Commonthought

2002
Commonthought 2002
is dedicated
to all the victims of
September 11th
Contents

Poetry

6. Alone We Stood Together
   Carla Andrea Zuazo

8. safe
   Aleda Richeson

10. Untitled
    Laura “Deetle” Nelson

12. Snow White and Red Rose
    Stephanie Petrolito

13. Constellation of the Wolf
    Selina Lang

14. Snow White
    Carla Andrea Zuazo

17. So Many Types of Lovers
    Stephanie Petrolito

18. Play House
    Anonymous

19. The Moonlight’s Gaze
    Stephanie Petrolito

23. Sonnet
    Carla Andrea Zuazo

24. Fairy Tale Poem
    Audry Harris

4 Commonthought
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Naomi Bass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>Remember</td>
<td>Audry Harris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Mallory Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>Loved One</td>
<td>Ayesha Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39.</td>
<td>Wish Upon a Star</td>
<td>Mallory Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41.</td>
<td>Picking Up The Pieces</td>
<td>Ayesha Thomas</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Prose

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>A Special Request</td>
<td>Aleda Richeson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>Vestibule of Hell</td>
<td>Naomi Bass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Laura “Deetle” Nelson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43.</td>
<td>Contributors</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cover Photography and Design by Kerri Schmidt

Commonthought 5
Alone We Stood Together

Desolate wind
caress her
She needs comfort
to ease her pain.

I saw her cry
within the grave.
How could I not find
her wondering ghost?

I saw her there
   Alone
And yet
I could not speak.

The smokey air
burned our hope
She stood there helpless
   Alone.

I felt her pain.
I grieved her soul
I teared her tears
And cried her pleas.
   Alone
we both stood
inhaling smoke.
She needed help and
still I did not know
how to say I’m sorry.
I did not
hug her to
release her pain.
I could not
be that newfound friend.

I saw her turn
and disappear
within the airy smoke
And there I stood
    Alone

Pleading forgiveness
for I did not know
how to approach her
how to ease her pain
how to become
her needy friend.

Forgive me
For not knowing

And for what
I still do not know.

Carla Andrea Zuazo
Alone We Stood Together

Desolate wind
caress her
She needs comfort
to ease her pain.

I saw her cry
within the grave.
How could I not find
her wondering ghost?

I saw her there
Alone
And yet
I could not speak.

The smokey air
burned our hope
She stood there helpless
Alone.

I felt her pain.
I grieved her soul
I teared her tears
And cried her pleas.
Alone
we both stood
inhaling smoke.
She needed help and
still I did not know
how to say I’m sorry.
I did not
hug her to
release her pain.
I could not
be that newfound friend.

I saw her turn
and disappear
within the airy smoke
And there I stood
   Alone

Pleading forgiveness
for I did not know
how to approach her
how to ease her pain
how to become
her needy friend.

Forgive me
For not knowing

And for what
I still do not know.

Carla Andrea Zuazo
safe

angels on my rainy day
come down
hover over pavement and glass
we wander unknowing
babies naked and cold
in the harsh light and air
of a sterile hospital room
searching for soft green
a tree something sturdy I can hold on to
soft I can curl up in
wanting to feel
the stones at the bottom of the river
minnows grazing my legs
be baptized by you
baptized by my own spirit and renewed
give me some way to wash away this filth that has
time in my throat eyes nose nightmarish visions
of what they felt
as the world fell apart cracked open and
consumed innocence
naivety
our technology won’t save us now as cell phones
and palm pilots are crushed by steel and
bones
rewind back to the beginning
back to our beginnings
the womb
birth canal
skin and lighteyes are open
then closed
mouths are screaming
then silent
unlearn everything learned
undo everything done
remember
forget

Aleda Richeson
'cause the ocean waves will never stop crashing
and because the night is not long enough for those
   long talks
and because all the important words are unknown
and because every time someone frowns
   someone smiles at
exactly the same time
and because you make me smile
life is worth living

some think they will die when someone figures
   them out
and that is a truth I cannot doubt

the truth and fear can be
   two different phenomena
but they both work hand in hand

'cause the little birds will never stop flying
and because the day is not long enough for those
   long walks
and because all the important poets are unknown
and because every time someone cries
   someone laughs at
exactly the same time
and because you make me laugh
life is worth living
broken signals are hard to understand
and that is the truth we must reprimand

the truth and reality confuse me at times
and that is the truth that never flies

'cause the roses will never stop growing
and because twilight in not long enough for those
long pauses
and because all the important voices are unknown
and because every time someone leaves my life
someone new steps in
and because you're part of my life now
life is worth living

time will tell us what we don't want to hear
and that is the truth we must make clear

the truth and the heart can be two different
enigmas
both foreign to each other but always together

Laura "Deetle" Nelson
Snow White and Rose Red

White as the moon herself
Brilliant with her own beauty
Pure in heart and spirit
As true as the white rose

Red as the warning of the morning sun
Loving as the girl she was raised to be
But with a spark that ran deep
As passionate as the red rose

Clashes of color bonded by blood
In a love that runs deeper than hue

Enter beloved, dark, the black
The enchanted beast that sheds his furs
To reveal his gold

White versus black, immortal enemies
Rip down the barriers for love.

Stephanie Petrolito
Constellation of the Wolf

Hi tree
stand still
and we'll climb
hide us, while we vow to always wear purple*
and have big gardens, and tutus
we'll own the world
just by being in it.
Shake your leaves
and we'll dance around, with bare feet and bare chests
sparkling.
Laugh with us
we are the stars who get caught in your branches
this is where we come together
where we can be whole.

'from “When I Am An Old Woman I Shall Wear Purple”.

Selina Lang
Snow White

There you lay
pale and white
ignorant
yet,
so wise.

Have you not learned?

Eve bit the apple 1
and cursed our life.

Now you lay
cursed as well
Unconscious
Powerless
against prowling sinners

Did you not know?

Desire causes grief
Take Daphne's escape
only to become a tree. 2

And yet,
you remain
so innocent
and pure.

1 Bible. Genesis. Adam and Eve.
Did you not hear?

Of Prosperine’s virginal rupture
only to become
the underworld Queen? 3

Have you not thought?

Women are fruit
of all sins.

And yet,
there you sleep
within your dreams
lusting love
awaiting your prince.

I see you eager
to bless your kiss
But ask
Francesca,
Cleopatra,
Or Helen
which circle they now remain 4
lusting eagerly
for their hellish prince.

3 Ovid’s Metamorphosis. Book 1.
4 Dante’s Inferno. Canto V.
Sleep my Beauty
asleep you cannot sin
awake only
when your prince arrives.

Sleep - my Beauty - Sleep
and let women's curse
Die within your dreams.

What makes you different
from all women's cry
is that
you lay there
ignorant
yet so wise.

An innocent protected
by her
seven deadly sins.

5 Sleeping Beauty
6 Snow White's seven dwarfs are the seven deadly sins.

Carla Andrea Zuazo
So Many Types of Lovers

- The "hopeless romantic", a nice walk on the beach and she is yours forever.
- The "timid lover", "Gosh, I think you are really nice, but should we be doing this?"
- "The nymphet", she is the one who has you stripped and jumped before you make it into the bedroom.
- There is the "scholarly type", who explains why she does what she does, and how it will increase sexual pleasure.
- The "dominatrix", who will tan your ass, and get off doing it.
- The "free-spirit" who loves sex and thinks it is human nature to do it anywhere, anytime, with anyone (or anything)!
- The "virgin", no, now wait, I am trying to be realistic here!
- There is the "clumsy lover"; she is the one who always ends up falling off the bed, or breaking the mood by accidentally punching you in the eye.
- The "gymnast", GOD BLESS 'EM!
- The "asexual", yeah admit it, we have all thought about it!
- The "bitch", basically: HER WAY OR THE HIGHWAY WHEN AND HOW SHE WANTS IT-type.
- And then of course, there is me, a complex blend of every lover priorly mentioned. Now, ask me why I am single.

Stephanie Petrolito
Grandma sips her white wine and stares at the birdcage which belonged to the parakeet who flew away on Easter. Mom is fucking the bearded man again. And the big-blue-eyed baby talks to her stuffed tiger. Shhhhh, they're quiet now. Let them be quite.

Mom runs to the kitchen and grabs the butcher knife the bearded man follows. "I'll cut off my wrist, I'll fucking do it" the heroin says the man pleads, and the blue-eyed baby, who is not so baby like tells mom to stop.

Mom and the man return to the bedroom And the baby talks to the tiger.

Anonymous
The Moonlight's Gaze

Twisting beams of power,
Engulfing the darkness of night.

An eerie haze filters through,
Giving common objects,
A new façade.

Through this unknowing and obscurity,
Comes the comfort of familiarity.

Child of the night,
Darkness soothes thy soul,

Bring peace to a chaotic world,
A chaotic life.

Only at night do we feel safe,
Protected from the cruelties of day,
Of light.

Stephanie Petrolito
A Special Request

My dream last night invaded my senses in the same way that all of the others had. The house smelled of death. Ghosts of my beloved ancestors floated above my head. This is the home of my dreams, my fairytales. This place is my history with all of its dark corners, musty books, photographs and music boxes. I went into the kitchen to make coffee the way my aunt had taught me, the old Belgian way. Crack one egg, mix the egg and its shell with the coarse coffee grounds at the bottom of the glass pot to cut the acidity, fill it with water and boil. As it began to froth I made sure to stir it well so that all of the particles settled down at the bottom. The silence was heavy as I lifted my head. The only sounds were those of the gas stove and the wailing peacock out by the barn. Night was just beginning to fall and everything was glowing blue and quiet. I went out onto the porch to drink my coffee and sat on one of the dependable rockers they used to sit on for hours watching the trees, birds and the water. The pond was now covered in duckweed, a beautiful shade of green, yet a terrible pain in the ass to try to get rid of. The same old ducks
waddled around the edge of it and even the deer came out to get a good look at me. A hummingbird buzzed up to the barren feeder and then started to work on the nearby honeysuckle. My eyelids became heavy and started to flutter as I focused on the tiny beating wings.

Dizzy, I went back inside and put on a clean, white nightgown. I don’t know what made me climb those winding stairs to the balcony bedroom. I had never slept up there, even when my aunt was still alive and it was her room. The bed was built into the wall like a fairy cottage. I stumbled into bed and fell asleep as angels began to gather around my bed.

Somehow I made it down those stairs in the middle of the night and woke to find myself in the living room. You came to me in white, gliding so gracefully above the floor. I felt peaceful, full and warm, like a baby feels in her mothers’ arms. There was so much love inside, it completely overwhelmed me and I fell to the floor. There were three or four others behind you, all with the softest, white fur.
You were by far the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. You rubbed your face up against my cheek as I stroked your fur. Inside each other's heads, we spoke the same language, never once opening our mouths. You needed me to carry a child for you and only I could be the one. There was no hesitation, and unafraid I told you I would do anything you needed and placed my hand over my belly. Rising, I was suspended in mid-air, higher and higher above you, above the fireplace, the furniture, and the beams that held up the roof of my castle. In your eyes I saw my fears, secrets, dreams and love reflected.

I woke up this morning, heavy with nostalgia, peacefully melancholy. I missed this wolf-spirit of my dream. I could still smell and feel the fur. My hand on my warm belly, I remembered the baby and thought that perhaps my wolf-girl-dream-baby was actually me, waiting for a re-birth; wild, free and completely fearless.

Aleda Richeson
Sonnet

We Renga
Women within us all
An outcast speaks to a ghost
Daddy’s little girl never forgets her home
Such a happy lovely girl
grabs the tiger by the toe
then drowns in her sea of tears
when darkness has soothed her soul.
Holding a Candy Dot Maker
Alone we stand together
We’re just friends and
we’ll own the world
With a teacher who embraced us
Women within us all.

Carla Andrea Zuazo
Fairy Tale Poem

She was a girl with her future already known. Cursed by the uninvited guest, and written in stone. The fairies kept her safe and unharmed. For many years in their cottage charmed.

She sang and she danced, her life full of joy. Never knowing of the evil witches ploy. Her sixteenth birthday she was pricked, All of her kingdom had been tricked.

So sleeping she lay Much to her parent's dismay. Kept in a castle high on a cliff, Till a prince would come with his special gift.

Then she would awaken, and her kingdom too Full of love and happiness, and much to do.

Audry Harris
Untitled

Love me.
Caress my cool smooth skin.
Rescue me with your mighty arms.
I wish to know your sweet touch
Against my tender, aching body,
To sleep peacefully in your hands.

Fuck me.
Pillage my steaming nakedness.
Slaughter me with your mighty bayonet.
I wish to bear your heavy thrusts
In my frail, featureless body,
To drip-bleed your salty cum.

Leave me.
Scream at my empty self.
Tear me with your blinding rage.
I wish to forget your numbing gaze
Traveling up and down my worthless body,
To turn my back and cry as I drown in my sea of tears.

Naomi Bass
Remember

I remember home...
The silence, peaceful and serene,
Brisk air smelled of fall
I sit on the porch drinking tea,
Watching the stars appear
Curling up blanketed, in a rocking chair,
Against the cold
The purring cat on my lap

Now I am in the city,
Cars busily rushing by
The smell of rancid exhaust permeates the air
There is no porch
The stars are harder to find
How I dream of home

Audry Harris
Do you remember when you first said you loved me? The words pulled the spinning in my brain to a grinding halt and, though my perception remained blurred, I remember smiling faintly. “Naomi!” you cried. “Please stay awake!” I moaned and, voice suddenly hushed, you whispered “I love you.” The words spun a thread that I grasped onto desperately, and as I struggled to remain conscious, they resonated in my mind and thundered in my heart. I didn’t respond then, whether because I was slipping in and out of reality or afraid of inevitable loss, I don’t know. But you touched me deeply that night.

I have never been so close to so many people before. You stand behind me with your arms around my waist in a touching effort to protect me from harm. Near the front of the stage where we stand, the atmosphere is thick with angry sweat, for here is the ideal place to unleash the rage each of us internalizes. Who knows how many people’s bodily fluids I am bathed in, but the fury and the hot sticky sweat turn me on. I shiver with a surge of carnal desire and hold you closer, feeling warmth bubbling inside me.

The crowd is tense, waiting impatiently for Trent Resnor and his accomplices. People push to move forward, and those of us in front are shoved violently into each other. At times, the whole crowd shifts to one side or the other, and it is so thick I can
pick up my boots and sway with the movement. I find this oddly peaceful in such an aggressive atmosphere. Occasionally, the sideways shift is so sudden and forceful that I fall among everyone's bumping knees and slamming feet and have to struggle to stand straight using other peoples' clothes and even hair. This cultivates some panic inside me, and I try to continue breathing steadily. It is no easy task.

When the band finally comes on, the restlessness explodes into instant fury. I jump up and down without ever touching the floor. Mosh pits form behind us and push us forward more viciously than ever. You keep me close, warding off evil and careless enemies. I feel your heartbeat against my back and am strangely comforted. Eventually, I find myself on the edge of a pit where hell-demons flail furiously and occasionally thud to the floor. My duty on the edge is to shove those that try to escape back into the flames, as though I am hell's gatekeeper. Someone shoves me in and, fear turning rapidly to heart-pummeling panic, I cover my head and make a mad dash to the opposite side. Equally lucky and annoying, guys try to stop when girls enter the pit. It angers those who want to join in the violent commotion some consider dancing. They are dubbed too weak. Too weak! These are hell's angels, for Christ's sake!

Out of nowhere, a nameless crowd surfer kicks me in the back of the head with a steel-toed boot. The lights and the sweat and the pulsating of the bass all
blur into one blue throb and as I crumple to the floor, Trent Resnор bellows foretelling lyrics. "Try to help myself but myself keeps slipping away." Is it you who rescues me from endless pairs of trampling boots, pulling me to my feet amidst a roaring herd of fans? Our only escape is above the crowd, and you boost me up to be carried roughly by a sea of groping hands. Moments later, sitting in the stands, Trent Resnор menacingly sings "Bow down before the one you serve, you’re going to get what you deserve." The blue throb turns to a numbing gray haze; my eyes close and I rest my pulsating head on your winded shaking shoulder.

So what inspired you to murmur such weighty words as we sat in the parking lot after the show, waiting for the endless mess of cars to sort themselves out? Void of concrete thought, I felt your heart beating in my crotch and a slow, rhythmic pounding in my head. But you were sincere, that I do not doubt. Still, at times I have pondered your motivations. Perhaps you already knew you loved me, and were somehow impelled to proclaim it then? Or did you learn only then, anguished and frightened, that the turmoil you felt was sparked by a passion only love could encompass?

Naomi Bass

1 Lead singer for industrial rock band Nine Inch Nails.
Untitled

i feel twisted
you did this, you did this.
spun me around...
what's up?
down?
where's left?
right?
i am lost.
i see the words in my mind,
see them beyond my grasp.
tears well up inside,
threaten to wash me away...
far
away.
three little words shouldn't be this hard to say.
i blame you
i blame you
i
blame
you.
you told me lies to keep me down.
i believed.
you cast me away.
i went.
i was whoever you wanted me to be.
i was nothing.
i have no words to describe you
only tears
that refuse to
fall.
you made me ashamed of them
i can't change now
you broke me
broke me
broke
me.
i am not sad
i am tired of depression
tired of guilt
tired
tired of you
i burn inside
burn away to nothingness
become me
i become
nothing
never again
never
again
again you bring me to my knees
pain...pain...

Commonthought 31
again
STOP
stop
stop
stop
stop.
you did this
i blame you
tired
never
pain
again
STOP
stop.

Mallory Smith
Loved One

Gazing down upon this cold being,
A distorted version of someone familiar.
The usually moist, peach lips are now chapped
and sewn together.
A dark complexion now faded to gray.
Ironically, your face is the chubbiest it's ever been.
A smile breaks the mood,
As I hear you tell me, "You're looking a little thick there."
Seconds later I'm being force fed by you.

I'm brought back to this rigid being,
Dressed in the warmest outfit possible (you were always so cold),
That no longer serves it's purpose,
Because this vessel will forever be...
Frozen like a body of water,
On the coldest day of winter.

Ayesha Thomas
Today is my day off and so I’m going to walk around the city, see what I can see; maybe I’ll even learn something. New York’s one of those cities you can never really see for what it is until you’ve really been there for a long time and still you can never know everything. I’ve lived in this city my whole life and still every week I can find a new place I never would have found if I wasn’t stumbling around randomly. Today I’m just going to walk and not even look at where I’m going; I’ll ask directions of where the heck I am later. So I began to walk and the wind whipped around the buildings and through my short hair. I started thinking about the first time I had put on these boots I was wearing. I had gotten them from a friend of mine a few years ago. They were damp in the toe because my friend had been puddle jumping the day before. Just then a cat ran out in front of me. It had no tail. I kept strolling on. All these people on the street are afraid to make eye contact with me; most of them are talking on cell phones and getting lung cancer. I decided to light a butt just then; it was my last one. The last one in the pack always tastes the best. An old lady standing next to me at the corner started complaining about my smoking. I put it out after only two drags on the whole thing. I don’t mess around with old ladies; they terrify me, sometimes. I think women in general scare me. I entered a small café called “The Sandwich,” ordered a BLT,
and continued my thoughts. I think the reason women scare me is because I don’t understand them. I don’t know. I’ve been attracted to women most of my life and I’m gentle, and sweet and very sensitive to their needs while ignoring my own. I’ve been taught to think the world of women and I respect them as my equals. Why don’t they respect me? They treat me like crap. They use me then leave me for someone they know is going to hurt them. Am I doing something wrong? Is there something wrong with me? I can’t imagine ever hurting anyone. I’m not really that attracted to many people, but when I do find myself attracted to someone to the point where I’ll die if I don’t tell them, they end up making me feel so stupid for letting my self feel anything at all. And then I go home and I cry. I don’t cry often. I only cry when driven to an extreme. It takes so much of my own energy to just talk to someone about anything let alone how I feel. My sandwich came; it had mayonnaise on it. I don’t like mayonnaise. I ate the sandwich anyway. As I took my last bite a woman sauntered in and sat down next to me, she was crying. I felt really weird, but after five minutes of building and plotting what I was going to say to her, I finally spoke. ‘Are you ok?’, I asked. ‘I hate my life,” she said. ‘Why do you hate your life?’ This was the wrong question to ask. All my building up just crumbled. And my shy, nervous,
anxious self came flying out.
She unrolled her sleeve exposing several scars from cut marks.

“I hate my life because I cannot escape it. Will you kill me?”
No matter how much preparation I make before I talk to someone, it never goes how I think it will and I start to get really nervous.

“I um... can’t uh... kill you ‘cause I don’t know. I just uh... can’t.”

“You’re a stupid, selfish asshole”, she screamed in my face.

She ran to the bathroom. I felt obligated to wait for her even though I didn’t really know this woman at all, plus she left her purse on the counter. The next thing I know the bus boy is on the phone calling 9-1-1. An ambulance arrives.

Time of death 12:43. Her body is covered with a tablecloth. An officer is trying to ask me what happened. I didn’t even know her name. After things had settled down. I hit the sidewalk again.

A cat crossed my path. It had no tail. They say this city makes you tough. I am not tough when it comes down to it. When the first girl that screwed me left me because I wanted an actual relationship I thought I was going to literally fall over and die.

I want to meet someone that’s not messed up that won’t intentionally rip my heart out and pour acid on it. “Oh crap....i’ll get it...ah! Taxi same to you - buddy got it here ya go.” I handed the little boy back his teddy bear that he had dropped in the street.

36 Commonthought
"Thanks," he said in his little kid's voice.
His mom looked at me like I was out of my mind
and grabbed her kid and walked off in the
opposite direction. I decided I had had enough for
one day and started to walk home. My apartment
is on the fourteenth floor on an apartment
complex. Actually it's the 13th floor but when you
step on the elevator it jumps from 12 to fourteen
on the button panel. I sat down on my couch; well
actually it was more of a love seat. I couldn't
afford a real couch. I put the only movie I owned
into the VCR. I had watched this video of "The
Little Mermaid" exactly 55 times. I'm not sure if I
like it yet, but it's better than watching another
dysfunctional teen go to boot camp or watching
some show dealing with cross-dressing lesbians
who like to sleep with underage men. I don't need
to watch those talk shows I can just walk around
my apartment complex and see a lifetime of
disturbing people that are willing to tell you their
life story in raw uncensored detail. The girl that
gave me "The Little Mermaid" video lives down the
hall. She has 3 kids and a gerbil. Ten bucks says
that the gerbil can recite the whole movie too. I
decided to take a nap. Then the phone rang; it was
work, they wanted me to come in and work the
evening shift. I agreed to come in even though it
was my day off. I decided to skip dinner because
the only food I had in my house was an empty
pickle jar with pickle juice, a stale cracker, and
fermented apple juice. I worked in a café called

Commonthought 37
the "Leather Squirrel"; the café caters to gay men mostly though every now and then confused straight men in suits walk in. Usually I just bus dishes, but tonight I have to wait tables because they are desperate. I approached my first table. One of the men has a on a flannel shirt and khaki pants. The other has a Rush Limbaugh t-shirt on. 'Do you know that this is a gay café?', I ask. One of them had the nerve to glance back at me as they left. Just then the evening waiter came in, so my boss said I could leave. I hit the street again. This time I ran into an old girlfriend. She kisses me, says she's sorry she blew me off last year then she just walked away with no further discussion. I don't understand women; I really don't. I stormed into the first high class restaurant I saw, went to the bathroom and asked the fancy towel holding restroom hostess, 'What's for dinner?'

Laura "Deetle" Nelson
Wish Upon a Star

Do you hoard your wishes?
Saving them for that moonlit night
when you see the first star to shine?
Do you wish upon a star
for the things you’ll never have?
Do you sigh wistfully as you
go over them again and
again?

I give my wishes to any
body in the heavens that is
willing to listen.
I send them up with a tear
to remind them where
they came from and
a prayer and I
hope. Do you send your wishes
away from you?

Send them off for a better
chance than you’ll ever have?
Send them in the hope that
someone might hear,
and that someone might
care?

Commonthought
The stars glitter,
making empty promises to
grant wishes that will never be.
I am left standing,
naked and alone, stripped of
even dreams and I
cry.

Mallory Smith
Picking Up The Pieces

At a loss for words,
As I look back upon this week's events.
I'm numb.
Nothing's real.
Some may say I'm heartless...
Others say it hasn't hit me yet.

I sit...
Remembering the words of my grandmother,
"Everyone dies.
When it's your turn to go,
It's your turn to go,
And there's nothing you can do about that."

I find solace in the fact that
So many victims were brave.
They shared my grandmother's belief.
With one last call to their loved ones,
They were ready to accept their fate.

As difficult as it is for those left behind to
believe,
It's time...
To begin healing and move on.
Time
To rejoice the memory of those lost.
As a wise young child once told me,
"They might not physically be here,
But they will always be in our hearts."

So as America picks up the pieces,
I urge us to be kind to all,
Treat everyone as though this may be your last encounter.

Ayesha Thomas
Contributors

**Naomi Bass** is a first-year student in Lesley College. She came to Lesley to pursue Child Development from a psychological perspective, but is applying for transfer in hopes of pursuing a more scientific approach. She loves to write and aspires to continue writing throughout her life, regardless of her future career decisions. Naomi thoroughly enjoyed her work on the literary magazine and is proud to have been a contributor.

**Audry Harris** is a freshman at Lesley College and enjoys creative writing. This is the first time that she has ever had anything published, but she hopes to contribute to the magazine next year. She thanks this year's class for being so supportive and hopes that they will get together soon.

**Selina Lang** is an English major whose favorite book is Eloise by Kay Thompson. In her free time she enjoys sailing, eating chocolate pudding, finger painting, and playing in the mud.
Laura "Deetle" Nelson writes about life and its more dramatic elements. "What are you doing here? Get out of my bio!!! I don’t want any deformed, plastic Antelopes." Deetle takes the reader on a magical journey of unexpected experiences like fabulous allusions to plastic antelope salespersons; that’s brilliant. A personal quote: "The hate is like darts piercing my soul and I hope that no dart shall strike any vital organs, especially my heart. Because if my heart dies, I am truly dead."

Stephanie Petrolito was a senior at Lesley College, and graduated in December with a Bachelor's Degree in Human Services. She is now a full time Nanny in Lexington.

Aleda Richeson a Lesley College student and is very pleased to be included in Commonthought.

Kerri Schmidt is currently working towards her M.A. in the Interdisciplinary Studies Program at Lesley University. She has thoroughly enjoyed working on this project.
Mallory Smith is a freshman at Lesley College studying Counseling/Psychology. She enjoys theatre and writing and did both all through high school. She recently had the joy of learning how to use power tools as part of the tech crew for the OSP production of Dr. Faustus.

Ayesha Thomas is a Senior in Lesley College, majoring in Literature with a minor in Elementary Education.

Carla Andrea Zuazo is a Lesley College student, majoring in Humanities focusing in Literature and Management specializing in Marketing. Carla has been writing for many years now and hopes to pursue her MFA in the near future. Carla also wanted to thank her classmate's whom have been her muse and Anne who has been a great mentor and friend.
Colophon

Commonthought 2002
was designed and produced by Kerri Schmidt
using PageMaker 6.5 and Photoshop 5.0.
The fonts used include Humana Serif ITC
TT-Medium and Luna ITC TT-Bold.
This book was printed by Gnomon Copy and
published by the Humanities Division of the
Women's College of Lesley University in
Cambridge, Massachusetts.