# TE DCHEMIST REVISW

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#### SIMPLE PLEASURES

I'm feeling insecure. You wrap around my wet naked body And surround me with warmth. You're waiting there in the dark when I get home Just waiting—to help me relax. I get lost in your softness and run my finger down your tie. I wonder whether such unconditional love is known by others. Others who revel in your simple pleasures. You hang around until I need you again, With nothing up your sleeve You make no promises and therefore tell no lies. I like it that way. No stress, no worry. Just tumble dry low, no bleach, simple. I love my fuzzy green bathrobe.

#### THE WATT

Awakening to rain rustling the absence of leaves, counting taps on chipped shingles, dripped cadence of cracked pipes, I lie in bed and disobey the lisping city's admonishment rising up beneath my three stories to "wait and remember, wait and forget," muffled by the three a.m. cars living as they pass beneath my presence, kissing wet tar as they progress to an obscurity covered by the onslaught of rain building up drowning me beneath taut memories seeping through my sleep like headlights reaching to my walls, scanned along the distance to withdrawal. Is this what it comes to?



Alone in bed halfsleeping, tottering towards the abyss confronting me, an amputee forgetting not to scratch detachment, mindless of its absence until expectant hands finger open space to stunted growth. The dream broken

I implore

the ceiling cast above me, poised in white's mistaken innocence, to shroud me with its amnesiac pall and drown this mind in sleep,

untroubled sleep.

DAMON J. McPARLAND



#### END 03 MY ROPE

A sturdy steel cable drawn tight between
Opposing forces bears the strain with strength
Untested. Steadily the cold powers swell
And stretch the steel to lengths unwise while time
Unyielding pales and thins the strongest nerve.
Demand upon the tired rope grows - stresses
Expand and breed while thinner, thinner fades
The line and tighter, harder forces draw.
Frayed edges groan - a whine resounds within
The string that now remains. Its warning cry
which goes unheard reveals despairing
Need to cease the endless tug of war.
Grim plight ignored, the fragile thread snaps,
Recoils and snakes upon itself to die.

JANE ZACHA

#### WELJARE QUEEN

I read about the welfare queen. She had 80 names. 30 addresses. 12 social security cards. Veteran's benefits for four non-existina deceased husbands. A master of disguise and aliases she made \$150,000 a year. She'd had enough of being married to the government. Of earning so little she made more on welfare. Of being told she did nothing of value at home. Had to live on handouts. Of social workers probing her closets. She decided she was worth at least a modest politician's salary. To bilk the welfare agency would be easy. After all welfare mothers are all alike. Sad faces with children clinging. Unable to get a good man to support them. So she changed cameleon style into woman after woman. And the government thinks it paid too much for her performances.

#### Annette Van Dyke

#### TOWN CRIER

The crazed summer heat slowly melts away My childhood dreams of having greatness When Kings would gather and come out to play

In Chicago's streets of hopeless dismay
I came upon death and vicious darkness
The crazed summer heat slowly melts away

Old Man Poncho and his ice cream display Who's throat was slashed for one taste so priceless When the Kings gathered and came out to play

To joust in battle for public array Showing their strength on the weak and helpless The crazed summer heat slowly melts away

The respect for dear life— moral decay
Of nobility fallen to mindless
Kings who gathered to come out and to play

Strike down this dying man I see today Half-eaten ice cream— his body bloodless The crazed summer heat slowly melts away. Still the Kings gather and come out to play.

DAVID M. LISNEK

"O Lover, do not lie with men As man lies with a wife." \* He judges and envices when We read the Book of Life.

From what bleak source does Life emerge
That cares none for slain heart?
Through Random-deal our genes converge.
Or—is't His ill-fated art?

If Force on high blueprints design And rules passion's domain, Such narrow paths those laws confine; 'Tis cruel and profane.

So I am judged and called perverse By acting "sinfully." The Light of man gives a black-curse That's paid eternally.

If, rather, heartless Chance forsakes
Our choosing where we love,
Such rigid judgments none should make
On that we know not of.

Still, Human Hate casts down its glance Toward love with one's own kind, To punish hearts for circumstance E'en though grim Fortune's blind.

\* The first two lines, a type of quote from God, is a paraphrase from Leviticus 18:22, to show His laws about homosexuals and their restriction from inheriting the kingdom of God.

#### **ANONYMOUS**

#### CONJURMATION

She's gripping my hand tightly White teeth bared Trying not to push Trying to breathe

I remember when it happened I took her in the shower Rain patter on my neck as I Lifted her alabaster warmth onto me Our love draining away

I took her again on the kitchen table An evening meal Sent flying to the floor

We lay warm together beneath fresh sheets Sleeping lightly Enjoying candlelight and fire

Back to work
Back to school
A waitress and an economist
Phone calls and letters
Two lives in one

I never wanted to see this happen

I'm just a kid myself

Her eyes invade my distance Pulling me back to her side

She called me Crying Telephone cords and promises Wrapped around our necks I drove through a Fog To be by her side

She didn't want me there I didn't want to be there

She had already called her doctor

I held her porcelain body next to mine Trying to find some glue to seal the cracks Trying to find all the pieces

Doctors and money can not Find all the pieces

Neither can I

I see a bloody mess in a metal bowl Legs and arms pureed A nurse is chewing gum And counting pieces

It's over

Back to work Back to school Back to life

**KEVIN ENGELS** 

### CONTRIBUTERS' NOTES

CHAD ADELHARDT is a psychology major who transferred to SSU from Bellevue, I mean Belleville, Junior College. <i boxes="" fun="" had="" little="" making="" the="" tony=""></i>
<b>DANELLA J. BROWN</b> when asked about her story, told us "I wanted to be a voice for other victims."
<b>WARD CAMPBELL</b> a cryptic man, told us "Wring what you can from <i>There Was An Old Woman</i> . You're probably right."
CINDY CHURCH "my first poem/submission/publication I held it in for 13 years, and finally cut the crap out of it It works to edit"
JAEL DUNN was tracked down to her home, and, when pressured, quoted Holly Lisle: "Courage isn't being brave. It's going on when you're scared shitless."
KAYE DURBIN explained her poem to be "based on a young girl I once knew.  She didn't do what the girl in the poem did, but in her heart she wanted to."
STACEY DYCUS declined to quote, explain or form a tangent.
KEVIN ENGELS declined to state, defend or describe life.
<b>BETTY FOSTER</b> was at a loss for words as well. probably excited.
DAVID LISNEK refused to play this game.

CAROL MANLEY..... gave humble credit for her story: "The support I received from Jackie Jackson and the Women's Life class made this piece possible."

DAMON McPARLAND.... offered this bit of wisdom: "Things come to those who wait (except the thing you're waiting for)."

**BRENT A. MORRIS.....** makes art look easy, but can he cook?

CHRIS REVELLE...... a member of our illustrious editorial board, tells us that "Living is trial and error."

MELVIN A. RUTAN..... Iaid this weighty thought on us: "Unexpressed imaginings paint empty human canvases— dying spirits—never—scenes—liquor, neon, outline—us."

**SHAWN TURNER**...... likes fish, I guess. Thanx for the cover, Shawn!

**ANNETTE VAN DYKE....** teaches women's studies courses and courses in the program of individual option at SSU.

TEDE VERNER..... could not be contacted for the life of us.

ROBERT WALKER...... threw us a Taoist riddle: "My stories are about people living on life's terms. The poem is about living on your own terms. Which one is better?"

MIKEL WEISSER...... "More important than eating or dying is living."

JANE ZACHA..... "This piece sums up my whole life."

# EDITORS'

#### Tony

What can I say? It was fun, it was work, but it was definitely fun. I was really impressed by the writing submissions from SSU students. We received over 360 pages of written work!!! So much good writing, so few pages...

The artwork we featured in this mag is top-notch, and a big thank-you goes out to the artists who submitted their work. We need more!! Maybe next year...



COVER ART
By
Shawn Turner
Black Ink On
White Paper

#### ... it's over.

ufe.

Back to
School.

Back Cover
POEM By

Back to
Kevin Engels

sork.

(in part)

#### Charla

We had so much writing submitted that several good pieces had to be left out. But I'd rather have too many submissions than too few. Thanks to everyone who took the time + effort to submit. Thanks also to Rose Staulter and Erin Guinan.

Thanks also to Rose Staulter and Erin Guinan who assisted with the usually thankless task of data entry. You're angels!

Finally, caveat lector.

#### THANK YOU

To All Our Contributers