

Voices



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Cover Photo © Timothy C. Jones

...from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the third issue of *Voices*! As you may have noticed, *Voices* is now being published quarterly with Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall issues. As since this winter issue is the issue closest to Valentine's Day, there is an emphasis on passion and love on many of the thirty pages of outstanding work published in this issue that I am sure you will enjoy.

There have been a lot of changes happening here, and I hope you take some time after reading this issue to see what *Voices* has to offer you. Notable changes are chapbook publication, a text link exchange for all writers on the web, and the logo contest.

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Thank you for taking the time to read this issue of *Voices*. Sit back with a nice hot cup of tea and let the poems and photography within warm you in these cold winter months.

Sweet water and light laughter 'til next,

Kristen Biss, *Voices* Editor

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One More Death to the Age of Heroism

Like a bayonet you refused to see me anymore.
I crawled out of the landscape of my dreams,
across the chasm of your side of our bed,
past the portrait of you hung on the wall,
over the cannons emptied during our last phone call,
down the staircase into a world suspended
in the deep pockets of history that have made us.

I said war was a rotten thing.
You said only ours.

I wish that tomorrow I could fight in Napoleon's army,
marching an eastward track across Europe,
pulling down castles in your name,
chasing out emperors for your honor,
moving across the battle field of a million dead
I run over the gray hills of you,
reaching for the hand of god.

Dani Rado

Awakening

The universe breathes
it's eternal voice
softly stirring
a slow beating heart.
Between the stillness
and the growing light
between the folds
of time and mystery
a heart stirs to life,
becomes known,
becomes known.

Elizabeth M. Farrell

Another Answer

My thoughts swirl
through clouds of deep mists
and arc
over vast seas
of doubts
and memories of
unclear and desperate trysts.
Circles, sounds
endless leafy bushes
I chased around
not finding answers to arcing thoughts
aching poems and unfamiliar terrain.
The melody of my confusion
brings sadness to the dancers
because they knew my sad compulsions
a creator's impulsive mistakes
those passionate swirled though-aches
as I create.
Once
I asked Another Question
because I love you
now I'll spend
a life's obsession
creating
Another Answer.

Sheila Dawn Ivy

Black Christmas

Drunk
Black and white
uncontrollable senses
everything moves around
like a spinning time machine.

The whisky
hypnotizes my brain
transports it back in time
when fun was the game of life.

This tongue
is numb
no congruent words
no straight lines
to express
the black Christmas
in my heart.

And I cry
like a child.

Edwin R. Vasquez

Like Fire

It is simply a question of falling
Or rising, the fast tug of gravity,
Or your feet bare on the stairs,
All the same, descending
Or ascending, a contortion of limbs
Or flesh, upward or downward.

The girls your age watch you
Sideways and sullen,
Quick tongues always clicking
Like their nails scrubbed
Raw, clean and white,
Hands curled pink and useless
As roses resting in their laps.

The boys have eyes like wounds
Like holes you could fall into
And never recover, their hands
Forever reaching for a button,
A zipper, the smooth web of your hair,
The pale soft of your neck.

One calls you Helen again and again
As he takes off your shirt
And tells you your hair is like fire
Against the fading western light,
Almost too beautiful to touch.

As he sleeps you think of Troy,
Listening to the hollow roll of your breath
Like a ship, swaying and catching,
Pitching in your body like desire,
Forging itself deep like blame across your skin.

Kristy Bowen

Essence of Spring



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Caress the Soul

The night sky whispered to my aching ears,
soothing them like a mother's kiss.
I know I am not ready for this,
but I come.

I come to a standstill where twilight ends
and the darkest night blooms.
The wind... oh the wind guide my body
into a dance of love. Of deepest love.
I close my eyes and let the breeze
cradle the brown of my skin.
It knows nothing of color...
nothing to bar oneself from the world of peace.
Nothing to divide.

Jade NightOwl

Midnight (At the Beach)

i sang you a song.

i remember kissing
under moonlight
on the beach,
i remember love making
on the sand...
i remember falling stars
waves crashing,
you smiled...

lit a cigarette,
i sang you a song.

i held you tight
whispered
i love you,
you began to cry
said you loved me too...
you fell asleep,
i smiled...

covered you up
lit a cigarette,
i sang you a song.

got my feet wet
stood there shaking,
you woke up
warmed me up...
got back to the car
turned up the heater
our song played...

i sang you a song.
i sang you a song
told you i loved you
said i'd never leave.

heading home
its raining hard...
tried to stop
flipped the car.

flowers on the grave
covered you up
lit a cigarette,
i sang you a song.
i sang you a song
told you i loved you
said i'd never leave.

Grounded

In desperation
chipping paint
from nails and boxes,
sliding from iris
to orb,
licking the satin from
skinned pillows,
wrinkling sweetly beside
dimpled oranges,
crawling by rubber and snails;
watering nature
to sail
to Africa.

S. Vanessa Vampotic

Harvest

We were fooled along the creek:
the blue lobelia jazzed with last winter's flood
was blooming now as wild as heaven.
Seven months were gone, and the mud was flowers.
The bees and skippers foraged there with ghosts.
Old sorghum canes were lopped over and rotting.
I strummed a banjo chord there. You stomped
into the field that burned ten summers back
like one evening's dance. A towhee sang
and its voice whined from the alders, its mate
was earth-colored and it scraped the dead leaves
along a deer path mottled with light.

Clyde Kessler

The First fall of Fall

I wonder,
When Autumn beckons to the glowing reddened leaf,
Does it fall into Fall with gusto and glee
Or does it wrestle the wind?
Is there a sensation of flying
As the leaf soars slowly through the sky,
Before gingerly gliding onto the grass?
Or does it cry out inside as it's ripped roughly
From its familiar branch?
Once nestled into its bed of cool grass,
Does the leaf sigh with relief,
Only to be stabbed by a rake,
And shoved into a towering cemetery with its comrades;
Later to be crushed
By crunch happy little feet?

Amanda Free

Beaten Path



Spells

At the cross roads
A megrim of five elements
The place where the ends meet
In four directions of the body
A union of the vital breaths
Within convex of eclipsed sun.

To carry the crimson beads
Shelled within a griped garland
Forms featured in some confines
By the spirits of trees in blessing
In the lands where the deeds end
under stirruped shadows of Saturn.

The waters of the orbs
Diffused across the universe
Jelled across pock marked hills
In whom all the gestures
Preserved as deep and still
Born of its own self
Like the fire in wooded glades
Bursting forth at touch of feather.

Magical rites of sat karma
Spells for preserving the body
Spells for warding off wounds
Spells to procure prosperity
Spells to court adversity
Spells to remove sterility.

Here in the stillness
Piercing the powers end
But in the mirrored waters
Perhaps a new journey begets.

Durlabh Singh

Lost Soldiers

Waking up to the sun morning day.
Will you ever see what it is
Wishing I was some where in the sun.
Unknown to this world I walk in with both eyes closed.
Can't seem to find myself.
Remembering the lost soldiers that made the front page,
but they never fought in the war.
Thirty years in the making of change.
All the way back to 1966.
Now is the time but time is running out.
It seems like we're always running in circles.

Charlie Clouse

Beauty Sits Quiet

Beauty sits quiet, behind a glass,
under the perfect shade of free will.
Your Paris is a clean but lusty dream,
harboring hints of café seductions,
a disposition misty with classics.

Under lacy hems, your one clean eye
is a dirty pool of knowledge.
The formidable man is your motive,
to dream about milky waterfalls,
and impossible jigsaw puzzles.

A pearl in the looking glass
reflects liquid crystal, cinnamon stone,
and the way we were,
when conversation was genuine.

Your hands would turn sweet
from touching such words, phrases,
a mouthful of tea roses.

I cherish your scented gardens,
and the way frost reminds me
of certain gems- star and water sapphire,
the mineral ocean or a petrified sky.

Who dares to discount the sea?

Ignore the royaumes du sable*,
the golden femmes, nuzzling the sun.
The land is not strange and wondrous,
like the flawless carbon, crystallized,
colour sterilized, catching luminance.

The blue body holds secrets of you,
rainbows of me, lost in liquid mystery.

Seize what small part is kept for you.
Salty dreams will harmonize at once,
with antique locket and wooden boxes.

*Translates to: "kingdoms of the sand"

Robyn L. Alter

Freedom's Pearl*

I walk along
the reflective dawn
and watch the water
span centuries.
Up above my thoughts
there are right-angled
gaps in the clouds,
they smile
as the heavens collide
in freedom's pearl.
Asleep-awake,
I follow nature
to other worlds,
other times,
new horizons.
Words fall quickly
from my mind,
I catch them with ease
and push them onto paper,
I love them, cherish them,
all through eternity.

Ian Sawicki

*Previously Published in 'Eclipse' poetry magazine, Dec 1999

Broken Dreams

A lonesome bar late at night. The patrons are drunk and shouting. Loud music blares over the cat calls. The pungent smell of stale alcohol and nicotine fills the air. Yesterday's hopes are only a memory. A sea of empty promises and broken dreams.

It is a strip club. Layers of paint attempt to camouflage the old bar. The levers to the beer drafts peek over the bar: "Budweiser, Coors, Michelob." Tawdry vinyl covers the bar stools. Bottles of half empty liquor are lined up behind the bleary-eyed bartender.

In the corner, a kind-faced man nurses a drink. His clothes are frayed and out of date. He is not poor nor a drinking man, but this is better than being alone. He pushes a dollar bill into a dancer's costume.

A stripper with empty, hollow eyes performs at the other end of the bar. She is young, but old on the inside. Her tiny outfit is made up of sequins and cheap fabric. She fights back tears and wonders how she missed out on the pot of gold.

The music plays loud - thump, thump, thump. On and on and on.

Dreams make promises they can't keep. They can swindle you while you sleep. And the morning find you wondering why. It seems when we're young in dreams we trust, maybe growing up is just, kissing certain dreams goodbye.

A lonesome bar late at night. The patrons are drunk and shouting. Loud music blares over the cat calls. The pungent smell of stale alcohol and nicotine fills the air. Yesterday's hopes are only a memory. A sea of empty promises and broken dreams.

Sunny J. Higgins

The Messenger

From the dark recess
of time
came a distant sound,
a sound
without language,
without voice,
rippling and pulsing
across a sea
of memories to be born
and quivering flickers
of a promise of light.

Elizabeth M. Farrell

Within the Sunshine

I am avoiding myself,
walking the other way
as my deepest fears
turn the corner
and come towards me.
Within the sunshine I hide,
reflected rays from windows.
Basking in happiness
I push back dark days
that ruled my life
with deadly confusion
and sharp precision.
Within the sunshine I hide,
burning rays magnified.

Ian Sawicki

Facing Morning



Stalemate

Gathered pawns all stood aside
To watch the Queen go passing by
And no one heard the Bishop's scream,
"A rook is racing towards the King!"
But the knight in his solitary trek,
Too far away to thwart the check,
Called to his men, "Attack, attack!"
And so the rook fell back.
But another came from the right
This one accompanied by a knight
And as they fought the King into a corner
The Queen was taken (and oh, how the people
mourn her!)
Yet the battle raged on and on
'Till every knight and every pawn
Were taken by the hands of fate,
And none could deny--
Stalemate.

Austin R. Dixon

Birthday

There is a place in us all
where we store away
every other reality we might have known.
Whispers, dreams, rage and joys,
light and shadow,
and all the other faces and names
of the possibilities
hide inside so that we might forget
and live content with our present faces,
our present tenses.
There is a place I have packed away
every other ambition I let fall,
passion I let die,
road I didn't choose.
I had to forget them and live anyhow.
Like a volcano dormant, memories of futures
sat still, sat buried, and burned--
until the foundation of me shook them free
and they all came pouring to the surface,
and nothing
was satisfactory anymore.

She was born kicking and screaming
and spoke of forgotten roads
and haunted times.
She spoke with a new passion and I listened
to the howl and cry, and it was music,
it was real, it was everything I'd ever hoped for
and all I could imagine.
She came stomping and waving arms
and she wouldn't be ignored.
She was every chance not taken
and wanted to be heard.

There is a place in all of us
where the screaming hides, is trapped.
She was born from here, into me,
from everything I forget I knew,
and I remembered how it felt to really believe
in something.
She is the sound in my head,
voice driving me to discover, to dream,
and struggle to make them real.
She knows that life is a beautiful,
brutal, unpredictable thing.
She embraces this and I embrace this.
I am a place where we can be everything ever
imagined.
I am infinite possibility.

Angel Boaz

Dead Emotions

I can't fight this world
yet I keep going on blindly
not knowing what's in store for me
I feel hatred above anything else
then my sadness floods in
as my happiness fades out
I look inside and find insanity
as homicidal thoughts enter my mind
from the pain given to me
by thoughts surrounding me
I look deep and find nothing but
dead emotions
the dead emotions, nothing but my
dead emotions inside
the option of suicide awakes within
from the absence of love in my life
I feel too far gone, too much pain
I'm afraid, so afraid
I can't go back
I can't change the deadness inside

Travis Lambert

Untitled (12/24/98)

Remember how it was and now how it is.
Wisdom crawling.
Snakes dance without feet.
Secrets of Life.
How do you do the things you do.
I want it.
Or maybe I just want you.
Erotic Lust.
My mountain hasn't risen from the ground yet.
Making love to your soul.
Inside the womb we find peace

Charlie Clouse

Dance with Destiny

I climb the scent of fresh roses into the clouds,
Dancing with him in the moonlights beam,
Strong arms wrapping me close within,
Feelings of belonging and comfort
A sense of security,
Swaying slowly to musics soft melody
An imaginary isolation with only him,
We gaze into each others eyes: enchanted,
bewitched,
Embracing me closer for our first kiss,
Ascending, its magical power,
Oblivious,
The music
Stopped.

Nadia Suryana

Independently Sane

Are you trapped in mystery's cage?
A trigger of rage
A solider of fate
A minion of hate
Independently sane
Like a storm without rain
Like a world without change
Like infinite strange.

So wake your sleeping dreams,
Your withering wings
And learn how to run
From the moon to the sun
To the stars above
Tempted by love
For one moment of flight
Faster than night.

Austin R. Dixon

I Hope

I hope for all you wanted,
to come right to your door
I hope you have all that you want,
Or ever wanted before,
I hope that you find happiness,
And the answers to your dreams,
I hope that you find all of this,
And so many other things.

G.G. Crickett

Moon Making

We all huddle
In the warm womb.
Moon Making
Men dream of not.
Exciting our revolution
Through hot waves of ecstasy.
Moon Making
Midwinter Smile.
Ejaculating through our mouths.
Moon motion of sleep.
Ever hidden amongst our faces.
We wake but for a moment.
We loose our sight In conscious
Moon Making.
Drinking silvery beams
Of cold space,
Naked and wet,
The Womb waits for the Moon.

Chad Fess

Violin Concerto

Sad
Songs syn-
chronized
sym-
phonically
 screeching
 soothing
 singing
ANDANTE allegro
s t a c c a t o sound
waves pass
through my soul
recording life's song
classically
arranged
outside of a window
 serenading
strings deliver
beauty unsurpassed
vibrating into
me
Wishing
I could be one.

Elizabeth Rose Straight

I Have Lived

I have lived
In amongst the Cracks,
Walking with the rain.
Glasses eyes praised me.
Trees bowing in my wake.
The wind, when bitter and chill,
Sings of gusts and torrents
Yet to inhabit my grayed soul.
I have seen Cemeteries
There to plant our Ancestral roots.
I have watched wasted loves
Walk with unknown women
I thought I knew.
I have lived
To scent the Sea
In amongst the gods,
Drooling with great
Emaciated Jealousies.

Chad Fess

Contributor Profiles

Robyn L. Alter

Beauty Sits Quiet

Robyn is currently a 20 year old college student, living in New York. Robyn has a passion for poetry and music--Robyn has played the flute for 12 years and currently teaches lessons in flute, clarinet, and saxophone. Robyn's influences include Sylvia Plath, e.e.cummings, Walt Whitman, Van Morrison, and David Bowie.

Angel Boaz

Birthday

Angel is currently a graduate student of English at the University of Central Oklahoma, planning to teach contemporary literature when she completes her degree. She has participated in open mic readings in Oklahoma City for 9 years. Previous publishing credits include student publications at Oklahoma State University and at the University of Central Oklahoma. About writing she says, "writing is my outlet, it is how I make sense of the world in which I live."

Kristy Bowen

Like Fire

Kristy Bowen says of writing that it "is a way to get inside of things through the medium of language." She currently holds an M.A. in English Literature from DePaul University. Since graduating in 1999, Kristy has been published in numerous journals, some of which include Poetry Midwest, Stirring, Moon Journal, Eclectica, and Poetry Magazine.com. She also received Honorable Mention in the Korone/Womanspace poetry contest. She currently edits a journal titled Wicked Alice.

Charlie Clouse

Lost Soldiers, Untitled (12/24/98)

Charlie Clouse has been writing poetry since age 16. He has self-published three booklets of poetry and one book of poetry. More information about Charlie Clouse may be found at his website:
<http://www.geocities.com/cc2nd/HoundDogPress.html>.

G.G. Crickett

I Hope

G.G. began writing at the age of 10 to help her express emotions that otherwise would have stayed bottled up. A love of poetry runs in her family, as her mother and grandmother both loved writing poetry. G.G. is a southern mother of two teenagers, and is engaged to be married next year.

Austin R. Dixon

Stalemate, Independently Sane

About himself, Austin says, "I'm just another struggling poet and a creative writing major."

Elizabeth M. Farrell

Awakening, The Messenger

Elizabeth is a poet who has enjoyed writing all her life. She says that she finds writing to be "a way to express deep emotions and find my true voice."

Chad Fess

Moonmaking, I Have Lived

Chad simply has this to say:

A Haiku

My Mother hates life.
My Father lost his last god.
And I stay Hidden.

Amanda Free

The First Fall of Fall

Amanda is currently a student at Brigham Young University, where she is studying Theatre. She began writing poetry, as she says, "in the Emily Dickinson tradition of utilizing the back of an envelope or any other handy scrap of paper." This spring she placed second in the Brigham Young University Writing Contest for her poetry.

Sunny J. Higgins

Broken Dreams

Sunny J. Higgins, an employee of The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, lives with her husband (and best friend, she says) and their cat, Rudy. She says her poems come from her soul, and not necessarily from her own particular experience.

Sheila Dawn Ivy

Another Answer

Sheila Dawn Ivy is currently a Junior at University of Washington at Tacoma, studying psychology. Sheila's work has been published in numerous publications in the past. In addition to writing poetry, she loves cats, songwriting on her guitar, and driving her car. She currently runs a website focused on poetry by, for, and about people with Bipolar disorder: <http://www.squakmt.com/ivy/>.

Timothy C. Jones

Afternoon Delight (photo), Essence of Spring (photo), Beaten Path (photo)

Timothy C. Jones is a freelance photographer. His work has been featured in 10 previous publications, including a line of greeting cards. More of his work can be seen at his website: http://www.geocities.com/e777_40972/index2.html.

Clyde Kessler

Harvest

Clyde writes because he enjoys words, "the sounds and images that burn underneath the language." His poem "Harvest" is part of a manuscript he titles "Goblintown: Poems for Ghosts and the Children of Ghosts." The manuscript was named for a creek about 10 miles from where he was born in Virginia.

Travis Lambert

Dead Emotions

About his writing, Travis says simply, "I love to express myself and what I think."

Christopher Allen Mayes

Midnight (At the Beach)

About writing, Christopher says simply, "I write when my mind gets clogged and my heart gets heavy."

Dave McKee

Facing Morning (photo)

Dave McKee has published poetry in Crash Media, Midnight Gallery and the Lightning Bell Poetry Review. His stories have appeared in Mute Magazine, Earwig Flesh Factory, Delirium Magazine, and two will appear in a forthcoming as yet untitled anthology from Delirium Books.

Jade NightOwl

Caress of Night

Jade writes because "my thoughts and feelings are too strong to verbalize." A spiritual person, Jade says her writing deeply involves both the soul and the heart.

Dani Rado

One More Death to the Age of Heroism

Dani is a writer who feels strongly that the most important element in writing is character, and that all other elements, like form and word choice, build around that character.

Ian Sawicki

Freedom's Pearl, Within the Sunshine

Ian has many interests, including poetry, art, photography, and music. His poem "Freedom's Pearl" was previously published by "Eclipse" magazine in December of 1999.

Durlabh Singh

Spells

Durlabh Singh has been writing since the young age of 10. Durlabh has work published in several different publications. Durlabh also self-published a book of poetry using the printing press in the basement of the building the Old Poetry Society in Earl's Court London meets, in a run of about 200 copies. The book is titled "The Bats." About poetry, Durlabh says, "Poetry is an intensely difficult and time consuming art and

requires commitment. A 'real' poem is a rare phenomenon."

Elizabeth Rose Straight

Violin

Elizabeth is a 21 year old Junior at the University of North Florida in Jacksonville, Florida. She is a Journalism Major/Film Studies Minor with eclectic interests. She enjoys singing, dancing, performing her poetry, shopping, and eating good food. She has performed her poetry for more than a year and a half in the Jacksonville area. She has been featured in Poetry is Our Second Language, Soul Release, Rhyme and Reason, Lyrical Expressions, and The Spot.

Nadia Suryana

Dance with Destiny

Nadia enjoys both reading and writing poetry. Most of her poetry deals with teenage love and personal experiences.

S. Vanessa Vampotic

Grounded

S. Vanessa has only recently begun to submit poems for publication, and she is thrilled with the response her words has received. Her poem "Grounded" is very abstract, but as she states, "it embodies emotion, and emotions are rarely verbally tangible."

Edwin R. Vasquez

Black Christmas

Edwin is a self-taught artist born in Guatemala. He has been living in California for the last 20 years. He says that his poetry complements his paintings--colorful, different, and exciting. Edwin has been published in several magazines, including The Tale, Tehachapi News Art Section, Dubious Matter, and Rosamond Tribune. His website can be found here: <http://hometown.aol.com/repollo98/EDWINSWORLD.html>.

Thank you for reading the Winter 2002 issue of Voices!

<http://www.1writersway.org>

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