

St. George Day

STORY BOOK

CAN YOU IMAGINE?



2015

TOMPKINSVILLE PARK, STATEN ISLAND, PLANET EARTH

IT IS TIME

for all of us
to replace the old paradigm
of domination with new models
of cooperation, problem-solving
and human ingenuity!

Bring creativity
to difficult situations,
and cultivate expressions of

A NEW WORLD

if you want it



ST. GEORGE DAY STORYBOOK produced at EVERY THING GOES BOOK CAFE AND NEIGHBORHOOD STAGE by Stjvns Daughs, and Katie McCarthy, and printed at MCKEE HIGH SCHOOL by Leo Gordon and students. All contents of this book are property of each author/artist, who have volunteered their work and help raise needed funds to create this festival. **THIS FESTIVAL** is also made possible in part by a DCA Art Fund Grant from the Council on the Arts & Humanities for Staten Island, with public funding from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs; major help from the Every Thing Goes Stores and GrowNYC, New York City Compost Project on Staten Island, NYC Parks Dept, Westerleigh Folk Festival, and

CATPAW, the Community Association of Tompkinsville Park Promoting Arts and Whimsy.

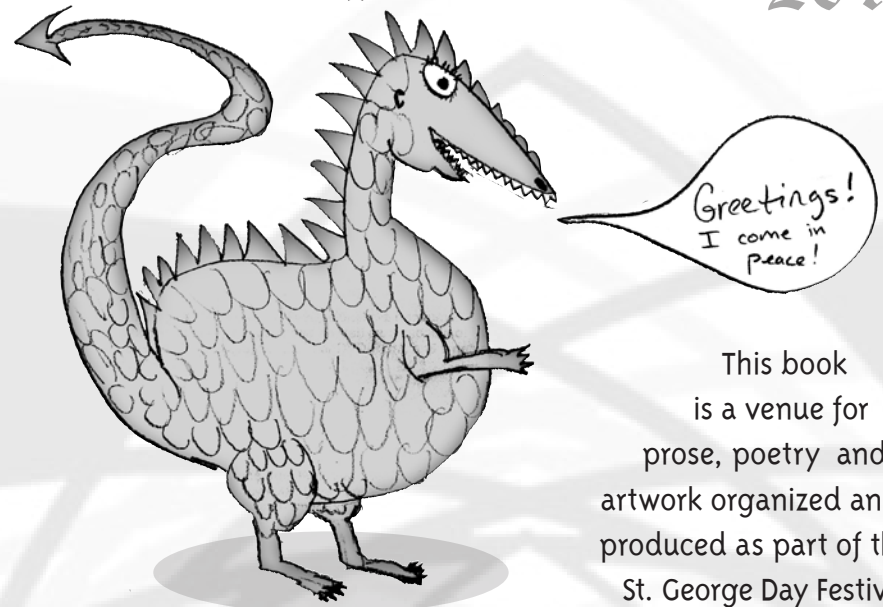
Yay! to all who show up and participate! We plant the seeds...

COVER IMAGE: NATHAN JACQUEZ

IMAGE THIS PAGE: BY SHERYL HUMPHREY

A New Legend

2015



This book
is a venue for
prose, poetry and
artwork organized and
produced as part of the
St. George Day Festival.

Together with the festival's other free venues — music stage, spoken word stage, kid stage, earth awareness avenue, art-around-the-park do-it-yourself galleries, made-in-staten-island, local authors and publishers, DIY funshops and live art happenings — it is an opportunity to share and celebrate our expanding community's creative ingenuity and our freedom to choose a new world.

This festival is a beginners attempt toward a cooperative culture.

The ads in this book serve to raise funds for the inevitable cash expenses.

Please support the festival advertisers!

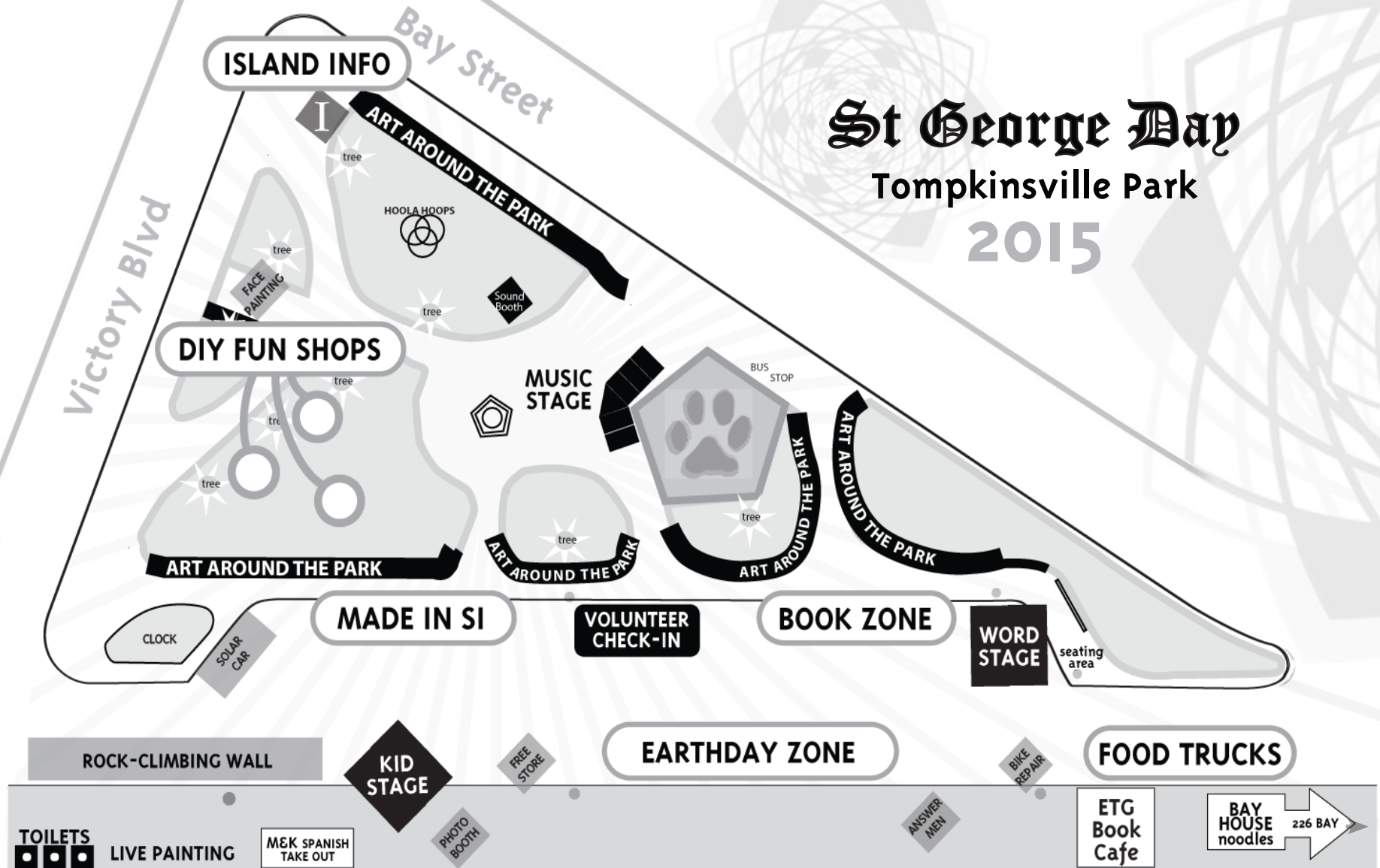
Thanks all who volunteered artwork, writing, and publication skills to create this FREE book!

volunteer your life force for what you love

St George Day

Tompkinsville Park

2015



CATPAW (Community Association of Tompkinsville Park Promoting Arts and Whimsy)



is a local volunteer group that creates happenings in Tompkinsville Park in cooperation with the NYC Parks Dept. and other community groups.

Besides the St. George Day Festival, CATPAW also has been producing a Winter Light event (including the illuminated Star Of Wonder rising over Tompkinsville in December) as well as other arts and community events.

This labor of love is possible only by the cooperation of community volunteers in the spirit of good-will. Thank you to the organization team who gardened this production process:

Katie McCarthy, Steve Jones Daughs, Andrew Blancero, Michael Reiser, Michela Traetto, Jackie Junttonen, Meredith Sladek, David Gaul, Ann Marie Selzer, Hiroko Otani, Avi Gvili, Melissa West, Vincent Vok, Tammy Harwood, Michael O'Connell, Christina Ferrara, Jenny Lytton-Hirsch, John Kilkullen, and many others (you know who you are)!

Forgiveness is
the necessary
condition for
having peace★

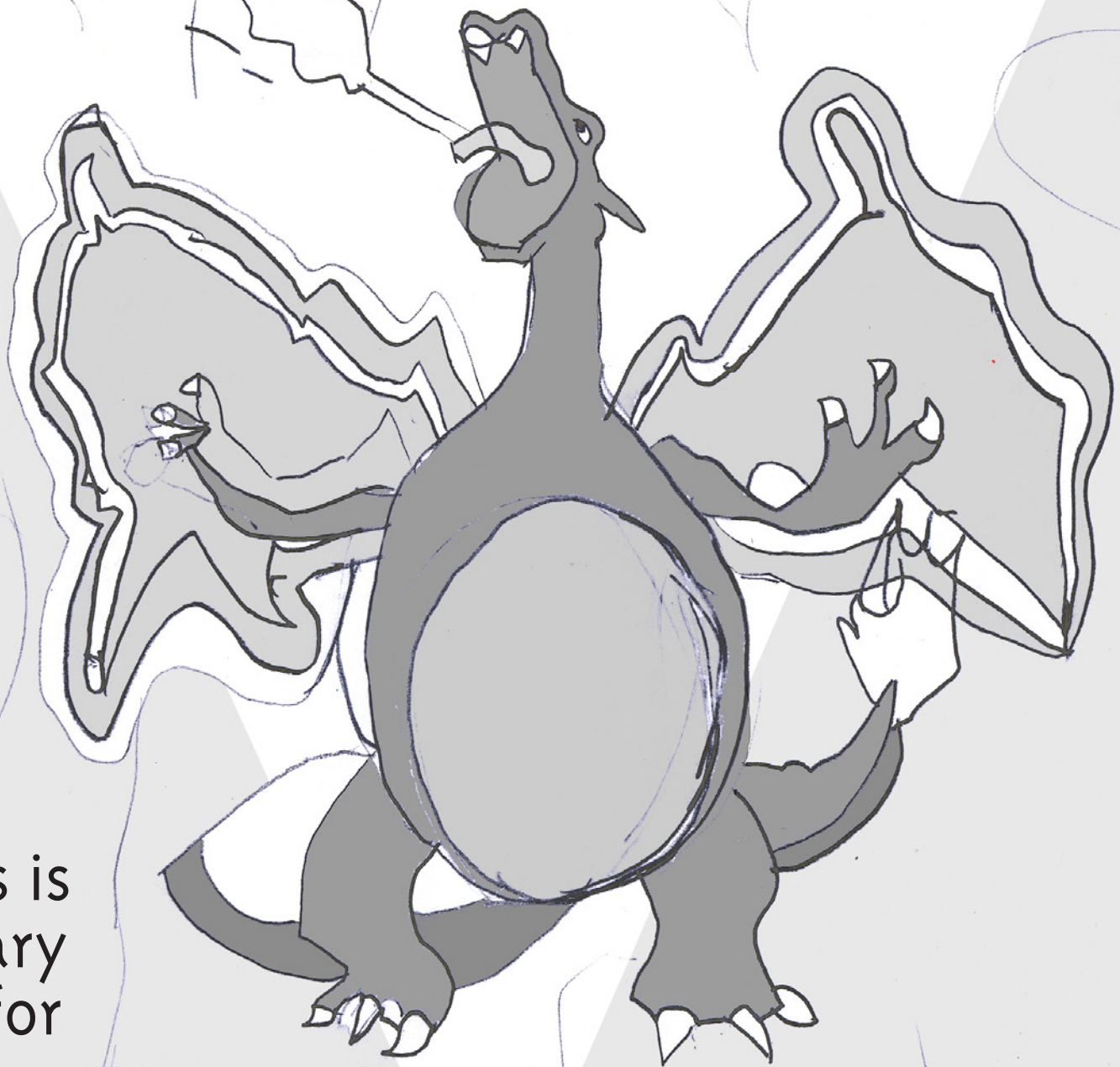


IMAGE: RITA WARREN (S/CCS)

THE ZIPPITY-ZOUND - a read aloud story!

In the not-so-far future, in the new Yew-Es-Ay
the people in Chew-setts woke up one fine day
to another big snow storm,
and it just wouldn't stop
the snow kept on coming
it went plop plop plop plop
it piled uppity-up....all over the place
so they shoveled and shoveled and hauled it away
to the edge of the outer
(you know, by the Bay)
they toiled and struggled to keep the streets clean
but it made them quite grumpy
they began to be mean.

so the thinking team thinkers
at the think tank downtown
called a meeting one day,
to think out the problem,
to create a new way.

They talked and they listened
They pondered and puzzled
They doubted and googled
And coffee was guzzled.

They called up some builders
They called out for food
When tired, They napped
And tried not to be rude.

It is rumored they said (and I think it is true)
"We shall not go home 'til we know what to do!"

And then they emerged with smiles, from that room,
to share the good news- things would change very soon!

"Call the press" someone said with a shout
"We have an announcement- we've figured it out!"

And here's what they planned, and here's what they said:

"We will melt all the snow
and send it out West!
They're parched, they need water
this we know- it it best!
So we'll take the old pipeline
that was built way-back-when
We'll haul it and scrub it
and glue it and then
we'll send all this wetness
to the land that is parched
we can do it, we'll build it,
we'll do it by March!
We need lots of help but
it's got to be done
we have much too much,
they have practically none!"

People out west were
thrilled with the plan
and sooner than soon
the building began.

Some worked on the plumbing,
some worked underground,
they invented an enormous

"Zippity Zound"
which melted the snow
(and funneled the rain)

and filtered pollutants, and did I explain
it was powered by wind and of course solar too.

So when the snow fell and the rainy rains came
they used what they needed and stored some for later
and sent off the rest to the thirstier lands
Through an old pipeline- isn't that grand! ★



AUTHOR: AURORA DeMARCO

POEM

Once upon a feminist
a silent not by choice girl
was stuck in an attic
while hearing the cuts and bruises
of her mother's soul

by an unheard lion who had scars on his back
from people saying what he should and shouldn't be
the girl shut her eyes and wished she was far far away

Then the sun came out one day
And she heard the beautiful shouts
of people caring around the world
taking a stand truths held in hand
they did not hide
the girl ran out and found people like her
who heard the screams and shouts
and hid from the war.
and heard the pounding on the attic door

One day the rain came
with people shouting against their pleas
they walked head held high

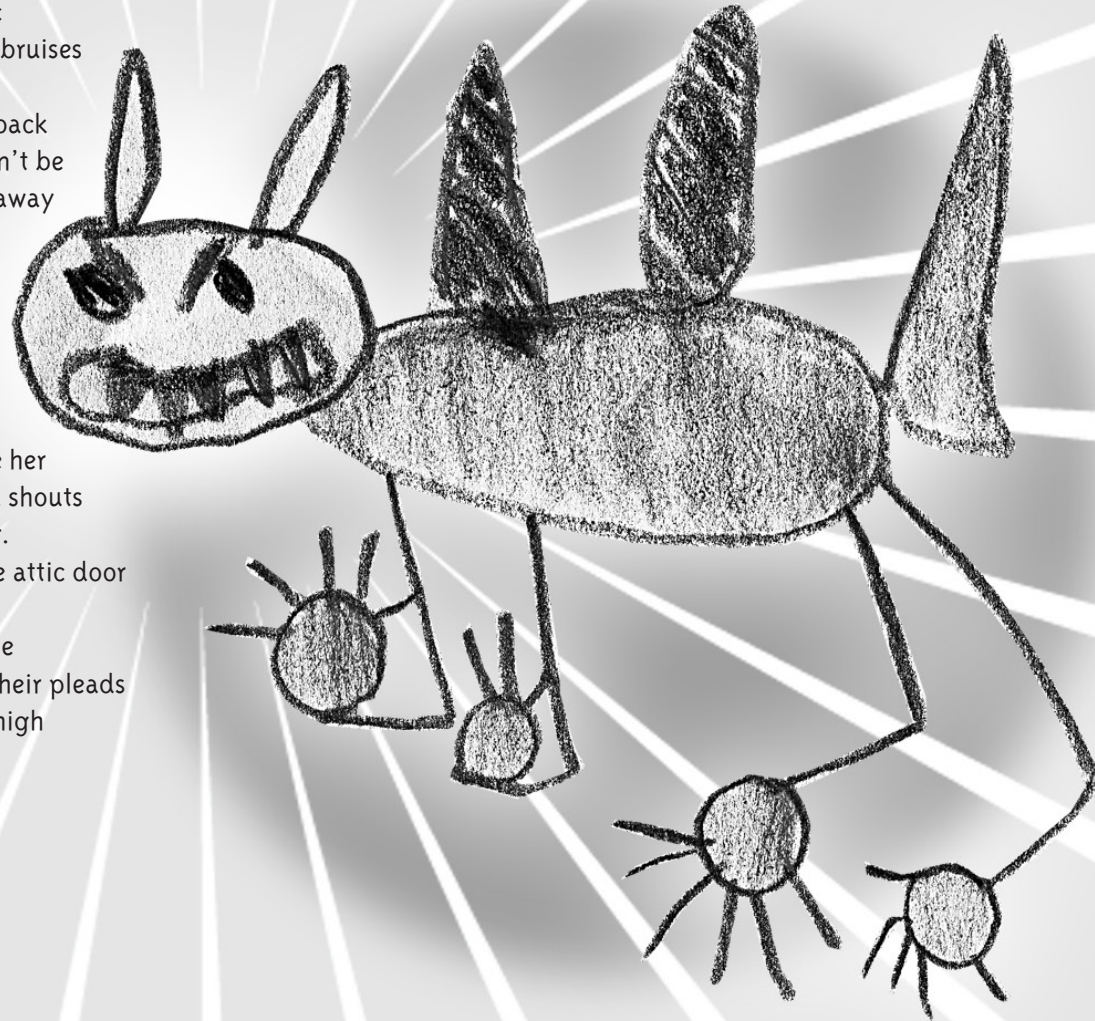


IMAGE: JADE

MOMENT OF CHANGE

I am all aware and sharp. My fingers twitch and flicker on the hard onyx handlecraft of my trusty blade under my cape, ready to flash like shadow if he makes the smallest move to attack. I am trained since childhood against this enemy that dares to threaten. My coils are fully wound to bursting. I am ready and I am going to win.

I see those piecing eyes. They needle me like laser beams, and i return them all, seeing everything. I see everything. I see the subtle movements of its muscle-bound skeleton, each tiny quiver betrays its preparations against me. I hear the tension, ready to snap in a blink. And ready am I, for *any* evil cue, ready with my vorpal sword, to chop and melt this nemesis in the blink of a nanobot. You just try it. I will kill you before you can strike.

I feel these two figures, standing like immovable objects staring each other into frenzy. See the ringing vibrations of their burning colors, churning colors coiled, and curdling tongues of flames, kaleidoscopic knives. I can see it all. I am of the dragon kin, we who can see these things, unlike these sad creatures, crippled in the 3rd dimension, low vibration beings frozen in fear.

I bring on my shoulders NOW to this game an *arisen* being. A 5th dimensional human, awakened and not lost in the dreams of fear. My method: to tickle these sleeping warriors from their deadly echoing fantasy, before their bombs explode, by delivering this *life* to them.

I ride my dragon-self 'ZOOM' into a scene she shows me: Two horribly divided selves, like mirror image anti-matter opposites. Two fiery figures a-dream in evil fantasy, crackling and ready to explode. I see it, the flickering fire of darkness eating them with gnashing fingers, the sound arising louder.

Now to reach the song inside, the between place, careful not to trigger a deadly burst. Let loose the plasma spiral influence, in to the center, the sacred "rose"!

No stopping NOW, this spirit instant, NOW expands, to infinity, this NOW is the changing NOW. See each, I and I and I and I. Never fear, the truth is here! By the flicking tip of the snapping whip in the moment of change. **We are one!**





IMAGE: ESME MITCHELL

NEWS FROM THE NORTH

Parking spot space savers have been a city-wide tradition in Boston for decades. Unfair yet necessary. If you park on a neighborhood street here, local protocol after a heavy snowstorm is to shovel out your vehicle's spot and quickly spread rumors of retaliation in the form of vandalism if anyone dares to remove your space-saver and move into your spot. In peaceful Jamaica Plain, neighborhood such recourse is rare but I have read a couple of nasty notes tucked under wiper blades. Wimps!!

When Menino was mayor, he accepted this practice in a grandfatherly way. Through his interpreter, "Mumbles" Menino instituted a 'remove your space saver 2 days after a snow storm' rule. No-one listened. It's hard to pay attention to someone chauffeured around town on your dime. Besides, he has a driveway. The new mayor, Marty Walsh, balked at this rule. This winter was a bad one with record snowfall & weeks of below zero temps. He lives in Dorchester (nick-named 'dirty dot') and probably doesn't have a driveway. Sooo . . . let the games begin!

One of the most common space saver is an orange traffic cone. Thanks to the Big Dig everyone has one. Lawn chairs are popular. Old broken furniture, 5 gallon buckets & tacky x-mas gifts are standard fare. Old toilets are rarely tampered with. My wife, Sandy, saw a two coned parking space saver. One reading 'sh**' the other 'happens'. She does a lot of walking. This winter everyone did a lot of walking fearful of losing their space. Personally, we occupied our space with 3 cones neatly in a row. Three cones means WE'RE SERIOUS! Then there was the guy who, after losing his marked space, shoveled snow back onto the invader's car. Too much time & energy to extract revenge if you ask me.

The parking spot saver practices spurred much public debate in the media. After all - aren't public streets to be equally shared by all? Finally Mayor Walsh hinted at a solution to this snow induced tug-of-war. On the 1st week of March city trash collectors will be instructed to toss any and all space-savers into their compactor trucks during trash day. Some applauded, some lamented, others became inciteful. Entrepreneurs lugged out illegal or hard to get rid of items and placed them in their spots while gone for the day. Lots of construction material & hazardous waste. I was thinking of placing an empty 50 gallon oil drum that's been in my cellar for 40 years out there. Later that day the regular space savers re-appeared.

This winter of discontent was uncomfortable & stressful for all: 108.6 inches of snow, ice dams, collapsed roofs, 65% of public transit shut down, failed policies and stubborn turf claimers. Eventually an awesome solution materialized: spring arrived and the snow melted.



IMAGE: SCOTT WEGENER



END OF ASCALON

While riding on my pure white horse
The blessed virgin made me change my course
What followed is told within this song
The Balled of Ascalon

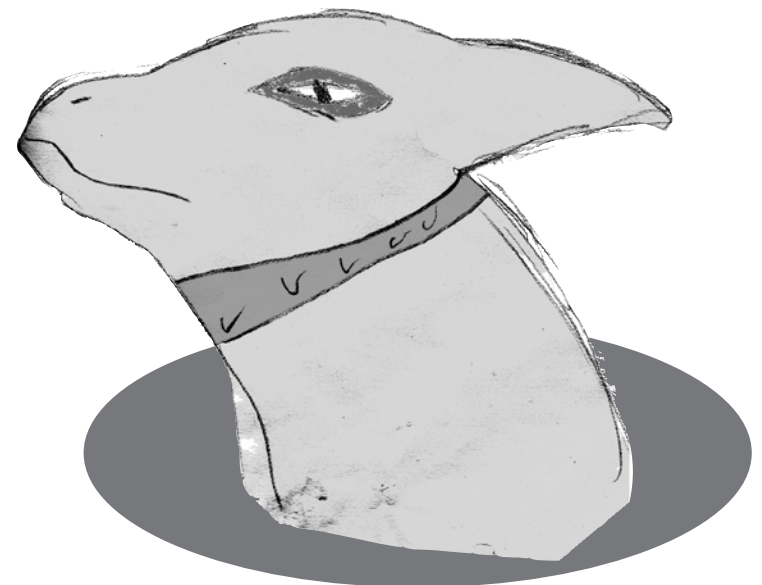
Whilst traveling on my silvery steed
I came upon a town in need
The scent of rotting orange trees
They'd fed their offspring to the beast
And in the pit I found a child
So pretty I would make her my bride
I asked "Who are you? What's going on?"
She said "I'm the princess of Ascalon"

"My father rules this land you're in
With idols he controls 15,000 men"
I knew then why the virgin had led me there.
To defeat the dragon and then the lair.
"Will you save us?" she asked
Though really it was the Lord's request.
Little did we know the journey our union would take us on
A crusade to save the lost souls of Ascalon.

As we spoke the dragon did appear
I raised my shield and thrust my spear
I fought not flame but poisoned breath
Against which so many had met their death
My spear destroyed, my armor cracked
But what I had, the dragon lacked
It had horns and fangs and scaled hide
But I knew that Christ was on my side
With neither scratch on me nor blade in hand
I subdued the beast, now to subdue the land.

I stripped my bride and with her girdle a collar made
And to her town two beasts she led
By the time we stood before the king
Much idolatry my eyes had seen
I crossed my heart and said a prayer
When I opened my eyes the entire town was there
I knew the Lord was on my side
As I slew the king and then my bride
(Our union had been sinful to tell the truth
For she had just been but a youth)
With conscience clear the crown I donned
And was made king of Ascalon

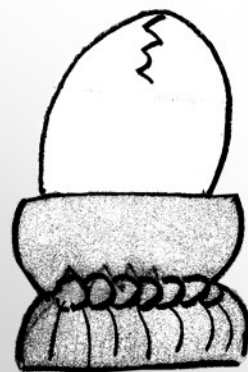
The townsfolk prepared a great and glorious feast
And as we dined upon the beast I proclaimed my first decree
In single night 1500 men were by me baptized
But as the sun arose when we realized
That in the dragons flesh which we'd consumed
Was the poison that would seal our doom
In a single day 1500 men were gone
And that was the end of Ascalon



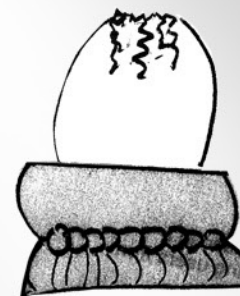
**DOLLY
THE DRAGON
HATCHES**



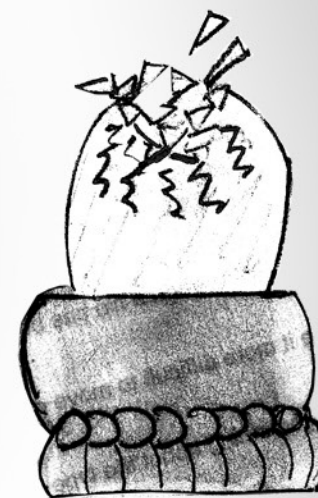
Happy Dragon
Toasting A Marshmallow



①



②



③



④

AUTHOR: AVIVA DENEROVSKY

AFRAID TO FLY

Birdie had a serious problem — she was afraid to fly. It was quite embarrassing since all the other birds had no such problem. They flew high and low, East and West with joy and loud chirping. The bird's mother was rather confused since none of the rest of her flock experienced such a condition.

"I love you Birdie, why don't we try again tomorrow and aim a bit higher each day."

Birdie's face pruned in anguish "We tried that Mamabird so many times, I lose my balance when I get up to three feet high. My vision blurs, my throat tightens as if I try to swallow a too fat juicy worm, my wings stick to my trembling sides, and don't give an inch."

"Oh, my love, is there something we could do that we haven't tried?"

"Treat me as a hopeless invalid, as if I were born a cripple. If my condition is traumatic and not physical, in time I will fly high and far. I am tired of trying. I need some peace with no expectations, I hope my stress will be alleviated, and then I will spread my wings and feel the air under them."

"But I can't do that, my little one; a hungry cat may come, a curious hound, a tormenting child looking for someone to pester, and they will kill you."

Mamabird touched birdie on her head with sweet tenderness and chirped her a lullaby. Birdie closed her beady eyes and tried to sink into sleep.

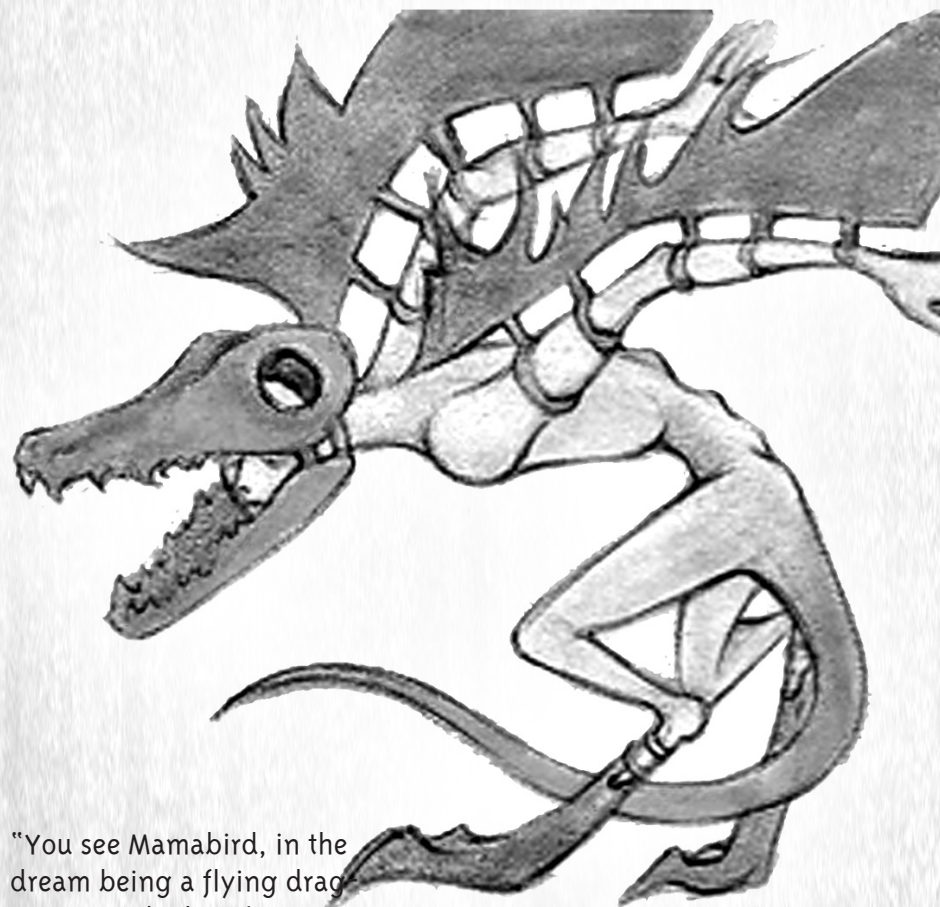
Once she shifted to the land of dreams, she was a red scaly dragon flying with ferocity, burning fields with her breath. Villagers glared up at her with agony and dread. She heard their cries and curses, but nothing stopped her. She could smell the burning flesh of goats and men, she could taste their blood, and she liked it. She liked it a lot.

Birdie opened her eyes horrified, her mother still at her side.

"What is it Birdie? What scared you so?"

"I was frightened of the monster I was in the dream. The trauma that I caused others held me from flying this lifetime."

"Tell me more my child, I want to hear it all. How could a sweet bird like you be at all scary?"



"You see Mamabird, in the dream being a flying dragon I caused a lot of sorrow and anguish to innocent people. I don't think I did it in this lifetime since I am so little and so young, but maybe I transferred the fear and terror from one lifetime to another. Maybe in order not to cause such a calamity I froze myself from flying. I believe that by repenting the deeds of the past and being grateful for the life I have now, I could start accepting the gift of being me."

"I am willing to try anything. Let's congregate at sunset, the whole community of birds and act on our common wisdom." When the sun was kissing the West, the birds surrounded Birdie and listened to her dream with serenity and grace. Once the story was told each one approached and represented a being that was killed by the dragon in the dream, and thanked birdie for bringing peace to their heart.

First was QuickSilver, Birdie's best friend who came in front of Birdie, lowered her beak and said: "I was a little girl in a village

IMAGE: JULIE BENTSEN

where you burnt my family one sunny afternoon. I had nightmares every day of my long life afterwards. I wanted to curse you then, but hearing your story I understand it was your nature, and you had no control. I forgive you and am thankful you are my friend, Birdie.

They touched beaks, and blinked feeling a warm glow within each other they did not feel so far, as if a curse was lifted.

Then next one was SlowLearner "Birdie, I always felt anxiety next to you. Once you shared your dream, I had a vision of me being on a mountain watching your flight and admiring your strength and passion. At the time I thought you should be destroyed, since you used your gifts to harm others, but after hearing QuickSilver, I am glad to let go of

the past and trust that there is room for all of us. I am happy that I watched you fly as a dragon, and I hope to experience that again real soon, you being a bird." They both smiled and touched beaks.

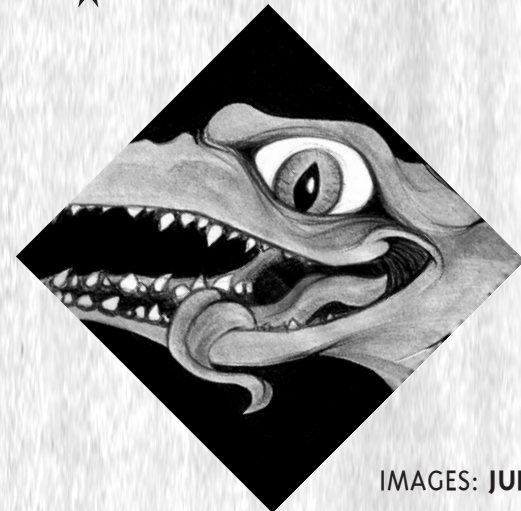
Mamabird was the last one to share her vision in the circle embodying a dragon of the same tribe and time as Birdie. "Today we were dragons, I breathed the air of fire, and tasted the blood of tender flesh. It was then and there. We moved on to other realms. Our consciousness dripped to this lifetime, but I call to go away, and let us be. Please Birdie, take you gift of flying back". Mother and daughter touched beaks tenderly.

"Dear family and friends" said Birdie "Thank you for coming here this evening and share my burden of flying terror. Other birds would have laughed at me for such a ridiculous condition, but you chose to stand with me and face it. I love you for who you are and our deep connection." The congregated birds walked with her to her place one little step at a time and slept around her to embrace and extend their plea of the Universe to let Birdie fly.

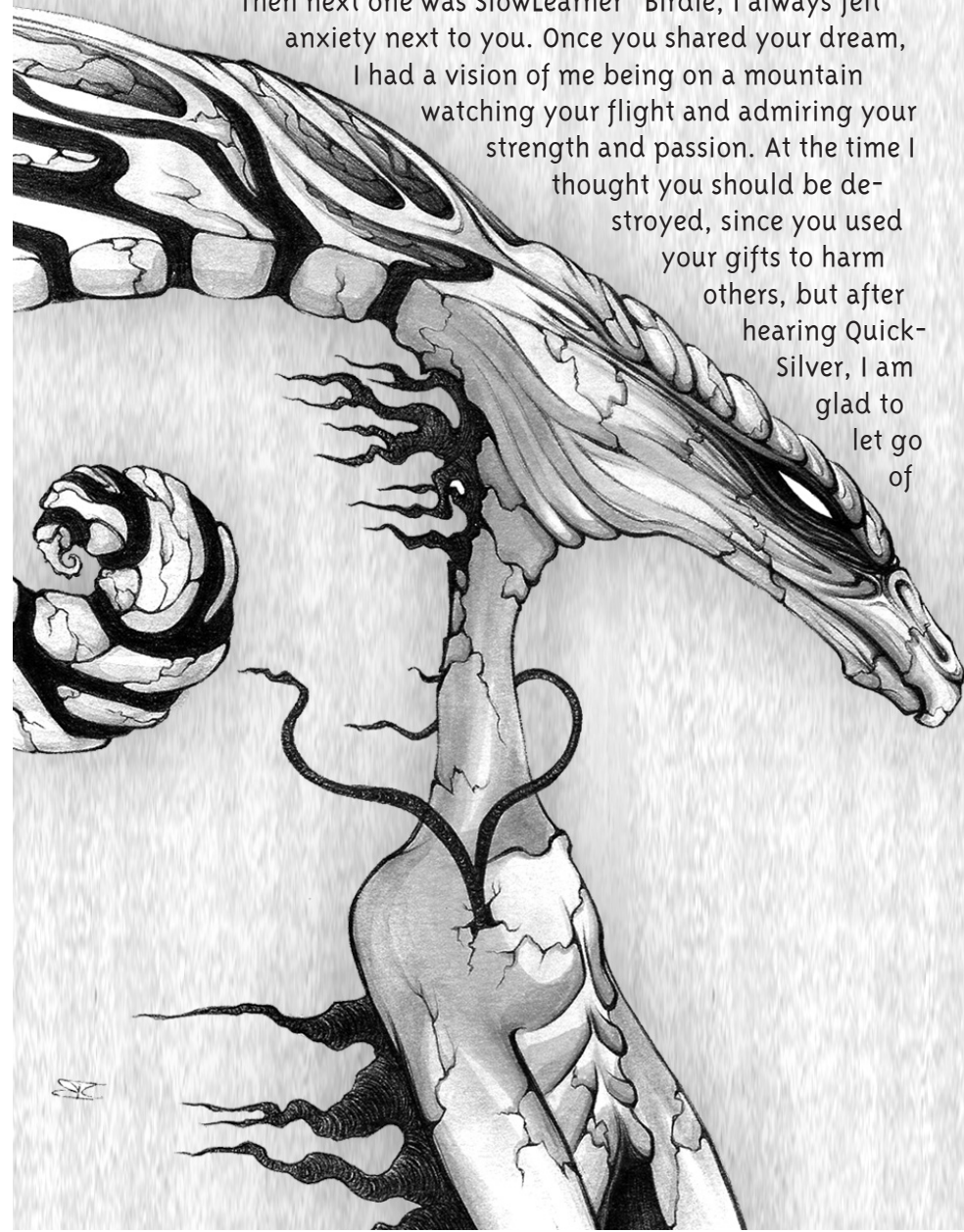
The next day Birdie was the first one to get up and try her flying. Her wings did respond. Little by little, higher and still a bit higher, with her heart in her wing, she flew high and low, far and nearby chirping all the way.

The whole congregation was looking up, and then joined her in swirls, and cycles.

It was the first time that Mamabird discovered tears, and Birdie too.



IMAGES: JULIE BENTSEN



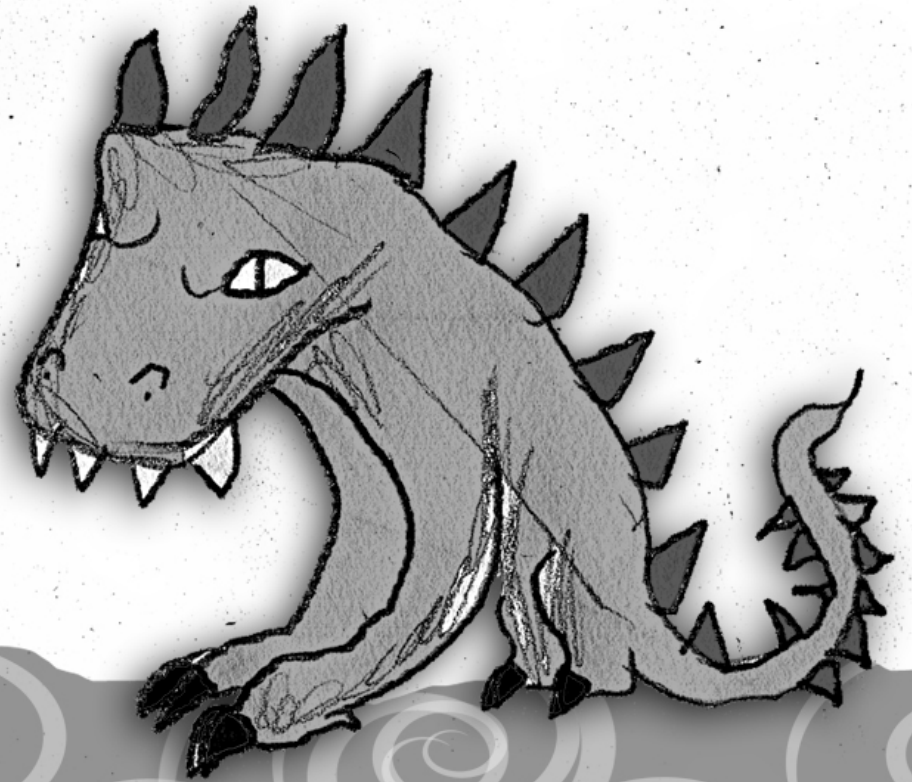
POEM FOR GEORGE

Throughout history
there have been many Georges
and many battles fought
and many lives lost
but the one I grieve for most,
the one who looms largest for me,
is my brother George
whose internal dragons (depression.. addiction)
got the better of him.

I do so wish he could have been here
to celebrate one more St. George Day (his day!)
I do so pray that he is at peace now.
I picture him resting atop a heavenly hill
drinking tea with a friendly dragon or two
or frolicking with a fairy in a garden full of spring blossoms
dancing a happier dance
humming a cheerful tune
hearing angelic harmonies
I do so pray he is at peace now



IMAGE: OWEN Z. (SICCS)





HAPPY ST. GEORGE DAY 2015!
and HAPPY 150th ANNIVERSARY to Lewis Carroll's
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Digital collage of John Tenniel's illustrations, by Sheryl Humphrey



IMAGE: **AMIR LOPEZ** (*SICCS class 5-203*)

AUTHOR: JACK FREEDMAN

DOUBLE RAINBOW

Catapult
The visions from third eyes
Onto a canvas draping the world

No regrets
Or mistakes to correct
All intentions will be flung forward

Flying paint
Exploding upon white
Clouds resemble falling torpedoes

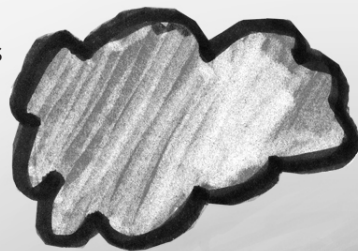
Fueled by hue
Nuclear fission mocked
When we brighten all defini-
tions

Crevices
Nooks, crannies, holes shel-
lacked

Ciphering
Around the cyclical
Embellishment from fascism
washed

Revisit
The box of crayons used
By fledgling poets with hoarse
voices

Expanding
Rainbow, double vision
Rubies, topaz, sapphires raining



Jasper falls
Following emerald
Amethyst now proceeds, birth of chrome

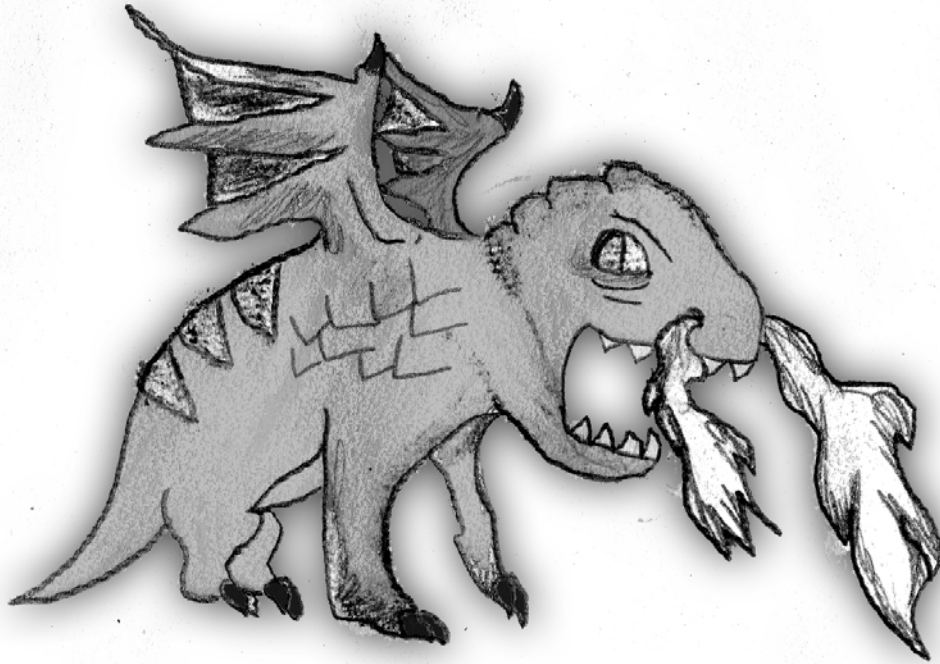
Jewels now fuse
Forming new perceptions
Chimes blown by wind, capturing the light

Sing me songs
Reminiscent of birds
Tweeting in their network, flocking thought

Let them rise
Double rainbow gleaming
Upon a world which was ravaged by war



IMAGE: EVA GROSS



RIDGES GETS TESTED

Finally F-I-N-A-L-L-Y,
finally finally finally FFFFfinally

The big day arrived - the day with the big fat juicy THING in it.

The initiation! The beginning was going to happen!

Ridges will be taught advanced consciousness and be shown the symbolic moves. He will learn the secret meanings that connect dragons with other people, and what it means. He has been waiting for months.

Ridges and Fireball had secretly been experimenting with the moves they had seen the elders doing, and imagined what the meaning might be. Getting pretty good at them too. Now if only he knew what it all meant...

His tail had changed within the last year, new bumps and jaggies and spot colors was something he still had to get used to, hooking his spike on a curdajelweed limb-- "Gak!" and slingshotted pokey sting bloomer flowers splashed his face. "Wahdda!!! Oof! Buhhh."

Jumpin goofy down the swampy path to home. (yes that swamp!).

He's busy being brave and strong today. He is getting ready to make his father proud in the initiation event.

He was careful to walk in the door as a serious young dragon, no messy slub nerf on his skin, and his spine straight.

Mother bluffed, "You are always vanishing!", as she sweeps into the living room.

"WallaWOO-OO!" Mother gushed back up, and Ridges could hear the echos bouncing around the forest boing boing boing blat! It's his two extremely tall sisters and Mother is giving instructions. "Waba-li-li-gazzOObah!" he heard.

His sisters, so tall, the family has to dig out the floor deeper so the ceiling would be high enough. His mother could figure out anything. "Lucky for those girls they have Mother as their mother!" Ridges thought as he watched the drool drip slowly descending to meet his shadow on the ground.

His father popped in suddenly, "Ready son?", and as the orange smoke faded out he was gone -zip- to Mother. "Ready Mother? Everybody ready?" Foomf! More orange smoke.

The initiation ceremony area was now prepared and ready for the beginning of the beginning to begin.

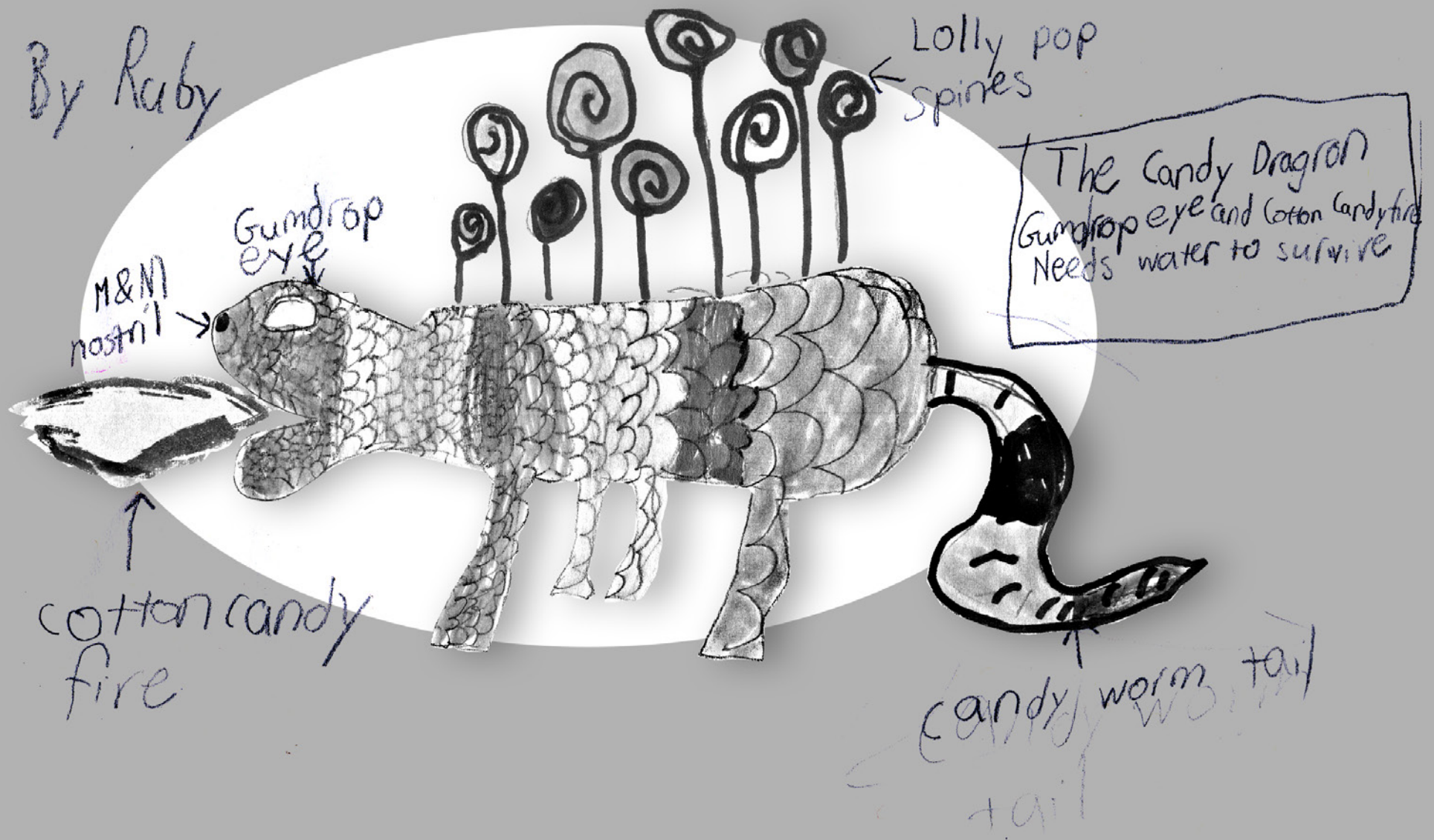
Family and friends from the old village gathered to bear witness to this event. Ridges will be challenged by the officiant, Two-Tails, a member who has two tails where most dragons had only one.

It was time for the initiation to start. Fire came out when Mother chortled and did sing-ring to encourage the people to connect around Ridges. Her best friend stood by her side and did the same thing. "HiiiiiiIIIIIIIIIIIIssss!" they both said in their weaving voices.

Father watched the officiant, Two-tails, draw the circle on the ground with clay and burn sage to smudge the ring. Then Two-tails branched his tails and beckoned Ridges to come forward. As Ridges stepped across the line of the circle, he could feel the energy like he entered a bubble. He looked up into the eyes of Two-Tails.

Every one watched.





PATH RECONSIDERED

The squelching crunch of shale indicated my arrival to this thin, sinuous arena. My mind had wandered off. They call it the Green Belt, though all I saw was the gray gravel path. It was built for bicycles, but I was here to run. The concept of running, jogging, or, trotting (and that unseemly thing I do, that is my approximation of fast movement) always amazed me. I don't know why I do it. I came to this crisp undulate path with one intention. I find it humorous because I already was in shape. I at least possessed a shape. I am definitely not amorphous. So a better shape was the Grail I desired to sup.

I felt the customary fiery stabbing as I leaned forward to stretch my back. The burning, icepick sensation eased slightly as gravity compelled my head closer to my toes. As my retreating stiffness forced me to think of winter and its parallels with old age, I examined the gravel beneath my sneaker-clad feet. These slight chips of stone seemed razor sharp, even though they were miniscule. They were an array of gray ancient arrow heads, poised to impale, and my feet cringed. The tightness of my ham-strings twanged like an old guitar. Through the tender, cottony fog I could barely hear the muffled tittering of the local avian inhabitants. Gone was the honking of Canadian geese, so I need not watch my step nearly as close.

As I finished my stretch, I thought of what lay before me. It was only a mile. A single minute if I were driving sixty miles per hour. Unfortunately, my vehicle lay deep in slumber, its engine idle, in a garage faraway. In the far recesses of my brain, I imagined my soft, welcoming bed beckoning me to return to its succubus like embrace. I shook my head to clear it of phantasms. As my eyes gazed ahead, I slowly inhaled. The



IMAGE: LESLIE GREENWOOD



IMAGE: INDIRA ARDOLIC

omnipresent scent of decaying foliage filled my olfactory range. The rich aroma of the soil was something I could almost taste, like bitter coffee. I could detect the sharp tang of a creature's small body returning to the turf. The mistiness of the air combined with the prevailing odors to create a nebulous elixir, which I willingly, though regretfully, imbibed. I sneezed and shattered the near silence. Small birds took to wing, smacking the air, an admonishment to return to quiet.

No one was chasing me. I didn't need to run. I once considered hiring someone to follow me with a chainsaw buzzing away, but such an arrangement would ruin the idyllic calm, negating the reason I chose this path in the first place.

Did I really want to do this? Of course I did. It was for my health, after all. I waited for a few heartbeats, peering up through the canopy of limbs. No Jovian lightning bolts appeared to commute my sentence with the sweet respite of demise. Damn. My knees gave one last deterrent twinge of agony, which I stoically ignored. The precise green leaves mocked me as I ponderously set out. The slightly more than gentle breeze caused branches to lean together, to ridicule. Twigs pointed and laughed.

Approaching the first gradual slope upward, I grit my teeth. I could swear that, in the 20 seconds that had passed, the temperature rose 10 degrees. The saltiness that insinuated itself into my mouth, could only be sweat. If only I were weaker, then I could quit. The knowledge that, if I quit today, the next time would only be harder, impelled me onward. In my ears my footfalls were the stamping of an illusory crowd, rooting for me, urging me forward. I could almost believe they were on my side, because I knew physics wasn't. Inertia, gravity, and wind resistance conspired against me.

Luckily, numbness replaced the pain that my feet had become. From the waist down, all motion was that of an automaton. I probably couldn't stop the cycling of my legs if I tried. I focused mostly on inhaling, inhaling and not dying. The rust was off the moving parts. I was running.





I SHOVELED

and shoveled
then shoveled some more
just trying to get in
my back door
I shoveled and shoveled
then tried it again
realizing no longer
I'm living in Zen



AUTHOR: JACK FREEDMAN

FIREWORKS

Fireworks are in my pocket, flammable and full of light.

See them flash in my eye socket, watch the embers take their flight.

Body submerged into fire, spirit soaring in the skies.

Crisis of heart is not dire, crisis of mind shortly dies.

Feel love rising and emerging, sunshine peaking through the clouds.

We will finish all our searching, our salvation has been found.

No more outlooks that are jaded, no more prejudice and hate.

Your facetious views have faded, guaranteed it's not too late.

No more salt inside these wounds now, they will heal and they will mend.

Bands will play eclectic tunes now, this world has an ear to lend.

Consciousness is most redeeming, no sense being comatose

Revolution is now beaming, to this I propose a toast.

Praise to every god and goddess, deity and prophet too

You'll be praised for being modest, we will all be kind to you

You will see many new faces, silently mouthing your names.

Tranquil nature covers bases, with belief and without blame.

Can you see a new world coming, all the gods merged into one?

Can you feel the movement drumming, as our world becomes more fun?

Spirits above, please tell me now, is this dream even legit?

Yes, my friend, you have shown us how, you are paint on our palette.



IMAGE: JADE

AUTHOR: AMANDA CURTIS

THE ANIMAL AND THE SKY

(a potential explanation)

Once upon a time, there was an animal, who was empty in its stomach. Fur, and hair, and a big gaping hole -- where there once was beautiful crystallized amber -- was all that was left.

He did not know where it went. He woke up like that one day.

Feeling "off" and then reaching down, with his glassy nail tipped paws, and was numbly surprised to feel --- nothing. Normally, he felt full, and complete. And he lived in a hollowed out, warm, wise old tree filled with dried herbs, and bright luscious poppies - and all the tiny, sparkly little stones he would collect on his daily outings.

But that morning, when he realized his jewel was gone, he could do nothing but focus on the odd sensation... that Time had stopped, and the normally light and sensuous scent of his flowers had turned thick, and musty, and hung heavy in the air of his home.

What was once crystallized in his amber belly - you might ask?

Well, it was a lot of things. I'm sure YOU all have some things like this... inside of you. Somewhere. If you looked at it, it would look just like any other amber stone - but upon closer inspection, the images within would unfold, and twist, and emerge in mysterious synchronicity.

This Animal's lost amber jewel, had a lot of things, like I said. I shall list a few:

- a fishing net
- a kiss from a dead one
- young love
- fruit
- flowers
- something he can't remember
- music
- mountains
- two mice, standing in a crossroads
- a sparrow with a golden beak
- ...and other such things.

The last thing he could remember, before it left - was that he had been in love. And it was something amazing, like the rhythmic breath of the ocean. And he remembered praying to the trees, and the moon, and the old forest Goddess, that it would stay. But by the time the last of the tiny grass-strawberries had rotted and shriveled in the dirt ----

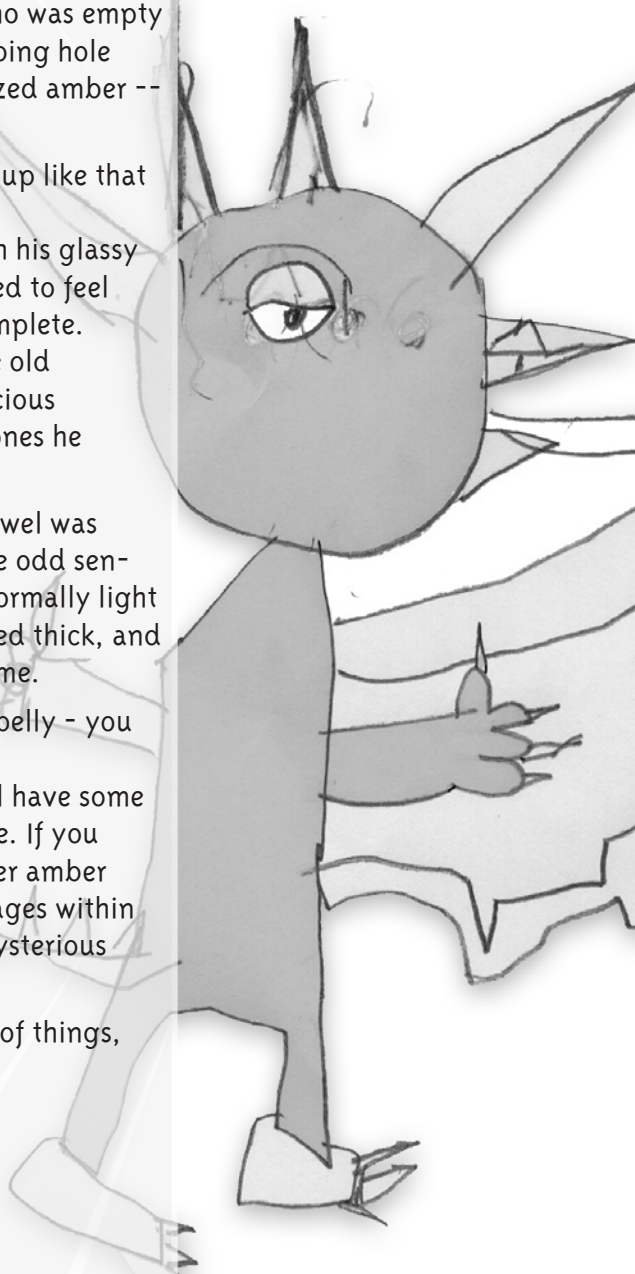
"Something" had left him, and now today, his jewel was gone and time had stopped.

"Wherever will I go?" He asked himself, as he lay in bed, touching the hole of his belly.

"Wherever will I go to retrieve this thing? --- Maybe it is like a pearl in an oyster. And I have to get dirty, and filled with rocks, and then forget. And then someday, I will wake up and a new jewel will be there, prettier even, than the old one."

But why must things be this way? He wondered. He never questioned the presence of his amber jewel before - it had just always been there.

He stood up, and walked stiffly to the door of his tree house, Toeva...



AUTHOR: JACK M. FREEDMAN

SAPPHIC PALOMINO

Chestnut pelts are accented, etched by snowfall
Heaven touched by muscles in silent orbit
Interlocked within the mirage of flying
Eloquent equus

Trotting, loyal and harboring lifeblood, wildness
Calm demeanor needed to track the footprints
Horseback, reaching heights as the rider holds his
Eyes in the ether

Palomino horses, no bats in belfry
Cataleptic trance as one sees the wonder
Sapphic verse exclaimed while absorbing splendor
Beauty in ginger

Overhauling, bucking with master prowess
Whinnies of this excellent breed, enchanting
Mesmerizing, no longer melancholic
Beholding freedom

Fantasy enhanced with such subtle glimpses
Colt colliding, carrying courage, careful
Master, show the art of collecting winners
High and celestial



IMAGE: DIANE C. PHILLIPS



AUTHOR: **ERIC NORCROSS**

DRAGONS AND STUFF

The villagers live in fear
for dragons roam about
in constant rotations
their kin offer up strategies
controlling their presence
and perceptions of need.
What have the villagers done?
What can the villagers do?

The dragons are us
and some breathe fire,
others oxidize civilization
with their neverending tears.

In times of mistrust
tempers rise and trust dissipates
and dragons are once again on alert.

But, not all dragons breath fire
and not all villagers are benevolent.



IMAGE: **JULIE BENTSEN**





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IMAGE: MARY SIGONA

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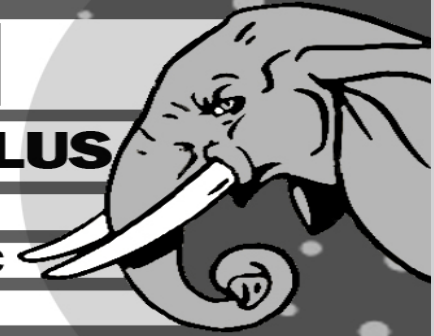
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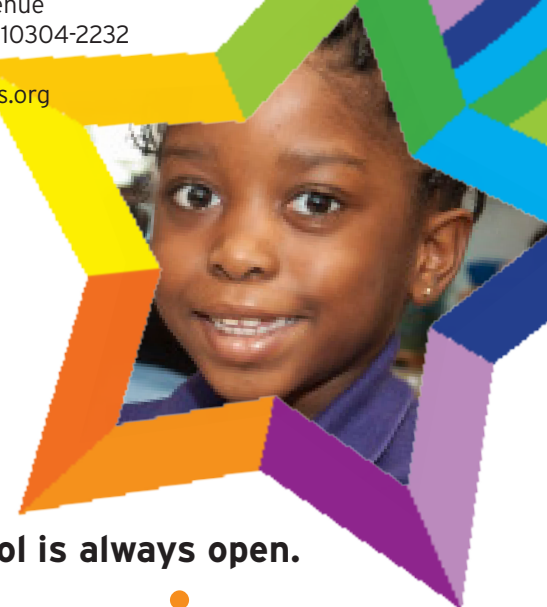


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