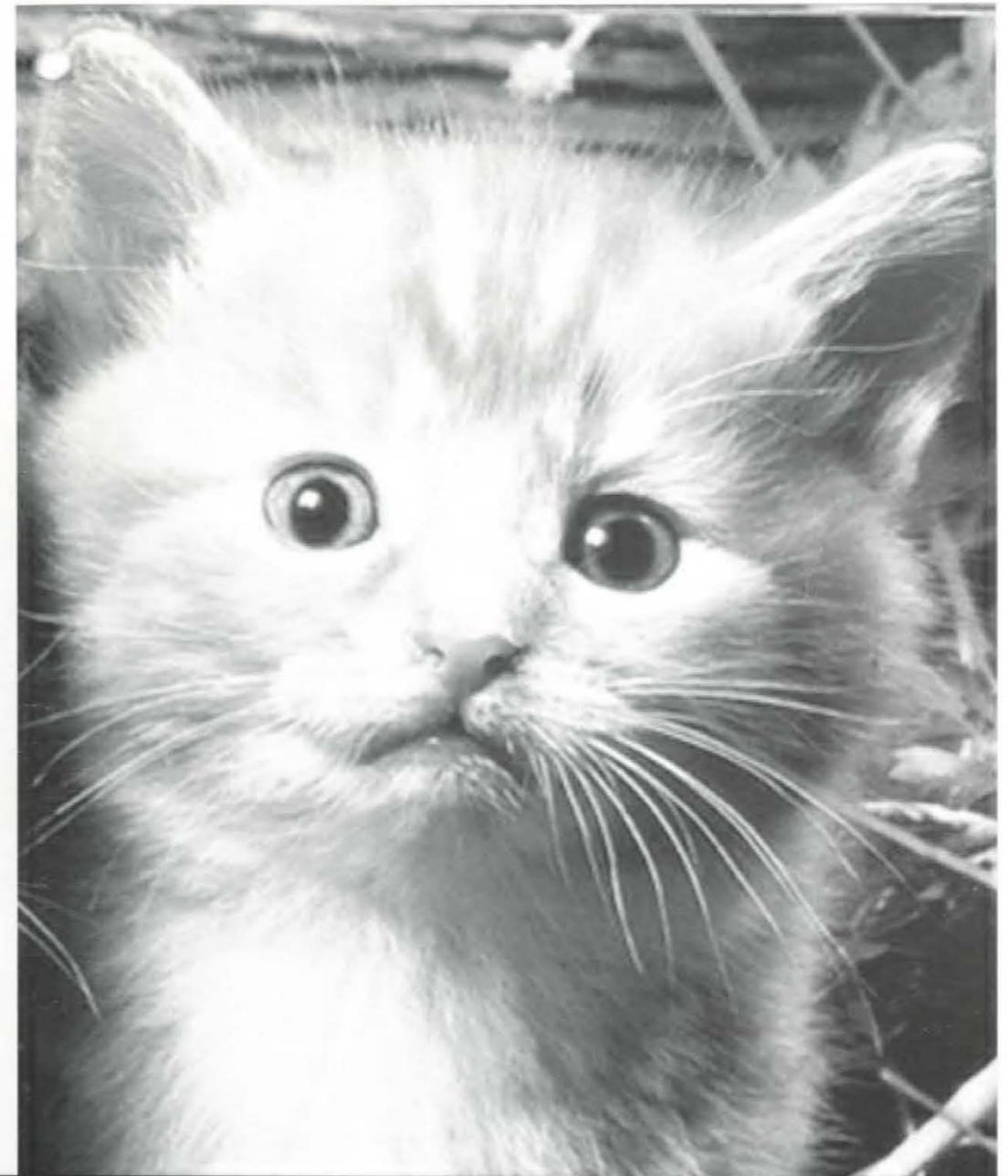


Yes,  
that's  
**LOVIN'**  
and  
it's  
goin'  
on  
at  
Pitzer  
College!!!



*the other side*  
*february, 2002*



ah, yes... welcome to

# The Other Side

(the anonymous issue)



right. right. the "staff"

**Britt Brown**  
**Kate Johnston**  
**Jessica Sisto**  
**Sam Sunshine**  
**Anthony Dines**  
**Alex Mercer**  
**Jason Souza**  
**Baxter Woodward**  
**Charlene Kim**  
**Leanne Stein**



"The whole  
"The Other Side" is a  
magazine thing,  
perhaps?"

As a great man once said,  
The Other Side (TOS, if you wanna be IN) is a magazine created by some members of the Pitzer college community for the other members of the Pitzer college community. Now, the members of the Pitzer college community who created this (we call ourselves a "staff") do not necessarily represent the views presented in the content of our little magazine. If anyone wants to not necessarily represent shit with us, we meet on tuesdays at 9 in the Grove House.

## From the editor's desk.....

You have to understand:

We are swamped in love.

Throw a flyer up with a kitty on it and ask for love poems, and I swear, one day of leisure later, you'll be scramblin' for a snorkel to breathe your way out of the sudden emotional avalanche.

I see this meaning one thing: yeah, in the dining hall, in the classrooms, even at the parties, most of your student peers have got their "I'm an independent resourceful oftentimes derelict youth who, while I appreciate love on some sort of abstract plane of understanding—and possibly even experience—nevertheless am perfectly capable of living happily on my own with my Platonic friends and smugly bought academic knowledge"-persona up.

Oh but children, these pages demonstrate far more effectively than my idiotic ramblings how 'teeming beneath' these facades of competent stability writhe a serpents-den of desperate desires. Emotion, slyly, thrives here. Ravenous glances skim across the mounds. Casual acquaintances survey their fellow students under the guise of class or socializing. Activities function primally, propelled by instincts we dare not name.

But do not listen to me—I am a lying exaggerator trying to horde your attention by any means necessary—but rather read these writings, all done by your classmates, who seized the opportunity to go unrecognized and say what they otherwise probably wouldn't have. These are essentially secrets. And you are privy to them.

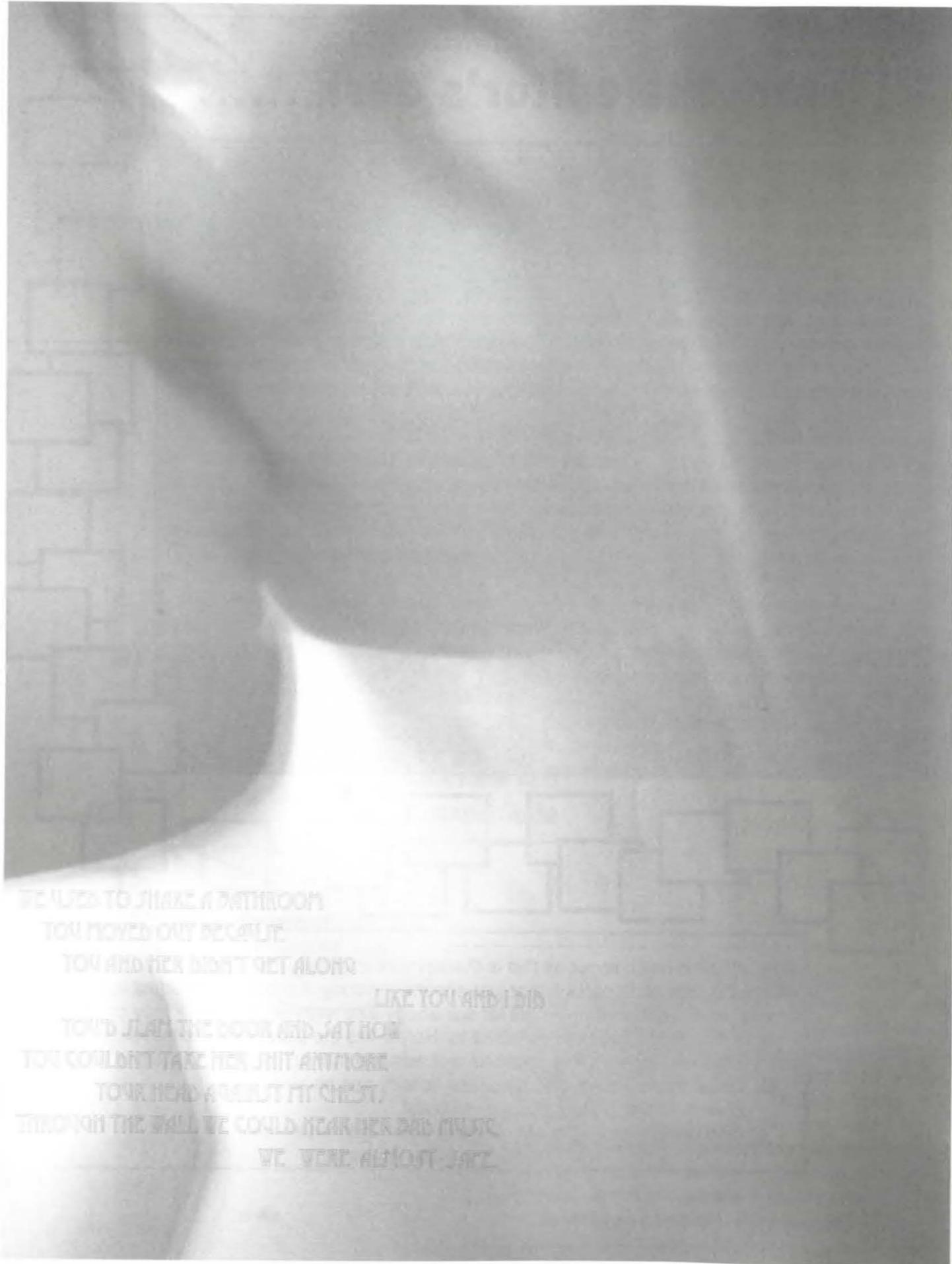
Revel in the voyeurism. I do every day.

your pretty-much devoted editor,  
Britt Brown

What I like so much about all this is the element of obsession. Here's proof that our campus is close-knit enough that just about everybody, if pressed, will admit to that deep down obsession they've got for somebody else -maybe somebody they can't have, or that they've never even talked to. Herein lies the beauty of a collection of anonymous love poems. You might as well assume that at least one of them is about YOU, 'cause for all intents and purposes nobody can be sure...

always writing poems about everybody  
(and pretty-much as pretty-much devoted Britt, editor-wise),

Kate Johnston



WE USED TO SHARE A BATHROOM  
YOU MOVED OUT BECAUSE  
YOU AND HER DIDN'T GET ALONG  
LIKE YOU AND I DID  
YOU'D FLIP THE DOOR AND SAY HOW  
YOU COULDN'T TAKE HER SHIT ANYMORE  
YOUR HEAD AGAINST MY CHEST,  
THROUGH THE WALL WE COULD HEAR HER BASS MUSIC  
WE WERE ALMOST JAZZ



## To the Boys of EverGreen Playground

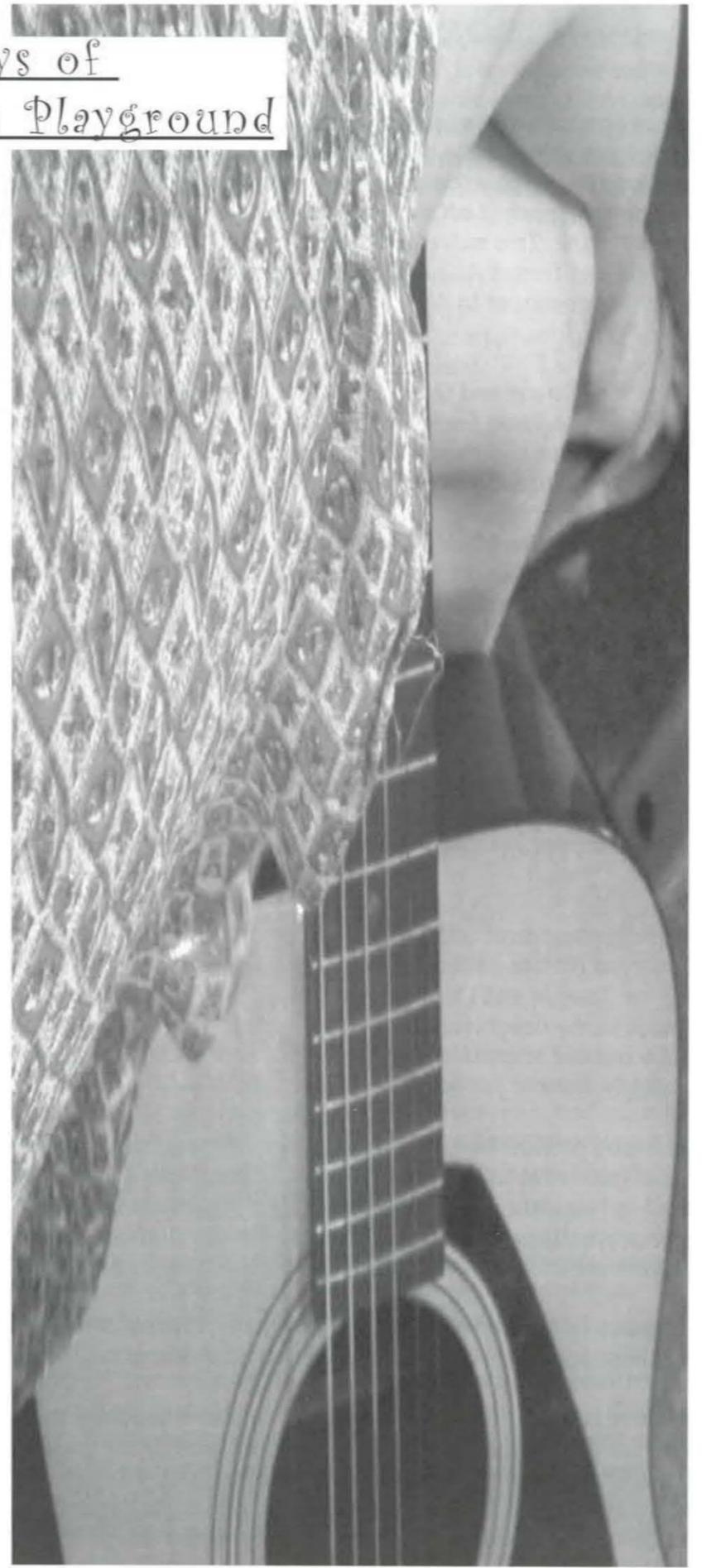
Boys, do you remember that night  
After you played at the Wash?  
I met you behind Blake's car.  
The four of you  
Just stepped off stage  
Scorching hot.  
Your sweat brushed off against  
My bosom,  
As I gave each of you  
My wet and proper 'hello'.  
You all asked me  
"Well, would you like to..."  
As I was escorted  
Into the back of your pickup  
And you laid my supple body  
Onto the mattress.



Marc,  
I knew the width of your wide  
Bass strings  
Told it all.  
Ellis,  
You rocked me like you play...  
Hard.  
Blake,  
You busted  
Like the time you banged  
Right through the snare.  
And John,  
You did me sloppy and fast,  
Like you'd done on your sizzling solos.



So Boys,  
No matter how hard you rock,  
I'll always be ready  
For an even harder rocking  
In the back of the truck.....



## -----I shaved every part of my body-----

She crept across the wooden floor with spires in her hair, pinned to her head in an oddly organic fashion. The iridescent shine of the outdoor bulbs bit at the darkness surrounding her eyes. Her instant wear jumped into her pupils, the bags from one hundred percent and back to zero and back again; then again until finally she pushed off the ground with her hands and with the stealth of a panther found herself lying next to me. This movement was drowned in grace like a cat, as if she had been trained in appearing rhythmical and fluent. As a smile permitted itself to slowly maneuver from the left side of her face to the right her hands moved in a peculiar fashion one finding its way to a simple and sullen perch atop my cheek.

Then she sang to me and the helicopters celebrated our anathemata. We were living and dying in each other's mouths and no one else could see us getting kicked out on the street without our teeth. She spied of dynasty and harmonized of end all words like always, never and forever. She tuned her guitar in admiration and I treasured her company in the key of C.

Her glancing shadow black hair grew from her eyebrows to her ears and I cut it with a ship that set sail in her stomach. She gave me her wrist as a oar and she gave me her lungs as a life jacket. Her apartment was a lake with large windows and our game of cards under candlelight was the blanket covering our bodies and leaving our toes frozen and thawed by a common love for friction. She could see my cards and I didn't care.

Her apartment was my casket and she sang the song of my funeral procession with LAUGHTER and COLOR THEORY and other things I would've loved. And for moments at a time our mortality was misplaced somewhere, like the keys or the remote control. We joined arms and flew above the city, gliding on the fervent winds of excommunication. Our combined malediction built big buildings with bright lights and new frontiers. We swapped trading cards of each other with flattering pictures printed on cheap cardboard.

She could see my cards and I didn't care because our lips met in that place we forgot our mortality. Her radiance, her nimble nimbus challenged my phlegmatic lower lip. She jabbed at me with playful impudent taps of her tongue and I turned bashful and flushed into a red balloon. I was lightheaded in vertigo, and capricious in my delightful dizziness. The candle multiplied and formed circles around us, and with every kiss they burned brighter and longer. The moon waned to get a better view and the ocean went from high tide to high shore in jealousy of our innocence.

Her glancing shadow black hair transcended into carmine curls of scarlet crimson snail shells of blue and pink that gave ease to our frigid feet. With commensurable courage and mutual epiphany we fathomed an impending hereafter of solitude devoid of discrepancy, only disdain for the delinquency of idolatry. We became pretentious and self absorbed, and in our bombastic ostentation therein we fathomed our modesty. We were the salt of the earth, hardly the meager and hardly the dirt.

The pop pop of our conversation led down an alleyway of misguided youthful zeal. We squabbled in future tense and humbuckled in pregnancy while somehow losing the tic-tac toe of it all.

There were four sons of beautiful fraternity and a daughter of exquisite deliverance. Canaan was a candle, a flame built of five. A flame built of blue, a blue built of white. Elliot was a stampede, a tree grown of apples, a stampede built of golden horses with hoofs of thunder. Padriac was colored like a porpoise, a beast built by Pisces, a sign left by floods, a flood left by God. Louis-Alexis was brown; a porcupine; his leaves built by a fallen forest; forest built by swallowed sun; a sun governed by none. Beatrice was a blanket; a knit cap built under red ears; ears of red lipstick built to press a right lipstick kiss.

We kissed without remorse and diligently did not notice the mutinies in play outside the wall that was a window, the city that was a sound stage that we kept to entertain us. We propped it up with her mother's copy of Bridges of Madison County; a xmas present put to rather good use. We would watch them walk past her apartment with blonde hair that sprang to stalactites. Caverns of heads cradled by cynicism, rocked to sleep by a gray lethargy. Their seashell eyes were combed over by their Ikean wicker chairs and VH1 producing satellite dishes. They counted crows and caught blowfish without us. And when they drank their diet life they didn't have us. And every one is khaki with an SUV in their gray velcro wallet.

We proposed theories in benevolence and never a hand was raised in a manner other than to caress a worldly worry far away from my brow. We laid between sedentary leaves speaking to the shade in shaded tones of amiable sweetness. We were large turtles of a soft-shell and a tempered chest sharing the shore. We discussed our fingernails and context and trains digging through the atmosphere.

We knew we were blasphemers, looked upon as heathens, and called upon as experts. We were two warm teenagers with intuitive skin and bright ochereous cheeks.

She spoke of ascending years and the payment of tithes; the flowers imbedded in my eyes that rotated with every season to open and close turning chestnut and coming to the ears of the ocean. And with such resplendently captivating words rivulets of lachrymation percolated on my cheeks which became quagmires of quicksand in which such tears were absorbed and thereupon took different form as a boscaje; the trees of which shed the leaves of a coming October. The leaves that were traded for my blood, the muddy leaves that coursed through my veins.

The great lakes could hear us dancing alone with touching fingertips and touching lips and they raged into four oceans in envy and they burned in excitation. We stirred the blood in the veins of volcanoes and fanned the flames that scorched the deserts of Africa. The city in allotment turned a beaded eye to her quadrangular apartment past the patterned wall that was a window and past the illuminating candles of various assortments to spite us as we dozed in anticipation of the purple rose sunrise. The jalousie de milier did not wake us, as it was rather unnoticeable.

And as we once again peered out upon the city we and turned four blind eyes to the dwelling of unimportance, of smallness. The stolid, the simple, the unremarkable, the jaundiced and yellow-eyed turned cold and disappeared.

Elliot said Beatrice and Beatrice was born. Beatrice dared Elliot to a game of hopscotch and Canaan was the rock scorn. Canaan was thrown underneath the quick, a tick named Padriac. Padriac wanted a friend and subsequently he took his saber and parted his hand. His palm a libertine; his jowls mere hedonists in their jabber and jaunt. His fingers grew limbs and such was named Louis-Alexis, a broken name for a broken boy with splintered legs and missing ears, he could taste you chewing, he could taste you breathing. And you could feel his hands on your chest while you were trying to sleep.

Have you ever been sequestered in awe devoid of a saving grace? Have you ever ridden the seraphic unicorn through an exemplary chase only to find yourself at a breakneck pace? The mythology of that evening gave birth to a multitude of unfathomable creatures and many an urgent reminiscence.

The four sons of beautiful fraternity and daughter of exquisite deliverance made chase in the boat that gently turned circles in my stomach. Beatrice fastened a sense of accomplishment to the sail as a flag that signified a night free of battle, an evening short of argument, an enchantment of sleepy phantoms resting on their laurels watching us sleep. The candles blew each other out but not before they saw our breath begin to beat in unison.

Monopolized Time In Imaginary Space

In tune with the moon,  
In tune with the moon while the flowers bloom,  
In tune with the moon while the flowers bloom  
By the light in the night reflected off the lagoon.



It's like I have something divine  
Somehow I grew another mind  
Without the means to do this  
The rest of my brain is no longer useless  
Could this be another evolutionary development  
Or a mistake by our ever-changing environment  
Granted boundless abilities of telekinesis  
I no longer have use of this species  
Control of every cell leads to levitation  
So I can develop my enormous imagination

Father time improve my rhyme  
Spread knowledge that is divine,  
Father time improve my rhyme  
spread knowledge that is divine.



I've been wrongfully accused  
By somebody who has power that they've abused  
There was a murder  
And I just happened to fit the picture  
It was a positive match  
Even though it could have been fifty other cats  
I fought for my right  
They got somebody to lie for their might  
Premeditated was the sentence they gave me  
A gift of lifetime to be manipulated  
Screw that I want to follow my own destiny  
I continued to dispute this decision  
They sent an assassin to end my life with precision  
Upon this Earth I still have a presence  
The truth I learned of the government  
and it's essence.

Mass demonstration provided  
For those without representation  
deprived from those who need translation  
Capitalism policies creating starvation  
Structure and organization should be our foundation  
To elaborate we should use extreme enunciation.



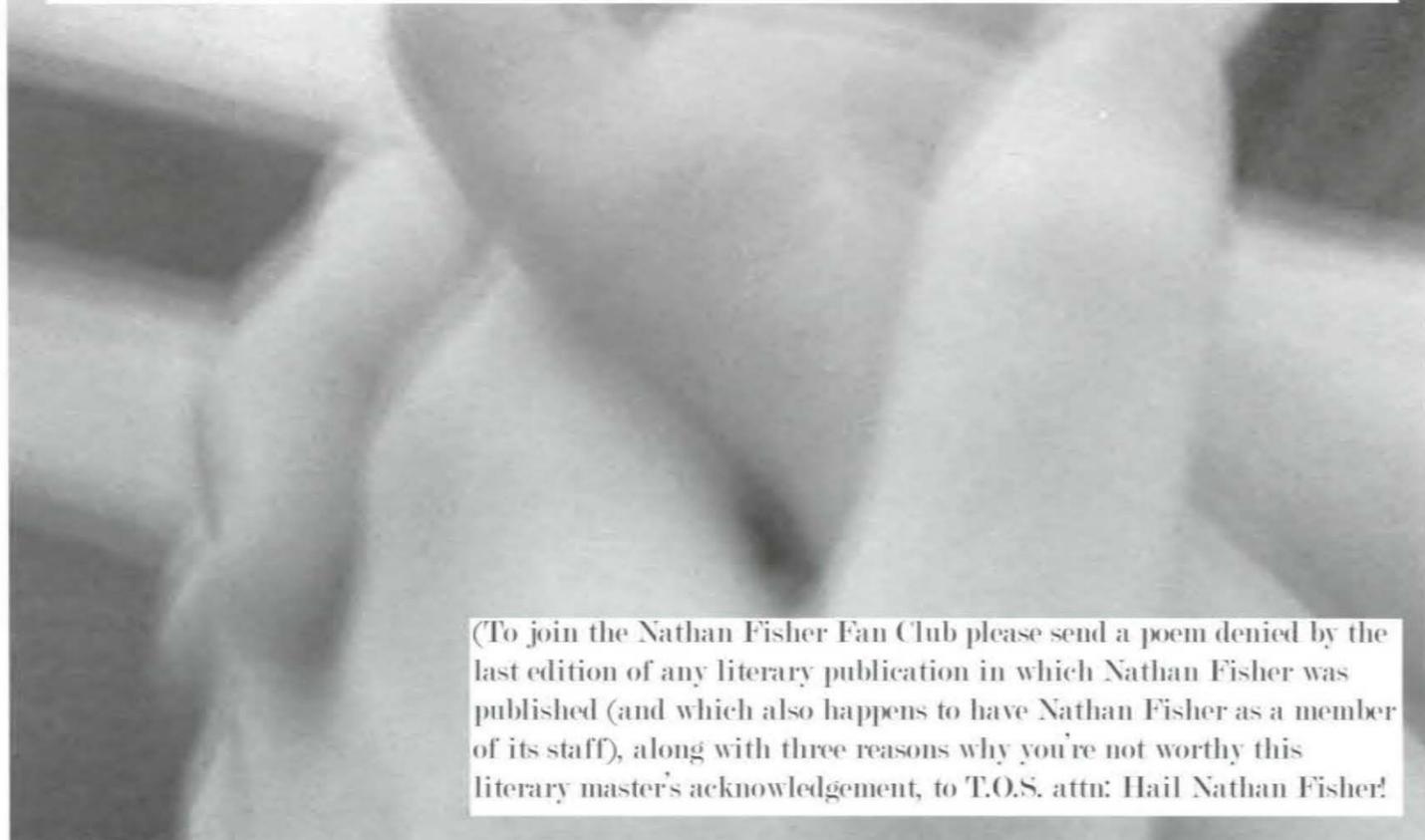
Father time improve my rhyme  
Spread knowledge that is divine,  
Father time improve my rhyme  
Spread knowledge that is divine.

You know I like instrumentals, I'm a little environmental,  
I like to kick that funky tempo,  
You know I like sage from a Tibetan temple,  
Sometimes I think this world is a little mental,  
I reach a higher level and have a bit of lentils.

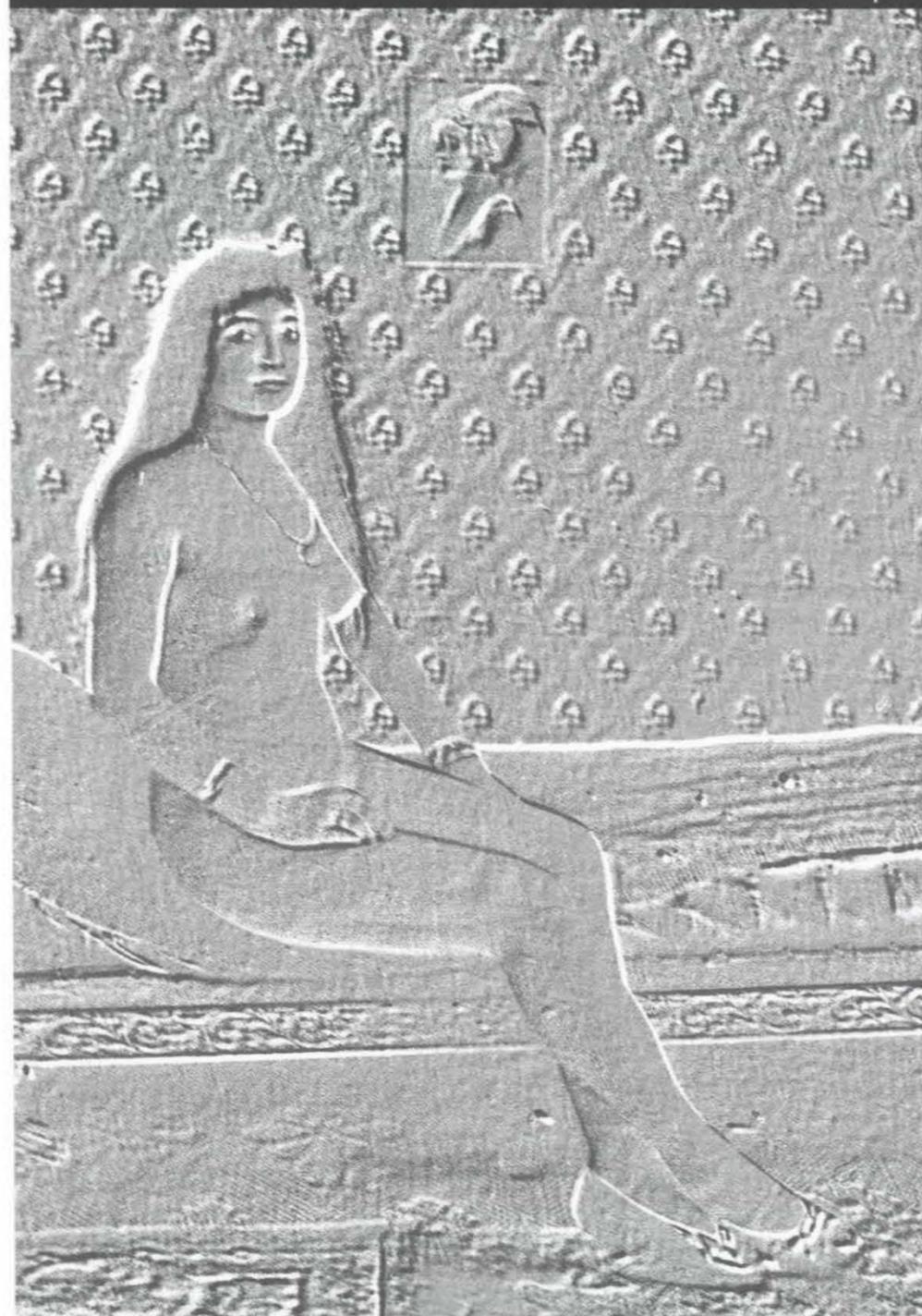
All ye in the masses should listen to me when I tell you 'bout guy who's as great as can be. His name's Nathan Fisher. He's down there at Pomona, and if you like to read then you'll probably wanna check this guy out in the magazine Passwords (which is commonly viewed as being published back asswards.) But this last edition was a whole new shebang because my dearest Nathan was in so damn much of the thang! Out of a dozen or so pieces of prose poetry, about half of them were attributed to he who holds my deepest respect. I loved seeing my Nathan's sweet name written across a page, then as well on the next page! (To my sweet delight.) Oh wonderful Passwords, you did something right! So what if your publishing isn't unbiased?! Although in your intro you surely deny it. You say your selection was strictly top secret, but how could it be when my Nathan can edit and give his opinions (as part of the staff) as to which piece provokes thought and which makes him laugh? My brilliant Nathan has climbed up the tower, and now he is finally flexing his power! This fine-minded stud is doing whatever it takes to get his stuff read, no matter the stakes. He's so brave and outlandish he's willing to forfeit literary respect to publish all his shit.

My words are not worthy his glance or his thought. To have all you people know of him is all that I sought. For you al to know of this bold sexy man is my goal in this poem because I'm his biggest fan! I want all to realize that Passwords was right to put Nathan Fisher in the spotlight. Passwords may not be impartial, and may favor its own, but dear sweet Nathan Fisher clearly outshone many other pieces collected during the fall. Yes, that semesterly mag knew the best of them all! The staff there ain't stupid-they know who kicks ass. Why should they waste paper on all that other trash? Why give others a chance to write and be read? Why not substitute Nathan Fisher instead?! Tell those miserable poets and writers who tried they ought to submit to The Other Side.

"They'll take anything up there, don't you fret," you should say. "They don't have literary standards to set anyway. They'll take anything; give anyone credit; and they don't even give preference to people who edit! That's right, why don't all you literary crowd take your stuff up to Pitzer where they're unbiased and proud. Where dialogue is welcome. Where paper's free to the wisher."  
Thank God you at Passwords all say, "Hail Nathan Fisher!"



(To join the Nathan Fisher Fan Club please send a poem denied by the last edition of any literary publication in which Nathan Fisher was published (and which also happens to have Nathan Fisher as a member of its staff), along with three reasons why you're not worthy this literary master's acknowledgement, to T.O.S. attn: Hail Nathan Fisher!



Rolling over at 3 AM, to feel his absence  
She questioned existence, and listened as  
He coughed silently in the place  
of breathing  
Deep within the next room,  
quiet for her.

In the pale of mornings,  
and dusk of afternoons,  
She would entice spoonfuls  
of applesauce into his mouth  
Remembering how it felt  
when he fed her a pear,  
The night they first met,  
turning to her when he smiled.

Her colors were beginning  
to slip into grays.  
Even hospital walls looked  
the same to her as  
What lay outside of them,  
and she felt as if the year  
Had long since made it's  
rotation and left her behind.

She dreamt each night  
of that one day  
When she would no longer  
reach out to find him there.  
When his taste,  
and effervescent feel  
of his laughter  
Would not touch her face,  
or rest comfortably in her ears.

She felt sadness behind  
her eyes,  
waiting  
And she could not tell him of how  
she was dying with him,  
How she could not bear to see sunlight  
Reflecting off of glass windows, without him.

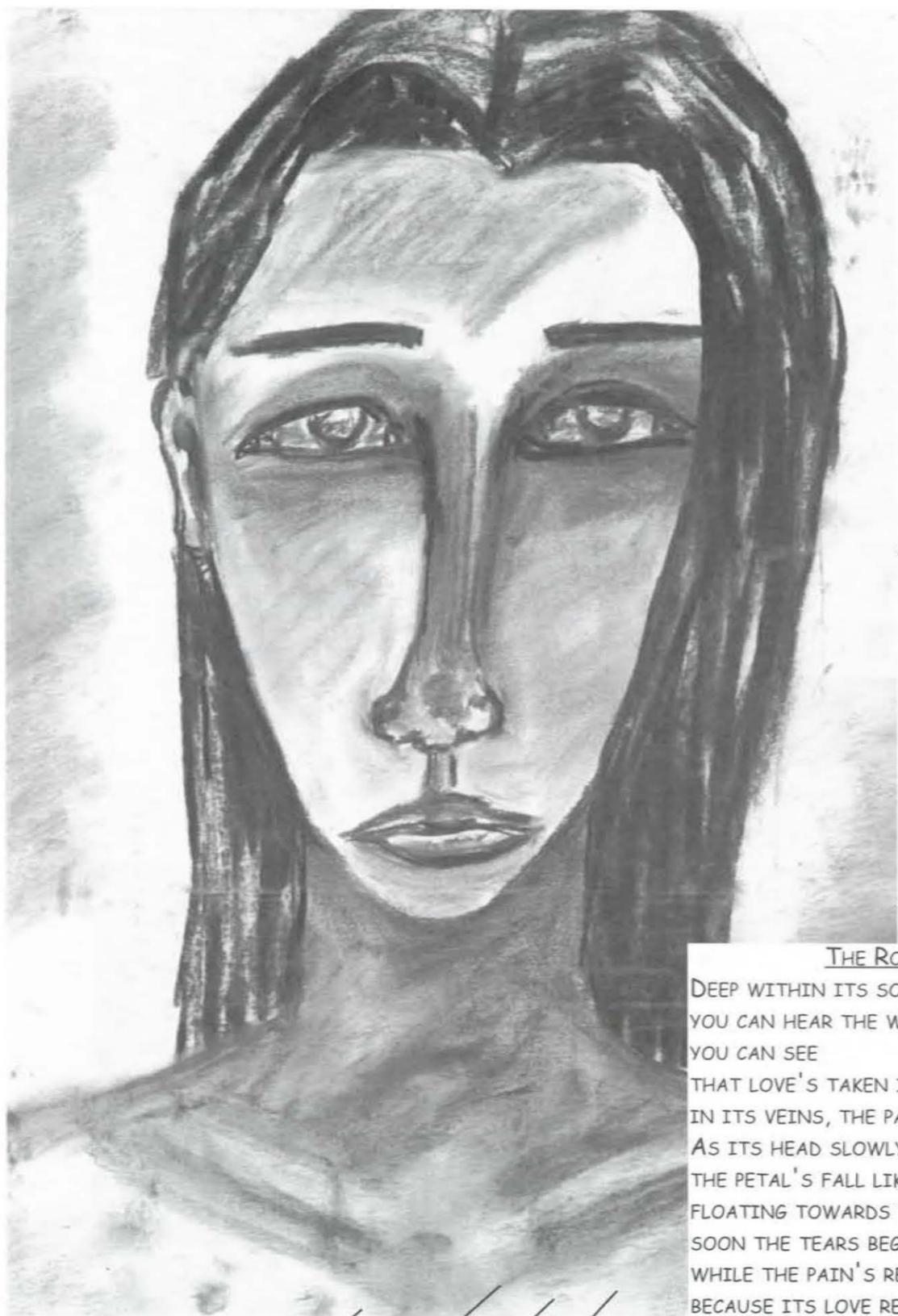


## **Black Mood Memory**

*I am already aware of death*

*as she moves among the living,*

*restlessly.*

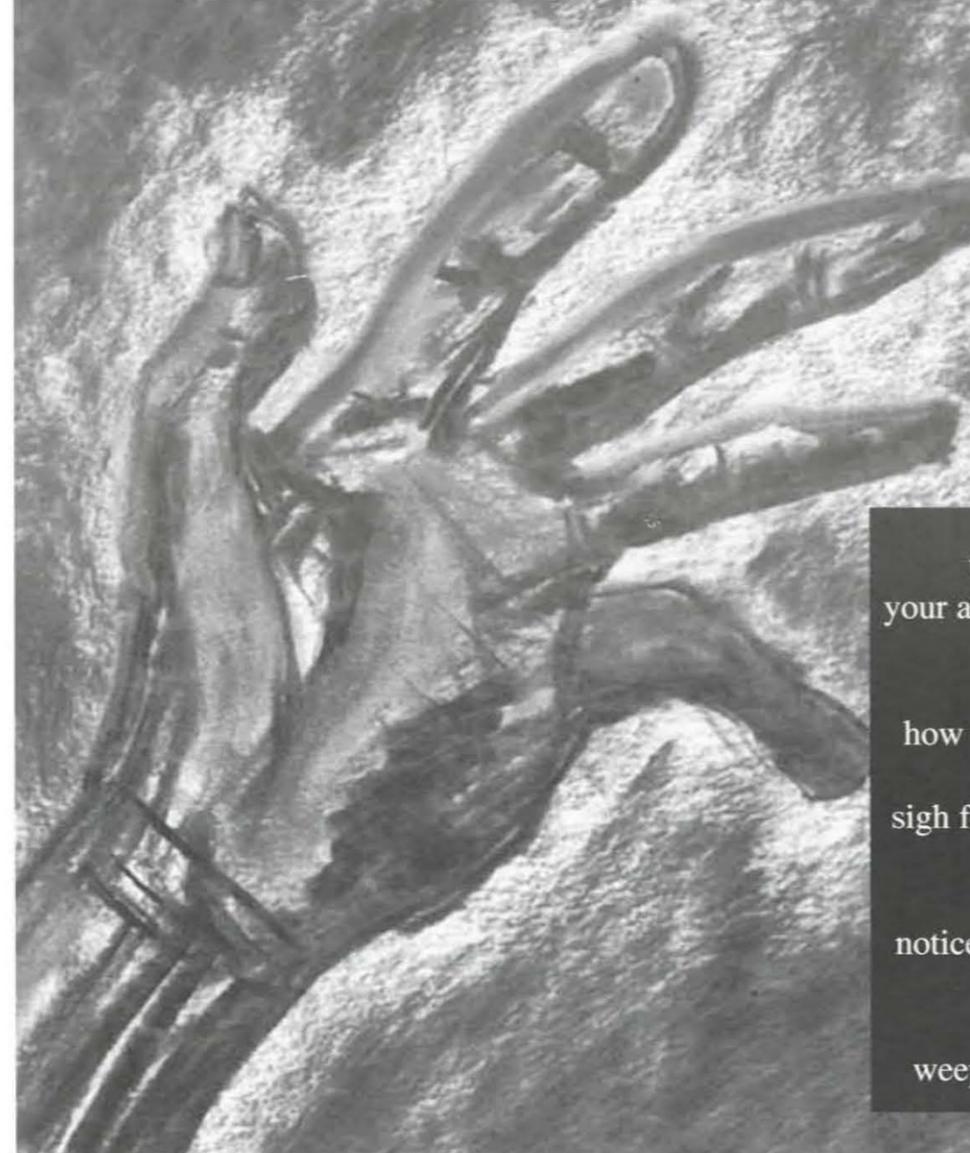


THE ROSE

DEEP WITHIN ITS SOUL  
YOU CAN HEAR THE WEEPING  
YOU CAN SEE  
THAT LOVE'S TAKEN ITS TOLL  
IN ITS VEINS, THE PAIN'S SEEPING  
AS ITS HEAD SLOWLY DROPS  
THE PETAL'S FALL LIKE TEARS  
FLOATING TOWARDS THE GROUND  
SOON THE TEARS BEGIN TO STOP  
WHILE THE PAIN'S REPLACED WITH FEARS  
BECAUSE ITS LOVE REMINS UNFOUND  
AS IT WITHERS AND DIES  
I STAND AND WATCH  
HEARING ITS SILENT CRIES  
THE SOUL VANISHES  
AND THE ROSE DIES.

**History Will Make this Poem Prophetic and it's Awful Silliness a  
Hideous Spiritual Music**

there are palaces made of black gold  
which stand like blue crystal and great steel monoliths  
across the great deserts of the middle east,  
they will all be destroyed—  
and sink below the sand to join with  
Byzantine and Babylon,  
the sad soprano of history chanting through a  
hi-fidelity loudspeaker—  
we hear it,  
oh yes we hear the first screams of old buildings  
rumbling down,  
the laughter of all night parties... ..under the air bombs—



how beautiful you are,  
the spectre of humanity,  
your absent gaze, legs crossed alone  
at a table  
with long eyelashes,  
how beautiful you press your lips  
together,  
sigh forth smoke from your mouth,  
rub your hands—  
or, laughing,  
notice this wild eyes madman who  
sits

weeping among you—a stranger.

(All definitions taken from Random House Webster's College Dictionary, Second Edition, 1997.)

## Panglossian

---

*adj. inappropriately optimistic.*

for a year it went unforgivingly on

(but I didn't need forgiveness!)

I could not escape it

eating away at my daily life

I could not mask myself enough in drunkenness to hide from that deepest twinge

(loving the bottle- I had something I could love easily and consumingly)

The pain of knowing something so completely

and yet not being able to catch it happening

I learned to laugh at the stupidity of taking for granted

(I thought this was TRUE)

that you would believe it was me

that pang of hope

to hear your voice again sneering warmly, familiarly at me

reminding me of frozen leopard print and epileptic rock star dreams

almost destroyed me

(loving the bottle and the boys was such satisfying self-abasement)

I thought it was my judgement

two years and a laundry list of self-destructive embarrassments later

I feel super

I drank and fucked that pang out of existence

(maybe it wasn't the pang I beat, but the self-respect that nurtured it, that told me

I was worth enough to at least hope you'd realize your mistake)

I put it down

(like squelching a revolution)

after a year of desperate longing and empty faith

I wiped the blood on the knees of my pants and crept away

I no longer knew

And I didn't want to relearn

## Pleasure

---

*-n. 1. enjoyment or satisfaction derived from something that is to one's liking; gratification; delight.*

*2. a cause or source of enjoyment or delight: It was a pleasure to see you. 3. worldly or frivolous*

*enjoyment: the pursuit of pleasure. 4. recreation or amusement: to travel for pleasure. 5. sensual*

*gratification. 6. pleasurable quality. 7. one's will or desire; preference: to make known one's pleasure. -v.t. 9. to take pleasure; delight (often fol. by in). 10. to seek pleasure, as by taking a holiday.*

The pang was no longer there when I met him

I was so jaded from killing the pang that I ignored the new ones

The night I left home wearing shoes and not much else

I was whistling Sheryl Crow

When he finally walked me home in the morning

I was wearing his sweats and humming Sinatra

Those blue eyes were more than I could take

My self-deprecation cracked and fell in shards at my feet

I tried to pick up the fragments and keep them in the pocket of his pants

but when he came and took them back the next day

he took the pieces with him to bury

every time I tried to dig up those precious silver of self-hatred

he would gently take the spade

bring my hands to his lips

and kiss my palms one at a time

cupping them around his face so that I held a new truth I could believe in

## Palimpsest

---

*n. a parchment or the like from which writing has been partially or completely erased to make room for another text.*

Reading your half-interesting poetry on poetry.com while you desperately try to open the e-mail attachment picture of me to see if I'm still the way you remember

I am angry with you

(possibly even furious- let it ferment a few weeks and then get back to me)

After you wouldn't fight

and I half killed myself

trying to accept it

after all my shame from forgetting the truth

and all my joy in finding a new one

now you believe

## Palinode

---

*n. 1. a poem in which the poet retracts something said in an earlier poem.*

*2. a recantation.*

The pang is back only it's different now

older and self-confident now it plagues me

haunts me like the hiccups you're sure you've gotten rid of

The pang is here to remind me of the original truth

the truth that wrecked me when I beat it

like the teddy bear whose head got ripped off

then got stored in the attic for sentimental value

Now that I am older

and taking stock of all that satisfies me

you pop in and hold out the freshly sewn teddy

it smiles at me

its beady eyes catching the light

I look at you in disbelief

your eyes catch the light

and you reach the teddy towards smiling

I take it suspiciously and turn it over

and over

There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with it

no busted seams or dirty patches

it does look just like it used to

## Someone Give me Five

And it did look like heaven  
From where I sat anyway  
Which was the side of the bed,  
Lofted,  
Raised to the ceiling.

As I burn a cigarette and it gets  
replaced,  
And he screams, "Where's my light!?"

And everyday she screams after me,  
I keep walking,  
She screams, "Where have I gone?!"  
How should I know you crazy bitch?

And I call her the jealous wrestler,  
Wrestles with everything,  
Struggles really...

I think...

That is how things happen...

To me,  
A bunch of really angry wrestlers  
Looking for a light,

I think.

For my Robin:

When you were there I knew it.  
I could feel your breath.  
I could smell your sweetness in the air,  
But I couldn't see you.

They tell me that you went without pain  
And I know this to be a lie.  
The pain of realization must have hit  
Sooner than the pavement,  
And you must have been afraid.

I wish that I could have caught you  
The one time it mattered. All those other times that I reached  
Out to prevent danger now seem so trivial.  
They did not define who you were,  
Who you always will be.  
You did not jump, but you did not fall either.  
You just could not coexist-  
between the earth and the sky.

With You... For You...

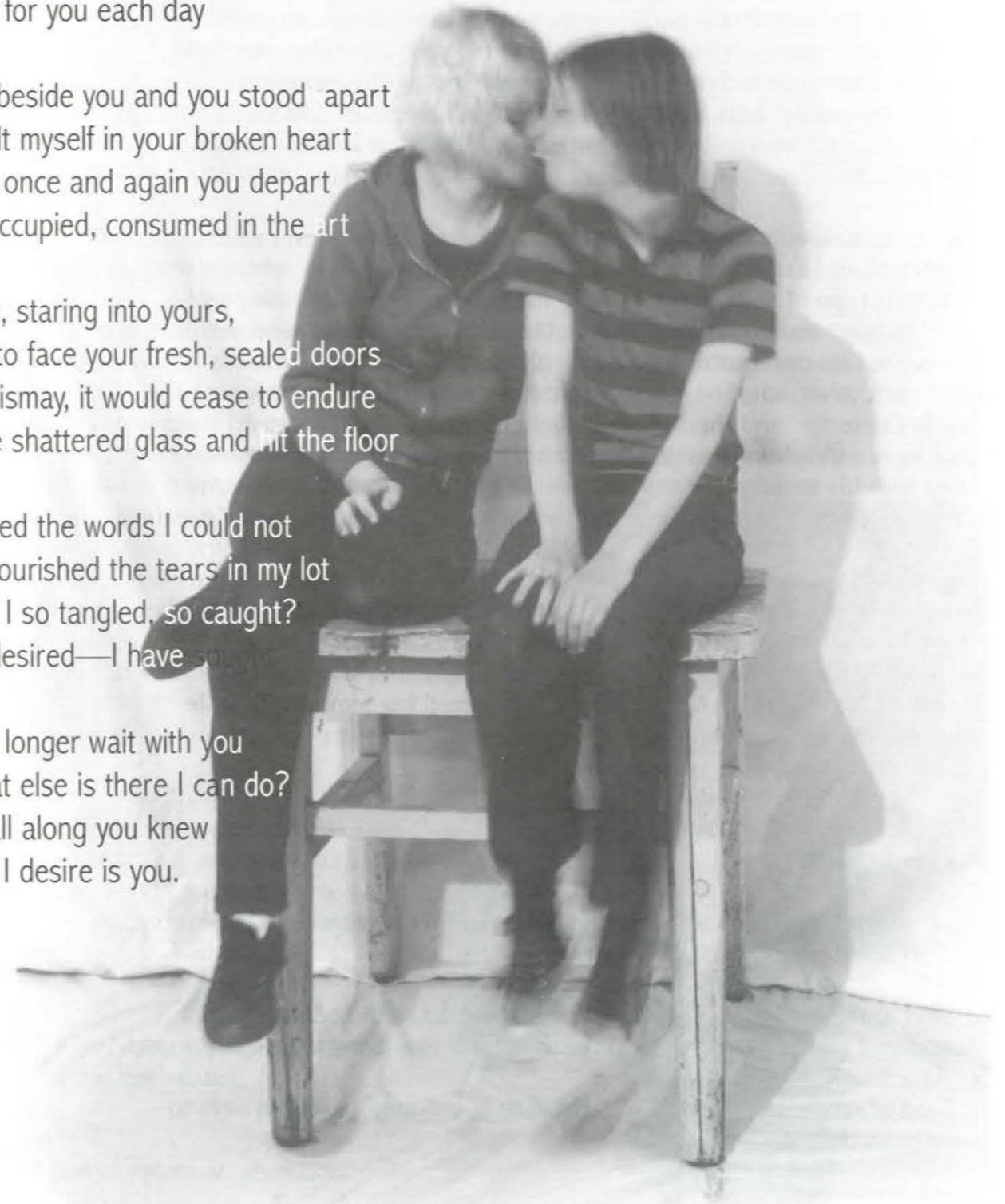
I waited with you today  
You fell in my core today  
I freed your passions today  
I waited for you each day

I stood beside you and you stood apart  
And I felt myself in your broken heart  
Up until once and again you depart  
So preoccupied, consumed in the art

My eyes, staring into yours,  
Forced to face your fresh, sealed doors  
To my dismay, it would cease to endure  
I fell like shattered glass and hit the floor

Whispered the words I could not  
Which nourished the tears in my lot  
Why am I so tangled, so caught?  
I have desired—I have sought

I will no longer wait with you  
But what else is there I can do?  
If only all along you knew  
That all I desire is you.



[thoughts on "i love you" by a college freshman for her performance art class]

*(one girl alone onstage in a plain white dress. the stage is bare, preferably with a single spotlight.)*

oh. "I LOVE YOU".

got some issues with that, actually. no really, i'm sure you're surprised. um, yeah. it starts with a boy, and it ends, never, i don't think. so yeah love. i was in love once. or maybe many times, if you count that one type of love that is more crush that you feel like bubbles in your stomach or wetness in your underwear, but that other type of love, that feels like a punch in the mouth, or a solid heavy weight in all of your limbs, i've been in that love once.

and it was young love, and i think it started with that sort of desperation and neediness and that loneliness disease that culminates into teenage sex. you know that type of sex? some people missed it, waited until they were ready and mature and could deal with it, but some of you out there, you know. there is that nervous newness to it all as you slowly but furiously explored each other, tried new things, passionate yet quiet enough not to wake up his parents. and then again is that neediness, how he would hold your face tight in his hands as you were about to come, trying to devour your eyes with his looking for any way inside of you he could deep deep deeper as if somewhere within each other we might find some sort of meaning.

i lost my virginity when i was 15. *(laugh)*. yeah. you know, we were just like making out or whatever, in his bedroom with the striped sheets and the punk rock fliers on the walls. it was upstairs in this kind of old house and his window faced just the right way to let all of the spring afternoon sun in, and we were just kissing and then i unzipped his pants, tight little jeans that his mama bought for him and

"uh, i never done this before"

*(surprised look)*

and uh he was a gentleman about it and asked me if i was sure and so i gulped and nodded and then...

whoa! hey! this weird feeling lying there staring up at the ceiling kind of shocked and maybe motionless and aah what is this thing inside of me and THEN, two minutes later he just kind of stops and i'm like "uh, what are you doing?" and he says to me "what boys do". and that was it.

*(cross stage)*

what boys do. what boys do. what boys do is call you up a couple of days later and tell you that they love you. *(sound effect)*. even then i am squirming. "you love me?"

and i don't think i really knew then, what that meant. what those words would become.

*(cross stage back)*

i used to cry after we had sex. we would go fuck somewhere like his bedroom or his basement or the back of my car and then i would cry. and sometimes not even after, sometimes right in the middle he would look up and there would be tears running down my face and he would be so concerned and he would want to know why? why? and i didn't know. and i don't know.

or maybe i did somehow, know something about what was to come, what the words "i love you" would come to mean.

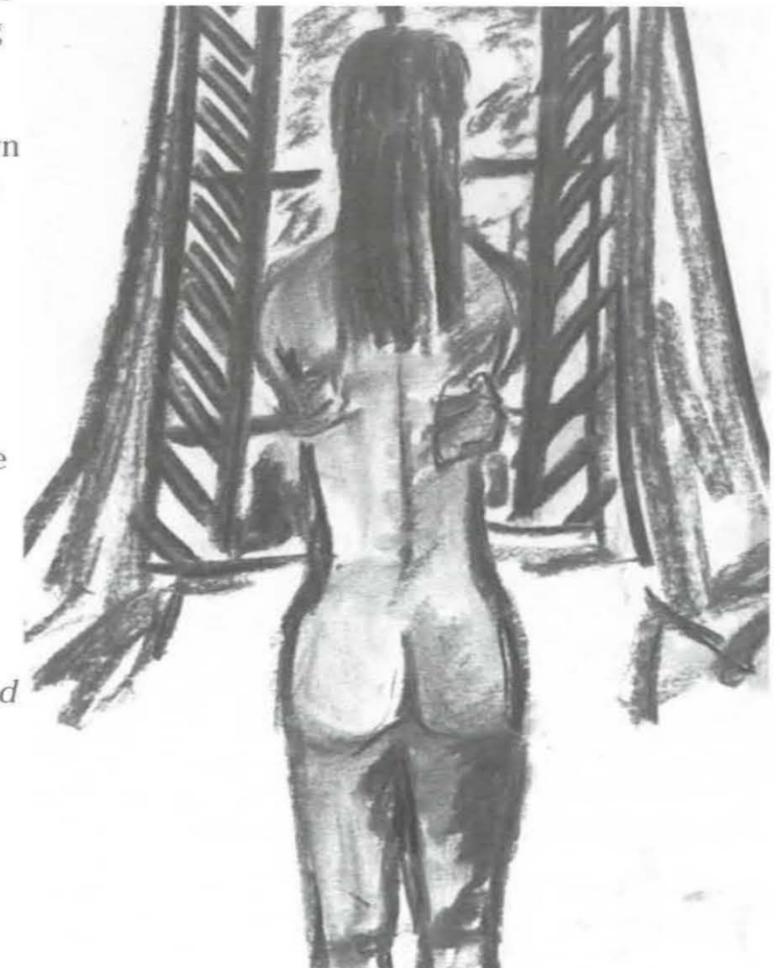
"i love you". he said it all the time. sometimes i would say it back but most of the time not. "i love you". it became his arms around me tighter and tighter, encircling my soft teenage stomach and moving up on my ribs. "i love you". his breath in my ears trying to crawl and slither into my brain. "i love you". binding my arms tying my wrists crippling me. "i love you" means "i need you" and "i love you" means "you are mine" and it means hands around my throat until i cannot breath at all and you are sticking your hands inside of me wanting all pieces trying to find the one spot that will love you back. you think maybe if you can find it, that red pulsing part of me, you think if you could own that, take it out of me and make it yours, you could be happy forever.

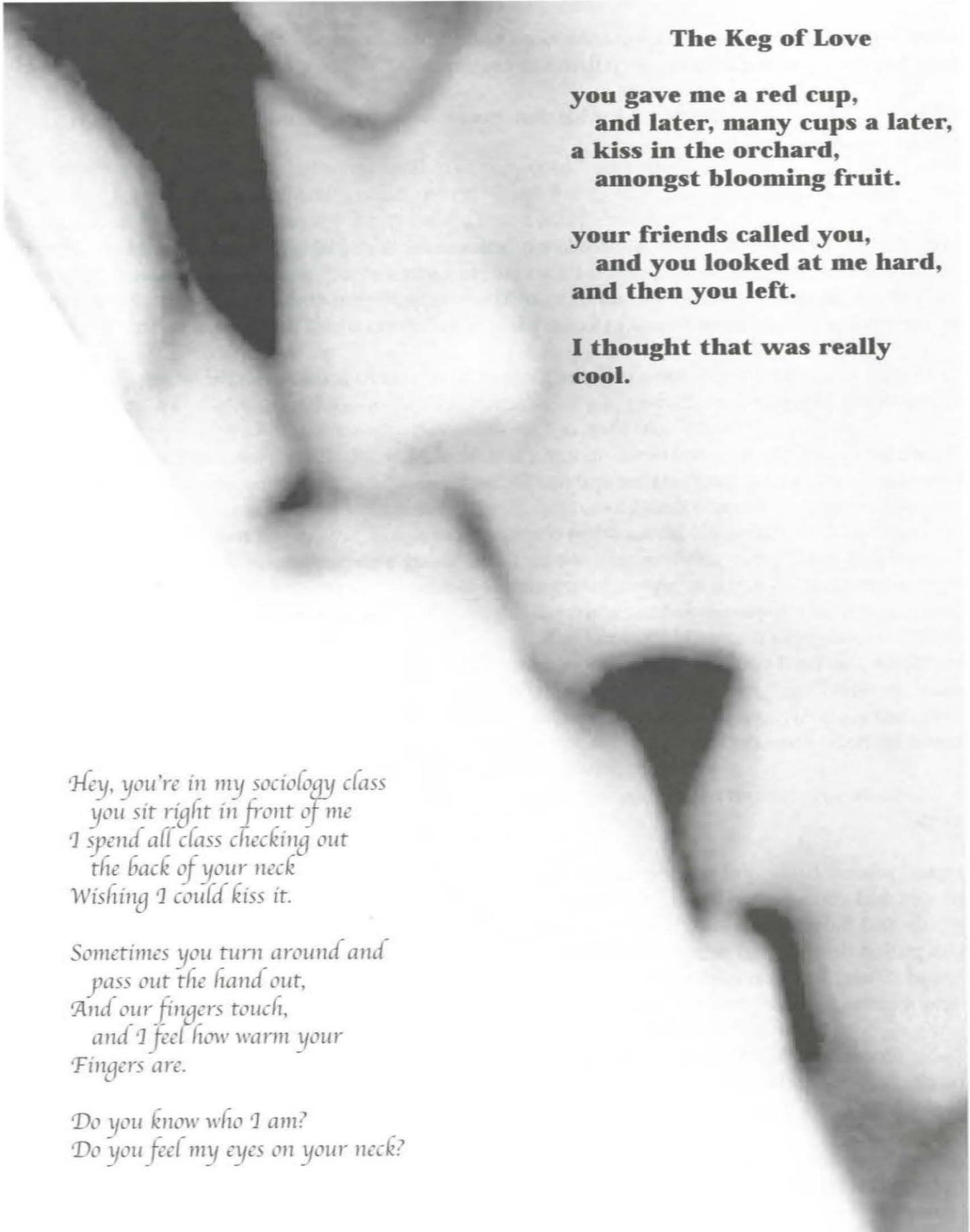
*(draw heart in red marker on white dress)*

i gave you my body, and you took all of the pieces and you reached in further with those words and those hands and those eyes and you pulled deeper and deeper until you found it. and you grabbed it. and it came apart in your hands.

*(crush fake blood capsules in hands and on dress in the middle of the heart).*

*(let it smear, hold a moment. then light goes out. curtain falls.)*





**The Keg of Love**

**you gave me a red cup,  
and later, many cups a later,  
a kiss in the orchard,  
amongst blooming fruit.**

**your friends called you,  
and you looked at me hard,  
and then you left.**

**I thought that was really  
cool.**

*Hey, you're in my sociology class  
you sit right in front of me  
I spend all class checking out  
the back of your neck  
Wishing I could kiss it.*

*Sometimes you turn around and  
pass out the hand out,  
And our fingers touch,  
and I feel how warm your  
Fingers are.*

*Do you know who I am?  
Do you feel my eyes on your neck?*



**LOVE**  
**LOVE IS A FRIENDSHIP THAT HAS  
CAUGHT FIRE IT  
IS QUIET UNDERSTANDING, MUTUAL  
CONFIDENCE,  
SHARING AND FORGIVING. IT IS  
LOYALTY THROUGH  
GOOD AND BAD TIMES. IT SETTLES FOR  
LESS THAN  
PERFECTION AND ALLOWS FOR HUMAN  
WEAKNESSES.  
LOVE IS CONSTANT WITH THE PRES-  
ENT, IT HOPES FOR  
THE FUTURE, AND IT DOESN'T BROOD  
OVER THE  
PAST. IT'S THE DAY IN AND DAY OUT  
CHRONICALS OF IRRITATIONS,  
PROBMLEMS,  
COMPROMISES, SMALL  
DISSAPOINTMENTS,  
BIT VICTORIES, AND WORKING  
TOWARD  
COMMON GOALS.**

## How I Imagine Your Semester Abroad in Germany

She wanders the cobblestone streets  
The sun's rays break through  
the cold morning air  
warming her soft skin.  
She explores the medieval city  
as wandering travelers did  
during renaissance times.

On her side of the road  
she passes a little toyshop  
that sells old-fashioned toys.  
In the window wooden knights  
are frozen in time  
doing battle  
for her honor.

Centuries ago  
this girl's ancestors  
were beautiful German maids.  
legendary knights dueled  
for their favor  
and the resulting love-stories  
eventually became the country's  
legendary history.

Of course this was all  
so long ago  
that the only proof  
of this girl's descendants  
from the queens of Germany  
was in her blood.  
So as she passes  
the window that  
recreated a scene  
from her family history.  
Unknowingly, she only smiles  
and travels on.

On to the next shop  
which happens to be a McDonald's.  
She cringed at the thought  
of cow-grease  
and mass produced  
cultural death.  
With a look of disgust  
she moves past the McDonald's  
even though  
she is really  
hungry.

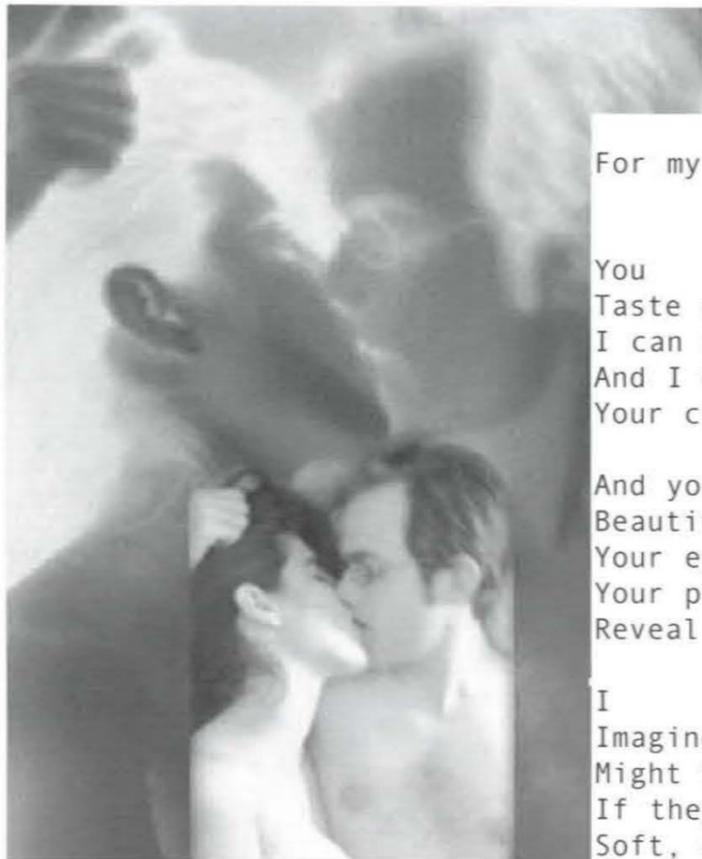
Finally she comes to  
a small coffeehouse.  
It was a popular place for  
wandering souls to converse  
in the midst of the old German town.  
She steps out of the bright morning sun  
and into the dark, smoky cafe.  
The sweet aroma of marijuana smoke  
greeted her  
as she stands at the entrance.  
And the many wanderers  
in this cafe that morning  
look up and see an  
angel  
who wants some  
food and conversation.  
So she takes a seat  
in the middle of the cafe  
eager for some company,  
a new face,  
an open mind,  
a closed mind,  
any company at all.

She waits  
and waits  
and waits  
as she has waited  
so often in her life  
for the things she wants.

Her coffee and pastry  
finally arrive  
and of all the breakfasts she's ever had  
this one is in this exotic cafe  
would be utterly perfect,  
if only,  
she had someone to share it with.

Eventually  
a very lucky  
and brave  
man notices her sitting alone and  
asks to sit with her and  
wants to know about her and  
wants to have breakfast  
in Germany with her.

(note: the author of this poem was rejected and the poem was probably never even read and just thrown in the garbage when she saw that it was from me. Happy Valentine's Day.)



For my Sweet One:

You  
Taste sweet, in my arms.  
I can feel you breathing  
And I watch, in and out as  
Your chest rises and falls

And you  
Beautiful, the way  
Your eyes closed  
Your pupils, dancing  
Reveal your dreaming

I  
Imagine how, your eyelashes  
Might feel  
If they might happen to touch my face  
Soft, and then gone

And I  
Feel your lips upon mine, as I  
Remember the moonlight  
And how it sang to you and I  
As we moved in and out of it's view

Now here...  
As I watch you dream  
My fingers encompass yours  
You,  
Inches from me held in your slumber.  
And I  
Felt love light, but present, against my skin

And you... there... sleeping



*\*Yeah, well, of course it's not her real name.*

*A. Nonny Mouse*

*Cherrie\**

*I want to write about Cherrie (le nom est prononcé "sherry"). It's early last semester and there's this girl in my class. I don't think she knows me all that well, but I sure know her. Or at least, I know what she looks like. I know her schedule, her name, her interests and hobbies, and where she usually eats lunch. It's just a coincidence I eat lunch there, too - just one of the many things we have in common - us, and the rest of Pitzer. She's not beautiful, and most guys I talk to don't think she's more attractive than average. She's kind of a weird height for me, and she isn't my usual type at all. But she is blond, and that's something that goes a long way. She tries to be nice and understanding and she goes 55mph on the freeway. When she's the only car on the road.*

*Knock knock*

*I struggle to the door and yank it open to show Cherrie. She's standing there showered and clean and awake and pretty. I'm in some pajamas that are less than flattering with my hair half-strangling me and my retainers in my mouth.*

*"Whah? 'ello Cherrie."*

*"Did you just get up?" She's surprised.*

*"Yeph. Wha's uph?" Retainers are not the eloquence tool of the future.*

*"Oh. I wondered if you wanted to go to lunch, but I guess you're, uh, busy."*

*"What!" I spit out my retainers. Articulation is needed. "You can't wake me up and then leave! That's not fair!"*

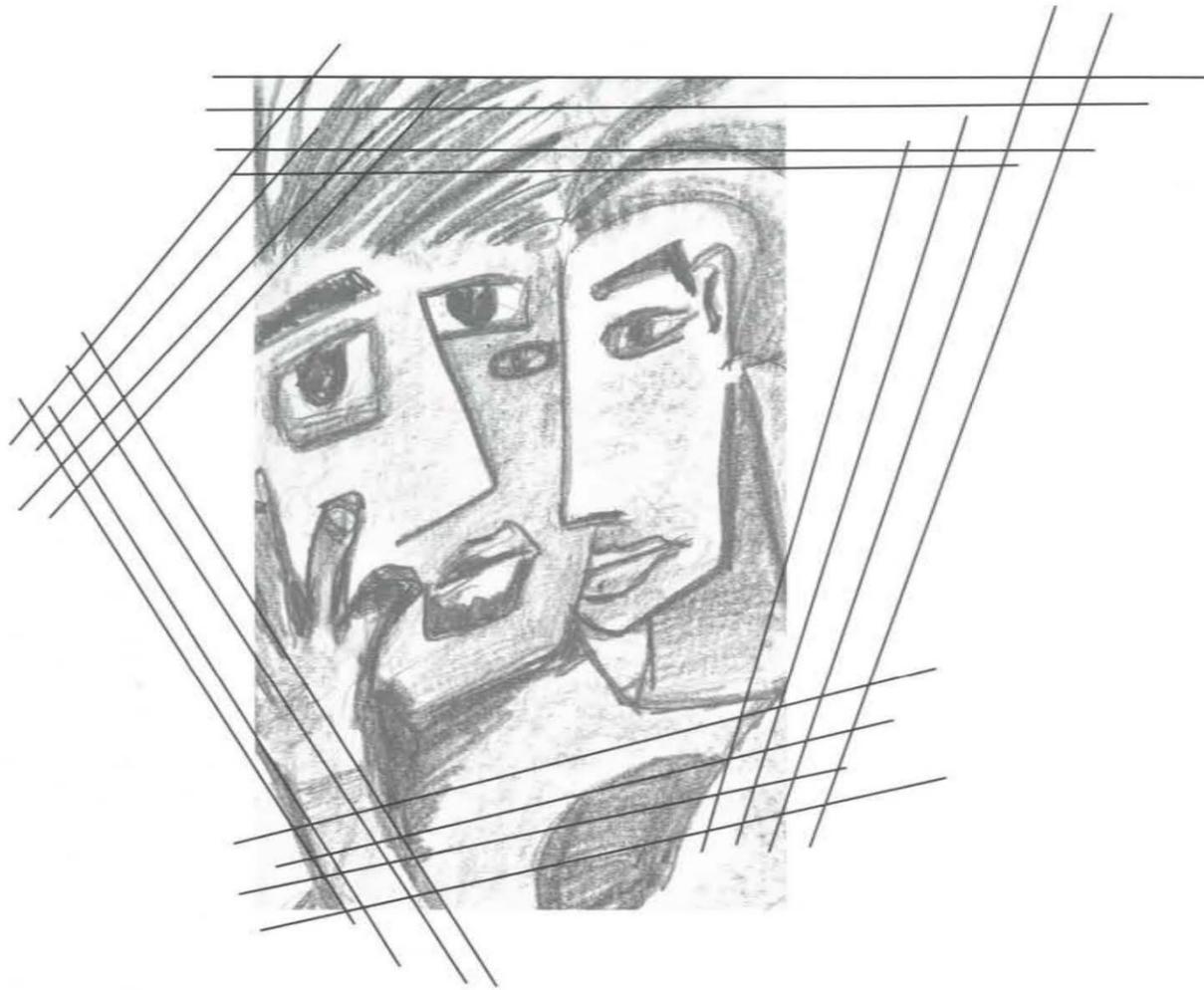
*"Oh, okay then. Um, listen, before lunch,*

*do you, umm,*

*do you, uh,*

*wanna make out first?"*

*(Yeah, right. I should've gone to Scripps.)*



*You flexed me in  
i asked,  
and you said sure,  
you didn't mind.*

"The Valentine's Day of Existential Pain" alternatively titled "Shooting Myself in the Foot"

This is just a story about how miserable my valentine's day will be. Nothing more nothing less. If you are feeling crappy about love then I'd just like to say that I'm there suffering with you, trust me. This story is proof that I am. If you are a hermit who never talks to people of the opposite sex, well then you can point at this story of me and laugh and say, "ha, ha, look, see, that's what happens when you try and find a relationship." So I for one do not blame you if you are too afraid to try for a love life at the moment. It can have some tragic results. If not and you are fine with your whole love life or whatever well then screw you. Don't even bother reading this. I have no compassion for you. This is a story for those of us who are not well adjusted to life or love and probably never will be.

Just recently, after over a year of angst and uncertainty, I finally built up enough courage to ask one of my close female friends on a date. For me this sort of thing is not so easy. She replied "maybe" and I was the happiest man alive. I was happy because I had expected a "no" and some talk about how it would be really weird to date me since we were good friends. But the next night, the inevitable happened, she changed her answer to "no" and she gave me that very talk. Right now you are probably laughing and thinking the whole idea of "dating" is from the fifties anyway, and nowadays in college people just sort of "see" each other. Well my personal knowledge of love doesn't extend much farther than those old black-and-white movies on late at night with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. So that's what I'm going with damn it. Anyway back to the story. So this girl gives me this talk and tells me she just wants to be friends. She does it maturely, calmly, and by embarrassing me as little as possible. Unlike most girls who after being approached by me, probably would have just ignored me for the rest of the year, she is totally cool... which makes everything so much harder. This was perhaps the hardest rejection I ever faced, because even in rejecting me she is perfect and it made me want her so much more. So I was feeling pretty depressed at that particular moment. This however is not where my hurt ends. Oh no dear reader, I have seen my future and something about the actions I am about to describe to you, tells me that my relationship skills are far more screwed up than I thought.

So now after being maturely told the truth and treated like a decent person (unlike most girls), I should have just been strong, looked loneliness in the face, and told her that I would still be friends if she wanted. Of course she wouldn't have to be if she didn't want to, but I should have left the option open if she wanted it for whatever reason. However this was far too depressing an idea for me. I could no longer be around this goddess knowing that I had no chance with her. I was sulking and feeling very sorry for myself and what I did next changed everything. I don't know whether I said what I did next out of mindless desperation or some suicidal tendency. She had said something like, "if you want to talk I just want you to know that I'm here." Looking back I think she had sensed that my social skills were so bad that more than a girlfriend I needed some psychological help. So I stood there looking past her into the bleak, lonely future ahead and I began to stutter, "but... but... but..." and then I let it all out, "...but... I love you". What had I done... instead of walking away and hoping that maybe one day in the far future she might start to feel about me the way I felt about her, I go and do something insane like that. Now there is was no hope.

I had actually imagined myself before saying this to her. Of course I imagined the timing would be better. There had been so many things I had wanted to tell her before I told her that. I wanted to tell her how beautiful, how smart, how hilarious and how sexy she is. I wanted to also tell her how unappreciated she is and that guys at this school really are blind for not climbing all over each other to be with her. I wanted to explain that I was quiet around her sometimes not because I had nothing to say to her but because a harsh word from her would have been too much to bear. But especially above everything I wanted to know this: did she remember that time when we went to go see "Ocean's-11", and the preview for the movie "A Beautiful Mind" came on. That girl looked at Russell Crowe and said, "There's no formula to find out if love is there, you've just got to believe its there". I really wanted to know if she thought of me when that girl said that to Russell Crowe. Those words made the thought of me and her together absolutely burn in my mind. It scared me to think about how close I was to turning around, grabbing her, and kissing her right there. But now I have let out the deep dark secret inside me and now I have no chance. What am I supposed to do now? If she still wanted to be friends (which after seeing the depths of my insanity I'm sure she doesn't), I would be willing to be whatever kind of friend is possible. Realistically, I know we couldn't be as close as we used to be. I would never be able to see her dance with another guy, that would just kill me. The sight of her with someone else would now probably just kill me on the spot.

So now I have pushed her away. Most of my life I have been berated by friends and told to not be so afraid of getting rejected because it's the only way you'll ever get the girl you want. Now I let go of my inhibitions and pushed away the only girl I can honestly say I loved in college.

And this is where the story ends. There is no happy ending, there is not even any moral to it. For me, this is how life is often. Just one rejection after another. Life is just hard that way sometimes and there is no way around it. So this valentine's day if you feel guilty about trying very hard to have a love life and you don't want to face the world on a day where you know you will inevitably feel like a loser, give your bile a rest and stay in bed. Just give yourself this one day off.

-anonymous