

# **The Alchemist Review**

## **1998 Edition**

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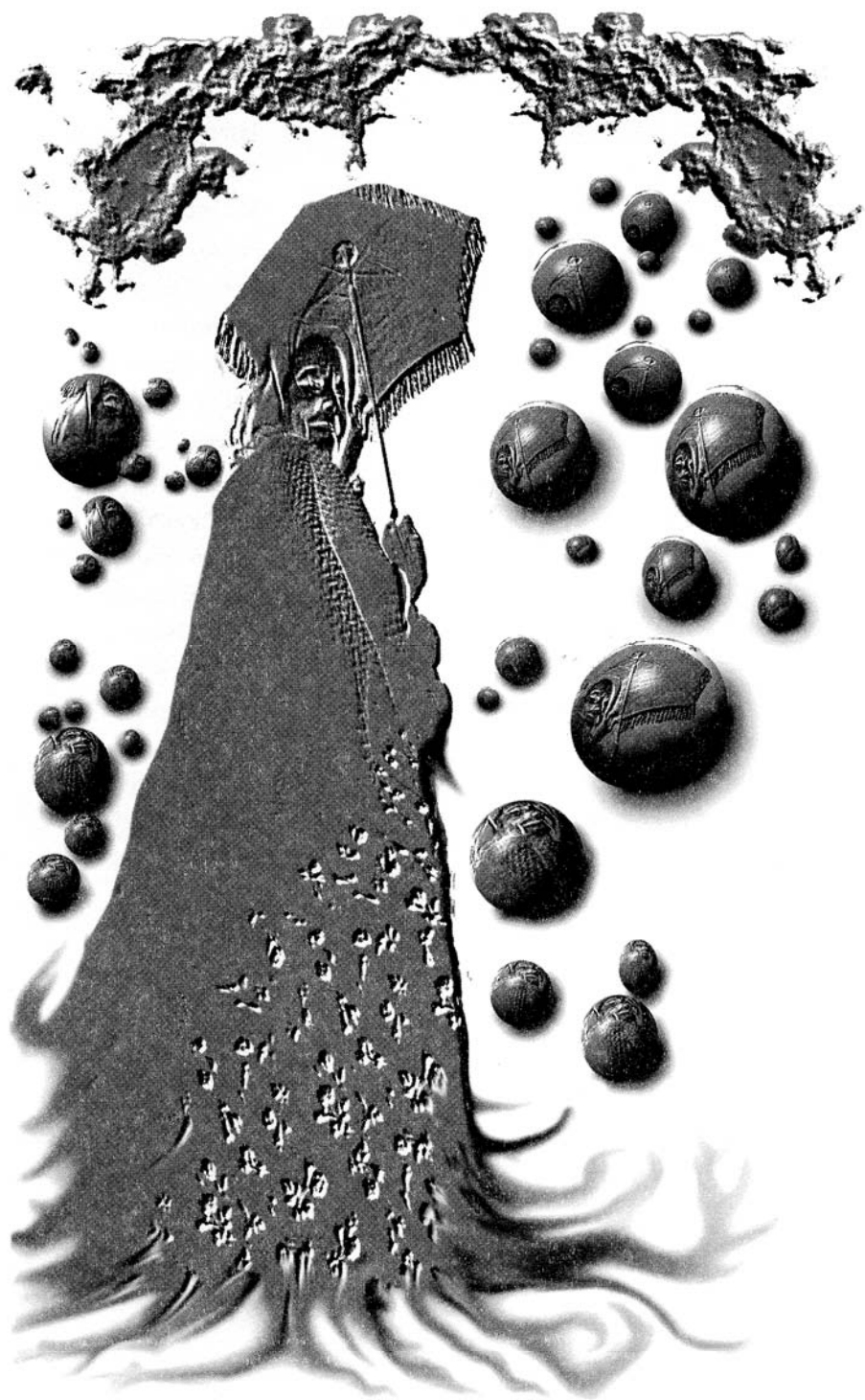
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## Rain

And drops pour  
Down the surface  
Of her windshield.  
An elfish child presses  
His cheek to puckered  
Glass and grins.  
Smiles don't feel good  
today, they hurt.  
Just like pins  
And needles in her  
foot after pressing  
bone to vein.  
It is bad enough  
To fight the cold  
Blown out of wet  
But haunting alienation  
In a little boy's face  
Dampens the moment  
Deeper. She longs  
To run inside and hide  
With her familiar children  
But she isn't sure  
They are there either.

— Anita Stienstra

## Meander Like Rain

she sipped red wine  
chill stabbed at the shell of our being  
the personification of some unseen force  
weaving its silken touch  
broke into downward spiral

she sipped red wine  
solstice sat back and grinned  
invisible cause, the cloud drifts skyward  
moonlight backdrop  
symphony on canvas

— Jason Zimmerman

## Ode to Generation X

Oh! Behold the Attic youth and his icons of the tribe  
perfectly poised on his pulvinar,  
believes his life to be so unfair.  
You shout out rage, angst and other diatribe.  
Fallacious fallalery surround your supposed emancipation  
of peculiarly piercing parts of body.  
You complain the entire world we left shoddy;  
your mind numb with mental masturbation.  
But, words scrape as the tumble off your tongue  
Behold his mewl; Behold his canonical cry,  
beseeching us and forever asking why.  
Laments his generation and what they have become  
As you regret the petards you've hung,  
seeking escarpments to hide among.

— Thomas "Doc" Durr

Entrenched

wake up in the core of the swirling maelstrom  
you stir the embers that spiral and dance  
before your freshly opened eyes  
the violet glow of the flashpoint  
signals a rekindling for spirit  
dug in for a smiling war of attrition

— Jason Zimmerman



## A Perfect Moment

a living man—  
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed  
By love and feeling and internal thought.

(Prel. 5.143-45)

I had a vision the other day.

Alone I am, walking barefoot among mirage and oases, dust devils and distant storm, all in the painted Sonoran desert of variegated sand and hollowed yucca trees. I make way to a yucca and sit next to it on a large boulder like Buddha.

The sun shines high noon. Its dizzying effect makes me nauseous and detached and forces contemplation. How many minutes elapse I know not. In time non-exist I sense the synaptic resonance of a coiled rattler, but then a serenity, the slow burn-pain of a deadly bark scorpion.

I gaze then entranced. That long slender tail-the fateful *Centruroides exilicauda*-carefully projecting its terminal aculeus. It calculates, penetrates, withdraws. There is no mark on the mark. Amidst stifling, enveloping heat, I am unforgiven. Seized with arrhythmia, transverse illusions, and anaphylactic shock and thus transcend.

Over there in distant canyon are bleaching suns, secret lizards, and God.

A perfect moment. My Panacea.

— Anonymous



Every exit is  
an entrance  
somewhere else.

—Tom Stoppard



## About The Authors

Jeremy Anderson

I'm worse at what I do best. I'm a negative creep and I'll travel through a tube and end up in your infection.

Anony mous

This is a brief exercise in artificial transcendence. It is my first and final attempt at creativity.( Humble till it hurts, Anonymous fears stonings, razzings, and the thought that his writing is good, which it is.)

samBdavis

To re-build the world's perspective:If I can turn ugly to art, beauty to bile, then what remains will surely be a peaceful creature. If not, the rest of us will kill and eat it.

Millie Dunn

No stranger to the Alchemist but now one to Illinois, having recently moved to Michigan. Millie is a great writer hiding out as a nurse.

Thomas "Doc"Durr

Doc has been an Indentured servant of the UIS food service for five years. He's a graduate of the Culinary Institute of America. He lives happily in Springfield with his two muses—Mary and Jennifer.

Peri Gonulsen

Peri hopes someday to become a fire-eater. Until then, she writes with such rich language that all who read her see through her eyes new worlds.

Sadie Holm

A disabled grandmother of three, pursuing a BA in English and a minor in Communications at UIS. Her goal is to become an academic advisor for special needs students at LLCC or UIS.

Jenna Kogen

A S. African born American pursuing a BA in English and minor in Communications. She has written several free verse poems, short stories, and her first play. She is working on an AST at Management resource services and writes for the student newspaper, The Journal.

Michael Levine

an Alumnus of the UIS English Dept., Mike will likely attend Washington U. Creative Writing Program this fall."To write good poetry one must read good poetry, to emulate and co-exist with it, and rebel against it, extending one's voice into all culture's and eras, as one hand extending to another."

Sandra Kuizin McKenna

Sandra is completing her MA in English at UIS. She is a GA in the Center for Teaching and Learning, a part-time freelance writer (has several stories and essays published in the last three years), a massage therapist, hypno-therapist, and reiki practitioner. Beyond this her greatest joys are her children and grandchildren.

Patricia Flanagan Natale

a Grad student earning a masters in Early Childhood Arts Education. She is a teacher at St. John's Lutheran pre-school, and a set designer for the Springfield Muni. She is married to Joe, and has three children, three cats, and a dog.

Anita Stienstra

A second year Grad student at UIS. She received her BA at UIS after beginning it in DePauw. She is a library assistant at the Ill. Supreme Court Library and serves on the board of Springfield's Poets and Writers Literary Forum.

Wilson Wood

Wilson is a 2nd year grad student in the INO program at UIS and works at UIS photo lab for his grad Assistantship. He is comparing pre-Christian West African & British Isles mythologies as the focus of his degree.

Jason Zimmerman

"Life is not a problem to be solved, but a reality to be experienced." — Soren Kierkegaard