

2007

# Commonthought Vol. 18 (2007)

Commonthought Staff

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# Commonthought

the writing issue

the magazine of the arts at Lesley university

**BRUISING**

volume 18 • number 1

she misses you - and wants to die.  
You sculpted this rammy  
I think all you have to do is pause  
I still need you.  
I am a tearybopper,  
tattoo this pain men in white jaco  
blush  
Our shadows mocking the sun.  
Look at me, I'm dying to be honest  
"It's like throwing stones"  
I black out  
Normandy the fog rolls up from the beaches  
My teeth are fan  
I lost my  
by overnight ideologies  
lonely plane  
THIS IS ARSON. CALL THE COPS.  
ANGRY.  
I entered the st  
the constellation  
Wheat grass rise  
shook in July breezes some 700 years ago.  
These walls will fore  
I'm falling  
sisters  
become  
white  
painful black  
shaking  
women, and for his children that aren't you  
Bali has made for ot  
You are enough as a possibility.  
Ah, but lift the veil of mourning,  
With tickling grins like a terracotta chain,  
American lollipops.  
I no longer feel as if I am going to break  
joy in his anguish  
Urgency, frantic:  
thousand tiny piece  
of a lady beauty.  
a few  
I am basic.  
I could be anyone  
swore in front of  
an away from  
poorly placed ste  
Effectively siler  
quivering,  
a new friend.  
whispering into  
all over my body  
Standing in this room looking at thin mi  
underneath those tattoos  
drugged sleep  
And jacket made of skin  
Is a heart that stopped beatin'  
I am afraid  
I a soul that's paper thin  
as on  
I am a cubicle worker,  
the dream time to  
a mother. I  
who lost their delicat  
to their first husband  
Your dream has drowned  
from his dry thr  
dress up  
they drove  
is all the way to his t  
noises garbled  
reached out for n  
You are in every dream she has - they fill her



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# **C**ommon**th**ought **'07** the writing issue

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## A Quick Word From The Editorial Board

The editorial board of Commonthought 2007 is inviting you into the literary world that they created. The contributors of Commonthought 2007 came together as individuals to create the completed magazine that is now in your hands. Take your time to explore, travel through the words that were meticulously placed by the authors to express a time, thought, feeling, or emotion. Allow the authors to transform the way you think and see; life is different in Commonthought 2007 and we want you to understand it as thoroughly as possible. In this world, it is not important who the author is, if the piece of writing is real or fictitious, or whether you, the reader, dislike a specific piece of writing; only that the pieces move you, matter here.

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## tiny imposer

She masturbated to avoid her husband.

Not for lack of desire for his all encompassing love  
 or for the little death of an orgasm  
 but to avoid the larger death  
 of her ovaries drinking his life offering  
 and her body  
 (which she does not trust)  
 might conspire to make a monster within--  
 raging toward light  
 fighting against future's freedom--  
 until her mind,  
 infested with hormone parasites,  
 actually believes  
 that she would like to let her life fade  
 into the eyes of a small creature,  
 a tiny imposer.

As the camera moves from gentle lips  
 posing in postulation  
 and once-inspired eyes  
 and the mechanic arm lifts the lens and this outsider view pans to  
 wide angle  
 we see her unremarkable face in a growing crowd of lonely  
 strangers  
 moving with the masses  
 (to Wall-Mart)  
 in quiet desperation.  
 Succumbing to one life  
 And loosing another.

Wishing she could affirm that which her soul knows:  
 Love need not be a sacrifice.  
 I love you enough to let you be the pure, incandescent angel of  
 unadorned and unblemished opportunity who will never have to  
 prove worth. You will never learn to hate, and never hurt from this  
 pale world. You are enough as a possibility.

**Sonya Kendall**

## Giving Into Grace

**Pamela Tanner Boll**

The last two hours, I've spent dawdling at my desk; flipping through children's clothing catalogues, a file of bills, checking on some orders of furniture and dipping into a biography of Anne Sexton--a housewife, like me with small children, averting madness by writing. And yet, the writing does not help her take care of her children.

Can I do both? I read her poem "Double Image" about her child as a mirror; one that affirms her being and at the same time pulls her in and under. I know that pull, that feeling of nearly breaking in two.

Look at me--my focus is on the children, their force so strong that it takes these two hours to journey back down into my own center, that place deep within me from where images spring: that of a woman singing as she tries to gather the stars; images of a fiery red flower cupped by two hands; of a band of turquoise so blue that it beckons. And never enough time; two hours of daydreaming, then who does the laundry, fixes the dinner, shops for groceries, looks for vases, pays the bills?

Wonder if I give myself the time, plunge into that dark well, and no images come? Better to scuttle into that dark center for short snatches claiming the house, the children, the dog, my husband's dinner, any other need, rather than admit that fear.

If I take that place, claim it as my own, I am afraid it will not nurture, but suffocate. I will be buried alone in the dark. Away. So I rush in quickly, scribble a few lines and rush out, breathless, to the children, to the house.

My children grow so fast and the image making takes up all of me. I wrench it aside, coming back up and out, as though from a drugged sleep, needing cups of tea and comfort, finally to focus

on that other world I have created--that of my children and their constant whirling needs.

I cannot get enough of my children's smooth bodies, their high voices, their quickness. I cannot help but touch their round bellies, to inhale their scent.

Ian, at five, jumps into my arms with a shouted, "Mommy!" triumphantly locked around my waist after a morning at nursery school. Yet already I see him trying out other people, other faces.

Alex, almost three, mumbling around his pacifier, as I pick at my cuticle, "Stop that Mommy, you will hurt your hand."

Cameron, my baby, my love, eighteen months old but thinking he is as big as the others--strutting around the kitchen, chest and belly thrust out, feet stomping as he orders our dog, Samantha, to eat her dinner.

Periodically, I step aside from this heart tugging war and create a system. I plan the week, parceling out two hours for sitting at my desk, three hours for lunch and reading with all the children, one hour to take Ian to the library, two to spend playing just with my baby. I use graph paper and charts. But children cannot plan their hurts to coincide with the hours. And those images rely on dreaming time.

I ought to manage better; other people do it, why can't I? I grit my teeth in a frenzy of patience, feel like screaming with the impossibility of control. What about me? Can't you leave me alone? I give and give and give. And the children sense when I am not giving gladly and are made uncertain, demanding more. When I parcel, oh so carefully, divide my heart, then both worlds break into bits, diminished.

Yet, here I am using the images, the dream time to make words on the page. Yes, not enough; but the words are there. I am a mother. I am a mother.

Perhaps, I cannot control the dreaming time, nor schedule my children's needs. I let them happen with the letting go, the rage at having to struggle between these two worlds lessens. I am trying to

give into grace; to listen to my heart.

I leave the dishes, the bills go unpaid, I trust that the writing will come and flop to the floor to wrestle with my children. In that laughter, in those silky bodies clambering so easily, so without fear, over mine--the joy leads me to that place deep within from where I can make another world --a world of a woman keening to the stars, gathering the night sky to her belly, clothing herself in the heavens.

## Saturday Night in South Africa (1983)

Saturday night sees us dance the rain dance  
Around township tin braziers  
Our shadows mocking  
Humanoids anting their way  
To pay their weekly homage  
To gilded Gods and neon candles.  
Weekly, the pilgrimage for the painted and scented faithful  
The myriad lights beckon to a nocturnal fairy land.  
Pretoria provides permits.  
Prostrate we fall to the Group Area Act; the Separate Amenities Act  
Sub-humanized by a cult that lingers like last night's smoke  
Pretoria sleeps peacefully  
The natives appear content at home  
Ensconced in Pretoria-spun legislative cocoons  
Effectively silenced  
Effectively banned  
To hell with plastic gods  
To hell with neon candles  
The telephone shatters my banning order.

**Priscilla Dass-Brailsford**



## A Reflection on My Summer Trip to Bali, Indonesia

**By Alicia Tozour**

When I arrived in Bali I was determined to discover one thing: everything. Immediately after getting off the plane I was amazed to find myself starved for knowledge and brimming with curiosity. I wanted to hear everyone's story, see every place, and experience everything there was to do; all without missing a beat. I postulated that my curiosity was not really rooted in the culture itself, but perhaps in reaching a deeper understanding of myself and those around me. With that idea in mind, I set out with really no expectations other than the hope that whatever I was meant to experience would present itself to me.

The first couple days were spent trying to reach a general understanding of my new environment. The language and culture classes I took gave me a foundation to build from. But when the day's program was over, my real exploration began. What first struck me was the genuine interest I felt from various Balinese people as I passed them by. My first instinct was to brush off hawkers and taxi drivers with the firm silent tactics my mother had taught me back in New York City. I would pass by people on the street without eye contact and keep verbal interactions brief. But it occurred to me at one point that if I was going to experience anything, it certainly wasn't going to happen if I kept myself closed off.

So I opened up, and that was the beginning of my real experience of Bali. Was I insecure at times? Sure. I believe there is always an initial feeling of fear when you experience something new. But when you get past it, it gives you an unbelievable rush. The rush I experienced was a feeling of confidence and excitement in my encounters with new and unfamiliar things. But my fondest memory is of the wonderful people I met.

There was certainly a lot to take in. Not to mention the scenery that at first I could only describe as a paradise. Between that, the food, and the prices, it seemed at first to me that the entire trip was nothing less than luxurious. Ironically, I stopped shopping after my third day in Bali. What happened, I can only describe as a shift in my outlook. When I stopped closing myself off, I experienced Bali as more than a Westerner's shopping paradise, or a luxurious getaway. I realized that what I wanted to bring back with me was not trinkets from the market. I wanted something real.

Through my experiences with Balinese people I learned that much of the mystique we hold in regards to ceremonies is created because we place them at a level we believe we can't create in every day life. What I learned, is that ceremony is more about pausing to reflect, and doesn't have to be elaborate. In our fast-paced Western world, things do not lose their sacredness based on the speed in which we operate. Things stop being sacred when we forget to make them so. So with this thought in mind, I truly understood this concept in the act of sharing a beer with a new friend. It was while he opened my forty, that I watched him gently pour a drop of beer on the ground in front of us as an offering. And it was at that moment that I truly understand how a simple gesture of reflection can shape an entire culture

I would be lying if I said that I wasn't captivated by the dances, and moved by the visit to the temple. But they weren't sacred to me. Seeing the temples showed me beauty, but I did not feel the same. Sacred to me was a rainy ride I took on the back of a motorbike, on a dark road, winding past a tree white with sleeping herons and a rice field illuminated with fireflies at night. Sacred to me were the countless conversations I had with people that allowed me to understand more about them, their culture, and myself. What I held sacred were the bonds that I formed and the memories I created with other people.

I spent my last night in Ubud sitting high up on a rooftop under the stars. At this point, I had begun to understand Bali as a real place—with problems that did not exist in America, and wonders that exceeded ours as well. Most of all, I realized that half way around the world there existed people that struggled with the same

dilemmas, and who strived for the same goals. No matter what cultural barriers existed, people remained very much the same. For how could they not, when they looked up at the very same stars I saw back at home? And those stars, just like the people, were beautiful to me.

All the beauty aside—it was just that, and only that—beauty. When I returned to America, I was not touched by the décor of the houses, the clear blue water of the beaches or the beautiful rolling hills; I was touched by the people that resided in them. So with that reflection, I realize that it is not only places that are sacred, but the people that we experience them with. I believe now that one does not need to attend a temple ceremony to experience something sacred. Little things in everyday life can be more ceremonial than any big procession. I think all you have to do is pause.

## A Volunteer's Perspective at St. Francis Inn, Kensington, Philadelphia

**Lily Carlson**

In the evening they lie down on thin blankets and pavement, curl their bodies around everything they own, tight like clenched fists. Kensington Avenue contains a darkness like nowhere else in Philadelphia. The air is murky beneath the elevated subway. Some of them walk around all night and sleep in the light when the shadows are not so harsh. And the ones resting their bodies late on the cracked sidewalks are always wakeful.

The soup kitchen on the corner is empty at night but a lot of them still hang around there, feeling somehow safer in the narrow shade of the building, separated from the whores and the junkies calling out to one another, their voices shrill in the grimy yellow lamp light.

We sleep in the row houses next door and in the morning, dip cups into vats of coffee and hand out day old donuts in brown paper bags. I am someone else to them. Someone I have never been before. We are a team in assorted aprons, smiling and giving and giving and giving till there is no food left. Then we give only paper cups of weak coffee and then we close the door.

They mill around the courtyard with their breakfast, and it's funny to hear the way they talk to each other and also really strange and sad. Their eyes are different than our eyes: deeper and emptier. Some talk in low mumbles, and some have no control; their syllables are flung out and take up too much space in the air. That's how it is, when you're used to only talking in your head.

Rambo wears a dirty bandana around his forehead and a badge that says "SECURITY" pinned to his chest. They have told him at the Inn that he is their protector and he rambles disjointed sentences out of a wide mouth, tells me he wants to dress up to match me and then we could love each other like sisters. Another

dark-skinned guy with long, dangling dreadlocks lingers beside me and tells me, "I'm gonna teach you something right now. You can't be payin' attention to the ones who are stealing more candy than they're allowed to take over here. 'Cause the difference between us and them is that we were raised by somebody, and them, well, they just grew up."

A big-eyed, red-haired teenage boy writes down his phone number on a napkin and shyly slips it into my hand when I bring him his plate. I curl my hand around it and don't look at him, turn away quickly with an utter loss at what to say. I tell my mother and she says, "Well you shouldn't wear such short shorts. I see them looking at you." I yell back, "Let them look, Mom. It's not like it's hurting anybody."

Mostly, the same people come every day. Mostly, wearing the same clothes. They always have new stories and new problems, new needs. "Is there any deodorant today? I need to make a phone call. I walked miles from South Philly this morning without shoes." And there are children, and they are little and sweet with bodies yet unscarred by the life that has scraped at their parents till they are sometimes hardly recognizable as human beings. Mutants, a genetically altered species. Their blood threads so close to the surface of their skin.

At mealtime, they are ushered in to sit down at tables and we bring plates of ham sandwiches and pasta salad. Sometimes it's a lucky day and it's good, like turkey a la king, and a lot of days it's some kind of chunky hodge podge soup. They eat intently and steadily, pouring half in plastic bags, and leave within a few minutes sometimes, forget to say goodbye. They take my hands and say, bless you, bless you, and hold on for longer than one moment, tugging me somewhere away from the place we are in. Or they give me looks of disdain, or beg for extra dessert. Some of them have these ironic looks on their faces, like they just don't know how they got here. One man says with the most serious expression I have ever seen, "This is not my life", and leaves without eating. The other three at the table divide up evenly the food he left behind.

And some of the guests don't ever remember eating

anywhere else. They came as children and now return each day with their young kids. How can anyone expect them to do any different?

One man stands unsteadily in the Inn's thrift store minutes past closing time, opening and shutting his scabby mouth and cloudy, vacant eyes, despairing to tell us what he needs from us: an undershirt, a new pair of pants. We have closed the door so no one else comes in, and asked again and again and listened hard to the noises garbled up from his dry throat. He is swaying like a monumental tree in terrible wind, whole body begging, and we are nearly shaking to know we can no longer help him.



## finger thread

it's all stories,  
years that sing and other things—  
petals that touch  
mahogany tabletops  
across the country.

earthquake.

hologram daughters who  
vanished after a few good nights  
that wasted your memory,  
broke its back:

how your father  
met your mother, eyes locked,  
in the produce aisle  
both bolting for the door,

and while neither knew  
the intentions of the other runner,  
they freebased on instinct,  
dreaming someone's else's dream.

**Brendan Phillips**

## Play, Strike, Prance

Relax and play  
those black and white keys.  
Strike those gloomy, mysterious,  
painful black keys,  
and prance on those happy, angelic,  
cordial white keys.  
Let them embrace you with love.  
They will always listen.  
Allow those black and white keys  
to teach you the difference between  
right and wrong, happy and sad,  
success and failure, strength and weakness, and  
then in this safe place - the piano,  
you will find peace and relaxation.

**Alexandra Allen**

## Attentive Hands

How can I explain the way in which  
 you comforted me throughout the years,  
 the hard times that you held my hand through?  
 Your thumb rubbing my own,  
 back and forth,  
 attentively,  
 letting me know you were there,  
 that you always would be.  
 I will never forget the things your hands have done.  
 The cookies we made from the package never tasted as good,  
 never rolled and molded in your hands.  
 My back itches with the absence of your nails,  
 which were always ready to scratch away the uncomfortable feeling  
 beneath my skin;  
 I wish they could scratch this away as well.  
 Now I must carry it with me,  
 nothing can make it disappear, no matter how faint it becomes,  
 no matter how hard I scratch.  
 Your hands made numerous meals,  
 desserts,  
 filled countless cups of coffee,  
 never idled, and always working.  
 Flipping the cards during double solitaire,  
 yelling because my hands worked faster than yours,  
 you wanted to sit and play with me for hours.  
 I am glad I felt the same way.  
 Those hands pulled me in closer for hugs;  
 were impatient if I took too long to make my way over to you.  
 Your hands did simple,  
 miraculous things.  
 You sculpted this family.

Even at the end, your hands knew their work was still not done.  
You reached out for me.  
Your thumb still rubbing back and forth;  
you wanted me to know that you were still there;  
let me know you needed me.  
I still need you.  
Tears in my eyes, you gave my hand a squeeze,  
you were never through taking care of me,  
of all of us.  
My hands were the ones that were actively looking over you,  
yet, with one squeeze, I knew that you were still in charge.  
Your hands were always there.  
Holding my hand throughout my life,  
is the most beautiful thing your hands have ever done.

**Julie Pease**

## Summer

for my father

I want to memorize this  
our time together - what we did  
without her there to tell me  
You wouldn't want this life  
you're not cut out for it - and me  
the child holding the reins of an unruly horse  
as you took off its shoe and examined its foot  
before putting the new one in place  
for riding far away - from the dirt I had pulled carrots  
shaped like mandrakes - or had stolen sour apples  
that fell beneath the huge tree where yellow and green  
caterpillars hung like earrings in the twilight - or sugar  
I'd taken from the box in the pantry when she wasn't looking.  
It was a fortune of smuggled goods  
with which to win them over  
to keep them still and nudging me for more  
while you attended to their hooves.

She still tells me what to do  
miraculously knows if I've lost something  
she has given me - as I should only like  
what she had - and I don't care - I take these  
things - and wait for prescience to cover me  
like a blanket - she misses you - and wants to die.  
You are in every dream she has - they fill her up  
to being young - and upon waking she reaches backwards  
to you - left only with the bed half empty.

I'm dying to be honest  
and sit her down to listen finally to me  
to see me as I truly am - it's almost hopeless  
and I cannot bear her cursing in three languages  
for all the good it does her - it sends me into silence.  
I've chartered the stars to find the constellation  
of forgiveness - its open milky light inviting me forward  
to resurrection - to love - to the familiar made over  
against the odds of time and space.  
I've memorized this, now, the young girl, her long hair  
slipping from the braids - the mandrake carrot in her open  
hand, the unruly horse tamed and looking at her  
with trusting eyes and her blacksmith father  
whispering in Russian,  
Hold him - hold him tight.

**Anne Elezabeth Pluto**



## Equus

Wednesday began like most.  
Burnt bread in toasters,  
scents that sent us from home.  
Bubbles popped in sepiatone sunlight,  
the percolator on the counter counting  
down minutes to a caffeine conception.

It was calm.  
She didn't remember why,  
but Tucker reared, fearing  
some unknown threat.  
Braced for the fall,  
shoulders followed elbows  
elbows followed kneecaps.

While horse hooves tapped  
a catastrophe in code  
her bones cracked, snapped  
disks slipped in her back.  
Wheat grass  
shook in July breezes  
while her sternum yearned for support  
of more than just a  
faded t-shirt

We feared Superman's fate  
for Wonder Woman.  
a matriarch with back arched in slings  
helpless as if in utero,  
constantly in transit in  
plaster and hospital wings  
and as anesthesia cloaked her  
mind went in through the out door.

Prayers to pass paralysis  
slipped from thoughts to lips.  
and when the scalpel passed hands  
men in white jackets  
scraped shards of bone,  
fused spinal structures  
to build a bridge to betterment.  
6 months lay ahead.  
6 months braced  
by canvas and faux bones,  
bedpans, and helplessness,  
and time.

**Dave Cocco**

## White Dress

With the spirit of a demon and the shape of a massive leach his past slowly creeps up your leg. It sneaks around the back of you and quickly covers your eyes; spreading itself over your body it takes your heart captive and whispers evil into your ears. Its warm breath is playful and cruel and with an eerie calm whispers anger and whispers pain.

He has loved before you, many times. He has been on one knee and not in front of you. The children you have dreamed of all your life, he has already had them with other women. You are too late here. You have fallen short. You can have what's left, but it will never be yours. This love is tainted. These walls will forever echo the moans his heart has made for other women, and for his children that aren't yours. Your dream has drowned in the still waters of his life before you.

It's silent but you can still feel its heavy breath, still you can't move. It slides over your chest and stabs through your heart and rests behind it. Your senses return and you are free now. Free except that now it is inside of you, it moves in your gut. It moves when he says he loves you. It moves when he embraces his children. It creates a pain of sudden realization; a screaming death of his firsts. It grabs at you with a wrenching twist of your insides, mourning a love you have dreamed but was born dead between you.

The imperfection makes you want to destroy this love that exists in this littered place and lives under the broken, inside the regrets and with the confusion;

Looking around you ask yourself, when did this become my white dress?

**Shawna Suffriti**

## Beds In Higher Climates

I.

Two souls,  
perfectly formed  
twin peaks  
coated  
with the watercolors  
of a Chilean sunset.

II.

Two stones, flat-footed,  
carrying dreams of rain  
and travel,  
lying among grains  
of sand  
in which the Philosophers  
see life,  
its complexities.  
Steadfast,  
idle:  
weathered and wind-  
beaten.

III.

It is an affliction  
found only  
among poets.  
The ones who  
travel by night,  
sleeping with  
women  
who lost their delicacy  
to their first husband  
in a hostel  
down on 5th.  
Following in footsteps  
translated unsuccessfully  
where breezes fall,  
palms move.  
The need,  
quivering,  
in time, brought  
to the surface  
and fostered.  
To write,  
to pen ultimately  
their tales  
for the six trumpet  
players  
and the willing ones  
who care for words  
scribbled on tablecloths  
and coasters stolen  
from bars.

## IV.

The Spanish men  
who write  
with callused fingers  
and dream of Neruda,  
just how far he went  
with nothing in his pocket.  
Of love,  
all its valleys,  
fathered  
by overnight ideologies,  
tequila,  
possibilities  
shown as real, not forced  
under streetlights  
illuminating cobblestones,  
staining windowpanes.

## V.

Urgency, frantic:  
a few  
poorly placed steps.  
One foot  
leading the next  
and order, quilt-like,  
unravels.  
It's easy to get lost.  
And the poets  
blush  
when they lose their footing  
and drop their tablecloth words  
into the thicket of hearts,  
never to be  
seen again.

**Brendan Phillips**

# Border Battles: Two Days in Nogales

**Paige Doughty**

In Colleville-sur Mer, Normandy, France, near the D-day beaches of the Second World War, on cliffs overlooking the English Channel there are hundreds of straight rows of carved white graves. Most of them are marked by the angular forms of crosses, others the Star of David. The grave markers grow from bright green grass like morbid flowers. People from all over the world come to pay homage to these manicured lawns full of perfectly placed bodies.

In Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, uneven plywood crosses float above a gutter full of garbage. No grass grows under these stapled pieces of wood. They hang, unplanted, on a wall permeated by the stench of urine, held on by pieces of hand twisted wire. Hundred people from all over the world walk by them daily, although they unseen by most.

In Normandy the fog rolls up from the beaches shrouding the graveyard in silence. The crosses stay firmly in the ground

In Nogales sun beats down on the exposed wall which is the border between Arizona and Mexico. The weathered crosses shift and clatter in the wind.

We, a group of 18 students, pick ragged wooden cross pieces out of the proliferating trash gutter: styrofoam cups, bottle caps, cigarette butts and used toilet paper pay their respects. This memorial is framed by a fourteen foot wall and a parking lot. On the wall itself the words, 'Las paredes vueltas de lado son puentes' - 'Walls turned sideways become bridges,' sprayed rough paint.

Both of these memorials mark their dead but on this battle line there is a different kind of war being waged. In a two day trip to Nogales, the towns that border both the United States and Mexico, I toured both sides of the battle line.

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## **Nogales, Arizona, USA**

"We make an effort to identify them." Our tour guide, a border patrol officer, explains to us at the Arizona Border Patrol facility. We are 'across the line' in the United States, "but if they don't have a record in the U.S. then we have no way of knowing... We send the bodies to the Mexican consulate."

**Nogales, Sonora, Mexico**

'DESCONOCIDO' I write the letters carefully in wet white paint. This word, unknown to me before today, lodges in my lungs between throat and chest. Desconocido. Unknown souls of people who were desperate enough to flee their homeland, face the desert, confront the U.S. border patrol, and lose their lives in the crossing. Amongst the names known are men, women, and children of all ages. The black marker stops working in the middle of the word, between the O and the N. I urge the paint to dry quickly so I can re-letter another fallen cross. I weep silently as I work.

**Nogales, Arizona, USA**

"I wanted to do something good." Our guide offers as an explanation for her decision to join the Border Patrol. "We catch criminals."

"Who are the majority of people that you arrest? Drug smugglers?" someone in our group asks.

"No, the majority are illegal aliens."

I wonder if the numbers that she cites: 73,944 Mexicans arrested in Nogales Arizona, 169 South Americans, 1043 Central Americans, and 267 other nationalities, help her to think she is dealing in data rather than flesh and blood. The number 282 isn't mentioned. This number is the one with which I have become intimate, it is the number of dead immigrants found in Arizona in 2005. It is their names I have written in wet paint.

I wonder if our guide has seen the crosses on the other side of the wall only a few miles from here. I wonder if I am being overly emotional or if she is overly clinical in her talk with us.

**Nogales, Sonora, Mexico**

The badge of a police officer flashes in the sunlight as he directs traffic in the street that runs along the wall. He watches us as we work. There, our guide in Mexico, has notified him of our task, ensuring we will not be bothered by badges while we paint graves.

**Nogales, Arizona, USA**

Badges hang from the zippers on our jackets in the border patrol facilities and we are transformed into 'official' visitors. The shiny badge of our guide means she gets to tell people whether or not they may enter our country. Our badges mean we must follow 'rules and regulations' while we are inside the building:



"NO questions to anyone besides Ms. G. There will be established bathroom breaks. Stick close together, I mean really close. NO PHOTOS (poignant glance towards the camera around my friend's neck) NO VIDOETAPING, and NO BAGS (we all look sheepishly down at the backpacks next to our chairs). Okay, I hope you enjoy your visit!"

"That's my boss." Our tour guide, Ms. G, explains after the barrel chested man has left the room.

### **Nogales, Sonora, Mexico**

Therese Leal is an Opatá/Mexican activist, museum curator and archeologist. She guides our student group through Nogales Sonora. Our tour begins as we cross the border together and ascend into a public bus. The bus drives out of town and into the strange land of industrial park maquiladoras (foreign owned factories). Here American and other foreign parts are assembled by Mexican workers who are paid an average of 30.00 USD per week. Upon assembly the items are returned to the United States for sale. Their sabbatical to Mexico as unassembled parts is masked behind the label 'made in the USA.' Everyday 600 Mercury Tracers pass through Nogales by train, assembled and ready for sale, made in the USA, a good American car.

American tourists do not usually visit this part of Nogales. We are out of place and awkward. For many in our group this is the first time out of the United States. To be stared at because of the color of our skin, the clothes on our backs, the way that we walk in hesitant steps to the doors of the factories with only a few words of Spanish as companion is too much for some to bear. I read discomfort on one young man's face and understand how fear sprouts easily into violence. I touch his arm in a calming gesture. We are not in danger. Mexican maquila workers on their lunch breaks stare. We knock on factory doors asking about the possibility of a tour, none allow us entry.

### **Nogales, Arizona, USA**

At the Border Patrol Most of our tour consists of a power point presentation and a short video that we watch in a windowless conference room. After the presentation, which gives us more numbers, policies and procedures, we are allowed a short question and answer session. Then we are shown a video of the 'Rockings' that occur along the wall.

The grainy film rolls and several young men are featured



through an infrared lens from the U.S. side of the border. Dramatic music plays. Rocks, aimed at border patrol officers in SUVs are pelted over the barbed wire top of 'the wall.'

The throwers, on foot, do not cross to the American side. At one point in the video we see a bloodied vehicle interior and a close up of a border patrol officer's injured face. The rock is the size of a large brick. I am sorry for him. I take no joy in his anguish. I am angry he was hit. He is standing too close to the wall that separates the largest border income gap in the world.

I am supposed to see a danger here, supposed to be moved by the music and the gore of a bloodied face, but all I can think of are Therese's tired, tear filled words of frustration towards the plight of her people,

"It's like throwing stones at the sun."

On one side of a fourteen foot barbed wire topped wall men and women wearing 40-50 pounds of protective equipment are driving in caged vehicles. On the other side civilians in plain clothes are throwing stones at the sun. I'm moved, but not in the way the video intends.

### **Nogales, Sonora, Mexico**

After lunch on a concrete floor amidst maquilas walls our tour continues to the 'colonias' where many maquilas workers live in crumbling shacks on a reclaimed garbage dump. We walk in groups of four through the dirt roads, our school's 'safety precaution,' though I feel much safer and less threatened here than I do while we are in the offices of the Border Patrol. Here I am free to carry my back pack and take photos. Therese attends to a family who is having a small unnamed crisis. Children flock to us chatting and joining in the 'gringo' game of hackey sack. Parents sweep dirt floors. Beyond the neighborhood is the empty Sonoran desert. The main road of this village is 'an avenue' for drug smugglers and illegal immigrants trying to reach the United States.

Here, far from where most tourists' eyes look, there is no wall just 'trip wire.' The neighborhood is peaceful; there is little action except for our presence and the local bus. There are no scrambling desperate people; there are not hordes of immigrants making frantic runs northward. There are none of the threatening things that my imagination might want to believe after watching too much news and media coverage, too many movies. This part of 'the line' is not featured in the Border Patrol video.

### **Nogales, Arizona, USA**

Three framed photographs of smiling middle aged white men hang on a wall in the border patrol station. Mr. Bush, on the left, looks delighted as always. The other two gentlemen look like so many other nameless grey haired 'authority' figures. Above them hangs the Tucson sector mission statement: "...We will carry forth our responsibilities with integrity, impartiality, compassion, honesty, and courtesy." The juxtaposition of the words impartiality and compassion strike me as oxymoronic; another section of the Border Patrol 'rocking video' comes to mind.

This segment contains footage of an attack on the Mexican side. The man being 'rocked' is an immigrant. The story told by the video, as Ms. G explains plainly, is "the man being rocked to death is an immigrant who has not paid the people smuggler, or coyote." The man's dying body is clear in the lens of the high tech infrared security camera safe on the Arizona side. "Dum, dum, dum," the music plays as the camera zooms. Like an action film it freezes on the finally lifeless form.

"If it's on the Mexican side we can't do anything except call the Mexican police." Ms G. explains. Bile rises in my throat at the impartiality. My compassion is in check.

### **Nogales, Sonora, Mexico**

The final stop on our tour of Nogales Sonora is at the wall downtown where we paint crumbling crosses and re-letter names. After explaining our maintenance task Therese leaves to fetch two used prosthetic legs for two people in need. As we work in the pseudo-parking lot along the wall we attract attention. One passerby tries to convince us to paint 'NO BUSH' on the wall. Several other young American tourists see us working, look at the crosses quickly, and move on. They do not stop to chat. The friendly parking lot attendant jokes about hiring us to pick up trash. By the time we are finished he has agreed with Therese to watch over the crosses until our school group returns again next year. Now the Nogales Sonora war memorial has a caretaker too.

### **Nogales, Arizona, USA**

The final stop on our tour at the border patrol is the 'control room' which looks into the holding cells and interrogation area. Here I come face to glass with my first official 'illegal aliens.' A plastic holder full of Girls Scout cookie order forms sits on a pile of technical equipment. A box of thin mints lies open next to a

computer. Through the glass we see the 'aliens' in numbered rooms.

"We keep families, juveniles, men and women separate." Ms. G explains. "We try to keep the families together. They go in room number 11." I feel as if I am in some kind of sick game show as I lock eyes with a boy on the other side of the glass and listen: "Door number four is for females. Behind door number one are those lucky illegal immigrants who have a previous record. Juveniles are put behind door number seven, and behind door number three the winners of the round, the people who will be bused back to Mexico as 'voluntary returns.'" That is, they waive their rights to trial and just this once are transported back without a criminal record.

The young boy in the juvenile holding cell looks amused by our presence. From this side of the glass border he doesn't seem concerned with his temporary detention in Los Estados Unidos. If the children are ten years or older they are separated from their parents when they arrive. If the children are fourteen or under and without a parent, the Mexican consulate is contacted. Back in Mexico they are sent to a detention center. What happens after this? I would have to cross the line to find out, once in Mexico it is not the American Border Patrol's concern. Their work stops at the wall.

Standing in this room looking at thin mints I wonder whose job it is to send these children on their voyage. I wonder if the person who has placed the Girl Scout cookie pamphlets thinks about her or his own children when looking through the glass at people in holding cells, many the ages of Girl Scout salespeople themselves.

### **Nogales.**

Here, in the detention rooms the two Nogales' meet. Nogales Sonora paces behind door number five, his shadow agitated and frantic. He sits in the body of a fourteen year old boy. She waits behind the opaque glass of door number four. They sit together, tired behind door number three, waiting to be loaded onto a bus and dropped on the 'other side.' I do not know why they are here, whether their crimes were as mules, smuggling drugs, coyotes, smuggling people, or illegal aliens struggling for a living wage across the battle line that one side is blind to fighting. For now they are silhouettes in rooms. For now they are not floating names on white crosses, next year, next week, they could be.

Nogales Arizona wears a uniform and a badge and eats thin mints while shipping people to uncertain fates. Nogales Arizona feigns indifference, claims compassion and gives us a tour of a

hardly veiled hypocrisy that states: "The law is what I serve..."

The law is what erects walls and turns people seeking help, food and water, into criminals. I stand amongst the enforcers. This is my country too. I am in this war as much as anyone else; I eat the fruit their hands pick, drive the cars their hard work assembles, wear the clothes their fingers weave. On our way out of the border patrol facility we pass through a sturdy gate, crowned with barbed wire. We hand back our badges. I am a slave to lines.

### **Nogales.**

Here, at the border between Arizona and Sonora, the two Nogales' meet. On our way out of Mexico the man who urged us to paint 'No Bush' on the wall tries to sell us American lollipops. He shows no remembrance of having spoken to us earlier, we are only potential customers as we leave his country with ease, service completed. We hand over soft blue passports. Our bags are x-rayed. We enter back into the United States of America. Mr. Bush is hanging on the wall here too. He smiles from within the frame, delighted as always to welcome us home.

## The Keeper

That night that we were together,  
A layer of sweat and dust was all I had on

When I had regained control of my body,  
After having turned it over to the shuddering and shaking,  
The shivering and quaking,  
the result of your hands, breath, mouth on my skin,  
I pull you back to me  
Draping my leg over yours and curling the rest of myself into your  
arms,  
tucking myself away against your chest  
I let my head rest in the space where the line of your neck  
Intersects  
With the line of your shoulder

The music you put on before our clothes had even come off ends  
A neighbor pulls into the driveway next to the window  
In your room, the fan clicks quietly each time it pauses to change  
direction

Tonight, I feel small  
I feel as if I am just one breath away from shattering into two  
thousand tiny pieces  
But before that breath can come, you are leading me out of the bed  
and into the bathroom

There is just enough light for me to watch as you turn on the  
shower  
Waiting for the water to warm, we stand together on the  
bathmat  
Despite the heat and humidity the night is holding in from the  
day,  
Goosebumps have begun to form on my skin  
A moment passes before you are pulling the shower curtain back  
with your right hand,  
while using your left to help me into the tub

The water is lukewarm  
Closing my eyes while you rinse the dust and sweat from my  
    hair,  
I no longer feel as if I am going to break  
But I have decided that even if I did,  
I know that you would gather and keep the pieces-  
    all two thousand-  
Until I was ready to put them back together

**Lily Rhodeen**

## Back And Forth

I.

Riding the Bus from  
 South Station to Portsmouth  
 (I'm in the window seat,  
 he sleeps on my shoulder)—

Two boats    tear the harbor    into thirds.

moments like these  
 are plenty,  
 lined up and  
 tripping Over one another:  
 when we  
 lay in bed and

he pours like water  
 over me.

II.

(his Parents pick us up,  
 the wind tries to  
 blow us away.

they drove us all the way to his bed.)  
 he spreads out his soul on a quilt  
 begging me

to take a piece, hoping  
 that I might keep it in my back pocket  
 instead of taking  
 my first bite right then.

**Brendan Phillips**



## Outside Looking In

Outside Looking In

I am a twenty year old girl,  
with wrinkles and  
gray hair that  
no one  
else can  
see.

It was heavy,  
and looked fit for  
a princess.

the wrapping paper  
was a thousand diamonds,  
the ohhs, and ahhs  
filled the sweet air.  
the red bow on top  
the perfectly tied and centered  
bow was the cherry.

things are not as they seem.  
I know what is in that box,  
it is heavy with  
secrets,  
regret,  
harsh stinging words and  
tears  
I rip open the box, feigning  
excitement,  
I will never let them  
know.  
They have just given me coal.

## Epitaph for Janakrani Narayan

**Karen Singleton**

Sati, the practice of a widow immolating herself on her husband's funeral pyre, is believed to have originated some 700 years ago. Today this rare practice mainly occurs in northern and central India.

Before us lies Janakrani Narayan, whose action of Sati was at the hands of her own love's will.

The wife was likening to a beautiful meteor, shining its wondrous lovely light upon society. She raced throughout the universal plains of culturally betrothed existence, in a sincere wish to share her gift of honored loved as dutiful wife and helpmate to the community. She had shown brightly the coloured lights of dignity and absolute fidelity.

Her being so true to the honor and divinity of love, that when her soulmate crosses over, sojourning to Hades to search for a higher plain. Naturally her facultative being gave way to a most mournful state of grief at the separation of her heart's desires.

Ah, but lift the veil of mourning, and there it is the bestiality of social reasoning, of cultural religiosity, and the convenient collectivism of mankind's time honored practice of traditionalism.

But alas, I pray thee weary travelers, let up not rush to judgment. For who among us can truly judge the actions of those caught in the throes of love's grief?

Rather than recoil in social recrimination; ponder this, what of love's orphaned child humanity? And no, do not sing songs of lamentation placating the beast called society.

Yea, I say do as she would have done and sing songs of love to elevate the child called humanity ever higher!

## Snake Johnson

Underneath those tattoos  
 And jacket made of skin  
 Is a heart that stopped beatin'  
 And a soul that's paper thin

Up and quit his job  
 Before the Christmas shift  
 To play with a stolen Frisbee  
 That was once a child's gift

He's a monster on paper  
 Get that boy out of the town!  
 What's he doin' with that girl  
 Who's got her feet on the  
 ground?

How could she pick Snake  
 Johnson?  
 Is it the cigars that he smokes?  
 Cause that man will never be  
 Getting' along with her folks

An Atheist no doubt  
 Knows nothin' about labor  
 That worthless boy  
 Doesn't love thy neighbor

Swore in front of a lady  
 And to his principal's face  
 Looked him straight in the eyes  
 And ransacked the trophy case

He's a monster on paper  
 Get that boy out of the town!  
 What's he doin' with that girl  
 Who's got her feet on the  
 ground?

How could she pick Snake  
 Johnson?  
 Is he the only boy to kiss her  
 hand?  
 Cause if that's the case  
 That don't equal a real man

My heart smiles when he laughs  
 At my jokes and not at me  
 And when I look into his eyes  
 I love what I see.

**Val Maloof**

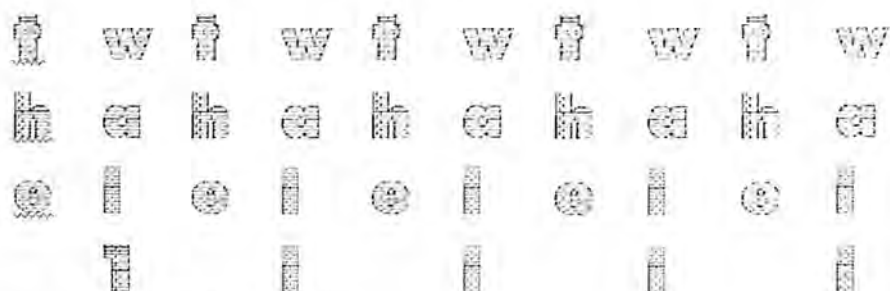
**Title: Bruising Kisses**

*Autographing*

your

**BRAIN**

a c r o s s



REMEMBER YOUR  
REMEMBER YOUR  
REMEMBER

your

**BRUISING**



**Kimberly Tringali**

## I feel a loss

I feel a loss. She says, I feel a loss and I can't figure out where the pain is. I say that because it is a pain- a physical ache. I feel like a soldier who has lost a leg. I feel the missing piece, I feel it and it hurts.

She holds herself in a clutching hug and stares blankly into her coffee.

I feel sad, she says.

I feel as though I am being picked apart by crow's teeth in front of a symphony orchestra.

They strike a chord and my liver is slowly devoured.

These ropes, she says, they're huge. She holds herself tighter and stares at the doorway.

My palms are sweating. My hands have been shaking.

I don't even try to pour my own drinks anymore. I never, ever pick up paper in public.

Intent on the door, she says, I will never make it out. I'll get stuck here in some snow-globe reality where everything is futile and cyclical until someone pulls the plug, and then it's just over, no more glitter or one dimensional buildings or flamingoes; just nothing at all I feel angry. Her nails begin to dig into her sides. I feel so incredibly angry. My teeth are fangs and I want to bare them at everyone who talks to me. I want to scare them all until they disappear. Until they leave me alone for good.

She has begun to tremble almost imperceptibly.

I AM SO ANGRY.

She says.

It isn't like me. I'm never angry—I am always fine, fine like hair, fine like lace, fine like tissue paper. Someone has set me on fire.

She takes her coffee cup in shivering hands and pushes it against her cheek, leaning on it heavily.

THIS IS ARSON. CALL THE COPS.

Drawing her arm back in one swift motion, she hurls it at the door. There are shards of porcelain everywhere.

That, she says pointing at the sharp mess she's made, is how I feel all the time.

That is waiting for me in front of every day.

That is what I walk across, barefoot, just to go to the grocery store.

This is pointless, she says, curling back into herself. You hear about it all the time. This sort of thing, emotional is so Done. In this city nothing is original; I could be anyone.

There are stories I've heard, stories about bravery, about wars and prostitutes and single mothers and the men who built the Empire state building. D.B. Cooper and the Illustrated man, Keith Haring and Joan of Arc. Fucking Joan of Arc, even she's become clique.

These people, they are the heroes.

I'm being burned at the stake and god could give a shit about talking to me.

If I were real, I'd tattoo this pain all over my body with thick black ink, I'd sell myself all the way to redemption, I'd erect steel girders around this mess- stretching it into the sky forever. I'd paint colorful murals and they would move a nation of people to action, I'd love my children, fight for them and die with dignity.

I FEEL A LOSS.

All the blood is rushing to my head. I black out in clouds of starry afterimages. I stand up too fast and feel like I'm falling and my eyes fill with squid ink. Do you see? She asks- Do you see? Gesturing at the door and the white clay shards on the stained blue carpet- That's all there is!

I don't even notice flowers or baby's hairstyles anymore.

You know those pushcarts that sell roasted nuts? In winter I'd buy them, not to eat just to have- I'd hold the little wax paper package and feel it warming my hands and I'd breathe in the smell—that smell, you know it- sweet and bread-like and buttered- I'd breathe it in and then when I was ready I'd give the nuts away to someone who looked hungry.

It was my favorite part of the season.

I can't smell those anymore. I don't see the vendors. I haven't fed anyone in months.

I am submerged. I see things in fast clips; waves are breaking over my face every second. Sometimes I see myself in windows or other people's eyes and I can't help but notice how calm I look. How

planned I look. How passable and human and khaki pants-pressed-  
polo-blonde-wife-of-a-stock-broker-house-in-the-hamptons I look.  
Other days, in subway doors I can see how downtown- east-village-  
punk-kid I look; or I see a suburban mom; or a gangsta girl from Gun  
Hill. I am a cubicle worker, I am a teenybopper, I am an editor at a  
magazine or a chef at the Plaza.

Don't you see? It's the phantom limb aching, It's a missed memory,  
its all my blood and every piece of me screaming for escape.

It's horrible.

It's suffering. Its disillusion and anger and mania; I am desperate,  
terrified and ruined.

I am out of control.

I am losing my grip.

I am passable

I am basic.

I could be anyone.

**Rae Jacobson**



## Sestina

Some months I feel like heaving planets  
Into the sun, twisting comets  
Onto my knuckles  
All the while, wrapping the Milky Way  
About my wrist, God's ball and chain  
All creation cannot subdue my fight

When everything else fails, I am left to fight  
As the sole survivor on a mannequin planet  
Kicking up dust with my father's old chain  
Snaking danger, scrutinized by every grim comet  
I will shoulder the lifeless out of my way  
And smirk at each cheek through the cracks in my knuckles

Here, wade in the dunes, watch me draw clocks in the sand with my  
knuckles  
Stand in the ocean, wink at each wave I must fight  
Come to my yard, see the swings there turn in a way  
That you've come to accept on this, one lonely planet  
Where the only things that rain are the comets  
And the stars are just hot soldered links in a molten midnight chain

Who is to say I cannot dress in these chains  
Suffocating under such a gross weight, collapsing onto my knuckles  
Calling help, they are sure to come running like flared comets  
And soon as summer, God, I will be saved from your sick fatal fight  
Raise me from the rusted sheets of air hovering on this vile planet  
Please, just take me as a son, wash my soul in sulfur, and send me on  
my way  
Because the statues here stare at me in such a way  
With tickling grins like a terracotta chain  
They embody but one moment in the age of this planet  
And yet, I grit my teeth and tap my knuckle

On each clay temple, looking for a fight  
From a cold, cold man while I retain the swelter of one-thousand  
angry comets

So I will lie on a dirt mound, staring at the delicate dancing comets  
At night, no longer any will to find a way  
To escape, for who alive can judge my abandoned fight?  
This man's throat has hardened into one barbed chain  
As he lays to rest, quelled in the soil, his violent knuckles  
Man shall reside at the most devastating impact, when into the sun,  
I cast my  
    lonely planet

Each eye may melt like those dead planets, our teeth can combust  
alongside the

    Devil's comets

I cannot feel this, I will not feel the boil of my knuckles, there is but  
one true way  
To singe the skins of our chains, be the first to burn with a chest full  
of fight

**Michael Manahan**

## Contributor's Notes

**Alexandra Allen** is a junior majoring in Elementary Education and English. She currently resides in New Hampshire with her mother and brother. She thoroughly enjoys creative writing during her free time. Alexandra loves to travel and spend time with her family and friends.

**Pamela Tanner Boll** is an artist, writer, filmmaker, and activist. Pam brought her activism and her art closer together by co-executive producing the Academy award-winning film, "Born into Brothels: The Kids of Calcutta's Red Light District." She is currently producing the following film projects: "Global Moms"; "Life on the Edge: True Stories of Doctors Without Borders"; "9/12: From Chaos to Community"; "Kashmir"; and "In a Dream". She is also currently directing and producing a new film, "Who Does She Think She Is?" This film is a personal narrative by Pamela, which focuses on the lives of six women artists who are also mothers, partners, and community members. Pamela revisits her own struggle to hold onto her art making as a wife, mother, and contributing member of her community. She was raised in Parkersburg, West Virginia then graduated from Middlebury College. She and her husband live in Massachusetts with their three teenage boys.

**Lily Carlson** is a Photography major at The Art Institute of Boston and has been writing since she was a little girl. In addition to short essays, she writes poetry, music, and short stories. She hopes to continue writing and someday have a career in writing.

**Dave Cocco** is a sophomore at Lesley College studying English and Drama. He is glad to be contributing to Commonthought for the first time.

**Dr. Dass-Brailsford**, a native of South Africa, is a faculty member of the Division of Counseling and Psychology at Lesley University. She has published on child abuse and neglect, resiliency and the effects of trauma on psychotherapists. Her first book, "A Practical Approach to Trauma: Empowering Interventions" was published in early 2007. She has presented to over 50 organizations both nationally and internationally and has a consulting practice called "Empowering Interventions."

**Paige Doughty** completed her graduate degree in Environmental Education in 2007 with Lesley University's Audubon Expedition Institute. After completing an internship with Public Radio International's Living on Earth, Paige will be working as a freelance environmental journalist and educator.

**Rae Jacobson** is a longtime writer from Brooklyn, New York. She spends her time hanging out on rooftops, reading, and making up recipes.

**Naomi Kaplan** is a senior with majoring in Education and Creative Writing. She writes poetry and short fiction. She has enjoyed writing since she was eleven.

**Sonya Kendall** graduated with a major in English from Lesley College in 2006.

**Michael Manahan**, a freshman English major at Lesley College, is originally from Morris Plains, New Jersey. This is his first time submitting to Commonthought and he's glad to have been a part of it.

**Val Maloof** is a sophomore Creative Writing major from Weymouth, MA and has wanted to be a writer since the age of five. After college her dream is to jet off to New York City to write for Saturday Night Live. She loves thrift store shopping and "Will and Grace."

**Julie Pease** is a member of the class of 2008. She is majoring in English and Secondary Education. She is passionate about writing and hopes to pass this on to others in the future. One day she will antagonize the greater part of humanity through the written word.

**Brendan Phillips** is a freshman at Lesley College majoring in English.

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**Lily Rhodeen** recently graduated from Lesley College with a degree in Child and Family Studies: Policy and Advocacy. Still living in the Boston area, she can usually be found at a nearby Dunkin' Donuts, enjoying a delicious breakfast sandwich and iced coffee.

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**Ashley B. Tripp** graduated from Lesley College in May of 2007 and has started a career at Arnold Worldwide Advertising in Boston. This is her third year as Graphic Designer for Commonthought. She would like to thank Anne Pluto for all she has done as well as Big Mama Tripp, Papa Dale and Wendy for the advice.









