

script



Silverware

My eyes lower to hers, my grandmother,
Clairette. She is small, tenuous, elegant in
a moon-colored house dress. She says,

"These spoons are for eating. But
these, these are just for cooking." Her smile
softens the French severity of a face from Algeria.

Once, after hours of playing, I stood
in our kitchen. My mother opened the drawers.
Patience in her face, she told me,

"These are for eating, these are for guests,
and these are picnic ware."
I thought everyone had so many.

We, all three of us, stand now in Grandmama's
kitchen. We stand amid hovering hot smells of
American food in an immigrant's home.

How many drawers will I have?

I stand a head taller than both women.
I learn French and fear their fears.
I see security in more than one.

How many drawers will I have?

Elise Page

Elegy for these Unheard Wild Voices

Driving west to coast, dad
carved whispered legends of fortune
only heard at in the Alaskan blue of his eyes

America, when I tread down
your legal-rush highways I
want to replace you.

A sky bigger than to the sky is
for Christ's sake, the world
impossible gardens ahead

Practical head of the brother age,
I drink the same kind of beer
as you do, but I don't know it as well

At the heart of the brother's heart
under the banner of a lost color,
wondered by beauty, that is a greater world.

My destiny to be managed, the engine
maneuvers over the Columbia, obscured
by a billion stars, the stars

Like a woman like with the stars
that by the stars, the stars, or the stars
make the stars, stars of the stars and stars.

In the land, what is the stars, the stars
will be the stars, the stars, the stars
or the stars, the stars, the stars, the stars.

Does it Make a Brother Fly?

Chris Caldwell

"Does it make a brother fly?" my dad would always ask me. That was his mantra. "Does it make a brother fly?"

I tried out for track once and I needed some running shoes. I found some nice, light shoes. They were red, silver, black and white with swooshes down the outside length of the shoe. They were so cool, I could almost hear the sounds of the crowds cheering as I sprint the final hundred meters. I took them up to my dad, "Dad, dad," I said. "Can I please have these shoes?"

He looked at them, pursed his lips and made a slight head nod as he appraised the racing shoes. "How much," he asked. But it was at that moment I realized that my dreams were already shattered.

"Fifty-five dollars," I replied.

"Fifty-five dollars!? Does it make a brother fly? I got some fine running shoes for you back at home." I put the shoes back up on the shelf without challenging further. Once my father got it into his head that something was far too expensive the gig was up.

The fine running shoes he had spoken of were nothing more than the grass-stained high-tops that I used to mow the lawn in the summers. He said that if I could beat all the other kids with my heavy gun boats on, then I could really beat 'em when I had saved up the money to buy real running shoes.

Another time my father and I went to the local arcade. We had spent all day at the arcade playing different games. I remember laughing joyously on the merry-go-round. I remember the sickeningly-sweet smell of caramel popcorn. I remember spending the majority of my allowance that day to do all of these things. By about two in the afternoon I was really hungry. The arcade had always sold big, juicy, piping hot corndogs. Just thinking about them set my mouth to flooding. I asked my dad if he could possibly buy me a corndog.

"How much," he asked. I went to look at the menu for the price; it was three dollars and fifty cents. I went back and told him; his face scrunched up like one of those small, floppy faced dogs. "Three-fifty," he spat. "Does it make a brother fly? You can eat some cereal when we get home boy." I was hungry all the way home. I ate corn flakes glumly. I was still hungry afterward.

Right now, it's a warm summer's day. All of my friends are playing out in the middle of the cul-de-sac. Ricky is chasing Nick and Andrew with a water hose. Nathan is getting sprayed in the face with Rachel's super soaker. Loud, shrill cries of glee are echoing off the houses as our parents watch from the windows. But down the street a familiar jingle can be heard. It starts off faint, but grows louder by the second.

"Ice cream man," screams Mikey and my friends make with all due haste to their parents for cash. The cul-de-sac is clear in an instant. A few minutes later they're back out in the street after successfully begging their parents for cash. The ice cream man pulls into the center of the cul-de-sac and is immediately surrounded by children.

I approach the ice cream truck to see what I may want to get. There are so many things to choose from. Baseball bubblegum mitts, otter pops, superhero rocket pops that turn your tongue green or red. They all look so good, but one particularly catches my eye. It's called the Jet Pop, a whole foot of dark midnight blueberry. A tasty, cold confection that calls to me like a new videogame. But my dreams are dashed when I see that the Jet Pop is going for five dollars.

I won't be denied, I think to myself as I dash inside to ask my dad for the money. I find him sitting downstairs watching the game. "Dad! Ice cream man! Outside! Jet Pop! Most delicious thing ever! Must have! Please Dad, need money!" He turns his head and calmly asks, "How much?"

This is it. Make or break, if Dad is in a good mood he may, just may, give me the money to buy the Jet Pop. "Five dollars," I mumble.

"How much?" he asks again.

"Five dollars," I reply.

"Five dollars!?! Does it make a brother fly? We got soda in the fridge. After the game I will show you how to make a whole ice cube tray of soda pops for fifty cents." And there it was... my dream of parental help came to a crashing halt. But dad wasn't my only option. Mom is at Aunt Moria's house, so I can't ask her. Ah hah! I have some money saved up in my piggy bank. I scramble to my room and pop the cork off the bottom of my plastic T-Rex piggy bank; out flows a fountain of spare change and dollar bills. After counting frantically I discover that I have five dollars and forty-two cents

I take the money outside. Great, the ice cream man is still here! I carefully cross the cul-de-sac, change rustling in my hands. I step up to the window while the ice cream man hands Conner a Spiderman ice cream bar. "Can I have a Jet Pop, please?" I ask.

"That will be five dollars young man," the ice cream man says. I hand him the change and he hands me the Jet Pop. I rip the wrapper off and set to the task of eating this frozen delight. I start to walk back to my house in triumph. I take a lick of the popsicle, the taste of blueberries fills my mouth and a charge of excitement pulses through me. I take another lick and another step. It feels so good to have purchased

this thing that my dad didn't want to help me with. I feel like I am walking on air.

Another lick, another step, another lick, another... step! My foot, the ground... why is there space between them? I take another lick of the Jet Pop and the space increases, another lick and I am well above the ice cream truck. Another lick and I am above the pine trees. My friends are all looking up, pointing, waving and cheering. For once it seemed as though my dad's question wasn't so silly. The Jet Pop was five dollars and it could make a brother fly.

I'd never seen a sunrise.

Carly Stuart

He took me to a twilight. He was the first to show me what a dawn looked like. Sitting in the frosty car on a ridge on the South Hill, before us a northerly view of the sleepy city, there it came: the sun rising in the east; the indigo west clinging to some vastness of space before the sun robbed her from it.

In a myriad of solitary nights I've spent counting stars, not once had I seen the holiest in human philosophy rise itself from the far horizon and pay it proper worship. Sol, the sun, giver of life and bringer of burned summertime grasses; the waking inspiration of philosophers and pagans through the centuries. The silent mid-morning alarm that forces its way into my lightless room. It films over eyes, induces sneezing, vaporizes vampires from the soles of their shoes, and still I'd gone day to day without formal acknowledgement of the thing.

But he showed it to me, my companion of this morn. My Sol. My reason for waking.

We sat with fingers intertwined, silent, reverent of this daily pattern; science in action. The simple work of gravity forcing two celestial bodies to loop and pull each other forever, spilling colors across the atmosphere. They spark, they shimmer, they may advance but never collide. It's likely they broke from the same piece of cosmic rock, but who really knows for sure. This daily orbit is as close they may ever be, despite their incessant pulling.

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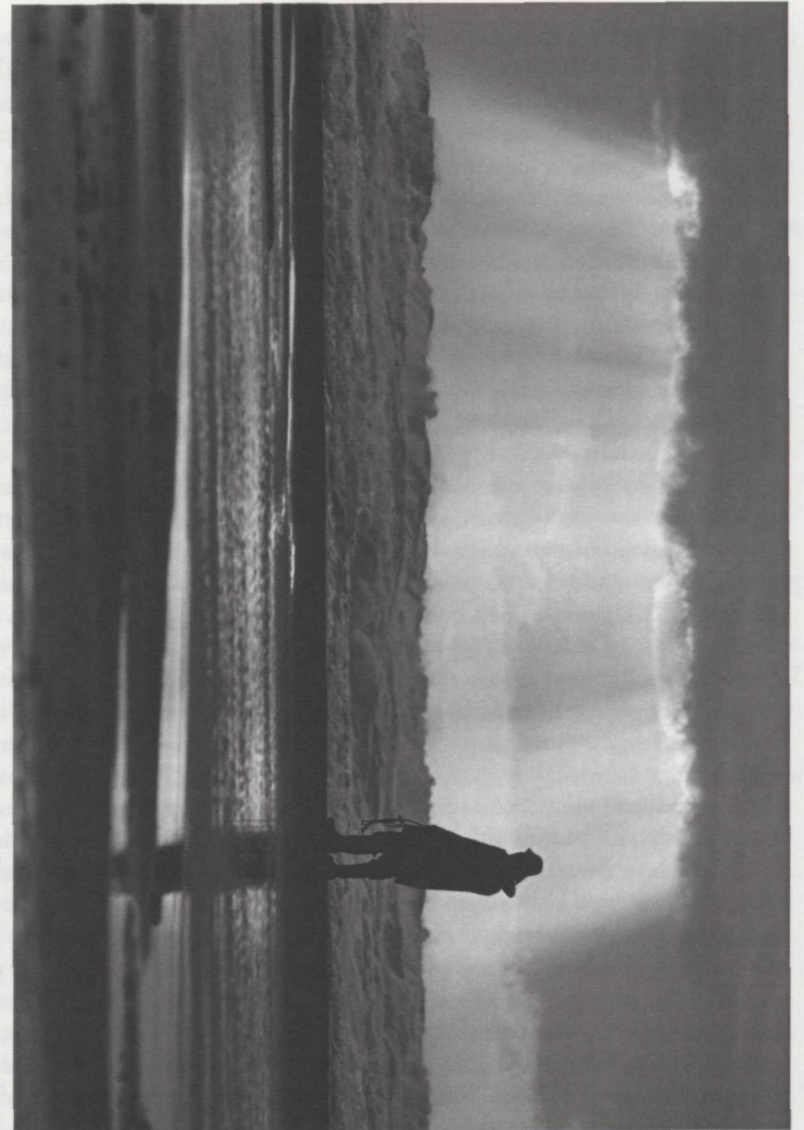
The flowers outside the restaurant window are red; rusty, like your eyes in the sunlight that feeds the petals. I sip your orange juice, and you my tea. We eat more than our fill here, sharing bites and recalling memories, though I have nothing special to say about hometown restaurants. Your grandmother, it seems, loved these potato pancakes. You offer it to me, fork-cut, topped with pureed apple and nutmeg, and I understand. This city belongs to your recollection. I am a welcome stranger.

We fall asleep in your childhood bed, though I am not the first to share. The sun forces its way through the gaps in the slatted blinds, and I am at home. I remember dreaming with my heart aching. I remember dreaming of longing, though it is hard to give it name.

The easy answer says longing would be you. I want your soul. I want your essence. I want your cosmic glass to fit jigsawedly into mine. You may find them a perfect pair. Better said: We fit, you and I. We fit like blue and green, though better. Better than eyes and orbs before us. Better than our ancestors; than the sun and Earth's Juliet sky.

Friend, you know as well as I. In the dusty text of ages, we are nothing special. The Universe will forget the way our hands fit faultlessly in one another's; hearts are not hand-shaped, and only souls and gravity have permanence. This is ever temporary, as the static pattern of birth and death of things suggests. The shaking of my palms, the tightening of my gut. The capture of your eyes in the six-ayem sun. Our bodies will die, diffuse into time with nothing of evidence to suggest we were there, on that ridge in the South Hill, the intrinsic osmosis of our two souls surging into new colors in the rising of an age old dawn.

But, you took me to a twilight. You met its gaze and stole its movement between atmosphere and earth,
and asked me to dance.



Thomas Robinson
Fisherman
8x12"
Digital Photography
2009