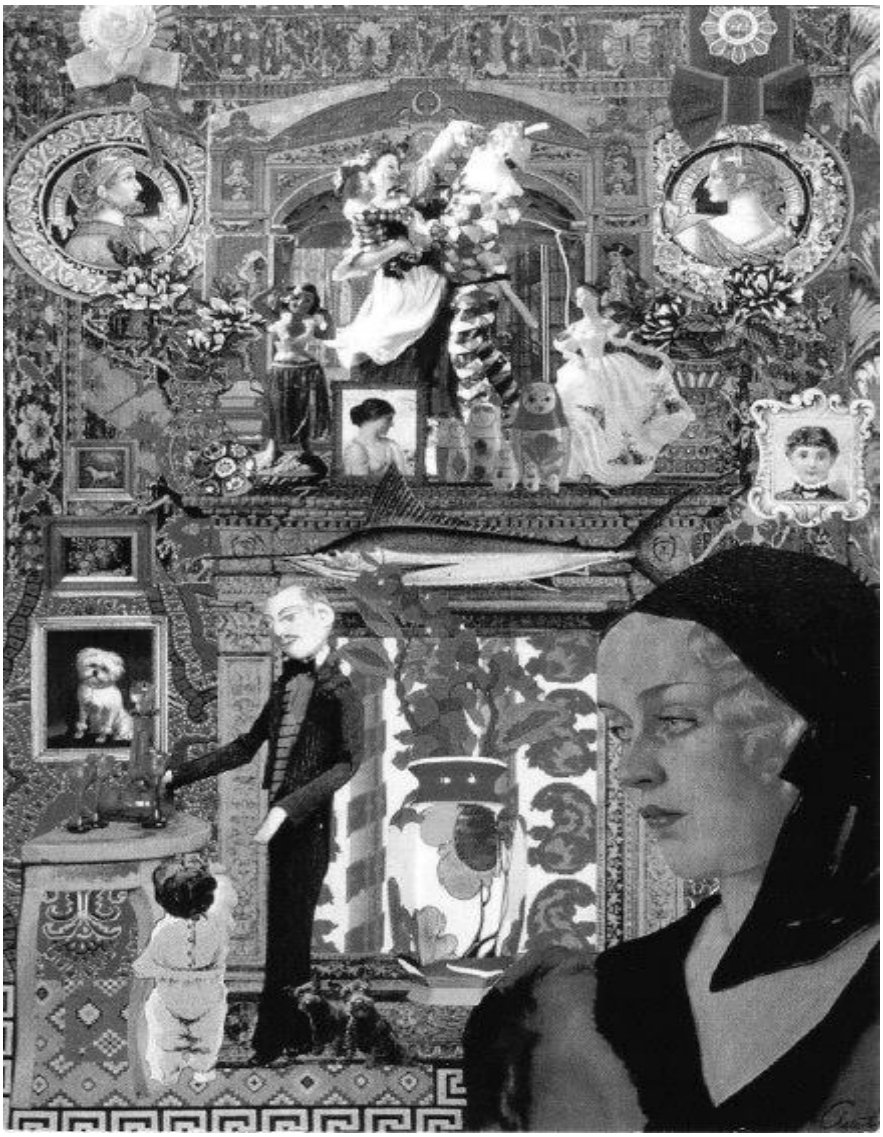
ME:

MULTCULTURAL ECHOES

Volume 5, Number I

BETSY MILLIGAN
All Sorts



ME:-Literary Magazine was founded in 2008 by Char Prieto and a group of faculty and students from the Department of International Languages, Literatures and Cultures at California State University, Chico. The journal's purpose is to promote intellectual growth and creativity and to help authors share and publish their works.

ME: MULTICULTURAL ECHOES • SPRING 2013

Dedication

Richard Soares 1954 - 2013

Richard Soares passed away on January 4, 2013, after a long and courageous battle with cancer. He is survived by his beloved wife, parents, children, granddaughter, brothers and sister.

Richard had served as librarian at CSU, Chico. He received his B.A. in geology from CSU, Chico in 1985, followed by an M.L.S. from San Jose State University in 1986. As a librarian, he quickly earned a respected position among faculty. He never left a stone unturned when searching for some elusive bit of information to help others. Richard published prolifically. He authored several indexes of soil and geologic maps appearing in print and online making a significant contribution to the geologic literature. He was an excellent librarian who was always looking innovative ways to reach students and faculty.

Richard Soares came from a family of organizers. You would go into his office and he would have pictures of his father with Cesar Chavez up on the wall. Richard became very active in the faculty union and Chapter Faculty Rights Chair. Richard proudly championed the rights of the individual. He was called an activist, and the label was bestowed out of respect and admiration for his inscrutable pursuit of ensuring fairness in questions of compliance. His guiding principle was social justice. He could be depended upon. He would listen. Time spent with Richard was time to remember.

We now have this link with Richard Soares to all the wonderful memories of his presence during the all too brief time we had to spend with him. We will always harbor a special fondness for Richard. Our dear friend and colleague, you always will be in our thoughts. RIP.

take out "the"

add "for"

I would

reword this sentence it sounds pretty informal

Richard Soares

Tres chers lecteurs/Dear Readers:

We are very happy to announce the fifth issue of CSU Chico's literary magazine, *ME: Multicultural Echoes*. Echoes of ourselves and others, to us and the world, these contributions all seek to communicate in the myriad of voices of human experience. Just like Baudelaire, the nineteenth century French poet who revolutionized the poetic subject, voice, and form, whose words I echoed in my greeting, we seek to convey truth, fiction, and the gray area in between. Reading these lines and reading between the lines, we announce to everyone: Here is *ME: Multicultural Echoes.* We hope that these pages will continue to echo in you, the reader, as well as echo your experience back to us.

Avec mes plus sinceres sentiments,

Patricia E. Black
Chair, Department of International Languages, Literatures and Cultures

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RHEEDA LAGADON-BILLINGS

Betsy Milligan, Artist (1951-2011)

Many *artistes* have a prejudice against the collage form and do not consider it art because anyone and everyone can cut and paste together a group of disparate elements to make a picture. Enter Betsy Milligan to dispel that biased notion. Her body of collage work is definitely Fine Art. Betsy had an especially observant eye that simultaneously noticed everything within her field of vision and one particular thing within the whole of that field. Her keen attention to detail and minutiae informed all her artwork. In the early 1980s, with her sharp eye and even-sharper scissors, she began to produce collages with such precise and intricate cutting and pasting skills melding many images into one seamless larger image. Her collection of wonderful imagery for future collages was carefully curated. Vintage wallpaper and textiles, images from 1940-50s magazines and school books, or any interesting paper ephemera were the building blocks Betsy used in creating her singular vision of a new world. Many of her collages were made as birthday or anniversary gifts for her many "best friends", and these pieces were loving visual biographical tributes to those special people.

Within each of Milligan's collages is a beautiful and magical world with lovely objects interacting with natural elements. Recurrent visual themes were happy children, loving couples, welcoming spaces, birds, fruit and flowers, flowers, flowers. Beauty and joy infuse her work inviting the viewer to enjoy her world. A wink and a smile hide within her work, as if sharing a secret with whoever is looking. With a wink and a smile, dear *ME* reader, we would like to present a small but exquisite collection of Betsy Milligan's collages within this issue and on the cover for your viewing pleasure. The cover art for this year's *ME* magazine is a collage made by Betsy Milligan for my birthday entitled "Rheeda."

PILAR ALVAREZ-RUBIO

You Are In My Shoes, Now.

One summer night, with Char, Patricia, Maria,
and Lamia, while wearing Marta's sandals

I

I am walking in my mother's shoes,
In my mother's sandals
She loved them,
They are comfortable
They are simple
They conform to the shape of my feet
They don't make me want to be anything I'm not
They recognize my true form
My woman's body
My mother's body
They are my mother's shoes
They are her memory in my feet
They are her memory in my persisting life
They are her soul in the sandals and in me
They tell me I'm all right
They tell me things I didn't understand before
I walk in them
I cry by me being in them
I feel in them
I KNOW in them, mama.

II

Thank you mother, for these sandals
They are talking to me
They say it's OK to cry

To walk, and feel that I'm not going anywhere
that I'm going far,
that I am,
that I am part of the universe,
not THE universe,
but one with you
My mother,
Marta,
My one cell
My one soul
My one self
My universal memory
My mother.

III

I understand
I just have to feel the bird sing
And the cat meow,
And let my feet taste all there is in life.
Even though I do understand,
I feel
Your Absence,
and your Presence
in this universe
that is not clear yet,
that is struggling,
as a mere human being struggles,
One that is not there yet
One that is arriving slowly
One that sees the darkness outside
but the light everywhere.

KENNETH R. DOTSON

Reginhard and the Fountain

There once was a married man and woman that lived next to a small river on the edge of a great forest. On their small farm they had a goat for milk and a few chickens for eggs. The husband would tend to the field for 3 days out of the week and hunt or fish for 3 days out of the week. The wife would alternate days baking, tending to the animals, cleaning and planting beautiful tulips around their quaint cottage. On the 7th day they would both stop working and enJoy each other's company with walks in the meadow, hikes through the forest, or a swim in the river on a hot summer's day. They had very little money to speak of, but they had the deepest love for each other. One day the wife became pregnant and soon after they had a beautiful baby boy that they named Reginhard.

As he grew into a young boy Reginhard's father showed him how to work in the fields, hunt in the forest, and fish in the river to provide for a family that one day he would have. His mother taught him how to tend to the animals, cook and bake, and how to pick up after himself and pay attention to the smallest details, as they could make the biggest difference. His favorite time he had with his mother was watching as she planted her tulips and smiled while singing:

These are the bulbs that l lay to rest
The spring will bring sprouts, but just to the best
The leaves will uncurl slow and sure
Then the sun will bring flowers to make our hearts purr

Reginhard grew into a handsome young man and spent more time in the forest and on the river bringing game and fish home for his family. One day he was hunting in the forest and was overcome by a great storm. The wind blew and rain came down in sheets. He took shelter in a hollowed out tree for three days until the weather

subsided. As he returned to the small farm he noticed that all was not right with the world. The river had swollen and flooded the small cottage, the fields were flattened and covered in silt, the animal's pens were missing as were the animals, the flowers his mother had planted were laid flat and the cottage was full of water and mud. The worst part was he could not find his parents. They were gone, swept away by the muddy waters. His heart was filled with sadness that he had never felt before. He was alone for the first time in his life, the land he knew was ruined, and he had no place to sleep or food to eat.

But Reginhard did not give up. He picked himself up and headed down the river in hopes of finding his parents. The first day, as he traveled, he watched for signs of his parents, but only saw two chickens run into a thicket and could not follow. The second day he called for his parents again and again in hopes of getting an answer back to becoming reunited with them. There was no answer but he thought he heard a goat. The third day he traveled further than he had ever been from the cottage and came upon a small meadow. In the middle of the meadow was a golden fountain. As he approached the fountain he heard a heavenly voice singing:

The spring at my feet fills my heart
It's ever flowing through every part
The water is pure, that much is true
If you drink from within, a wish to you!

Reginhard approached the fountain and as he did it spoke to him, "Stop!! Who is it that comes to taste my waters?" Reginhard immediately replied, "My name is Reginhard, I am in search of my parents that were taken by the river in the great storm. I am so very thirsty; may I drink from your spring?" The fountain then said, "If it is my water you seek, three quests you must complete, for I am no ordinary fountain." The fountain began to sing again:

The spring at my feet fills my heart
It's ever flowing through every part
The water is pure, that much is true
If you drink from within, a wish to you!

The fountain then asked Reginhard what wish he would make if he were allowed a drink of its clear water. Reginhard replied, "I would wish to be happy once more with my family about me." The fountain replied, "Then three quests you shall have to prove your worth, the first is to clear the weeds from around my feet. The second is to rid this meadow of bugs that jump into my clear waters so that I may remain pure at all times. The third is to bring me a cup of fresh milk to sweeten my waters that all that drink from them will always hold me in their thoughts."

Reginhard attempted first to pull the grass from around the base of the fountain. They had rooted into the rocky soil and would not budge and the blades were razor sharp and cut his hands. He then had an idea. He left the meadow and headed for where he heard the goat. He searched for two days and finally found it tangled in a briar patch. Reginhard led the goat to the fountain, tied it to the base, and the goat began to eat as it was extremely hungry from being tangled up in the briars.

Reginhard then chased the bugs in the meadows with sticks, yelling and thrashing, but every time he cleared one area the bugs just hopped into the other. Then he tried to catch them with a net, but they were too fast for him because they had wings. Reginhard then had another idea. He left the meadow and headed for where he had seen the chickens. He waited right outside the thicket with his net and when the chickens came out one by one he caught them. Reginhard took the chickens to the fountain and set them free in the meadow. In no time, they started chasing down all the bugs in the meadow.

Reginhard then remembered the third quest. The goat had eaten all of the weeds from around the fountain and fountain's waters

grew higher. He looked into the meadow and the chickens had eaten all the bugs and noticed how clear the waters had become. All of the eating had filled the goat's udders with the sweetest of milk. Reginhard milked the goat and put the first cup into the fountain's waters. He then said to the fountain, "I have done what you asked. I have cleared the weeds from your feet, I have rid the meadow of the bugs, and I have supplied you with sweet fresh milk. May I now drink from the waters and receive the wish?"

The fountain replied, "You have done what was asked and in reply, you may drink from my waters." And the fountain began to sing:

The spring at my feet fills my heart
It's ever flowing through every part
The water is pure, that much is true
If you drink from within, a wish to you!

Reginhard kneeled and took a drink from the waters of the fountain. It was the sweetest, clearest water he had ever had. The fountain began to shimmer, then began to glow as if it were the sun itself coming over a mountain top on a new spring morning. The fountain disappeared and standing in its place was a beautiful princess and a sparkling gold castle appeared behind her. The princess looked at Reginhard and said, "Because you have done what was asked, you have broken the curse that had been placed on me, and in return I shall love you for my entire lifetime." They were soon married, Reginhard became King, and they had children of their own. Years later Reginhard asked his beloved queen, "I never have asked, as I have been so happy with you, what became of my wish that was to be granted?" The queen looked at her husband, placed a hand on his, and said, "My dearest husband, the loving father of our children, your wish was granted. You asked to be happy once more with your family around you: and that you are, and that you have."

ARIEL ELLIS

Use Me

No words are needed
we both know what will become of this night

the attraction is there
but the need is greater

we want to be wanted
but are we afraid to be loved?

sensual kisses mistaken for compassion
why do we use each other in this way?

I'm tangled in your sheets
but more wrapped up in your words

clever lines to keep the act going
tricks to my foolish heart

I tell myself this time it's different, it means something
a weak attempt at making myself feel better

A girl can only be used so many times
but I kind of like the attention.

ARIEL ELLIS

Perfectionism

It's hard to feel like "enough" in a world where everyone is
worried about being everyone but themselves
People don't want to be the person they truly are
Instead they push themselves much too far
Expectations set at unreachable heights
Why do we place so much pressure on ourselves to be just "right"
But how can this be right? All of this is wrong
We are only weakened by this self-abuse, the negative voices in
our heads are much too strong

It's easy to feel worthless in a world where everyone
seems to be doing better than you
If only all people could take this advice
Negativity and self-hate will do no good for your life
Always remember that perfection does not exist
But staying true to yourself is as perfect as it gets
Achieve things for yourself and not for the happiness of others
We can raise ourselves up and still look out for one another

Life will continue to be tough until you realize that "you" are
enough.

BILL EMBLY

Self Portrait

Humorous	I try
Uptight	No
Pompous	So I'm told
Lazy	Not anymore/sometimes
Intelligent	Bs in PE
A good boy	Ask my mom
Handsome	Ask my wife
Loveable	Ibid
Electable	No
Impartial	No
Objective	Yes
Able bodied	Less so all the time
Able to read tea leaves	Beverage no, weed yes
Poor in spirit	Pockets turned inside out
Covetous	If I covet a bath, am I clean
Clean	Three times a week
Honest	Not always
Friendly	After cocktails
Withdrawn	When possible
Well fed	150 lbs
Well read	Can't live on bread alone
Good health	I smoke
Handy	Can change a light bulb
Confident	I have a firm grip
Optimistic	Myopia rhymes with utopia
Licentious	Not always honest
Lucky	Without question
Willful	Full of it

BILL EMBLY

Why We Die

Vegetarians are eating Big Macs
And pot heads are passing drug tests
What happened?
Even Christmas has become meaningless
As a boy I had a paper chain
Pulling one ring off each day in anticipation of Christmas
Only to wake up the day after
And realize the next Christmas was 364 days away.
I listened to my new records
The Lion Sleeps Tonight, The Duke of Earl
In spring I broke out my new baseball
And broke Mrs. Van Sickle's window;
One by one the days passed
And I knew Christmas was coming back.
But over the years it began to lose something
My records became warped or scratched
My baseball came apart at the seams
I went to college, my parents divorced
And Simcox gave me twelve hits of acid.
I took one for each day of Christmas
On the twelfth day the sixties came to an end.
They won't be back for ninety years.
The verdict of Xerxes hangs over our heads
Like a weeping willow.

BILL EMBLY

Too Many Men in Control

What's wrong with this picture?
Men are still in charge.
At the White House, at the Pentagon,
In Islamabad and all the other bads,
In Afghanistan and all the other stans.
Taliban men ban women.
Osama bin Laden is a man.
Surgio Bush and his buddies, all men.
Seven states in the Union
Have a cardinal as their state bird
And yet all Cardinals are men.
Something is wrong.
The stock market is fluctuating
But testosterone is up.
Too many men in control.
Red and yellow, black and white
Too many men in control.
Eat your meat, drink your whiskey
Too many men in control.
Big boats, big trucks, big guns
Too many men in control.
Too much noise, too much pollution
Too many men in control.
Oil men out of control
Drilling for oil in the wilderness.
Roll back this tide of men.
Men at the helm
Hijacked by men at the helm,
Too many men.
Someone give me a parasol, please
There are too many men in control.

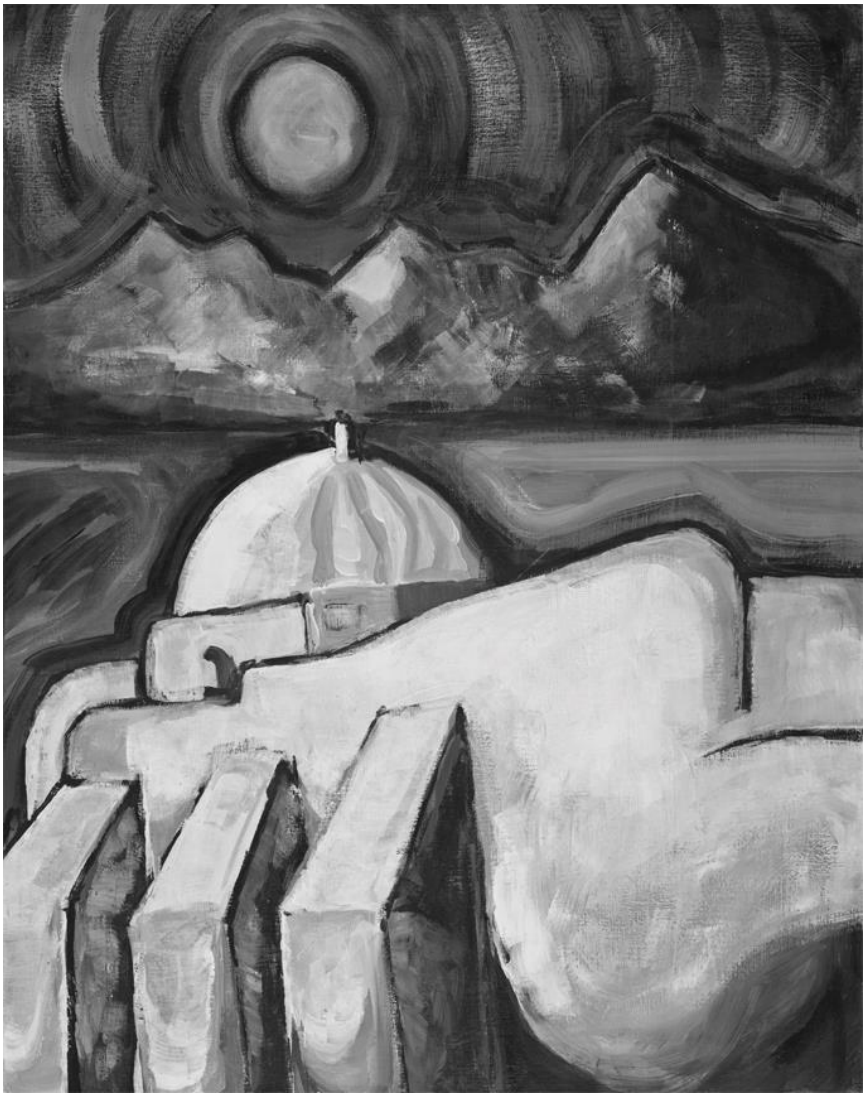
EUGENIO N. FRONGIA

Eis Koran Machran (To a Faraway Country)

A Parable

From the familiar threshold,
I watched you
Walking away
Into a vanishing point,
To "a faraway country"
- "eiskoranmachran" -
But tonight you are home,
Sleeping in your bed,
And I can wish you "good night."
Tomorrow,
When the Sun shines oblique in the sky,
In the stillness of the Winter Solstice,
We will sacrifice "the fatted calf"
And it will be a big feast.
Over the years,
How many dreams
Sunrise has melted away,
And how many memories
Have paled like written pages on a shelf!
I no longer remember
Which roads lead to a faraway country,
Nor the reasons why one travels those roads.
But you do,
Because you have gone and come back.
I reflect on my unwisdom
Because I should have known.
At the age when the land was young
And the landscape a vast, unwritten text,
I have been to a faraway country:
Strange, crooked roads,

Shallow, meandering rivers,
Snaking lazily on the flat plains,
As if afraid of the vastness of the Sea;
Unmarked trails with inviting forks,
Nameless trekkers
On the way to who knows where,
Perhaps to nowhere.
I never envied pigs their acorns,
But the fare was confusing,
The tongues stranger than Babel.
Somewhere along the Great Divide,
One day I heard the sound
Of rushing waterfalls
And I climbed a mountain
And I surveyed the lay of the land
And I cut straight West
To the end of the Land,
To strangely familiar shores.
The journey
Is a gathering moment,
When you do not see the end,
But you know the direction,
Guided by the compass in the sky,
And the light deep inside you.
And today
We are here together,
The old and the new,
Travelers both.
Life
Is a hypothetical formula
In constant need of testing.



"Tunisian Marabout"
Michael Mulcahi

EUGENIO N. FRONGIA

Another Voyage

In this rainy afternoon of April,
I am making preparations
For yet another voyage,
To visit another daughter.
Two hours to an airport by car,
Five hours of airplane to Detroit,
Forty-five minutes by car to Ann Arbor.
Back to the present, our daughter,
Back to the past, my student years there,
A place I chose to leave,
Heeding the call of the Ocean,
Crossing the Continental Divide,
Descending into the watershed
Of my second life.

I worry about what to take:
Will I have enough for six days,
Clothing, electronics, an umbrella
Striped blue and gold, money,
All the things one deems essential
For security and comfort.
The suitcase is now closed,
Just under the weight
They consider legal for travel.

I prefer trips where one travels light
Unobtruded by worries and controls,
Long hikes in the hills and mountains,
The evenness and plainness of the beach,
Where you travel with the restless waves
And have the loved one by your side,

And the seagulls, the sandpipers,
The ever-alert pair of ravens,
In search of discarded food,
Disappearing over the high cliffs,
Only to glide gracefully ahead of you
A few minutes later.

In these modern days of ours,
We worry too much, needlessly,
We carry too much when we go,
We keep too much of what we bring.
We are a burdened society.

In the settled calm of the day
Before the next trip,
I think of the very last journey
That will surely come, when it comes.
I hope not to have to worry
About weights, excessive burdens;
No need for suitcases, money,
even less for umbrellas, backpacks,
electronics and paper and books.
When one departs,
The last departure is always on time,
Regardless of worries and weights.
I should be looking forward
For this one-way voyage
For which there is no rehearsal.
One just leaves everything behind,
Including the burden of life.

EUGENIO N. FRONGIA

Light In Vinmara

Vinmara,
The city the cosmic wandering mind
Of Kim Stanley Robinson has created,
Aglow in coronal light,
In the far reaches of the solar system,
Calls forth a serene longing
For Someone, or Something,
Forever old, always new,
In the cool calm of this September morning.
Why are you, here, now,
As clear as the late summer sky,
A contented fullness,
Something understood,
When yesterday
With certainty and despair,
Both in equal, full measure,
I felt alone,
A reed in the cosmic wind,
And knew that the same fate
Made of the planetary billions
An infinite throng,
Treading alone
In the searing desert of life,
Between birth and death?
I am torn, tossed, tried,
Today in total assent,
Tomorrow in complete denial,
Between the dark night in Vinmara
Reason demanding facts -
And the bathing light of sunrise
The hope of things unseen -.

Yet, we stand alone
When the storm rages,
When the heat and the weight of the day
-Pondusdiei et aestus-
Call for a helping hand,
A benign presence,
A countenance to behold,
Not to imagine.
And if, in this arduous journey,
Aboard this planet,
Hurtling in this infinite Galaxy,
Among infinite galaxies,
I should run into you,
Like on the road to Emmaus,
You would be like a stranger,
Because no one among the living
Has ever beheld your face.
Why have you steeped us
With eternal longings
Given us a mind, a reason,
Wired for proof,
Enabled to reach and touch,
And then hidden your face?
Many call this wisdom,
Others uncaring, or nothingness,
And in the vast chasm between the two,
Religion, prophets, preachers,
Have spun a vast web of tales,
That will prosper to the end of days.
Today, like the dwellers of Vinmara,
I will go out quietly
In the discrete glow of the morning,
And be thankful for the Sun,
That always reveals its face.

OLGA LEONTEAC

The lamp

There is something terribly sad and lonely
In the green sparkling of a street lamp
While all the lights in the windows are turned off.
The auto blinks and moves slower,
A late passer -by shuffles calmly-
Then silence again. The air is hot and damp.
The darkness around is not unlike
A large fluffy cat purring lazily.
A few pale stars are not good company
For the abandoned lamp. Any
Moth is welcomed, even a fly.
Being the only source of light
Sometimes hurts.

"Metamorphosis"
Sonia Alcaina

OLGA LEONTEAC

To R.F.

Looking at you, I suddenly believe
That after death we'll all return to live,
That far above beyond the clouds
Lies Eden with its happy frauds,
Where angels work as diligent door-keepers,
The lion and the lamb are both grass-eaters,
That people are all naturally kind,
And happiness is not a mirage of one's crazy mind.

But then, while watching you, I realize
That emptiness is hidden in the skies,
That people chase each other like gluttonous rats,
While God and the Devil spy on them like hungry cats.
That cruelty is still the only chance
Of thriving and surviving hundred years hence.

What's wrong, what's right - I cannot understand.
I even do not know whether I admire you or dread.
The beauty of your face is so true
That I would like to pray to you
As to the Icon with its ancient lore.
You could be heavenly be it a little more,
Or just a man if it be less.
But as it is, your features cause distress.
Possessing them, you must be grateful:
Being so handsome means to be as hateful
As the accomplishment of every person's dream
Except your own - cold, forgotten, dim..

OLGA LEONTEAC

Rain

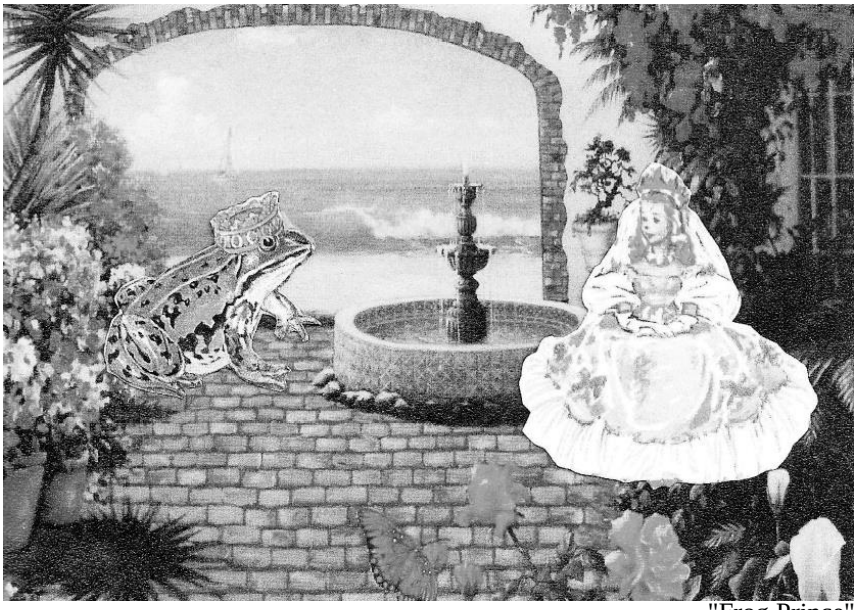
I can see you in every leaf,
In the rustling stillness of air
Just before tonight's heavy rain,
In the dust towering dim and stiff,
In the deadly-mauve flashes
Of lightning above the darkened field,
When the sky is turned in the silvery shield,
In the yellowing leaves, ruthlessly smashed
By the mad wind. Most of all though
You live in the shimmering stream
Of the thundering water that leans
To me, caressing softly and slowly.

"Fog"
Sonia Alcaina

BETSY MILLIGAN

Frog Prince

Frog. Prince. Frog. Prince. Frog. Prince. When you're young it's possible to love someone madly one day ---he's a prince! And despise him the next --- the toad. Ideally your man will become a frog prince. Not because he's been transformed by your kiss and some careful instruction into what you want him to be or think he should be; but because you have learned to see and love him in his entirety --- a frog prince, warts and all.



"Frog Prince"
Betsy Milligan

CHAR PRIETO

Seville

Nested by the Guadalquivir River
Built by Hercules
Surrounded by Caesar
Conquered by Visigoths,
Romans and Moors;
reconquered by king and queen
you became Christian Andalusia

Your gothic cathedral cradled Columbus's bones
and the Archive of the Indies hid the sins of the American conquest
but you were still nested by the Jewish barrio de Santa Cruz
Sephardic synagogues
the Giralda minaret masterpiece of Almohads
and the Moorish Alcazar palace
Maimonides and Averroes

Oasis of cooling fountains
Andalusian queen
the orange poplars
the golden tower in the minaret
and the bursting Flamenco music
convey tales of longing, lament and struggle

Now you are scented by Moroccan coffee
indulged in aromas garlic and toasted saffron fill the air
paper napkins strewn on the flagstone floors
while sherry barrels owned by Osborne barons
look proudly at the cloven footed Iberico hams
hanging from ceilings

You have *duende* Sevilla

CHAR PRIETO

Singing, Thread, Needles, Tales and Secrets

This quilt sings a symphony of notes
There is a piece of a wedding dress
a strip of a little boy's pajamas
a portion of a poet's blouse
fabric representing feminine power and independence
a colorful new life soothing the distress of painful endings
an embroidered towel
as a reminder of cooking and cleaning for family
material used for bridesmaids' dresses
sun print fabric with colorful leaves representing joy
a bit of upholstery from a mother-in-law's chair
lace tatted last century -
and Bonnie is still with us
ever present in that fluffy strip with the piece of corn

Singing, cutting, stitching, tales, and secrets

White, pink, plaid, polka dot pieces of fabric squares
thread, needles, thimbles, batting and backing
every color and every piece
each stitch and every inch
tells slices of our lives - singers' lives -
directors, sopranos, seconds, and altos
we all have now a common bond

Singing, cutting, stitching, tales, and secrets

Over coffee and sweet rolls many delightful mornings
among playful cats we uncovered women's lives
with every stitch and every strip
we discovered more about others and about ourselves

In a sunlit space
in the middle of patch work and sewing
chatting and laughing passions and emotions
we shared why a daughter's name is spelled a certain way
where we went to college and spent our formative years
about our time at Yale and Chico State
and among memories of Spain and Paris
we stitched and mended our colorful lives
Each bit of fabric waiting to be sewn
stacked and retrieved mementos of our lives
and between brightly colored flowers, dots and squares
we built the columns and pillars of singers' lives

Singing, cutting, stitching, tales, and secrets

"Synergysm Quilt"
Char Prieto

CHAR PRIETO

You Are Sixty-Four

To Rheeda on her birthday

Yes. You are older
But you still have your hair
Birthday greetings dear
Meringue lemon cake, forty-six candles
Bottle of chilled champagne
One day in late crisp September
You are sixty-four

Think about all of us
Your dear friends
You are sixty-four
But we all getting older too
And soon will be there
And we can say the word:" We love you"
And we will all be sixty-four

You have knitted little Christmas sweaters
For our whole family
Sunday mornings go for a ride
Walking the dogs
Picking us flowers
Who could ask for more?
You are sixty-four

Every summer you go in your Airstream
On vacation and family reunions
In the state of Wisconsin that's way too dear
Send us greeting cards
Drop us a line

Friends still need you
Even if you are sixty-four

Indicating precisely what we mean to say
Yours sincerely, you're not wasting away
We give you an answer, filling a form
You are still our special friend for evermore
We still need you
We very much still miss you
Even if you are sixty-four

Or is it forty-six?

Happy birthday dear Rheeda.
..and many more.

You are sixty-four

Or is it forty-six?

RICHARD SOARES

Untitled

Please be patient with me
Building a higher love
Can't get it for a fee
Call down power from above
All I want in you I see
I love you

You know it's easy for me to say
The thing you need to hear
Morning, night, and every day
You'll know I am sincere
Because it's easy for me to say
I love you

RYAN SWANSON

The Departed

The melody comes to me from that place through the mist and past the clouds. It finds me in the dark, and draws me into the light; indeed the pounding of that rhythm moves me. From within the scared skin, the heart dances to its own symphony. When I cry, I see your face. When I scream, I hear your voice..telling me sweet things. You whisper from beyond the mist, from that blurry place, of the tone that provokes life. And when I am alone, and all seems dim, you bring the beat on a fire torch and urge me to dance to the song of our triumphs. I still see you there beyond the mist, you sitting there watching me. I still see you there beyond the haze calm and peaceful. I still see you there beyond the veil, resting a hand on my bed. Don't worry, because I remember your voice, and your funny laugh. Hey, Don't worry there! Because I still see you with every blink. And to walk the shores of our poetry sands, and to scream at that river of pain.but you were my guide, and when I wrote, anoche yo sofie contigo.que estaba yo, alla en tu Arena, I found myself. -RWA.

The music comes from somewhere beyond the mist, and I am cold but it brings me warmth. I am sad, but it teaches me to smile. And I'm so blue, but you show me the Tango. I miss you, every second and everyday, but you brought me the symphony, a symphony of science and of love.

RYAN SWANSON

To Hold Beauty's Key

To see all things from beauty's abstruse eye,
that cosmic doodles cascade from life's hand.
Although eternity's death draws nigh,
absurd to tarry, a canvas so grand.

Alone, thy wits conveyed by angels lips.
Spill thy politic ink with firm pressed palms;
precious lore of thee, like gems of wrecked ships.
To be of divine par, worthy of alms.

Enchanted quill governed by holy dreams,
thus shall renew a soft and crippled myth.
Oh, by sweet love's breathe; conjure many themes,
in that, lust's arrow shall fall short forthwith.

Embark thyself upon thy muse's hymn;
alas, to limn fate's tale till stars grow dim.

RYAN SWANSON

The Coyote's trail

One day a Coyote walked the dry desert sand looking for water to quench his thirst. He walked for many days searching for his lost love, the 'I'iwi bird. She flew south one night after the two of them had a fight. As he walked, his tears fell to the dusty sand, and his paws were bursting with thorns. The Coyote pushed on, and walked many miles under the sun and stars, for his love of the 'I'iwi bird gave him strength. This day he found himself hindered by a towering wall that traveled both east and west as far as the Coyote's eyes could see. He tried jumping the wall, but gave up after realizing it was too tall. He tried digging below the wall, but grew tired and hopeless. He even tried passing through tiny holes in the wall, but his fur caught, and he could not pass. Alas, he gave up, his tears flowing heavily, until he let out a deep howl at the heavens. Exhausted, the Coyote fell asleep. When he awoke, a man was sitting next to him, clothed in a white robe. The Coyote asked the man who he was.

"I am Lono. I heard your cry and came to help you find your love."

The Coyote told him about his travel and the impenetrable wall ahead. Lono informed him about the evils of this wall, made from the greed of men in order separate two kingdoms. Lono advised the Coyote not to worry, that he would give him a gift. The robed Lono summoned a howling wind from the west, and water from the ground. He mixed the two elements and made a cloud. "This, I have made for you brave Coyote. It will fly over the wall and into the green jungle where you will find your love, the 'I'iwi bird.

The Coyote was overwhelmed with joy and leaped onto the cloud. And with a touch of Lono's hand the Coyote's paws were healed. He asked," Your Majesty, how can I ever thank you?" With a breath, Lono sent the cloud into the sky, and said, " Never give up hope Coyote, that is how you can thank me."

And so the Coyote flew over the wall and into the jungle where the 'I'iwi bird was waiting. She asked, "What took you so long my love?" To which he replied, "The greed of Men, but one came to my aid, telling me not to lose hope."

And so it was, that the Coyote and the 'I'iwi bird's love lasted forever.

NOEL VALIS

A General's Wife

Cut Cristal

A pebble from the south sleeps, unaware as someone tosses it through the air. The crystal waits shimmering in the untouched dark, for the aging general's wedding. There are still no elephants in the vestibule; and the bride-to-be is young, straight and slim, lying as a pool of water, ignorant of frogs turning rowdy tricks; in her bed, springs coiled in the silent and well-oiled night. Eyes sewn shut.

The General Rides to Horse

The general, mounted on a thick and wavy palomino fully seventeen hands high and skittish, is gloriously drunk. His cadets are cheering him on. Whoa, he says, smiling foolishly. In the floating world, he cries out, everything is green. In a green haze he makes love, penetrating the moist green walls, leaving behind a green shower before he drops into a dark hole. In the distance the general's wife is keening, a crystal flashes in the general's eye and blinds the night. In the distance the general's wife mourns the green, floating world. In the distance, the north.

In Yankee Land

November 28th. Mrs. Cyrus T. Redmond, formerly of Lexington, Kentucky, died yesterday. She was 87. She was the widow of General Cyrus T. Redmond, who for many years was the director of Farrington Military Academy. There are no surviving children. Among her effects is an extensive collection of cut crystal, most of it dating from the pre-World War I period. Services held tomorrow.

NOEL VALIS

Prevention

Why does tea dribble when I drink it
so carefully?
Why do door knobs slip
out of reach like an erotic dream?
Why does dental floss seem
like a maginot line
of decay
and yogurt
a bad surrealist painting?
Why do strawberries have
crown molding? And lettuce
the sands of time?
Nights I lay awake
waiting for disaster

German

MARIA BEECROFT

Aber bitte mit Sahne!

So lange ich zuri.ck denken kann, hat es gemi.tliche Kaffeerunden in meiner Kindheit gegeben, meistens bei Oma, die sechzig Kilometer, was damals eine halbe Weltreise war, von uns weg wohnte. Sie lebte in einem kleinen, gri.n-blauen Haus, umgeben von einem Zaun mit riesigem Eingangstor aus Holzlatten, das immer offen stand, wenn wir angesagt waren. Es war eines dieser altmodischen Tore, das oben einen runden Bogen hatte und unheimlich hoch war, ein Stabspringer hatte sich freudig dari.ber geschwungen, habe ich mir jedes Mal gedacht, als ich es bei unserer Ankunft sah.

Die Hausti.re war auch dementsprechend antik. Dunkel und massiv stand sie da, umgeben von ihrem vermoderten Parfi.m, trotzend mit ihrer riesigen Klinke. Wenn niemand zu Hause war, machte man sich auf die Suche nach dem Schli.ssel, ein wahres Prachtsti.ck. Der GroBe nach hatte er einem Riesen gehoren konnen, nicht meiner Oma, die ein kleines gebeugtes Mi.tterchen war; manchmal steckte er auch einfach in der Ti.re, was uns oft zu denken gab. Sobald die Ti.re aufging, war man in einem anderen Jahrhundert.

In meinen Erinnerungen ist es immer Sommer, der Eingang ist dunkel, und ein angenehm ki.hler Luftzug begri.Bt uns. Auf der rechten Seite ist ein kleines Schrankchen, und Oma hat Bauernbutter in einer Schi.ssel mit Wasser darauf stehen. Das machten damals alle Leute, die keinen Ki.hlschrank hatten, damit die Butter nicht ranzig wurde.

Oftmals schwirrte auch etwas durch die Li.fte und kam ganz nah auf uns zu. Das waren die Schwalbeneltern, deren Nest man von der untersten Stufe der Holztreppe, bevor sie sich ganz oben nach rechts in den ersten Stock verabschiedete, in einer Ecke sehen konnte. Wenn sie Junge hatten, dann flogen sie einen an wie Bomber im Tiefflugangriff, „Ti.re auf, oder.es kracht!" und man

kam sich vor, als ware man eine Drehtiir, wo diese vorwitzigen Tierchen das Kommando ,,raus" gaben, und wir uns blitzschnell um unsere eigene Achse drehen mussten, um gehorsam den Weg freigeben zu konnen. Schwalben waren sehr beliebt, weil sie Gliick brachten und wir durften sie ja nicht storen - wer hatte auch an so was gedacht! Wir waren doch froh, wenn sie uns in Ruhe lieBen, diese Frechlinge. Sie waren aber auch ganz siiB, und da man nie genug Gliick haben konnte, achteten wir sie sehr.

Nach dieser stiirmischen BegriiBung bogen wir dann meistens nach rechts in die Kiiche ab, und wenn Oma zu Hause war, dann gab es erst mal das iibliche ,,GriiB Gott", ,,mei, seid ihr Kinder wieder gewachsen!" Mein Papa, der hochverehrte Schwiegersohn, bekam sogleich die Einladung, sich zu einem Bier hinzusetzen, damit er sich von den Chauffeurstrapazen erholen konnte. Darauf hatte er sich schon seit zwei Stunden gefreut. Auch wurde einer der Cousins umgehend zur Eisdiele Giederl geschickt, um dort fiir jede der drei auswartigen Cousinen eine Kugel Eiscreme, wenn wir Gliick hatten sogar mit Sahne, in einer groBen Glasschiissel abzuholen. Unser Cousin Heribert, der alteste mit blonder Mahne, fiigte sich, ob ganz willig, war zweifelhaft, aber er machte meistens eine gute Miene dazu, schlieBlich kamen wir nicht oft auf Besuch und auBerdem waren wir alle sehr hiibsch, es blieb ihm nichts anderes iibrig.

Dann deckten wir Madchen den langen, einfachen Holztisch mit Omas niedlichem ,,Blaue-Piinktchen"-Kaffeeservice, das noch von der Zeit stammte, als meine Mama im Biiro der ,,Heferlbude", einer kleinen Porzellanfabrik in Nabburg, arbeitete. Tch weiB nicht genau, was es war, diese blauen Punkte tanzten in meinen Augen, und ich musste meine Finger iiber sie streifen lassen, um sie zu fiihlen. Vielleicht war blau damals schon meine Lieblingsfarbe? Die Tassen waren viel zu niedrig und oben weit offen, fast wie Teetassen, insgesamt aber zu klein, kaum, dass etwas rein passte, aber einmalig siiB. Die Teller waren punktlos, hatten nur zwei eng nebeneinander laufende Ringe, natiirlich in blau! Dieses Service

war der Tnbegriff der landlichen Tdylle fUr mich; warmes Beige mit biederen blauen PUnktchen, nicht elegant, nur schon, weil es so schlicht war, und alles schmeckte viel besser daraus.

Endlich war es soweit, unsere gemUtliche Kaffeerunde konnte beginnen. Mama und Papa tranken Burkhof Kaffee und noch heute sehe ich die Fernsehreklame von der groBen Nase vor mir, wie sie sich Uber den Nachbarbalkon beugte und dabei genieBerisch naselte ,,...es flUstert von des Daches Zinnen - ‚da ist Burkhof Kaffee drinnen'.". Wir Kinder, junge Damen, bekamen Tee, und Oma entschuldigte sich immer dafUr, lachelte verlegen dabei, als sie erklarte, dass sie, ganz egal ob Kuchen oder sogar Sahnetorte, unbedingt ein Bier dazu trinken mUsse, ,,das rauscht so schon runter" hat sie gesagt. Und so staunten wir jedes Mal darUber, wie jemand sUB und herb so ganz ohne Schwierigkeiten vereinigen konnte, aber es machte ihr so viel SpaB, dass wir es ihr einfach glauben mussten. Meine Oma wUrde sich jetzt sehr genieren, wUrde aber auch stolz darauf sein, dass ich Uber sie schreibe, und falls wir ein Bild dazu brauchten, mUssten wir erst warten, bis sie sich ihre Haare im Spiegel Uber dem Sofa gekammt hatte.

TRINITY CONNELLEY

Alma Mahler Gropius Werfel

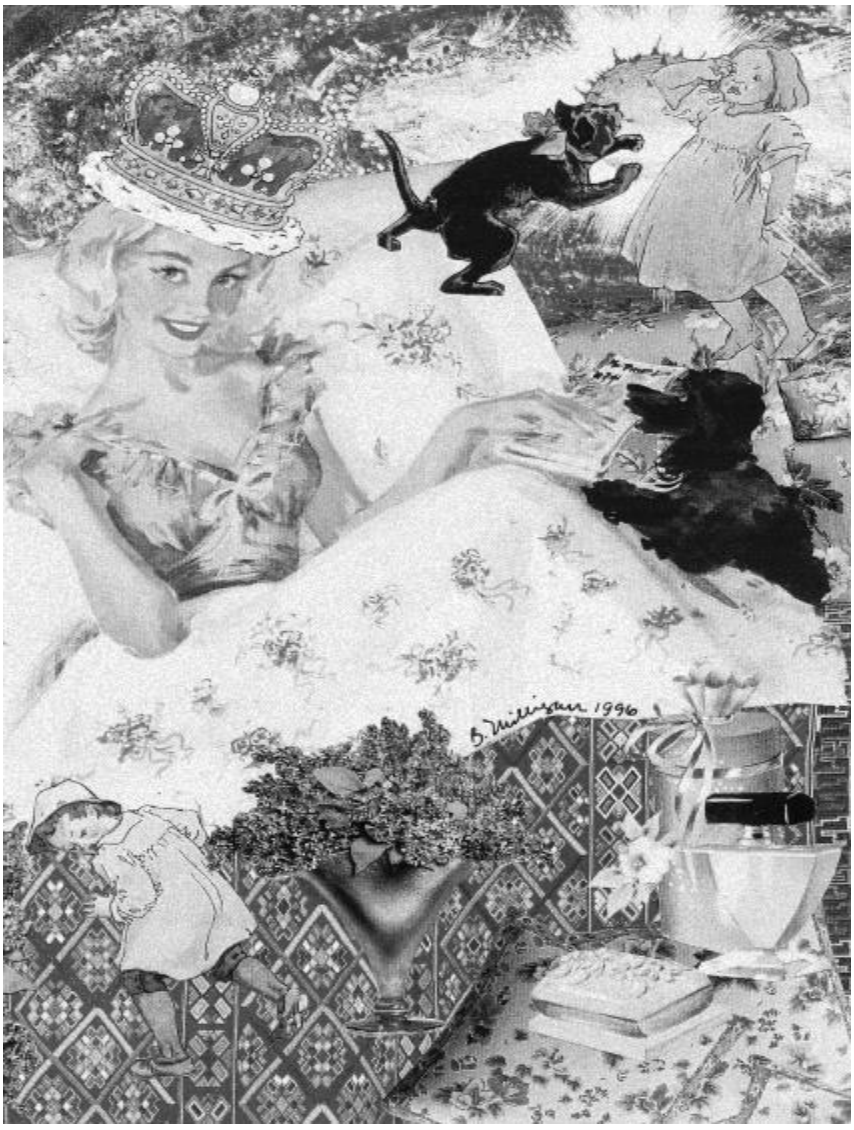
In diesem Semester studierte ich Walter Gropius und das Bauhaus. Dabei fiel mir Alma Mahler auf. Wie ihre drei Nachnamen zeigen, war sie mit drei Ki.nstlern verheiratet.Aber man kennt sie eigentlich nur unter dem Nachnamen ihres ersten Mannes, Gustav Mahler. Wer war Alma Mahler? Am 13. August 1879 wurde sie als Tochter des Landschaftsmalers Emil Jakob Schindler und der Hamburger Sangerin Anna Sofie Bergen in Wien geboren. Ihr Vater starb 1892 als Alma Mahler noch sehr Jung war. Kurz danach heiratete ihre Mutter den Maler Carl Moll. 1897 wurde die Vereinigung bildender Ki.nstler von Osterreich, die Wiener Sezession gegri.ndet. Carl Moll und der Maler Gustav Klimt waren die Prasidenten. Gustav Klimt verliebte sich in die schone siebzehnJahrige Alma Mahler. Schon durch ihr Elternhaus stand Alma Mahler im Mittelpunkt der Ki.nstlerkreise Wiens. Von Jugend an war sie sehr attraktiv und selbstbewuBt. und war auch ki.nstlerisch sehr begabt. Sie war sehr gut im Kompnieren von Musik. Mit ihrer exklusiven Ausstrahlung zog sie viele Ki.nstler an und hatte viele Liebesbeziehungen zu Mannern, die spater sehr beri.hmt wurden. Ich berichte nur von einigen.

1900 traf Alma Mahler den Komponisten Alexander von Zemlinsky. Ihre Liebesbeziehung dauerte zwei Jahre. Dann schrieb Alexander von Zemlinsky ihr, dass sie sehr schon sei, was aber sollte zwanzig Jahre spater sein? Damit endete die Freundschaft. 1902 heiratete Alma Mahler den Komponisten Gustav Mahler. Er was neunzehn Jahre alter als sie. Nachdem sie verheiratet waren, wollte er nicht mehr, dass seine Frau weiter Musik komponierte. Sie hatten zwei Tochter, die alteste Tochter lebte nur fi.nf Jahre bis 1907. Gustav Mahler starb im Jahre 1911. Schon 1912 hatte Alma Mahler eine Affare mit dem Maler Oskar Kokoschka. Sie beendete die Beziehung mit Kokoscha, ihm aber fiel die Trennung sehr schwer. Dann heiratete sie Walter Gropius und hatte eine Tochter

mit ihm. Die Ehe ging nicht gut, und Walter Gropius und Alma Mahler liessen sich schieden. Alma Mahler hatte wieder eine neue Leidenschaft. Es war der Schriftsteller Franz Werfel. Sie zogen in die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika und lebten in Beverly Hills. Das war Alma Mahlers letzte Ehe. 1964 starb sie in New York.

BETSY MILLIGAN

The Fairy Tale Which Is My Life



JAMIE MORRIS

Einmal woanders sein

Es gibt viele Grilnde, warum man ins Ausland geht. Viele Leute gehen dorthin, um etwas Neues kennen zu lernen, eine neue Kultur oder eine neue Sprache. Manche Leute gehen weg, damit sie einmal ein Abenteuer haben konnen. Und natilrlich geht man ins Ausland, um seine Ferien an irgendeinem schonen Ort zu verbringen. Und wenn man dann zurilck kommt, bringt man immer etwas Neues mit nach Hause. Sachen wie beispielsweise Postkarten, Reisefilhrer oder schone Fotos. Ich bin bereits einmal ins Ausland gegangen. Ich ging, weil ich Lust auf Abenteuer hatte! Ich ging auch, weil ich Lust hatte, eine andere Sprache zu lernen. Und wie immer, brachte auch ich etwas mit mir nach Hause. Ich brachte eine ganze Menge Fotos, viele Postkarten und einige Kilos mehr mit mir zurilck nach Kalifornien. Ja, ich hatte zu viel alkoholfreies Bier getrunken und zu viele Doner gegessen. Aber das, was mir jetzt noch nach fast drei Jahren immer noch am wichtigsten ist, war total unerwartet. Was mir am wichtigsten ist, sind die Freundschaften, die ich in Deutschland gefunden habe.

Im August 2009 ging ich nach Deutschland, um ein ganzes Jahr dort zu verbringen. Ich konnte kein Deutsch, kannte niemanden und hatte keine Ahnung von der deutschen Kultur. Es war am Anfang sehr schwer. Ich hatte Heimweh, hatte Probleme, die deutsche Sprache zu lernen, und war immer todmilde! Aber meine Gilte, wie schnell verging das Jahr! Ich habe nun tausend schone Erinnerungen, eine neue Sprache gelernt und ich habe jetzt viele neue Freunde. Die Freunde, die ich in Deutschland gefunden habe, sind bis heute noch sehr wichtig in meinem Leben. Ich weiB, drei Jahre sind nicht so viel. Aber, ich kenne viele frilhere Austauschschiller, die keinen Kontakt mehr mit ihren ehemaligen Gasteltern haben. Meine Gastmutter schickt mir jeden Sonntag eine SMS! Ich ilbertreibe gar nicht, das ist die Wahrheit! Diesen Sonntag habe ich diese bekommen ,,Lieber Jamie, aus dem Zug

von Berlin nach Hause ganz herzliche GriBe! Ich habe kleine Weihnachtseinkaufe auch fir Amerika gemacht, nachste Woche geht das Paket auf die Reise! Alles Liebe, Birgit". Die Familie hat mir schon ein paar Pakete geschickt, und auch sogar etwas Geld, damit ich mein Studium bezahlen kann. Unsere Facebook oder Skype Konversationen sind mir am wichtigsten. Meine Gastmutter hilft mir nicht nur mit meinem Deutsch, sondern mit allem in meinem Leben. Sie unterstitzt mich mit ihren Worten und ermutigt mich mit ihren weisen Sprichen.

Meine Gastmutter ist fir mich wie eine Mutter. Ihr Mann ist fir mich wie ein Yater, und Ihre Kinder sind fir mich wie meine anderen, eben wie meine deutschen Geschwister. Die ganze Familie war vor einem Jahr hier zu Besuch. Und ich war diesen Sommer wieder in Good Old Germany bei ihnen. Obwohl wir ganz weit voneinander entfernt sind, bleiben unsere Seele verbunden. Ich freue mich darauf, meine deutsche Familie spater zu meiner Hochzeit einzuladen. Und ich freue mich darauf, meine Kinder nach Deutschland zu bringen, damit sie mit meiner deutschen Familie Weihnachten in Deutschland feiern konnen. (Aber das konnte noch etwas dauern, denn ich habe noch keine Freundin.) Unsere Freundschaft wird hoffentlich noch sehr lange dauern, auf jeden Fall solange sie mir Krauterbonbons und Schokolade schicken, wird sie bestehen bleiben!

Ich ging also damals voller Traume und Sehnsucht nach Abenteuern und Interesse fir die neue Kultur nach Deutschland und ich kam mit viel, viel mehr zurick. Die Fotos, die Postkarten und die Erinnerungen habe ich ja bekommen. Sie alle aber sind mir nicht so wichtig wie die Freundschaften, die ich bekommen habe. Ich mochte jetzt zu allen, die ins Ausland gehen werden oder gehen wollen folgendes sagen: Wenn ihr im Ausland seid, geht nicht zu all den ganzen touristischen Sachen, auBer natirlich zu dem Rest der Berliner Mauer, das ist schon was Cooles. Aber geht und findet Freunde! Sprecht mit den Einwohnern, egal wo ihr seid.

Lernt mal die Leute kennen. Wenn die Postkarten und Fotos schon verblichen sind, werdet ihr noch ihre Freundschaften haben.

"Asdf"
Anonymous

MAGDA MUELLER

In der Heide

Nachmittags fuhren wir oft in die Heide. Im inneren Kreis der Familie hatte sie eine wesentliche Funktion. Egal, welchen Abschieden oder welchen Krisen wir begegnet waren; egal, welche Freuden wir feierten; egal, welche fragile Nahe wir erlebten; egal, welchen uns wieder versichernden Begegnungen wir uns unterwarfen; egal, welche versohnende Zusammenklinfte wir dankend erfuhren: die Heide blieb unverzichtbarer Teil unseres gemeinsamen Lebens und sie begleitete uns durch alle Hohen und Tiefen, durch alle Herausforderungen und Wirrnisse unseres Daseins. Wenn ein Geburtstag zu begllickwlinschen und ein Geburtstagsspaziergang zu unternehmen war, wenn der Beginn eines Lebens zu begrliBen oder wenn das Ende eines Lebens zu bedenken war, dann gingen wir miteinander in der Heide spazieren. Oft schien es, besonders, wenn ein Tod zu betrauern gewesen war, dass die oder der Verschiedene uns dennoch auf dem Weg durch die Heide begleitete. Hier waren wir alle immer wieder zusammen gewesen.Eingedenk aller, die nicht mehr mit uns waren, wanderten wir auf den vertrauten Wegen. Die Heide hatte etwas Bleibendes, etwas Festes, etwas Unveranderbares. Sie nahm uns immer wieder auf, half uns mit dem Weiterleben trotz aller Untrostlichkeit.Manchmal dauerte es Jahre, ehe der Schmerz des endgliltigen Abschiedes seinen harten Stachel verlor. Aber sie blieb da, die Heide, mit ihren brennend heiBen, leuchtend weiBen Sandwegen im Sommer, mit ihren klirrend kalten, frostigen Pfaden im Winter.

In allen Farben schillert die Heide, manchmal ist es, als verandere sie ihr Aussehen jede Minute, ja fast jede Sekunde. In schneelosen Spatherbst- und Wintermonaten scheint sie liberwiegend braunlich, von tiefbraun bis graubraun, dann wieder dunkelgrau und dunkellila, auch dunkelgrlin, unterbrochen von grauen, manchmal doch weiBen Sandwegen und dunkelgrlinen bis

schwarzgrlinen Wacholdern. Im frlihen Sommer dann spannt sie einen mit ihrer ahnungsschwangeren, noch nicht vollendeten Farbenpracht auf die Folter. Es ist als wollten die fast ausbrechenden Farben einen zum Narren halten. Dann neckt uns das Heidekraut mit Streifen hellvioletter Tupfer und gauckelt uns bereits das gesamte Spektrum erahnbarer Farbenpracht von hellrosa bis dunkelrot vor. Doch schlieBlich kommt dann diese Bllitenpracht im August, dann glliht sie, die Heide, im vollen Sonnenschein explodiert sie geradezu in den Farben rosa, lila und rot und scheint auf dem satten Grlin zu ruhen. Dann sprliht sie in ihrer vollen purpurnen Pracht. Natlirlich verandert sie sich auch dann geradezu vor unseren Augen, Je nachdem, ob wir in das Licht, gegen das Licht oder mit dem Licht schauen, manchmal gibt es dann diese satten dunkellila, rosa und roten Farben. Man kann sich an diesem Bllitenmeere nicht libersehen. Auch brummt und summt es von allerlei Kafern, von Insekten und von Bienen. Die Bienenzaune grliBen schon von weitem mit ihren alten aus Stroh geflochtenen Bienenkorben. Vorsicht ist geboten, damit die Bienen einen nicht stechen, also nicht zu nahe an den Bienenzaunen neugierig herumschnliffeln. Aber wenn man die Bienen nicht stort und auch nicht um sich schlagt, auch wenn einen mal einige umsummen, sondern still steht und sich auch anders nicht bewegt, dann fliegen sie bald wieder weg, denn die Heideblliten locken viel mehr als die Menschen. Emsig und fleiBig sammeln diese Bienen Bllitenstaub und produzieren den wohlschmeckenden Heidehonig.

Die grlinen bis schwarzen Stile und auch die leicht holzernen Teile der Heidepflanzen werden von den Heidschnucken gierig vertilgt. Ableiten soll sich der Name Heidschnucke von Heide und dem Wort schnucken, das bedeutet naschen. Die Heidschnucken, diese Heidenascher werden in kleineren und groBeren Herden gehalten. Sie sind auf keinen Fall alleinige Touristenattraktion. Sie sind von forstwirtschaftlichem Nutzen, da sie durch ihren Verbiss die Heideflachen Jung erhalten. Dadurch verholzen die Heiden nicht, sondern das Heidekraut kann sich immer wieder verJlingen.

AuBerdem fressen die Heidschnucken genuBvoll die jungen, aufgelaufenen Kiefern, Birken und Wacholder und tragen somit zu einem steten Erhalt der Heideflachen bei. Auch liefern sie dicke Wolle, warmende Felle und schmackhaftes Fleisch.Zu all dieser Nlitzlichkeit kommt noch eine weitere. Sie dlingen auch gleichzeitig die Heide, denn sie lassen standig etwas fallen. Diese Hinterlassenschaften sehen wie kleine, schwarze Bohnen aus. Auf der Suche nach ihren Urhebern muss man nur diesem Bohnenmeere folgen, dann findet man sie, wenn sie nicht schon liber alle Berge oder bereits im Schafstall angekommen sind. Wenn sie jedoch noch unterwegs sind, so hort man sie meist schon von weitem in der Stille der Heide. Thr Mah, Mah schallt einem im Chor aus der Ferne entgegen. Plotzlich dann ein dumpfes Vibrieren der Erde, ja fast ein Drohnen. Das zeigt unmiBverstandlich ihr Kommen an. Jetzt hort man auch ihr Bloken, der den Heidschnucken so typische Laut. Zwischendurch vernimmt man das Bellen des Hlitehundes und die harsche Kommandostimme des Schafers oder der Schaferin. Laut und deutlich ruft der Kuckuck. Wachteln, Grlinspechte, Wendehalse und Birkhlihner sind leicht zu sehen. Eidechsen huschen liber die in der Sonne heiB gewordenen Findlinge und allerlei Kafer kriechen im Sand. Die Tdylle und die Stille sind erholsam, sie beruhigen die Nerven, lassen die Einheit des Menschen mit der Natur erahnen, vergewissern die stillen Spazierganger, dass es diese womoglich noch gibt. Ware da nicht plotzlich der Laut eines Flugzeuges, das sich am Himmel zeigt. Dennoch, Elemente der Naturgeschichte haben sich erhalten.

Waren wir in den letzten Jahren in einer der Heiden, dann war immer die Hoffnung mit uns, vielleicht sehen wir die Tippelbrlider wieder. Tmmer wieder wurde gefragt, wo sind denn die Tippelbrlider. Das tun sie namlich, die Heidschnucken, sie tippeln vor sich hin, bloken und lassen immer wieder etwas fallen, ihre schwarzen Bohnen. Tippel, tippel, mah, mah und dazu das kraftvolle Gerausch, mit dem die Heidschnucken das Heidekraut abreiBen und fressen. Das AbreiBen und das hastige Verspeisen

wird ohne Pause in einem Arbeitsgang erledigt. Bewundernswert ist, mit welch ungeheurer Kraft sie die Heide abrupfen, sie zermalmen und dabei gleichzeitig weitertippeln. Um sie herum der wachsame Hund, der ihnen auch manchmal ins Bein zwickt, damit sie weitertippeln oder die Richtung ganz und gar andern.

Neben uns plotzlich ein Gerausch, huch, da lag sie eingerollt wie ein Igel, unsere Tante, aber nichts war passiert. Mein kleines Igelchen _ das letzte Mal faBte ich sie unter, damit wir trotz ihres mehr und mehr unsicher werdenden Ganges auf unebener Erde und auf Feld- und Wanderwegen noch dorthin kamen, um zu sehen, wie die Heide bli.hte, denn es war unsere Lieblingsheideflache und voll satter Erinnerungen. Herumgehen ging nicht mehr, oder besser, mir war es zu gefahrlich, also setzten wir uns auf eine Bank, redeten und sahen in die bli.hende Heide. Ob sie noch viel sah, kann ich nicht beurteilen, denn das Augenlicht hatte sehr nachgelassen. Aber wir waren da, dort, wo wir mit den anderen oft gewesen waren, und wiederum war es, als seien sie alle wie immer um uns.

JODY RYKER

Das Schlangelein

Tief in den Waldern lebte ein kleines Schlagelein. Es war geschmeidig und es konnte schneller als alle anderen glitschen. Oft lief es so glitschend durch den Wald. Das fand es ganz toll. Das Schlangelein mochte dieses glitschende Laufen am liebsten. Wenn man versuchte, es dabei anzuschauen, war das Schlangelein so schnell, dass man es nicht sehen konnte.

So schnell wie das Schlangelein war, war es sogar noch schoner. Das Schlangelein war grUn wie die Blatter und es hatte grosse Flecken, die rot wie Blut waren. Seine Augen waren riesig wie die Farbe der Sonne. Das Schlangelein war so glatt, wenn es in der Sonne lief, dass es wie ein Blitz des Lichts aussah.

Aber das Schlangelein war sehr traurig. Es hatte keine Freunde und es war allein. Es gab viele Tiere in dem Wald. Es gab Vogel, Baren, Kaninchen und viele andere. Wenn das Schlangelein ihnen nahe kam, liefen alle anderen weit weg und versteckten sich. Diese Tiere und Vogel haben mit dem Schlangelein nie gesprochen. Sie sahen die Fangzahne des Schlangeleins und fUrchteten sich. Doch das Schlangelein hat nur Frosche und Molche gegessen.

Eines Tages lief das Schlangelein weiter als Ublich. Es glitschte und glitschte und plotzlich stolperte es Uber eine grosse Wurzel. Es bemerkte, dass die Wurzel glUhte. Neugierig folgte es der Wurzeln bis es schlieBlich den Baum fand. Der Baum war so schon, dass das Schlangelein den Baum besteigen wollte. Aber als das Schlangelein den Baum berUhrte, sprach der Baum:

Allein, allein bin ich geblieben
Fiir eintausend Jahre
bin ich ohne Liebe vertrieben

Das Schlangelein verstand das !Es hatte endlich jemanden wie sich gefunden.Es redete flnf Stunden mit dem Baum. Am nachsten Tag sagte der Baum:

Schlangelein, Schlangelein, bin ich zufrieden
Fiir eintausend Momente
Hast du mir reichlich gegeben

Dann hat der Baum dem Schlangelein einen Wunsch angeboten. Das Schlangelein sagte sofort, "Ich mochte keine Fangzahne haben, um die Tiere nicht zu erschrecken". Der Baum glitzerte und plotzlich hatte das Schlangelein keine Fangzahne mehr.

Das Schlangelein war so begeistert, dass es sehr schnell zu seinem Heim glitschte. Es sah ein Kaninchen und sagte, "Hallo"! Das Kaninchen sah, dass das Schangelein keine Fangzahne mehr hatte. Das Kaninchen antwortete, "Hallo"! Schon bald sind viele neugierige Tiere gekommen und alle sprachen und lachten mit dem Schlangelein.

Am Ende des Tages hatte das Schlangelein Hunger.Es fand einen Frosch und hat den gebissen.Aber der Frosch schllpfte einfach von dem Mund des Schlangeleins.Das Schlangelein probierte und probierte immer wieder, aber es konnte den Frosch nicht fressen.Mit jedem Tag wurde das Schlangelein dlnner.Bald konnte es sich nicht mehr bewegen und es starb.

KATHERINE WISE

Meine Lieblingsstadt

Hamburg ist meine Lieblingsstadt. Sie ist ein Stadtstaat, der in Norddeutschland liegt. Die Elbe flieBt durch diese zweigroBte Stadt Deutschlands. Weltbekannt ist die Hansestadt Hamburg wegen des Hafens, der Industrie, der Kunstsammlungen und des Nachtlebens . Ein Jahr lang wohnte ich in einem Stadteil, der Hummelsblittel heiBt. Er ist nur zwanzig Minuten von der Innenstadt entfernt. Als ich in Hamburg lebte, sah ich schon sehr viel, aber es gibt noch viel mehr, das ich sehen muss.

Das Hamburger Rathaus ist der Sitz der Stadtstaatregierung und es steht im Stadtzentrum. Da herum gibt es schon viel Shopping, viele Restaurants, groBe Hotels und natlirlich die Binnenalster; das ist ein klinstlicher See mit einem groBen Brunnen in der Mitte. Im November und im Dezember sind viele Weihnachtsmarkte in der Stadt, aber Hamburgs bekanntester Weihnachtsmarkt ist der auf dem Rathausmarkt. Man kann dort sehr viel Kunsthandwerk kaufen, leckeres Zuckergeback probieren und den herrlichen Rathausmarkt-Gllihwein trinken. Mit dem schonen Rathaus im Hintergrund, dem kostlichen Essen, einem warmen Getrank und vielen Freunden werden die Marktbesucher in eine weihnachtliche Stimmung versetzt.

Hamburg hat viele Sehenswlirdigkeiten. Der Hamburger Hafen war immer wichtig flir die Wirtschaft und den glanzenden Erfolg der Stadt, aber heutzutage ist er auch ein beliebtes Reiseziel. Man kann eine Stadtrundfahrt mit einem Schiff machen oder den Fischmarkt besuchen. Dieser Markt offnet jeden Sonntagmorgen um 5 Uhr. In jedem Mai ist der Hafengeburtstag. Hamburger Blirger und Besucher feiern die Grlindung des Hafens mit Feuerwerk und einer prachtigen Schiffsparade.

Ganz in der Nahe des Hafens liegt die Reeperbahn, ein Stadtteil, der weltbekannt flir das Nachtleben ist. Aber man findet dort auch viele Discos, groBe Konzerthallen, aber auch schone und sehr

berUhmte Theater. Das heiBt, die Reeperbahn ist nicht nur anrUchiges Nachtleben. Heutzutage kann also jeder die Reeperbahn besuchen, fUr jeden Geschmack findet sich etwas. Sankt Michaelis, oder ,,Michel", ist ein Symbol der Stadt. 1648 wurde die Kirche im Barokstil gebaut. Der Turm ist einhundertzweiunddreiBig Meter hoch, und die Besucher konnen auf ihn hinaufklettern, um einen wunderschonen Blick Uber den groBen Hafen zu bekommen.

Hamburg hat sehr leistungsfahige offentliche Verkehrsmittel, also konnen Touristen und BUrger von Uberall aus die Stadt leicht erreichen. Die Fahrkarten sind preiswert. Ich glaube, als Studentin zahlte ich 40 Euro fUr eine Monatskarte. Das war gut, weil ich jeden Tag mit mindestens vier Bahnen und zwei Bussen fahren musste, um von Zuhause in die Schule zu kommen. Die U-Bahn, die S-Bahn und die Busses fahren regelmaBig, aber man kann auch mit dem eigenen Fahrrad fahren oder sich eins leihen. Das StadtRAD Hamburg hat sogar Uber achtzig Leihstationen im gesamten Stadtgebiet. Es gibt viele Moglichkeiten, um diese schone Stadt zu besichtigen und zu erleben.

Mein deutsches Zuhause war in HummelsbUttel, das ist ein Stadtteil der nordlich von Hamburg liegt. Mit rund siebzehntausend Einwohnern ist HummelsbUttel etwas Uber neun Quadratkilometern groB und hat auch ein eigenes Naturschutzgebiet. Uberall sind zwischen den Hausern kleine Walder, viele Wasserwege und wunderschone Parkanlagen, in denen die Einwohner oft am Abend spazieren gehen. Mit der U-Bahn erreicht man die Innenstadt in nur zwanzig Minuten. Der Flughafen FuhlsbUttel liegt auch in der Nahe. HummelsbUttel war fUr mich der perfekte Teil der Stadt, weil ich nahe zum Stadtzentrum war und eine ruhige Nachbarschaft genieBen konnte. Meiner Meinung nach ist Hamburg die schonste Stadt der Welt. Wahrend ich da wohnte, sah ich schon sehr viel BerUhmtes, aber es gibt fUr mich noch so viel mehr, was ich dort sehen konnte. Hamburg ist sehr historisch, aber gleichzeitig auch sehr modern.

Die Stadt ist mit leistungsfahigen offentlichen Verkehrsmitteln leicht zu bereisen. Viele Sehenswiirdigkeiten erwarten den Besucher, wie beispielsweise das historische Rathaus, und gleich neben dem Hauptbahnhof die beriihmte Kunsthalle und dann noch die einmalige Reeperbahn. Jeder Besucher wird garantiert irgendetwas finden, um Hamburg zu genieBen. Ich mochte auf jeden Fall dort wieder leben.

Italian

ROSE ALICIA ALLEN

Al Crepuscolo

Quando le foglie frusciano con i sussurri della brezza,
e da infocato arancio il cielo diventa manto di blu profondo.
Quando gli occhi cedono il passo al suono,
e il mormorio dei ruscelli invade la tranquillita.
Quando le stelle si svegliano una a una,
e le ombre si allungano come slanciate ballerine.
Quando le creature della notte diventano irrequiete,
e le lucciole, le cui luci spesso dimenticate,
riflettono le stelle tremolanti.

Il tempo esita
fra giorno e notte,
sospeso in attesa
del buio.

Al crepuscolo: il mondo sembra trattenere un respiro.
Allora io mi distendo.
Inspiro il presente e tutto di adesso.
Espiro ieri e i ricordi di prima.
Aspetto il domani con le promesse dei giorni a venire.
Respiro di vita.

BRENDA GUTIERREZ

Un viaggio in treno

Il mio primo viaggio in treno e stato senza dubbio il viaggio piu difficile ed eccitante della mia vita, almeno fino ad ora. Dopo meno di un mese che stavo studiando a Chico, ho sentito la mancanza della mia famiglia. Ho comprato un biglietto per andare in treno a Santa Barbara per il fine settimana e non vedevo l'ora d'arrivare a casa. Sfortunatamente, la mia eccitazione mi ha distratto dalla verita: avrei dovuto sedermi in un posto sul treno per piu di quindici ore accanto a gente che non conoscevo!

Il mio treno doveva partire un venerdi alle quattro meno dieci di mattina. Un mio amico mi aveva dato un passaggio alla stazione ferroviaria e mi aveva aiutato con le valigie. Quando sono salita sul treno mi sono persa e non ho potuto trovare il mio posto. Dopo quasi mezz'ora durante la quale sono andata avanti e indietro sul treno sempre piu agitata, una signora mi ha mostrato il mio sedile: era proprio accanto a dove ero entrata. Per fortuna il mio posto era sul primo piano del treno con tutti i portatori di handicap: le poltrone erano piu grandi e molto piu comode delle altre. Alla mia sinistra erano seduti una signorina e suo padre che venivano dall'Oregon. Il signore aveva dei problemi di schiena e non si sentiva bene dopo che era stato seduto sul treno per piu di trenta ore! Alla mia destra sedeva una signora: anche lei veniva dall'Oregon. Come me questi tre viaggiatori si recavano a Los Angeles per andare a trovare le loro famiglie, e non si conoscevano.

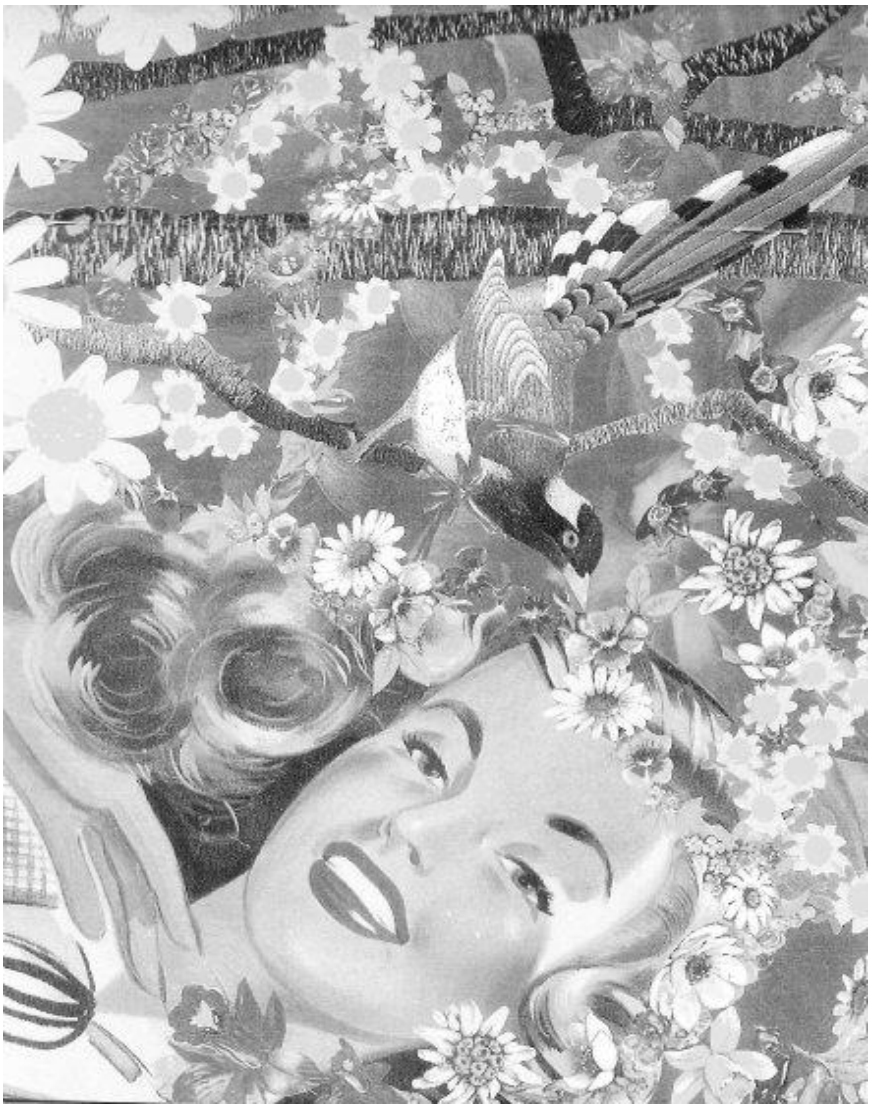
Dopo meno di un'ora, la signora ha cominciato a lamentarsi del treno, dicendo che i posti erano scomodi. Da quel momento non ha piu smesso di protestare contro la scomodita del viaggio e non lasciava gli altri in pace. Finalmente, a un certo punto, il signore con il mal di schiena si e alzato e le ha chiesto di farla finita perche non era giusto per gli altri passeggeri, in particolare per quelli che come lui avevano dei "problemi reali". A quel punto la signora si e

molto arrabbiata ed ha cominciato a litigare con il signore e sua figlia.

Mentre tutto questo succedeva io me ne stavo seduta in pace al mio posto, ascoltando della musica. All'improvviso ho sentito un dito che mi pugnalava sulla spalla: era la signora che voleva coinvolgermi nella discussione chiedendomi se ero d'accordo con lei o con il signore. To non volevo certo intromettermi in quella discussione, cosi le ho risposto che volevo soltanto ascoltare tranquillamente la mia musica, dormire ed arrivare a casa in pace. Ed era proprio quello che ho fatto.

BEYSY MILLIGAN

You Got to Wake up Every Morning



CHASE PALMIERI

Risposte alle Domande

Sono a quel punto, a quel punto specifico e pauroso della vita, in cui devo scegliere tra creare cattivi pensieri di te nella mia mente, o spalancare le porte del mio cuore, nella speranza di trovare un vero e proprio partner, l'amore della mia vita, un piu profondo apprezzamento per l'umanita. Una fiducia per cui non si ha bisogno di lottare. Devo decidere adesso se farti entrare dentro di me, o se combattere l'idea stessa di te.

Lo sforzo e reale e anche se so che non e cosi, pare uno sforzo senza fine. Una guerra civile nella mia anima. E per chi mai dovrei fare il tifo? Devo mentire a me stesso dicendomi che sei una puttana, in modo da lasciarti andare piu facilmente? 0 devo abbracciare la sensazione che hai creato in me, lasciando che tu mi cambi completamente.

0gni giorno e una lotta. Io continuo a negare il controllo che hai su di me. Forse la decisione e stata presa da qualcun'altro per me, perche a me di certo non sembra piu di condurre questa nave. Lo riconosco, me ne rendo conto. Ma l'amore e una cosa che striscia molto lentamente. Cosi lentamente che in qualsiasi momento posso girarmi ed allontanarmi da te. Ma sono bloccato, come un cuore abbagliato dalla luce dei fari nella notte. Forse e questa la strategia d'attacco dell'amore. Perche questo e cio che l'amore e veramente, un attacco ad un castello custodito da una sola anima, arroccata dietro una porta chiusa a chiave. Un attacco che non si puo respingere, perche si avvicina cosi lentamente e cosi pacificamente che non pare essere una minaccia. La verita e che non ho bisogno di te, questo almeno l'ho dimostrato a me stesso.

Un uccello ha forse bisogno di volare per sopravvivere? No, certamente no. Devo occuparmi di queste cose per sopravvivere. No, certamente no. Allora perche lo faccio. Perche cerco cosi disperatamente di fare in modo che tu mi desideri quanto ti desidero io. Che succederebbe se mi fermassi. Che succederebbe

se un giorno scomparissi dal tuo mondo. Cambierebbe forse qualcosa alla fine. Penseresti a me tra anni e anni in futuro. Probabilmente no.

La battaglia continua, scuotendo le mie ossa con ogni mondo che esce dalla tua bocca e facendomi tremare con violenza in ogni notte trascorsa nella tua assenza. Solo le lenzuola possono sentire il mio disagio. Le tiro, le strappo, incolpandole per le mie notti inquiete. Quelle stesse lenzuola che mi tenevano caldo e nelle quali dormivo pacificamente le notti prima che ci baciassimo. Poi, mi scuso con loro, rassicurandole del fatto che non e colpa loro. Non e loro la colpa se bramo il tuo corpo nudo schiacciato contro il mio, mentre dormiamo. Ma la colpa non e neppure mia, perche non ho chiaramente alcun modo di controllare cio che sento. Questo mi fa paura. Mi fai paura. Qualcuno sta conducendo la mia nave e non so bene chi sia. E forse Dio? Il Destino, forse. Potrebbe forse essere l'universo che mi guida verso di te. Non ti conosco abbastanza da togliere le mie mani dal volante e vedere dove mi conduce. Mi rifiuto di assentarmi da questo viaggio, perche non voglio ripetere errori gia commessi. Ma chi puo dire che sia un errore. Chi puo dire che tutta la mia vita, e la tua, non ci abbiamo condotto a questo luogo, a questo specifico punto nel tempo, a questa connessione innegabile che abbiamo l'uno verso l'altra.

Forse un giorno leggerai queste righe. Se sara cosi, e probabile che saremo profondamente innamorati e che mi fidero abbastanza di te per chiudere il sipario su questo dramma Shakespeariano che vive nel mio petto. Quando ti ho incontrato, e si, dal primo momento in cui ti ho conosciuto, il mio cuore non ha saltato un battito. Al contrario, e diventato vivo. Ha inizato a battere piu forte. E piu veloce. Sei riuscita a far battere di nuovo un cuore che era spento. E questa volta spero che sia gioia, non dolore, a risvegliarlo.

BRUNELLA WINDSOR

Carissimo Roberto

Carissimo Roberto,

parlando di banca mi hai fatto venire in mente mio padre. Anche per lui i cambiamenti furono difficili da adottare. Si rifiuto di imparare il computer e in ufficio aveva un giovane adibito solo a quell'uso: il computer. Ma credo sia un problema di tutti. La velocita all'inverso del nostro sistema biologico a confronto con quella del sistema sociale. Qui negli USA si fa sentire ancora di piu, direi in maniera crudele. E forse per quello tanti se ne vanno portati via dal cancro. Amen.

Personalmente cerco di non dire ne a me stessa, ne agli altri che sto invecchiando, che non ce la faccio piu a reggere i ritmi e vorrei andare in pensione. Anche se lo penso... Meglio non spingere quel chiodo troppo in profondita. Meglio trovarsi dei mantra come antidoto.

Capisco perfettamente che la prospettiva di fare il pendolare tra Bergamo e Brescia non ti faccia gioire. Ma e una prospettiva. Aspetta ad avvilirti quando diventera una realta. Considera anche quante volte hai verificato di persona che l'idea, il timore dell'avvento di una cosa fosse in apparenza molto peggio della sua realta. Senza dimenticare che siamo animali abitudinari. Prenderne una nuova ci fa tanta fatica. Ma una volta imparata... non e poi cosi terribile...

A Bergamo siamo stati insieme. Mi ci hai portato tu, mi sembra o vaneggio...? Ricordo che a entrambi piacque la Bergamo alta.
Mi auguro di non sembrarti pervasa da zelo da predicatrice... puoi ben immaginare che parlo per esperienza personale, per aver reagito con emozioni simili in simili circostanze. La mia intenzione non era affatto di sminuire il tuo avvilimento. Credimi, ti capisco, e vorrei tu potessi/volessi sfogarti ancora di piu. Fa bene. E poi,

come scrivi tu, non sono certo queste le cose che ti farebbero disperare a questo punto...

Da quando mi hai aperto una finestra su quello che provi a riguardo della dipartita di Federico (GRAZTE!) penso spesso con doloroso affetto fraterno a quella pena che accompagna (invisibile agli altri) la totalita dei tuoi respiri.

Nessuno ci deve ricordare che la morte di un figlio e il dolore piu grande. Hai descritto cosi bene quel tuo vivere una vita schizofrenica. Ti vedo, ti sento, camminare, agire, immerso in una dimensione nota solo a te. Ma temo che il dolore sia insopportabile perche accompagnato da un tremendo senso di colpa.

Tu scrivi: "La mia mente e costantemente occupata dal perche e successo, perche non ci siamo accorti di nulla, perche sotto il nostro naso si svolgeva una tragedia e noi eravamo cosi inerti. Penso che questo tormento non finira mai, e il mio destino".

Da quando ho saputo che Federico si era tolto la vita, sono stata sicura che questo era/e il tuo principale tormento. Come potrebbe essere altrimenti? T genitori sono coloro che nutrono, che danno la vita ai figli. Se i figli rifiutano quella vita dev'essere colpa dei genitori che non gliel'hanno saputa far amare, che non hanno saputo fargliela vivere in termini accettabili. Sono i genitori che DEVONO munire i figli delle chiavi che aprono le porte insidiose della vita.

Ma non e cosi. Ne sono convinta.

T figli non sono delle creature che i genitori controllano. E un'illusione formidabile. Sono vite che semplicemente si intersecano con le nostre. Sono vite gia segnate, scritte molto prima di quando fisicamente comincino. Federico doveva soffrire di una depressione invisibile a tutti, come solo la depressione piu grave puo esserlo. Tmmagino che voi ci abbiate pensato. E perdona se adesso mi immischio negli affari di famiglia. Ma tuo padre soffriva seriamente di depressione, non e cosi? Non lo so per sicuro. L'ho sempre e soltanto sentito dire. Ma se cosi e, Roberto, purtroppo avete lottato con le leggi inesorabili della genetica.

La depressione e una bestia temibilissima. Viscidamente nascosta negli anfratti piu intimi della personalita individuale. Molti non sanno di conviverci. I loro atteggiamenti, le loro reazioni a volte ci sconvolgono. Ma finalmente assumono un significato se ascriviamo a quella patologia la loro causa. Anche questo l'ho verficato a mie spese. Messa a confronto con persone che cercavo di amare ma che improvvisamente mi rifiutavano, ho rischiato io di finire tormentata da stati depressivi fino a quando non capovolgevo la chiave di lettura degli eventi e invece di sentirmi la protagonista del fallimento cominciavo a capire l'impossibilita dell'altra persona di essere e agire diversamente.
Se Federico ascoltava ossessivamente Mahler, leggeva Rimbaud e Pavese era perche, come istruisce Montaigne, aveva quelle nozioni dentro di lui. Cercava fuori di lui le conferme di quello che era gia una sua scelta, il suo destino. Dice Montaigne che noi capiamo solo quello che esiste gia dentro di noi. La lettura, l'educazione, le nostre scelte non fanno che confermare le esigenze e i desideri della nostra natura, della nostra essenza.

Mi sembra anche che solo cosi si possa spiegare la determinazione di portare a compimento quel gesto estremo. Quel rifiuto di amore totale che rende il suicidio in fondo, che Dio mi perdoni, il gesto piu egoista che si possa compiere. Se si e capaci di amare come si potrebbe mai infliggere ai nostri cari un dolore cosi grande???

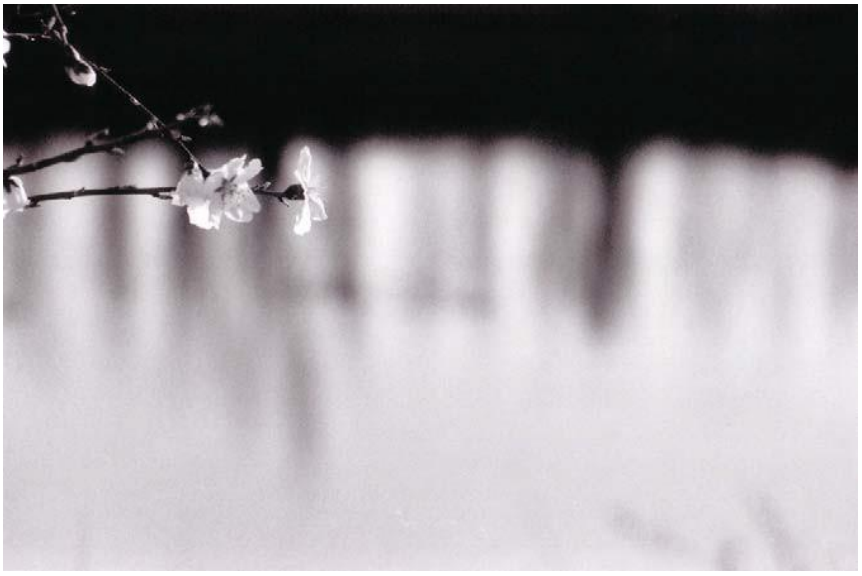
Forse e questa la lezione che Federico doveva ricavare da questa vita. Che Dio mi perdoni ancora... doveva imparare ad amare... E voi, anime belle e adesso cosi tormentate, siete stati capaci di cosi tanto amore che glielo avete lasciato vivere, che avete accettato di essere comparse sulla scena del compimento del suo destino.

Roberto, amico caro, adesso piango e so che starai piangendo anche tu mentre leggi quello che ho scritto. Il dolore aiuta. E si sopporta meglio se lo si accetta. Puo perfino diventarci amico.

Continua perche tu devi, diceva Goethe. Nel prossimo scambio, ricorda che mi hai promesso di parlarmi di Elisa e Laura.

Non so pregare. Ma credo che molti dei nostri pensieri si sprigionino nelle galassie come forme di preghiera. In molti di quei miei pensieri ci siete tu, Federico, Elisa e Laura.

Ti abbraccio forte,
B.



"El silencio de las flores"
Sonia Alcaina

Russian

ALEXEYMAKININ

Hepo!]uaKoH

,llaJleKHe 3Be3)]I H JlyHa oCBew,aJlH MaJleHbKyIO)]epeBHHHyIO uepKoBb, KoTopaH Haxo)]HJlaCb B ueHTpe MaJleHbKoro oCTpoBa B Cepe)]HHe 6oJlbworo o3epa. CoJlHue ew,e He B3owJlo. CTapaH uepKoBb 6IJla oKpy)l{eHa)]epeBbHMH H CHeroM. B uepKBH 6IJlo TeMHo, ToJlbKo ropeJlH HeCKoJlbKo CBe4eH. CBeT CBe4eH na)]aJl Ha KpaCHBIH aJlTapb. 3ToT aJlTapb 6IJl HCKyCHo BIpe3aH H3)]epeBa H yKpaweH KpaCHBIMH paCnHCaHHIMH HKoHaMH.

MoHax BIweJl H3 6oKoBoH)]BepH aJlTapH C H3o6pa)l{eHHeM apxaHreJla f'aBpHHJla. ЭTo 6IJl Hepo)]HaKoH – oTeu AcpaHaCHH.

a HeM 6IJla Ha)]eTa)]JlHHHaH 4epHaH pHCa, e)]Ba BH)]HaH no)] noKpoBoM KpaCHoro CTHxapH C 3oJloToH KaHMoH H no)] MaH)l{eTaMH ero CTHxapH BH)]HeJlHCb nopy4H. "lfepe3 JleBoe nJle4o oTua AcpaHaCHH 6IJl nepeKHHyT KpaCHIH 6apxaTHIH opapb. KoHeu opapH CBHCaJl 3a ero CnHHoH, B To BpeMH, KaK oTeu AcpaHaCHH npH)]ep)l{HBaJl opapb npaBoH pyKoH. Y oTua AcpaHaCHH 6IJl TaK)l{e BTopoH opapb,)]HaroHaJlbHo onoHCIBaBwHH JleBoe nJle4o, CnHHy H rpy)]b.

a roJloBe oTua AcpaHaCHH 6IJla 4epHaH KaMHJlaBKa. Tlo)] ero KaMHJlaBKoH BH)]HeJlHCb He)]JlHHHIe KopH4HeBIe BoJloCI C npoCe)]bIO. Y OTua AcpaHaCHH 6IJla KopoTKaH, aKKypaTHo no)]CTpH)l{eHHaH KawTaHoBaH 6opo)]a C npo6JleCKoM Ce)]HHIT. Ero MoJlo)]Ie rJla3a 6IJlH CHHHe, KaK JleTHee He6o.

OTeu AcpaHaCHH npoweJl Bnepe)]H BeJlHKoH)]BepH aJlTapH. B JleBoH pyKe oH)]ep)l{aJl He6oJlbwyIO, KopH4HeByIO H KHHry B noTepToM Ko)l{aHoM nepenJleTe, H B ero npaBoH pyKe 6IJl KpaH opapH. OTeu AcpaHaCHH Ha4aJl neTb: «EJlaroCJloBH, BJla)]IKo». H3HyTpH aJlTapH CBHw,eHHHK oTBeTHJl: «EJlaroCJloBeHHo QapCTBo OTua H CIHa, H CBHToro ,llyxa, HIHe H npHCHo, H Bo BeKH BeKoB», HM BTopHJl aHreJlbCKHH rHMH xopa: «aMHHb». OTeu AcpaHaCHH nepeKpeCTHJlCH, npo)]oJl)l{aH neTb: «MHpoM f'oCno)]y

nOMOJll1MC), l1 xOp l13 BCerO Jll1Wb)],Byx MOHaxOB KpaCl1BO nO)],neBaJl: «rOCnO)],l1, nOMl1JlyH**)**

XOJlO)],HlM 3l1MHl1M yTpOM, B MaJleHbKOH)],epeB HHOH u,epKBl1, Ha MaJleHbKOM OCTpOBe B Cepe)],l1He 6OJlbWOrO O3epa O eCTBeHHa l1Typrl1 Ha aJlaCb

"Crossed Line"
Anonymous

Spanish

CARLOS KIDANY ACEVEDO-MIRANDA

Se vende un pais

Se vende un pais portatil
con su autoestima en el suelo
con un enorme complejo
que lo hace anti nacional

Es un lugar sin memoria
donde ya nada sorprende
vive el crimen indultado
o a un charlatan presidente

Se vende un pais portatil
Se ofrece un pais portatil
Se alquila un pais portatil
Se empefia un pais portatil

Parado un pais portatil
con heroes falsificados
ideales hipotecados
y total mediocridad

Oferta un pais portatil
domesticado en engafios
Se garantiza por afios la ausencia
de honestidad

Se vende un pais portatil
que castiga al que es honrado
y a un pueblo auto condenado
por no aceptar la verdad

Se vende un pais portatil

se ofrece en partes o entero
con un prestamo extranjero
hacerlo andar es muy facil

Se vende un pais portatil
Se ofrece un pais portatil
Se alquila un pais portatil
Se empefia un pais portatil

Esta es tu raiz
defiende el pais
Esta es tu raiz
defiende el pais
Esta es tu raiz
defiende el pais
Esta es tu raiz
defiende el pais

Esta es tu raiz
(Defiendela donde quiera)
defiende el pais
(dale amor a tu bandera)
Esta es tu raiz
(cuando me muera me entierran alli)
Defiende el pais
(alla la tierra donde naci)
Esta es tu raiz
(esta es nuestra raiz)
defiende el pais
(dale amor al pais)
Esta es tu raiz
(recoje toda la historia)
defiende el pais
(nuestra colectiva memoria)

Esta es tu raiz
(se lo digo a toda la gente)
defiende el pais
(no te compran si no te vendes)

CARLOS KIDANY ACEVEDO-MIRANDA

Mascara de gas

y ahora vivo
en una ciudad
sin abrazos,
con ventanas
int'.tiles
por las que nadie mira,
la ceguera
se crece
y todo se llena
de precios,
el aire
esta podrido
de insomnios
y las noches
llenas de camas
vacias...
la gente
traga,
camina
y solo vira el rostro
para cruzar
la carretera,
no me gusta
este mundo
de mananas
y aceras frias,
no quiero
que mi cuello
se ancle de indiferencia,
quiero mi pasaporte
y mi pasaje de regreso

pero no puedo pedirlo,
no puedo irme
sin vomitar
la rutina,
sin recoger
el diploma,
me quedare aqui esperando
con las llamadas,
los buzones,
las fotografias,
las cicatrices
y el calor de los abrazos
que nunca se borran
tejidos a mi rostro
para filtrar el vacio
que ensucia el pecho
y abriga con gangrena
los brazos.

CARLOS KIDANY ACEVEDO-MIRANDA

m sT 3242 sEC W

A Carlos l. Hernandez

la verdad se estanca
en las cunetas,
los oidos supuran

pusri6dicos,

la mirada solo busca
espeJos
y la lengua sirve
de limpiabotas...
no hay que secarse la cara,
la historia esta en liquidaci6n

y con la compra de un libro
te regalan:
tres excusas,
un diploma
y siete putas...

(...el televisor sabe a libertad
el sudor sabe a insulto...)
todo el valor
se queda temblando entre cinco paredes
y las marionetas se aferran a sus cables
mirando hacia afuera
para no vomitar.

BLANCA ANDERSON

Mis muertos

Se me acumulan alrededor
con cada afio que pasa
ellos permanecen mientras yo voy desvaneciendo
La memoria pesa
exige cierta forma de recuerdo
se multiplica con cada reclamo:
yo fui imagen, yo fui verso, yo fui espada
No puedo
hacerles justicia, no puedo
saber lo que fueron, no puedo
olvidarlos porque dejarfan de ser mis muertos
entonces
Desaparecerlos
no es opci6n
Retenerlos
es imposible
S6lo puedo
quererlos con abandono
Morir con ellos

JOSIE BORTZ

Creaci6n

Transparente de nombre especial,
dicen que fue un hombre
quien te arroj6.
¡No importa quien!,
la creaci6n esta dada.
¡Arte del pensante!
El vacio resplandeci6,
inmensos multicolores,
¡Permanecen en ti!
Arcoiris no eres, y cuando
la luz del sol te penetra.
Intensos colores proyectas.
El rubi te detesta,
la turquesa te asecha,
la malaquita te envidia.
Todas esas piedras,
te asechan, todas ellas
no han podido alcanzar tu brillo.
Se mueren por brillar,
si polvo fueras,
se bafiarian en ti.
Algunas ya robaron
un poco de tu brillo.
Pero. no supieron usarlo.
Otros han intentado
robarlo y hasta imitarlo.
¡Que lastima, quieren brillar!
¡Mujer creadora!...
Diamante eres, y siempre seras,
pequefia diosa innovadora
de tu propio arte otorgaras.

JULIANA CORR

Dime tu

Pierdo tanto tiempo pensando en ti
Me pregunto si estas pensando en mi
lSera que tienes miedo del amor?
Dime tu lo que sientes por favor
Te quiero, pero ltu me quieres?
Necesito saberlo antes de perder mas tiempo
Si me quieres, mi coraz6n te doy
Pues si no, adi6s, me voy
Mi coraz6n no es tan fuerte como quisiera
Dime la verdad y no juegues con el
Espero que me vayas a querer
Porque eres alguien que no quiero perder

ESMERALDA DIAZ

La vida

La vida es como una gota de agua
Tan clara y tan pura
Se valora
Se cuida
Se aprecia
Pero al fin del dia el ser humano
La manipula y la contamina
Se seca la gota, el cuerpo y el alma
Y todo termina

"Magpie"
Betsy Milligan

ESMERALDA DIAZ

La muerte

La muerte es como el viento
No se ve pero se siente
Es oscura como la noche
Pero tan clara como el dia
Se penetra en el cuerpo
Destroza el alma y la mente
Es algo tan espantoso
Pero a la vez algo tan real
Es algo inevitable
Que todos tememos que enfrentar

ESMERALDA DIAZ

Al paso del tiempo

Al paso del tiempo,
Aprendi que llegar a lo mas alto no es crecer
Que el exito no siempre es felicidad
Que no siempre tener poco es ser pobre
Ni tener mucho es ser rico

Al paso del tiempo,
Comprendi que no es lo mismo la costumbre y el amor
Que no es lo mismo odiar a no querer
Que escuchar no siempre significa comprender
Y que no es lo mismo pensar que saber

Al paso del tiempo
Entendi que la amistad y el amor valen mucho mas que el dinero
Que no solo se llora por tristeza
Y que sonreir no siempre indica ser feliz

MARTHA GONZALEZ

El

Si te digo que a veces
el mundo se me hace cruel,
por haberte puesto en mi camino
Porque tan mirada profunda
me hace que piense en ti.
Porque al verte prohibido,
te me haces tentador,
porque en mi vida ya existe el.
Si acaso pudiera un dia en tus ojos estar
contemplar la belleza profunda
que a veces me hace temblar
e infiel a mis sentimientos estar.
Que vida tan cruel
pues solo como amigos nos podemos ser.
Pero como quisiera un beso
de tu boca tener
Pues seria el amanecer en el anochecer.
Que vida tan cruel
Pues nos puso en el camino sin saber
Que ya existia el

EDUARDO GONZALEZ CABANES

Tantas veces pronunciadas

Todo lo que se dice con palabras tiende a su conservaci6n artificial, pensaba Miguel, exactamente igual que las latas conservan el att'.n sin apenas sabor y sin peligro de descomposici6n hasta que la fecha de caducidad dice que ahi ya no hay nada, y la lata sera amontonada con el resto de los desperdicios o, con suerte, reencarnada a traves del reciclaje para volver a ser otra lata de att'.n nueva, sin restos de su vida anterior. Por eso se habia negado tantas veces a decir la palabra "te quiero" o "yo tambien", por miedo a que aquellas palabras les envolvieran a los dos, apretujados en aceite, en una lata de costumbres, promesas de castidad y buenos tratos, hasta que la fecha de caducidad indefinida se delate a si misma.

Por eso el s6lo lo decia cuando ella no se daba cuenta, o cuando ella se perdia dentro de su entrepierna, como si el sexo fuera lo t'.nico capaz de ser momentaneo. Entrelazaba las silabas entre sacudida y sacudida, te amo, y cuando acababa de decirlo, su orgasmo, el de ella, todo ello quedaba en un segundo plano. Ella tragaba el aliento de el y se lo devolvia con la humedad de su saliva para que el, de nuevo, entre sacudida y sacudida, volviera a respirarlo. Todo esto qued6 en el olvido. Lo t'.nico que fue recordado al cabo de los afios fueron las repetidas razones por las que ellos ya no volverian a estar juntos. Miedos que amenazan, amenazas que producen miedo, y entre tanto, Miguel caminando por la casa, la vagina de ella ensuciada por los restos de otro cuerpo que aun no le pertenece, lpor que nunca dices te quiero? aquel silencio hacia eco en el apartamento de ella, Miguel no encontr6 las palabras, dubitativo, nunca consigui6 decirle. no te preocupes si este abrazo no te ata, es un abrazo que jamas he dado, no se siente en el cuello ni en las caderas, no quiero que apriete tu cuerpo hacia dentro, sino que empiece en tus tripas y te saque el aliento hacia afuera, por favor no le pidas que vuelva, no le

impidas que salga fuera, que abrace a otra gente, confundiria su direcci6n y se volveria torpe, 6c6mo no va a volver otra vez hacia ti, si es de ti de d6nde saca toda su fuerza?

"En el fondo"
Anonymous

CAMILLE HENDERSON

El sentido

Las estrellas tiritan en el cielo nocturno
como tus ojos destellan en la luz del sol.

El agua disefia olas en el lago indigo
como tu voz se ondula en mi coraz6n.

El viento sopla a traves de los arboles del bosque
como tu amor murmura sobre mi alma.

Tu tacto empafia mi visi6n y nubla mi mente
y todos mis pensamientos cuando la bruma cae.

CYNTHIA MONTALVO

Amigos

lQue pasa con los amigos, que se me van acabando?
Los persigo con el rabo del ojo (cursor estatico)
cual lapicero en guerra con las letras infelices.
Se evaporan uno a uno, en el empafie del sabado
en que otras naves partieron: galeotes metalicos
de embarque electr6nico, inventos todos
en el enredo de telarafia entre el computador y el mundo.
Hablo, mas ya no soy la que reclamo:
Escondida tras la mascara de tiempos felices,
le doy las gracias porque puedo reirme
de lo que no se rie mi yo desnudo.
Los desgarres st'.bitos entre conciudadanos del ciberespacio;
la matriz vacia de los principios contrariados,
el "te llamo luego" de los reencuentros absurdos,
darme vuelta, apretar los labios, sofiar despierta
el juego de creer que no existieron,
la cruzada permanente contra la consciencia de lo perdido...
jY por eso, por eso mismo secuestro sus sombras,
los saludos intimos que nunca caducaron,
las lecturas y tertulias rescatadas de los momentos
en que no te importaron! Palabras dichosas, hermosas y estt'.pidas,
que emergieron del hipo del intelecto,
del secuestro hacia los mundos ajenos, los estelares remansos
del constelar arcaico de los dos, tres, cuatro hermanos
que por un instante comprendieron
y no te dejaron solo

CYNTHIA MONTALVO

Deseo porque deseas.

Te la encontraste un sabado que se sentia lunes,
Flotando por la plaza, con sus parpados pesados,
Las manos ancladas en la camara, ropa suelta,
Puerta abierta, para que te colaras,
Universo nuevo, para que te entretengas,
Armas nuevas, las otras palabras.
Te esperaban, no llegaste, no llamaste:
Hacias falta, mas pecado no entretenerse.
Conquista de viernes, memoria atrasada,
mientras seguiste el rastro por el fuerte, por la calle,
las terrazas al sol que se bafia al oeste,
los bancos tranquilos donde se sienta ella,
para amar el despegue, escuchar las gaviotas.
Pero la miraste y dijiste "no es ella", la que creiste
La que te dibujaste en la mano hace afios,
La que te juraste seria la id6nea, y partiste
De regreso a la que sigue aguardando,
La que se cambia los rostros,
para que a(n la ames.

CLAUDIA ORTIZ

Extranjero

El ser extranjero enfrenta una doble tristeza:
la de ser discriminado por un pais lejano y la de enfrentar
el olvido de la familia que has dejado en un pais amado

Es triste reconocer que con el paso de los afios
tan solo somos recordados por nuestros seres amados
como parte de un retrato y de un pasado

Es triste saber que tan solo formas parte
de una ventanilla de un banco
donde a cambio de pronunciar tu nombre reciben algo de pago

Que triste es sentirte parte de un rinc6n olvidado
el cual se va llenando de polvo
y de un olor a viejo y acabado

Es triste ser extranjero
pero mas triste es ser olvidado
por quienes amas en tu pais amado

CLAUDIA ORTIZ

Amor

lTe has preguntado algt'.n dia que es el amor? Pues, yo si. Y he llegado a la conclusi6n de que la palabra esta formada por cuatro letras, que si la lees desde el final al comienzo, te resulta la palabra "roma" y que si la lees desde la segunda silaba a la primera, te resulta la palabra "mora." Ademas como palabra, sus letras tienen diferentes usos. Como significado, varia de acuerdo a quien defina dicha palabra. Para mi, como madre, considero que el t'.nico y verdadero "amor" es aquel que le profesa una madre a sus hijos y en algunas ocasiones, viceversa.

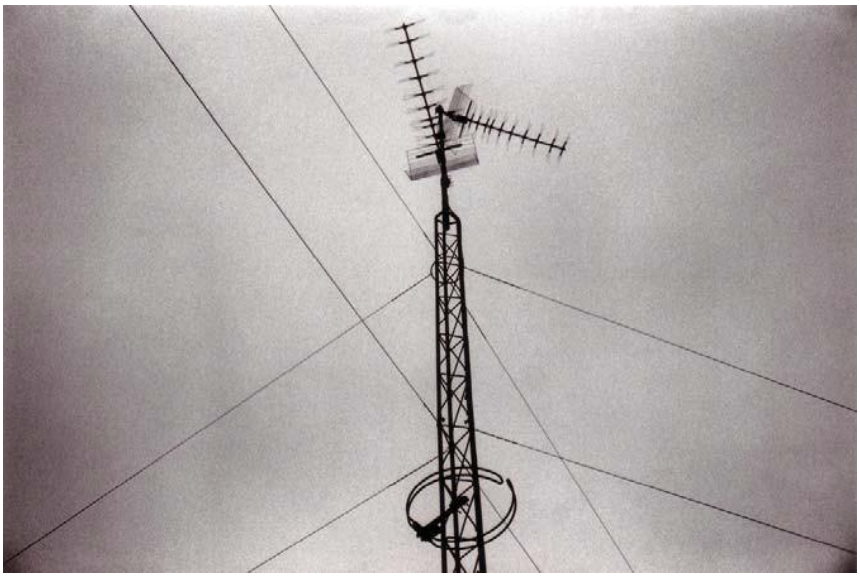
El amor de pareja es un tanto dificil de definir. Mas bien lo veo distinto segt'.n las edades. Primera etapa, entre la pubertad y la adolescencia. En dicho caso, el amor se convierte en bajos instintos, o sea netamente pasi6n, gusto y sabor. La etapa adolescente, donde se encuentran las almas gemelas, obviamente acompafiadas de pasi6n, gozo y mucho mas. Es algo asi como un amor plat6nico. Es la persona que crees vas a tener para toda la vida, con quien te quieres casar y tener hijos.

Por t'.ltimo tenemos el amor maduro, donde es suficiente un atractivo mutuo y lo demas ya se ira dando con el tiempo, pero ya es un estado de amor-necesidad o quizas amor-conveniencia o amor-acuerdo. Realmente no se puede definir. Lo cierto es que a mi edad, mi amor verdadero es hacia mis hijos, mis padres y mi anhelo de aprendizaje. Desafortunadamente, el valor al amor se ha perdido, en este siglo XXI, ya que por el t'.nico amor por el cual algunas personas estan decididas a morir y hasta a matar es por el amor al dios "dinero", ya que con ese amor efimero pueden comprar poder, supuesta felicidad y mucho placer, pero nunca salud ni amor verdadero.

CLAUDIA ORTIZ

El paso del tiempo

Hoy siento que mi mente, mi alma y mi cuerpo cambian a cada momento. En mi mente tan solo existen recuerdos de dulces o amargos momentos. En mi alma veo el reflejo de tantos sentimientos vividos y en mi cuerpo siento el peso del deterioro que produce el paso del tiempo, cuando la belleza fisica se transforma en conocimiento, experiencia y apetito por el aprendizaje; pero a la vez el conteo de los afios en descenso, ya que pasamos de ser nifios-viejos a ser viejos-nifios.



"Equilibrio cortante"
Sonia Alcaina

BRIAN PETERSON

Xavier Cugat

Tu sinfonia musical
suena todavia hoy
ricos sonidos
alegres notas
colores vibrantes
pura energia
escaparate del alma latina
que at'.n hoy retumba
en el tesoro de tu ritmo tropical

Rumba
Tango
y samba
formas creativas
que reflejan tu simetria musical

Sonrisas profundas
instrumentos animados
bailes divertidos
todos son milagros sonoros
de tu paleta angelical.

Colores vibrantes con sonido
del mejor ritmo tropical
de un mt'.sico sin rival

Xavier Cugat

GERARDO PINA-ROSALES

Mis lecturas del Quijote

Para mi hermana Maruja

Seis han sido, hasta ahora, mis lecturas del *Quijote*. Permitanme que me remonte en el tiempo y trate de rememorar, glosando para ustedes, la impresi6n que esas lecturas me produjeron.

La primera vez que el *Quijote* cay6 en mis manos fue hace ya muchos, muchos afios, alla por los cincuenta, cuando todavia era yo muy nifio, casi recien salido de la guarderia. Pese al tiempo transcurrido, recuerdo at'.n aquel luminoso -jy bendito!- dia malaguefio en que Maruja, mi hermana mayor, quiza por mantenerme ocupado y para que no le diese demasiado la lata, puso un libro en mis manos: una edici6n escolar (supongo que archiexpurgada y modernizada) de la *Historia del lngenioso Hidalgo DonQuijote de la Mancha*. Cierro los ojos y aquellas estampas grabadas (de Gustavo Dore, descubri mas tarde) recobran todo el encanto, toda la emoci6n de aquel momento: el hidalgo, en su recamara, leyendo, absorto, embebecido, un voluminoso libraco -lel *Amadis de Gaula*?, l*El Caballero Cifar*?, lel *Tirante el Blanco*?, l*las sergas deEsplandian*?; el enjuto y avellanado don Quijote, en una noche de plenilunio, en el patio de la venta, montado en el escuchimizado Rocinante, velando armas, sofiando en sus futuras gestas en pro del desvalido y el humillado; Sancho Panza, abrazado a su borrico, derramando gruesos lagrimones de alegria por el inesperado reencuentro; el Caballero de la Triste Figura, enjaulado, vencido y acabado, camino de su casa, a punto de recobrar la raz6n de los hombres y perder la de los visionarios, la que de verdad importa; Alonso Quijano, en su lecho de muerte, macilento y demacrado, ante los lloros de la sobrina y el ama, y la pesadumbre del cura. Aquella noche no pude conciliar el suefio: en mi imaginaci6n calenturienta y enaltecida batallaban aquellas imagenes, provocadoras de nuevos y extrafios presentimientos. Desde aquel venturoso dia me propuse, costase lo que costase, leer

aquel curioso libro, cuyos sugestivos dibujos tanto me conmovian. Y asi fue: poco a poco, pagina a pagina, fui cayendo, gustoso, en las redes que un tal Miguel de Cervantes me tendia.

Afios mas tarde, y poseido ya por el vicio ennoblecedor de la lectura, volvi a encontrarme con el *Qui}ote* : era uno de los libros de texto de una clase de bachillerato, en el Instituto Espafiol de Tanger (Marruecos), la ciudad del Estrecho adonde mi familia habia emigrado. La clase no era, como ustedes supondran, de literatura, sino de gramatica (jesa sefiora tan antipatica!), y la impartia una profesora menudita, de dientes caballunos y anchos cinturones de cuero, a la que todos llamabamos dofia Avispita. lQue que haciamos con el *Qui}ote* en una clase de gramatica? jPues nada mas y nada menos que analisis morfol6gico y sintactico! Con semejante uso —y abuso- pedag6gico, no habra de extrafiarles que muy pronto empezara a detestar el libro de marras. Juraria que a mis condiscipulos les ocurri6 otro tanto. A pesar de todo, relei el *Qui}ote*, simultaneando su lectura con la de los que hoy llaman *comics*, y que los muchachos de mi generaci6n conociamos como tebeos: *el Capitan Trueno, Pantera Negra, El Guerrero del Anti/az*, y tantos y tantos otros de ese jaez.

Por aquellos dias de mi adolescencia tangerina, fatalmente enamorado de una Dulcinea de largas trenzas y pecosos morros –de cuyo nombre quisiera acordarme–, y avido de encumbrarme ante sus virginales ojos, me dio por participar en la funci6n "teatral" que organizaba el Instituto a finales de curso: se trataba –jimaginenselo ustedes!– de una especie de dramatizaci6n de escenas del *Qui}ote*. El papel de don Quijote lo representaba don Espingarda, profesor de literatura, mas largo que un dia sin pan, de asarmentados miembros, y proclive -decian las malas lenguas- a la ins6lita e inveterada costumbre de componer versos. Don Barrilete, profesor de matematicas, orondo y abacial, de genio pronto y socarr6n, hacia de Sancho Panza. Para Dulcinea habian escogido, faltaria mas, a dofia Avispita, engalanada para el dichoso evento con un enorme cintur6n de dorada hebilla, tan entallado que

at'.n no me explico c6mo diablos podia respirar la buena sefiora. 6Y a mi, que papel me habian asignado a mi? jEl del cura! Si, amigos, con la Iglesia habiame topado. He de aclarar —en honor a la verdad- que aquella elecci6n no se debia a mi devoci6n eclesiastica (nunca demasiado boyante), sino a que era -tal vez escogido por la providencia divina- el chico a quien mejor le quedaba la sotana, sobada prenda, de basto pafio y color indefinido, prestada, para tan gloriosa ocasi6n, por el Reverendo Padre Saturnino, profesor de religi6n. No se si impresione o no a mi Dulcinea de luengas trenzas, pero lo que nunca olvidare de aquel memorable dia fue el espantoso calor que bajo el dichoso habito tuve que soportar durante las dos horas que dur6 la malhadada funci6n.

Me reencontre con el *Qui}ote* pocos afios mas tarde, en el Colegio de Nuestra Sefiora del Pilar, en Tetuan, internado que dirigian (y at'.n dirigen) los padres marianistas. Yo, por aquella epoca, no debia ser muy buena pieza, porque me castigaban cada dos por tres. Recuerdo que me habian endilgado el sambenito de "rebelde", por la sencilla (y monstruosa) raz6n de que me negaba a pasarme los recreos pateando un bal6n, cuando lo que preferia era enfrascarme en la lectura de una buena novela de Julio Verne. El castigo consistia en quedarse encerrado en la biblioteca del colegio los sabados por la tarde, en vez de ir al cine con los demas compafieros internos. Al principio, y como el cine me encantaba, el castigo me deprimia una barbaridad, pero cuando llegue a descubrir los tesoros que aquella biblioteca encristalada contenia, me regodee de lo lindo ante la perspectiva de pasarme la santa tarde sabatina leyendo a mis anchas.

Huelga decir que mi rebeli6n se convirti6 en endemica. Entre los tesoros de aquella biblioteca se encontraba —ya lo habran adivinado- el *Qui}ote*, editado (y purificado) por Ebro.

Relei la inmortal obra de Cervantes en la Universidad de Granada, donde a la saz6n cursaba yo Filosofia y Letras. Adverti con asombro que la novela parecia distinta en cada nueva lectura;

pero no era el libro el que cambiaba, sino yo mismo, acendrado en busca de mi identidad y mi destino. Fue entonces cuando decidi ser escritor. Al fin y al cabo -pense- era lo t'.nico que de verdad me entusiasmaba, lo t'.nico que se me daba con pasmosa facilidad. Mi forma natural de expresi6n era —y es- la escritura; a ella debia dedicarme en cuerpo y alma, pues s6lo ella podria, a la postre, concederme la libertad ansiada. La suerte estaba echada.

Hui, me autoexilie de aquella Espafia inquisitorial, chabacana y hortera, y acabe recalando en Nueva York (ciudad de todos los exilios). Despues de un largo y tortuoso periodo de lucha con mi demonios interiores, consegui continuar mis interrumpidos estudios en el Queens College de la Universidad de la Ciudad de Nueva York. Y de nuevo, el *Qui}ate*, en la pulcra y sabia edici6n de Martin deRiquer, pulcra y sabiamente comentado por el profesor Marquez Villanueva, excelso cervantista. Esta vez, al socaire de su lectura, fui explorando, de mano de Americo Castro, de Marcel Bataillon y del mismo Marquez Villanueva, la Espafia de aquel siglo XVI, no ya de Oro sino de Hierro, como bien solia decir Cervantes por boca de don Quijote.

La t'.ltima lectura que realice del *Qui}ate* fue en la edici6n de Isaias Lerner, otro cervantista ilustre (recientemente fallecido). Y si en las previas lecturas mi interes habia gravitado hacia temas tan profundos y universales como el amor, la vida, la locura, o la muerte, ahora me senti intrigado por los aspectos formales de la novela, por la ironia y parodia cervantinas, y por esa sutil tecnica engarzadora que, a la chita callando, parece vertebrar el texto.

Leer el *Qui}ate* es siempre una aventura. Como libro polif6nico y obra abierta, el *Qui}ate* se presta a mt'.ltiples lecturas, y tan valida es la del sesudo erudito, profesor de literatura, como la de aquel nifio, que una luminosa mafiana malaguefia, presentia, hechizado por los dibujos de Dore, el rumbo que habria de seguir su vida.

CHAR PRIETO

Caminante

Tus ojos azules
caminante
son el camino
mi camino

Esos dos luceros que me guian
hacia mi destino

"Yiyi"
Anonymous

CHAR PRIETO

Mi ultimo viaje

Yo me ire
no estare
pero todo seguira igual
alguien ocupara mi catedra

los arboles floreceran
las hojas verdeceran
los pajaros seguiran cantando
mis rosales de encarnados capullos se llenaran

..y mientras yo no este
ya cuando me haya ido
las campanas en la torre del campanario
seguiran tocando todas las tardes al rosario

y ya nadie recordara mi infancia
en ese hiniestero pueblo de Castilla
rodeado de suefios y penumbras
de paredes teresianas y de callejones de piedra

y las casas de barro y arroyos de lodo
se mezclaran con mis gotas de sangre
de la tierra de Viriato, cidiana, parisina e hispanounidense
y se secaran en este viaje definitivo

termino este soliloquio conversando con esa buena amiga
la que me ensefio a ser filantr6pa, dura y tierna
y quien a(n en los momentos mas dificiles
siempre fue conmigo

el dia de ese ultimo viaje
tomare mi vela y en ese mastil de tul
despacio, despacio y sin ningun equipaje
volare del profuso mar al cielo azul

"Spirit Dancer"
Michael Mulcahy

CARMEN ROJAS

Las coordenadas del invierno

Crece el invierno entre las hojas secas,
como alas grises de volar cayendo,
A golpe de neblina y de silencio
Hacia el anclado vuelo de la tierra.

Hoy me cuentan de nuevo su leyenda
Que sorprende la luz de antiguos suefios;
Su pesada mordaza de recuerdos
Va gritando en el grito de las piedras.

La lluvia moja el oro de la tarde
pintandole los rostros a la niebla
con siluetas de sol, que a conveniencia,
diluyen el perfil del caminante.

Hace frio en las calles de la ausencia,
Sin azul ni horizonte sobre el tiempo;
Va de luto el acorde mi duelo
En la hora disonante de la espera.

La alegria transita a media cuadra
Y al llegar a la esquina no hay color,
solo lluvia de luz, en percusi6n,
Redoblando en los techados del alma.

Dan sus gotas en ritmico vacio,
Las tristes coordenadas del invierno
Y se mojan las alas del regreso
sobre el siena elocuente del camino.

DEAN SIMPSON

Shine the Light

Se me rebotan los ojos por la habitaci6n oscura,
buscando algo sin saber exactamente que,
pero con esa noci6n apremiante
de que me falta algo,
moviendome los ojos
como si mirara un partido de tenis
a camara lenta.

Es como cuando uno mira el techo
para buscarse los pensamientos,
como si subieran como globos,
para luego, como un yunque,
bajar al suelo de igual convicci6n,
pero con cierto presentimiento amnesico,
la sospecha de algo perdido.

Y asi en mi nerviosismo 6ptico
procuro reconocer este algo,
ese pensamiento fugaz, quizas permanente,
con este ejercicio ocular.
Mis ojos sudan de tanto perseguirlos,
sudando de cansancio,
porque el pensamiento circular me da un soponcio.
Y cierro los ojos y me siento mejor,
y pongo la luz, se me achican las pupilas,
se adelgazan las preocupaciones
y los pensamientos me vuelen del vacio.

Vuelvo a recordar lo que tenia pendiente,
que he de escribir un poema
sobre algo que tenia que hacer.

DEAN SIMPSON

Temperaturas

El miedo frio que me atraca en la periferia
cuando me despierto no lo conoces tu,
tu que siempre tanto calor tienes, siempre
vas sudando, pero lo mio se me lee en la cara

como titular de un peri6dico, un titular
alli en la portada de mi ser, pregonando
un inminente desastre natural, pron6stico de
males, huracan dormido, y mi torpeza de recien
levantado, ese tambaleo con los primeros
pasos del dia, recrudece el mensaje, como un
locutor borracho que se rie de la tragedia,
agravando el dolor de sus televidentes que
agarran su cafe matinal con semejante terror,

y yo, mojado ya de mis lluvias interiores,
salgo a la calle para intentar secarme con
el calor de las sonrisas pasajeras para no
coger una pulmonia, antes de congelarme
de este frio que se acerca sigilosamente,

este creciente miedo que hiela, que me
agarrara desprevenido si no me protejo, y
me pongo una bufanda para taparme la cara,
expresi6n momificada, bufanda que me
emboza los gritos, que me transciende
al anonimato para estar con los que

chillan mudo, y pienso para mis adentros,
expresando para fuera, aqui en mi mundo
necrof6bico, alli en mi universo volatil,

que corran, que llega el frio, llegan las
nieves, las avalanchas, que se convierte la
selva tropical de mis lagrimas en una
tundra artica, en una planicie blanca

sin perspectiva ni medida, y no se
porque no me lo puedes leer en
la cara, pero yo leo en la tuya todo lo
contrario, un calor que resquema, un
desierto asolado sin oasis ni tregua
de sombra, c6mo lo aguantas no

lo se, c6mo lo aguanto no lo
entiendes tampoco, pero si te conviene,
podemos sentarnos en aquel rinc6n un
rato y compartir temperaturas, aliviarnos
un poco de estas extremosidades
que nos hostilizan, calmarnos un poco.

Contributor's Notes

Carlos Kidany Acevedo-Miranda is from Puerto Rico. He studied Electrical Engineering and is the poet of the latin/folk band Mijo de la Palma. He writes poems about social criticism, love, and everyday life.

Sonia Alcaina is the publication designer of this issue of *ME* magazine. Native of Spain she now lives in Berlin. The weather and quietness of her homeland have made her a dreamer devoting her life to arts, books and dance.

Rose Alicia Allen is a CSUC student majoring in Spanish with a minor in Italian and plans to become a teacher. She has a passion for languages and travel and hopes to spend time exploring various cultures and teaching around the world.

Ph.D?

Pilar Alvarez-Rubio was born and raised in Chile, moving to the USA when she was 20 years old. She holds a **PH.D** in Spanish from UC Berkeley . She teaches at CSUC. **Hshe** is an avid reader and **only** an aspiring creative writer.

take out

Blanca Anderson was born in Puerto Rico. She teaches at Loyola University, New Orleans. She has published two collections of poems. Her poetry has been included in anthologies in Mexico and Spain. She is also the author of a novel and three collections of short stories.

Maria Beecroft is from Germany and currently working on a Master's in Teaching International Languages at Chico State University. She likes to read, write, go for long walks, and work in her garden.

Trinity Connelley is a graduate student at Chico State majoring in Art History and pursuing a minor in German. She has studied abroad in Italy and volunteered in Kathmandu, Nepal at Ama Ghar, a children's home. Trinity hopes that she will have the opportunity to travel to Germany in the future.

Juliana Corr is a CSUC student majoring in Spanish. She is entering the Bilingual Teaching Credential Program to become a High School Spanish teacher as well as English Language Development. She lived a year of her college career in Costa Rica.

Esmeralda Diaz will graduate in May of 2013 with a BA in Spanish. She loves to run, play soccer and write poems. She plans to enter the credential program and become a Spanish teacher.

Ariel Ellis is from Grass Valley, California. She is a CSUC student majoring in psychology with a minor in child development. She hopes to become a psychologist and dedicate her time helping the troubled youth of the world.

Bill Embly lives in Milwaukee. He has taught writing workshops and has published stories and poems, including a novella in the *Missouri Review*. He has just completed a trilogy entitled *Existential Optimism.*

Eugenio Frongia is a CSU, Chico emeritus professor of Foreign Languages and Literatures. He directed the Italian Program for 21 years and was chair of the Department for eight and a half years.

Eduardo Gonzalez Cabanes is the publication designer of this issue of *ME* magazine. He is studying and conducting research in CSU, Chico, Psychology Department as a Fulbright scholar. His goal is to research the conditions that allow people with dementia living with independence and enjoying their creativity capacities.

last line is worded funny..

Brenda Gutierrez, a first year student at CSU Chico, is fluent in English, Spanish and Italian. She studied Italian for four years and hopes to one day speak all five Romance Languages.

Camille Henderson spent two years while very young living in France. She speaks French and has studied Spanish since elementary school. She has a Spanish minor at CSU Chico and is interested in majoring in some aspect of art or computer graphics.

Rheeda Lagadon-Billings is a graphic designer and textile artist living in Chicago. She graduated from Indiana University Bloomington with a BA in Germanic Languages and from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago with a BFA in Design Communication.

Olga Leonteac is an international graduate student in the Teaching International Languages program. She has previously written and published prose and poetry in her native Russian language, but this is her first attempt in English. She is fascinated with the intricacies of creative writing in two or more languages.

Alexey Makinin is a Russian-American. He graduated with a bachelor's degree in International Relations from CSU, Chico in May 2006. He enjoys writing stories and poetry in Russian and English.

Betsy Milligan (nee Egner (1951-2011) studied art at the University of Wisconsin, Madison and the School of the Art Institute, Chicago. She moved to NYC and began to produce exquisite collage works while working as a graphic designer and media arts instructor. Her work has been shown in galleries in NYC, Baltimore, Portland, and the LA County Museum of Art. Some of her collection of collages is included within this issue and on the cover.

are

Cynthia Montalvo Martinez is from Puerto Rico. She has a bachelor's degree in history and is currently majoring in Creative Literature at USC. She hopes to become a published writer and a literature professor committed to help others hone their writing skills.

James Morris grew up in California. He spent one year in Germany as a Rotary Youth Exchange Student. He is currently studying a bachelor's degree in German and Spanish at CSUC.

Magda Mueller teaches German in the Department of International Languages, Literatures and Cultures at CSU, Chico. She likes to write and to go for long walks.

Michael Mulcahy is a self-taught professional artist whose paintings often reflect his interests and travels throughout the American West and the Middle East. His art is known for its stylistic diversity and bright, saturated, use of color. He lives and works in Chico, California.

Claudia Ortiz is from Colombia. She graduated from CSU, Chico with a major in Spanish and a minor in math. She is pursuing a Masters degree in Spanish literature from the University of Reno, Nevada.

Chase Palmieri wants to find and nurture a love that will define him. He is a business entrepreneurship major and Italian minor.

Brian Peterson is a CSUC student majoring in Music and minoring Spanish. He has lived in New England, the Midwest, England and Spain. Recent presentations of his research in music include academic gatherings in Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Arizona, Washington, California, and Mississippi.

Gerardo Pina-Rosales is a Professor of Spanish and the President of the North American Academy of the Spanish Language and Correspondent Member of the Royal Spanish Academy (Madrid).Hi has published several books on 19th Century Spanish Narrative, Hispanic Literature in the United States, Literature and the Arts.

Char Prieto considers herself as a floating driftwood, a self proclaimed creative dabbler, tender hearted. Born in Spain, educated in Paris, London and Barcelona and imported to the United States -- meaning she belongs to many countries, now teaches at CSUC. This is a foreshadowing of what would eventually obsess her writing and psyche: the negotiation of identity.

Jody Ryker is a student of mathematics and German at Chico State. She is graduating in 2013 and will be pursuing a Ph.D. in math at UC Santa Cruz. Outside of her academic studies, she enjoys reading, dancing, and weight-lifting.

Dean Simpson teaches Spanish language and literature in the Boston area. He has led poetry workshops at a number of universities. He has published many poems online and in print journals and has two books of poetry, *Cataratas* and *Caetera desunt*.

Richard Soares (1954-2013) was a longtime union activist and a CSU, Chico librarian who passed away January 4, 2013. In addition to working as an Agriculture Librarian at Chico, Richard was active in California Faculty Association serving as a member of the Librarians' Committee, assembly delegate and chapter faculty rights chair.

Noel Valis teaches Spanish literature at Yale University. Her poems and short stories have appeared in *Event, 13th Moon, Portland Review, Centennial Review, Louisville Review, Painted Bride Quarterly, Prose Poem*, and elsewhere. She has published a book of poetry, *My House Remembers Me*, and literary-cultural studies.

Brunella Windsor was born in Italy. She holds a PhD in Historical Linguistics from the Universita della Sapienza of Rome, Italy. She teaches Italian and French at CSU, Chico. She has translated three books that were published. Besides teaching she enjoys traveling, reading, cooking, and taking meditative walks by the sea.

Katherine Wise is from California and studies Humanities and German at CSU, Chico. After studying in Germany for a year, she became interested in the German culture and hopes to return after graduating.